Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

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" 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.

SUCCESS.

[To-day.]

Success!
Prometheus writhing on his rock of pain,
With his eternal chain,
And heaven's fury gnawing at his heart.

Success!
In cultured Athens, in yon cell where lies
Old Socrates the Wise:
Drink up the hemlock dregs, and so depart!

Success!
At Calvary, on high between the thieves;
Or 'neath the pilèd sheaves
Of Diocletian's martyr harvesting.

Success!
With Huss or Jerome on their funeral pyre;
Or gathered from the fire
With Wyckliffe's dust for world-wide scattering.

Success!
In Eliot's dungeon, or on Chalgrove plain,
Or in the blood of Vane,
Or Harry Marten's silent burial.

Success!
Ask Danton or Marat: press close to hear
The words of Robespierre:
May he not speak before the axe must fall?

Success!
Time wears the name from Kosciusko's tomb;
Konarski's fearful doom
But shews new martyrs how they shall succeed.

Success!
Where is Bakounine? if alive or dead
Who knoweth? In his stead
What later Pestel answereth our need?

Success!
Ruffini's sad inheritance;
The Bandieras' chance;
Mazzini's patient waiting — waiting yet.

Success!
Who whisper'd it, returning sadly slow
From Calvary? And now
We look on our dead friend; our eyes are wet.

Success!
O martyr pains and tears and hopes sublime!
Though ye be mock'd by Time,
Shall we esteem your efficacy less?

Success
Is sacrifice. So lay me in the tomb;
And let some perfect bloom
Grow thence, for God to pluck and call Success.

1853. *W. J. Linton.*

Gradually Discovering Truth.

[Die Zukunft.]

The two-faced attitude of the San Francisco "Truth" proves itself once more, most strikingly, in the September number, just appeared. The portrait of Michael Bakounine adorns the first page, after which comes the most indiscriminate praise of Marx, his bitterest, meanest enemy. To the Socialistic Workingmen's Party six full pages are devoted, covered with praises of its mistakes. Along with this, the International Workingmen's Association receives a pleasant, hearty puff. Herrman Stellmacher is commented on in three lines which say nothing, while the rest is filled with a heap of, for the most part, meaningless paragraphs. The self-interest of the advocate who edits the San Francisco "Truth," his aim to make money and to keep friendship with each and every one, makes up the whole drift of this pseudo-revolutionary journal. Hoping this is the last number of this humbug paper, we warn the workingmen against such friends.

On Picket Duty.

Send in your orders for the bound copies of the second volume.

I have been so delayed in the publication of this issue of Liberty that I date it a week later than I otherwise should have done, and shall publish the next issue a fortnight from the date of this one.

"Edgeworth's" article in the "Truth Seeker" of October 11, entitled "The New Land Projects," is one of the best and most original criticisms of Henry George's proposal to nationalize the land that has ever appeared in print.

The course of the "Irish World" in supporting Blaine has driven Thomas Ainge Devyr, the veteran land reformer, from its staff, and he has started a new paper called "Light." I think "Heat" would have been a more appropriate title. Either Patrick Ford's skin is uncommonly tough and thick, or his back has become one broad and burning blister under the withering wrath which Mr Devyr pours upon his apostasy. But I can hardly vouch for the illuminating quality of a journal that in behalf of labor supports one of its chief plunderers, Benjamin F. Butler.

Candidate St. John, says in his letter of acceptance: "If we want an honest, sober government, we must have an honest, sober people, and we can never have an honest, sober people so long as the government sanctions that which makes its citizens dishonest, drunken, and corrupt." Between these two impossibilities the outlook for honesty and sobriety is disheartening indeed. This is the most perfect specimen of circular logic that I ever came across in print. Its curvature is absolutely flawless. As a gentleman to whom I read the sentence said: "It is Giotto out-Giottoed." The Prohibitory candidate is evidently worthy of his party. As the latter in its platform made God the source of governmental power and then condemned all opponents of the Declaration of Independence which makes the people the source of all just governmental power, so the former in his letter makes the honesty of the government depend on the honesty of the people, and the honesty of the people depend on the honesty of the government. But how can people who place their faith in compulsion and force be expected to know anything of reason and right?

No man ever fought the principle of liberty with greater [seeming] bitterness than Edmund Burke. All the more surprising is it that he ever could have written the essay, "A Vindication of Natural Society," which is begun on another page. It was the first work that he published, and is a remarkably strong attack, not simply upon governments, but upon government itself. Later, when he found it necessary to the attainment of his ambition to turn his coat, he did so, and affected to treat his early work as a piece of irony. But the claim is an absurd one, though the world allowed it. There never was a soberer argument. "As a satire," says John Morley, "the piece is a failure, for the simple reason that the substance of it might well pass for a perfectly true, no less than a very eloquent, statement of social blunders and calamities." Whatever the author's intentions, the effect is the same. Allowing that his purpose was ironical, his reasoning is none the less acute and unassailable. Therefore Liberty resurrects this work to embody it in the Anarchistic propaganda.

A new Anarchistic weekly has been started in Paris called "Terre et Liberté" (Land and Liberty). The subscription price, including foreign postage, is $1.75 per year. Address "Duprat, 160, Rue Montmartre, Paris."

It is to be regretted that the "Radical Review" finds itself compelled to publish at irregular intervals for a time because of lack of support. One of the few thoroughly honest journals, it speaks its mind regardless of consequences. There is never the slightest indication of a tendency on the part of its editors to cater to their subscribers' prejudices. Of such a paper one may hope much. So, with the same earnestness that I would plead for Liberty in danger, I urge all true radicals to extend a helping hand to the brave Mr. and Mrs. Schumm now struggling to keep their excellent journal afloat.

The American groups of the International Working People's Association are rapidly increasing in number and growing in influence, and, though a good many of them are groping about in a fog, they are doing much good, especially in those centres where they have begun the publication of a journal. There ought to be an Anarchistic paper in every large city in the United States. The Philadelphia "Zukunft," the New York "Freiheit," the San Francisco "Truth," the Chicago "Budoucnost," and the Chicago "Arbeiter-Zeitung" (a daily with a weekly edition called the "Vorbote") are papers representing various degrees of Anarchism, supported, where not self-supporting, by International groups. There are no regularly organized groups in Boston or in Valley Falls, Kansas, but each of these places has, the one its "Liberty," and the other its "Lucifer," published in truest Anarchistic fashion, by individuals with the spontaneous co-operation of friends. The list is growing fast. The latest addition to it is the Chicago "Alarm," a little more than half as large as Liberty but published twice as often, the price being $1.50 per year. (All subscriptions may be addressed to "A. R. Parsons, 107 Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.") The first number was issued October 4, and its contents are in the main very gratifying to earnest thinkers and revolutionists. It has not developed distinctly its positive side as yet, but I am glad to find thus far no trace of State socialism in its editorial utterances, while there are many keen and bold expressions of Anarchistic principles. In short, it seems to have the true ring. The one disagreeable feature I find is the prices it sets on some of the books which it advertises. For instance, it buys "God and the State" of me at wholesale for ten cents per copy, postage paid, and retails it at twenty-five, while I retail it for fifteen. For "An Anarchist on Anarchy," which I retail at ten cents, it pays me seven cents including postage, and then sells it at fifteen. A pretty healthy profit for Socialists to charge! Of course it is for my interest that the "Alarm" should follow this course, for it enables me to sell more books at retail than I could if the "Alarm" sold them as cheaply as I do, but none the less I dislike to see it. Since writing the foregoing the second number of the "Alarm" has arrived. While, like the first, it abounds in sayings bright and brave and keen and true, it spoils all its support of liberty by opposing the private ownership of capital. Pray, what are all other liberties worth without the liberty to own tools?

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

A ROMANCE.

By N. G. TCHERNYCHEWSKY.

Translated by Benj. R. Tucker.

Continued from No. 52.

"'Of the Russian faith. What a question!'

"'And you belong to no sect?'

"'To none; but what put that idea into your head?'

"'This, Mistress (I do not know whether I am to call you Madame or Mademoiselle),—do you live with Monsieur your husband?'

"She smiled: 'Certainly,' said she."

"She smiled?"

"She smiled, and answered: 'Certainly.'

"'Why, then, this habit of never seeing him half dressed, as if you were not united?'

"'In order,' she answered, 'not to exhibit ourselves in unbecoming garb. As for sect, there is none.'

"'What, then, does this signify?'

"'We act in this way in order that there may be more love and fewer quarrels.'"

"But that seems to be correct, Petrovna; they are very reserved toward each other."

"She further said to me: 'I do not wish others to see me too carelessly dressed; now, I love my husband more than I love others; therefore it is not fitting that I should appear before him without first washing myself.'"

"And that, too, has an air of truth, Petrovna; why do we covet our neighbors' wives? Because we always see them dressed up, while we see our own in careless array. So it is said in the proverbs of Solomon. He was a very wise king."

II.

All went well, then, at the Lopoukhoffs'. Véra Pavlovna was always gay. But one day—about five months after their marriage—Dmitry Serguéitch, on returning from one of his pupils, found his wife in a somewhat inexplicable humor; her eyes shone with pride as well as joy. Then Dmitry Serguéitch remembered that for some days past she had shown signs of an agreeable restlessness, a smiling thoughtfulness, a gentle pride.

"Something pleasant seems to have come to you, my friend; why do you not let me share it?"

"Indeed, I believe I have reason to be joyful, dear friend, but wait a little while: I will tell you about it as soon as I feel sure of it. It will be a great joy for us both, and will also please Kirsanoff and the Mertzaloffs."

"But what is it, then?"

"Have you forgotten our agreement, my darling? Do not question. As soon as it is a sure thing, I will tell you."

A week passed.

"My darling, I am going to tell you my joy. I need only your advice: you are an expert in these things. For a long time I have wanted to do something useful, and I have conceived the plan of establishing a dressmaker's shop; is that a good idea?"

"It is agreed that I am not to kiss your hand, but that referred only to general situations; under such circumstances as the present no agreement holds. Your hand, Véra Pavlovna."

"Later, my darling, when I have succeeded."

"When you have succeeded, not to me alone will you give your hand to kiss; Kirsanoff, Alexey Pétrovitch, and everybody will demand the privilege. Now I am alone, and your intention of itself is worth the kiss."

"If you do me violence, I will cry out."

"Well, cry out."

"You make me ashamed of myself, and I will have nothing more to say to you."

"Is it, then, very important?"

"Indeed it is, and that is why we talk all the time and do nothing."

"And you, who commenced later than any of us, are the first to begin action."

Vérotchka had hidden her face in her husband's breast.

"Too much praise, my dear friend."

"No, you have a wise mind."

Her husband kissed her.

"Oh, stop! No one can say a word to you."

"Very well; say on, my good Vérotchka."

"Do not call me that."

"Then I will say my wicked Vérotchka."

"Listen, Mr. Impertinence! The most important thing now, in my opinion, is first to make a prudent choice of honest working-girls, industrious servants of proven steadiness of character, dreading quarrels and capable of choosing others."

"Exactly so."

"I have found three young girls satisfying these conditions; but how I have had to search for the last three months, how I have been through the stores, making acquaintances, until at last I have found what I wanted and am sure of my choice!"

"They must also understand business management; the house must be self-sustaining and the business must be successful in a commercial sense."

"Not otherwise, it is needless to say."

"What else is there upon which advice is needed?"

"The details."

"What are the details? You probably have thought of everything already, and will govern yourself by circumstances. The important thing now is the principle, character, and skill. Details settle themselves, in accordance with the conditions of each special case."

"I know it; nevertheless, I shall feel more confident having your approval."

They talked for a long time. Loupoukhoff found nothing to correct in his wife's plan, but to herself the plan developed itself more clearly as she told it.

The next day Lopoukhoff carried to the "Journal of Police" an advertisement announcing: *Véra Pavlovna Lopoukhoff does sewing and laundry-work at a moderate price.*

The same morning Véra Pavlovna called upon Julie. "She does not know my present name; say Mademoiselle Rosalsky," said she to the servant.

"You come to see me without a veil, your face exposed; you give your name to the domestic: why, this is madness! You will ruin yourself, dear child!"

"Oh, now I am married, and I can go everywhere and do as I like."

"And if your husband should find it out?"

"In an hour he will be here."

Julie plied her with questions about her marriage. She was enchanted, she kissed her, weeping all the while. When her enthusiasm had at last quieted down, Véra Pavlovna spoke of the object of her visit.

"You know that we remember old friends only when we need them. I have a great favor to ask of you. I am about to establish a dressmaker's shop. Give me your orders and recommend me to your friends. I sew well, and my assistants are equally good seamstresses; you know one of them."

Indeed, Julie did know one of them as an excellent needle-woman.

"Here are some samples of my work. I made this dress myself. See how well it fits!"

Julie examined very carefully the cut of the dress and its seams, and the examination satisfied her.

"You ought to be very successful; you have talent and taste. But to that end you need a fine store on the Nevsky."

"In time I shall have one, be sure; meantime I take orders at my house."

These things arranged, they returned to the subject of Vérotchka's marriage.

"Storechnikoff led a very dissipated life for a fortnight, but afterward became reconciled to Adèle. I am very glad for Adèle: he is a good fellow; only it is a pity that Adèle has no character."

Started in this direction, Julie launched into gossip about Adèle's adventures and those of others.

Now that Mademoiselle Rosalsky was no longer a young girl, Julie did not deem it necessary to restrain herself. At first she talked reasonably; then, as her excitement increased, she painted orgies glowingly and in colors more and more licentious. Véra Pavlovna became confused, but Julie did not notice it; then, recovering from her first impression, Véra Pavlovna listened with that pitiful interest with which one examines a dear face disfigured by disease. Lopoukhoff came, and Julie for a moment transformed herself into a woman of society, serious and full of tact. But she could not play that *rôle* long. After congratulating Lopoukhoff on having so beautiful a wife, she again became excited.

"We must celebrate your marriage."

She ordered an impromptu breakfast, to be washed down with champagne. Vérotchka had to drink half a glass in honor of her marriage, half a glass in honor of her workshop, and half a glass to the health of Julie herself. Her head began to turn, and she and Julie became terribly noisy; Julie pinched Vérotchka, and began to run; Vérotchka started after her: they ran through the apartments, leaping over chairs; Lopoukhoff sat in his arm-chair, laughing; Julie presumed to boast of her strength, which brought all this tumult to an end:

"I will lift you with one hand."

"You will not lift me."

Beginning to struggle, both of them fell on the sofa, and, not wishing to rise, began to shout and laugh; finally they went to sleep.

It was a long time since Lopoukhoff had found himself in a situation where he did not know what to do. Should he waken them? He feared lest he might bring the joyous interview to a disagreeable ending. He rose carefully, and took a few steps about the room in search of some book. He fell upon the "Chronicles of the Œil de Bœuf," a book beside which that of Faublas is insipid. Lopoukhoff extended himself comfortably upon the sofa at the other end of the room, began to read, and in less than a quarter of an hour was asleep himself.

Two hours later Pauline came to waken Julie; it was dinner-time. They sat down to the table alone, without Serge, who had been invited to some public dinner; Julie and Vérotchka again began to shout and laugh. Then they became calm and resumed a serious attitude. Suddenly Julie asked Vérotchka (the idea had not occurred to her before) why she established a workshop. If she desired to get money, it would be much better to become an actress or even a singer; her voice was a very fine one. Upon that they seated themselves anew. Vérotchka told her plans, and Julie's enthusiasm revived; congratulations followed fast upon each other, mingled with eulogistic exclamations. She, Julie Letellier, was a lost woman, but she could appreciate virtue; finally she began to weep and embrace Vérotchka, whom once more she overwhelmed with praises and good wishes.

Four days later Julie carried Véra Pavlovna a large number of orders of her own and the addresses of some of her friends from whom she might also receive orders. She took Serge with her, saying to him: "We cannot do otherwise; Lopoukhoff came to see me, you must return his visit."

Julie acted like a positive woman, and her enthusiasm did not cease, so that she stayed at the Lopoukhoffs' a long time.

There were no walls there, but thin partitions; everything could be heard, and she was on the lookout. She was not enraptured, but she was moved. After having examined all the details of the Lopoukhoffs' somewhat meagre life, she saw that that was precisely the way to live, that there is no true life otherwise, that real happiness is possible only where there is no luxury; she even announced to Serge that they would go to Switzerland and live in a little cottage amid the fields and mountains on the shore of a lake, there to love each other, fish, and cultivate their little garden. Serge replied that he was of her mind, but that he would like to wait to see what she would think of the matter a few hours later.

The noise of Julie's elegant carriage and fine horses made a great impression upon the dwellers in the fifth line between the Moyenne and the Petite Perspective, where nothing like it had been seen since the days of Peter the Great, if not since a period still more remote. Many watched the surprising phenomenon, and saw it stop near the carriage gate (which was closed) of a one-story wooden house with seven windows; they saw get out a phenomenon more wonderful still, a young woman splendid and brilliant, an officer whose bearing was of the most dignified. They were greatly disappointed when the carriage gate opened and the vehicle entered the court; public curiosity was thus deprived of a sight of the stately officer and the still more stately lady on their departure.

When Danilytch came home after his day's work, he had the following interview with his wife:

"Danilytch, it appears that our tenants belong to high society. A general and his wife have been to see them. The general's wife was dressed so richly that her toilet is indescribable. The general wore two stars!"

How could Pétrovna have seen stars on Serge, who as yet had none, and who, if he had any, would not have worn them on his excursions with Julie? That is very astonishing. But she did really see them, she was not mistaken, she was not lying. It is not only she that says it; I, too, answer for its truth; she saw them. We know that there were none there; but Serge's aspect was such that, from Pétrovna's standpoint, it was impossible not to see two stars on him. Pétrovna saw them. I affirm it seriously.

"And what a livery their footman had, Danilytch! Of English cloth at five rubles an *archine*. And this footman, though grave, was nevertheless polite; answered when questioned; he even allowed you to feel of the cloth of his sleeve. What good cloth! It is plain that they have plenty of money to throw out of the window. They stayed about two hours, and our tenants talked with them very simply, just as I do with you for instance, and did not salute them, and laughed with them; our tenant and the general simply sat back in their arm-chairs and smoked. Once, our tenant's cigarette having gone out, he took the general's to relight it. And with what respect the general kissed the hand of our tenant's beautiful wife! It is past description. What do you think of all this, Dainlytch?"

"Everything comes from God, that is what I think; acquaintances of all sorts and relatives, all come from God."

"It is true, Danilytch. Everything comes from God, there is nothing else to say. For my part this is what I think, — that our tenant, or his wife, is the brother, or sister, of the general, or of the general's wife. And, to tell the truth, I am nearly convinced that she is the general's sister."

"Are you very sure, Pétrovna? I do not believe it. If such were the case, they would have money."

"That can be explained, Danilytch. Either the mother or the father may have had her outside of marriage. The face is quite different; there is no resemblance there."

"That may be it, Pétrovna, — outside of marriage. Such things happen."

Thanks to this adventure, Pétrovna acquired for four whole days a great importance at the grocery which she was accustomed to frequent. For three whole days this grocery drew a portion of the trade of the neighboring grocery. Pétrovna, devoting herself to the interest of public instruction, even neglected her mending a little during this time in order to satisfy those who had a thirst for knowledge.

All this had results. A week later Pavel Konstantinytch appeared at his son-in-law's. Maria Alexevna obtained information about the life of her daughter and her rascal of a son-in-law, not in a constant and careful way, but from time to time and out of pure curiosity. One of her friends, a gossip of the lowest rank, who lived in the island of Vassilievsky, was charged with inquiring about Véra Pavlovna, whenever she happened to pass that way. The gossip brought her information sometimes once a month, sometimes oftener, according to circumstances. The Lopoukhoffs live on good terms. They do nothing extraordinary, the only thing remarkable being that they are visited by a great many young people, all of them men and modestly dressed. It cannot be said that they live richly; nevertheless they have money. Very far from selling anything, they buy. She has made two silk dresses for herself. They have bought a sofa, a table, and a half-dozen second-hand arm-chairs for forty roubles, which were worth perhaps a hundred. They have given their proprietors notice to look for new tenants in a month, for then they intend to move into their furnished apartments, — "though remaining grateful to you for your civility," they added. The proprietors of course said that on their side the feeling was the same.

Maria Alexevna was happy to hear this news. She was a very brutal and very bad woman; she tortured her daughter, she would have killed her if she had found it to her advantage, she cursed her as she thought of the ruin of her plan for adding to her riches; all that was true, but did it follow that she had no love for her daughter? Not at all. The affair over and her daughter irrevocably escaped from her hands, what had she to do? Whatever falls into the trench is for the soldier. Vérotchka was none the less her daughter; and now, in case of need, Véra Pavlovna might readily be useful to Maria Alexevna. The mother therefore sincerely wished her daughter well. There was nothing peculiar about this affection; Maria Alexevna did not watch her carefully; what she did was simply for form's sake, to satisfy the what-will-people-say consideration, and to show that Véra was really her daughter. Why not become reconciled? Especially since the brigand son-in-law, according to all accounts, is a positive man, with whom one may in time do something. So Maria Alexevna gradually came to the conclusion that it would be better to renew her relations with her daughter. It would have taken six months longer and perhaps even a whole year to reach this result; for there was nothing pressing, and time enough ahead. But the news about the general and his wife suddenly advanced matters at least one-half. The *brigand* had indeed shown himself shrewd enough. He, a poor devil of a student who had left college without a degree, with two sous in his pocket, had formed a friendship with a young general; he had also made his wife a friend of the general's wife; such a man will go far. Or else Véra has formed a friendship with the general's wife, and has made her husband a friend of the general. What is the difference? That would simply show that Véra may go far.

So, as soon as the visit was known, the father was sent to tell his daughter that her mother had pardoned her, and that she was invited to the house.

Véra Pavlovna and her husband went back with Pavel Konstantinytch and remained a portion of the evening. The interview was cold and formal. Fédia was the principal subject of conversation, because the least thorny subject. He was at school, Maria Alexevna having been persuaded to place him at boarding-school; Dmitry Serguéitch promised to go to see him, and holidays he was to spend at Véra Pavlovna's. Thus they managed to kill time until the tea-hour; then they hastened to separate, the Lopoukhoffs pretending that they were expecting visitors that evening.

For six months Véra Pavlovna had been breathing a vivifying air. Her lungs had already become completely unaccustomed to the atmosphere of strategy, in which every word was uttered with a pecuniary end in view; her ear was no longer used to the discussion of swindling schemes and vile conspiracies. As a result this return to the cellar made a horrible impression on her. This corruption, this triviality, this cynicism struck her like a new thing.

"How did I help succumbing in such surroundings? How was I able to breathe in that cellar? And not only did I live there, but I kept my health! Incomprehensible thing! How could I have been brought up there, and still acquire a love of the good? It is incredible!" thought Véra Pavlovna, on returning to her apartments, with that sense of comfort which one feels on breathing freely after having been stifled.

Shortly after their arrival their accustomed visitors came, — namely, Alexey Pétrovitch with Natalia Andrevna, and Kirsanoff; they passed the evening as usual. What a new pleasure Véra Pavlovna felt after this interview in living amid pure ideas and in the society of pure people! The conversation was, as usual, now gay and mingled with souvenirs, now serious and upon all imaginable subjects, including the historical events of that day, such as the civil war in the Caucasus (the prologue of the great war now going on between the South and the North in the United States, which in its turn is the prologue of events still greater and of which the scene will not be America only). Now everybody talks politics, but at that time those interested in them were few in number; of this small number were Lopoukhoff, Kirsanoff, and their friends. They even entered into the discussions then prevailing of Liebig's theory of agricultural chemistry, as well as the laws of historical progress, a subject never forgotten in such circles. They concerned themselves also with the importance of distinguishing real desires which seek and find satisfaction from whimsical desires which it is impossible and unnecessary to satisfy. For example, when one has a hot fever, he is always thirsty, but the only truly desirable satisfaction is not in drink but in cure. The unhealthy condition of the system provokes artificial desires while changing normal desires. Besides this fundamental distinction then put forward by anthropological philosophy, they went into other analogous subjects, or, if different, subjects leading back to the same point. The ladies also from time to time took part in these scientific discussions conducted in a simple fashion; they sometimes asked questions; but as a general thing they did not listen, and had even been known to sprinkle Lopoukhoff and Alexey Pétrovitch with clean water when they seemed too much impressed with the great importance of mineral manure. But Alexey Pétrovitch and Lopoukhoff discussed their favorite subjects with an invincible tenacity; Kirsanoff did not aid them much; he generally took the ladies' side, and all three played and sang and laughed until a late hour, when, fatigued, they would at last succeed in separating the indefatigable zealots of serious conversation.

III.

VÉRA PAVLOVNA'S SECOND DREAM.

Véra Pavlovna, sleeping, saw a field in a dream; her husband — that is, her darling — said: "You wish to know, Alexey Pétrovitch, why one sort of soil produces the good, the pure, the delicate wheat, and why another sort does not produce it? You shall account for this difference yourself. See the root of this fine ear; around the root there is soil, but fresh soil, pure soil, you might say; smell of it; the odor is damp and disagreeable, but there is no mouldy or sour smell. You know that in the language of our philosophy that is real soil. It is dirty, to be sure; but look at it closely, and you will see that all the elements of which it is composed are healthy. This is the soil that they constitute in this combination; but let the disposition of the atoms be a little changed, and something different will result; and this something will be equally healthy, since the fundamental elements are healthy. What is the reason of that? Look closely at this portion of the field; you see that there is an outlet for the water, so that there can be no putridity."

"Yes, motion is reality," said Alexey Pétrovitch, "because motion is life. Now, the principal element of life is labor, and consequently the principal element of reality is labor, and the characteristic by which it can be most surely recognized is activity."

"Thus, Alexey Pétrovitch, if the sun should warm this soil and the heat should displace the elements and form them into more complex chemical combinations, — that is, combinations of a higher degree, — then the ear which would grow out of this soil would be a healthy ear?"

"Yes, because this is real soil," said Alexey Pétrovitch.

"Now, let us pass to this part of the field. Here take likewise a plant, and examine in the same way its root. This too is dirty. Look well at this soil. It is not difficult to see that this is putrescent soil."

"That is, abnormal soil," said Alexey Pétrovitch.

"I mean, the elements of this soil being unhealthy, it is natural that, whatever their combination and whatever the resulting product, this product must be in a state of corruption."

"Evidently, since the elements themselves are unhealthy," said Alexey Pétrovitch.

"It is not difficult for us to discover the cause of this corruption."

"That is, this abnormal putridity," said Alexey Pétrovitch.

"That's it; examine this part of the field again. You see that the water, having no outlet, stagnates and rots."

"Yes, absence of motion is absence of labor," said Alexey Pétrovitch, "for labor appears in anthropological analysis as the fundamental form of motion, the form which is the basis of all the other forms, — distraction, rest, games, amusements; without labor preceding them these forms would not be real. Now, without motion there is no life, — that is, no reality; consequently this soil is abnormal, — that is, rotten. Not until modern times was it known how to make such parts of the earth healthy; now the way has been found in drainage: the superfluous water flows away, and there remains only just what is necessary; this moves, and thus makes the fields healthy. But, as long as this means is not employed, the soil remains abnormal, — that is, rotten; under these conditions it cannot produce good vegetation, while it is very natural that real soil should produce good plants, since it is healthy. Which was to be demonstrated; *o-e-a-a-dum*, as they say in Latin."

How do they say in Latin: "Which was to be demonstrated." Véra Pavlovna could not clearly understand this.

"You seem to like kitchen Latin and the syllogism, Alexey Pétrovitch," said her "darling," — that is, her husband.

Véra Pavlovna approached them and said:

"Enough of your analyses, identities, and anthropologisms. Vary your conversation a little, gentlemen, I beg of you, in order that I may join in it; or, rather, let us play."

"Let us play," said Alexey Pétrovitch: "let us confess."

"Let us confess, that will be amusing," said Véra Pavlovna: "but, as you started the idea, it is for you to set the example."

"With pleasure, my sister," said Alexey Pétrovitch: "but how old are you? Eighteen, are you not?"

"Nearly nineteen."

"But not quite; we will say eighteen, then, and confess, all of us, up to that age, for we must have equality of conditions. I will confess for myself and for my wife. My father was the sexton in the chief town of a government where he followed the trade of bookbinder, and my mother rented rooms to theological students. From morning till night they did nothing but talk and worry about our daily bread. My father was inclined to drink, but only when poverty bore too heavily and painfully upon him or when the income was more than sufficient: in the latter case he would bring my mother all the money and say to her: 'Now, my little mother, we have, thank God, all we shall need for two months; and I have kept a Poltinnitchek with which to drink a little drop in honor of this joyful occasion.' To him it was a real happiness. My mother got angry very often, and sometimes beat me, but this was at times when, as she said, she had lamed her back by lifting too many iron pots, or by doing the washing for us five and the five students, or by scrubbing the floor soiled by our twenty feet without galoches, or by taking care of the cow; in short, it was because of excessive nervous fatigue occasioned by wearing and ceaseless labor. And when, with all that, 'the two ends did not meet,' as she expressed it, — that is, when

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Liberty.

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BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
A. P. KELLY, - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

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"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.

Lessons of the Hour.

The ordinary American has a tremendous faith in what he calls "the masses." "Individuals, cliques, syndicates, and caucus conspirators may be ever so vile and venal," he will tell you, "but '*the masses*' are all right." "I trust the masses, after all," he says, with an air of satisfaction and resignation, as though he had fallen back under the mantle of some divinity.

But who are "the masses," and does the expression really have any intelligent meaning in the light of a scientific social analysis? Any conceivable block of the people, no matter how great or small its dimensions, immediately resolves itself into distinct individuals, with infinite diversities of thought, motive, opinion, and wants. When the whole people of the United States are called "the masses," it is a term having no scientific value and utterly meaningless in sociology. It is, moreover, misleading and stultifying, and conduces to an entirely false drift as to progress in correct social evolution.

But, for the purposes of political blacklegs, priests, and tricksters in general in Church and State, there is what may be called "the masses." It consists of certain great blocks of humanity whose average intelligence and education are so low and whose superstitions are so firmly knitted into the spiritual fibre that they can be carried in the lump, if only the right decoys and tricks are dexterously handled. In the political sphere these blocks of voting cattle may now be seen night after night tramping behind brass bands and decorated with gaudy shoddy, somewhat after the manner of savages who paint and plume themselves for battle. The base trick that is chiefly overshadowing their thin wits is the so-called "protection of American labor," a swindle so thin and so luminous with sophistry that an honest man is seized with semi-despair at the prospect of wide-spread intelligent revolt from the slavery of capital.

And just here is the point that I wish to impress upon my fellow Anarchists, *viz.*, that any and all attempts to carry "the masses" in bulk for any intelligent and effective revolt against the murderous tyranny of capital is unscientific and practically futile. Capital has the right to be tried and sentenced by its peers in intelligence, and these must be gathered from among the great mass, organized into iron-clad secret societies and working after the manner of the Nihilists and other revolutionary societies in Europe. It is useless to wage war in open battle with such material as one may now see howling by thousands in the streets of our cities shouting, "We want protection for American labor!" or the scarcely less imbecile cry, "Turn the rascals out!"

The great capitalistic Czars are few in number. An equal number of solidly intelligent laboring-men Anarchists are their peers, and have the equal right to try and sentence their deadly machinery that they use to doom the masses to slavery and death. They would be only too happy to conduct the trial in open court, if it were permitted them, but, since it is not, then I hold that they are fully justified in organizing secretly and seeing to it that capital, armed against human life and liberty, shall not prove a paying investment. The sooner men get over this hollow delusion of dragging along the masses in bulk, the sooner radical emancipation will get organized and begin to tell. The revolutionists of Europe are far ahead of this country in this respect, and despotism already quakes in its boots. We in America seem deep-buried in our worship of this insane fetich, "the masses." It is only as the mass evolves out of itself intelligent peers of its murderous masters who as associated individuals know their business and dare to do it that capital will ever be brought to bay. Whoever expects to wait for the masses will wait till his deluded class is itself swept into the great struggling heap, and nought remains but unchallenged despots and hopeless slaves. The true law of social dynamics knows nothing about "the masses." X.

Caved Down the Bank.

A few months ago I was pleased to tell Liberty's friends that a new and earnest champion of the rights of toilers had appeared in the "San Franciscan," a weekly paper published in California, and, although its editors were still groping in politics for some remedy for social wrongs, they seemed in earnest and I hoped much from them. In one of the early numbers of the paper the editor said many true things about "the educational cure-all," the Morrison's pill of the political economists, and asked how education "is to loosen the clutch of the capitalist, the employer, the transporter, and the speculator upon the lion's share of the good things brought into existence by work." He noted the reductions of wages, strikes, and the fact, "established by official investigation, that the working classes in the comparatively new and rich state of Illinois have been pushed so near the starvation limit that they cannot live without the assistance of the labor of their children." Noting these things, the editor of the "San Franciscan" said: "We are giving the children of the country the education of freemen, and our industrial system will condemn most of them to live the lives of slaves. Every public school is helping to breed an army of rebels against the theory that Providence has decreed that the many shall grunt and sweat under the burden of a weary life, in order that a few may have a gorgeous time of it." And much more of similar purport,—brave, honest words, full of righteous indignation at the wrongs suffered by the toilers of the world.

But the "San Franciscan" as an enemy to the exploiters of man, as the teller of truth about the infamous railroad robbers of California, as a friend to the disinherited, did not pay. It suspended publication in sheer disgust at the pusillanimous conduct of the railroad-ridden people of California. Better had it never again made its appearance to deceive and aid in tricking the people. It has reappeared, and it gives me pain to see that its editorials are as dishonest and cowardly as they were before truthful and fearless. I hope they do not come from the same pen.

Contrast with what I have already quoted this extract from an editorial on the workingman in the "San Franciscan" of September 20:

> Too many of the men who do the rough work of the world are imbibing the pernicious notion that their poverty is owing to industrial laws, which they are wise enough to repeal, instead of to their own improvidence. It is a pity, for the workingman's own sake, that there are not more preachers of the gospel according to Ruskin, who has the sense and courage to say to the horny-handed son of toil:
>
> Be assured, my friend, that if you work steadily for ten hours a day all your life long, and if you drink nothing but water, and live on the plainest food, and never lose your temper, and go to church every Sunday, and always remain content in the position in which Providence has placed you, and never grumble nor swear, and always keep your clothes decent, and rise early, and use every opportunity of improving yourself, you will get on very well, and never be sent to the poorhouse.
>
> This sort of doctrine is not so welcome to the workingman, of course, as the pretty twaddle about the dignity of his position that he gets from the press and the stump; neither is it so comfortable as the assurance given him by the anti-monopolists, and other kinds of Socialists, that his hardships are due to oppression at the hands of the rich and powerful. But it is doctrine that, if put in practice, will pan out well for the workingman. In this country, any man of industry and moderate ability can in a few years raise himself above the necessity of daily toil, provided he does not drink, does not gamble, or otherwise waste his earnings on his vices. The workingman who can keep this fact in his mind, and live up to it, may not enjoy himself so much during political campaigns as one who believes what he hears from stumpers about his dignity and wrongs, but at the end of five or six years he will have a house of his own, and strong personal reasons for objecting to the theories of the Socialists, who would make the idle or wasteful workingman believe that he can secure by his vote what the industrious and sober workingman has had to labor and save to get.

It does not seem possible that the atrocious misquotation of Ruskin could have been made through ignorance or carelessness. In his lecture on "The Work of Iron," Ruskin says: "Nothing appears to me at once more ludicrous and more melancholy than the way the people of the present age usually talk about the morals of laborers," and then he puts in quotation marks the words "Be assured," etc., and says that is the way people talk to the laboring man. Ludicrous and melancholy enough to him are such words,—not his gospel at all. He sees "oppression of the poor at the hands of the rich and powerful" on every side, and protests vehemently against it. Before advising the workingman to practice "the virtue of Socrates, the philosophy of Plato, and the heroism of Epaminondas," he thinks "it would be well if we sometimes tried it practically ourselves" under conditions similar to those in which the workingman is placed, and he ranks first among the various forms of the oppression of the poor "the oppression of expecting too much from them." He tells the rich and powerful that the unintelligent, the idle, the improvident are "the kind of people whom you can oppress, and whom you do oppress, and that to purpose,—and with all the more cruelty and the greater sting because it is just their own fault that puts them into your power."

It is indeed a pity that there are not more preachers of the gospel according to Ruskin. Much greater is the pity that there is such a perverter of that gospel as the "San Franciscan," sowing lies in the minds of workingmen, preaching quackeries and unveracities, stealing the garb of Liberty to serve the conspiracy of thieves in. From the very lecture so mischievously misquoted I take a few things which show Ruskin's way of viewing the effects of the "industrial laws" spoken of.

"We steal habitually from the poor. We buy our liveries and gild our prayer-books with pilfered pence out of children's and sick men's wages."

"There never lived Borgias such as live now in the midst of us."

"Whosoever has not his hand on the stilt of the plough has it on the hilt of the dagger."

"By far the greater part of the suffering and crime which exist at this moment in civilized Europe arises simply from people not knowing that produce or wealth is eternally connected by the laws of heaven and earth with resolute labor, but hoping in some way to cheat or abrogate this everlasting law of life, and to feed where they have not furrowed, and be warm where they have not woven."

But there is little need to expound Ruskin's gospel for Liberty's readers; they know that he preaches justice. Still less need is there that the editor of the "San Franciscan" be told that the working classes, who "cannot live without the assistance of the labor of their children," can never "raise themselves above the necessity of daily toil" by temperance, prudence, and repression of their "vices." I wish I could be assured that the writer of "The Educational Cure-all" did not write the outrageously dishonest editorial on "The Workingman," for I have known him as an honest, earnest man and a bitter foe to every form of knavery, and it is sickening to think that the railroad rogues have caved such a man down the bank. K.

John Swinton warns off the "old hacks" who are "putting up jobs" in the name of the People's party. "They cannot sell out the People's party," he tells them. No, indeed, they cannot; for the bargain was made by the boss old hack of them all at the outset of the campaign. He proposes to deliver the goods on election day; later we may learn his price.

Save Me From My Friends.

Who is to be saved? The laborer. What is to be saved? Not his life, precisely, for that, however compromised by misery and unwholesome conditions, is threatened with no new or unusual dangers. Not his property, for he has none worth mentioning. Not his character; nobody is meddling with that It is the hope and the opportunity of his redemption from misery, — in a word, his future, — that is in question. Who are the dangerous friends? They are men of sentiment, philanthropists, in whom political ambitions blend with indignation and compassion. Emotional and eloquent, partisan leaders, their idea of the practical consists in surface agitation, sensational effects, and party triumphs. That truth which lies at the bottom of the well does not concern them. The danger to which they expose labor is the alienation of that middle class, pre-eminently facultative and industrious, which combines with specialized intelligence and skill the foresight, self-control, and modicum of fortune which are wanting to the proletary masses. It is through this middle class that society has emerged from its primitive servitudes to military and aristocratic feudalism. Some of its members have become in turn oppressors, by a sinister control of the financial power, in combining it with the political; but by such tyranny they have unclassed themselves, and the body which remains is the true leaven of humanity, progressive in thought, inventive, fertile in expedients, and plowed in all directions by liberal ideas. The imprudent agitators whom we signalize are themselves of this class. It was not a hand-to-mouth subsistence that fostered in them their faculties for good or evil, and they well know that the fundamental instinct of their influential class is to keep itself out of the mire of necessity. To propagate the work of emancipation, it must itself enjoy some liberty. Not independent of the useful industries to which they owe their relative advantages, they are disposed to look with a jealous eye on the encroachments of speculators and privileges of monopoly, which threaten to force the poorer and more numerous mass of them into the proletariat. They are its natural and necessary allies, but they would prefer the oppression of the millionaire to that of ignorant brutality in the vandalism of mob rule. Communism is abhorrent to them, *i.e.*, State communism, or the interference of authority against those inequalities of condition which result from the fair competition of faculties, after such guarantees of starting even, as industrial education can bestow, this being so regulated as to pay its own costs, which is not difficult, considering its economy of crime and punishment.

While functions of social charity may conciliate the efforts of the middle and the rich classes, those of social justice can hope no aid from the latter as a class, but enlist by common interests the middle class with proletaries. Hence the delicacy and prudence needed not to repel and make enemies of them in the treatment of border line questions, such as those of rent and interest, in which extreme views, whether of license or of prohibition, are equally fatal to progress and reform.

These reflections have been suggested by a paragraph signed H. W. Brown, in "John Swinton's Paper" of September 5.

Mr. Brown is one of those reformers who have a crow to pick with the dictionary, and find short cuts to justice by making words squint from their ordinary and accepted meanings. It matters little whether or not Mr. Brown means and understands what his phrases imply, which is simple communism, or the ownership of all means of production by the State. Now, it is precisely the numerous class of those just independent by their labor, or conscious of the faculties that can make them so, who will fight to the death against expropriation; while the few, of more dominating faculty, will simply transfer their ambitions to getting control of the State, and, as its officers, administering to their own profit and honor the collective fortune. I do not accuse Mr. Swinton of this premeditated perfidy. It is simply deplorable to see him neutralize the good influence of his labor statistics, so impressive and suggestive, by showing thus the cloven hoof of communism. That a State might manage railroads with less abuse of privilege than other corporations is just conceivable, but that no capital should be private is to retrograde beyond Sparta with its black-broth and helots. Such an aspiration indorsed by a gentleman, by a man of wealth and refinement, shows how partisan zeal throws the mind off its balance and vitiates judgment.

Mr. Brown's definition of *capital* is "that form of wealth used as a source of income." Now, as labor or production is the only true source of either capital or income or the goods which render income desirable, this definition might be innocent enough, though quite inferior to the common one that capital is the surplus result of past labor. But Mr. Brown explains farther that the income he means is confined to idlers. The farmer who owns his farm, the miller who owns his mill, the mechanic who owns his tools and the house he lives in, must not call those essentials of production their capital; they must find some new name for their stock in business to please Mr. Brown, if indeed he should graciously and by inconsistency with his principle allow them to own anything, for, in order to correct the present "dreadful misunderstanding of capital" and in order to kill his bugbear "profits," "capital must become public property."

His definition with this arbitrary pendant accepted, "the danger of the private control of capital will be more apparent."

We suppose that Mr. Brown in his innocence sees no danger in the State control of capital, including land, roads, mills, machinery, and all means of production. State, that is impersonal and a synonym of honesty. And statesmen? Of course the Goulds and Vanderbilts and Huntingdons are not to be the statesmen. They will only be the Browns and the Swintons.

Virgil answers you: *Sic vos non vobis nidificatis, aves.* The management of State socialized capital must be entrusted to men of experience in kind, to such adepts as the millionaire monopolist, Ben Butler, great protectionist manufacturer and chief of the bonanza cattle farm, whose nest is so well feathered that he can afford, with the aid of a $50,000 salary, not to steal any more in his old age. But how about his army of office holders? Mr. Butler is too pious and too orthodox to biblical and party traditions to be suspected of "muzzling the ox that is treading out the corn."

There is a partial truth in Mr. Brown's view that "the whole trouble of society today is the private irresponsible control of the means of labor," but what maintains their irresponsibility is the State. But for its armies and police, ever ready to defend the privileges of capital, of land monopoly, of market cornerers, of stockjobbers, of bankers, what fence could protect from settlers the million-acre stock farm, the million-bushel grain depot from the famishing laborers, the millions of government bonds from taxation, or prevent all property represented in currency from ruining the monopoly of the banks. To combat privilege State Socialism would enormously increase the powers of the greatest source and safeguard of privilege. This is homœopathy with a vengeance, but not with infinitesimals.

The trouble with society, Mr. Brown, lies partly in the private control of capital, but mainly in that control being vested in others than the workmen who use it in production. The function of the State is not arch proprietorship, but the transfer without rupture and by gradual liquidations of corporative property like railroads, mines, and manufactories, into the control of their operatives become stockholding partners. This may be effected here and there without State intervention, but more rapidly and generally through it, and such action only can justify its longer existence among the powers that be.

EDGEWORTH.

A Word to the Donkey Brigade.

There is no Republican party to-day in this country, and there is no Democratic party.

There are several organized bands of public robbers, who are banded together under the above names.

Their only object is spoils.

Every honest citizen knows that this is so.

The leaders of both parties are on one side; the people are upon the other, — the skinners against the skinned.

We do not believe that as a party ticket, the Democratic nominees, when elected, will honestly try to alleviate the ills we suffer under.

We do not believe the Republicans will, either.

The professional politician has his slimy hand on the throat of all of them. All of them are going for spoils.

And whichever is elected will secure them.

They do not want good government — they want coin.

They do not desire public convenience, but private wealth.

They do not want economical public service, but fat salaries.

They do not want to enforce laws, but to receive blackmail for not enforcing them.

They do not want to relieve your poverty, but to make you poorer!

What is the use of talking about it?

You know it as well as we do. After you have read this article, will you then slide out this evening, and put on your oil-cloth cape and cap, and take your kerosene torch, and whoop and howl for some politician or lawyer or "*best citizen*" till you are hoarse?

You slave of wind, you bondsman of "gas," you charmed monkey of the political circus, if you do, you are a fool, and you know it.

If you would put into governmental affairs one ten-millionth of the sense you put into private business, you would not sleep tonight until you had put yourself in a position to honestly do some practical good.

You wouldn't parade any more streets for somebody else.

You wouldn't spend your breath in three cheers for men who sneer at and spit on you, after they have pulled the wool over your eyes and kicked you to the polls.

You wouldn't pay taxes for some cheap smarty relation of your master's to squander as a city employé.

Can't you withstand a band of music? or hired oratory? or a newspaper "boom" bought and paid for?

Haven't you man enough, and sense enough, in you, when you are being robbed right and left, above and below, to throttle the thief, instead of helping him to rob you the more?

In this city there are ordinarily cast about forty thousand votes. Thirty-five thousand of these ballots are the ballots of dupes, tools, fools, and slaves. *On* the day when these *men refuse to go to the polls* under the lash, the FIVE THOUSAND MASTERS will understand that the slaves have WAKED UP, and Justice will begin to show its presence.

MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Billet Doux to the Radical Review.

Notwithstanding your professions of radical independence, professional spreadeagleism, we are not so innocent as to suppose independence possible without money. C. K. D.— not Anacreon's cicada — ought, according to the theory of natural compensation, as expounded by Emerson, to have a purse better lined than his skull. I judge from the tone of his articles that he is one of your more important patrons, and in your position humble pie may be a more nourishing diet than Anarchism. No high falutin on the raft of the Medusa. What is most evident, *en dernier ressort*, of our discussions, is the truth of the old saw, "Any man may lead a horse to water, but who can make him drink?" Language is a drug, where there is no receptiveness to ideas, and we are far from pretending to such exclusive property in *Anarchy* as to debar others from use or abuse of it in the parade of their stupidity. No apostle of Hymen, yet in honor of Elective Affinity, I would solemnize the nuptials of C. K. D. with Rita Belle, and persuade Uncle Sam to stand god-father to their first-born idiot.

Ignorance, as well as Science, has its lessons for us. That of the hour is to shun classical terms or polarized words in the advancement of principles. Criticism, judgment, condemnation, of the State and Church as they are, general and particular, is a kind of dirty work of which, *pro tem.*, even hollow-hearted politicians are relieving us. 'Tis a lot of old thunder among the stage properties of socialism,

A tale of little meaning, though the words are strong.

Our flag-ship is the People's Bank, or Labor Exchange Bank. That is the distinctive initiative of our revolution. Where Babœuf or Karl Marx (in the accord of brutality with "*Scientific Socialism*") would lead us on to Palestine through the *red sea*, benevolently drowning therein the horsemen and chariots of Pharaoh (read Capital), Proudhon, confessing the Almighty Dollar as the God of Civilization, puts his "Thus saith the Lord" in the Labor exchange note. By the success or failure of this business system which cuts to the root of parasitic commerce and government, at once, emancipating us from fealty to either specie or national banks, we must live or die, sink or swim, survive or perish. This is not all: anticlerical iconoclasm is collateral; but that has already cut its teeth. Neither is labor exchange the last word of the gospel, but it is the axis of Emancipation. In the practice of it we shall learn whom to trust; we shall make those acquaintances which are necessary to ulterior coöperation, to industrial and domestic association.

We have no time to lose in theoretic floriture. Practical education is synthetic. Already the profound demoralization of this people, whose English leaven of hypocrisy Democracy has kept at blood heat, where incoherent competition is married to governmental privilege, and Christian comes to mean *repudiation* of Jesus' moral teaching, — this cloaca asphyxiates. In few parts of our country does there yet remain such a combination of intelligence with honesty as is indispensable for the initiative of our mutual contract principle. It must be in New England, if any where. In my own span of personal experience I am reminded of that Italian mediæval dungeon, walled with iron apparently of one block, but whose sides and roof, invisibly jointed, were made to slide plate over plate, with a noiseless contraction, just so much each night, until from seven windows* only one remained, and the prisoner, no longer walking, could not stand erect, biding his doom. The last contraction mashed him into pulp. That is what is happening to the prisoner Love enclosed within the walls of Marriage, Church, Government, and Property. That is what is happening to the prisoner Thought, enclosed within the walls of Dogmatism, Poverty, Government, and Prejudice. That is what is happening to Labor, imprisoned and exprisoned by the wire fence of land-robbers, squeezed between the revenue of the State and the profits of Capital; penned in the "Black Holes" of cities and factories, with Government steadily turning the screw.

EDGEWORTH.

* The phalansterian will understand what these windows mean, why there are seven, and also why high up. To explain the allusion would be tedious. These windows are the outlook of the social and intellectual passions, the last to be closed by compressive authority being the parental; we are at this stage of the agony where misery necessitates infanticide.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

Continued from page 3.

there was no money with which to buy boots for her sons and shoes for her daughters, — then it was that she beat us. She caressed us also when, though children, we offered to aid her in her labor, or when we did something intelligent, or when she got a rare moment of rest and her back became limber, as she said. To us those were real joys." . . .

"To the devil with your real sorrows and joys!" said Véra Pavlovna.

"Well, then, in that case, condescend to listen to my confession for Natacha."

"I do not wish to listen; she has similar real joys and sorrows, I am sure."

"You are perfectly right."

"But you will be pleased, perhaps, to hear my confession," said Serge, mysteriously making his appearance.

"Let us see," said Véra Pavlovna.

"My parents, although they were rich, did nothing but worry and talk about money; rich people are no more exempt from such anxieties" . . .

"You do not know how to confess, Serge," said Alexey Pétrovitch, in an amiable tone: "tell us why they worried about money, what the expenses were that tormented them, what were the needs that it embarrassed them to satisfy."

"I well understand why you ask me that," said Serge, "but let us lay that subject aside and view their thoughts from another standpoint. They, too, were anxious about their children."

"Were their children sure of their daily bread?" asked Alexey Pétrovitch.

"Certainly, but it was necessary to look out that" . . .

"Do not confess, Serge!" said Alexey Pétrovitch: "we know your history; care of the superfluous, preoccupation with the useless, — that is the soil out of which you have grown; it is an abnormal soil. Just look at yourself; you are by birth a fairly intelligent and very polite man; perhaps you are no worse or more stupid than we are; but what are you good for, for what are you useful?"

"I am good to escort Julie wherever she wishes to go, I am useful to Julie in helping her to lead a dissipated life," answered Serge.

"Thereby we see," said Alexey Pétrovitch, "that the abnormal unhealthy soil" . . .

"Ah, how you weary me with your realism and your abnormalism! They know that it is incomprehensible, and yet they never stop talking about it!" said Véra Pavlovna.

"Then you do not wish to talk a little with me?" said Maria Alexevna, also appearing mysteriously: "you, gentlemen, withdraw, for mother wishes to speak with daughter."

Everybody disappeared, and Vérotchka found herself face to face with Maria Alexevna. Maria Alexevna's countenance assumed a scornful expression.

"Véra Pavlovna, you are an educated person; you are so pure, so noble," said Maria Alexevna in a tone of irony; "you are so good; am I, a gross and wicked drunkard, the person to be talking to you? You, Véra Pavlovna, have a bad mother; but tell me, if you please, Madame, about what this mother has been troubled? About daily bread; that is what, in your learned language, is called the real, the veritable human anxiety, is it not? You have heard bad words; you have seen wicked and corrupt conduct; but tell me, if you please, what the object was. Was it a futile, a senseless object? No, Madame. No, whatever the life of your family, it was not a futile, whimsical life. See, Véra Pavlovna, I have acquired your learned style. But you are ashamed and distressed at having so bad a woman for a mother? You would like it if I were good and honest? Well, I am a sorcerer, Véra Pavlovna, I know how to use magic; therefore I can realize your desire. Condescend to look; your desire is fulfilled; your wicked mother has disappeared; there is a good mother with her daughter; look!"

A room. Near the door snores a dirty drunken man. What is this, — he is unrecognizable, his face being covered half by his hand and half by bruises. A bed. On the bed lies a woman, — yes, it is she, it is Maria Alexevna, but the good Maria Alexevna! Further, she is pale, decrepit at the age of forty-five, worn out! Near the bed is a young girl of about eighteen; yes, it is you, Vérotchka, yourself, but in what rags! What does this mean? You are so yellow and your features so gross, and the room itself is so poor! Of furniture there is almost none.

"Vérotchka, my friend, my angel," says Maria Alexevna: "lie down a little while; rest yourself, my treasure; why do you look at me? It is wholly unnecessary. This is the third night that you have not slept."

"That is nothing, Mamma; I am not tired," says Vérotchka.

"And I feel very sick, Vérotchka; what will become of you when left without me? Your father's earnings are small, and he is a poor support for you. You are pretty; there are many wicked people in the world. There will be nobody to put you on your guard. How I fear for you!"

Vérotchka weeps.

"My dear child, do not take offence; I do not mean to reproach you, but simply to put you on your guard: why did you go out Friday, the day before I fell so seriously ill?"

Vérotchka weeps.

"He will deceive you, Vérotchka; abandon his company."

"No, Mamma."

Two months later. How two months have slipped away in a single moment! On a chair is seated an officer. On the table in front of the officer a bottle, and it is she, Vérotchka, upon the officer's knees!

Two months more slip by in a moment.

On a sofa is seated a lady. Before the lady stands Vérotchka.

"And do you know how to iron, Vérotchka?"

"Yes, I know how."

"What are you, my dear, a serf or free?"

"My father is an office-holder."

"Then you are of gentle birth, my dear? I cannot take you. What kind of a servant would you make? Go, my dear, I cannot take you."

Vérotchka is in the street.

"Mamzelle, mamzelle!" says some drunken youth, "where are you going? I will escort you."

Vérotchka runs to throw herself into the Néva.

"Well, my dear child, how do you like having such a mother?" said the old, the real Maria Alexevna: "am I not clever in the use of magic? Why are you silent? Have you no tongue? But I will make you speak just the same. Have you been in the stores much?"

"Yes," said Vérotchka, all of a tremble.

"Have you seen, have you heard?"

"Yes."

"Is their life honorable? Are they educated? Do they read old books, do they dream of your new order of things, of the way in which men may be made happy? Do they dream of it? Speak out!"

Vérotchka, trembling, said not a word.

"You have lost your power of speech, it seems to me. Is their life honorable, I ask you?"

Vérotchka maintained her silence and felt a shudder.

"You have then really lost your power of speech? Is their life honorable? Are they virtuous young girls, I ask you again? Would you like to be as they are? You are silent! Do not turn away your face! Listen, then, Verka, to what I am going to say to you. You are learned; thanks to the money that I have stolen, you are educated. You dream of the good, but, if I had not been wicked, you would never have known what the good is. Do you understand? It *all* comes from me; you are my daughter, *mine*. I am your mother."

Vérotchka weeps and shudders.

"What do you wish of me, Mamma? I cannot love you."

"Do I ask you to love me?"

"I should like at least to esteem you, but I cannot do that either."

"Do I need your esteem?"

"What do you want, then? Why have you come to talk to me in so dreadful a way? What do you wish of me?"

"Be grateful, without loving or esteeming me, ingrate that you are. I am wicked; is there any chance for love? I am dishonest; is there any chance for esteem? But you should understand, Verka, that, if I were not what I am, you too would not be what you are. You are honest because I have been dishonest; you are good for the reason that I have been wicked. Understand it, Vérotchka, and be grateful."

"Withdraw, Maria Alexevna; it is now my turn to speak to my sister."

Maria Alexevna disappeared.

The sweetheart of so many lovers, the sister of so many sisters took Vérotchka by the hand.

"I have always wanted to be good with you, Vérotchka, for you are good yourself. Now, I am whatever the person is to whom I am talking. At present you are sad; so am I. Look! Though sad, am I still good?"

"Always the best in the world."

"Kiss me, Vérotchka; we are both in distress. Your mother told you the exact truth. I do not like your mother, but I need her."

"Can you not do without her?"

"Later I shall be able to, when it shall be useless for men to be wicked. But at present I cannot. The good, you see, cannot get a foothold of themselves, for the wicked are strong and cunning. But the wicked are not all of the same sort. To some of them it is necessary that the world should grow worse and worse, to others it is essential that it should improve, essential in their own interest. It was a good thing for your mother that you should be educated; and why? In order that you might give lessons and thus earn money; in order that you might catch a rich husband. Her intentions were bad, but did you profit by them any the less? With the other class of wicked people this is not the case. For instance, if you had had Anna Pétrovna for a mother, could you have had an education? Would you have known the good? Would you have loved it? No. Either you would not have been allowed to learn, or you would have been made a puppet of. The daughter of such a mother must be a puppet, for the mother herself is nothing else, and lives only to play to puppets with puppets. Now, your mother is bad, but she has been of the more value to you, for it was essential to her that you should not be a puppet. You see, then, that the wicked are not all of the same sort. Some prevent the existence of men worthy of the name, and would have them only puppets. But wicked people of the other sort come unconsciously to my aid by giving men the possibility of development and gathering the means that permit this development. That is exactly what I need. Yes, Vérotchka, I cannot do without this kind of wicked people to oppose the other wicked people. My wicked people are wicked, but good grows under their wicked hand. Therefore be grateful to your mother. Do not love her, since she is wicked, but do not forget that you owe everything to her, that without her you would not exist."

"Will this always be the case? It will not, will it?"

"Later, when the good shall be strong, it will be otherwise. The time is approaching when the wicked will see that it is against their interest to be wicked, and most of them will become good: they were wicked simply because it was disadvantageous to them to be good, but they know, however, that good is better than evil, and they will prefer the good as soon as they can love it without injury to their own interests."

"And the wicked who were puppets, what will become of them? I pity them too."

"They will play to puppets without injuring any one whomsoever. Their children will not resemble them, for of all members of the human family I shall make good, strong, intelligent human beings."

"Oh, how good that will be!"

"But those who prepare the war for this future are among the good from now on. When you aid the cook in getting your dinner, do you not feel good, though the air of the kitchen was stifling? Every one feels good at the table, but whoever has aided in getting the dinner feels better than the others: the dishes seem much better to her. You like sweets, if I mistake not?"

"Yes," said Vérotchka, smiling to see herself thus convicted of a fondness for pastry and of having aided in making it in the kitchen.

"What reason have you to mourn? Pshaw! all that is passed."

"How good you are!".

"And joyous, Vérotchka, joyous always, even when sad. Am I not?"

"Yes, when I am sad, you come appearing sad also, but every time you drive away my sorrow; it is very pleasant to be with you."

"You have not forgotten my song: *Donc vivons?*"

"Oh, no."

"Let us sing it."

"Let us sing."

"Vérotchka! Why, I seem to have awakened you! But, at any rate, tea is all ready. You really frightened me: I heard you groan; I come in, and find you singing."

"No, my darling, you did not awaken me; I should have awakened without you. What a dream I have just had! I will tell you about it while we are taking tea. Leave me; I am going to dress. But how did you dare to enter my room without permission, Dmitry Serguéitch? You forget yourself. You were frightened about me, my darling? Come here and let me kiss you. And now leave me quickly, for I must dress."

"You are so late that I had better act as your dressing-maid to-day; shall I?"

"Very good, my darling, but how abashed I am!"

[To be continued.]

A VINDICATION OF NATURAL SOCIETY:

OR,

A VIEW OF THE MISERIES AND EVILS ARISING TO MANKIND FROM EVERY SPECIES OF ARTIFICIAL SOCIETY, IN A LETTER TO LORD ——.

BY EDMUND BURKE.

PREFACE.*

The history of the remarkable Essay before us — "Burke's Vindication of Natural Society" — presents one of the most extraordinary examples of literary repudiation to be met with in English Literature We have all heard the anecdote of the counsellor who, in a fit of absence of mind, or inadvertence, went on arguing a case, in a court of law, *against* his client, instead of in *defence* of him; and who, when reminded of his error, readily got himself out of the scrape by protesting that he had made no mistake at all, but that he was simply bringing forward the arguments which he knew his learned friend on the other side would adduce, in order that he might show to the Court their utter invalidity, which he then proceeded to do, logically refuting every point which he had previously maintained!

Burke's denial of the legitimacy of his own mental offspring is, however, more barefaced than the subterfuge of the counsellor in the anecdote; because, instead of attempting a logical refutation of what he had said before (which he knew was impossible), he took a shorter and easier mode of shirking the difficulty; he coolly pretended that his "Vindication" was simply a piece of irony! and, strange to say, the literary world has, up to this time, believed him, albeit the only ironical passage in the Essay corroborates the *bona fide* character of the rest! It is, indeed, one of the soberest productions ever written, in some parts bordering even on the trite and common-place. The real cause of Burke's pretending that his Essay was written in an ironical spirit appears to have been an apprehension that the novel doctrines he had enunciated therein — so utterly subversive of all old established opinions — would be an effectual bar to the realization of the ambitious plans which he had subsequently formed for his advancement in the political world of the day; and, as no other subterfuge was at all available, he adopted the very shallow one of irony, although, as every reader of his works will quickly perceive, irony was a branch of rhetoric quite foreign to his nature, and one to which he rarely had recourse But Burke is not the only instance where the youthful worshipper of Truth has, in after life, become a renegade from her divine principles, and to his own moral sense of right and wrong, in deference to worldly and selfish interests.

The "Vindication of Natural Society" appears to have been Burke's first printed effort, and was published anonymously in the year 1756, in the form of a letter to Lord ——. We do not learn when the author accepted its paternity, or how it came to be brought home to him. When reprinted, there was added to it a short, but elaborate, preface, in which, after animadverting upon the mischievous tendencies of the anti-religious writings of Lord Bolingbroke, the "Editor" states that his design in the "Vindication" was to show that, "without the exertion of any considerable forces, the same engines which were employed in the destruction of religion might be employed with equal success for the subversion of government;" and that "a mind which has no restraint from its own weakness; of its subordinate [?] rank in the creation; and of the extreme danger of letting the imagination loose upon *some* subjects, may very possibly attack everything, the most excellent and venerable; that it would not be difficult to criticise the creation itself; and that, if we were to examine the divine fabrics by our ideas of reason and fitness, and to use the same method of attack by which some men have assaulted revealed religion, we might, with as good color, and with the same success, make the wisdom and power of God in his creation appear to be no better than foolishness."

Before concluding his Preface, Burke remarks that the subject of the "Vindication" is not so fully handled as obviously it might; it was not his design to say all that could possibly be said; it had been inexcusable to fill a large volume with the *abuse of reason*; nor would such an abuse have been tolerated, even for a few pages, if some underplot of more consequence than the apparent design had not been carried out!

Burke's own apology to Mrs. Grundy for having once had the weakness to give way to the dictates of reason and conscience, in opposition to conventionalism and self-interest, is lame enough; but the excuses of his eulogists are still lamer. One of his biographers says that the only fault to be attributed to this "'Vindication of Natural Society' lies in its very cleverness, for so concealed is the irony throughout that the reader runs the risk of taking the whole for earnest, and being led by the fascinating elegance and energetic eloquence of the diction to a conclusion very different from the one intended!"

Treating the work, however, as what it really is, — a serious and earnest denunciation of State Governments, under whatever name or form they may exist, — we shall occupy no further space or time in its mere literary history, but shall proceed at once to lay the text of the Essay before our readers.

The text now given is reprinted from Bohn's edition of Burke's works, published in 1854, which has only a few verbal differences from the original edition, — such differences generally strengthening the arguments, originally adduced by Burke, *in* support of a theory, then, perhaps for the first time, formally broached in Europe, but which *now*, if we mistake not, is about to take its place *as one of the most important truths in moral and social science.*

*This preface is that of the editor who reprinted the essay in London in 1858.

A VINDICATION OF NATURAL SOCIETY.

Shall I venture to say, my Lord, that, in our late conversation, you were inclined to the party which you adopted rather by the feelings of your good nature, than by the conviction of your judgment? We laid open the foundations of Society; and you feared that the curiosity of this search might endanger the ruin of the whole fabric. You would readily have allowed my principle, but you dreaded the consequences; you thought that, having once entered upon these reasonings, we might be carried insensibly and irresistibly farther than at first we could either have imagined or wished. But for my part, my Lord, I then thought, and am still of the same opinion, that error, and not truth of any kind, is dangerous; that ill conclusions can only flow from false propositions; and that, to know whether any proposition be true or false, it is a preposterous method to examine it by its apparent consequences.

These were the reasons which induced me to go so far into that inquiry; and they are the reasons which direct me in all my inquiries. I had, indeed, often reflected on that subject before I could prevail on myself to communicate my reflections to anybody. They were generally melancholy enough; as those usually are which carry us beyond the mere surface of things, and which would undoubtedly make the lives of all thinking men extremely miserable, if the same philosophy which caused the grief did not, at the same time, administer the comfort.

[To be continued.]

THEN AND NOW.

VIII.

ANARCHY AS DEFINED BY RESULTS.

BOSTON, October 25, 2084.

My Dear Louise:

I have now ceased to be a great curiosity, and have an opportunity to walk about the streets and visit stores, manufactories, schools, places of amusement, etc., and study the people under all phases of life. Every moment, almost, there is something new to attract my attention, some strange thing to give me food for thought. There is a most striking contrast, surely, between the condition of the people of today and of those of two centuries ago. Humanity seems to be a different thing from what it was then. The mere fact that there is no such thing as poverty must prove this to you. There are no hard times now-a-days; there is plenty for all to do, and, of course, you can easily understand that, where there is work for every one, there must be plenty for every one to eat, drink, and wear. Charitable organizations are not needed to keep men and women and children from starving and freezing. Poverty was always the great cause of crime. To plenty, more than anything else, is due the honesty and gentleness of the people today.

Don't think from this, Louise, that I have become an Anarchist I believe — for I cannot help believing — that the people of today are more happy without the State, but this system of society under which the people live is not Anarchy. After all that I have written to you, I know that you must be surprised at this statement, but let me explain.

Mr. De Demain says that society today is based upon Anarchistic principles, and I gave you his definition of those principles in my last letter; but I know that he must be mistaken. During two hundred years the meaning of the word Anarchy has changed. It means today peace, prosperity, liberty, and happiness; two hundred years ago it meant revolution, tyranny, crime, and misery. Would not this latter be your definition? Does not Anarchy mean to you something terrible? When you speak the word, does it not call up in your mind scenes of riot and murder?

I cannot see why the quiet, happy people that I see about me should use a word, which means to them so much, which really means all that is terrible and chaotic

Mr. De Demain says that I have a very old-fashioned idea of the meaning of Anarchy, and not only very old-fashioned but very wrong.

"If," says he, "you wished, in your time, to get the correct definition of some medical term, would you have asked a physician, or some person who knew nothing about the science of medicine? Which, do you think, would have been most likely to have defined the term correctly for you? Is it not, to say the least, probable that an avowed Anarchist can tell you better what Anarchy means than can one who claims to know nothing about the word or the thing except that he has looked up the word in the dictionary and has heard that a king or two has been killed by the hands of Anarchists? No man is an Anarchist who does not know what Anarchy means, and I know that there never could have been a man who knew what Anarchy means who was not an Anarchist. In your time, if you ever saw a person who said he knew the meaning of Anarchy and for that very reason was not an Anarchist, — and you have probably seen many such, — you could easily have discovered how little he knew about it by asking very few questions. You say this is not Anarchy which I claim is Anarchy? And why? Simply because you find that Anarchy is not what you thought it was, because it is not what you had been told it was by those who knew nothing about it, but who claimed to know all about it. Anarchy two hundred years ago could not be fully and clearly defined because it had never been practically tested. A thing to be clearly defined must be defined by its results. In your time Anarchy had produced no results."

"How about the murder of a king or two?" I asked.

"That was not the result of Anarchy, but merely of the struggle for Anarchy. Until a thing is, it cannot have results. It would be absurd to say that the Revolutionary war was the result of American independence; it was merely the result of the struggle for that independence. The founders of the American republic were men who could look into the future, and they knew full well what such a republic as they strove for meant, but the people, even those who fought for it, did not know. They had faith, but faith is blind. What was the definition of that republic given by people of the old world? That it was an impossible theory, a pretty theory perhaps, but one which practical demonstration would prove to be a curse for the people who lived under it. So with Anarchy. Those who struggled for it two hundred years ago could look ahead to this time and see what Anarchy meant. They could define it, partially. They could not follow out all its blessings in detail, but they could say that blessings would result, and some of those blessings they could name. We today can define it fully. It is defined right before your eyes. You have a clearer definition of it every day as you see more of its effects. There are hundreds of things that you have not yet seen, little things they may be, but nevertheless they go to make up a grand sum total of happiness. Anarchy has made the world — a world necessarily of sin and misery, it used to be considered — fairer than was heaven painted to the dreams of the Christians of the olden time."

Mr. De Demain's arguments may be good, and it may be only my woman's persistency that still leads me to say that I cannot believe that what is called Anarchy today is what was meant when the word Anarchy was spoken two hundred years ago.

JOSEPHINE.

Rogue or Fool: Which?

To the Editor of Liberty:

The following letter, which was sent for insertion to the "National Reformer" (London), explains itself:

ANOTHER INQUIRER.

To the Editors of the National Reformer:

I noticed in the "correspondent" column of the "National Reformer" last week a few remarks in reply to an "Inquirer" concerning the views of "Anarchists"; and, being an Anarchist myself, I venture to suggest that the remarks made were as false as they were foolish. "Anarchy" is simply synonymous with *liberty*, and, in declaring against Anarchy, you have, of course, declared against liberty, and consequently in favor of *slavery* of some form or other. It is surprising that so many talk so much of liberty, and yet know so little about it. You assert that "the views of Anarchists are explicable in countries like Russia; but they are most unfortunate wherever held. In civilized society there must be government, and it is the duty of every citizen to try to secure, first, that the government shall be representative, expressing the people's will by the people's authority; and next, that its functions shall be as limited as is consistent with general well-being." Will you be good enough to make more clear these assertions, and logically support them by replying to the following questions, which are perfectly relevant to, and are the outcome of, your remarks?

1. What *meaning* and *importance* do you attach to the ambiguous word "unfortunate"?
2. How can a "view" or "views" be "unfortunate"?
3. If a "view" is "*explicable*" in one country, why not in another,—*i.e.*, what has geography to do with the matter?
4. Do you mean by "civilized" society the state of affairs which now exists? or what?
5. How do you propose to *prove* that "there *must* be a government" in "civilized society"?
6. What constitutes a "citizen"?
7. From whence do *you* derive the authority to determine the "*duty*" of a "citizen"?
8. *How* can "a government be representative, expressing the *people's* will by the *people's* authority"?
9. If you mean a *majority* only of the people, am I to infer that by "*general* well-being" you mean the well-being of the greater-*half* of the "people" only?
10. Can "majority" voting equitably settle a sociological problem,—*i.e.*, can "might make right"?
11. Can *any* "representative" "consistently" represent any other than himself?
12. Whose "will" can a "representative" support, consequently, but his own?

H. SEYMOUR.

THE SCIENCE LIBRARY, September 22, 1884.

As might be reasonably conjectured, Mr. C. Bradlaugh, the "practical politician" and "Radical leader," wilfully suppressed the above letter to make capital out of its contents by *replying* to it, as follows, through the "correspondent" column.

TO H. SEYMOUR, TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—We consider all views unfortunate which result in the cowardly and murderous use of explosives as means of agitation. Such views are explicable, though not defensible, in countries where there is no reasonable expression of opinion allowed, or opportunity of association permitted. Your other questions are either foolish, or impertinent, or both. If you claim the right in all things to take your own liberty without limiting it by any sense of duty to your fellows; if you deny the right of the majority to make law, reasonable hearing first secured for the minority; if you are opposed to representative government on the ground that you have the right to act direct, and even in opposition to all the arrangements of every one else,—then your views are fittest for an island in which you would be the sole inhabitant. An Englishman who considers that progressive society would be possible with all government abolished, and who denies that citizens have any duties towards each other, is possibly an illustration of political and social atavism, but is certainly beyond argument.

It would be superfluous to comment upon Mr. Bradlaugh's "unfortunate," evasive, and incoherent twaddle. It "is certainly beyond argument." Unable to extricate himself from the labyrinth of absurdity into which he has entangled himself, he is compelled to *assume* that "the *cowardly* (?) and murderous use of explosives" is synonymous with *opinions* merely, although, as may be seen above, I had informed him (he *appearing* ignorant of the fact) that *Anarchy* and *liberty* were simply one and the same thing. This sort of shuffling is consistent with the character of the man with whom we are dealing, but such miserable sophistry doesn't even satisfactorily dispose of arguments "either foolish, or impertinent, or both." Neither does it in any fashion support his own reckless, original assertions. But the oracle has spoken, and Anarchists must henceforth hide their diminished heads, for they are simply "an illustration of political and social atavism," and each of the idiots ought to be exiled to "an island in which" he "would be the sole inhabitant."

H. SEYMOUR.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ENGLAND, September 27, 1884.

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

Vol. III.—No. 2. **BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1884.** **Whole No. 54.**

"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.

Here is a striking instance of the inconsistency into which the advocates of so-called communistic Anarchy are sure to fall. The following fundamental truth and antipodal falsehood I take from the editorial columns of one issue of the Chicago "Alarm." Truth: "The basis of all liberty is the self-possession of the fruits of one's personal efforts." Falsehood: "We know that there is and can be no other remedy but to turn all things into common property, and let all partake of the abundance freely, and allow none, under the penalty of death, to carry off, or hide, or pen up, any of that abundance for any selfish motive whatever."

The Czar has caused one thousand students to be expelled from the University of Kieff for holding Nihilistic views, and has drafted them into the army to cure them. Compared with the brilliancy of the intellect which proposes to extinguish Nihilism by leavening the army with it, the sun itself is a will-o'-the-wisp haunting a moon-gilded morass of stupidity. If the Czar should detect a man tearing shingles off his roof, he would punish him for his mischief by putting a can of dynamite in his hand and sending him down cellar. I hope he will draft into the army and supply with efficient weapons every enemy to his authority he can find in Russia.

Another Anarchistic journal in the field, — "The Miners' Journal," edited by John McLaughlin, and published in Scammonville, Kansas. This being, so far as I call to mind, the first instance of a paper published in the interest of a special class of workers and pointing them to complete Liberty as their only hope, is a very notable sign of the times. Such class journals, heretofore, have either neglected the social question or taken the authoritarian side of it. The editor's two articles in the issue of October 18, "The Campaign of Politics" and "The Campaign of Labor," are alone worth the dollar that it costs to subscribe for the paper one year.

Says an exchange: "It appears from a correspondent of the Newark 'Daily Advertiser' that there is an Agnostic town, New Ulm, in Minnesota; and the Agnostics there in some particulars are a shining example to Christians. Here is a town of thirty-five hundred population, and with but a Marshal to keep the peace; and yet there has not been a street fight in New Ulm in fifteen years. Mr. J. C. Rudolph, one of the shining lights there, says that occasionally a young fellow from the country comes to town and takes more beer than he ought; but one of the old inhabitants will go to him and tell him that New Ulm wants no noise in the streets. And, added Mr. Rudolph, one of our citizens, looking squarely in the man's face, generally brings him to his senses. The people of the city and country are kept in their senses in a city that has four breweries and thirty beer saloons, without powder and shot and iron bars. The Agnostics, too, set a good example in the charities." I doubt if Agnosticism alone is entitled to the credit of the New Ulmites' orderliness. These Agnostics, perhaps without knowing it, seem to be Anarchists as well.

The Marquis of Waterford, an extensive landowner in Ireland, has thrown up his estate and left the country because those pestering peasants whom he has rack-rented would not let him and his hangers-on hunt in peace. That's right. Turn the rascals out!

E. H. Heywood, of Princeton, Massachusetts, takes up the work which the Liberal League has dropped, and is circulating a petition to Congress for the repeal of the Comstock laws. His is a good enough petition for the petitioners; as for me, I am not petitioning this year.

The popular hatred of the Czar in Russia has now become so intense that the police have had to prohibit the exhibition of his portrait in hotels and other public places to prevent it from being insulted by the people. A singularly Dear Father must be this Alexander III, whose very image is enough to excite his children's wrath! Between such a monarch and his downfall stands there any obstacle more insuperable than time?

E. C. Walker, the junior editor of "Lucifer," who by the rare consistency of his radicalism has done so much to liberalize the West, will re-enter the lecture and canvassing field the middle of this month, and is ready to answer calls to speak upon Freethought, Anarchy, and kindred subjects. Those wishing to avail themselves of the services of this untiring worker should address "E. C. Walker, Box 42, Valley Falls, Kansas."

The "Truth-Seeker" remarks — as if it settled the matter — that, outside of the Christian press, the opposition to the Liberal League is narrowed down to a free religious paper, a free love paper, and a free property paper, meaning, I take it, the "Index," the "Word," and "Lucifer." It is not the first time that extremes have met in a good cause. Liberty would make this trio a quartette, had she leisure for such gentle and amusing sport.

Liberty herewith tenders her respectful congratulations to such of her friends and subscribers as have succumbed during the last few months to the political temptation and been at work for the cause of labor and the people (with a big, big P) under the leadership of General Butler. How they have advanced things, to be sure! Where General Weaver, the Greenback-Labor candidate of four years ago, with scarcely any money to conduct his canvass, got a vote of over three hundred thousand, General Butler, the Greenback-Labor candidate of today, after the expenditure of more money and work than was ever put into a labor canvass before, gets scarcely one hundred thousand votes in the whole country, and one-fourth of these in the single state of Massachusetts. But have not my semi-Anarchistic friends "done something practical"? Have they not "stood up to be counted"? Have they not for three months past been seen of all men, with tiny flags pinned to their breasts and tiny spoons tucked in their buttonholes? Have they, too, not had a candidate travelling in a palace-car with the best of them? And have they, too, not met the fate of all political dupes, and been sold out by their leader at the last moment? Will they ever learn from experience? Or will they four years hence show themselves as green as ever, and repeat their folly with the same enthusiasm and the same results?

SONG OF THE WORKERS.

[*Translated from the French of* PIERRE DUPONT *by* JOHN OXENFORD.]

We whose dim lamp, the dawning day,
Is lit when cocks begin to crow,
We who for our uncertain pay
Must early to our anvils go;
We who with hand and foot and arm
With want a war incessant wage,
And nought can ever gain to warm
The dreary winter of old age —
We'll still be friends, and when we can
We'll meet to push the wine about:
Let guns be still or make a rout,
We'll shout
Our toast: the Liberty of Man!

From jealous waves, from niggard soils,
Our arms for ever toiling tear
A mighty store of hidden spoils,
Ay, all that man can eat or wear:
From plains their corn, from hills their fruit,
Their metals, pearls, and jewels fine;
Alas! poor sheep, a costly suit
Is woven from that wool of thine.
We'll still be, etc.

What from the labor do we get
For which our backs thus bent must be?
And wherefore flow our floods of sweat?
Machines and nothing more are we.
Our Babel-towers the skies invade,
The earth with marvels we array;
But when at last the honey's made,
The master-lot [illegible]
We'll still be, etc.

Our wives for pay their milk bestow
On scions of a puny race,
Who think, when they to manhood grow,
To sit beside them were disgrace.
The landlord's claim we know full well,
It presses on us like a vise;
Our daughters must their honor sell
At every counter-jumper's price.
We'll still be, etc.

In darksome holes, in garrets foul,
In ruined shells, with rags bedight,
We live — the comrades of the owl
And thief, the constant friends of night.
Still through our hearts hot blood-beats run,
Still through our veins live currents flow,
And we could love the glorious sun,
And that deep shade the oak trees throw.
We'll still be, etc.

But every time our good red blood
Is on the earth like water poured,
The fruit that's nurtured by the flood
Serves but to feed some tyrant lord.
Let not the stream so rashly flow,
War doth not equal love in worth,
But wait till kinder breezes blow
From heaven — or e'en perchance from earth.
We'll still be friends, and when we can
We'll meet to push the wine about:
Let guns be still or make a rout,
We'll shout
Our toast: the Liberty of Man!

Justified through Liberty.

To the Editor of Liberty:

I send you one dollar to continue "Liberty." Some three years ago I became thoroughly disgusted with politics and have not recorded my vote since. Still I was ill at ease. I had been educated in the belief that it was a solemn duty I was neglecting. I have received my justification through "Liberty." I now feel it my duty to abstain. I may say, when I began to mistrust the efficacy of Christianity, I began to doubt that of politics. I now believe that civilization will ultimately do away with both.

Yours for right and justice,
A. L. BALLOU.

BUFFALO, September 10, 1884.

A VINDICATION OF NATURAL SOCIETY:

OR,

A VIEW OF THE MISERIES AND EVILS ARISING TO MANKIND FROM EVERY SPECIES OF ARTIFICIAL SOCIETY, IN A LETTER TO LORD ——.

BY EDMUND BURKE.

Continued from No. 53.

On considering political societies, their origin, their constitution, and their effects, I have sometimes been in a good deal more than doubt whether the Creator did ever really intend man for a state of happiness. He has mixed in his cup a number of natural evils (in spite of the boasts of stoicism they are evils), and every endeavor which the art and policy of mankind has used from the beginning of the world to this day, in order to alleviate or cure them, has only served to introduce new mischiefs, or to aggravate and inflame the old. Besides this, the mind of man itself is too active and restless a principle ever to settle on the true point of quiet. It discovers every day some craving want in a body, which really wants but little. It every day invents some new artificial rule to guide that nature which, if left to itself, were the best and surest guide. It finds out imaginary beings prescribing imaginary laws; and then it raises imaginary terrors to support a belief in the beings, and an obedience to the laws. Many things have been said, and very well, undoubtedly, on the subjection in which we should preserve our bodies to the government of our understanding; but enough has not been said upon the restraint which our bodily necessities ought to lay on the extravagant sublimities and eccentric rovings of our minds. The body, or, as some love to call it, our inferior nature, is wiser in its own plain way, and attends its own business more directly, than the mind with all its boasted subtility.

In the state of nature, without question, mankind was subjected to many and great inconveniences. Want of union, want of mutual assistance, want of a common arbitrator to resort to in their differences. These were evils which they could not but have felt pretty severely on many occasions. The original children of the earth lived with their brethren of the other kinds in much equality. Their diet must have been confined almost wholly to the vegetable kind; and the same tree, which in its flourishing state produced them berries, in its decay gave them an habitation. The mutual desire of the sexes uniting their bodies and affections, and the children which are the result of these intercourses, introduced first the notion of society, and taught its conveniences. This society, founded in natural appetites and instincts, and not in any positive institution, I shall call *natural society*. Thus far nature went and succeeded; but man would go farther. The great error of our nature is not to know where to stop; not to be satisfied with any reasonable acquirement; not to compound with our condition; but to lose all we have gained by an insatiable pursuit after more. Man found a considerable advantage by this union of many persons to form one family; he, therefore, judged that he would find his account proportionably in an union of many families into one body politic. And as nature has formed no bond of union to hold them together, he supplied this defect by *laws*.

This is *political society*. And hence the sources of what are usually called states, civil societies, or governments; into some form of which, more extended or restrained, all mankind have gradually fallen. And since it has so happened, and that we owe an implicit reverence to all the institutions of our ancestors, we shall consider these institutions with all that modesty with which we ought to conduct ourselves in examining a received opinion; but with all that freedom and candor which we owe to truth wherever we find it, or however it may contradict our own notions, or oppose our own interests. There is a most absurd and audacious method of reasoning avowed by some bigots and enthusiasts, and, through fear, assented to by some wiser and better men; it is this: They argue against a fair discussion of popular prejudices, because, say they, though they would be found without any reasonable support, yet the discovery might be productive of the most dangerous consequences. Absurd and blasphemous notion! as if all happiness was not connected with the practice of virtue, which necessarily depends upon the knowledge of truth; that is, upon the knowledge of those unalterable relations which Providence has ordained that everything should bear to every other. These relations, which are truth itself, the foundation of virtue, and, consequently, the only measures of happiness, should be likewise the only measures by which we should direct our reasoning. To these we should conform in good earnest; and not to think to force nature, and the whole order of her system by a compliance with our pride and folly, to conform to our artificial regulations. It is by a conformity to this method we owe the discovery of the few truths we know, and the little liberty and rational happiness we enjoy. We have something fairer play than a reasoner could have expected formerly; and we derive advantages from it which are very visible.

The fabric of superstition has in this our age and nation received much ruder shocks than it had ever felt before; and, through the chinks and breaches of our prison, we see such glimmerings of light, and feel such refreshing airs of liberty, as daily raise our ardor for more. The miseries derived to mankind from superstition under the name of religion, and of ecclesiastical tyranny under the name of church government, have been clearly and usefully exposed. We begin to think and to act from reason and from nature alone. This is true of several, but still is by far the majority in the same old state of blindness and slavery; and much is to be feared that we shall perpetually relapse, whilst the real productive cause of all this superstitious folly, enthusiastical nonsense, and holy tyranny holds a reverend place in the estimation even of those who are otherwise enlightened.

Civil government borrows a strength from ecclesiastical; and artificial laws receive a sanction from artificial revelations. The ideas of religion and government are closely connected; and whilst we receive government as a thing necessary, or even useful to our well-being, we shall in spite of us draw in, as a necessary, though undesirable, consequence, an artificial religion of some kind or other. To this the vulgar will always be voluntary slaves; and even those of a rank of understanding superior, will now and then involuntarily feel its influence. It is, therefore, of the deepest concernment to us to be set right in this point; and to be well satisfied whether civil government be such a protector from natural evils, and such a nurse and increaser of blessings, as those of warm imaginations promise. *In such a discussion, far am I from proposing in the least to reflect on our most wise form of government; no more than I would, in the freer parts of my philosophical writings, mean to object to the piety, truth, and perfection of our most excellent church. Both, I am sensible, have their foundations on a rock. No discovery of truth can prejudice them. On the contrary, the more closely the origin of religion and government are examined, the more clearly their excellencies must appear. They come purified from the fire. My business is not with them.** Having entered a protest against all objections from these quarters, I may the more freely inquire, from history and experience, how far policy has contributed in all times to alleviate those evils which Providence, that perhaps has designed us for a state of imperfection, has imposed; how far our physical skill has cured our constitutional disorders; and whether it may not have introduced new ones, curable perhaps by no skill.

In looking over any state to form a judgment on it, it presents itself in two lights: the external and the internal. The first, that relation which it bears in point of friendship or enmity to other states. The second, that relation which its component parts, the governing and the governed, bear to each other. The first part of the external view of all states, their relation as friends, makes so trifling a figure in history, that, I am very sorry to say, it affords me but little matter on which to expatiate. The good offices done by one nation to its neighbor; the support given in public distress; the relief afforded in general calamity; the protection granted in emergent danger; the mutual return of kindness and civility, would afford a very ample and very pleasing subject for history. But alas! all the history of all times, concerning all nations, does not afford matter enough to fill ten pages, though it should be spun out by the wire-drawing amplification of a Guicciardini himself. The glaring side is that of enmity. War is the matter which fills all history, and consequently the only, or almost the only, view in which we can see the external of political society is in a hostile shape; and the only actions to which we have always seen, and still see, all of them intent, are such as tend to the destruction of one another. "War," says Machiavel, "ought to be the only study of a prince;" and by a prince, he means every sort of state, however constituted. "He ought," says this great political Doctor, "to consider peace only as a breathing-time, which gives him leisure to contrive, and furnishes ability to execute military plans." A meditation on the conduct of political societies made old Hobbes imagine that war was the state of nature; and truly, if a man judged of the individuals of our race by their conduct, when united and packed into nations and kingdoms, he might imagine that every sort of virtue was unnatural and foreign to the mind of man.

The first accounts we have of mankind are but so many accounts of their butcheries. All empires have been cemented in blood; and, in those early periods when the race of mankind began first to form themselves into parties and combinations, the first effect of the combination, and indeed the end for which it seems purposely formed, and best calculated, is their mutual destruction. All ancient history is dark and uncertain. One thing, however, is clear. There were conquerors and conquests in those days; and, consequently, all that devastation by which they are formed, and all that oppression by which they are maintained. We know little of Sesostris, but that he led out of Egypt an army of above 700,000 men; that he overran the Mediterranean coast as far as Colchis; that, in some places, he met but little resistance, and of course shed not a great deal of blood; but that he found, in others, a people who knew the value of their liberties, and sold them dear. Whoever considers the army this conqueror headed, the space he traversed, and the opposition he frequently met, with the natural accidents of sickness, and the dearth and badness of provision to which he must have been subject in the variety of climate and countries his march lay through, if he knows anything, he must know that even the conqueror's army must have suffered greatly; and that, of this immense number, but a very small part could have returned to enjoy the plunder accumulated by the loss of so many of their companions, and the devastation of so considerable a part of the world. Considering, I say, the vast army headed by this conqueror, whose unwieldy weight was almost alone sufficient to wear down its strength, it will be far from excess to suppose that one half was lost in the expedition. If this was the state of the victorious (and, from the circumstances, it must have been this at the least), the vanquished must have had a much heavier loss, as the greatest slaughter is always in the flight; and great carnage did in those times and countries ever attend the first rage of conquest. It will, therefore, be very reasonable to allow on their account as much as, added to the losses of the conqueror, may amount to a million of deaths; and then we shall see this conqueror, the oldest we have on the records of history (though, as we have observed before, the chronology of these remote times is extremely uncertain), opening the scene by a destruction of at least one million of his species, unprovoked but by his ambition, without any motives but pride, cruelty, and madness, and without any benefit to himself (for Justin expressly tells us he did not maintain his conquests); but solely to make so many people, in so distant countries, feel experimentally how severe a scourge Providence intends for the human race, when he gives one man the power over many, and arms his naturally impotent and feeble rage with the hands of millions, who know no common principle of action but a blind obedience to the passions of their ruler.

The next personage who figures in the tragedies of this ancient theatre is Semiramis; for we have no particulars of Ninus, but that he made immense and rapid conquests, which, doubtless, were not compassed without the usual carnage. We see an army of about three millions employed by this martial queen in a war against the Indians. We see the Indians arming a yet greater; and we behold a war continued with much fury, and with various success. This ends in the retreat of the queen, with scarce a third of the troops employed in the expedition,—an expedition which, at this rate, must have cost two millions of souls on her part; and it is not unreasonable to judge that the country which was the seat of the war must have been an equal sufferer. But I am content to detract from this, and to suppose that the Indians lost only half as much, and then, the account stands thus:—In this war alone (for Semiramis had other wars), in this single reign, and in this one spot of the globe, did three millions of souls expire, with all the horrid and shocking circumstances which attend all wars, and in a quarrel in which *none of the sufferers could have the least rational concern.*

The Babylonian, Assyrian, Median, and Persian monarchies must have poured out seas of blood in their formation, and in their destruction. The armies and fleets of Xerxes, their numbers, the glorious stand made against them, and the unfortunate event of all his mighty preparations are known to everybody. In this expedition, draining half Asia of its inhabitants, he led an army of about two millions to be slaughtered and wasted by a thousand fatal accidents, in the same place where his predecessors had before, by a similar madness, consumed the flower of so many kingdoms, and wasted the force of so extensive an empire. It is a cheap calculation to say that the Persian empire, in its wars against the Greeks and Scythians, threw away at least four millions of its subjects; to say nothing of its other wars, and the losses sustained in them. These were their losses abroad; but the war was brought home to them, first by Agesilaus, and afterwards by Alexander. I have not, in this retreat, the books necessary to make very exact calculations; nor is it necessary to give more than hints to one of your Lordship's erudition. You will recollect his uninterrupted series of success. You will run over his battles. You will call to mind the carnage

* Here is the only bit of irony in the Essay, as is effectively proved by what Burke says in paragraphs 33 and 34, wherein he shows how "our most wise form of government" must, from its very nature, breed and foster all manner of moral and social evil.

which was made. You will give a glance at the whole, and you will agree with me, that, to form this hero, no less than twelve hundred thousand lives must have been sacrificed; but no sooner had he fallen himself a sacrifice to his vices than a thousand breaches were made for ruin to enter and give the last hand to this scene of misery and destruction. His kingdom was rent and divided; which served to employ the most distinct parts to tear each other to pieces, and bury the whole in blood and slaughter. The kings of Syria and of Egypt, the kings of Pergamus and Macedon, without intermission worried each other for above two hundred years; until at last a strong power, arising in the west, rushed in upon them and silenced their tumults by involving all the contending parties in the same destruction. It is little to say that the contentions between the successors of Alexander depopulated that part of the world of at least two millions.

[To be continued.]

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

A ROMANCE.

By N. G. TCHERNYCHEWSKY.

Translated by Benj. R. Tucker.

Continued from No. 53.

IV.

Véra Pavlovna's shop was quickly established. At first the organization was so simple that nothing need be said about it. Véra Pavlovna had told her first three seamstresses that she would give them a little higher wages than the current rate paid to seamstresses. The three working girls, appreciating the character of Véra Pavlovna, had willingly consented to work for her. They were not at all disturbed at a poor woman's desiring to establish a dre-smaker's shop.

These three young girls found four more, choosing them with all the circumspection that Véra Pavlovna had recommended to them: these conditions of choice had nothing in them to excite suspicion, nothing of an extraordinary character: what is there extraordinary in the fact that a young woman should desire her shop-girls to be of good and open character? She wants no quarrels, that is all; it is only prudence on her part.

Véra Pavlovna also formed a somewhat intimate acquaintance with the girls newly selected before telling them that she accepted them; this was very natural; she still acted like a prudent woman.

They worked a month for the wages agreed upon. Véra Pavlovna was always at the shop, so that the seamstresses had plenty of time to know her more closely and see that she was economical, circumspect, reasonable, and at the same time good; therefore she obtained their confidence very quickly. Than this there was but one thing further to say, — that she was a good employer, who knew how to manage her affairs.

When the month was over, Véra Pavlovna came to the shop with an account book, and asked her seamstresses to suspend their work and listen. Then she said to them in simple language things such as the seamstresses had never heard before:

"Now we know each other. For my part, I can say of you that you are good workers and good characters. And I do not believe that you will speak very ill of me. I am going to talk to you without reserve, and if what I say seems strange, you will reflect before deciding upon it; you will not regard my words as futile, for you know me for a serious woman.

"This is what I have to say:

"People of heart say that dressmakers' shops can be established in which the seamstresses shall work with greater profit than in the shops generally known. It has been my wish to make the attempt. Judging from the first month, we must conclude that these people are right. Your wages you have had. I am now going to tell you how much profit remains to me after deducting your wages and the running expenses."

Véra Pavlovna read them the account of the expenses and receipts for the month just over. Under the head of expenses were placed, besides the wages paid, all the other costs, — the rent of the room, lights, and even Véra Pavlovna's carriage-hire in conducting the business of the shop.

"I have so much left," she continued; "what's to be done with this money? I have established a workshop in order that the profits resulting from the work may go to the workers; that is why I come, for this first time, to distribute it among you equally. Then we shall see if that is the best way, or if it would be better to employ this money otherwise."

Having said this, she made the distribution. For some minutes the seamstresses could not recover from their astonishment; then they began to thank her. Véra Pavlovna let them go on, fearing that she would offend them if she refused to listen, which would have seemed in their eyes indifference and disdain.

"Now," she continued, "I have to tell you the most difficult thing that I shall ever have to say to you, and I do not know whether I shall succeed in making it clear. Nevertheless I must try. Why have I not kept this money? And of what use is it to establish a workshop if not to make a profit from it? I and my husband have, as you know, the necessaries: although we are not rich, we have everything that we need and enough of it. Now, if I needed anything, I should only have to say so to my husband; or, rather, even that would be needless, for if I wanted anything, he would perceive it himself and give it to me. His business is not of the most lucrative sort, but it is what he best likes. But as we love each other much, it is infinitely agreeable to him to do that which pleases me; on my side, I love to do that which pleases him. Therefore, if I needed money, he would engage in more lucrative business than that which now occupies him. And he would find it quickly, for he is intelligent and skilful, — but you are somewhat acquainted with him. Now, if he does not do it, that means that the money which we have is enough for me. I have no passion for money; every one has his passion, which is not always the passion for money. Some have a passion for dancing, others for dress, others for cards, and all are ready to ruin themselves to satisfy their ruling passion; many actually do it, and nobody is astonished at it. Now, I have a passion for the things in which I am engaged with you, and, far from ruining myself for my passion, I spend scarcely any money upon it, and I am happy to indulge myself in it without making any profit thereby. Well, there is nothing strange in that, it seems to me: who thinks of making a profit out of his passion? Every one even sacrifices money for it. I do not even do that; I spend nothing on it. Therefore I have an advantage over others in that my passion, though agreeable to me, costs me nothing, while others pay for their pleasure. Why have I this passion? This is why: Good and intelligent people have written many books concerning the way in which we should live in order that all may be happy; and the principal means that they recommend is the organization of workshops on a new basis.

"I, wishing to see if we can establish a workshop of this sort, act just as any one does who desires to build a beautiful house or lay out a fine garden or orange-grove in order to contemplate them; I wish to establish a good dressmaker's shop in order that I may have the pleasure of contemplating it. Certainly it would be something gained already, if I confined myself to distributing the profits among you monthly, as I do now. But good people say that we can manage in a much better and more profitable way. I will tell you little by little all that we can do besides, if we take the advice of intelligent people. Moreover, you yourselves, by watching things closely, will make your own observations, and when it shall seem to you possible for us to do something good, we will try to do it, but gradually and in proper season. I must only add that without your consent I shall establish nothing new. Nothing will be changed until you desire it. Intelligent people say that nothing succeeds unless it is done voluntarily. I am of their opinion, and shall do nothing without your consent.

"Here is my last order: You see that it is necessary to keep books, and look out that there may be no useless expenditures During this first month I have done this alone, but I do not care to do so any more Choose two of your number to join me in this work; without their advice I shall do nothing. The money is yours and not mine; therefore it is for you to watch its employment. We are hardly well enough acquainted with each other yet to know which of you is best fitted for such work; we must make a trial and choose only for a limited time; in a week you will know whether to appoint other delegates or let the old ones continue."

These extraordinary words gave rise to long discussions. But Véra Pavlovna had gained the confidence of the working girls. She had talked to them in a very simple way, without going too far or unfolding attractive prospects before them which, after a temporary enthusiasm, give birth to distrust; consequently the young girls were far from taking her for a crank, and that was the principal point. The business went on very satisfactorily.

Here, for the rest, in an abridged form, is the history of the shop during the three years that this shop constituted the principal feature in the history of Véra Pavlovna herself.

The founders were directly interested in the success of the business, and naturally it went on very well. The shop never lost customers. It had to undergo the jealousies of a few other shops and stores, but this proved no serious obstacle. All that Véra Pavlovna had to do was to obtain the right to put a sign over the shop-door. They soon had more orders than the working girls originally employed could execute, and the force went on steadily growing. When the business had been in operation eighteen months, it kept twenty young girls at work; afterwards, more still. One of the first measures of the collective administration was a decision that Véra Palovna no more than the others should work without reward. When this was announced to her, she told the working girls that they were perfectly right. They wished to give her a third of the profits. She laid this aside for a certain time until she was able to convince the young girls that this was contrary to the fundamental idea of their institution. For a long time they did not understand; at last they were convinced that it was not from pride that Véra Pavlovna did not wish to accept a larger share of the profits than the others had, but because it was contrary to the spirit of the association. The business was already so large that Véra Pavlovna could not do all the cutting; they gave her another cutter to aid her. Both received the same wages, and Véra Pavlovna succeeded at last in inducing the society to receive into its treasury the sum of the profits that it had obliged her to accept, first deducting that to which she was entitled as a cutter. They used this money to open a bank.

For a year Véra Pavlovna spent a great portion of the day at the shop, where she worked as many hours as any of the seamstresses, perhaps more than any of them. When it became needless for her to work all day at the shop, she caused her wages to be decreased in proportion to the decrease of her hours of labor.

How should the profits be divided? Véra Pavlovna desired to arrive at an equal division. Not until the middle of the third year did she succeed in this. Prior to that, they passed through several stages, beginning by dividing in proportion to the wages. First they saw that, if a working girl was kept from work for several days by sickness or some other cause deserving of consideration, it was not right to diminish her share of the profits, which she acquired not exactly by her own day's works, but rather by the progress of the work as a whole and the general condition of the shop. Later they decided that the cutters and such of the other workers as received separate pay for delivering the work at houses or fulfilling other functions, were sufficiently compensated by their individual wages, and that it was not just that they should receive more of the profits than the others. The simple seamstresses were so delicate about the matter that they did not ask for this change, even when they saw the injustice of the old method of distribution established by themselves. For the rest, it must be added that there was nothing heroic in this temporary delicacy, inasmuch as the affairs of all were improving constantly. The most difficult thing of all was to make the simple working girls understand that one ought to receive just as much of the profits as another, although some earned more than others, and that those who labored most skilfully were already sufficiently rewarded by their larger wages. This was the last change to be made in the division of the profits, and it was not reached, as has already been said, until towards the middle of the third year, when the associates had come to understand that the profits were not a reward for the talent of one or another, but rather a result of the general character of the workshop, a result of its organization and its object. Now, this object was the greatest possible equality in the distribution of the fruits of collective labor among all the working girls, regardless of the personal peculiarities of each. Upon this character of the workshop depended the participation of the laborers in the profits. But as the character of the workshop, its spirit, and its order were produced by the mutual understanding of all, the tacit consent of the most timid or the least capable was not useless in maintaining and developing this understanding.*

I pass by many details, because it is not the workshop that I am describing; I speak of it only so far as is necessary to exhibit the activity of Véra Pavlovna. If I mention some of its peculiarities, it is solely with a view of showing how Véra Pavlovna acted in this affair, and how she guided it gradually, with an indefatigable patience and a remarkable steadfastness of purpose. She never commanded, confining herself to advising, explaining, proposing her coöperation, and aiding in the execution of whatever the collectivity had resolved upon.

Continued on page 6.

* It is hardly the proper thing for a translator to interrupt the progress of a romance for purposes of controversy, but I cannot refrain from suggesting to Véra and her associates that, after they had received equitable wages for their work, all profits remaining belonged in equity to the consumers of their products, and should have been restored to them by a general reduction in the scale of prices These consumers being laborers themselves in other fields and adopting similar methods of procedure, the principle of universal participation in the advantages of associated over isolated labor would thus have been realized in the widest sense. — *Translator.*

Liberty.

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"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.

Dissipating a Fog.

Liberty of Boston, has this to say of us: "The second number of 'The Alarm' has arrived. While, like the first, it abounds in sayings bright and brave and keen and true, it spoils all its support of liberty by opposing the private ownership of capital," and it adds, "Pray, what are all other liberties worth without the liberty to *own* tools?" Liberty claims to be an Anarchistical journal. Anarchy means without law. How can a man *own* something without law? Of course a man can possess any and everything without law; but how can he without law *own* what he possesses? The right to the free use of tools is personal liberty; but *ownership* is the enslavement of all who are denied this right. Pray, what are all other liberties worth without the liberty to *use* tools, the private ownership of which can only be preserved by the enactment of law and the exercise of "authority?" — *The Alarm.*

The "Alarm" shall not be allowed to dodge this question by falling back on Proudhon's distinction between property and possession unless it will agree to accept this distinction intelligently and square all its positions thereby. Every one who has read Liberty carefully knows that that distinction has been often sanctioned in these columns, just as every one who has read the "Alarm" as carefully as I have knows that its use of the words "ownership" and "property" is not based upon this distinction at all. I used the word "own" simply because the word "ownership" occurred in the phrase that I was criticising. Proudhon did indeed maintain that ownership and property are impossible without law, but he maintained it as rigorously of common property as of individual property. The editor of the "Alarm," while pretending to assert this same identity of ownership with legal privilege, asserts in another column of his paper that capital ought to "become common property." The "Alarm" claims to be an Anarchistical journal. Anarchy means without law. How can a community own something — that is, have property — without law? It is evident that, if ownership is a legal privilege, Anarchists, or no-law people, must refuse to recognize it either in a common or a private form.

The fact is that the editor of the "Alarm," in opposing the "private ownership of capital," was not thinking of ownership as a legal privilege at all, and the idea that he was did not occur to him until driven to his trumps to find an answer to my criticism. In opposing the private ownership of capital he does not emphasize the word "ownership," but the word "capital." The distinction that obtains in his mind, as nearly all his articles show, is not between ownership and possession, but between capital and product. He has a vague idea that there are two classes of wealth, one of which should be possessed in common and the other in private; that one of these is capital and the other product; that a steam-engine should be held and operated by the community, but that a coat should be held and operated by the individual. Now, this is all fog, which needs for its dissipation nothing but a few clear notions of the real nature of capital When these are formed, it will be seen that capital and product are not different kinds of wealth, but simply alternate conditions or functions of the same wealth; that all wealth undergoes an incessant transformation from capital into product and from product back into capital, the process repeating itself interminably; that capital and product are purely social terms; that what is product to one man immediately becomes capital to another, and *vice versa*; that, if there were but one person in the world, all wealth would be to him at once capital and product; that the fruit of A's toil is his product, which, when sold to B, becomes B's capital (unless B is an unproductive consumer, in which case it is merely wasted wealth outside the view of social economy); that all this is as true of steam-engines as of coats; that a steam-engine is just as much product as a coat, and that a coat is just as much capital as a steam-engine; and that the same laws of equity govern the possession of the one that govern the possession of the other.

In the foregoing clauses I have simply condensed Proudhon's evolution of his definition of capital. Some day I shall publish his own more elaborate exposition, and then all loose thinkers may correct their errors by it if they will. Until then I must rest content with a reiteration of my statement that any advocacy of liberty which, like the "Alarm's," denies the liberty to possess tools is a pitiful farce. It is a painful duty to be forced to apply this unerring touchstone to every new advocate of professed Anarchism that comes to the front, but unquestionably it is a duty. In the performance of it I may be put down by sentimentalists as a captious carper, but every logical and consistent friend of Liberty will perceive that I am but insisting upon an all-important truth.

T.

He Knows, But Doesn't Mean Well.

In answer to a correspondent who attributes the hard conditions of labor to the influence of machinery in production, the editor of the Boston "Herald" says:

> It is not the use of machinery that throws workingmen out of employment; but government interference in trade, which prevents it from healthily developing itself. So long as millions of people go barefoot or are insufficiently shod, our correspondent will not pretend that there are more boots and shoes made by machinery or otherwise than are needed. But at the present time the government so contracts the possibilities of business, by taxing some classes in an extraordinary manner for the purpose of paying a bounty to other classes, that it is not possible for our citizens to make the money needed to supply themselves as they would like to with boots and shoes and other articles of wearing apparel. Under more favorable conditions — that is, with no pretence on the part of the government to interfere and dictate what industries should, and what industries should not, be carried on — trade would healthily develop itself to such an extent as to make it impossible for the boot and shoe machinery now in the country, if worked full time, to supply the demands of the trade.

Heretofore I had supposed that the editor of the "Herald" did not understand the causes of industrial depression. He has been such a stolid supporter of Authority and such a violent defamer of Anarchy that I have looked upon him as a person too prejudiced to be capable of using his reasoning faculties for the solution of social questions. See how easy it is to be mistaken. Here he declares and tells the workingman that labor is robbed by government; that there is no such thing as overproduction of useful articles; that government interference in trade deprives the laborer of employment; that the law of supply and demand is checked in its operation by the hand of authority; in short, that government is at the bottom of all the trouble in this world. Good Anarchistic doctrine; it shows that the editor of the "Herald" has used his reason, and knows that protected privilege is the despoiler of labor. If he would tell these truths always, and try to give the readers of the "Herald" clear ideas about the causes of social disorder and crime and poverty, what noble work he could do for humanity! Lovers of Liberty, just think of a paper, circulating one hundred thousand copies a day, preaching truth and justice to the people in every issue! Too good to be true? Alas! yes. He does not tell the truth for the truth's sake, but just so much of it as he thinks will serve some base party purpose. He says: "We would inform 'Honest Labor' that what troubles him now is the artificial regulations of tariff," and then he urges the workers to use their "political influence" to bring about the desired result, — the desired result being the giving of lucrative offices to certain politicians. The body being blood-poisoned, the quack points to a sore finger and says that is the cause of the disease, and he tells the patient that the cure is to cut off the finger. So the protective tariff is but a symptom of the disease of the whole system; and I credit the "Herald" editor with knowing this to be so. If I thereby flatter his understanding, I do so at the expense of his morals. He has shown that he has the capacity to understand the causes which produce industrial crises, panics, poverty, and crime, and that he knows government to be a fraud and a protector of thieves. In times past, I have called the "Herald" editor ignorant and accused him of inexcusable stupidity. I withdraw all such reflections upon his mental capacity; I prefer to impeach his honesty. I no longer think him a fool, for I know him to be a rogue.

K.

New Jerusalem Reformers.

There is a loud call among the leading revolutionary spirits of the age for a new heaven and a new earth. Liberty most certainly signs the call. The old order must go: so much is settled.

But I utterly fail to comprehend the mental condition of a certain class of reformers who insist upon it that, before anything can be accomplished in this direction, the old heavens and the old earth must first be seized upon in bulk and put under foot. With Titanic threats these loud-mouthed enthusiasts stand idly prefiguring the awful day when they are to seize and handcuff human society in the lump, and then roll their new earth upon the scene to take the place of the old one, which they have cast overboard.

If you ask this kind of people to enter into any association to do under Liberty what is now monopolized by the State, and thus by quiet pressure all along the line gradually worry and freeze the State out, they shake their heads and declare that they can and will do nothing till they have seized upon and confiscated the whole existing machinery of society and set their own machine in its place. Hence, while the world smiles at the herculean job they have laid out, this order of revolutionists stands in utter idleness except to rant and threat. Meanwhile society goes about its daily business every day, and for aught these New Jerusalem reformers would ever interpose of practical competition under Liberty against State privilege, the existing order might have it all its own way for a thousand years to come.

There is another class of New Jerusalem reformers, scarcely less questionable than the above, who think that the only way to establish Liberty among men is to *colonize* it. The ordinary inventor who has a patent machine that is to revolutionize things generally advertises and tries it on in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, or Boston. But the New Jerusalem inventor who has a machine which he swears has settled the whole problem of practical liberty is chiefly interested to skulk away into North Carolina, Colorado, or Lower California with his invention, purchase five hundred or one thousand acres of scrub land, and colonize it with a chosen band of new-world creatures in Liberty's far-off New Jerusalem.

I would not be so ungenerous and cynical as to assume that all these New Jerusalem reformers are men who lack the courage to drive Liberty's standard right down where they stand and do what they can afford to do in the way of practical revolt. I rather fancy that they are simply overstrained enthusiasts, more or less tinctured with egotism, who never stop to ponder over the long centuries out of which the existing order has been slowly evolved and the equally long centuries of sober, patient, practical work required before the sun of the New Jerusalem will peer over the morning hill-tops of a regenerate social order.

You may kill the Czar of Russia (*and he ought to be killed*), but you cannot annul the invitation to some form of despotism till you can transform fifty millions of besotted Russian boors. You can seize Wall Street and the Capitol at Washington, but your new earth, built out of the material which has been tramping the streets by millions during the past few

weeks behind brass bands, will soon fall to pieces. The only way to evict Wall Street and sink the Capitol out of sight, radically, is to send the people to school to Liberty.

Now, if a school of passive revolt in behalf of Liberty is not good for the heart of our great cities, it has no place in the wilds of Texas and the Carolinas, and can stand for little less than a cowardly device to shirk revolt in the places where it can best advertise its logic. This heaven and this earth are all the material we have out of which to construct the new. They cannot be rolled overboard by threats nor spirited away by Utopian dreams. Every true man must go to work upon them and transform them *here, now, and just where he stands*. My plain advice to the New Jerusalem reformer is to either go to work or else get out of the way. There is plenty of work, and there are plenty of tools to work with, right where he stands. X.

To the Doubters.

The wide-eyed wonder with which even liberal and just-minded people read a copy of Liberty and get their first knowledge of the doctrines of Anarchy would be amusing if it were not saddening. In a good deal more than the slang sense of the word, they are paralyzed. "What is all this about Anarchy?" they say; "what does it mean? No law, no government? That would never do. Oh, it is all nonsense!" They stumble and fumble around the principles of liberty and justice, and say those principles are all right for the millennium, but we haven't got there yet. And it never occurs to them that the way to get to an ideal time, or to go in its direction, is by the help of the principles that will make that time ideal.

A letter from one of these people lies before me. Its author is a man of unusual liberality and openness of mind, who has a large perception of natural justice, who is full of the enthusiasim of humanity, and who has a deep sympathy for the disinherited of earth, — such a man, in short, as Anarchists and possible martyrs are made of. And yet, after reading a copy or two of Liberty, he writes: "Liberty puzzles me. I do not know what Anarchy is. If it means absence of law and government — as I seem to gather — and is more than the expression of a tendency, I can not say that it suits me. . . . In fact, to me the Anarchist is a crank — spiritually sick — his sickness a symptom of a serious social disease."

I dare say that the majority of the people who call themselves Anarchists have passed through a state very similar to that of the writer of this letter. And inasmuch as we have got out of it all right, there is every reason to look with confidence toward their future. If only they could be made to understand that Anarchy does not mean a sudden overturning of the existing order of things, a compulsory substitution of chaos for injustice, a whirlwind of mad disorder; if only they would listen long enough to find out that Anarchy means a slow growth of the principles of liberty and justice; the gradual dropping off of the "thou shalt's" and "thou shalt not's" of laws and constitutions as men slowly learn that it is better to be governed by reasonable and intelligent conviction from within than by compulsion from without; the gradual equalization of wealth by the substitution of a law that approaches justice for one that is unjust, and then the doing away with even this as men's eyes get accustomed to the light, just as you would take off the bandages, slowly, one at a time, from the head of a man who has had a cataract removed from his eyes; the patient drilling into men's minds of ideas of natural justice and liberty, of individual rights and respect therefor, and the convincing them that, if they let those principles have full sway, they can govern themselves better than they can be governed by the dicta of a set of men in a state house; the gradual dying away of nine-tenths of the incentives to crime by that same equalization of wealth which will remove on one hand the temptations of idleness and excessive wealth and on the other the compulsions of toiling poverty and degrading conditions, — if they would stop long enough to learn these things, they would not so often outrage their own reasoning powers by declaring that to be nonsensical and chimerical concerning whose first aims they are ignorant.

To these people it can not be said too often that Anarchy does not wish to strangle its own cause by insisting upon the immediate adoption of its highest development. All it wants, all that its advocates expect, is the slow evolution, the gradual acceptance, of its principles in that same slow, blundering way in which the world has made all its progress. But it does believe that the only road for that progress, the only way by which that "millennium" can be reached, is by the gradual application, here a little, there a little, next year a little more, of those principles which even the doubters and deniers admit to be the principles which should hold sway in the "millennium." And Anarchy asks, in the name of the persecuted Galileo, the ridiculed Columbus, the crucified Christ, and all the long list of men who have stretched forth their arms to aid the world in its progress and have received blows and persecution and death for their reward, — in the name of these Anarchy asks men of liberal and just ideas to keep their minds open with generous sympathy to what she has to say. Listen, question, consider. After you have weighed it well, reject it, if that seems to you right. But, in the name of all the martyrs to the world's slow progress, do not put it aside as "nonsense" and call the Anarchist "a crank, spiritually sick, his sickness a symptom of a serious social disease," until you thoroughly understand what it is he wants and how he expects to get it.

F. F.

Privileged Souls in Danger.

Poor Marie Antoinette! The repose of her royal soul is not prayed for by the servants of God this year, because the Royalists are too poor to pay for the annual dose of divine mercy. And I regret to observe that somebody is in debt to an avaricious Almighty for so much of saving grace as he was induced, by the advice of the priests, to send down last year to the perturbed spirit of the murdered queen writhing there in purgatory. The Royalist papers had announced that the usual mass would be celebrated in Madeleine Church on the sixteenth of October, but the holy men refused to pray except for cash, and the service was omitted. Has it come to this, that an unpaid bill can bar the way of royalty to heaven? Privilege is in a bad plight when its upholders cannot squeeze out of the toilers enough money to buy from a priest a ticket to admit a good queen to heaven. Marie Antoinette was an honest believer in privilege and a good woman, but neither her divine right nor her personal purity entitles her to the friendly intercession of the church with the phantom head of the privileged class. She died believing that her soul would be treated with due consideration, but after nearly a hundred years have passed, the poverty of the descendants of her friends deprives her of the prayers which are considered necessary to secure the repose of her soul. Not a very cheering prospect for the upholders of privilege in these days. Suppose the proletariat should refuse to contribute any more to their support, as it surely will refuse some day, how would they get themselves out of the purgatory which they hold to be one of the comforting and beneficent features of the great scheme of salvation? What is to become of the alleged soul of Jay Gould when his millions shall have been scattered? He surely cannot expect anybody to pray for him except when liberally paid for the service.

K.

One of the oldest and most prominent land reformers in the country writes to me: "I want to say that I appreciate Liberty particularly since the 'Word' has been devoted to a special literalism exposing ignorance of the very physiological laws it seeks to parade, and since the 'Irish World' has turned its back upon the Land Question to aid 'a protective tariff' and the domination of a corrupt political party."

Maintain Order, But Repel Invasion.

P. J. Healy of San Francisco having asked Dr. J. H. Swain of Encinitos, California, what is to be done in the absence of authority when one man assails another, the latter makes public reply as follows through these columns:

Anarchists do not accept the doctrine that you ought to turn one cheek when the other is struck. No. If under Liberty one person assails another, that other's liberty is infringed upon, and such a one may repel the invasion, either singly or by the aid of society, as is the custom now. But that has nothing to do with the abolition of government, which is not the invasion of one man's liberty by another, but of the liberty of all by a combination of robbers and murderers called the State. We are not combating order or organization so long as it is not compulsory, so long as no one's liberty is abridged. Under Liberty all that wish to be governed, or such as desire to be enslaved, will not be interfered with, but they must not force others to join in such action. It is not supposable that sane men would do either of these with society around them in a state of freedom. How long could the slaves have been held in bondage without the use of brute force. No longer can men be held in subjection to the State except by compulsion. Maintaining public order is one thing. Maintaining the State is another and very different thing. The first is not only possible under Anarchy, it is impossible without it, as is shown under government every day and more emphatically when riots occur. Under Liberty a mob, which is one party striving for the power held by another, would be impossible. To deny this is to show ignorance of the whole matter. All government is pure usurpation, since it began and has continued through all its changes by one part of the people compelling the other part to submit to their authority. To determine which party shall control the other we have recourse to the ballot,—a game of chance dishonestly played, but behind whichever party wins, by whatever fraud, is the army to awe and, if need be, murder the others into submission.

We hold that no party has a right to fight or gamble with Liberty for a stake. They may fight or gamble for power over each other so long as they do it at their own expense, but not at the cost of others or of *one* other, or, as Mill states it, they may do whatsoever seems to them best so long as they do not interfere with others doing the same. So, when each does what seems to him best, no one is compelled to act as another or others think best. This is Liberty, or Anarchy, from which by necessity will grow the highest form of society, a public order as perfect as the times will admit of and in comparison with which all so called public order is organized disorder and society a menagerie in which personal conduct is moral when the brutes submit to bars and chains because compelled to do so by a stronger and more intelligent brute. Because of this, ***submission*** to authority is the test and standard of morality of Church and State and all their adherents. I have declared that morality is a mental drug with which authority stupefies its subjects that it may the more safely plunder them. Morality is then an invisible weapon, but the most potent of all wielded by robbers and murderers.

Ethics of the Unknowable:

OR, AN INFIDEL'S CONFESSION OF FAITH.

It is the principle, Faith, that is in question here, not the belief in any special doctrine or body of doctrines, in any special Being or generalization of beings. Such Faith is the interior, unspoken tendency of action, more powerful than interest or sentiment in the ordinary sense of these words as applying to visible things or persons, and intimately blended with character, of which it may be called the conscience. As such, however, it must not be confounded with that superficial conscience, the result of education, and which judges acts conventionally. Faith, such as I conceive it, is, perhaps, hereditary, yet has nothing to do with the creeds of one's forefathers, Hebrew, Christian, Islamite, etc.

The evidence of the unseen is a phrase quite congenial to this Faith principle, without being a sufficient definition of it. Illustrations abound. The prominent unbelievers of the world today, those who have left all creeds behind them, are the most earnest, the boldest, the most loving, the most loyal of altruists. The Faith that enables them to rise above considerations of safety, ease, and luxury, to work for a principle regardless of persons, to face death cheerfully without belief in heavens or hells outside of their own conscience; the necessity of self-respect to be true to one's own leadings of character, though they isolate from friends, lovers, parents, children, fortune, and reputation, — such is the Faith possible to Infidels. Such is the Faiths ufficient to itself in isolation,— Faith not to be professed, and only to be proven by living it, — that constitutes the basis of our faith in each other, the necessary basis of consistent social action, of true *conspiration*; faith of the Nihilist, faith of the Anarchist; faith whose affirmation tyranny compels to the form of negation; nisus of Liberty, conscious of wings, to burst its pupa envelope of creeds and governments.

EDGEWORTH.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

Continued from page 3.

The profits were divided every month. At first each working girl took her entire share and spent it separately: each had urgent needs, and they were not accustomed to acting in concert. When, through constant participation in the business, they had acquired the habit of combining their efforts in the shop, Véra Pavlovna fixed their attention upon the circumstance that in their trade the amount of patronage is very uneven, depending upon the months of the year, and that it would not be a bad plan to lay aside during the most profitable months a portion of the income in order to make up for the decrease of profits in the other months.

The accounts were kept very exactly, and the young girls knew well that, if any one of them should leave the shop, she would receive without any delay the share belonging to her. Consequently they consented to this proposition. A small reserve capital was formed; it went on growing steadily; they began to seek various uses for it. Everybody understood, in the first place, that loans would be made to those of the participants who should chance to have a great need of money, and no one desired to lend at interest: poor people believe that pecuniary aid should be extended without interest. The establishment of this bank was followed by the foundation of a purchasing agency: the young girls found that it would be advantageous to buy their tea, coffee, sugar, shoes, and in short many other things, through the agency of the association, which bought merchandise in large quantities and consequently at lower rates. Some time later they went further still: they saw that it would be advantageous to organize in the same way for the purchase of bread and other provisions which they bought every day at the bake-shops and groceries; but they perceived at the same time that to do that it would be necessary for the associates to live not far apart. They began to draw together, several living in one house, or taking rooms near the shop. After which the association established an agency for its dealings with the bakers and grocers. About eighteen months later almost all the working girls were living in one large house, had a common table, and bought their provisions as they do in large establishments.

Half of these young girls were without family. Some had aged relatives, mothers or aunts; two of them supported their old father; several had little brothers and sisters. Because of these family relations three of them were unable to live in the house with the others: one had a mother difficult to get along with; another had a mother in government employ who objected to living with girls from the country; the third had a drunken father. These profited only by the purchasing agency; it was the same with the married seamstresses. But with these exceptions all those who had relatives to support lived in the common house. They lived two and three in a room; their relatives arranged themselves each in his or her own fashion; two old women had each a separate chamber, but the others roomed together. The little boys had a room of their own; for the little girls there were two.

It was agreed that the boys could not remain there after the age of eight; those who were older were sent to learn a trade as apprentices.

The accounts were kept in the most exact manner in order that no one in the association might injure any other or profit by another's injury.

It would be too long and tedious to enter into fuller details, but there is one point more that must be explained.

Véra Pavlovna, from the very first, took books to the shop. After having given her directions, she began to read aloud, continuing half an hour if not interrupted sooner by the necessity of distributing more work. Then the young girls rested from the attention which they had given to the reading; afterwards they resumed it, and then rested again. It is needless to say that the young girls from the first acquired a passion for reading; some had already acquired it before they came to the shop. Three weeks later, reading during work had become a regular thing. When three or four months had passed, some of the more skilful seamstresses offered to do the reading; it was agreed that they should replace Véra Pavlovna, that each should read half an hour, and that this half-hour should be counted as a part of their labor.

As long as Véra Pavlovna was obliged to do the reading, she sometimes replaced it by stories; when relieved of the reading, she multiplied the stories, which soon became a sort of course of lessons. Then — and this was a great step — Véra Pavlovna succeeded in establishing a regular system of instruction: the young girls became so desirous of learning and their labor went on so successfully that they decided to interrupt their labor to listen to the lessons in the middle of the day's work and before dinner.

"Alexey Pétrovitch," said Véra Pavlovna, when calling on the Mertzaloffs one day, "I have a request to make of you: Natacha is already with me in the idea. My shop is becoming a college of all sorts of learning. Be one of our professors."

"What then shall I teach them? Latin or Greek perhaps, or even logic and rhetoric?" said Alexey Pétrovitch, laughing: "my specialty is not very interesting in your opinion and in the opinion of some one whom I well know."

"No, you are needed precisely as a specialist; you will serve us as a moral buckler and a proof of the good tendency of our teaching."

"You are right. I see clearly that without me this would be immoral. What shall I teach?"

"Rus-ian history, for instance, or an outline of universal history."

"Exactly. That is what I will teach, and it shall be supposed that I am a specialist. Delightful! Two functions, — a professor and a buckler."

Natalia Andrevna, Lopoukhoff, three students, and Véra Pavlovna herself were the other professors, as they jokingly called themselves.*

They mingled instruction with amusements. They had evening parties, suburban walks, at first seldom, and then, when money was plentier, more frequently; they also went to the theatre. The third winter they subscribed regularly to gallery seats at the Italian opera.

What joy! What happiness for Véra Pavlovna! But how much labor also, and anxiety, and even sorrow! The most painful impression of this sort, not only to Véra Pavlovna, but to all her little circle, was caused by the misfortune of one of the best of the working girls, Alexandrine Pribytkoff. She was pretty, and was engaged to an officeholder. One evening, when walking in the street a little later than usual, a man ran after her and took her by the hand. Wishing to release herself, she pulled her arm away quickly, thus causing the man's watch to fall. "Thief, thief!" he cried. The police came and the young girl was arrested. The lover, on hearing this news, began a search for the individual, found him, and challenged him to a duel; he refused; then the lover struck his adversary; the latter took a stick to strike back, but, before he could do so, received a blow in the breast and fell stone dead. Then the lover was imprisoned in his turn, and endless court proceedings began. And then? Then nothing, except that after that it was pitiful to look at Alexandrine Pribytkoff.

Connected with the shop were many other histories, less dramatic but equally sorrowful. These adventures, inevitable amid the prevailing ideas and surroundings, certainly caused Véra Pavlovna much sorrow and still more embarrassment.

But much greater — oh, much greater! — were the joys. All was joy except the sorrows, for the general progress of the association was gay and prosperous. Therefore, though distressing accidents sometimes happened, much more frequent on the other hand were the happy occurrences. Véra Pavlovna succeeded in finding good situations for the little brothers or sisters of such or such a working girl. In the course of the third year two of the working girls passed an examination for a governess's situation,— to them a great piece of good fortune! Cases of this sort abounded; but most joyous of all were the marriages. There were many of them and all were happy.

Véra Pavlovna was twice invited to stand godmother and twice refused. This *rôle* was almost always taken by Madame Mertzaloff, or by her mother, who was also a very good lady. The first time that she refused it was thought that she was displeased at something, and refused for that reason; but no: Véra Pavlovna was very happy to be invited, and it was simply out of modesty that she did not accept, not wishing to appear officially as the patron of the bride. She always avoided the appearance of influence; she tried to put others forward and succeeded in it, so that a number of ladies, on coming to the shop to give orders, did not distinguish her from the two other cutters. Her greatest pleasure was to demonstrate that the association had been established and was maintained by the working girls themselves. She wished to persuade herself of the possibility of her desire that the shop might be able to go on without her and others of the same sort spring up quite unexpectedly. "And why not? How good that would be! What better thing could happen?" — than that they should spring up without the guidance of some one not a dressmaker, guided solely by the intelligence and tact of the working girls themselves.

Such was Véra Pavlovna's fondest, dearest dream.

V.

Thus had rolled away nearly three years since the establishment of the workshop, and more than three years since Véra Pavlovna's marriage. By what smoothness and activity had these years been marked! With what tranquillity, joys, and contentment of all sorts had they not been filled!

Véra Pavlovna, waking in the morning, dozes a long time in bed; she loves to doze; while appearing to sleep, she thinks of what there is to do; after which her thought wanders, and she says to herself: "How warm this bed is! How nice it is thus to doze in the morning!" and so she dozes until from the neutral room (now we must say from one of the neutral rooms, for there are two in this fourth year of their marriage) — until from one of the neutral rooms her husband — that is, "her darling" — calls out: "Vérotchka, are you awake?"

"Yes, my darling."

This "yes" means that the husband may begin to make the tea: for he makes the tea in the morning, while Véra Pavlovna — no, in her room she is not Véra Pavlovna, but Vérotchka — is dressing. She is very long in dressing! Not at all! She dresses quickly, but she likes to let the water stream over her a long time; then she is a long time in combing her hair, or, rather, not exactly that; she combs her hair quickly, only she likes to play with her tresses, of which she is very fond; sometimes too, it must be added, she pays particular attention to one feature of her toilet, — her boots: Vérotchka dresses with much simplicity, but she has beautiful boots; to have beautiful boots is her passion.

Now she goes out to drink her tea; she kisses her husband.

"Did you sleep well, my darling?"

While drinking the tea, she talks about various subjects, trivial or serious. Furthermore Véra Pavlovna — no, Vérotchka (during the morning meal she is still Vérotchka) — does not take as much tea as cream: the tea is only a pretext for taking the cream, and she puts in much more cream than tea; cream also is her passion. It is very difficult to get good cream in St. Petersburg, but she knows where to find real cream, excellent cream. She dreams of owning a cow; if affairs go on for another year as they have already gone on, perhaps she may have one. But it is nine o'clock. Her darling goes off to give his lessons or attend to his other business: he is also employed in a manufacturer's counting-room. Véra Pavlovna now becomes Véra Pavlovna until the next morning. She attends to her household duties; she has but one servant, a very young girl, who has to be shown everything; and as soon as she has become familiar with affairs, a new one has to be shown, for servants do not stay long with Véra Pavlovna. They are always marrying. After six months or a little more Véra Pavlovna makes a pelerine or some ruffles as a preparation for standing godmother. On this occasion she cannot refuse. "But then, Véra Pavlovna, you have arranged everything; no one but you can be godmother," they would say, with reason.

Yes, she has many household cares. Then she has to go to give her lessons, numerous enough to occupy her ten hours a week: to have more would be fatiguing to her, and furthermore she has no time. Before the lessons she has to go to the shop and spend some time there; on returning from the lessons she has to call in again and take a glance at affairs. Then it is time to dine with her "darling." Often there are one or two persons to dine with them. Not more than two; they cannot have more; and even two cause considerable trouble. If Véra Pavlovna comes home tired, then the dinner is simpler; she goes to her room to rest, and the dinner begun under her direction is finished without her. But if on coming home she is not tired, she runs to the kitchen and goes actively to work; in that case the dinner is ornamented with some bit of pastry, generally something to be eaten with cream, — that is, something that may serve as a pretext for eating cream. During the meal she talks and asks questions, but generally talks; and why should she not talk? How many new things she has to communicate concerning the shop alone! After the meal she remains a quarter of an hour longer with her "darling;" then they say "*au revoir*," and retire to their respective rooms. Now Véra Pavlovna again lies down upon her bed, where she reads and dozes; very often she sleeps; perhaps that is the case half of the time. It is her weakness, a vulgar weakness perhaps; but Véra Pavlovna sleeps after dinner. And she even loves to sleep; she is neither ashamed nor repentant of this vulgar weakness. She rises after having slept or simply dozed for an hour and a half or two hours: she dresses and goes once more to the shop, where she stays until tea-time. Then, if they have no guests to take tea with them, she talks again with her "darling," and they spend about half an hour in the neutral room. After which, "Till tomorrow, my darling;" they kiss each other and separate until the following morning.

* The title of professor, in Russia, is given only to University professors.

Then for some time, occasionally until two o'clock in the morning, she works, reads, finds recreation at the piano (which is in her room). This grand piano has just been bought; previously she had hired one. It was a great pleasure to her when this piano was bought; in the first place it was a saving The piano, which was a small second-hand one, cost one hundred roubles; it only had to be repaired at a cost of seventy roubles, and then she had a piano of excellent tone. Sometimes her darling comes in to hear her sing, but only rarely: he has so much to do! So the evening passes: working, reading, playing, singing; but especially reading and singing. This when nobody is there. But very often they receive visitors, generally young people not as old as Véra Pavlovna herself, among the number the workshop professors. All hold Lopoukhoff in high esteem, consider him one of the best minds of St. Petersburg, and perhaps they are not wrong. This is the motive of their intimacy with the Lopoukhoffs: they find Dmitry Serguéitch's conversations useful to them. For Véra Pavlovna they have a boundless veneration; she even permits them to kiss her hand without feeling herself humiliated, and conducts herself toward them as if she were fifteen years their elder; that is, she so conducts herself when not indulging in gayeties; but, to tell the truth, the most of the time she does indulge in gayeties: she runs, she plays with them and they are enchanted, and all dance, and waltz, and run, and chatter, and laugh, and make music, and, above all, sing. So much gayety does not at all prevent these young people from profoundly venerating Véra Pavlovna, and from esteeming her as one rarely esteems an elder sister and as one does not always esteem a good mother. Moreover, the song is not always a gay one; in fact, Véra Pavlovna oftenest sings serious things; sometimes she stops singing and plays serious airs on her piano; her hearers listen in silence. They receive also older visitors, their equals, — for the most part Lopoukhoff's old comrades, acquaintances of his old comrades, and two or three young professors, almost all bachelors: the only married people are the Mertzaloffs.

The Lopoukhoffs visit more rarely, scarcely ever going to see any one but the Mertzaloffs and Madame Mertzaloff's parents: these good and simple old people have a large number of sons filling positions of considerable importance in all the different ministries; at the houses of these, who live in a certain degree of luxury, Véra Pavlovna meets a society of all colors and shades. This free, active life, not without a touch of sybaritism, — dozing in her soft, warm bed, taking cream, eating pastry with cream, — this life is very pleasant to Véra Pavlovna.

Does the world afford a better life? To her as yet it seems not.

Yes, and for the beginning of youth perhaps she is right.

But the years roll on, and with the lapse of time life grows better, provided it comes to be what it already is for some and what it one day will be for all.

VI.

One day — the end of the summer was already near at hand — the young girls were getting ready to take their customary Sunday walk in the suburbs. On almost every holiday during the summer they went in boats to the islands.* Ordinarily Véra Pavlovna alone went with them, but on this occasion Dmitry Serguéitch was going too, which was very extraordinary; it was the second time that year that he had done so. This news caused much joy in the shop: Véra Pavlovna, thought the girls, will be gayer than usual, and the walk will be a very lively one. Consequently some of the girls, who had intended to pass this Sunday otherwise, changed their plans and joined the promenaders. They had to engage five yawls instead of four, and found that even five would not be enough; they had to take a sixth. There were more than fifty persons, over twenty of whom were seamstresses. Only six were absent. There were three women advanced in years; a dozen children; mothers, sisters, and brothers of the seamstresses; three young men who had sweethearts among them, one being a clockmaker's foreman, another a small merchant, and both scarcely yielding in point of manners to the third, who was a schoolteacher in the district; and finally five other young men of various pursuits, of whom two were officers, and eight students from the University and Medical Academy.

They took four great *samovars* filled with bits of all sorts of provisions, bread, cold veal, etc. For the young people were very active, and in the open air could be relied on to have good appetites: they did not forget half a dozen bottles of wine: for fifty people, fifteen of whom were children, this was certainly none too much.

The trip was a very joyous one; nothing was wanting. They danced quadrilles with sixteen and even twenty couples. In the races twenty-two couples took part; they hung three swings between the trees; in the intervals they drank tea or ate. For half an hour a part of the joyous company listened to a discussion between Dmitry Serguéitch and two students, the most intimate of his younger friends; they mutually charged each other with erroneous reasoning, moderantism, and *bourgeoisisme*. These were general charges, but in each individual some special fault was pointed out. In one of the students it was romanticism, in Dmitry Serguéitch schematism, and in the other student rigorism; it is needless to say that it was very difficult for a simple listener to give attention to such a discussion for more than five minutes.

One of the disputants was not able to keep it up over an hour and a half, after which he fled to join the dancers, but his flight was not altogether inglorious. He had become indignant against some moderate or other. Undoubtedly this moderate was myself, though I was not present, and knowing that the object of his wrath was already well along in years, he cried out: "What are you talking about? Let me quote you some words that I heard uttered lately by a very estimable and very intelligent lady: 'Man is incapable of useful thought after the age of twenty-five years.'"

"But I know the lady to whom you refer," said the officer, approaching, unfortunately for the romanticist; "she is Madame N., and she said that in my presence; she is indeed an excellent lady, only she was convicted on the spot of having boasted half an hour before of being twenty-six years old, and you remember, do you not, how she joined all the others in laughing at herself."

And now all four laughed, and the romanticist, while laughing, took advantage of the opportunity to run away. But the officer took his place in the discussion, which grew still more animated and lasted until tea was ready. The officer answered the rigorist and the schematist more rudely than the romanticist had done, but showed himself a thorough-going follower of Auguste Comte.

After tea the officer declared that, inasmuch as he was still at that age when one can think correctly, he was ready to join the other individuals of the same age; Dmitry Serguéitch and even the rigorist followed his example in spite of themselves; it is true that they did not dance, but they joined in the races. When the contests in running and leaping the brook began, the three thinkers showed themselves among the most enthusiastic. The officer proved himself the superior when it came to leaping the brook, Dmitry Serguéitch, who was endowed with great strength, became greatly excited on being thrown by the officer; he counted on being the first in this sort of exercise after the rigorist, who very easily lifted into the air and threw to the ground Dmitry and the officer together. That did not clash with the ambition of the officer or of Dmitry Serguéitch, for the rigorist was a recognized athlete; but Dmitry Serguéitch did not like to pocket the disgrace of being conquered by the officer, and so he returned to the struggle five times, and five times the officer, though not without difficulty, threw him. The sixth time he acknowledged himself conquered. Both could do no more. The three thinkers, stretching themselves upon the grass, resumed their discussion; this time Dmitry Serguéitch took the Comtean view and the officer was the schematist, but the rigorist remained a rigorist. At eleven o'clock they started homeward. The old women and children slept in the boats; fortunately they had taken many warm wraps along; the others on the contrary talked incessantly, and the games and laughter in the six yawls did not stop until their arrival.

[To be continued.]

* That is, the islands situated in the suburbs of St. Petersburg and formed by the various arms of the Néva.

THEN AND NOW.

IX.

SOME OPINIONS ON ELECTIONS.

BOSTON, November 8, 2084.

My Dear Louise:

The political campaign which had just begun when I left you is, of course, all over now. How foolish for me to make such a remark when I have a history in my hand which tells all about that campaign and the result. I am sorry, of course, that Mr. Edmunds could not have been elected; but I presume you are perfectly willing to submit to the will of the majority, — the majority of those who voted, I mean.

I have been discussing the politics of your time with Mr. De Demain during the last few days, and some of these discussions have been very warm on both sides, I can assure you. Of course, as you may imagine, he thinks the whole thing a farce from beginning to end. One who does not believe in the State, in presidents and congresses, and who does not believe in the ballot, would be very unlikely to look upon a presidential campaign with any favor.

I tell him I think it a grand and noble spectacle, — two men who have risen from the people contesting to see which shall direct the policy of their country. He, however, argues like this:

"A certain number of people, always a minority, meet, and a part of these name three or four men to represent them in another meeting, which selects one man — and he may be selected by a minority — to represent them in another meeting, a majority of which names a man to be voted for by a certain number of men from each state, who are to be chosen by a plurality — often a minority — of the legal voters of the state. It may be often the case that such a man elected to the presidency is the choice of not one-tenth part even of those who vote for him. When Mr. Arthur took the oath of office after the death of Mr. Garfield, it was probably not desired by one million people out of the fifty millions in the country that he be president. That is, if each of all the adults in the United States had written on a slip of paper the name of the man he desired for president, Mr. Arthur's name would not have been upon one million of them. I doubt if it would have been upon one hundred thousand.

"Perhaps the government of the United States was the best the world ever knew. I am inclined to think that it was. I think the people who lived under it were more prosperous and more happy and more moral than those under any other system which had been tried at that time. Comparing it with the government of Russia, it was grand. Comparing it with Anarchy, it was a tyrannical, cheating master. One-tenth — and often less — of the adult population of the country controlled the government in a manner contrary to the best judgment and the wishes of the individuals composing the other nine-tenths. And still these same individuals comforted themselves with the idea that they were running the whole machine of state. They complained about business depression, about the tariff, about the laws that were passed and that were not passed, and they swore roundly at congresses, and the president and his cabinet, and all government officials, from the heads of departments down. And still every one of the growlers — and they did not growl without cause — would tell you that the ballot was a sure remedy. Not one instance could they name when it had effected a cure for the hundreds of ills of which they complained, but still they put faith in it. They could not see, for some strange reason, that the ballot was the cause of most of their ills, as it puts into the hands of a few designing, — or if not designing, ignorant, — men the power to advance their selfish aims or foolish whims. And even if it accomplished all that was claimed for it, — giving the majority the power to rule the minority, — its result must have been tyranny.

"Under the ballot there was no right but the right of might, and no justice but for that part of the people which called itself the majority. Why, the minority was allowed to exist at all only at the pleasure of the majority!

"You are well aware that more than four-fifths of the people of the United States two centuries ago proclaimed openly that they thought a political campaign a very shallow, nasty thing. But they were so shortsighted that they looked upon such things as necessities. They knew well that more than half the time bribery and lying combined carried an election. But they were willing to abide by the result. They knew it was possible often for an insignificant third party, made up of political tricksters and cranks, to carry an election one way or the other. But they submitted to all this, and comforted themselves with the old saying: 'The voice of the people is the voice of God.' They knew full well that at best they did not get at the voice of the people, but they put lots of faith in God. They must have, or they would not have allowed such men to rule them as were named by the ballots.

"Those who howled against the socialists, on the ground that, if allowed, they would make private property public, went to the polls and did this very thing themselves. One hundred men, who did not, all together, own one thousand dollars' worth of property, could vote to tax ninety-nine other men, who, all together, might own one hundred millions, eighteen or twenty dollars on a thousand. You may not call this robbery; I do. The ballot in the hands of the voter was a worse weapon than the revolver in the hands of the highwayman The latter simply used his weapon to get his victim's money; the former used his to get his victim's money, his privileges, his happiness, and often his life."

Mr. De Demain continued at length in this strain, but all his arguments could not convince me that the United States did not owe its prosperity, its greatness, and its freedom to its system of balloting for rulers. But he is to continue his conversation soon on this subject, and he may bring out some points that will interest you. If so, I will write them.

JOSEPHINE.

An Open Letter to the Radical Review.

With a view to unison on the subject of that power to which, willingly or unwillingly, we are all subjects, — Government, — I propose to abstractionize a little, and, by the abstraction of adventitious matters, to dig down to the roots of our faiths. Thus we may discover a common tap-root to branches of thought so divergent as Democracy and Anarchism appear in their actual tendencies.

The metaphysical formula under which Humanity is present to my conscience is a triune animic principle, consociate with a sensuous, itself complex; the former congeneric with imponderable forces, the latter with ponderable matter, and all terra-solar in their origin and ultimates.

The animic trine is Affective, Intellectual, and Ethical. These are three primordial passions, which in their evolution become facultative. The object of the affective is property in social sympathies; that of the intellectual, secondary in its order of evolution, is property in truth. The ethical passion, of tertiary evolution, and presupposing that of intelligent affections, tends essentially to *justice* in human relations, throwing beyond them a protective shadow over subordinate animality. Our individual intellects having the same essential appetite, a tendency to truth, and not being, as I may take for granted as regards our own persons, warped, polarized, or refracted by the cupidities of privilege, of government offices and favors on the sensuous plane, nor by personal attachments on the affective plane, it seems probable that the apparent difference between our views is due but to imperfect definitions.

Not religion, which is really nothing else than the ethical sentiment of loyalty, and not self-interest, whose satisfactions require associative harmony, but the *Dictionary*, or the perfidy of language, whose Babel curse continues, in each national idiom, still to compromise thought, — the Dictionary is the miscreative genius of human antagonisms. Now, I have not the pretension of the great "pantarch," to *alvatize* the human race; but I have that of moralizing our dictionary *à deux*, or for a limited circle of sympathetic minds.

What is the radiant focus common to the rays of two stars that have but just set on the horizon of life, Carlyle and Emerson, — of Carlyle, the continuator of De Maistre, as the herald of Autocracy; of Emerson, the reincarnator of Jesus, as the herald of Anarchism?

The focus at which their rays blend is the natural ascendant of personal character and the spontaneous loyalty accruing to it. This is the origin, and the imprescriptible privilege, and the uncontested sphere of true government, in which we meet the order of Liberty and the liberties of Order. Orient yourself before this ideal focus. Now behold: is not your back turned towards the ugly phiz of Uncle Sam? Reacting indignant against old-world privileges, the dictionary seduced you by its gloss of equal rights in republican democracy; and how do you find it? Is there not the same discrepancy in the two hemispheres, and now as heretofore, between your ideal democracy and the flat-footed fact? There is one very simple criterion of the social influence or tendency of political formations; it is money, the general representative of values. Where do you find the greatest, the most rapid, the most facile accumulations of this privilege? Is it not in the United States and in British Australia, — countries in which the aristocratic models have undergone similar modifications, and which are foremost in pretension to democracy? Now remark that, under the natural limitations of personal acquaintanceship and influence of character over the conduct of our fellow beings, there can be no parity between the kind of government possible for circumscribed local autonomies such as crest the Pyrenees or the Alps, or cluster round the wells of some oasis in the desert, and the vast areas of our vague republic, so heterogeneous in races, in developments of character, and in local industries. The *essential truth* of *government* presupposes organizations of *personal influence in local autonomies*, which have as yet among us only the false representation of despotic capital in factories and other analogous exploitations. The industrial organization of townships is an essential preliminary to the generalization of really free governments. Ours is a monstrous theoretical abstraction of political idealism, superimposed on us, like the Czar and his bureaucracy upon Russia, and as arbitrary, without any regard to our local autonomies or their absence, and, whether elective or hereditary, alike a fungoid parasitic growth, whose amputation would touch no vital organ, though in and by its growth it starves or poisons all of them. Supposing even that common school education were universal, as in Switzerland and Prussia; supposing a system of management by which the names of parties voted for should be unknown to any but the voter, thus emancipating him from the immediate control of his employer; supposing *proportional representation* established on the principles so justly announced by Thomas Hare, promulgated by Stuart Mill, Simon Sterne, Simeon Stetson, Alfred Cridge, etc., and adopted for Denmark in 1855 by Andræ, the minister of finance, — still I am sure that not one voter in a thousand could have such personal and practical acquaintance with the candidates he votes for or such control over their conduct as common sense would consider indispensable in ordinary business confidences. Yet the political issues are often more important than the properties we guard so carefully by legal contracts in addition to the favorable presumptions afforded by conduct and social position. Now, this sort of presumption is all that is possible in general politics, between voters and candidates, for the most intelligent voter could not foresee or grasp the questions that are liable to arise and to be voted on by every Congress; although but for the existence of Congresses, Parliaments, and other State legislatures, not one of these questions need trouble us. Slavery, for instance, or emancipation of negroes, would certainly have attained an easier and less disastrous solution if left to the natural evolution of personal or social forces, without national organization or representation. But for government intervention, every plantation would have stood on its own merits or fallen by its own defects, and wage labor is in the same case. Governments alone, by the privileges granted to capital and by placing the police and the army at its service, prevent labor from vindicating its rights.

Now, then, I leave you to dot the I's and cross the T's. Whether the ballot is or is not a feasible agency in determining transformations so complete as those which are, I trust, our common aim, is a question of subordinate expediency, on which I take no positive ground. EDGEWORTH.

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

Vol. III.—No. 3. **BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1884.** **Whole No. 55.**

"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.

"Show me a man that won't abuse power, and I'll show you one that won't try to get it," writes Dr. M. E. Lazarus to the Denver "Labor Enquirer." There never was a truer aphorism. Liberty commends it to the consideration of all State Socialists.

I say, Messrs. Harman and Walker, editors of "Lucifer," I wish you wouldn't make absolutely every number of your paper so good and true and live and keen and consistently radical. You are making it uncomfortably hard for me to keep up with the procession. Before you came into the field, it was the easiest thing in the world to publish the best paper in the world, and I knew well enough that I was doing it, and was a very complacent and contented man. But, since your advent, you have kept me in a state of perpetual doubt and anxiety lest Liberty's light be dimmed by Lucifer's. In mercy's name, let up a little, and give a toiling torch-bearer an occasional chance to recuperate.

A prominent prohibitionist and impudent jackanapes, one George Kempton of Sharon, Massachusetts, has sent a circular to the merchants and manufacturers of the state, urging them to sign an agreement not to employ any persons on or after January 1, 1885, who are not known or believed to be total abstainers from the use of alcoholic drinks, and to discharge any employes thereafter found to indulge in such stimulants. Several prominent employers have already signed this outrageous document. When labor, after the organization of credit, shall be able to procure capital with which to employ itself, there will be an end to these insults. Labor then, if it chooses to repay its employers in kind, may decide to discharge all employers whose morals and habits do not meet the standard set up by their men. Some curious things will happen when the tables are once turned.

Not long ago I attended a country court in company with a simple, hard-headed New Hampshire farmer. A deputy sheriff and half a dozen lawyers were present, and several litigants danced attendance and exhibited some acrimonious feeling. "We don't have any of this over in our town," said the farmer; "we haven't got any lawyers or deputy sheriffs, and so our folks don't get into much trouble. When they do have any disagreements, they settle things between themselves and nobody hears of it." And yet when an Anarchist says the world could get along better without legislation, lawyers, and authority, most men solemnly declare that in the absence of these things every man's hand would be raised against his neighbor and violence would reign supreme. The farmers in that little New Hampshire town respect each other's rights because every man of them knows that his own security and comfort depend upon the security of others. But let the possibility of the abolition of government be specifically stated to them, and they will declare that statutes and sheriffs are necessary to restrain other people from doing wrong. It is always the other man who cannot be trusted to do right.

I cannot speak too highly of "Edgeworth's" review in another column of General M. M. Trumbull's new book in defence of free trade. For a just cause, that of the anti-custom-house reformer is the pettiest that I know of in proportion to the importance that is claimed for it. The protective tariff is a trivial tax so long as that giant tax, Usury, is allowed to exist. For the peculiarity of the latter is that it has no definite measure like other taxes, but has an unlimited capacity and devours all that is left of the laborer's earnings after a certain point. If the tariff duties should be lifted, the amount thereby saved to consumers would straightway be absorbed by the usurer and exploiter of labor, who would be able to exact his additional toll all the more easily in consequence of the large supply of labor thrown upon the market by the prostration of certain industries. Monopolies and tyrannies sometimes serve to check each other. Such is the effect of the protective tariff upon the banking privilege. The most fatal restriction upon trade now existing is the monopoly of the issue of money, the fountain-head of all tyrannies in these plutocratic days, and that is where Liberty, more in favor of free trade than the free traders, must strike first to strike effectively. Free money first, and all the other freedoms shall be added unto it.

Some nincompoop, writing to the Detroit "Spectator" in opposition to cheap money, says: "If low interest insured high wages, during times of business depression wages would be high, for then interest reaches its minimum." Another man unable to see below the surface of things and distinguish association from causation! The friends of cheap money do not claim that low interest insures high wages. What they claim is that free competition in currency-issuing and the consequent activity of capital insure both low interest and high wages. They do not deny that low interest sometimes results from other causes and unaccompanied by any increase in wages. When the money monopolists through their privilege have bled the producers nearly all they can, hard times set in, business becomes very insecure, no one dares to venture in new directions or proceed much further in old directions, there is no demand for capital, and therefore interest falls: but, there being a decrease in the volume of business, wages fall also. Suppose, now, that great leveller, bankruptcy, steps in to wipe out all existing claims, and economic life begins over again under a system of free banking. What happens then? All capital is at once made available by the abundance of the currency, and the supply is so great that interest is kept very low; but, confidence being restored and the way being clear for all sorts of new enterprises, there is also a great demand for capital, and the consequent increase in the volume of business causes wages to rise to a very high point. When people are afraid to borrow, interest is low and wages are low; when people are anxious to borrow, but can find only a very little available capital in the market, interest is high and wages are low; when people are both anxious to borrow and can readily do so, interest is low and wages are high, the only exception being that, when from some special cause labor is extraordinarily productive (as was the case in the early days of California), interest temporarily is high also.

REVOLUTION.

[*Translated from the German of* FERDINAND FREILIGRATH *by* ERNEST JONES.]

And tho' ye caught your noble prey within your hangman's sordid thrall,
And tho' your captive was led forth beneath your city's rampart wall;
And tho' the grass lies o'er her green, where at the morning's early red
The peasant girl brings funeral wreaths — I tell you still — She is not dead!

And tho' from off the lofty brow ye cut the ringlets flowing long,
And tho' ye mated her amid the thieves and murderers' hideous throng,
And tho' ye gave her felon fare — bade felon garb her livery be,
And tho' ye set the oakum-task — I tell you all — She still is free!

And tho' compelled to banishment, ye hunt her down thro' endless lands;
And tho' she seeks a foreign hearth, and silent 'mid its ashes stands;
And tho' she bathes her wounded feet, where foreign streams seek foreign seas,
Yet — yet — she never more will hang her harp on Babel's willow trees!

Ah no! she strikes its every string, and bids their loud defiance swell,
And as she mocked your scaffold [illegible] as well.
She sings a song that starts you up astounded from your slumbrous seats,
Until your heart — your craven heart — your traitor heart — with terror beats!

No song of plaint, no song of sighs for those who perished unsubdued,
Nor yet a song of irony at wrong's fantastic interlude —
The beggar's opera that ye try to drag out thro' its lingering scenes,
Tho' moth-eaten the purple be that decks your tinsel kings and queens.

Oh, no! the song those waters hear is not of sorrow, nor dismay —
'Tis triumph-song — victorious song — the paean of the future's day —
The future — distant now no more — her prophet voice is sounding free,
As well as once your Godhead spake: — *I was, I am, and I will be!*

Will be — and lead the nations on the last of all your hosts to meet,
And on your necks, your heads, your crowns, I'll plant my strong, resistless feet!
Avenger, Liberator, Judge, — red battles on my pathway hurled,
I stretch forth my almighty arm, till it revivifies the world.

You see me only in your cells; ye see me only in the grave;
Ye see me only wandering lone, beside the exile's sullen wave: —
Ye fools! Do I not also live where you have tried to pierce in vain?
Rests not a nook for me to dwell in every heart and every brain? —

In every brow that boldly thinks, erect with manhood's honest pride —
Does not each bosom shelter me that beats with honor's generous tide?
Not every workshop, brooding woe? not every hut that harbors grief?
Ha! Am I not the Breath of Life, that pants and struggles for relief?

'Tis *therefore* I will be — and lead the peoples yet your hosts to meet,
And on your necks — your heads — your crowns — will plant my strong, resistless feet!
It is no boast — it is no threat — thus History's iron law decrees —
The day grows hot — oh Babylon! 'Tis cool beneath thy willow trees!

A VINDICATION OF NATURAL SOCIETY:

OR,

A VIEW OF THE MISERIES AND EVILS ARISING TO MANKIND FROM EVERY SPECIES OF ARTIFICIAL SOCIETY, IN A LETTER TO LORD ——.

BY EDMUND BURKE.

Continued from No. 54.

The struggle between the Macedonians and Greeks, and, before that, the disputes of the Greek commonwealths among themselves, for an unprofitable superiority, form one of the bloodiest scenes in history. One is astonished how such a small spot could furnish men sufficient to sacrifice to the pitiful ambition of possessing five or six thousand more acres, or two or three more villages; yet, to see the acrimony and bitterness with which this was disputed between the Athenians and Lacedæmonians: what armies cut off; what fleets sunk, and burnt; what a number of cities sacked, and their inhabitants slaughtered, and captived; one would be induced to believe the decision of the fate of mankind, at least, depended upon it! But these disputes ended, as all such ever have done, and ever will do, in a real weakness of all parties; a momentary shadow and dream of power in some one; and the subjection of all to the yoke of a stranger, who knows how to profit of their divisions. This at least was the case of the Greeks; and surely, from the earliest accounts of them to their absorption into the Roman empire, we cannot judge that their intestine divisions, and their foreign wars, consumed less than three millions of their inhabitants.

What an Aceldama, what a field of blood, Sicily has been in ancient times, whilst the mode of its government was controverted between the republican and tyrannical parties, and the possession struggled for by the natives, the Greeks, the Carthaginians, and the Romans, your Lordship will easily recollect. You will remember the total destruction of such bodies as an army of three hundred thousand men. You will find every page of its history dyed in blood, and blotted and confounded by tumults, rebellions, massacres, assassinations, proscriptions, and a series of horror beyond the histories, perhaps, of any other nation in the world; though the histories of all nations are made up of similar matter. I once more excuse myself in point of exactness for want of books; but I shall estimate the slaughters in this island but at two millions, which your Lordship will find much short of the reality.

Let us pass by the wars, and the consequences of them, which wasted Grecia-Magna before the Roman power prevailed in that part of Italy. They are, perhaps, exaggerated; therefore I shall only rate them at one million. Let us hasten to open that great scene which establishes the Roman Empire and forms the grand catastrophe of the ancient drama. This empire, whilst in its infancy, begun by an effusion of human blood scarcely credible. The neighboring little states seemed for new destruction: the Sabines, the Samnites, the Æqui, the Volsci, the Hetrurians were broken by a series of slaughters which had no interruption for some hundreds of years; slaughters which, upon all sides, consumed more than two millions of the wretched people. The Gauls, rushing into Italy about this time, added the total destruction of their own armies to those of the ancient inhabitants. In short, it were hardly possible to conceive a more horrid and bloody picture, if that the Punic wars that ensued soon after did not present one that far exceeds it. Here we find that climax of devastation and ruin which seemed to shake the whole earth. The extent of this war, which vexed so many nations, and both elements, and the havoc of the human species caused in both, really astonishes beyond expression, when it is nakedly considered, and those matters which are apt to divert our attention from it, the characters, actions, and designs of the persons concerned, are not taken into the account. These wars, I mean those called the Punic wars, could not have stood the human race in less than three millions of the species. And yet this forms but a part only, and a very small part, of the havoc caused by the Roman ambition. The war with Mithridates was very little less bloody; that prince cut off, at one stroke, one hundred and fifty thousand Romans by a massacre. In that war Sylla destroyed three hundred thousand men at Cheronea. He defeated Mithridates's army under Dorilaus, and slew three hundred thousand. This prince lost another three hundred thousand before Cyzicum. In the course of the war he had innumerable other losses; and, having many intervals of success, he revenged them severely. He was at last totally overthrown; and he crushed to pieces the king of Armenia, his ally, by the greatness of his ruin. All who had connections with him shared the same fate. The merciless genius of Sylla had its full scope; and the streets of Athens were not the only ones which ran with blood. At this period the sword, glutted with foreign slaughter, turned its edge upon the bowels of the Roman republic itself, and presented a scene of cruelties and treasons enough almost to obliterate the memory of all the external devastations. I intended, my Lord, to have proceeded in a sort of method in estimating the numbers of mankind cut off in these wars which we have on record; but I am obliged to alter my design. Such a tragical uniformity of havoc and murder would disgust your Lordship as much as it would me; and I confess I already feel my eyes ache by keeping them so long intent on so bloody a prospect. I shall observe little on the Servile, the Social, the Gallic, and Spanish wars; nor upon those with Jugurtha, nor Antiochus, nor many others equally important, and carried on with equal fury. The butcheries of Julius Cæsar alone are calculated by somebody else; the numbers he has been the means of destroying have been reckoned at one million two hundred thousand. But to give your Lordship an idea that may serve as a standard by which to measure, in some degree, the others, — you will turn your eyes on Judea, a very inconsiderable spot of the earth in itself, though ennobled by the singular events which had their rise in that country.

This spot happened, it matters not here by what means, to become at several times extremely populous, and to supply men for slaughters scarcely credible, if other well-known and well-attested ones had not given them a color. The first settling of the Jews here was attended by an almost entire extirpation of all the former inhabitants. Their own civil wars, and those with their petty neighbors, consumed vast multitudes almost every year for several centuries; and the irruptions of the kings of Babylon and Assyria made immense ravages. Yet we have their history but partially, in an indistinct, confused manner; so that I shall only throw the strong point of light upon that part which coincides with Roman history, and of that part only on the point of time when they received the great and final stroke which made them no more a nation; a stroke which is allowed to have cut off little less than two millions of that people. I say nothing of the loppings made from that stock whilst it stood; nor from the suckers that grew out of the old root ever since. But if, in this inconsiderable part of the globe, such a carnage has been made in two or three short reigns, and that this great carnage, great as it is, makes but a minute part of what the histories of that people inform us they suffered, what shall we judge of countries more extended, and which have waged wars by far more considerable?

Instances of this sort compose the uniform of history. But there have been periods when no less than universal destruction to the race of mankind seems to have been threatened. Such was that when the Goths, the Vandals, and the Huns poured into Gaul, Italy, Spain, Greece, and Africa, carrying destruction before them as they advanced, and leaving horrid deserts every way behind them. *Vastum ubique silentium, secreti colles; fumantia procul tecta; nemo exploratoribus obvius*, is what Tacitus calls *facies victoriæ*. It is always so; but was here emphatically so. From the north proceeded the swarms of Goths, Vandals, Huns, Ostrogoths, who ran towards the south, into Africa itself, which suffered as all to the north had done. About this time another torrent of barbarians, animated by the same fury, and encouraged by the same success, poured out of the south, and ravaged all to the north-east and west, to the remotest parts of Persia on one hand, and to the banks of the Loire, or farther, on the other; destroying all the proud and curious monuments of human art, that not even the memory might seem to survive of the former inhabitants. What has been done since, and what will continue to be done while the same inducements to war continue, I shall not dwell upon. I shall only in one word mention the horrid effects of bigotry and avarice, in the conquest of Spanish America; a conquest, on a low estimation, effected by the murder of ten millions of the species. I shall draw to a conclusion of this part by making a general calculation of the whole. I think I have actually mentioned above thirty-six millions. I have not particularized any more. I do not pretend to exactness; therefore, for the sake of a general view, I shall lay together all those actually slain in battles, or who have perished in a no less miserable manner by the other destructive consequences of war from the beginning of the war to this day, in the four parts of it, at a thousand times as much; no exaggerated calculation, allowing for time and extent. We have not, perhaps, spoke of the five-hundredth part; I am sure I have not of what is actually ascertained in history; but how much of these butcheries are only expressed in generals, what part of time history has never reached, and what vast spaces of the habitable globe it has not embraced, I need not mention to your Lordship. I need not enlarge on those torrents of silent and inglorious blood which have glutted the thirsty sands of Africa, or discolored the polar snow, or fed the savage forests of America for so many ages of continual war. Shall I, to justify my calculations from the charge of extravagance, add to the account those skirmishes which happen in all wars, without being singly of sufficient dignity in mischief to merit a place in history, but which by their frequency compensate for this comparative innocence; shall I inflame the account by those general massacres which have devoured whole cities and nations; those wasting pestilences, those consuming famines, and all those furies that follow in the train of war? I have no need to exaggerate; and I have purposely avoided a parade of eloquence on this occasion. I should despise it upon any occasion; else in mentioning these slaughters it is obvious how much the whole might be heightened by an affecting description of the horrors that attend the wasting of kingdoms and sacking of cities. But I do not write to the vulgar, nor to that which only governs the vulgar — their passions. I go upon a naked and moderate calculation, just enough, without a pedantical exactness, to give your Lordship some feeling of the effects of political society. *I charge the whole of these effects on political society.* I avow the charge, and I shall presently make it good to your Lordship's satisfaction. The numbers I particularized are about thirty-six millions. Besides those killed in battles I have said something, not half what the matter would have justified; but something I have said concerning the consequences of war, even more dreadful than that monstrous carnage itself, which shocks our humanity, and almost staggers our belief. So that, allowing me in my exuberance one way for my deficiencies in the other, you will find me not unreasonable. I think the numbers of men now upon earth are computed at five hundred millions at the most. Here the slaughter of mankind, on what you will call a small calculation, amounts to upwards of seventy times the number of souls this day on the globe, — a point which may furnish matter of reflection to one less inclined to draw consequences than your Lordship.

I now come to show that political society is justly chargeable with much the greatest part of this destruction of the species. To give the fairest play to every side of the question, I will own that there is a haughtiness and fierceness in human nature, which will cause innumerable broils, place men in what situation you please; but, owning this, I still insist in charging it to political regulations that these broils are so frequent, so cruel, and attended with consequences so deplorable. In a state of nature, it had been impossible to find a number of men, sufficient for such slaughters, agreed in the same bloody purpose; or allowing that they might have come to such an agreement (an impossible supposition), yet the means that simple nature has supplied them with are by no means adequate to such an end; many scratches, many bruises, undoubtedly, would be received upon all hands; but only a few, a very few deaths. Society and politics, which have given us these destructive views, have given us also the means of satisfying them. From the earliest dawnings of policy to this day, the inventions of men have been sharpening and improving the mystery of murder, from the first rude essays of clubs and stones, to the present perfection of gunnery, cannoneering, bombarding, mining, and all these species of artificial, learned and refined cruelty, in which we are now so expert, and which make a principal part of what politicians have taught us to believe is our principal glory.

How far mere nature would have carried us, we may judge by the example of those animals who still follow her laws, and even of those to whom she has given dispositions more fierce, and arms more terrible, than ever she intended we should use. It is an incontestable truth that there is more havoc made in one year by men of men, than has been made by all the lions, tigers, panthers, ounces, leopards, hyenas, rhinoceroses, elephants, bears, and wolves, upon their several species, since the beginning of the world; though these agree ill enough with each other, and have a much greater proportion of rage and fury in their composition than we have. *But with respect to you, ye legislators, ye civilizers of mankind! ye Orpheuses, Moseses, Minoses, Solons, Theseuses, Lycurguses, Numas! with respect to you, be it spoken, your regulations have done more mischief in cold blood, than all the rage of the fiercest animals in their greatest terrors, or furies, has ever done, or ever could do!*

These evils are not accidental. Whoever will take the pains to consider the nature of society, will find they result directly from its constitution. For as *subordination*, or in other words, the reciprocation of tyranny and slavery, is requisite to support these societies; the interest, the ambition, the malice, or the revenge — nay, even the whim and caprice of one ruling man among them, is enough to arm all the rest, without any private views of their own, to the worst and blackest purposes; and, what is at once lamentable and ridiculous, these wretches engage under those banners with a fury greater than if they were animated by revenge for their own proper wrongs.

It is no less worth observing that this artificial division of mankind into separate societies is a perpetual source in itself of hatred and dissension among them.

The names which distinguish them are enough to blow up hatred and rage. Examine history; consult present experience; and you will find that far the greater part of the quarrels between several nations had scarce any other occasion than that these nations were different combinations of people, and called by different names; to an Englishman, the name of a Frenchman, a Spaniard, an Italian, much more a Turk, or a Tartar, raises of course ideas of hatred and contempt. If you would inspire this compatriot of ours with pity, or regard, for one of these, would you not hide that distinction? You would not pray him to compassionate the poor Frenchman, or the unhappy German. Far from it; you would speak of him as a *foreigner*; an accident to which all are liable. You would represent him as a *man*; one partaking with us of the same common nature, and subject to the same law. There is something so averse from our own nature in these artificial political distinctions that we need no other trumpet to kindle us to war and destruction. But there is something so benign and healing in the general voice of humanity, that, maugre all our regulations to prevent it, the simple name of man, applied properly, never fails to work a salutary effect.

[To be continued.]

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

A ROMANCE.

By N. G. TCHERNYCHEWSKY.

Translated by Benj. R. Tucker.

Continued from No. 54.

VII.

Two days afterward, at the breakfast table, Véra Pavlovna told her husband that he had a bad color. He answered that that night he had not slept very well, and had been feeling badly since the previous evening; but that it was nothing; he had taken a little cold on the excursion, especially while lying on the ground after the racing and wrestling; he acknowledged that he had been a little imprudent, but convinced Véra Pavlovna that it was nothing at all.

Then he went about his usual business, and at tea-time said that his indisposition had left him. But the next morning he was obliged to confess that he must remain a while in the house. Véra Pavlovna, very anxious, became seriously frightened, and urged Dmitry Serguéitch to send for a doctor

"But I am a doctor myself, and can care for myself if need be; at present it is not necessary."

But Véra Pavlovna insisted, and he wrote a note to Kirsanoff, in which he told him that his sickness was insignificant and that he called him only to please his wife.

Consequently Kirsanoff made no haste about coming. He remained at the hospital until dinner-time, and, when he reached the Lopoukhoffs, it was already after five o'clock.

"I did well, Alexander, in calling you," said Lopoukhoff: "although there is no danger, and probably will be none, I have an inflammation of the lungs. I should certainly have cured myself without you, but care for me just the same. It is necessary to ease my conscience: I am not a bachelor like you."

They sounded each other's chests for a long time, and both came to the conclusion that Lopoukhoff's lungs were really inflamed. There was no danger, and probably would be none, but this disease is always grave. The patient must keep his bed a dozen days.

Kirsanoff had to talk a long time to Véra Pavlovna to ease her mind. She finally was persuaded that they were not deceiving her; that the disease, in all probability, was not only not dangerous, but even quite light; only it was "in all probability," and how many things happen against all probability! Kirsanoff came twice a day to see his patient: they both saw that the disease was not dangerous. On the morning of the fourth day Kirsanoff said to Véra Pavlovna:

"Dmitry is getting on well: for the next three or four days he will be a little worse, after which his recovery will begin. But I wish to speak seriously to you of yourself; why do you not sleep nights? You are doing wrong. He has no need of a nurse, or of me. In acting in this way you are injuring yourself, and quite uselessly. At this very moment your nerves are agitated."

To all these arguments Véra Pavlovna answered:

"Never!" "Impossible!" Or else, "I should like to, but I cannot," — that is, sleep nights and leave Lopoukhoff without a nurse.

At last she said: "But all that you are saying to me now he has already told me many times over, as you well know. Certainly I would have yielded to him rather than to you; therefore I cannot"

Against such an argument there was nothing to be said. Kirsanoff shook his head and went away.

Coming back to his patient after nine in the evening, he remained by his side in company with Véra Pavlovna about half an hour; then he said:

"Now, Véra Pavlovna, go and rest. We both beg you to. I will spend the night here."

Véra Pavlovna was much confused: she was half convinced that her presence all night by the bedside was not absolutely necessary. But then why does Kirsanoff, a busy man, remain? Who knows? No, her "darling" cannot be left alone; no one knows what might happen. He will want to drink, perhaps he will want some tea; but he is so considerate that he will refrain from asking for it; therefore it is necessary to remain by his side. But that Kirsanoff should spend the night there is out of the question; she will not allow it. Therefore she refused to go away, pretending that she was not very tired and that she had rested a great deal during the day.

"I beg you to go; I ask your pardon, but I absolutely pray you to."

And Kirsanoff took her by the hand, and led her almost by force to her room.

"You really confuse me, Alexander," said the sick man; "what a ridiculous *rôle* you play in remaining all night with a patient who does not need you! and yet I am much obliged to you, for I have never been able to induce her to get a nurse, since she fears to leave me alone; she cannot trust me to any one else."

"If I did not see that she could not rest easy in trusting you to any other, you may be sure that I would not disturb my comfort. But now I hope that she is going to sleep, for I am a doctor and your friend besides."

In fact, Véra Pavlovna had no sooner reached her bed than she threw herself upon it and went to sleep. Three sleepless nights alone would be nothing, and the hurry and worry alone would be nothing. But the hurry and worry and the three sleepless nights together, without any rest in the daytime, were really dangerous; forty-eight hours more of it, and she would have been more seriously sick than her husband.

Kirsanoff spent three nights with his patient; it tired him scarcely any, for he slept very tranquilly, only taking the precaution to lock the door that Véra Pavlovna might not observe his negligence. She strongly suspected that he slept, but was made not at all uneasy thereby. He is a doctor; what, then, is there to fear? He knows when to sleep and when to go without it. She was ashamed at not having been able to calm herself sooner in order to no further disturb Kirsanoff. But in vain did she assure him that she would sleep even if he were not there; he did not believe her, and answered:

"It is your fault, Véra Pavlovna, and you must take the consequences. I have no confidence in you."

Four days afterward she saw clearly that the sick man was almost cured; the most decisive proofs conquered her doubts. That evening they played cards, three-handed. Lopoukhoff was no longer completely on his back, but in a half-sitting posture, and had regained the voice of a man in health. It was safe for Kirsanoff to suspend his attentions, and he told them so.

"Alexander Matvéitch, why have you so completely forgotten me? With Dmitry you are on a good footing; he sees you often enough; but, as for you, you have not been to see us, it seems to me, for more than six months; and it has been so for years. Do you remember that at the beginning we were intimate friends?"

"Men change, Véra Pavlovna. And I do an enormous amount of work: I can boast of it. I visit nobody, for lack of time and will. I tire myself so from nine till five in the hospital that, when I go home, I can put on nothing but my dressing-gown. Friendship is good, but — do not be offended at what I am going to say — to lie in one's dressing-gown, with a cigar between one's lips, is better still."

In fact, Kirsanoff, for more than two years, had not been a visitor at the Lopoukhoffs'. The reader has not noticed his name among their ordinary visitors, or even among their rare visitors; for a long time he had been the rarest of all.

VIII.

The reader with the penetrating eye (I make this explanation only to the masculine reader: the feminine reader is intelligent enough to annoy an author with her penetration; therefore, let me say once for all, I do not explain myself to her; among masculine readers also there are some intelligent people; no more do I explain myself to these; but most masculine readers, among them nearly all men of letters and men who wield a pen, have the penetrating eye; with them it is always well to have an understanding), — well, the reader with the penetrating eye says: "I see where this is going to end; in Véra Pavlovna's life a new romance is beginning, in which Kirsanoff is to play the principal *rôle*. I see even farther. Kirsanoff has long been in love with Véra Pavlovna, and that is why he has ceased to visit the Lopoukhoffs." How facile your conception, O reader with the penetrating eye! As soon as something is told you, you note it on the instant and glory in your penetration. Accept my admiration, reader with the penetrating eye!

Thus in the history of Véra Pavlovna appears a new personage, and I should have to introduce him, had this not already been done. Whenever I spoke of Lopoukhoff, I set my wits to work to distinguish him from his intimate friend, and yet I could say almost nothing of him that I should not have to repeat in speaking of Kirsanoff. Yes, all that the reader with the penetrating eye will be able to divine of Kirsanoff's character will be a repetition of what has been said about Lopoukhoff. Lopoukhoff was the son of a *petit bourgeois*, tolerably well-to-do for his station, — that is, generally having meat in his *stchi*: Kirsanoff was the son of a law copyist, — that is, of a man who often had no meat in his *stchi*. Lopoukhoff, from his earliest years, had earned his own living; Kirsanoff, at the age of twelve, began to aid his father in copying. As soon as he reached the fourth form at school he began to give lessons. Both paved their own way, without aids or acquaintances.

What kind of a man was Lopoukhoff? At school French had not been taught him. As for German, he had been taught just enough to enable him to decline *der, die, das* almost faultlessly. After entering the Academy he soon saw that with Russian alone one cannot make much progress in science; he took a French-Russian dictionary and a few French books ready to his hand, — *Télémaque*, Madame de Genlis's novels, a few numbers of our wise *Revue Etrangère*, not very attractive works, — he took these, and, though a great lover of reading, said to himself: "I will not open a single Russian book until I am able to read French easily;" and he succeeded. With German he managed another way; he hired a bed in a room occupied by many German workingmen. The lodging was frightful, the Germans tiresome, the Academy a long way off, but nevertheless he slept there long enough to learn German.

With Kirsanoff it had been otherwise. He had learned German with books and a dictionary, as Lopoukhoff had learned French, and his French he acquired in still another way, — by means of a single book and no dictionary. The Gospel is a well-known book: he procured a copy of a Geneva translation of the New Testament; he read it eight times; the ninth time he understood it all, — he knew French.

What kind of a man was Lopoukhoff? This will show. One day in his much-worn uniform he was going along the Perspective Kamenno-Ostrovsky to give a lesson for fifty copecks two miles away from the Lyceum. He saw approaching him some one with an imposing air, evidently out for exercise, who marched straight upon him without turning aside; now, at that time Lopoukhoff had made this rule: "I turn aside first for nobody except women." Their shoulders touched. The individual, half turning back, said: "Hog! Beast that you are!" and was about to continue in this tone, when Lopoukhoff, quickly turning around, seized the individual around the waist and threw him into the gutter with great dexterity; then, standing over his adversary, he said to him: "Do not stir; else I will drag you into a muddier place yet." Two peasants passing saw and applauded; an officeholder passing saw, did not applaud, and confined himself to a half smile. Carriages passed, but their occupants could not see who was in the gutter. After remaining some time in this attitude, Lopoukhoff again took his man, not around the waist, but by the hand, aided him to rise, led him into the road, and said to him: "Ah, sir, what a misstep you made! I hope you have not hurt yourself? Allow me to wipe you off." A peasant passing helped to wipe him, as did two *petits bourgeois* also passing: after the man was clean, each went his way.

To Kirsanoff a similar but somewhat different thing once happened. A certain lady had formed an idea of cataloguing the library which her husband, an admirer of Voltaire, had left her at his death twenty years before. Exactly why a catalogue became necessary after twenty years is not known. It was Kirsanoff who chanced to put himself at the disposition of the lady for her purpose, and they agreed on eighty roubles as the price; Kirsanoff worked for six weeks. Suddenly the lady changed her fancy and decided that the catalogue was useless; so she went into the library, and said:

Continued on page 6.

Liberty.

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"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.

Reformers and "Protection."

No question affords so fair a measure of the average gullibility of the people as that of Protection *versus* Free Trade. I can overlook the statement of the disgusted Vermont member of the National Republican Committee affirming that the Committee spent one hundred thousand dollars in circulating obscene literature in Blaine's behalf, since the dirty business on hand called for it. Such literature was not half so despicable as that put into circulation with the stealthy intent to convince working people that the only way to protect themselves lay in denying Liberty and fostering monopoly.

The ordinary day laborer is the victim of forced ignorance whom ingeniously contrived sophistry, aided by noise and show, can easily capture. But what must we think of old land and currency reformers with strong leanings towards Anarchistic principles who yet remain so far back in the woods as to believe in "a moderate tariff for the protection of American labor?"

The integral essence of a tariff has nothing whatever to do with America as against foreign countries. When this government subsidizes national banks, it simply lays a protective tariff on all other bankers and on all other trade. Just in proportion as government in any way lays restrictions on free banking, there is a tariff inflicted on all other classes in behalf of a class industry. What kind of intellectual suicide is the Greenbacker committing who advocates protection?

What is rent but simply a protective tariff forced upon the landless and houseless by government in order to artificially subsidize a class industry known as landlordism. What is the land reformer thinking of who denounces rent, and yet cries protection to American industry through an artificial tariff?

The whole sum total of usury is nothing more or less than a protective tariff levied upon the non-capitalist classes for the support of that mighty engine of robbery and oppression, capital. All usury has its simple root in vested monopoly of privilege granted and protected by the State. In the case of rent, interest, and profit in ordinary life the State first grants a monopoly of the means of life, exchange, and transportation to the capitalist, and then leaves him to collect the tariff himself out of all other classes, the ultimate burden of course sifting itself entirely upon the shoulders of labor. In the case of a special tariff, such as duties upon foreign goods, the State first collects its share of the steal from the capitalist, who makes himself whole out of the monopoly vested through a forced tax on all other classes, besides enriching himself to the extent of his power to extort upon those to whom Liberty is denied.

An honest man who can contemplate this gigantic conspiracy and yet aid and abet any part of it as "the protection of American labor" is to be pitied. The first tariff was imposed at the point where Liberty was first infringed upon. All tariffs measure the extent to which Liberty has been forcibly denied. All tariffs are the blood-money paid for monopoly and unjust privilege, and labor ultimately has to settle the bill.

The spectacle of land, labor, and currency reformers encouraging this swindle of protection and helping inveigle it down the throats of innocent and defenceless children of toil and sorrow is a peculiarly painful one to me. If they will patiently pursue the study of Liberty, they can but finally see that in Liberty and in Liberty alone is true protection possible, and that all schemes of securing real protection by the forcible denial of Liberty through class discrimination are readily reduced to either partial insanity, blatant fraud, or covert blackmail. X.

Dr. Foote in Defence of His Politics.

Friend Tucker:

Your criticism of a "friend of Liberty in New York" is appreciated by that friend, who now writes to state that he expressed himself rather hurriedly, but still thinks he meant about what he said. The action, written addresses, and public speeches of Butler seemed to me to be a general protest against old parties and that sort of class legislation which favors the capitalists, monopolists, and corporate-ring-robbers of the Republican and Democratic parties. (1) Butler truly and frequently said to the working classes: "Whichever party wins, you never win". (2) I hoped he would be able to open their eyes to the facts, and lead them to organize a party in behalf of their own interests. Many said a vote for Butler was a vote in the mud, and that suited me. Whether as voting merely to protest against the two great political parties, having like platforms and purposes, (3) and only different names and leaders, or voting to form a new party bound to consider and protect all interests, the vote for Butler suited me. But why vote at all? Were I a full-fledged disciple of Liberty, I should have left ballots alone, but I am free to confess that I am not wholly persuaded, and that as yet my mental condition on all governmental and sociological problems is quite hazy, with, however, a strong tendency toward the ideas for which Liberty is published. I am so constituted that it pleases me to support verbally and financially journals, principles, parties, and persons that I am not entirely in sympathy with (4). Were I to write my platform of beliefs and principles, so far as it is already formed, I might have to travel a long distance to find a dozen persons who would subscribe to it with me, (5) and knowing this I stand ready to give a helping hand to any person who in my opinion is helping forward a change for the better, or who stands for a new idea worthy of consideration. Therefore I lend what aid I can to The Liberal League, Heywood, The People's Party of Equal Rights, and Liberty, the organ of Anarchy. I would even subscribe to the Young Men's Christian Association if it were merely a benevolent, reading-room, and gymnastic institution instead of an aggressive and bigoted proselyting and persecuting organization.

I have said I have a liking for Anarchy as represented by Liberty, but I fall short of being a full-fledged disciple, in that I do not see the way clear to its practical solution, and I can no more understand or imagine the state of society on that new plan than I can make for myself a picture of Heaven, or a spirit-life. Nevertheless, with a belief in the principle or philosophy of Anarchy, I can hope to see it gradually followed out, so that we may feel our way and learn how to walk in the new paths of that undeveloped country. Is this to be accomplished by frowning upon the ballot, or by organizing a party which by means of the ballot shall obtain the power to repeal laws, curtail the sphere of government, and gradually reduce its function to the thinnest possible dimensions? (6) The war-cry of the People's Party is "Equal Rights, (7) Equal Power, Equal Privileges for all the People," and though their ideas of the ways and means of instituting such a state of affairs may be all wrong, I still think there would be more chance of converting the members of this party to Liberty's mode of thought than of bringing over a Republican or Democrat. The mass of these parties consists of greedy politicians, scheming money-bags, and *unthinking* dupes, and those who have any principles or notions of government hold to conservative ideas. There is no field for Liberty among the people of these parties, and it will only find house-room and attentive readers amongst those who have sufficient independence and capacity to think and act for themselves, — many of whom have found themselves of late acting with the People's Party, if only for want of something better (8).

On the question of finance, I have since my first vote been with the Greenbackers, being fully convinced that their system would be far better for the country than the present metallic-basis and national-bank system. Now I incline to Liberty's ideas of free banking, but the possibility of establishing this system seems to me to be so very remote that in the mean time I would prefer to see the Greenback governmental monopoly system adopted, regarding it as the next best, and far better than the present.

Let me state one of the difficulties in the way of swallowing Anarchy whole. While meditating on a ferry-boat, I saw a cart being filled with ashes, to be taken away to a suitable place for dumping. It occurred to me that the boats formerly threw their ashes into the river; that this practice threatened to destroy the usefulness of New York Harbor, and that a law was passed forbidding it, thus protecting the harbor for generations to come. To me it seems a good law, one which benefits all without injuring any one, and I have been puzzling myself to find out how such a good would be accomplished in Anarchy. If ninety-nine boat owners should agree to protect the harbor for mutual benefit, how could they prevent Mr. One Hundredthman from doing his own sweet will, and saving himself a little trouble and expense with the surety of making trouble and expense for others? Every now and then a practical snag of this kind turns up in the fair current of my Anarchistic philosophizing (9).

One word more about the ordinary mind, which you say "must be a very extraordinary thinking apparatus" if it would be less easily converted to Anarchy than a People's Party Man. Yes, the ordinary mind is an extraordinary apparatus; it fails to think, and follows its leader or party. Is it not extraordinary that so many millions of ordinary minds could find it worth while to cast a ballot for Blaine or Cleveland, for the rotten hulks of Republicanism or Democracy? (10) A People's Party man has at least learned to think for himself, and is a man worth reasoning with. He is not led by such arguments as torch-light processions, brag and bluster, to vote for the sake of being on what he expects may be the winning side (11). Yours truly,

E. B. FOOTE, JR.

NEW YORK, November 9, 1884.

(1) Things are not always what they seem. Butler's action seemed to Dr. Foote to be a general protest against old parties; it proved to be a most ignominious sell-out to one of the old parties.

(2) And how much nearer victory are the working classes now? Measured by the voting standard, much farther from it than they were four years ago. The working classes will never win until the leaders and thinkers step boldly out upon the platform of the most advanced truth they see, and cease waiting for each other on grounds of policy.

(3) There is a stronger resemblance between the Republican and People's parties than between the Republican and Democratic. The Republican and People's parties are strictly parties of centralization; the Democratic party theoretically, and in some directions practically, is a party of decentralization.

(4) Liberty is glad to benefit by Dr. Foote's catholic policy, but cannot understand it.

(5) That was Jesus's experience.

(6) Ah! had the People's party only been such! Whenever men organize politically for repeal, and repeal alone, Liberty is never found in their way. Certain Anarchists have even branded me as *bourgeois* for looking upon such a policy with too favorable an eye. But the politics of the People's party was not of this negative sort; on the contrary, its platform was the most positive of all those before the people. Its principal object was to make new laws; it aimed to repeal but few, and those it generally wanted to replace by worse ones.

(7) Yes, that sort of equal rights where no man has any rights.

(8) To this it is sufficient answer to say that Liberty counts more recruits and more valuable recruits, five times over, from the Democratic party than from any other.

(9) Almost all snags of this kind present themselves only before the erroneous conception that to-day we have Authority and to-morrow we are to have Anarchy. Rome was not built in a day, and the sun will rise several times more before Anarchy is fully realized. It will be realized first where it is easiest and most important to realize it, — that is, in banking and commerce. Through these it will gradually exercise a remarkable influence upon the ways and tendencies, the mental and moral habits of all the people, and this revolution in human nature will then make it possible to regulate by Anarchistic methods all the matters in which interests are most involved.

(10) Indeed it is, but less extraordinary than that one who sees the folly of their course should deem it the part of wisdom to vote for Butler.

(11) There are very few thinking men in the People's party. Most of its members are men of generous sympathies who don't know how to think. They lament the suffering caused by injustice and suppose the way to cure it is by statute. To them the harmonies of liberty are unknown and, for a long time yet, unknowable. Among these men Dr. Foote does not belong. He is "a politician in sight of haven." Let him take Auberon Herbert for a pilot, and he will make the port. T.

A Senator's "Crazy" Interlocutor.

"Thank God, I see no pinched faces here in New England," said Senator Hawley, a scurvy politician, at a meeting in Bridgeport. The God whom he thanked was a protective tariff, apparently, for he attributed the dearth of pinched faces to protection. Or perhaps he intended to convey the idea that God built the custom houses. The lie was so palpable that a man in the hall, "carried away with emotion," say the daily papers, cried out: "I have just come here from Fall River. There are ten thousand workmen there out of employment. Their families are literally starving. Talking about pinched faces——" And then two policemen seized this turbulent fellow and dragged him out of the hall. "My children are there, too," he said, and in desperation at the thought he knocked the policemen down.

A dangerous man, this father of starving children! He had the audacity to interrupt a senator, who is either a fool or a knave, and to disturb the harmony of a political meeting by telling the truth. So he and the truth were flung out by the heels, neither of them being wanted by the knave on the platform or the stupid people on the floor. Politicians do not want to hear any talk about pinched faces and starving workmen. There is danger in such talk,—danger that it may set stupid voters thinking and show them what a quackery is the ballot-box cure for poverty.

"Crazed at the thought of the starving," say the papers. Not so at all. Quite other than so, indeed. The man was very indignantly sane,—sane enough to know that what the political quack had said was utterly false; indignant enough to tell him so, and show the fools about him how they were being deceived. Such a man is dangerous; no doubt of that. Politicians, all manner of quacks, may well fear him, for when he shall have thought enough of the starving,—he and his kind,—he will be just crazy enough to swear that the toilers shall starve no longer; and then will come an end to political stumping and senatorships and protection and several other "blessings" of like nature. E.

General Trumbull's New Book.*

This neat duodecimo from the pen of a coeditor of the "Radical Review" has merits historical and political that render it more interesting than its subject might promise to Anarchists. Why so? Because there are but two points of view under which social politics may be regarded,—the theoretic and the practical.

Now, theoretically, the greater implies the less, and the whole the part. Free trade being a necessary consequence of Anarchy, an integrant principle of the general order of Liberty in reciprocity, argument in favor of it is like trying to prove the advantage of breathing.

But, practically, breathing is an advantage only when *life is desirable*, and under the oppression of our governments life becomes, for the disinherited sons and daughters of toil, a burden and a torture. England, by free trade, keeps in a life more tormented than that of beasts of burden a greater number of victims than would be otherwise possible. Her national wealth (so called) is increased by free trade, but, as here under tariffs, the stream of Pactolus rolls its golden sands only between the *banks* of privilege.

In both countries alike, the same economic paradox of misery, increasing proportionably with the means of production and with actual production, writes its *mene tekel upharsin* on modern civilization.

Free trade, like machinery, like knowledge, like the culture of taste, like productive activity, or any other particular element of the economic order, is, while outside of that order, like the luscious grape that hangs before the eyes of Tantalus, but which ever eludes his grasp. Within the false order of our governments, imperial, constitutional, or republican, alike allied with capital, every promise of blessing becomes a curse in the fruition. Its apples are the pretty Sodom apples, mouthfuls of ashes.

But, allowing free trade were in itself and by itself a blessing, he who wants the end wants the means. England, compared with the United States, is a homogeneous unit. Her commercial and manufacturing interests are at one, and quite overrule her home agriculture. In the United States, on the contrary, it is pull Dick, pull Devil, among many rival interests. Every State, and within each several special industries,—*i. e.*, several rings of capitalists,—claim protection through their representatives, each for its pet monopoly. Elect your Democratic champion of free trade to Congress, and he stands aghast before the clamorous pack of greedy hounds; he is fain to coffess with Virgil, *Non mihi tantas componere lites!* To reconcile such claims is a huckleberry above my persimmon. And he skulks behind the pretext of a tariff for revenue, where General Trumbull offers him with sweet simplicity the hand of fellowship. What is a revenue tariff? It is the reason of existence for the United States government. It is flesh picked from the bones of the laborer by the vultures of bureaucracy. But for this sneaking theft, of which the custom house is the professional pickpocket, government must either collapse and become truly economical, or else collect tribute by armed force; and there are two to play that game. In republics manœuvred like ours by the ballot imagine the countenance of politicians proposing to their constituents to fork out a few billions for the pleasure of killing their neighbors and burning their towns, as in 1861. How many wars would be waged, if the expenses were collected by direct taxation? To allow of indirect taxation, of a revenue tariff, is to give up the principle at stake; it is to surrender labor as a prey to government through its necessary consumption; it is inviting the vampire to suck your blood while you are asleep. In every pie are the thumbs of Government pulling out the plums. Every cup of coffee pays toll, and the tax collector is the pillar of the State.

The arguments cited in behalf of Free Trade are solid and irrefutable, but not so against protection as *distinguished* from revenue tariff. Cobden's force consisted especially in the misplacement of the tariff on an article of prime necessity to the most numerous and poorest classes,—breadstuffs,—against which all other interests, not only the commercial and the manufacturing, but of agricultural laborers had gradually united. Although during past centuries there had been a general prejudice in favor of protective tariffs, and nearly all English industries had grown up under them, as children will grow in spite of swaddling bands, yet, at the actual crisis, they felt very well able to take care of themselves and to compete with other countries, if they only had cheap bread. English agriculture, on the contrary, could not pretend to rival the American in cheap production. Its natural limitations of area were narrowed by the large proportion needed for noblemen's parks, hunting grounds, and sheep pastures, privileged luxuries which, since the Norman conquest, had assumed unquestioned right of precedence over the necessaries of the tributary people. Its uniformity of climate exposed it to a general loss of crops, in seasons too rainy, one of which, indeed, decided the fate of the corn laws. But, above all, half the produce, much or little, had to go into the landlord's pocket; thus the alienation of the soil from the proprietorship of its cultivators left *them* hungry, as well as the factory operatives; and an empty belly is a great cleaner out of those brain cobwebs called prejudices. However numerous the interests then nominally protected by the English tariff, it bore so disproportionately and concentred profits so obviously upon the landed aristocracy that the corn laws became the natural representative, the head and front, of the whole system. Relatively to protection, this gave to the Anti Corn-Law League, as it were, the bearing of a conical wedge, which, once entered, lent a tremendous increment of force to every well-directed blow, such as Cobden and his staff knew how to strike. With these features, which render the battle of the League an object lesson so picturesque, no parity exists in America. There is no one point, like bread, at which popular necessities concentrate Free Trade arguments, and, in default of reason, reach the senses, like the big Free Trade loaf and the little tariff loaf that the League bore on poles at the head of its procession. Under the immense misfortune of our Government, that fungus hœmatodes or erectile tumor on the social body fed by revenue, the special annoyances due to its protections are like fleabites. Being equivalent to a world by our area and diversity of products, always abundant within easy transportation by land or water, so long as no internal revenue, such as that on spirits, affects the comforts of life, we shall not suffer much from any duty on imports as a tax. Its application to the support of other oppressions and privileged monoplies, of which our Government is the mainstay, is the great evil. Were a tariff for revenue expedient, the more protective the better, provided it were confined to imports of luxury, so as to leave the consumption of the poor untaxed. The corn laws did just the contrary.

The workingman needs more food than the man of leisure, and, as breadstuffs, even at three times their natural market price, are still cheaper than any other food which sustains strength in the temperate zone, the poor were fleeced by the corn laws several times more than the rich, who consume mainly dainties in city life, or food of their own growth in the country. Cobden's good argument that consumption and the briskness of trade depend on the ability to purchase, from which overtaxed labor is precluded, fits the fashionable luxuries to a nicety, for the class that buys them is best able to pay, and will have them at any price.

The strongest argument against protective tariffs seems to have escaped our author. It is that they are premiums on smuggling. The smuggler, indeed, only vindicates the natural right of free trade; but, in order to frustrate him, government has to spend in its custom house service and revenue police about as much as the tax is worth.

In attaching himself to the Corn Laws question, the author finds it much easier to combat protection upon general principles than if he had chosen some knotty problems in our American experience, such as the importation of foreign labor or Chinese immigration. There are points in commerce which do not admit of a correct solution by a general yes or no, but in which each particular case requires discriminative judgment. This may bear on public health, as in quarantining vessels, but in case of leprosy quarantining alone is insufficient. Paupers are social invalids, yet we may discriminate in favor of the able-bodied. Certain peculiarities of faith constitute just motives for prohibition. A Roman Catholic, if sincere, is liable to be an emissary of the Pope, planning the ruin of free institutions. A cargo of Thugs might introduce singular complications in our affairs. England herself objects to free trade in dynamite. All depends upon the point of view.

Again, we meet the principle of organic limitation in the formation of circuits between production and consumption. If a siege were contemplated, would not a city like Paris do well to stimulate the production of mushrooms in her catacombs by special privileges?

On general principles I object to taxation as distinguished from voluntary contribution, but in the actual state of affairs we must compromise with principles until generally educated up to them. To leave the scavenger service and the sewerage of cities to private voluntary action now would be to invoke pestilence. It might prove for the best eventually, but, in the meanwhile, it would cause a stampede of delicate noses and expel just the class who would be of no use in the country. Municipal authority existing, and the influence of wealth predominating, it seems a more practical wisdom to avail ourselves of these forces for expelling the poorest and most dangerous class, and by the very tax on real estate that would make it impossible for them to live in cities provide them with homes in the country.

General, do not halt at the half-way house down Mount Vesuvius during an eruption. Your Free Trade horse is a better riding beast than our Tariff ass, but, whichever takes the road, it is Capital that sits in the saddle, and Jordan is a hard road to travel for the footpads. You compare the prejudice against free trade in England with the prejudice of English working people against labor-saving machinery. Well, were they wrong in their apprehension of disaster from this powerful rival? I look to machinery as the probable redeemer of mankind from drudgeries and its consequent elevation in the scale of moral and intellectual culture. But this is just as if, a theologian, I should declare my faith in the salvation of the Devil. Bring the two culprits before the bar of Humanity, and I can much more certainly convict machinery of evil doing towards the poorer and more numerous classes than you can convict the gentleman with horns and cloven hoof. That machinery is guilty of high treason by conspiracy with capital, who can deny? The diabolic phase of machinery will last just as long as political government; but, once delivered from that curse, and free to arrange its economic relations, machinery, socialized by cooperative contractors, will present as different a moral character as the flower and fruit-laden branches of a tree do from its root. Free Trade and machinery are simply motors. You may attach motors to the car of Juggernaut. To crush the victim fanatics of State, to thresh wheat or weave cloth, that is indifferent to the motor. Justice, which, for human welfare, is in itself the Supreme good,—justice alone can make other powers work for good.

As in your editorial censures of the fools who make an idol of Jesus or the knaves who use him as a stalking horse in fighting the battles of privilege, you are apt to overlook his translation of the old divine *authority* into the spontaneous affection of elective affinity, so in your politics, consistently purblind, you combat the abuses of protection, the little fetiches of local privilege, while prostrating your reason before the great oppressor, Government, the incarnation of God in the State. EDGEWORTH.

Breast-Pin for Liberty.

The letter L is in the shape of a key, and it is the first letter of Lock. Liberty unlocks the dungeon of Order. It is the key to the liberation of the People.

Don't you think the young Lady can afford to wear a breast-pin, now? In the supposed figure, the contour of the keyhole should be in relief on the face of the lock. Now a mere lock and key figure leaves rather too much to the sympathetic imagination of the reader, and we do not write to win the souls we already possess. The representation of a dungeon with its inmates seems too complex an affair for a motto or seal.

So here my idea halts on the confines of two domains of Art—*l'intransigeant*. Suppose you start it with an invitation to some more felicitous mind to complete it. For a *picture*, its ethical character might seduce the most ambitious artist; but only genius inspired by the love of mankind could see this. The key will have a mystical halo, in which apt fancy may discover the contour of an *Imogen*, and in the landscape, on the left, behind this beatified key, should wave a cornfield with rows of fruit trees, or some index of that terra-solar harmony whence Liberty proceeded, and back to which she would conduct emancipated Man. EDGEWORTH.

* *The American Lesson of the Free Trade Struggle in England.* By GENERAL M. M. THUMBULL. Chicago: Schumm & Simpson. 1884. pp. 290.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

Continued from page 3.

"You have done enough; I have changed my mind: here is the pay for your work," and she handed him ten roubles.

"I have already done, your —— (he gave the lady her title), more than half of the work: of the seventeen cases I have copied ten."

"Do you consider yourself badly paid? Nicolas, come here and talk to this gentleman." Nicolas hurried to the scene.

"How dare you be rude to my mother?"

"But, my beardless boy (an expression without foundation on Kirsanoff's part, Nicolas being about five years his elder), you would do well to understand the matter before expressing yourself."

"Ho! there! my servants!" shouted Nicolas.

"Ah! your servants! I will teach you." The lady gave a shrill scream and fainted, and Nicolas saw clearly that it was impossible for him to make any movement with his arms fastened against his sides by Kirsanoff's right hand as if by a band of iron. Kirsanoff, after pulling his hair with his left hand, placed it at his throat and said:

"Do you see how easy it is for me to strangle you?"

He gave his throat a grip, and Nicolas saw that it was indeed very easy to strangle him. The grasp was loosened. Nicolas found that he could breathe, but was still at the mercy of his conqueror. To the Goliaths who made their appearance Kirsanoff said:

"Stop there, or I will strangle him. Keep your distance, or I will strangle him."

Nicolas, at once comprehending the situation, made signals which meant:

"His reasoning is good."

"Now, will you escort me, my dear, to the stairs?" said Kirsanoff, again addressing Nicolas though continuing to hold his arm around him. He went out into the hall and descended the stairs, the Goliaths looking at him in astonishment; on the last step, letting go his hold of Nicolas's throat, he hurled him from him, and started for a hat store to buy a cap in place of that which he had left upon the battle-ground.

Well, then, are not these two men alike in character? All the prominent traits by which they are marked are traits, not of individuals, but of a type, so different from those you are accustomed to see, reader with the penetrating eye, that these general peculiarities hide from you their personal differences. These people are like a few Europeans scattered among the Chinese, whom the Chinese cannot distinguish from each other, seeing but one and the same nature, "barbarians with red hair and without manners." In their eyes the French have "red hair" as well as the English. Now, the Chinese are right: compared to them all Europeans are as a single individual; not individuals, but representatives of a type and nothing more. None of them eat cockroaches or wood-lice; none of them cut men up into little pieces; all alike drink brandy and wine made of grapes instead of rice; and even the common drink, tea, is prepared by the Europeans with sugar, and not without as the Chinese prepare it. It is the same with people of the type to which Lopoukhoff and Kirsanoff belonged: they seem identical to men who do not belong to this type. Each is bold and resolute, knowing what to do under all circumstances, and doing it with a strong arm when necessary. That is one side of their character. On the other side each is of irreproachable honesty, of honesty such that one cannot even ask concerning either: "Can this man be relied on fully and absolutely?" It is as clear as the air that they breathe; as long as those breasts heave, they will be warm and unshakeable; lay your head upon them boldly, it will rest there safely. These general traits are so prominent that they eclipse all individual peculiarities.

It is not long since this type was established in Russia. Formerly from time to time a few individuals shadowed it forth; but they were exceptions, and as such felt their isolation and weakness; hence their inertia, their *ennui*, their exaltation, their romanticism, their whimsicality; they could not possess the principal traits of this type,—tact, coolness, activity, all well balanced, the realization of common sense in action. They were really people of the same nature, but this nature had not yet developed itself into the condition of a type. This type, I repeat, has been established but a little while; I can remember when it did not exist, although I am not yet of mature age. I have not succeeded in becoming one of them, for I was not brought up in their time; consequently I can without scruple express my esteem for these new men, for unfortunately I do not glorify myself in saying of them: "These are excellent men." Recently this type has been multiplying rapidly. It is born of an epoch; it is a sign of the times, and — must I say it? — it will disappear with the fast-flying epoch which produced it. Its life, new as it is, is fated to last but a short time.

We did not see these men six years ago; three years ago we despised them: and now — but it matters little what we think of them now; in a few years, in a very few years, we shall appeal to them: we shall say to them: "Save us!" and whatever they say then will be done by all. A few years more, perhaps even a few months, and we shall curse them; they will be driven from the scene amid hisses and insults. What matters it? You may drive them away, you may curse them, but they will be useful to you, and that will satisfy them. They will quit the scene, proud and modest, austere and good, as they ever were. Not one will remain upon the scene? Not one! How shall we live without them? None too well. But after them things will go on better than before. Many years will pass, and then men will say: "Since their day things have been better, but still they are bad." And when they shall speak thus, that will mean that it is time for this type to be born again: it will reappear in a greater number of individuals under better forms, because goodness will then be plentier, and all that is now good will then be better. And so history will begin again in a new phase. And that will last until men say: "Now we are good," and then there will be no longer any special type, for all men will be of this type, and it will be difficult for any one to understand that there ever was a time when it was regarded as special and not as the common nature of all mankind.

IX.

But just as to the Chinese Europeans seem to have the same faces and the same customs when contrasted with those of the Chinese, while in reality there is a much greater difference between Europeans than between Chinese, so it is with these modern men who seem to constitute but a single type. Individual diversity develops itself in more numerous differences, and they are more sharply distinguished from each other than are individuals of any other type. They include all sorts of people,—sybarites and stoics, the stern and the tender, in short, all varieties. But as the most savage European is very gentle, the most cowardly very courageous, the most epicurean very moral compared with the Chinese, so it is with the new men; the most austere believe that man needs more comfort than others dream of for him; the most sensual are more rigid in their morality than the moralists found in the common run of men. But they have conceptions of their own in all these things; they view in a way wholly peculiar to themselves both morality and comfort, sensuality and virtue.

[To be continued.]

THEN AND NOW.

X.

THE BALLOT THE SHIELD OF NINETEENTH-CENTURY ROBBERS.

BOSTON, November 22, 2084.

My Dear Louise:

On two or three occasions since my last letter was written Mr. De Demain has lectured me on the evils of the political system in vogue in your time. He gives as an illustration the fact that a few hundred voters in New York in the presidential election of 1884 threw the government of the country into the hands of the Democratic party,—not in reality a very serious matter, he says, but very much against the wishes of several millions of people.

In the course of our conversation I asked him the following question, which formed the basis for quite a long discussion:

"You believe, do you not, that the wealthy and so-called superior classes of the United States in the nineteenth century controlled in great measure the government of the country?"

"Yes," replied Mr. De Demain, "I think that history pretty conclusively proves that."

"But, two weeks ago, in a conversation you had with me, you stated that one of the faults of that government was the power given men without money to tax those who were rich. You called it robbery, I think."

"Yes, it was a fault of the government, and was robbery—of the robbers. The wealthy and successful robbers were shrewd men. They gave the poor fellows who were constantly being robbed the ballot, and told them what a big thing it was, and what a splendid generosity it displayed on the part of the 'superior' classes. The poor dupes of working men were told in splendid oratorical efforts and brilliant grammatical articles that the great remedy for all the ills of the poor man was in his hands. When there was anything he did not like, he had only to trust in the ballot. He had the privilege of voting for any man or any measure he cared for. This looked on the face of it like a grand thing. The poor workers of the old world looked across on this side and heard the words of these fine-spoken gentlemen, and they came over to live in a country where they had only to ask for a thing to have it. For a great many years the ballot worked beautifully — for the superior classes. But the workers kept on digging in the earth and sowing seed, and reaping the harvest. You people had a big new country of vast resources, and it is not strange that you got rich,—that is, that the country got rich. The only strange thing about it was that the people didn't get richer. For many years the laborers thought themselves pretty well-to-do. They — a good many of them — built themselves little houses and cleared up little farms, and they blessed the ballot-box and the wise statesmen who formed laws for such a beautiful country. But after a time they began to think it very strange that they didn't get any richer, while the country got to be more and more wealthy every day. Some began to suspect that, after all, it was not so much the ballot-box as it was their own industry and the native wealth of the new country that made it possible to own little houses and farms. And some even suspected that the good order of the country was not so much due to the fine system of government as it was to their own individual good behavior. Later on they began to think that perhaps, after all, the ballot-box, instead of making them well-to-do, was making them poorer and making those who talked so much about its wonderful power richer.

"I said, I know, that it was robbery for the poor to tax the rich; this was one evil. But the robbery by ballot was not all on one side, and even if it had been all on the side of the poor, the injustice would not have been great, although the principle would have been wrong. It was this wrong principle that I wished to present to you.

"This ballot privilege was merely a sop thrown from the hand of the rich to the poor in order that sharp wits might keep in subjugation strong numbers.

"This robbing of the rich by the poor by means of taxation was more than offset by the robbing of the poor by the rich by the same means. The poor workers were never the ones who concocted the schemes of taxation; it was always the rich robbers with the sharp wits. The few rich robbers individually laid schemes to plunder each other and cut each other's throats. They found time enough, while the workers were preparing their food and clothes and shelter and pretty trinkets, to sharpen their wits and lay schemes. The ballot in the hands of the workers was a very good means whereby the rich and superior individuals could gain advantage over other rich and superior individuals. At the same time the ballots kept the general government in its regular course so that it was an easy matter for *all* rich individuals to rob the poor. Back in the earlier ages princes and kings gave their subjects bows and arrows and swords and small ships and sent them out to fight each other. The stronger in battle won honor for their king and members of his household, and for the same plundered the country of the weaker. They, themselves, the subjects, mostly got killed. Many of the survivors got their heads cut off when they returned, and the remainder didn't get much of anything. Things were a little changed in your time. Names for things were changed principally. Instead of kings and princes were the wealthy classes, the superior classes, the statesmen, and instead of bows and arrows and swords ballots were used. The honor and plunder went the same way. The wielders of the ballots didn't get killed, but they didn't get anything else. Some of them, perhaps, did get two or three dollars or a few drinks of cheap gin for their services, but they got nothing more,— no honor, no part of the plunder."

"But," said I, "you must acknowledge that the people had the power to use the ballot as they pleased."

"Not exactly. There were a good many restrictions. There was a tax and registration, and deputy marshals, and sharp-eyed employers, and supervisors, and several other minor things. But the main thing was that the people did not know how to use the ballot to their own advantage. If they had, they would have balloted the ballot out of existence, and with it the government, the privileged classes, privileged monopolies, a privileged currency, subsidized railroads, and the thousand and one things by means of which they were daily being robbed. The people were dupes. If the keen-witted robbers had not understood this, the ballot would never have been put into the hands of the workers. It certainly took a more steady hand, a finer, sharper, clearer brain, to control a people by means of the ballot than it did by means of the sword, but it was done just as effectually. If Alexander III. and his princes and advisers had been smart enough, they could have ruled Russia just as firmly with the ballot in the hands of the people."

What do you think of Mr. De Demain's arguments?

JOSEPHINE.

The Dollar Instead of the Club.

To the Editor of Liberty:

I laid your bill aside when it came; and, after the old adage, "out of sight, out of mind," it was forgotten until it occurred to me that it was about time for "Liberty" to make its appearance; and then I remembered that the "price of Liberty was the eternal dollar." This thing, the dollar, to my queer way of thinking, is civilization's substitute for the gnarled and knotted war-club of the savage. With the dollar, as with the club, every right is attacked and every one of them defended. It is the medium of exchange of all the products of industry as well as of all the natural sources of these products; and the world's method of exchange, by bargain and sale, is the world's field of universal warfare; and in this field every right is wrested from the weak and ignorant by the strong and cunning, from the astute court diplomatist, who would steal and enslave a nation, to the bullying vendor of old clothes to the most impoverished and cowering poor. If one has not the substitute, then the old club, not gnarled and knotted now, but turned and polished as is the tongue of deceit with civilization's art, and in the hands of a skilled wielder, representing all brutality doubly distilled and refined, which says: "Produce the substitute for this brute force (the dollar), or 'git.'" Get where? Into your grave, of course, you fool. Rights disappeared from the world long ago, when the governments were instituted; since then there have been nothing but privileges; and these must be paid for. How came the governments in the first instance? Was it the disrespect for the natural rights which made the combination of forces into a government for the enforcement of this respect a necessity? Or were they established by the robbers of the weak as an easy and scientific method of obtaining and securing perpetually the proceeds of toil of which the masses of mankind are plundered perforce of every one of them? If mankind had no disposition to wrong each other, governments would not be needed, and never would have existed. With this disposition in mankind agreement together to keep it suppressed will inevitably be resorted to; and with this disposition it is certain that those who are entrusted with the governing power will be sure to use it for their own enrichment and aggrandizement to the impoverishment and degradation of the rest of mankind. But, you see, the number who constitute the government would be too small to accomplish this. There has to be a sufficient number; and so, naturally enough, the cunning, bargaining brains among the people go with the government, and together the brains see to it that there shall be no rights but those of property; and the dollar, being the representative of all property, becomes the club with which the unastute masses of mankind are beaten out of all equity. But I can't have "Liberty" unless I send you the dollar; and between you and me the action seems honest enough. This is the devil of the devilish thing; the right and the wrong, the offensive and defensive uses of the club, get so mixed that, like whiskey when made palatable by being mixed with the natural thirst-quenching drink, it makes the world reel morally to and fro like a man drunken with the whiskey toddy; and you wonder at the morally besotted look that is turned upon you when you say "abolish the government," just as the whiskey sot astonishes the temperance man with his besotted preference for the whiskey; but the use of the one like that of the other depends on the way the mixture affects the natural taste. Nature imposes, of necessity, so much of toil and endurance before she will yield to us that which is necessary to existence with its pleasures; and mankind seem to be all equally desirous of possessing the reward of toil without performing the duties of the toil. I do not find any difference between the rich and the poor in this respect. All seem to be animated alike with this fraudulent motive, and hence the universality of the system; but only the few have the ability to carry the action prompted by the motive to success. All mankind, like a set of gamblers who have risked everything on the chances of the game, though they leave the pile to the winner very reluctantly, feel that it is right, because they all equally coveted the pile, feel that all the rights of which they are dispossessed in the universal warfare upon each other belong to the victors because they would all be the victors if they could. This seems to me to be the root of the whole matter; and unless there is some way to graft a sprig of truer motive on this original tree body, which shall regenerate the body, roots and all, to the new nature, there is but little hope for the world. The whole world, churches, states, and people, trades unions, radical papers, and every institution, are either making war upon each other for the purpose of extinguishing, enslaving, and plundering each other, or to defend themselves against these. It is an eternal "strike" against something or somebody. Is there no way to agree, so as to disarm and proceed by a peaceful method of life? Show us how to get this universally inspiring fraudulent motive to escape the duties and secure the rewards out of the heart of mankind. Show us the graft of the pure principle of peace which is to regenerate humanity so that we may realize the promised "Peace on earth."

Enclosed herewith is the club (the dollar) for which I am to have the *privilege* of reading what you have to say about liberty through "Liberty" for another year. And, believe me, I most sincerely desire to find in you the ability to go to the root of this matter and propose the true remedy; because when we get that, the governments will cease to exist from the want of a necessity for their existence.

Your friend,

CALEB PINK.

87 SIXTH ST., BROOKLYN, E. D., N. Y., Aug. 25, 1884.

[Good motives are not the imperative need of the world at the present juncture. There are plenty of people good enough to want to stop this eternal scramble, who would do it if they could see the way. These people need to know the means by which labor is robbed and the means of destroying that means. When enough of them get this knowledge, the robbery will speedily stop, and from that moment the world will begin to grow in goodness. But the world is to be redeemed, not by preaching, but by science; not by goodness, but by knowledge; not by love, but by wisdom. Of this redemption goodness and love will be the glorious fruit.

'Tis not from lack of goodness, man,
The flames of hell are lit.
Hear a whole world's experience
Proclaim: 'Tis lack of wit.

—EDITOR LIBERTY.]

Phonographs.

[Gramont in L'Intransigeant.]

Must we award to M. Edison alone the honor of the invention of the Phonograph?

No; not absolutely.

Long before the famous American, ingenious Nature had invented, created Phonographs. Of another sort. But Phonographs, — indubitably.

One of my bitter joys is the following:

I go to a *café*, — alone. I sit down at a table, in a corner, near a group. I call for some serious publication, — the "Débats" or the "Revue des Deux-Mondes." With my elbows on the table and my head in my hands, I pretend to be absorbed in reading, in swallowing slowly some political or scientific morsel. But I do not read. I listen to what is being said at my side. There is nothing indiscreet in this, my neighbors talking in loud tones and not at all reluctant to be heard.

I choose my places. I know *cafés* that are excellent for this sort of pastime. The beer-shop is good for nothing. At the beer-shop they do not tarry, they do not talk. People come in, sit down, gulp a glass or two, pay, go away, are replaced by others, and so it goes. Bad, the beer-shop! No, the *café* is the place, — a *café* of the old style, in white and gold, with marble tables, an earthen stove, *habitués*, people who come every day, who know each other, meet frequently, talk to each other, and join in games of cards or dominoes.

One must also choose his faces, — not take simply the first that come. For instance, never sit down near a gentleman who is with a lady. You will have your trouble for nothing. You know in advance what they will say. If they are married, they will quarrel; if they are not, they will flatter each other. Nothing to be got from them.

Give me a group of three or four men, good *bourgeois*, who appear to be in a mood for conversation. . . . But it is impossible to formulate rules: it is a question of scent, of instinct. There are certain bellies, certain round eyes, certain low foreheads, that will rarely disappoint your expectations.

The selection made, sit down and listen.

The things that one hears under these circumstances are unforeseen, stupefying, and inexpressible. It is bottomless nonsense, the flatness of the flounder, the commonplace in all its horror; phrases that have trailed everywhere, sayings a century old, jokes that are wrinkled and toothless; the whole covered with a varnish of radiant imbecility. Withal, an absence of head or tail, an utter lack of logic, arguments between whose premises and conclusions there is no sort of connection, opinions that would make the Arc de Triomphe shiver. These things cannot be invented or imagined; one has to hear them. And when you leave or stop listening, Henry Monnier seems to you like a reinforced idealist, his characters appear like heroic personages, historic types.

I swear to you that it is amusing.

Thus it was that I heard a gentleman, playing dominoes, say when he refused: *Non possumus!* It was nothing in itself, but the air, the fashion with which it was said, made it a world.

The *café* is not the only place where one may catch these unutterabilities on the wing. Lately I was in an Odéon omnibus. As we passed the statue of Diderot, in the Place Saint-Germain-des-Prés, I heard a well-appearing gentleman and lady give bibliographic estimates of the Encyclopedist that were novel, I assure you, and piquant. But this is only ignorance, — not, as is generally the case, Stupidity triumphant in its frightful nullity.

Now, in hearing what one hears in this way, one gradually comes to the conclusion that many beings with human faces are in this world simply to stock it, and are human only externally.

They have the organs which articulate sounds, but they are destitute of those which ideas inhabit; they utter words, but without reference to any thought. They are not men: they are simply phonographs.

The Work of Terrorism in Russia.

The "National Belge" gives the following list of "executions" and attempts thereat achieved by the Russian Nihilists:

1. Attempt of Karakosoff, April 16, 1866, upon the Czar Alexander II.
2. Assassination of the spy Tavlejeff at Odessa, September 17, 1876.
3. Assassination of the spy Scharachkine at St. Petersburg in 1877.
4. Assassination of the spy Finogueroff at St. Petersburg in 1877.
5. Assassination of the spy Gorinovicz at Odessa in 1878.
6. Assassination of the police agent Nikonoff at Rostov-sur-Don, February 13, 1878.
7. Attempt of Vera Zassoulitch upon the chief of police, General Trépoff, February 5, 1878.
8. Attempt of Ossinky upon the attorney-general Kotliarevsky at Kieff, March 7, 1878.
9. Attempt of Nikolajeff upon the Czar Alexander II. at Wittemberg in 1878.
10. Assassination of the chief of the secret police of Kieff, Baron de Heyking, May 8, 1878.
11. Assassination of the general chief of the secret police of the Empire, Mesentzeff, at St. Petersburg, August 16, 1878.
12. Assassination of the governor of Charkoff, Prince Kropotkine (brother of the celebrated Anarchist now in prison in France).
13. Assassination of the spy Reinstein at Moscow, March 10, 1879.
14. Attempt of Mirsky upon the chief of secret police, General Drenteln, at St. Petersburg, March 25, 1879.
15. Attempt of Solovjeff upon the Czar Alexander II. at St. Petersburg, April 14, 1879.
16. Assassination of the spy Baranovsky at Kieff, April 12, 1879.
17. Attempt upon the Czar Alexander II. on the Losovo railway, November 30, 1879.
18. Attempt of Hartmann upon the Czar Alexander II. on the Moscow railway, December 1, 1879.
19. Attempt upon the Winter Palace, February 17, 1880.
20. Assassination of the traitor Scharkoff at St. Petersburg, February 17, 1880.
21. Attempt of Miodezki upon the minister of the interior, Count Loris Melikoff, at St. Petersburg, March 4, 1880.
22. Attempt of Polikarpoff upon the police agent Jabramski at Kieff, March 16, 1880.
23. Assassination of the Czar Alexander II., March 12, 1880.
24. Assassination of the spy Neumann at Warsaw, 1881.
25. Attempt of Sankovsky upon the minister of the interior Tscherevine at St. Petersburg, November 25, 1881.
26. Assassination of the attorney-general Strelnikoff at Odessa, March 30, 1882.
27. Attempt of Katitonskaja upon the governor-general of Siberia, General Iliaschevitch, at Tschita, September 29, 1882.
28. Assassination of Colonel Soudeikin, chief of the secret police, and his agent Gontscharoff, at St. Petersburg, December 28, 1883.

The Interview of the Three Emperors.

[Henry Maret in Le Radical.]

FIRST ARTICLE, *September* 15, 1884.

"It is my opinion that the world, which was mad, is becoming wise," said an old author, who was deceived.

The world has yet to revolve many times before becoming wise, and we who are now living shall not see this wisdom.

Here are three men about to meet in a Polish village, and the entire world is speculating upon the conversation that will take place between these three men, the most intelligent of whom is certainly inferior to the most ordinary dweller on Parnassus.

What is there, then, about these three men to attract the attention of the world?

This, — they are emperors.

The hazard of birth has given one of them the right to command the numerous peoples who live in North Germany, and a prime minister, as clever as he is knavish, has won him the advantage of stealing new provinces from his neighbors. From an aged idiot he has become a great man.

The same hazard of birth has given the second the right to command a multitude of slaves scattered from the Caspian to the North Sea. These slaves, stupefied by priests, believe that this man is the good God, and that, when this good God dies, he is replaced by another good God, who is his son. A very ordinary good God, who might be advantageously replaced by his *valet*.

The third owes to the same hazard the right to exact obedience from various peoples,—Hungarians, Croatians, Slavs, Germans, etc. He would like to extend what he calls his possessions into the Orient, though not knowing whether he will be allowed to dine twice more, just as the first-named would like to extend into the Occident, or, in other words, absorb Holland.

That which would lead to the condemnation to hard labor of a thief will be considered the glory of these three men if they succeed.

The world, which has its eyes upon them, pretends that they will occupy themselves with still another matter. They will occupy themselves with the political chessboard, at which the world is very proud. The world adds that the three emperors — that is, these three ordinary men — are going to pass resolutions regarding socialism, which means that they are going to make arrangements to outrage liberty and obstruct the progress of ideas. At this the world is altogether enchanted. Two hundred millions of men are anxiously waiting to see what kicks in the rear they are to receive from these three individuals. And, if there is really a good God in heaven, I fancy that he must be amused at human stupidity.

Remember that it is quite possible that these men will discuss nothing at all, but content themselves with sipping coffee together while talking of bagatelles. Well, you will never make the world believe that, it being convinced that these three men, being born in a certain way and of a certain coition, must know what is good for it better than it knows itself. Men in general are persuaded that these three individuals are not constituted as they are themselves.

It will take several centuries yet for the world to become wise and understand that the only difference between an emperor and a bootblack is in favor of the latter, who is useful.

SECOND ARTICLE, *September* 22, 1884.

Has not the earth felt happier these last few days? Has not your heart expanded, my dear readers? Has not your spleen dilated? Has not a perfumed breeze been blowing to tell you that it is from the gods? If all this has not occurred, nature and you must be guilty of the greatest indecorum. For the three emperors have *deigned* to go hunting.

They have likewise *deigned* to breakfast in the open air. Their august and sacred stomachs have *deigned* to receive mortal nourishment. That always stupefies the editors of the "Figaro," the "Gaulois," and other court journals, who fall in admiration and gratitude before these majesties when they condescend to amuse and enjoy themselves. It seems that for this we owe them eternal gratitude, and that to give our lives for them at the first favorable opportunity is the least that we can do.

The court journals have told us these interesting bits of news. They have thrilled us with the sweetest emotion by informing us as to the form of the dinner table and lamenting the lot of several *great personages* who have had to put up with rather narrow quarters. Let the miners of Anzin dare to complain after that!

There has likewise been a levee and a breakfast, and dinner has been served at exactly six o'clock. The report has spread rapidly, and the people have been plunged into the deepest enchantment. Who would not be enchanted on reading these things? For my part, I have been put in a very merry mood, and have just shouted through the window to a poor devil passing by:

"How can you wear such a hungry aspect, you wretch? Do you not know that the emperors have dined?"

It is said also that over the walnuts and the wine they have *deigned* to consider the happiness of their peoples. Everything that an emperor does he *deigns* to do; the rest of us simply are born and live and die; an emperor *deigns* to be born and *deigns* to live; they do not say that he *deigns* to die, for it is too clear that he resigns himself to that only in the last extremity.

So the emperors have *deigned* to decide, according to the court journals, that it is time to put an end to the Revolution. Prophets moreover have announced that its period is drawing to an end. The happiest symptoms of reaction are felt in all countries, always according to the court journals. The peoples are beginning to see that they were much happier before 1789, in the days when they were beaten, fleeced, and hanged, and when emperors and kings *deigned* to enjoy themselves even more than they do to-day. They clamor loudly for a return to that golden age.

The emperors therefore have decided, in order to satisfy the wishes of their peoples, that in future there shall be no more Revolution They have decided to suppress the Ocean. These three have wiped out a century of history and annulled events. Nothing has happened; Voltaire, Mirabeau, Danton never existed; the "Marseillaise" was never sung; there have been no shouts of liberty; socialism is a simple question of police; we resume the broken chain of time; we are awaking from a bad dream, and, instead of progress, reforms, and the upward march of humanity, the three emperors have decreed that we shall have their three faces to contemplate upon our knees.

Imbeciles!

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

Vol. III.—No. 4. BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1884. Whole No. 56.

" 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.

In this number of Liberty begins a true story of Siberian exile by Stepniak, the celebrated Nihilist and author of the work on "Underground Russia." The character and adventures of the heroine furnish forcible illustration of how true a forecast of reality was Tchernychewsky's romance. "A Female Nihilist" will run through two more numbers and then appear in pamphlet form.

And still another! The Lansing "Sentinel" has set apart several columns of its first page as a labor department under the editorial charge of Joseph A. Labadie, who is appointed for the purpose by the organized workmen of Lansing. His opening utterances have no uncertain sound. He starts with the assertion that "the goal of human civilization is philosophical anarchy," and I copy in another column one of his pithy paragraphs, which shows that he knows what Anarchy means. When Liberty was started, Mr. Labadie was one of the foremost men among the State Socialists, — secretary, I believe, of their national organization. Liberty suggested certain doubts to his mind, which he was so bold as to express in a letter to this paper which appeared in the issue of June 9, 1883. For this show of honest independence the State Socialists excommunicated him. Since then he has been steadily advancing, his doubts have ripened into certainties, and now he takes definite place in the Anarchistic movement. I give him most enthusiastic welcome, knowing the value of his ability and earnestness to whatever cause enlists them.

Fred. May Holland of Concord, Massachusetts, sends me copies of his petitions for church taxation and the repeal of laws discrediting the testimony of atheists, and asks me to say a word in their favor in Liberty. In answer I have sent him the following note, which, as it explains my position on these points, will not be out of place here: "With the spirit of your opposition to sectarianism I am very much in sympathy, but to the forms which you give it I cannot contribute the support that I should like. I think it would be wrong to tax churches, because I think it is wrong to tax anything or anybody. My work is to lift taxes, not to levy them. Concerning the testimony of atheists, I find myself nearer to you, and still not ardently interested, because to decline to accept the testimony of atheists seems to me a trivial wrong beside that of compelling others than atheists to give their testimony. When all public burdens shall be voluntarily borne, I shall hope to see the churches contribute their share during the brief period destined to elapse between that time and their definitive disappearance; and during the somewhat longer period that may precede the disappearance of all necessity for courts, I do not think that one of them, having lost the power to extort testimony, would ever think of exerting that of rejecting testimony on sectarian grounds. I am with you for Equality, but know none worth the having except that which follows in Liberty's train."

"To-Day," the monthly magazine of the English State Socialists, now having seventy-six pages and selling for a shilling, will be reduced in January to forty-eight pages and will therefore be sold for threepence.

Apropos of my recent assertion that I had "no leisure for such gentle and amusing sport" as attacking the Liberal League, the "Truth Seeker" remarks that I might at least find time to answer some questions that its editor recently asked me regarding the constructive side of Anarchy. I fully intended to answer these questions, but, when I sat down to do so, I discovered that I had mislaid the paper containing them. Since then I have written to the "Truth Seeker" for another copy, with which it has not yet seen fit to favor me. When it shall, I will endeavor to satisfy its editor's laudable desire to know more about Anarchy. For such work Liberty always has time.

Charles T. Fowler of Kansas City, one of the most level-headed reformers in the country, has been quiet for a time, but evidently not idle. He now again joins publicly in the work by reviving his journal, "The Sun," as a bi-monthly pamphlet, each number of which will constitute an elaborate essay in itself. The first number treats of "Co-operation: Its Laws and Principles," and is one of the most admirable statements that I have seen in a long time. The second number will explain how the principles of co-operation may be put in practice through the bank, the store, and the factory. Meanwhile a supplementary number is to appear, treating of prohibition in the light of Anarchy. I cannot commend Mr. Fowler's project too highly. Help him in it by sending one dollar to "The Sun, Kansas City, Missouri," for a year's subscription.

"Edgeworth's" criticism of "X" in another column hints that the latter's opposition to segregated reformatory efforts proceeds partly from a bias generated by residence in Boston. This is probably a mistake. In the first place, "X" doesn't live in Boston and seldom visits it; and in the second place, if he agrees with me, he has no exaggerated opinion of Boston purity and morality, but rather regards both at a very low ebb, whether considered relatively or absolutely. But he knows the value and vast power of the agencies that have developed from social life on a large scale, and, instead of throwing them away, wishes, by infusing them with the spirit and practice of Liberty, to utilize them in the service of Equity. For one thing, he would not adopt "Edgeworth's" singular device for escaping taxation by abstaining from the consumption of taxed goods. That would indeed be a leap from the frying-pan into the fire, and the inauguration of a policy that, if consistently applied by Anarchists, would lead them to suicide as the only method of avoiding all complicity with the social evils of our day. No; "X" would have people manufacture, sell, and consume such goods in still larger quantities, and decline to pay any taxes for exercising this natural right. The power to do this, which is destined to result from the organization of credit, will be acquired at best only by a long process, — certainly by an endless one (or perhaps I should say a beginningless one) if Anarchists were to follow "Edgeworth" to the woods.

The Manifest Tendency.

To the Editor of Liberty:

The manifest tendency in our politico-social life is in the direction of centralization, not merely a centralization which subordinates the State to the Nation, but one which subordinates the individual to the collective power, whether of the Nation, the State, or the Municipality. Our people acquiesce in the most outrageous wrongs committed against themselves with scarcely a murmur. They seem to have lost all perception of their rights. Let a scheme be proposed for the further limitation of the liberties of some class, sect, or society, and if they do not happen to approve of the peculiar views or mode of life of said class, sect, or society, they at once fall in with the scheme and give it the sanction of their influence and votes. It is useless to argue with them, to tell them that they have no business to attempt to enforce their notions upon those who do not accept them as true and just; all that they will stop to consider is that these people do not act as they, the censors, think to be right, and so they must be compelled to conform to their idea of what is just and proper. Or, asked to do something to help some poor unfortunate who has incurred the wrath and been made to feel the vengeance of "the powers that be," they will first inquire whether it be really true that he has violated the law, and if satisfied that he has, you cannot get them to lift a finger in his behalf, no matter how unjust is the law of which he is the victim. It is enough for them to know that their god, the majority, has been blasphemed. They, "Liberals" too, strenuously argue that the law must be obeyed under all circumstances, no matter how directly it may contravene the principles of justice and liberty.

Year by year they patiently submit to the grossest invasions of their rights; year by year the policeman and the tax-gatherer become more officious and more exacting; year by year is the domain narrowed which they can call their own; and year by year do the State and the City extend their boundaries and strengthen their power. And this is done by the votes of those who are to play the part of serf in the new order, whatever it may happen to be. They vote away their rights under the delusion that they are thereby increasing their chances of material prosperity, advancing the cause of morality, or gaining additional security for the few rights which they have not yet surrendered to the government. A good many of them do kick quite vigorously against sumptuary legislation, but with the great majority of these it is more a question of personal grievance than it is of intelligent comprehension of their rights and of the sacredness of individual initiative. Vast numbers of them are just as ready to vote for a medical law, or a "tariff for protection," or to exact a license fee from an agent or peddler, or to vote a subsidy from the city treasury in aid of this, that, or the other enterprise, or to vote for compulsory education, as though they had not just been shouting themselves hoarse in behalf of "personal liberty."

And so it goes all around the circle; but very few men who claim to be Freethinkers and reformers are clear and consistent in their demands. Most of them can see tyranny in one place while they are as blind as bats to its presence everywhere else. They are completely at sea in their ideas regarding the rights of man. They have inherited so much from the repressive institutions and usages of the past that it is only by chance that they now and then stumble on to a correct proposition, and then only to contradict it in the next breath by the championship of some tyrannical measure or other. Most of them have some pet scheme for the regeneration of Humanity which they are sure, if they can only get it enacted into a law, will make everything lovely. "Law" is the end-all and be-all.

The "masses" are generally more consistent; no thread of moral light relieves the blackness of the blanket of legality which they would spread over us. On gala days they crack the welkin with their uproarious approbation of the sayings and doings of the "Fathers," and on election day they tramp to the polls and cast their ballots for a lot of amateur despots whom they know will be sure to deny in their legislation every just principle for which the rebels of '76 fought. No wonder that "X" despairs of pulling them out of the mud before they shall have pulled us in with them.

E. C. WALKER.

A FEMALE NIHILIST.

By STEPNIAK,
Author of "Underground Russia."

I.

On the 27th of July, in the year 1878, the little town of Talutorovsk, in Western Siberia, was profoundly excited by a painful event. A political prisoner, named Olga Liubatovitch, it was said, had miserably put an end to her days. She was universally loved and esteemed, and her violent death therefore produced a most mournful impression throughout the town, and the *Ispravnik*, or chief of the police, was secretly accused of having driven the poor young girl, by his unjust persecutions, to take away her life.

Olga was sent to Talutorovsk some months after the trial known as that of the "fifty" of Moscow, in which she was condemned to nine years' hard labor for Socialist propagandism, a punishment afterwards commuted into banishment for life. Unprovided with any means whatever of existence, for her father, a poor engineer with a large family, could send her nothing, Olga succeeded, by indefatigable industry, in establishing herself in a certain position. Although but little skilled in female labor, she endeavored to live by her needle, and became the milliner of the semi-civilized ladies of the town, who went into raptures over her work. These fair dames were firmly convinced — it is impossible to know why — that the elegance of a dress depends above all things upon the number of its pockets. The more pockets there were, the more fashionable the dress. Olga never displayed the slightest disinclination to satisfy this singular taste. She put pockets upon pockets, upon the body, upon the skirts, upon the underskirts; before, behind, everywhere. The married ladies and the young girls were as proud as peacocks, and were convinced that they were dressed like the most fashionable Parisian, and, though they were less profuse with their money than with their praises, yet in that country, where living costs so little, it was easy to make two ends meet. Later on, Olga had an occupation more congenial to her habits. Before entering the manufactories and workshops as a sempstress in order to carry on the Socialist propaganda, she had studied medicine for some years at Zurich, and she could not now do less than lend her assistance in certain cases of illness. This soon gave her a reputation, and, at the request of the citizens, the police accorded to her the permission to fill the post of apothecary and phlebotomist, as the former occupant of that post, owing to habitual drunkenness, was fit for nothing. Not unfrequently she even took the place of the district doctor, a worthy man who, owing to old age and a partiality for brandy, was in such a state that he could not venture upon delicate operations, because his hands shook. She acted for him also in many serious cases baffling his antediluvian knowledge. Some of her cures were considered miraculous; among others, that of the district judge, whom, by determined treatment, she had saved after a violent attack of *delirium tremens*, a malady common to almost all men in that wild country.

In a word, Olga was in great favor with the peaceful citizens of Talutorovsk. The hatred of the police towards her was all the greater for that reason. Her proud and independent disposition would not permit her to submit to the stupid and humiliating exigencies of the representatives of the Government. Those representatives, barbarous and overbearing as they were, considered every attempt to defend personal dignity a want of respect towards themselves, — nay, a provocation, and neglected no occasion of taking their revenge. There was always a latent war between Olga and her guardians, a war of the weak, bound hand and foot, against the strong, armed at all points; for the police have almost arbitrary power over the political prisoners who are under their surveillance. In this very unequal struggle, however, Olga did not always come off the worst, as often happens in the case of those who, proud, daring, and fearing nothing, are always ready to risk everything for the merest trifle. One of these conflicts, which lasted four days and kept the whole of the little town in a state of excitement by its dramatic incidents, was so singular that it deserves to be related.

Olga had had sent from her parents a parcel of books, which, in her position, was a gift indeed. She went to the *Ispravnik* to get them, but met with an unforeseen obstacle. Among the books sent to her was a translation of the "Sociology" of Herbert Spencer, and the *Ispravnik* mistook it for a work on *Socialism*, and would not on any account give it up to her. In vain Olga pointed out to him that the incriminated book had been published at St. Petersburg with the license of the Censorship; that sociology and socialism were very different things, etc. The *Ispravnik* was stubborn. The discussion grew warm. Olga could not restrain some sharp remarks upon the gross ignorance of her opponent, and ended by telling him that his precautions were utterly useless as she had at home a dozen books like that of Herbert Spencer.

"Oh! you have books like this at home, have you?" exclaimed the *Ispravnik*. "Very well; we'll come and search the house this very day."

"No," exclaimed Olga, in a fury; "you will do nothing of the kind; you have no right, and, if you dare to come, I will defend myself"

With these words she left the place, thoroughly enraged.

War was declared, and the rumor spread throughout the town, and everywhere excited a kind of timorous curiosity.

Directly Olga reached her home she shut herself up and barricaded the door. The *Ispravnik*, on his side, prepared for the attack. He mustered a band of policemen, with some *poniatye*, or citizen-witnesses, and sent them to the enemy's house.

Finding the entrance closed and the door barricaded, the valorous army began to knock energetically, and ordered the inmate to open.

"I will not open the door," replied the voice of Olga within.

"Open, in the name of the law."

"I will not open the door. Break it in! I will defend myself."

At this explicit declaration the band became perplexed. A council of war was held. "We must break open the door," they all said. But as all these valiant folks had families, wives, and children whom they did not wish to leave orphans, no one cared to face the bullets of this mad woman, whom they knew to be capable of anything. Each urged his neighbor onward, but no one cared to go forward himself.

Recourse was had to diplomacy.

"Open the door, Miss."

No reply.

"Please to open the door, or you will repent it."

"I will not open the door," replied the firm voice of the besieged.

What was to be done? A messenger was sent to the *Ispravnik* to inform him that Olga Liubatovitch had shut herself up in her house, had pointed a pistol at them, and had threatened to blow out the brains of the first who entered.

The *Ispravnik*, considering that the task of leadership would fall to him as supreme chief (and he also had a family), did not care to undertake the perilous enterprise. His army, seeing itself thus abandoned by its leader, was in dismay; it lost courage; demoralization set in, and after a few more diplomatic attempts, which led to nothing, it beat a disgraceful retreat. A select corps of observation remained, however, near the enemy's citadel, entrenched behind the hedges of the adjoining kitchen-gardens. It was hoped that the enemy, elated by the victory in this first encounter, would make a sortie, and then would be easily taken, in flank and rear, surrounded, and defeated.

But the enemy displayed as much prudence as firmness. Perceiving the manœuvres of her adversaries, Olga divined their object, and did not issue from the house all that day, or the day after, or even on the third day. The house was provided with provisions and water, and Olga was evidently prepared to sustain a long siege.

It was clear that, if no one would risk his life, which naturally no one was disposed to risk, nothing could be done save to reduce her by hunger. But who, in that case, could tell how long the scandal of this flagrant rebellion would last? And then, who could guarantee that this Fury would not commit suicide instead of surrendering? And then, what complaints, what reprimands from superiors?

In this perplexity, the *Ispravnik* resolved to select the least among many evils, and on the fourth day he raised the siege.

Thus ended the little drama of July, 1878, known in Siberia as the "Siege of Olga Liubatovitch." The best of the joke was, however, that she had no arms of a more warlike character than a penknife and some kitchen utensils. She herself had not the slightest idea what would have happened had they stormed her house, but that she would have defended herself in some way or other is quite certain.

The *Ispravnik* might have made her pay for her rebellion by several years of confinement, but how could he confess to his superiors the cowardice of himself and his subordinates? He preferred, therefore, to leave her in peace. But he chafed in secret, for he saw that the partisans of the young socialist — and they were far from few — ridiculed himself and his men behind their backs. He determined to vindicate his offended dignity at all cost, and, being of a stubborn disposition, he carried out his resolve in the following manner.

A fortnight after the famous siege, he sent a message to Olga to come to his office at eight o'clock in the morning. She went. She waited an hour; two hours; but no one came to explain what she was wanted for. She began to lose patience, and declared that she would go away. But the official in attendance told her that she must not go; that she must wait; such were the orders of the *Ispravnik*. She waited until eleven o'clock. No one came. At last a subaltern appeared, and Olga addressed herself to him and asked what she was wanted for. The man replied that he did not know, that the *Ispravnik* would tell her when he came in. He could not say, however, when the *Ispravnik* would arrive.

"In that case," said Olga, "I should prefer to return some other time."

But the police officer declared that she must continue to wait in the antechamber of the office, for such were the orders of the *Ispravnik*. There could be no doubt that all this was a disgraceful attempt to provoke her, and Olga, who was of a very irascible disposition, replied with some observations not of the most respectful character, and not particularly flattering to the *Ispravnik* or his deputy.

"Oh! that's how you treat the representatives of the Government in the exercise of their functions, is it?" exclaimed the deputy, as though prepared for this. And he immediately called in another policeman as a witness, and drew up a statement of the charge against her

Olga went away. But proceedings were taken against her before the district judge, the very man whom she had cured of *delirium tremens*, who sentenced her to three days' solitary confinement. It was confinement in a dark, fetid hole, full of filth and vermin.

Merely in entering it, she was overcome with disgust. When she was released, she seemed to have passed through a serious illness. It was not, however, the physical sufferings she had undergone so much as the humiliation she had endured which chafed her proud disposition.

From that time she became gloomy, taciturn, abrupt. She spent whole days shut up in her room, without seeing anybody, or wandered away from the town into the neighboring wood, and avoided people. She was evidently planning something. Among the worthy citizens of Talutorovsk, who had a compassionate feeling towards her, some said one thing, some another, but no one foresaw such a tragic ending as that of which rumors ran on July 27.

In the morning the landlady entered her room and found it empty. The bed, undisturbed, clearly showed that she had not slept in it. She had disappeared. The first idea which flashed through the mind of the old dame was that Olga had escaped, and she ran in all haste to inform the *Ispravnik*, fearing that any delay would be considered as a proof of complicity.

The *Ispravnik* did not lose a moment. Olga Liubatovitch being one of the most seriously compromised women, he feared the severest censure, perhaps even dismissal, for his want of vigilance. He immediately hastened to the spot in order to discover if possible the direction the fugitive had taken. But directly he entered the room he found upon the table two letters signed and sealed, one addressed to the authorities, the other to the sister of Olga, Véra Liubatovitch, who had also been banished to another Siberian town. These letters were immediately opened by the *Ispravnik*, and they revealed the mournful fact that the young girl had not taken to flight, but had committed suicide. In the letter addressed to the authorities she said, in a few lines, that she died by her own hand, and begged that nobody might be blamed. To her sister she wrote more fully, explaining that her life of continuous annoyance, of inactivity, and of gradual wasting away, which is the life of a political prisoner in Siberia, had become hateful to her, that she could no longer endure it, and preferred to drown herself in the Tobol. She finished by affectionately begging her sister to forgive her for the grief she might cause her and her friends and companions in misfortune. Without wasting a moment, the *Ispravnik* hastened to the Tobol, and there he found the confirmation of the revelation of Olga. Parts of her dress dangled upon the bushes, under which lay her bonnet, lapped by the rippling water. Some peasants said that on the previous day they had seen the young girl wandering on the bank with a gloomy and melancholy aspect, looking fixedly at the turbid waters of the river. The *Ispravnik*, through whose hands all the correspondence passed of the political prisoners banished to his district, recalled certain expressions and remarks that had struck him in the last letters of Olga Liubatovitch, the meaning of which now became clear.

There could no longer be any doubt. The *Ispravnik* sent for all the fishermen near, and began to drag the river with poles, casting in nets to recover the body. This, however, led to nothing. Nor was it surprising: the broad river was so rapid that in a single night it must have carried a body away — who knows how many leagues? For three days the *Ispravnik* continued his efforts, and stubbornly endeavored to make the river surrender its prey. But at last, after having worn

out all his people and broken several nets against the stones and old trunks which the river mocked him with, he had to give up the attempt as unavailing.

II.

The body of Olga, her heart within it throbbing with joy and uncertainty, had meanwhile been hurried away, not by the yellow waters of the Tobol, but by a vehicle drawn by two horses galloping at full speed.

(To be continued.)

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

A ROMANCE.

By N. G. TCHERNYCHEWSKY.

Translated by Benj. R. Tucker.

Continued from No. 55.

But they all view these things in the same way and as if they were one and the same thing, so that to them comfort, sensuality, virtue, morality seem identical. But all this is true only from the Chinese standpoint; they themselves, on the contrary, find very great differences in their views corresponding to the diversity of their natures. How grasp all these differences?

When Europeans talk over their affairs with each other, but only with each other and not with the Chinese, the diversity of their natures is visible. So is it with our new men; we see in them a great diversity when the relations between themselves and not with others are before us. We have seen two individuals of this type, Véra Pavlovna and Lopoukhoff, and we have seen what their relations were. A third individual now appears upon the scene. Let us see what differences will grow out of the possibility now open to one of the three of making a comparison between the two others. Véra Pavlovna now has before her Lopoukhoff and Kirsanoff. Formerly she had no choice to make; now she may make one.

X.

Nevertheless two or three words must be said of Kirsanoff's outer man.

He too, like Lopoukhoff, had regular and beautiful features. Some thought the latter more beautiful, others the former. Lopoukhoff, who was darker, had hair of a deep chestnut color, sparkling brown eyes that seemed almost black, an aquiline nose, thick lips, and a somewhat oval face.

Kirsanoff had moderately thick light hair, blue eyes, a Grecian nose, a small mouth, and an oblong face of rare whiteness.

Kirsanoff's position was a fairly good one. He already had a chair. The electors were against him by an enormous majority, and he not only would not have obtained a chair, but would not even have been made a doctor at the final examination at the Academy, had it not been impossible to avoid it. Two or three young people and one of his old professors, a man already advanced in age, all his friends, had long since reported to the others that there existed in the world a man named Virchow and that this Virchow lived in Berlin, and a man named Claude Bernard and that this Claude Bernard lived in Paris, and I know not how many more names of men of this sort, which my memory does not retain and who also lived in different cities; they had also said that these Virchows, Claude Bernards, and others were scientific luminaries.

All that was improbable in the last degree, for we well know the luminaries of science, — Bœrhoave, Hufeland; Harvey was also a great *savant*, being the discoverer of the circulation of the blood; likewise Jenner, who taught us vaccination; these we know, but, as for these Virchows, and these Claude Bernards, we do not know them. What sort of luminaries are they, then? The devil knows. This same Claude Bernard showed appreciation of Kirsanoff's work before he had finished his last year as a student; of course, then, it was impossible to avoid electing him. So they gave Kirsanoff a physician's diploma and about eighteen months afterward a chair. The students said that he was a valuable addition to the number of good professors. Of practice he had none, and said that he had abandoned the practice of medicine. But he spent many hours at the hospital; he often dined there and sometimes slept there. What did he do there? He said that he worked there for science and not for the sick: "I do not treat patients, I only observe and experiment." The students sustained this opinion and added that none but imbeciles treat the sick now, for no one yet knows how to treat them. The hospital attendants thought otherwise: "See, Kirsanoff takes this patient into his ward; the case must be a serious one," said they to each other; and then they said to the patient: "Be tranquil; no disease can stand against this doctor; he is a master, and a father besides."

XI.

For the first few months after Véra Pavlovna's marriage Kirsanoff visited the Lopoukhoffs very often, almost every other day, I might say almost every day and be nearer the truth. He became soon, if not from the very first, as intimate a friend of Véra Pavlovna as of Lopoukhoff himself. That lasted about six months. One day, when they were talking freely, as was their custom, Kirsanoff, who had had the most to say, suddenly became silent.

"What is the matter with you, Alexander?"

"Why do you stop, Alexander Matvéitch?"

"Oh, it is nothing; I am seized with a fit of melancholy."

"That is something that rarely happens to you, Alexander Matvéitch," said Véra Pavlovna.

"It never happens to me without cause," said Kirsanoff, in a tone which seemed strained.

A little later, rather sooner than usual, he rose and went away, taking his leave, as he always did, unceremoniously.

Two days afterward Lopoukhoff told Véra Pavlovna that he had been to see Kirsanoff, and he had been received by him in a rather singular fashion, as if Kirsanoff were trying to be agreeable to him, which was quite unnecessary, considering their relations. Lopoukhoff, after watching him a while, had said to him frankly: "It seems to me that you are out of sorts towards us, Alexander; with whom are you offended? Perhaps with me?"

"No."

"With Vérotchka?"

"No."

"But what is the matter, then?"

"Nothing; you take notions, I don't know why."

"You do not feel right toward me today; something is the matter with you."

Kirsanoff was profuse with his assurances: nothing was the matter; in what way had he shown himself put out? Then, as if ashamed, he again threw off ceremony and became very cordial. Lopoukhoff, seizing the opportunity, said to him:

"Now, Alexander, tell me, why are you out of sorts?"

"I never dreamed of such a thing,"—and again he became mawkish and affected.

What an enigma! Lopoukhoff recalled nothing that could have offended him; indeed, such a thing was not possible, considering their reciprocal esteem and profound friendship. Véra Pavlovna, too, asked herself if she had not offended him, but was as unable to find anything, knowing perfectly well that she, no more than her husband, could have offended him.

Two days more passed. Not to come to the Lopoukhoffs' for four days together was an extraordinary thing for Kirsanoff. Véra Pavlovna even wondered if he were not unwell. Lopoukhoff went to see if he were not really sick. Sick? No, not at all: but still he was out of sorts. To Lopoukhoff's urgent inquiries and after several times saying "No" and several times "It is your imagination," he began to talk all sorts of nonsense about his feelings toward Lopoukhoff and Véra Pavlovna: he loved them and esteemed them highly. From all that it was to be inferred that they had wronged him, and the worst of it was that in his remarks there was no allusion to anything of the kind. It was evident that they had offended him. It seemed so strange to Lopoukhoff to see this in a man like Kirsanoff that he said: "Listen, we are friends; all this ought really to make you blush." Kirsanoff answered with an affected sorrow that perhaps he was too sensitive, but that on several occasions he had felt hurt.

"But at what?"

He began to enumerate a great number of things that had happened lately, all of them things of this sort:

"You said that the lighter the color of a man's hair, the weaker he is. Véra Pavlovna said that tea had risen in price. One was an ill-natured jest on the color of my hair. The other was an allusion to the fact that I was your guest."

Lopoukhoff stood stupefied: "Pride governs all his thoughts, or, rather, he has become simply a fool, a fool in four letters."

Lopoukhoff went home a little saddened; it was painful to him to see such failings in a man whom he so much loved. To Véra Pavlovna's questions on the subject he replied sadly that it was better not to talk about it, that Kirsanoff said disagreeable things, and that probably he was sick.

Three or four days later Kirsanoff came back to himself, recognized the imbecility of his words, and called on the Lopoukhoffs, behaving himself as he had been wont to do. Then he began to tell how stupid he had been. From Véra Pavlovna's words he saw that his conversation had not been reported; he sincerely thanked Lopoukhoff for his discretion, and to punish himself told all to Véra Pavlovna; he feelingly excused himself, saying that he was sick and had been in the wrong. Véra Pavlovna bade him abandon the subject, declaring that these were stupidities; he caught at the word "stupidities," and began to talk all sorts of twaddle no less senseless than the things he had said to Lopoukhoff: he said with much reserve and *finesse* that certainly these things were "stupidities," for he fully realized his inferiority to the Lopoukhoffs, but that he deserved nothing else, etc., the whole being said with veiled allusions and accompanied by the most amiable assurances of esteem and devotion.

Véra Pavlovna, at hearing him go on in this way, stood as stupefied as her husband had before her. After Kirsanoff's departure they remembered that some days before their friend had shown signs of very singular stupidity. At the time they had neither remarked upon nor understood it; now his remarks became clear to them; they were of the same sort, only less pronounced.

Kirsanoff again began to visit the Lopoukhoffs frequently; but the continuation of the former simple relations was no longer possible. From under the mask of a good and intelligent man had protruded for several days asses' ears of such length that the Lopoukhoffs would have lost a large share of their esteem for their former friend even if the ears had not reappeared; but they continued to show themselves from time to time, and, although they did not seem so long as before and were each time withdrawn precipitately, there was always something pitiable, vile, and stupid about them.

Soon the Lopoukhoffs grew cold toward him. Finding in this an excuse, he stopped his visits. But he saw Lopoukhoff at the house of one of their friends. Some time after, his conduct improving, Lopoukhoff's aversion to him began to weaken, and he began to visit him again. Within a year Kirsanoff resumed his visits at the Lopoukhoffs'; he again became the excellent Kirsanoff of former days, unaffected and loyal. But he came rarely: it was plain that he was not at his ease, remembering the foolish part that he had played. Lopoukhoff and Véra Pavlovna had almost forgotten it. But relations once broken off are never quite reestablished. Judging from appearances, he and Lopoukhoff had become friends again, and Lopoukhoff really esteemed him now almost as much as before and visited him often; Véra Pavlovna, too, had restored to him a portion of her good graces, but she saw him only rarely.

XII.

Lopoukhoff's sickness, or, better, Véra Pavlovna's extreme attachment to her husband, having forced Kirsanoff to maintain intimate daily relations with the Lopoukhoffs for more than a week, he clearly saw that he was entering upon a perilous path in deciding to pass his nights near Lopoukhoff in order to prevent Véra Pavlovna from being her husband's sick-nurse. He was very happy and proud at having succeeded so well in doing all that he had deemed necessary to arrest the development of his passion when he had perceived its symptoms three years before. Two or three weeks afterward he had been unable to avoid returning to the Lopoukhoffs'. But even at those times he had felt more pleasure over his firmness in the struggle than suffering at his privation, and a month later he did not suffer at all; the only feeling left being that of satisfaction with his upright conduct. So tranquil and pure was his soul.

But now the danger was greater than then: in these three years Véra Pavlovna had certainly greatly developed morally; then she was half a child, now it was quite a different thing: the feeling that she inspired could no longer be the light attachment that one feels for a little girl whom one loves and at the same time admires her innocence. And not only had she developed morally; with us here in the North, when a woman is really beautiful, she grows more and more so every year. Yes, at that age three years of life do a great deal to develop the good and the beautiful in the soul, in the eyes, in the features, and in the entire person, if the person be moral and good.

The danger was great, but for him only; as for Véra Pavlovna, what risk had she to run? She loved her husband, and Kirsanoff was not thoughtless and

Continued on page 6.

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BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
A. P. KELLY, - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

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"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.

Sublime Self-Government.

Says the goody-goody Providence "Journal," formerly organ of Senator Anthony, whom a kind Providence lately removed:

Never has a national election more forcibly illustrated the importance of every freeman's ballot. For hours millions of people throughout the United States were anxiously waiting to ascertain the result of the voting in obscure and far-away towns of New York, the names of which few outside their own immediate neighborhood had ever heard. Yet on the ballots cast in those distant corners of the Empire State appeared to rest the verdict of the Presidential contest. The freeman going to the polls in a backwoods district may by his vote decide who shall be the chief magistrate over fifty-five millions of people, the greatest and wealthiest nation on the face of the globe. It is a proud and it is a grave responsibility. In the words of Whittier:

No jest is this,
One cast amiss,
May blast the hope of freedom's year.

And yet this is what the accredited wise, learned, and pious among us are pleased to call "self-government." No jest is this, indeed, and it was still less a jest when Carlyle dubbed us a nation of fools. Fifty-five millions of "freemen" hugging the bulletins for hours in feverish anxiety to await the verdict of a few hundred backwoodsmen in western New York as to who should rule over them, is a satire upon our vaunted pretensions to being a government of the whole people which might well start Balaam's ass from the grave.

But the verdict to be pronounced upon the fifty-five millions of self-governing fools was after all not to come from that direction. One Rev. Burchard, whom the foxy Blaine had summoned to pose as the mouthpiece of his fellow ecclesiastical jugglers in anointing a free-love marriage, could not resist the temptation to treat the self-governing fifty-five millions of fools to a sledge-hammer illustration of that happy rhetorical device known as alliteration. The result was that a few hundred ignorant sensitives each plumped in that sublime "one cast amiss" of the Quaker poet, and the fifty-five million self-governing fools were governed accordingly.

I can reconcile myself to many varieties of stultification, but that an honest and presumedly intelligent man can make it the one sublime boast of our self-governing system that an ignorant backwoodsman or a priest-ridden fanatic may easily deposit in the ballot-box a sceptre fortified beyond appeal, which shall coerce fifty-five millions of "freemen," bodes an order of insanity that it is difficult to diagnose to my satisfaction.

When, in addition to all this, we reflect that one-half of the people — the women — had no voice at all, and that of the men scarcely over one-fifth had any vote either, the sublime feat of the ignorant backwoodsman or the priest-ridden Romanist sensitive becomes refreshingly interesting.

Even under the outspoken admission of our fifty-five million self-governing friends, "Burchard elected Cleveland." The student of English history finds in Warwick, surnamed the king-maker, not a few of the robust traits of his time which make him a comparatively respectable figure. But the genius of Republicanism in these self-governing days has brought us face to face with Burchard, the president-maker. This is no jest. In it lies the sublimest boast of the fifty-five million voting fools.

How long sane and honest men can contemplate the points above suggested without turning their backs upon the whole swindle will be evident in due time. The fifty-five million fools are innocently so, since the tricks of statecraft have up to this time forestalled all Anarchistic literature. Our propaganda is now well under way, however, and I fancy I can count the years on my fingers when the Anarchists will be the most powerful reform element in this country. X.

Free Money.

To the Editor of Liberty:

The "Picket Duty" remarks of November 22 in regard to the importance of "free money" (with which I mainly agree) impel me to say a few words upon the subject. It is desirable, it seems to me, that Liberty should give its ideas upon that subject in a more systematic form than it has yet done. (1) To be sure, it is easy for those who think to see that, if all laws in regard to money were abolished, commerce would readily provide its instruments of exchange. This might be promissory notes, or warehouse receipts, bills of lading, &c.; but, whatever it might be, the Anarchist could not doubt it would be better than that ever issued under monopoly.

Theoretically, at least, Liberty has expressed the idea that any circulating medium should be made redeemable; but in what? If in gold, or in gold and silver, does it not involve the principle of a *legal* tender, or of a tender of "common consent?" and they do not greatly differ. (2) It seems to me that the great fraud in regard to money starts just here, and vitiates all forms of finance as of trade. (3) I define money to be, a commodity or representative of a commodity, accepted by or forced upon the common consent, as *an invariable ratio and medium of exchange.* Now, since the price of all things else is variable and subject to extreme fluctuations, the dollar in exchange, and especially where the exchange is suspended as in borrowing, or buying on credit, becomes, as friend Pink suggests, a "war club" rather than a tool or instrument of commerce.

Pardon me if I inflict some technicalities upon the readers of Liberty. I would discard the use of the word *value* from questions of exchange, or else divide its several parts, as value in use, value in service and compensation, and value in exchange. But ratio is a much better word. I would then define the Ratio of Utility to be, the proportion in which anything or service effects useful ends, in sustaining human life or adding to human enjoyment, — a constant Ratio.

The Ratio of Service, the proportion in which different services, of the same duration in time, effect useful ends.

The Ratio of Exchange, the proportion in which one commodity or service will exchange for another service or commodity at the same time and place. This is a variable ratio, *whose* MEAN *is the ratio of service.*

I cannot stop now to argue the correctness of these definitions. It must be seen that unless a commodity could be found, which would answer every useful purpose, and could be readily obtained by all, it could not be made a tender without inflicting great injustice on the many. But as such commodity cannot be found, a commodity, gold, has been assumed to have an invariable value, although the most variable in value of all the metals, and about the least useful; of a limited and irregular production and widely varying demand. With the addition of silver to the standard, the great injustice to labor is only divided, not changed.

As defined above, the only invariable ratio is that of use. A pound of flour of the same quality will at all times and places satisfy the same demand for food. The hundred weight of coal will at all times and places give off the same amount of heat in combustion, &c.; having no reference either to the money or labor cost. Now, since labor is the only thing which can procure or produce articles of use, that is naturally the controlling element in exchange, and the only thing that commands a stable price or furnishes a stable ratio.

Though gold is assumed as the standard of value, it is well known that for ages the "promise to pay" this has constituted mainly the currency and medium of exchange of most nations.

The method of issuing this promissory money has been a great injustice to industry, and its almost infinite extension of the usurpation of the gold-tender fraud is now robbing labor of a large share of its production, by the control it gives to the usurer and speculator, who can make the rate low when produce is coming under their control, and high when it is being returned for use to the people; and can make money scarce and dear when they loan it, and plenty and cheap when they gather it in.

I think I have shown that the base of the money evil lies mainly in the monstrous assumption that the value of one of the most variable of things should be assumed to be an *invariable quantity*, and the standard of measurement of all other things. A gum elastic yard-stick or gallon measure, or a shifting scale-beam, would suggest far more equitable dealing.

I know of but one invariable standard, and that is labor; but what is its unit? And by what method shall it be expressed? Can Liberty give us light upon this subject? (4) I have yet seen no feasible method by which credit or debt can serve safely as money, nor any honest way in which fiat money can be put in circulation. It appears to me now that, while men seek credit, they will have to pay interest, and that only by restoring opportunity to those who are now denied it by our monopolies of land, of money, and of public franchises, and so relieving them of the necessity of borrowing, can we hope to mitigate the evils of our money and trade iniquities. (5)

Credit being an incompleted exchange, in which one of the equivalents is not transferred, if we are to acknowledge it as an economic transaction, I see not why we should not accept that also where neither of the equivalents are transferred, as in produce and stock-gambling. (6) McLeod, I think, saw this dilemma, and therefore holds that the negotiable promissory note is payment for the thing for which it is given. Yet, nevertheless, at maturity it will require a transfer of the counterbalancing equivalent, just the same as if a mere book account.

Credit is doubtless necessary under an inverted system of industry, finance, and trade; but I am unable to see that it has any place in an honest state of things, except to conserve value, as where one puts things in another's care. It is vastly convenient, no doubt, for the profit-monger and speculator, as for the usurer, and without it neither could well thrive. In agreeing with the Anarchists that the state should not interfere to prevent, regulate, or enforce credit contracts, perhaps I go beyond them in excluding it from any economic recognition whatever, except as a means of conserving goods from decay and depreciation, involving always a service for which the creditor should pay. J. K. INGALLS.

(1.) Liberty is published not so much to thoroughly inform its readers regarding the ideas which it advocates as to interest them to seek this thorough information through other channels. For instance, in regard to free money, there is a book — "Mutual Banking," by William B. Greene — which sets forth the evils of money monopoly and the blessings of gratuitous credit in a perfectly plain and convincing way to all who will take the pains to study and understand it. Liberty can only state baldly the principles which Greene advocates and hint at some of their applications and results. Whomsoever such statements and hints serve to interest can and will secure the book of me for a small sum. Substantially the same views, presented in different ways, are to be found in the financial writings of Lysander Spooner, Stephen Pearl Andrews, Josiah Warren, and, above all, P. J. Proudhon, whose untranslated works contain untold treasures which I hope some day to put within the reach of English readers.

(2.) Yes, it does involve one of these, but between the two there is all the difference that there is between force and freedom, authority and liberty. And where the tender is one of "common consent," those who do not like it are at liberty to consent in common to use any other and better one that they can devise.

(3.) It is difficult for me to see any fraud in promising to pay a certain thing at a certain time, or on demand, and keeping the promise. That is what we do when we issue redeemable money and afterwards redeem it. The fraud in regard to money consists not in this, but in limiting by law the security for these promises to pay to a special kind of property, limited in quantity and easily monopolizable.

(4.) It is doubtful if there is anything more variable in its purchasing power than labor. The causes of this are partly natural, such as the changing conditions of production, and partly and principally artificial, such as the legal monopolies that impart fictitious values. But labor expended in certain directions is unquestionably more constant in its average results than when expended in other directions. Hence the advantage of using the commodities resulting from the former for the redemption of currency whenever redemption shall be demanded. Whether gold and silver are among these commodities is a question, not of principle, but of statistics. As a matter of fact, the holders of good redeemable money seldom ask for any other redemption than its acceptance in the market and its final cancellation by the issuer's restoration of the securities on which it was issued. But in case any other redemption is desired, it is necessary to adopt for the purpose some

commodity easily transferable and most nearly invariable in value.

(5.) Does Mr. Ingalls mean that all money must be abolished? I can see no other inference from his position. For there are only two kinds of money, — commodity money and credit money. The former he certainly does not believe in, the latter he thinks fraudulent and unsafe. Are we, then, to stop exchanging the products of our labor?

(6.) It is the natural right of every man to gamble if he chooses to, and he has as good a right to make his bets on the rise and fall of grain prices as on anything else; only he must not gamble with loaded dice, or be allowed special privileges whereby he can control the price of grain. Hence, in a free and open market, these transactions where neither equivalent is transferred are legitimate enough. But they are unwise, because, apart from the winning or losing of the bet, there is no advantage to be gained from them. Transactions, on the other hand, in which only one equivalent is immediately transferred are frequently of the greatest advantage, as they enable men to get possession of tools which they immediately need but cannot immediately pay for. Of course the promise to pay is liable to be more or less valuable at maturity than when issued, but so is the property originally transferred. The borrower is no more exempt than the lender from the effects of variations in value. And the interests of the holder of property who neither borrows or lends is also just as much affected by them. There is an element of chance in all property relations. So far as this is due to monopoly and privilege, we must do our best to abolish it; so far as it is natural and inevitable, we must get along with it as best we can, but not be frightened by it into discarding credit and money, the most potent instruments of association and civilization. T.

Unadulterated Gall.

[Chicago Alarm.]

In answer to Liberty's column and a half on our criticism of his first notice of us, we are glad to notice his partial conversion and accept his apology.

Communistic Anarchists.

[Die Zukunft.]

A discussion on the above theme appeared recently in the columns of our fellow-soldiers, Liberty and "The Alarm." Setting aside the merely technical word-fight over "to own" and "to possess," we believe it our duty to take part in that controversy. While doing this, we would most emphatically say that, in spite of our really different standpoints, we see Communistic Anarchists as our best friends, who, with logical inevitableness would have to come to our point of view if they did not prefer to become Communists or Social Democrats. We will not here attempt to explain their hesitation in accepting Anarchistic principles with all their logical consequences, or to consider whether it arises from practical considerations relative to the agitation or is that peculiar ideal echo of earlier entertained ideas. It suffices to know of their recognition of the total worthlessness of all authority or government, as opposed to the right of self-determination of the individual.

The expression "Communistic Anarchists" constitutes a *contradictio in adjecto*, a contradiction in itself, in so far as with the adjective "Communistic" an idea of constraint or compulsion is associated. If, however, that is not the case, if it be held as meaning only a wish, a view of the best method of reaching the greatest possible material good of a free Anarchistical society, then, in our opinion, the adjective is superfluous, and therefore of more than doubtful worth. Also, the use of the same does not tally with the meaning that the spoken word involves. But in the discussion between Liberty and "The Alarm" the question over the meaning of the word "Communistic" has already found its answer in the demand of "The Alarm" to make all means of production common property. It is a quasi law of nature among men that the product of work belongs to its producers, the workers who can freely dispose of it. This the "Alarm" acknowledges also, but only to revoke it in the above-presented proposal.

But if we reflect only a moment over the apparently simple question of the attributes in common of the means of production, — land, powers of nature, machinery, wood, minerals, seeds, etc., — what are not means of production? Will the "Alarm" or anyone undertake to draw a sharp dividing line? It is an impossibility. Who shall decide? And whoever decides, where is the Anarchy?

What is common property, which is not controlled by an organized association? Such a property would be the property of every one, and no one would have a reason for decreeing capital punishment for the abuse of the same. If the "Alarm" understands by common property that of an organized society, how will it then escape the consequences? True, faithful friends, we give our comrades to consider that, in our opinion, every alliance of Anarchy with Communism is a logical *salto mortale*, which we, however difficult it may be, must avoid for love of liberty and our principles.

How Labor is Robbed.

[Lansing Sentinel.]

The only methods by which the laborer is robbed of the fruits of his toil are interest, profit, and rent, and until these are abolished entirely the opportunity remains for some one to get something for nothing, and a system that allows the getting of something for nothing is a robber system. All wealth is produced by labor, and if anybody gets wealth otherwise than by labor he gets it dishonestly, no matter how many statute laws there are that favor it. Because a statute law allows the doing of anything it does not necessarily follow that the doing of it is right. If the working people could only be made to realize the fact that it is by statute law that they are robbed, they would take measures to abolish about ninety-nine out of every hundred that we now have, and look with suspicion on what remained. Interest, profit, and rent, all find their greatest support in legislative enactments.

Railroad Monopoly and Machinery.

The following additions to "Edgeworth's" review of General Trumbull's new book on free trade, printed in the last number of Liberty, arrived too late to appear with the body of the article.

WHIPPING THE DEVIL ROUND THE STUMP.

To point the moral and adorn the tale, hear the complaint of a Californian, Frank Sullivan, a Democratic protectionist, in the San Francisco "Chronicle:"

A Republican Congress established free trade with the Sandwich Islands, and therefore Mr. Spreckels controls the sugar trade. He likes protection as far as the East goes, so that the East cannot compete with him in the sugar trade on this coast, but he does not like protection for the Sandwich Island trade. It is an outrage to pay such a man a tribute for sugar. He himself pays one hundred thousand dollars a year to the Central Pacific Railroad Company to shut out Eastern sugar from our State. The people are under the feet of Spreckels.

This instance does not make against Free Trade, but shows its insufficiency as a mere negation of protective tariffs by government, since monopolizing capital in one branch of importation by water can by conspiracy with another branch of monopoly, in railroad transportation, ransom the public at discretion. But for the concessions of privilege accorded by government to the Central Pacific road, would not such monopoly have been impossible, from the absence or modification of one of its factors? Were the growth of the railroad system not fostered as a hot bed culture by speculators, but left to spontaneous evolution by the wants of a country, the much greater number of its stockholders would be a guarantee against rates of transportation oppressive to commerce. As to the other factor, the enormous accumulation of capital in private hands, the data necessary for tracing back to causes are absent in the case of Spreckels, but it is safe to affirm that as a general rule the records of these fortunes prejudicial to the public interest will show that government has afforded their opportunity. So long as that hundred-headed hydra exists, it is of little use to cut off any particular head. Its destruction will not destroy the spirit of monopoly, but will leave it to fight its own battles, unsupported by a centralized authority. The granting of vast tracts of land to railroad companies is not merely a monstrous injustice of privilege in itself, but is exploited in such a way as to be the basis of other privileges: *e. g.*, to compare railroads with private property: for the latter negotiable mortgages represent sixty per cent. of the value. The Southern Pacific Railroad is mortgaged for $46,000,000; it ought therefore to be worth $76,000,000. It declares for taxation, in a sworn statement to the Board of Equalization, its value as only $7,514,221. It has issued upon its mortgage over five times its alleged valuation in bonds, and these bonds are at par in the market. From whose pockets does the difference come?

Again: United States law restricts railroads to ten per cent. profits annually. The Southern Pacific Railroad is returned in Poor's Manual for 1883 as making $3,240,700. On that basis, it ought to be worth nearly four times its sworn value.

Again: Of eleven million acres donated to it by the United States untaxed, it retains nine million, on all of which it refuses to take out patents, which would render it liable to taxation.

Again: By corruption and bribery it defeats in committee measures directed against the perpetuation of its privileges. Instance, in 1875, bill No. 50, to compel railroads to pay taxes on all lands to which they have legal title, whether patented or not. Huntingdon wrote to Colton, January 4, 1875: "Friend C——n, I have ordered all bills introduced in Congress to be sent to Sanderson that have any bearing on our interests. Many bills, no doubt, like Senate bill 50, will be introduced, that are bad, and the only way to kill them will be in committee." It was killed accordingly. Thus, remarks Mr. D. N. Delmas before the State Board of Equalization at Sacramento, "the U. S. has discriminated against all other people and in favor of land grant railroads. Thus the railroad power is steadily enslaving the minds and temperaments of the people."

Although not exempt from inconveniences, such as a scalp tax, or stampede of stock by the Indians, these our predecessors were in regard to the interests of actual settlers incomparably safer guardians of the soil than the United States government has proved. First, it has taxed us for the expropriation of the Indians, and then, by donating the expropriated soil to a few corporations, it has virtually enslaved us to a landed aristocracy.

NOTE ON MACHINERY.

It is singular that, while considering the Free Trade agitation as an American lesson, General Trumbull should pooh-pooh the machinery issue, which, already in 1842 so sensible a cause of distress and complication in economic reforms for English statesmen, has now become in both hemispheres the question of questions whose solution dwarfs Free Trade and every other into insignificance. Cobbett met it evasively by arguing that new inventions of machinery would not throw laborers out of employment if only they were gradual enough, for that *if* makes a subjunctive that has not yet passed into the indicative mood.

Spartacus in the "Alarm," quoting British statistics, for a recent decade, shows that, while production and wealth have progressively increased, the demand for labor has decreased, and that wages have fallen even where prices have risen. In the great coal production of England this fall of wages has coincided with an increased output of ninety tons per hand per annum and a rise in price of nearly double what it was in 1869. In cotton spinning a man and child now produce about six times as much as in 1845, and the whole number of hands employed continues to diminish. During the last decade of the census the number of employés has fallen by one-eighth. In the silk trade by one-third, in the wool and worsted by one-eleventh, in the shoe trade by about one-fifth in 20 years.

Corresponding with the increase of manufactured produce has been the conversion of farms into pasture grounds. These have gained in area in one decade 2,094,940 acres, while there are 960,517 acres less under culture, one-ninth fewer farmers, and one-tenth fewer farm laborers. The latter should, on the contrary, have increased by 23,916 to preserve their previous ratio with the population.

In the iron trades wages have fallen by half since 1874. In Birmingham two-thirds of all operatives average but half a week's work and nearly one-sixth are without any work. Wherever practicable, women and children are employed in rapidly increasing numbers, to the exclusion of men and reduction of wages. The industries of adulteration are poisoning their operatives.

Similar facts all over civilization would make a massive volume, all proving the vital necessity of revolutionizing the tenure of capital and without delay, under pain of the *auto da fé*.

EDGEWORTH.

A Word For the New Jerusalem.

Dear Liberty:

Up to your November 8, just received, I have found myself in warm sympathy with all your writers, and not least with "X." In his "New Jerusalem Reformers," I may still agree with his judgment, if in view of the same cases; but otherwise, the tone adopted against segregation appears to me exclusive, unjustly harsh, and proceeding from a subjective bias. That the literati and artists of a city in several important features the most advanced and yet among the least corrupt of the world should pooh-pooh the idea of their leaving it to rusticate I well understand, and fully appreciate the soundness of "X's" position with regard to you, but circumstances alter cases. The facts that "X" seems to overlook are:

1. The more effective, although passive, resistance to government oppressions which can be made by an industrial society mainly or entirely self-supporting and abstaining from taxed goods.

2. The education of such societies in Anarchistic autonomy by experience in spontaneous evolution.

3. Those passional affinities which, in our civilization at large, generally detach the advocates of unpopular principles from their proper intellectual work, in order to subserve the exigencies of the family, would, on the contrary, unite in a stricter alliance the members of a segregated association.

4. By segregation only can that hold upon the soil be gained which is the true primitive basis of social relations, and which embraces plant and animal in the circuits of living force, quite otherwise than as they appear in the market or on the table.

The simplicity of most operations in gardening and farming, together with their healthful conditions, render them more convenient as relays of action, often better than simple rest, for those mainly occupied with either letters or machinery. Let me then ask "X" to extend his views in a more catholic spirit.

EDGEWORTH.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

Continued from page 3.

foolish enough to believe himself a dangerous rival of Lopoukhoff. It was from no false modesty that he thought so: all who knew them looked on them as equals. Now, Lopoukhoff had on his side this enormous advantage, that he had already deserved love, that he had already completely won Véra Pavlovna's heart. The choice was made; she was very contented and happy; could she dream of anything better? Was she not happy? It was even ridiculous to think of such a thing. To her and to Lopoukhoff such an apprehension would have been but an absurd vanity on Kirsanoff's part.

Well, for such a little thing, to save himself a month or two of weariness, ought Kirsanoff to let this woman fatigue herself and run the risk of contracting a serious disease by watching nights at a sick man's bedside? To avoid disturbing the tranquillity of his own life for a little while, ought he to allow another individual no less worthy to incur a serious danger? That would not have been honest. Now, a dishonest action would have been much more disagreeable to him than the slightly painful struggle with himself through which he had to pass, and of the result of which he felt as sure as of his firmness.

These were Kirsanoff's thoughts, on deciding to take Véra Pavlovna's place at her husband's bedside.

The necessity for watching passed. To save appearances and not make the change in their relations so abrupt as to call attention to it, it was necessary for Kirsanoff to visit his friends at first two or three times a week, then from month to month, and then every six months. He could readily explain his absence by his occupations.

XIII.

What Kirsanoff foresaw was realized; his attachment was renewed, and became more intense than before; but to struggle against it gave him no difficulty, no serious torment. Visiting the Lopoukhoffs for the second time during the week following the cessation of his treatment of Dmitry Serguéitch, he stays till nine o'clock in the evening. This was enough, appearances were saved; he need not come again for a fortnight, and it would be over. But this time he must stay an hour longer. The week was not yet over, and his passion was already half stifled; in a month it would entirely disappear. Therefore he was well contented. He took an active part in the conversation and with so much ease that he rejoiced at his success, and this contentment added still further to his self-possession.

But Lopoukhoff was arranging to go out for the first time since his sickness. At this Véra Pavlovna was much pleased, her joy perhaps being greater than that of the convalescent himself.

The conversation turning upon the sickness, they made fun of Véra, and ironically extolled her conjugal self-denial. Barely had she escaped falling sick herself in her exaggerated alarm at that which did not call for it.

"Laugh, laugh," said she, "but I am sure that in my place you would not have done differently."

"What an influence the cares of others have upon a man!" said Lopoukhoff; "he is so affected by them that he finally comes to believe that all the precautions of which he is the object are useful. For instance, I might as well have been out for the last three days, and yet I stay in the house. This very morning I desired to go out, but still I said: 'To be on the safe side I will wait till to-morrow.'"

"Yes, you might have gone out long ago," added Kirsanoff.

"That is what I call heroism, for really it is a great bore to me, and I should much like to run away at once."

"My dear friend, it is to pacify me that you are playing the hero. Get ready on the instant if you are so desirous of ending your quarantine forthwith. I must now go to the shop for half an hour. Let us all three go there; it will be a very nice thing on your part to make our shop the object of your first visit. The working-girls will notice it and be much pleased at the attention."

"Good! Let us go together," said Lopoukhoff, visibly delighted at the prospect of breathing the fresh air that very afternoon.

"Here is a friend full of tact," said Véra Pavlovna: "it did not even occur to her that you might not have any desire to come with us, Alexander Matvéitch."

"On the contrary, I am much interested; I have long wanted to see the shop. Your idea is a very happy one."

In truth, Véra Pavlovna's idea was a happy one. The young girls were much pleased at receiving Lopoukhoff's first visit. Kirsanoff was much interested in the shop; given his way of thinking, he could not have helped it. If a special reason had not withheld him, he would have been from the first one of the most zealous professors. In short, an hour passed before they knew it. Véra Pavlovna went with Kirsanoff through the different rooms, showing him everything. They were going from the dining-room to the work-rooms, when Véra Pavlovna was approached by a young girl who originally was not there. The working girl and Kirsanoff gave one glance at each other:

"Nastennka!"

"Sacha!" *

And they kissed each other.

"Sachennka,† my friend, how happy I am at having met you!"

The young girl, laughing and crying, covered him with kisses. When she had recovered from her joy, she said:

"Véra Pavlovna, I cannot talk business today. I cannot leave him. Come, Sachennka, to my room."

Kirsanoff was no less happy than she. But Véra Pavlovna noticed also much sorrow in his first look after that of recognition. And it was not at all astonishing: the young girl was in the last stage of consumption.

Nastennka Krukoff had entered the shop a year before, being even then very sick. If she had remained in the store where up to that time she had worked, over-work would have killed her long before. But in the shop a way was found of prolonging her life a little. The working girls excused her from sewing altogether, finding her a task less tiresome and less injurious to the health; she performed different functions in the shop, took part in the general administration, and received the orders for work, so that no one could say that she was less useful in the shop than the others.

The Lopoukhoffs went away without awaiting the end of Nastennka's interview with Kirsanoff.

* Nastennka and Sacha are the diminutives of Nastassia and Alexander.
† A more affectionate diminutive than Sacha.

XIV.

NASTENNKA KRUKOFF'S STORY.

The next morning Nastennka Krukoff came to see Véra Pavlovna.

"I wish to talk with you about what you saw yesterday, Véra Pavlovna," said she, — and for some minutes she did not know how to continue, — "I should not like you to think unfavorably of him, Véra Pavlovna."

"Think unfavorably of him! as you yourself think unfavorably of me, Nastassia Borissovna."

"Another would not have thought as I do; but you know I am not like others."

"Nastassia Borissovna, you have no right to treat yourself thus. We have known you for a year, and several members of our little society have known you from a still earlier date."

"Ah! I see that you know nothing of me."

"On the contrary, I know much about you. Latterly you were the waiting-maid of the actress N.; when she married, you left her to avoid her husband's father; you were employed in the store of ——, whence you came to us; I know all that and many details besides."

"Of course I was sure that Maximoff and Cheine, who knew what I used to be, would not run to you with the story. But I thought that you or the others might have heard of it in some other way. Ah! how happy I am that they do not know. But to you I will tell all in order that you may know how good he is. I was a very wicked girl, Véra Pavlovna."

"You, Nastassia Borissovna?"

[To be continued.]

A VINDICATION OF NATURAL SOCIETY:

OR,

A VIEW OF THE MISERIES AND EVILS ARISING TO MANKIND FROM EVERY SPECIES OF ARTIFICIAL SOCIETY, IN A LETTER TO LORD ——.

BY EDMUND BURKE.

Continued from No. 55.

This natural unpremeditated effect of policy on the unpossessed passions of mankind appears on other occasions. The very name of a politician, a statesman, is sure to cause terror and hatred; it has always connected with it the ideas of treachery, cruelty, fraud, and tyranny; and those writers, who have faithfully unveiled the mysteries of state-freemasonry, have ever been held in general detestation for even knowing so perfectly a theory so detestable. The case of Machiavel seems at first sight something hard in that respect. He is obliged to bear the iniquities of those whose maxims and rules of government he published. His speculation is more abhorred than their practice.

But if there were no other arguments against artificial society than this I am going to mention, methinks it ought to fall by this one only. All writers on the science of policy are agreed, and they agree with experience, that all governments must frequently infringe the rules of justice to support themselves; that truth must give way to dissimulation, honesty to convenience, and humanity itself to the reigning interest. The whole of this mystery of iniquity is called the reason of state. It is a reason which I own I cannot penetrate. What sort of a protection is this of the general right, that is maintained by infringing the rights of particulars? What sort of justice is this, which is enforced by breaches of its own laws? These paradoxes I leave to be solved by the able heads of legislators and politicians. For my part, I say what a plain man would say on such an occasion. *I can never believe that any institution, agreeable to nature, and proper for mankind, could find it necessary, or even expedient, in any case whatsoever, to do what the best and worthiest instincts of mankind warn us to avoid.* But no wonder that what is set up in opposition to the state of nature should preserve itself by trampling upon the law of nature.

To prove that these sorts of policed societies are a violation offered to nature and a constraint upon the human mind, it needs only to look upon the sanguinary measures and instruments of violence which are everywhere used to support them. Let us take a review of the dungeons, whips, chains, racks, gibbets, with which every society is abundantly stored, by which hundreds of victims are annually offered up to support a dozen or two in pride and madness, and millions in an abject servitude and dependence. There was a time when I looked with a reverential awe on these mysteries of policy; but age, experience, and philosophy have rent the veil; and I view this *sanctum sanctorum*, at least, without an enthusiastic admiration. I acknowledge, indeed, the necessity of such a proceeding in such institutions; *but I must have a very mean opinion of institutions where such proceedings are necessary.*

It is a misfortune that in no part of the globe natural liberty and natural religion are to be found pure and free from the mixture of political adulterations; yet we have implanted in us by Providence, ideas, axioms, rules, of what is pious, just, fair, honest, which no political craft nor learned sophistry can entirely expel from our breasts. By these we judge, and we cannot otherwise judge, of the several artificial modes of religion and society, and determine of them as they approach to, or recede from, this standard.

The simplest form of government is *despotism*, where all the inferior orbs of power are moved merely by the will of the supreme, and all that are subject to them directed in the same manner, merely by the occasional will of the magistrate. This form, as it is the most simple, so it is infinitely the most general. Scarce any part of the world is exempted from its power. And in those few places where men enjoy what they call liberty, it is continually in a tottering situation, and makes greater and greater strides to that gulf of despotism, which at last swallows up every species of government. The manner of ruling being directed merely by the will of the weakest and generally the worst man in the society, becomes the most foolish and capricious thing, at the same time that it is the most terrible and destructive, that well can be conceived. In a despotism the principal person finds that, let the want, misery, and indigence of his subjects be what they will, he can yet possess abundantly of everything to gratify his most insatiable wishes. He does more. He finds that these gratifications increase in proportion to the wretchedness and slavery of his subjects. Thus encouraged both by passion and interest to trample on the public welfare, and by his station placed above both shame and fear, he proceeds to the most horrid and shocking outrages upon mankind. Their persons become victims of his suspicions. The slightest displeasure is death; and a disagreeable aspect is often as great a crime as high treason. In the court of Nero, a person of learning, of

unsuspected loyalty was put to death for no other reason than that he had a pedantic countenance which displeased the emperor. This very monster of mankind appeared in the beginning of his reign to be a person of virtue. Many of the greatest tyrants on the records of history have begun their reigns in the fairest manner. *But the truth is, this unnatural power corrupts both the heart and the understanding.* And to prevent the least hope of amendment, a king is ever surrounded by a crowd of infamous flatterers, who find their account in keeping him from the least light of reason, till all ideas of rectitude and justice are utterly erased from his mind. When Alexander had in his fury inhumanly butchered one of his best friends and bravest captains, on the return of reason he began to conceive a horror suitable to the guilt of such a murder. In this juncture, his council came to his assistance. But what did his council? They found him out a philosopher who gave him comfort. And in what manner did this philosopher comfort him for the loss of such a man, and heal his conscience, flagrant with the smart of such a crime? You have the matter at length in Plutarch. He told him "*that, let a sovereign do what he will, all his actions are just and lawful, because they are his.*" The palaces of all princes abound with such courtly philosophers. The consequence was such as might be expected. He grew every day a monster more abandoned to unnatural lust, to debauchery, to drunkenness, and to murder. And yet this was originally a great man, of uncommon capacity, and a strong propensity to virtue. But unbounded power proceeds, step by step, until it has eradicated every laudable principle. It has been remarked that there is no prince so bad whose favorites and ministers are not worse. There is hardly any prince without a favorite by whom he is governed in as arbitrary a manner as he governs the wretches subjected to him. Here the tyranny is doubled. There are two courts, and two interests; both very different from the interests of the people. The favorite knows that the regard of a tyrant is as inconstant and capricious as that of a woman; and concluding his time to be short, he makes haste to fill up the measure of his iniquity in rapine, in luxury, and in revenge. Every avenue to the throne is shut up. He oppresses and ruins the people, whilst he persuades the prince that those murmurs raised by his own oppression are the effects of disaffection to the prince's government. Then is the natural violence of despotism inflamed and aggravated by hatred and revenge. To deserve well of the state is a crime against the prince. To be popular, and to be a traitor, are considered as synonymous terms. Even virtue is dangerous, as an aspiring quality, that claims an esteem by itself, and independent of the countenance of the court. What has been said of the chief is true of the inferior officers of this species of government; each in his province exercising the same tyranny, and grinding the people by an oppression, the more severely felt, as it is near them, and exercised by base and subordinate persons. For the gross of the people, they are considered as a mere herd of cattle; and really in a little time become no better; all principle of honest pride, all sense of the dignity of their nature, is lost in their slavery. The day, says Homer, which makes man a slave takes away half his worth; and, in fact, he loses every impulse to action but that low and base one of fear. In this kind of government human nature is not only abused and insulted, but it is actually degraded and sunk into a species of brutality. The consideration of this made Mr. Locke say, with great justice, that a government of this kind was worse than anarchy; indeed, it is so abhorred and detested by all who live under forms that have a milder appearance that there is scarce a rational man in Europe that would not prefer death to Asiatic despotism. Here then we have the acknowledgment of a great philosopher, that an irregular state of nature is preferable to such a government; we have the consent of all sensible and generous men, who carry it yet further, and avow that death itself is preferable; and yet this species of government, so justly condemned and so generally detested, is what infinitely the greater part of mankind groan under, and have groaned under from the beginning. So that, by sure and uncontested principles, the greatest part of the governments on earth must be concluded tyrannies, impostures, violations of the natural rights of mankind, and worse than the most disorderly anarchies. How much other forms exceed this, we shall consider immediately.

In all parts of the world, mankind, however debased, retains still the sense of *feeling;* the weight of tyranny, at last, becomes insupportable; but the remedy is not so easy: in general, the only remedy by which they attempt to cure the tyranny is to change the tyrant. This is, and always was, the case, for the greater part. In some countries, however, were found men of more penetration, who discovered "that to live by one man's will was the cause of all men's misery." They therefore changed their former method, and, assembling the men in their several societies, the most respectable for their understanding and fortunes, they confided to them the charge of the public welfare. This originally formed what is called an *aristocracy.* They hoped it would be impossible that such a number could ever join in any design against the general good; and they promised themselves a great deal of security and happiness from the united counsels of so many able and experienced persons. But it is now found by abundant experience that an *aristocracy* and a *despotism* differ but in name; and that a people, who are in general excluded from any share of the legislation, are, to all intents and purposes, as much slaves, when twenty, independent of them, govern, as when but one domineers. The tyranny is even more felt, as every individual of the nobles has the haughtiness of a sultan; the people are more miserable, as they seem on the verge of liberty, from which they are forever debarred. This fallacious idea of liberty, whilst it presents a vain shadow of happiness to the subject, binds faster the chains of his subjection. What is left undone by the natural avarice and pride of those who are raised above the others is completed by their suspicions, and their dread of losing an authority which has no support in the common utility of the nation. A Genoese or a Venetian republic is a concealed *despotism;* where you find the same pride of the rulers, the same base subjection of the people — the same bloody maxims of a suspicious policy. In one respect the *aristocracy* is worse than the *despotism.* A body politic, whilst it retains its authority, never changes its maxims; a *despotism,* which is this day horrible to a supreme degree, by the caprice natural to the heart of man, may, by the same caprice otherwise exerted, be as lovely the next; in a succession it is possible to meet with some good princes. If there have been Tiberiuses, Caligulas, Neros, there have been likewise the serener days of Vespasians, Tituses, Trajans, and Antonines. But a body politic is not influenced by caprice or whim; it proceeds in a regular manner; its succession is insensible; and every man, as he enters it, either has, or soon attains, the spirit of the whole body. Never was it known that an *aristocracy* which was haughty and tyrannical in one century became easy and mild in the next. In effect, the yoke of this species of government is so galling, that, whenever the people have got the least power, they have shaken it off with the utmost indignation, and established a popular form. And when they have not had strength enough to support themselves, they have thrown themselves into the arms of *despotism,* as the more eligible of the two evils. *This latter was the case of Denmark, which sought a refuge from the oppression of its nobility in the strong-hold of arbitrary power.* Poland has at present the name of republic, and it is one of the *aristocratic* form; but it is well known that the little finger of this government is heavier than the loins of arbitrary power in most nations. The people are not only politically, but personally, slaves, and treated with the utmost indignity. The republic of Venice is somewhat more moderate; yet even here, so heavy is the *aristocratic* yoke, that the nobles have been obliged to enervate the spirit of their subjects by every sort of debauchery. They have denied them the liberty of reason, and they have made them amends, by what a base soul will think a more valuable liberty, by not only allowing, but encouraging, them to corrupt themselves in the most scandalous manner. They consider their subjects as the farmer does the hog he keeps to feast upon. He holds him fast in his sty, but allows him to wallow as much as he pleases in his beloved filth and gluttony. So scandalously debauched a people as that of Venice is to be met with nowhere else. High, low, men, women, clergy, and laity, are all alike. The ruling nobility are no less afraid of one another than they are of the people, and, for that reason, politically enervate their own body by the same effeminate luxury by which they corrupt their subjects. They are impoverished by every means which can be invented, and they are kept in a perpetual terror by the horrors of a state inquisition. Here you see a people deprived of all rational freedom, and tyrannized over by about two thousand men; and yet this body of two thousand are so far from enjoying any liberty, by the subjection of the rest, that they are in an infinitely severer state of slavery; they make themselves the most degenerate and unhappy of mankind, for no other purpose than that they may the more effectually contribute to the misery of a whole nation. In short, the regular and methodical proceedings of an *aristocracy* are more intolerable than the very excesses of a *despotism,* and, in general, much further from any remedy.

[To be continued.]

THEN AND NOW.

XI.

A CHAPTER ON DECEPTION.

BOSTON, December 13, 2084.

My Dear Louise:

You must not think from what I write you that Mr. De Demain and I are constantly taking different sides on all subjects. We often agree very easily, and have many pleasant conversations in which not the shadow of a dispute occurs. It is only occasionally that a governmental whirlwind comes up and blows us far apart. The subject of the ballot was material for several heated discussions, — all perfectly good natured, of course, — the major points of which I have written you.

Finally, on a recent evening, I thought I would close the discussion with a question that my friend would find it impossible to answer. I asked him: "If governments were humbugs, — or worse than that, as you claim, — how was it that all but a very few of the people acknowledged that such governments were necessary? Were not the people of those times better judges of what they and the times required than you are today? They had hard, cold facts to deal with; you have but the skeleton of history. Anarchy may be much better for you today than governments, but you are a more advanced people, far enough advanced, in fact, to do without the bolts and bars that were required two and three centuries ago."

This did not have just the effect that I anticipated. Instead of acting as cold water, it proved fuel for the fire of his argumentative faculties.

"The fact that the people acknowledged a thing as necessary does not prove that it was a good thing. It does not even prove that it was a good thing for that day and generation. It does, however, prove that people are very easily deceived, just what I have endeavored to impress upon your mind for some months.

"In 1058 Edward the Confessor succeeded to the throne of England. So history says. His people were, many of them, afflicted with a disease known, in the form in which it appears to-day, as scrofula. Edward was a very holy man, and he conceived the idea of curing this disease by the laying on of his hands, as he had read that Christ cured other diseases a thousand years before. His story tells us that the cures were wonderful. No one has ever been able, so far as I know, to explain just what this peculiar medicinal quality given to Edward was, or in what way it effected its miraculous work. It may have exuded from his finger-tips or have passed from them like an electric current, — the people never looked into this, I believe. It was sufficient for them to know that the touch of the king cured this disease, the worst of the times.

"This curative power of Edward did not die with him. Together with his title it was handed down through the succeeding generations until the time of George I., who, in 1714, somehow lost the knack. I believe history says the people refused longer to be deceived in this way.

"Now, during all these seven centuries, I think it safe to say that not one person out of a million ever for a moment doubted that the king had the power to cure the king's-evil — for so it was called — by the laying on of his hands. For seven centuries the people of England — our ancestors — strove to discover no other remedy for this terrible disease, simply because they saw no need of remedy other than the one they had, — the touch of the king.

"Perhaps Edward the Confessor was honest and believed he had the power to cure. Perhaps all the long line of kings down to George I. were honest in their belief. There can be no doubt but the people thought the king's touch a cure. But all this simply proves how easily the people can be deceived; how anxious they are to be deceived. But it does not prove that it is better for them to be deceived. Because a man can be gulled does not prove that he is a smart man, or that he knows what is best for himself in his day and generation.

"There are certain general principles running down through the ages whose workings we can easily trace back half a dozen centuries perfectly well by the skeleton history you speak of. History does not entirely ignore the hard, cold facts, either. It hints, occasionally, at slavery, starvation, and death. Of course it has most to do with kings and princes and statesmen, but for those who have been up so high we know there must have been a foundation deep down in the mud, and we know that that foundation, which bore all of this load of splendor, must have been the people, — the poor, starving, struggling, weary, deluded people. They may not have been quite as intelligent as the people to-day, or even as the people of your time, but will you say that even a republic like that of the United States would not have been better for them? If they had lived under a republic, you, two centuries ago, would have lived under Anarchy."

Mr. De Demain never stopped once during all this to give me a chance to answer him. Perhaps it is just as well. I am sure I do not know what I should have said. I shall, however, think the matter over carefully, and I may see some way in which I can show him the fallacy of his reasoning.

JOSEPHINE.

USURY.

[Terre Haute Express.]

Why this universal wailing
Over all this land prevailing?
This entreaty unavailing? Why this gloom and dark despair?
See! the sun of hope is setting,
Man his brother is forgetting,
And a curse is slowly falling
On this land of promise rare;
And the faces are appalling
That were once so bright and fair—
Want and misery everywhere!

Mark the toiler, sowing, reaping,
And the golden sheaves upheaping,
While a hidden monster, sweeping for his own insatiate maw,
Gathers fast and faster, faster
Though privation and disaster
Smite the weary, sweating toiler
Till the pangs of hunger gnaw;
Never does the fierce despoiler
His rapacious grasp withdraw;
Greed so cruel knows no law.

Hear the workshop's ceaseless clatter,
Hear the workmen's footsteps patter,
When they join or quickly scatter, when to each a task is shown;
Each a burden carries, double
Load of toil and load of trouble;
For an iron master watches
From a secret door, unknown;
From each mouth he quickly snatches
Every word and meaning tone—
He is master, here, alone.

How the pistons heave and tumble!
How the wheels do drum and rumble!
How obedient—not a grumble when those brawny arms control.
Strange, that while such puny muscle
Rules so surely all this bustle,
A more potent power, uncanny,
Rules still surer brain and soul;
Strange indeed, the brawny many
Let a baleful power control
Wealth of brawn, and brain, and soul!

In the gloomy mine descending,
Where the flickering lights are blending,
Note how close is death impending—foul his breath upon the air;
Careless is the warning spoken,
Scarce the delvers heed the token,
For a monster, darker, grimmer,
Makes them madly, rashly dare,
And through lamplight's glare and glimmer,
Holds them fiercely, surely there,
With the bravery of despair.

Go to yonder lonely garret,
If your heart is strong to bear it,
Mark the half-bent shadow where it darks the black wall, scarcely more,
Where a famished woman sitting,
Works with patience unremitting.
With her weary, ceaseless stitching,
Keeps the wolf just out the door;
While a demon, still enriching
Self with stealings from the store,
Robs her pittance lower and lower.

Is this the land where hands of Labor
Clasp the hands of toiling neighbor,
And the plowshare, not the sabre, is the sceptre held supreme?
Is it here where honest toilers
Need not fear of strong despoilers,
Since all men are free and equal?
Ah! if things are what they seem,
This is but the bitter sequel,
Waking of a century's dream,
A turning back of Progress' stream.

Shall this demon reign eternal
O'er this blessed land fraternal?
Shall enchantment so infernal hold us ever 'neath its spell?
No! By all the powers e'er given
From this land he shall be driven,
USURY be hurled, unshriven,
To the lowest depths of hell;
Then a mighty shout be given,
Hear the hosts their voices swell,
LABOR CONQUERS—ALL IS WELL!

Lucius Gose.

Diderot's View of Life.

To be born into imbecility amid pain and cries; to be the plaything of ignorance, error, want, disease, wickedness, and passions; to return step by step to imbecility, from the time when you begin to lisp until the time when you begin to dote; to dwell among knaves and charlatans of all sorts; to be extinguished between one man who feels your pulse and another who disturbs your brain; to know not whence you came, why you came, whither you go,—such is what is called the most important gift of our parents and of nature, *life*.

The Labor Question in the South.

To the Editor of Liberty:

I think with you that the labor or social question will never be solved by the ballot-box, but I believe the ballot-box will be the means of *advertising* labor principles and in a great measure will prepare the minds of people for a radical change in society and social laws (or, if you do not like the word "law," as I do not myself, substitute some other word). For this reason and for no other do I still continue to walk up to the polls and attempt to vote my principles. If we had a People's party electoral ticket in this State, I would vote for Ben Butler for that reason alone, but we have not. Both of the old parties have complete possession, and are straining every nerve to *save* their country at their country's expense. The labor element here is two-thirds colored, and the colored people, take them as a class, appear to have exchanged their old slave masters for the mastery of the Republican party, under whose authority and complete control they seem to be. I sometimes vote with them when there is a local issue that will justify me in doing so, but I must confess it is more because I am in sympathy with them as the wage-receiving class of the south, than because I expect any material benefit to come of such voting. Occasionally I will meet one with whom I can talk understandingly on the subject of "profit and interest," and again a few others who appear to be capable of understanding basic principles when explained to them in a simple and familiar manner; but I do not give up the hope that the time is not far off when the colored man of the south will be able to join hands with his white brother and *assist* in the *complete* emancipation of both. As a race they are good-natured, always ready to laugh at the slightest provocation; in order to reach their judgment you must appeal to their emotional and sentimental nature first. Astute politicians understand this, and lead them like sheep out of the social mud into the political mire. On the other hand, the so-called Democratic party appeals to the selfish prejudices of the white industrial slaves, and they follow *their* masters with as blind a faith as the colored citizen. Such is the political situation south at present. Both parties serve the purpose of dividing the people and preventing unity of purpose and unity of interests.

Sincerely yours,
F. B. PARSE.

WELAKA, FLORIDA, September 19, 1884.

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

Vol. III.—No. 5. **BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1885.** **Whole No. 57.**

" 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.

Now that Louise Michel is dying, it is said that Ferry proposes to pardon her. " But who will pardon Ferry?" pertinently inquires the Lowell " Bell."

A woman in Chamblanc, France, gave birth recently to three fine boys, whom she has named Liberté, Egalité, and Fraternité. May they live to see the realization of the Anarchistic principles which their names signify!

The New Haven group of the International, composed mainly of partisans of Anarchy according to the Communistic standard of Johann Most, has purchased the " New England Anzeiger," which will appear hereafter as a German organ of Revolution.

The one thing now most needed in the world is to make capital want labor more than labor wants capital. When that condition of things shall prevail, labor will be the master of capital instead of its slave. Free banking will accomplish this, and nothing else can. Therein lies the solution of the labor problem.

Bakounine's " God and the State " has been translated into German by Bachmann, the editor of " Die Zukunft," and is now supplied in pamphlet form at fifteen cents per copy by Henry Grau, 2146 N. Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa. This radical treatise on Liberty is one which the authority-ridden German people much need to study.

" The world will be either Socialist or Christian; it will not be Liberal," wrote Louis Veuillot, brilliant champion of Ultramontane Catholicism. " The world will not be Christian, still less Liberal; it will be Socialist," answers Agathon de Potter, disciple of Colins, the land reformer. The world will not be Christian, say we Anarchists; it will be Liberal, and therefore Socialist.

" Bear in mind," says the San Francisco " Truth," " that the first plank in Mr. Tucker's platform is 'free competition.'" Yes, don't forget that. Believing in Liberty, I of course believe in freedom of production and exchange, which is another name for free competition. And bear in mind that any paper, like the San Francisco " Truth," which raises the flag of Liberty and denies free competition, sails under false colors and is unworthy of trust.

Roberts Brothers, in their Famous Women Series, have issued a " Life of Mary Wollstonecraft " by Elizabeth Robins Pennell. It is an interesting record of the career of a very interesting woman, a brave woman, a woman who, were she alive today, would be an Anarchist. The man with whom she lived outside the marriage tie, William Godwin, was an Anarchist, though he did not so call himself. It is important for radicals to know the facts about people such as these. They are set forth well by the present biographer. I could only wish that she had not impaired her work by apologies for that feature of Mary Wollstonecraft's life which will forever remain her highest title to human esteem. The book can be obtained by sending one dollar to Josephine S. Tilton, 301 Shawmut Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Read the advertisement of Charles T. Fowler's masterly work on " Co-operation " in another column, and send to me for one or more copies. It is worth your while.

Good news from England! Liberty's Anarchistic friend and agent, H. Seymour of Tunbridge Wells, will start a paper in London early in 1885, to be called " The Anarchist." In connection with others he will also establish a publishing house for the dissemination of Anarchistic works.

Among several other and equally brilliant remarks concerning Liberty and its editor, which life is too short to answer, the San Francisco " Truth " politely forecasts the future of the " Boston Anarchists," whoever they may be, as that of Charles Kingsley's imaginary nation of the Doasyoulikes, who degenerated into apes. Judging from the announcement in the same number that, unless fifteen hundred and fifty dollars are received before January, the publication of " Truth " will stop, it looks as if the San Francisco Anarchists, if such they call themselves, would have no future whatever.

" John Swinton's Paper " announces that, unless its subscription list grows very rapidly within the next few weeks, it will be compelled to suspend publication. It is expected that any journal will be long sustained by the labor movement unless it stands for something more than a sentimental protest against prevailing injustice on the one hand or a platform of arbitrary remedial measures on the other. The labor movement rests on fundamental principles as fixed as the laws of physics; a profound philosophy lies behind it; and by these principles and this philosophy all proposed means of reformation must be judged Much as I like John Swinton and ardently as I sympathize with a large proportion of the utterances of his " Paper," I have failed thus far to detect in either that definite and scientific grasp of the principles of Liberty and Equity and their applications which is the first essential of all adequate championship of Labor's rights.

" Le Révolté " of Geneva, in its issue of June 8 said of Liberty: " Its ideas more nearly resembling those of *bourgeois* society than our own, we cannot recommend it as Anarchistic." Liberty, in its issue of July 26, vigorously resented this imputation upon the orthodoxy of its Anarchism and showed it to be without foundation. " Le Révolté " has never replied. But its heart must have been softened a little, for in its last issue, December 7, welcoming the advent of the " Revue Anarchiste Internationale," it says: " Now we are no longer isolated. From all parts companions come to the rescue. At Paris, Bordeaux, London, Boston, and Chicago Anarchistic journals spring up; we give them our hand from one world to the other." Liberty is certainly the only Anarchistic journal in Boston. Hence it must be to Liberty that " Le Révolté " extends its hand. I accept it cordially. But I am still waiting for " Le Révolté " to assure and convince me that, in recommending the people collectively to take and keep possession of all wealth, it is not grossly violating the indubitably Anarchistic principle of freedom of production and exchange. It is now Liberty's turn to be a little select in the matter of its fellowship.

The interesting letters of " Josephine " from the Boston of 2084 will be resumed in the next number of Liberty. Their omission from the present issue was unavoidable.

Liberty is in receipt of the first number of the " Revue Anarchiste Internationale," a monthly magazine just started at Bordeaux, France, and one of many Anarchistic publications now springing up in that country. It is conducted with much ability and enthusiasm. The table of contents presents, besides other articles, essays on " Anarchy," " Labor and Revolution," and " The Tomorrow of the Revolution." It will appear on the twentieth of each month, and may be secured for a year by sending $1.25 to Dépomb, Rue Tastet, 35, Bordeaux, France.

" Edgeworth " is certainly " carrying the war into Africa." Armed with Anarchistic arguments, he is now advancing upon the Israelites and trying to convince Jewish believers that their religion, despite its transitionally Archic phases of ritualism and paternalism, is essentially and in spirit Anarchic. Not satisfied with demonstrating to Transcendentalists that Emerson was an Anarchist and to Christians that Jesus was one also, he now proposes to prove to Hebrews that Moses no less than these was a devotee of individual freedom. I take the following from a long article from his pen which lately appeared in the " Occident," a Chicago journal devoted to Judaism. " The still small voice of right is not in the thunder of majorities, real or fictitious; its conscience defers to no caucuses, nor is it inclined to dodge the consequences of its acts behind some mediatorial scapegoat. The spirit of Judaism refuses to forfeit the dignity of a reason that deals in person, and not by representatives, with all the other powers of the universe. This means direct contracts *vs.* imposed administrations. Its characteristic evolution in our history has been the reference of disputes and redresses of wrongs to the umpires, called judges, whose authority differs essentially from the imposed authority of tribute-levying governments. Now, the culture of reason and the social contracts necessary to the evolution of this orderly anarchy are just what we now need, to deliver us from the oppressions of Czarism, capitalism, and pseudo-representation in the political and economical spheres, as well as from the encroachments of superstition pretending to traditional authority in the religious sphere. We agree to honor the graves of our ancestors, but not to carry their coffins forever strapped on our too pious shoulders. . . . . Moses, although adopting the popular idiom of 'Thus sayeth the Lord,' in addressing a people so recently bondsmen and for whom obedience to authority had become a second nature, yet was the embodied spirit of this people, controlling them through their affectionate confidence, and not by any external power like the police and army of a government. Their colonization achieved, we find on our record a protest against the monarchy, to which, as to idolatry, the childish proclivity to imitate surrounding peoples had lent a prestige among the people. This institution was allowed, only as children are allowed to burn their fingers, so as to teach them to keep at a respectful distance from fire. By consistency to the free principle of free judgment, we must be allowed to make mistakes Hebrew monarchy, like other forms of archonism, was a transitional necessity of social education."

A FEMALE NIHILIST.

By STEPNIAK,

Author of "Underground Russia."

Continued from No. 56.

Having made arrangements with a young rustic whom, in her visits to the neighboring cottages in a medical capacity, she had succeeded in converting to Socialism, Olga disposed everything so as to make it be believed that she had drowned herself, and on the night fixed secretly left her house and proceeded to the neighboring forest, where, at a place agreed upon, her young disciple was awaiting her. The night was dark. Beneath the thick foliage of that virgin forest nothing could be seen, nothing could be heard but the hootings of the owls, and sometimes, brought from afar, the howling of the wolves, which infest the whole of Siberia.

As an indispensable precaution, the meeting-place was fixed at a distance of about three miles, in the interior of the forest. Olga had to traverse this distance in utter darkness, guided only by the stars, which occasionally pierced through the dense foliage. She was not afraid, however, of the wild beasts, or of the highwaymen and vagrants who are always prowling round the towns in Siberia. It was the cemetery-keeper's dog she was afraid of. The cemeteries were always well looked after in that country, for among the horrible crimes committed by the scum of the convicts, one of the most common is that of disinterring and robbing the newly-buried dead. Now the keeper of the cemetery of Talutorovsk was not to be trifled with; his dog still less so. It was a mastiff, as big as a calf, ferocious and vigilant, and could hear the approach of any one a quarter of a mile off. Meanwhile the road passed close to the cottage of the solitary keeper. It was precisely for the purpose of avoiding it that Olga, instead of following the road, had plunged into the forest, notwithstanding the great danger of losing her way.

Stumbling at every step against the roots and old fallen trunks, pricked by the thorny bushes, her face lashed by boughs elastic as though moved by springs, she kept on for two hours with extreme fatigue, sustained only by the hope that she would shortly reach the place of meeting, which could not be far off. At last, indeed, the darkness began to diminish somewhat and the trees to become thinner, and a moment afterwards she entered upon open ground. She suddenly stopped, looked around, her blood freezing with terror, and recognized the keeper's cottage. She had lost her way in the forest, and, after so many windings, had gone straight to the point she wished to avoid.

Her first impulse was to run away as fast as her remaining strength would enable her, but a moment afterwards a thought flashed through her mind which restrained her. No sound came from the cottage; all was silent. What could this indicate but the absence of the occupant? She stood still and listened, holding her breath. In the cottage not a sound could be heard, but in another direction she heard, in the silence of the night, the distant barking of a dog, which seemed, however, to be approaching nearer. Evidently the keeper had gone out, but at any moment might return, and his terrible dog was perhaps running in front of him, as though in search of prey. Fortunately, from the keeper's house to the place of appointment there was a path which the fugitive had no need to avoid, and she set off and ran as fast as the fear of being seized and bitten by the ferocious animal would allow her. The barking, indeed, drew nearer, but so dense was the forest that not even a dog could penetrate it. Olga soon succeeded in reaching the open ground, breathless, harassed by the fear of being followed and the doubt that she might not find any one at the place of appointment. Great was her delight when she saw in the darkness the expected vehicle, and recognized the young peasant.

To leap into the vehicle and to hurry away was the work of an instant. In rather more than five hours of hard driving they reached Tumen, a town of about eighteen thousand inhabitants, fifty miles distant from Talutorovsk. A few hundred yards from the outskirts the vehicle turned into a dark lane and very quietly approached a house where it was evidently expected. In a window on the first floor a light was lit, and the figure of a man appeared. Then the window was opened, and the man, having recognized the young girl, exchanged a few words in a low tone with the peasant who was acting as driver. The latter, without a word, rose from his seat, took the young girl in his arms (for she was small and light), and passed her on like a baby into the robust hands of the man, who introduced her into his room It was the simplest and safest means of entering unobserved. To have opened the door at such an unusual hour would have awakened people and caused gossip.

The peasant went his way, wishing the young girl all success, and Olga was at last able to take a few hours' rest. Her first step had succeeded. All difficulties were far indeed, however, from being overcome; for in Siberia it is not so much walls and keepers as immeasurable distance which is the real jailer.

In this area, twice as large as all Europe, and with a total population only twice that of the English capital, towns and villages are only imperceptible points, separated by immense deserts absolutely uninhabitable, in which, if any one ventured, he would die of hunger or be devoured by wolves. The fugitive thus has no choice, and must take one of the few routes which connect the towns with the rest of the world. Pursuit is therefore extremely easy, and thus, while the number of the fugitives from the best-guarded prisons and mines amounts to hundreds among the political prisoners and to thousands among the common offenders, those who succeed in overcoming all difficulties and in escaping from Siberia itself may be counted on the fingers.

There are two means of effecting an escape. The first, which is very hazardous, is that of profiting, in order to get a good start, by the first few days, when the police furiously scour their own district only, without giving information of the escape to the great centres, in the hope, which is often realized, of informing their superiors of the escape and capture of the prisoner at the same time. In the most favorable cases, however, the fugitive gains only three or four days of time, while the entire journey lasts many weeks, and sometimes many months. With the telegraph established along all the principal lines of communication, and even with mere horse patrols, the police have no difficulty whatever in making up for lost time, and exceptional cleverness or good fortune is necessary in order to keep out of their clutches. But this method, as being the simplest and comparatively easy, as it requires few preparations and but little external assistance, is adopted by the immense majority of the fugitives, and it is precisely for this reason that ninety-nine per cent. of them only succeed in reaching a distance of one or two hundred miles from the place of their confinement.

Travelling being so dangerous, the second mode is much more safe, — that of remaining hidden in some place of concealment, carefully prepared beforehand, in the province itself, for one, two, three, six months, until the police, after having carried on the chase so long in vain, come to the conclusion that the fugitive must be beyond the frontiers of Siberia, and slacken or entirely cease their vigilance. This was the plan followed in the famous escape of L... mained more than a month at Irkutsk, and of Debagorio Mokriev... more than a year in various places in Siberia before undertaking ... Russia.

Olga Liubatovitch did not wish, however, to have recourse to the ... dient, and selected the former. It was a leap in the dark. But she ... hopes upon the success of the little stratagem of her supposed suicide, and very day after her arrival at Tumen she set out towards Europe by the postal and caravan road to Moscow.

To journey by post in Russia, a travelling passport (*podorojna*) must be obtained, signed by the governor. Olga certainly had none, and could not lose time in procuring one. She had, therefore, to find somebody in possession of this indispensable document whom she could accompany. As luck would have it, a certain Soluzeff, who had rendered himself famous a few years before by certain forgeries and malversations on a grand scale, had been pardoned by the Emperor and was returning to Russia. He willingly accepted the company of a pretty countrywoman, as Olga represented herself to him to be, who was desirous of going to Kazan, where her husband was lying seriously ill, and consented to pay her share of the travelling expenses. But here another trouble arose. This Soluzeff, being on very good terms with the gendarmes and the police, a whole army of them accompanied him to the post-station. Now, Olga had begun her revolutionary career at sixteen, she was arrested for the first time at seventeen, and during the seven years of that career had been in eleven prisons, and had passed some few months in that of Tumen itself. It was little short of a miracle that no one recognized the celebrated Liubatovitch in the humble travelling companion of their common friend.

At last, however, the vehicle set out amid the shouts and cheers of the company. Olga breathed more freely. Her tribulations were not, however, at an end.

I need not relate the various incidents of her long journey. Her companion worried her. He was a man whom long indulgence in luxury had rendered effeminate, and at every station said he was utterly worn out, and stopped to rest himself and take some tea with biscuits, preserves, and sweets, an abundance of which he carried with him. Olga, who was in agonies, as her deception might be found out at any moment, and telegrams describing her be sent to all the post-stations of the line, had to display much cunning and firmness to keep this poltroon moving on without arousing suspicions respecting herself. When, however, near the frontier of European Russia, she was within an ace of betraying herself. Soluzeff declared that he was incapable of going any farther, that he was thoroughly knocked up by this feverish hurry-skurry, and must stop a few days to recover himself. Olga had some thought of disclosing everything, hoping to obtain from his generosity what she could not obtain from his sluggish selfishness. There is no telling what might have happened if a certain instinct, which never left Olga even when she was most excited, had not preserved her from this very dangerous step.

A greater danger awaited her at Kazan. No sooner had she arrived than she hastened away to take her ticket by the first steamboat going up the Volga toward Nijni-Novgorod. Soluzeff, who said he was going south, would take the opposite direction. Great, therefore, was her surprise and bewilderment when she saw her travelling companion upon the same steamer. She did everything she could to avoid him, but in vain. Soluzeff recognized her, and, advancing towards her, exclaimed in a loud voice:

"What! you here? Why you told me your husband was lying ill in the Kazan hospital."

Some of the passengers turned round and looked, and among them the gendarme who was upon the boat. The danger was serious. But Olga, without losing her self-possession, at once invented a complete explanation of the unexpected change in her itinerary. Soluzeff took it all in, as did the gendarme who was listening.

At Moscow she was well known, having spent several months in its various prisons. Not caring to go to the central station, which is always full of gendarmes on duty, she was compelled to walk several leagues, to economize her small stock of money, and take the train at a small station, passing the night in the open air.

Many were the perils from which, thanks to her cleverness, she escaped. But her greatest troubles awaited her in the city she so ardently desired to reach, St. Petersburg.

When a Nihilist, after a rather long absence, suddenly reaches some city, without previously conferring with those who have been there recently, his position is a very singular one. Although he may know he is in the midst of friends and old companions in arms, he is absolutely incapable of finding any of them. Being "illegal" people, or outlaws, they live with false passports, and are frequently compelled to change their names and their places of abode. To inquire for them under their old names is not to be thought of, for these continuous changes are not made for mere amusement, but from the necessity, constantly recurring, of escaping from some imminent danger, more or less grave. To go to the old residence of a Nihilist and ask for him under his old name would be voluntarily putting one's head into the lion's mouth.

Under such circumstances, a Nihilist is put to no end of trouble, and has to wander hither and thither in order to find his friends. He applies to old acquaintances among people who are "legal" and peaceful,—that is to say, officials, business men, barristers, doctors, &c., who form an intermediate class, unconsciously connecting the most active Nihilists with those who take the least interest in public affairs. In this class there are people of all ranks. Some secretly aid the Nihilists more or less energetically. Others receive them into their houses, simply as friends, without having any "serious" business with them. Others, again, see them only casually, but know from whom more or less accurate information is to be obtained; and so on. All these people, being unconnected with the movement, or almost so, run little risk of being arrested, and living as they do "legally,"— that is to say, under their own names,— they are easy to be found, and supply the Ariadne's thread which enables any one to penetrate into the Nihilist labyrinth who has not had time, or who has been unable to obtain the addresses of the affiliated.

Having reached St. Petersburg, Olga Liubatovitch was precisely in this position. But to find the clue in such cases is easy only to those who, having long resided in the city, have many connections in society. Olga had never stayed more than a few days in the capital. Her acquaintances among "legal" people were very few in number, and then she had reached St. Petersburg in the month of August, when every one of position is out of town. With only sixty kopecks in her pocket,— for in her great haste she had been unable to obtain a sufficient sum of money, she dragged her limbs from one extremity of the capital to the other. She might have dropped in the street from sheer exhaustion, and been taken up by the police as a mere vagabond, had not the idea occurred to her to call upon a distant relative whom she knew to be in St. Petersburg. She was an old maid, who affectionately welcomed her to the house, although, at the mere

sight of Olga, her hair stood on end. She remained there two days; but the fear of the poor lady was so extreme that Olga did not care to stay longer. Supplied with a couple of roubles, she re-commenced her pilgrimage, and at last met a barrister who, as luck would have it, had come up that day from the country on business.

From that moment all her tribulations ended. The barrister, who had known her previously, placed his house at her disposal, and immediately communicated the news of her arrival to some friends of his among the affiliated. The next day the good news spread throughout all St. Petersburg of the safe arrival of Olga Liubatovitch.

She was immediately supplied with money and a passport, and taken to a safe place of concealment, secure against police scrutiny.

III.

It was at St. Petersburg that I first met her.

It was not at a "business" gathering, but one of mere pleasure, in a family. With the "legal" and the "illegal" there must have been about fifteen persons. Among those present were some literary men. One of them was a singular example of an "illegal" man, much sought for at one time, who, living for six or seven years with false passports, almost succeeded in legalizing himself, as a valuable and well-known contributor to various newspapers. There was a barrister who, after having defended others in several political trials, at last found himself in the prisoner's dock. There was a young man of eighteen in gold lace and military epaulettes, who was the son of one of the most furious persecutors of the Revolutionary party. There was an official of about fifty, the head of a department in one of the ministries, who, for five years running, was our Keeper of the Seals,— who kept, that is to say, a large chest full to the brim of seals, false marks, stamps, &c., manufactured by his niece, a charming young lady, very clever in draughtsmanship and engraving. It was a very mixed company, and strange for any one not accustomed to the singular habits of the Palmyra of the North.

With the freedom characteristic of all Russian gatherings, especially those of the Nihilists, every one did as he liked and talked with those who pleased him. The company was split up into various groups, and the murmur of voices filled the room and frequently rose above the exclamations and laughter.

Having saluted the hosts and shaken hands with some friends, I joined one of these little groups.

I had no difficulty in recognizing Olga Liubatovitch, for the portraits of the principal prisoners in the trial of the "fifty," of whom she was one of the most distinguished figures, circulated by thousands, and were in every hand.

She was seated at the end of the sofa, and, with her head bent, was slowly sipping a cup of tea. Her thick black hair, of which she had an abundance, hung over her shoulders, the ends touching the bottom of the sofa. When she rose, it almost reached to her knees. The color of her face, a golden brown, like that of the Spaniards, proclaimed her Southern origin, her father and grandfather having been political refugees from Montenegro who had settled in Russia. There was nothing Russian, in fact, in any feature of her face. With her large and black eyebrows, shaped like a sickle as though she kept them always raised, there was something haughty and daring about her, which struck one at first sight, and gave her the appearance of the women belonging to her native land. From her new country she had derived, however, a pair of blue eyes, which always appeared half-closed by their long lashes, and cast flitting shadows upon her soft cheeks when she moved her eyelids, and a lithe, delicate, and rather slim figure, which somewhat relieved the severe and rigid expression of her face. She had, too, a certain unconscious charm, slightly statuesque, which is often met with among women from the South.

Gazing at this stately face, to which a regular nose with wide nostrils gave a somewhat aquiline shape, I thought that this was precisely what Olga Liubatovitch ought to be as I had pictured her from the account of her adventures. But on a sudden she smiled, and I no longer recognized her. She smiled, not only with the full vermilion lips of a brunette, but also with her blue eyes, with her rounded cheeks, with every muscle of her face, which was suddenly lit up and irradiated like that of a child.

When she laughed heartily, she closed her eyes, bashfully bent her head, and covered her mouth with her hand or her arm, exactly as our shy country lasses do. On a sudden, however, she composed herself, and her face darkened and became gloomy, serious, almost stern, as before.

I had a great desire to hear her voice, in order to learn whether it corresponded with either of the two natures revealed by these sudden changes. But I had no opportunity of gratifying this desire. Olga did not open her mouth the whole evening. Her taciturnity did not proceed from indifference, for she listened attentively to the conversation; and her veiled eyes were turned from side to side. It did not seem, either, to arise from restraint. It was due rather to the absence of any motive for speaking. She seemed to be quite content to listen and reflect, and her serious mouth appeared to defy all attempts to open it.

It was not until some days afterwards, when I met her alone on certain "business," that I heard her voice, veiled like her eyes, and it was only after many months' acquaintance that I was able to understand her disposition, the originality of which consisted in its union of two opposite characteristics. She was a child in her candor, bordering on simplicity, in the purity of her mind, and in the modesty which displayed itself even in familiar intercourse and gave to her sentiments a peculiar and charming delicacy. But at the same time this child astounded the toughest veterans by her determination, her ability and coolness in the face of danger, and especially by her ardent and steadfast strength of will, which, recognizing no obstacles, made her sometimes attempt impossibilities.

To see this young girl, so simple, so quiet, and so modest, who became burning red, bashfully covered her face with both hands, and hurried away upon hearing some poetry dedicated to her by some former disciple,— to see this young girl, I say, it was difficult to believe that she was an escaped convict, familiar with condemnations, prisons, trials, escapes, and adventures of every kind. It was only necessary, however, to see her for once at work to believe instantly in everything She was transformed, displaying a certain natural and spontaneous instinct which was something between the cunning of a fox and the skill of a warrior. This outward simplicity and candor served her then like the shield of Mambrino, and enabled her to issue unscathed from perils in which many men, considered able, would unquestionably have lost their lives.

One day the police, while making a search, really had her in their grasp. A friend, distancing the gendarmes by a few moments, had merely only time to rush breathless up the stairs, dash into the room where she was, and exclaim, "Save yourself! the police!" when the police were already surrounding the house. Olga had not even time to put on her bonnet. Just as she was, she rushed to the back stairs, and hurried down at full speed. Fortunately the street door was not yet guarded by the gendarmes, and she was able to enter a little shop on the ground floor. She had only twenty kopecks in her pocket, having been unable, in her haste, to get any money. But this did not trouble her. For fifteen kopecks she bought a cotton handkerchief, and fastened it round her head in the style adopted by coquettish servant-girls. With the five kopecks remaining she bought some nuts, and left the shop eating them, in such a quiet and innocent manner that the detachment of police, which meanwhile had advanced and surrounded the house on that side, let her pass without even asking her who she was, although the description of her was well known, for her photograph had been distributed to all the agents, and the police have always strict orders to let no one who may arouse the slightest suspicion leave a house which they have surrounded. This was not the only time that she slipped like an eel through the fingers of the police. She was inexhaustible in expedients, in stratagems, and in cunning, which she always had at her command at such times; and with all this she maintained her serious and severe aspect, so that she seemed utterly incapable of lending herself to deceit or simulation. Perhaps she did not think, but acted upon instinct rather than reflection, and that was why she could meet every danger with the lightning-like rapidity of a fencer who parries a thrust.

(To be concluded.)

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

A ROMANCE.

By N. G. TCHERNYCHEWSKY.

Translated by Benj. R. Tucker.

Continued from No. 56.

"Yes, Véra Pavlovna, I. And I was very insolent; I had no shame, and was always drunk; that was the origin of my sickness: I drank too much for my weak chest."

Véra Pavlovna had seen three or four similar cases. Young girls whose conduct had been irreproachable ever since she knew them had told her that formerly they led a bad life. The first time she was astonished at such a confession; but after reflecting upon it a little, she said to herself: "And my own life? The mud in which I grew up was also very bad; nevertheless it did not soil me, and thousands of women, brought up in families like mine, remain pure just the same. Why is it, then, at all extraordinary that from this humiliation should come out unstained those whom a favorable opportunity has aided to escape?" The second time she was not astonished to learn that the young penitent had preserved truly human qualities, — disinterestedness, fidelity in friendship, deep feelings, and even some degree of innocence.

"Nastassia Borissovna, I have before had interviews similar to that which you desire to begin. Such interviews are painful both to the speaker and the listener; my esteem for you will not diminish, but will rather increase, since I know now that you have suffered much; but I understand it all without hearing it. Let us talk no more about it: to me explanations are superfluous. I, too, have passed many years amid great sorrows; I try not to think of them, and I do not like to speak of them, for it is very painful to me."

"No, Véra Pavlovna, I have another motive: I wish to tell you how good he is; I should like some one to know how much I owe to him, and whom shall I tell if not you? It will be a relief to me. As to the life that I led, of course there is no occasion to speak of it; it is always the same with poor women of that sort. I only wish to tell you how I made his acquaintance. It is so agreeable to me to talk about him. I am going to live with him; so you ought to know why I leave the shop."

"If it will please you to tell this story, Nastassia Borissovna, I am very happy to listen to you. Only let me get my work."

"My work! Alas, I cannot say that. How good were these young girls to find me an occupation suited to my health! I wish to thank them one and all. Tell them, Véra Pavlovna, that I begged you to thank them for me. I was walking along the Perspective Nevsky: I had just gone out, and it was still early; I saw a student coming, and directed my steps toward him. He did not say a word, but simply crossed to the other side of the street. I followed him, and grasped him by the arm. 'No,' I said to him, 'I will not leave you, you are so fine looking.'

"'But I beg you to leave me,' said he.

"'Oh, no; come with me'

"'I have no reason to.'

"'Well, I will go with you. Where are you going? For nothing in the world will I leave you.' I was impudent, as impudent as any and more so."

"Perhaps that was because you were really timid and were making an effort to be bold."

"Yes, that may be. At least I have noticed it in others, — not at that time, mind you; it was afterwards that I understood the reason. So, when I told him that I absolutely must go with him, he smiled and said:

"'Come, if you must; only it will be in vain.'

"He wanted to rebuke me, as he afterwards told me; he was impatient at my persistence So I went, talking all sorts of nonsense to him: but he said not a word. We arrived. For a student he lived very comfortably; his lessons brought him about twenty roubles a month, and he lived alone. I stretched myself upon the divan and said:

"'Some wine!'

"'No,' said he, 'I shall not give you any wine; only tea, provided you want it.'

"'With punch,' said I.

"'No, without punch.'

"I began to act riotously; he remained calm, and looked at me without paying the slightest attention to my conduct: that offended me much. In these days we meet such young people, Véra Pavlovna, — young people have grown much better since then, — but then it was very exceptional. Therefore I felt offended and began to insult him.

"'If you (*tu*) are made of wood,' — and I added an insult, — 'then I am going away.'

"'But why go now?' said he; 'have some tea first; the landlord will bring the *samovar* presently. Only no insults.'

"And he invariably addressed me as 'you' (*vous*). *

"'Tell me rather who you are and how you have reached this condition.'

Continued on page 6.

* There is no way of expressing in English the distinction made by the Continental peoples between the second person singular and second person plural of the personal pronoun. The singular is used by them in conversation between people who are on very familiar terms. Hence in the above interview Nastassia, wishing to assume a tone of familiarity, tried to use the singular, while Kirsanoff maintained his reserve by insisting on the plural. — *Translator.*

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"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.

Competition, Free and Not Free.

Bear in mind that the first plank in Mr. Tucker's platform is "free COMPETITION." And this (when competition is the *cause* of our misery) he declares to be a remedy! He virtually says, if one ounce of arsenic makes you ill, take two in order to recover! — *San Francisco Truth.*

I thank you, Mr. Haskell, that you did not forget to put the "*free*" before "competition"; only you ought to have italicized it: nor do I doubt that Mr. Tucker fully agrees with you that competition (without the *free*) is one of the leading causes of our social misery.

And that is always the fatal trouble with you State Socialists. If you would only never forget to qualify your general premises by that word *free*, you would not be day and night tormented by the ghost of Tucker and the "Boston Anarchists." That little word *free*, however, spoils your whole socialistic soup. It is the *bête noir* that roots havoc among your ridiculous trumpery of infinite statecraft. You are waging a square battle against Liberty, — I wish I might add, by square methods. You may depend upon it, then, that any invitation to the Individualists, to be reconciled to your school is little less than an insult to their reason and integrity.

I see a free field before me, with a thousand free men upon it. It is announced that Haskell and Tucker are going to run a competitive foot-race. But when the two competing rivals are brought out, a man named Henry George steps up and says: "I notice that this man Tucker has an 'unearned increment' of wind and muscle which must be taxed out of him before he starts. I therefore propose that we cut one of his hams trings and put a gag-pipe on him." "Yes," cries Haskell: "organize these spectators into a Socialistic State. Competition has hitherto been the chief cause of all our misery in foot-races."

But Tucker protests. He proposes to rest his case with the natural sense of fair play in the crowd, and avers that this device of organizing them into a State is only a trick to steal away their wits and natural honor. As for his wind and muscle, he contends that they are his, and his alone, since he holds them by that most eminent of all titles, — occupation, cultivation, and use.

"Well," says Haskell, "if you will not join us, then we propose to freeze you off the track before we get through with you. I see what you want. You want free competition, that monstrous curse that has so long afflicted us. And if you should win the stakes, I suppose you would be just hog enough to claim them all for yourself, just because you are an 'individual.' I tell you, sir, that that part of the stakes which is due to your superior wind and muscle is an unearned increment which belongs to the whole crowd."

"Ah," says Tucker, "I see. You propose to abolish competition by fixing up a scheme that will ultimately abolish me. Your Socialistic State proposes to do away with all competition by forcibly freezing out all competitors. Like the monster Pizarro, who, when asked by his confessor if he had any rivals to conciliate, replied, 'No, good Father, I have killed them all,' you propose to yet sit down on the prostrate forms of the 'Boston Anarchists' and declare that competition is abolished. And yet you have the effrontery to ask me to buckle myself into your team and pull with you."

This piteous and never-ceasing cry for "harmony" on the part of the State Socialists is a matter of infinite insignificance in the face of the vital point at stake. Harmony between Liberty and its enemies is treason. It must never be. I am aware of the awful scenes which occur when the merchant attempts to wage competition with the bull that has entered his china-shop; but he must not invite the beast in. That beast is the State, to whom the State Socialist swings wide open the doors and then stands back to bewail the broken crockery.

Competition under Liberty is beneficent co-operation. It makes cost the limit of price. It opens the way for every man to prove his fitness and survive on his merits. The present order of competition under the State permits the *un*fittest to survive on his *de*merits. Yet competition *per se* is no more to blame for this than the law of gravitation is to blame because its operation may jerk a martyr from the scaffold into the jaws of eternity while it fans with sweet aroma the couch of a bloody despot.

Competition is only another name for voluntary co-operation, where Liberty is present. Competition is only another name for forcible spoliation where Liberty is absent. Upon Liberty and Liberty alone hang the good or evil effects of competition. Not until the State Socialists come over to the side of Liberty will they have earned the right to be sound judges in the matter, — at which point they cease to be State Socialists.

x.

In Answer to a Prayer for Light.

The editor of the "Truth Seeker" having favored me with a copy of the paper containing his questions, I am now ready to answer them. It is necessary first to explain how they arose. A correspondent of Liberty had asserted that under Anarchism mortgages would be worth no more than blank paper. To this the following reply was made in these columns:

> 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.

It was in response to this that the "Truth Seeker" asked its questions, as follows:

> Will Mr. Tucker please explain further? Will his Anarchical society constrain the people outside his "voluntary association for defence of person and property?" If yes, in what does the difference consist between Anarchical society and our present government? If no, where is the protection? Or shall persons belonging to the association only have dealings with fellow-members; and, if a person in the association is constrained, how is his act voluntary? And will he continue to pay for being constrained? It strikes us that this constraining is precisely what our friend Tucker is now so eloquently kicking against.
>
> In Stephen Pearl Andrews's sociological scheme — the pantarchy — nothing but moral force is used. It looks as though Mr. Tucker would have to adopt that or let our present societarial government alone.

First, then, "will his Anarchical society constrain the people outside his 'voluntary association for defence of person and property'?" Yes, it will constrain, or rather restrain, precisely those and no others, — restrain them from invasion of person and property. It will not restrain people inside the association, that being impossible in the nature of the case; for one of the conditions of membership will be voluntary submission to the decisions of tribunals mutually agreed upon, any one refusing such submission placing himself thereby outside the association and liable therefore to restraint if he invades.

"If yes, in what does the difference consist between Anarchical society and our present government?" In this, that Anarchical society will be a *voluntary* association wholly for *defence* of person and property, while our present government is a *compulsory* association principally for *invasion* of person and property, dependent for its very existence upon the bottom invasion, compulsory taxation. To the former no one will belong who does not choose; to the latter all must belong and give support. The former will exist to protect people in their rights and insure equality; the latter exists to rob people of their rights for the benefit of privilege. Quite vital differences, these seem to me, and very easily discernible.

The answers to the remaining questions are included in the answers to the first two. I trust the "Truth Seeker" will see that it has misapprehended the direction of my "eloquent kicking."

It is interesting to know that Stephen Pearl Andrews in his Pantarchy now champions moral force exclusively. The knowledge is also surprising. The doctrine is not to be found in his works; he held no such when last I talked with him. He always steadfastly maintained that policy should be adapted to circumstance, and that, when necessary, we should meet physical force with physical force, deal inequitably with the inequitable, and be intolerant of the intolerant In this I substantially agreed with him, my only quarrel being with his tendency to apply the rule loosely instead of confining the cases of necessity within the narrow limits that I favored, he being in this less exclusively in favor of moral force than myself. But it seems that the world moves and Mr Andrews with it. The Pantarch is now a rigorous non-resistant. Though still unable to entirely agree with him, I congratulate him on the change in the direction of his error. Better too little physical force than too much. But, I repeat, I am surprised. "That is not law," said severely a haughty judge on the Massachusetts supreme bench to the eminent, learned and witty, lawyer, Henry W. Paine, enunciating a certain proposition in arguing a case before him. "Accept my apology, your honor," answered Mr. Paine, in all humility; "it always has been law until the present moment." Until the "Truth Seeker's" recent declaration Mr. Andrews was not a non-resistant.

Since the foregoing questions the "Truth Seeker" has asked another. I recently wrote: —

> Rome was not built in a day, and the sun will rise several times more before Anarchy is fully realized. It will be realized first where it is easiest and most important to realize it, — that is, in banking and commerce. Through these it will gradually exercise a remarkable influence upon the ways and tendencies, the mental and moral habits of all the people, and this revolution in human nature will then make it possible to regulate by Anarchistic methods all the matters in which interests are most involved.

Upon this the "Truth Seeker" inquired: "What are those methods?" I answer: Individual initiative and voluntary co-operation. This is not likely to satisfy the "Truth Seeker." It will probably insist that I shall dot the i's and cross the t's. This desire arises from its political superstition. If I were to paint a definite and detailed picture of the New Jerusalem and the road thereto, and label it "A Complete Representation of Universal Progress for the Balance of Eternity," it is not improbable that Anarchy would gain a new adherent in the "Truth Seeker." But it is only the quack who pretends to know it all, and only the devotee who believes in his pretensions. Not being a quack but a pursuer of the scientific method, I affirm certain principles which I scientifically know to be indispensable to progress, and labor for their realization. The all-important principle at this juncture is Liberty, which, as soon as sufficient co-operation offers, we Anarchists propose to make a reality by passive resistance to its violation through suffrage, taxation, and monopoly. The "Truth Seeker" hangs off because I cannot tell it exactly how sewers, streets, railroads, and watercourses will be administered in the good time coming. I can only say that, Liberty being a necessary condition of society, all social institutions will be founded upon it.

Why not have a little confidence in the power of truth? Is it not safer, at any rate, to follow a known truth in the face of obstacles and dangers than to follow its counter falsehood? Let us be men, not children; reasoning men, not victims of superstition; brave men, not cowards; truth seekers in fact as well

as in name. Having accepted Liberty, then, follow her faithfully to the end. Has not her message been sung to us by William Blake?

> I give you the end of a golden thread,
> Just wind it into a ball;
> It will lead you in at Heaven's gate,
> Close by Jerusalem's wall. T.

Dr. Anarchist and His Patient.

To the Editor of Liberty:

I think, if all man-made laws and all government of man by man were inverted, better results would accrue. I think no amount of misapplied effort — regardless of good intentions — is equal in beneficent result to an intelligently applied *non*-effort. I shall endeavor to illustrate this idea by the following:

A man named Public felt very ill from a chronic disease; his friends advised him to consult his family doctor, a Mr. Constitution, which he did. The doctor examined, said it was an aristocratic disease, and, as it was a very *lingering* sickness, therefore was not *immediately* dangerous. But neither death nor cure came, but the disorder of the whole system continued to increase until death seemed preferable.

There was in the sick man's vicinity a doctor named Anarchist, who was noted for his sound advice and whose merit did *not* inhere in the broad seal of his college diploma, but in his own demonstrated skill. Dr. Anarchist was not popular with the two classes who constitute what is called The Public, because he was not understood by them. Dr. Anarchist immediately advised *the discontinuance of the causes of his troubles.*

"But, Doctor," said the patient, "I do not take anything except the medicine which Dr. Constitution prescribed for me."

"Precisely so," said Dr. A.; "that so-called medicine is the cause of your disordered system. Those state-correctional powders, those public pills and majority ointments and government plasters, throw them all to the dogs, and you will not continue sick."

"Then, Dr. A., *what medicine shall* I take to make me well?"

"None; you suffer from *taking*. It is *not* that you need to take to get cured, but it *is* that you need to *cease* taking to avoid being constantly poisoned. Trust Nature, attune your ear to understand her calls, and obey those calls intelligently. Take what *you* please, and, when living in intelligent harmony with Nature, *you* will please to take and do that which is right, your *intelligent* self being the standard or judge of what is right for you."

Mr. Public very quickly recovered and changed his name. He proffered to Dr. A. a large sum for having advised him how to cure himself. The doctor would *not accept pay for service rendered a sick man.* He said: "You cured yourself. I simply told you how to *not* make yourself sick. I visited you only once, a *neighborly* visit. I have an *interest* in the *health* of my neighbors, — *not* in their misfortunes, necessities, or sickness."

I assume that the moral of this is manifest.

Yours, P. K. O'Lally.

The "Alarm."

Dear Liberty:

It is magnanimous in this portentous mouse which the International mountain has brought forth to combat the capitalist frogs of Lake Erie, to "accept your apology." We have heard of a gentleman of indolent temperament writing to an editor who had chastised him in his columns: "Consider yourself horsewhipped." This apology for not fighting was accepted. I have just read the "Alarm" of December 6, red hot with zeal for the laborer, and blinded to the necessity of personal property by the electric light of its own criticism on the abuses of it. It is the most interesting case of reasoning insanity I know of, by the dignity of its craze and the eloquent lucidity of its intervals. It is lucid and sound just where the labor papers generally are idiotic. It perceives the fallacy of strikes, the utter rottenness of the wage system, and the hopelessness of reforming government. Its article on Cooperation is excellent. Yet right alongside is another that finds nothing better than to "make a raid on all stores, vacant tenements, and means of conveyance, holding them open to the free access of the general public." Can't you see the carts and drays and wheelbarrows loading and carrying off goods to *cachettes?* How much would be left to the public by the end of winter? Riot and waste is all we can expect of the god Populus.

Absurd as this is, it is consistent with the vagaries of communism, and may be sincere, while, on the other hand, we cannot believe really in earnest, papers which, whether they have or not political chestnuts to roast, go in for supporting strikes and for electing legislators; for that sort of thing has received its verdict at the bar of the Supreme Court of Experience, and the longer it is tried the more disastrously it fails of its purposes, *i. e.*, of what the dupes suppose to be its purposes. The failure of the Hocking Valley strike is now conceded. The plumed knight of our industrial chivalry and his coadjutors get all the work they want, cheap and nasty, and the grumblers are shared between the gallows and the penitentiary, to the edification of civilized morality. Our sympathy with the sufferers cannot repress a rational satisfaction at this foregone conclusion, for the partial success of any strike gives a longer lease of life to that social abomination, the hireling system. What a pity that so warm hearted and talented a paper should forfeit its influence by outbreaks of fury and wreak its vengeance on the desert air! Here is the ambition of the Socialist pioneer, without the patient adaptiveness needed for the clearing and sowing of a permanent settler. Solid characters in all grades of fortune and social position alike are repelled and disgusted by a run-a-muck vaporer who declares death to everybody laying claim to private property. The nor'west wind from over the lakes blows keen here this morning. How about private pocket handkerchiefs in Chicago? Why doesn't the "Alarm" publish the receipt for making dynamite? We shall need a good deal of it to thin out the human race down to the number that can live in caves and hollow trees on wild fruits, maintaining a fraternal struggle for existence with the monkeys, after private property is done away with. Nay, we cannot stop at monkeydom; for here is my milch nannygoat come to give me some cream for my coffee. There is a big pile of cotton seed in the corner of the room, enough for twenty goats. She won't allow another to come near it, except her youngest kid, while she is eating, and they wait outside, respecting the etiquette of hircine personality. I think we shall have to come down to the zoophytes, those respectable communists who are building coral continents in the South seas, before we perfect the ideal of each for all and all for each. In the meanwhile, I shall hold on to my pocket handkerchief. In the phenomena of vision, color-blindness, in which several colors, distinct to others, are perceived but as one and confounded, is normal with not a few eyes. In all, there is an insensible spot corresponding to the axis of the optic nerve, which renders objects placed on a certain point of our field of vision invisible by a single eye when fixed. All vision is complex, implying *attention*, and therefore, in some degree, *will*. The analogies of physical with intellectual vision may explain the incapacity of the "Alarm" for analytic discrimination between honest labor property, or capital resulting from the productive effort of a person over the material of Nature, and fraudulent legal property, or capital resulting from the effort of a person over the lives of other persons. In the first case, there is always increase of goods and benefit reciprocated. In the second, there is no reciprocal benefit, but, on the contrary, exploitation. The fact that great machinery and constructions cannot possibly result from individual effort renders their exclusive ownership a social fraud by personal exploitation of persons, and the magnitude of such properties makes it impossible that they should be acquired by honest exchange of labor. They can have no other than legal right added to natural might. Now, as all legal right is arbitrary, it is only another form of might, unknown to justice. This Mr. "Alarm" sees in so strong a light that he is dazzled by it, and, being dazzled, he cannot distinguish from it other property lying within the limitations of direct personal effort over Nature, the title to which may be ethically private, more or less so at the proprietor's will. Moved, however, perhaps, by the protest of the "Labor Enquirer," he has recently conceded "to a workman his tools." There is progress. The civilized order existing by constraint, and being sustained by force of arms, it may be necessary to eliminate a certain number of official chiefs, but the fragments of the old Bastile would make too much litter in the streets at present. Samson will please wait until the Trades Unions are educated up to the point of taking cooperative charge of machinery and making economic distribution of the goods now hoarded up for moths and weevils. Representative capitalists, whom Uncle Sam has been fattening providentially for the popular barbecue, will hardly be too tough by next Thanksgiving day. As to rescuing a few millions from famine and frost, that is well enough to amuse Christian charity, but not an object of sufficient importance to justify mob rule or the sacrifice of our nice machinery. Between the greed of the rich and the greed of the poor, the difference lies chiefly in a coat of varnish. In contact here with our Anglo-American boors, I find them as knavish, as ruthless and truthless, as the railroad kings and Wall street princes. Honest men have nothing to gain by the exchange of sharks for catfish. They must interlock forces and concert for action, whether aggressive or resistant. The conversion of legal into ethical property is the problem proposed to us by the Sphynx of revolution, and she'll crunch us like shrimps, until we solve it. How is it that the "Alarm," which formally denounces State Socialism,— although, without this Marxic conception as a key, its policy is unintelligible to me,— and which raises the banner of Anarchism, and cites Proudhon against property as it is, never says a word about his central conception, the People's Exchange Bank? It abounds in confusion of ideas. See in the article "Wastefulness and Extravagance:" "The Socialist objects to the present system because it does not and cannot *produce* ornaments and luxuries, works of art, fast enough to keep pace with the *producing power*." The printer may have set "produce" instead of *consume*, which the context would rather suggest as the word meant; still the idea, thus rendered intelligible, would be the sophistical commonplace of political economy, discarded by socialists, who discriminate, among the objects of æsthetic art, such as show the outflow of their creator's soul in his handiwork, from the gewgaws turned out by machinery for no useful or ideal purpose, but just stuffed by traffic down the throat of satiety. In the writer's frenzied advocacy of increased productive activity, now when wheat is being fed to farm stock, and stores are crammed with a two years' supply, to the transport of which he declares our commerce inadequate, what is the sense of spurring production? Why not simply invoke the distributive agency of his favorite dynamite, since neither the dynamics of commerce nor that of Christianity are adequate to feed the hungry and to clothe the naked?

Less production, except of common necessaries, then more leisure, more culture and amusement, would seem more to the purpose, and would tally better with the general aspirations of this paper when it is not attacked by a bloody flux of phrases. Far from this economic craze of wearing point lace bedizzened with jewels to keep labor in harness, a woman that respects humanity in herself would wear jeans or gingham, until cities had converted their pestilent tenement houses into decent homes with gardens, while dispersing through the country their suffocating crowds. We await now the providence of cholera.

The "Alarm" ingenuously resumes:

> And if the government continues to insist that each person must return an equivalent of effort for what he receives, there is no avoiding the dreadful consequence * * * — a reign of terror.

Really? Why, a Government that could and would enforce that very thing, an equivalent return of effort in reciprocal uses, would have better excuse for *being* than any known to us. It would convert Anarchists into State Socialists. It is the contrary action of Government in privileging capitalists to receive, without any effort to reciprocate benefits, that constitutes the animus of our impeachment. It is the despair of government's ever acting in this sense that makes us Anarchists. Edgeworth.

A Proprietor with a Soul.

Colonel W. P. Rend, of Chicago, who is one of the largest operators in the United States and owns several mines in the Hocking coal-fields, says:

In the Hocking Valley matters are in a most deplorable state. The miners for six long months have bravely struggled to resist despotic demands made upon them, and to defend their just rights and industrial liberties. The rigors of winter, which has just set in, have added to the suffering, and now render the condition of these poor people most appalling. Outside, the wolf of hunger, driven there by the hand of tyranny, stands at the door of the miner's cabin; while within can be seen the sad sight of crying children and weeping mothers, shivering in rags and wretchedness. Something should be done at once to assist these poor people in their deplorable state of want and suffering. This Hocking Valley lockout in its causes and in its history is a scandal and an outrage. These nabobs want and must receive, if possible, the full measure of their interest, even if the attempt, as in this case, involves strikes, rebellion, and bloodshed. This interest must be wrung from the toil of the poor miner even as the grinding taxes of Egypt are wrung from the helpless fellah that cultivates the soil, or as the rack-rents of the European landlords are extorted from an enslaved and plundered peasantry. I say again and again a more wicked and a more heartless lockout than the present one has never disgraced America.

The Rights of Vice.

[Galveston Daily News.]

The suppression of gambling is always being begun, but never finished. Can anything more injudicious be imagined, or any policy displaying more ignorance of human nature, than to employ the police to enter private apartments to stop unobtrusive vice? The principle is that of the blue laws, and law comes off second best in the long run when it offers such challenges to personal liberty.

Spare Friend No More Than Foe.

E. C. Walker, being accused of manifesting an unseemly belligerency toward certain classes of Liberals, replies thus in "Lucifer:"

Liberalism is in its formative state, and much of our time is necessarily occupied in correcting the mistakes of our own apostles. There are but few of our representative men and women who are consistent in their advocacy of Freethought and Liberty. Most of them have some pet scheme, or schemes, of repression which they insist shall be accepted as in entire harmony with the fundamental axioms and principles of Freethought. They are strung out along the road all the way from Rome to Reason, from St. Petersburg to Liberty, being just so far out of the darkness and toward the Light as they have been able to get up to date, and I see no valid reason for accepting all they may have to say as the simon-pure Secular gospel, protest they never so stoutly that the gospel they offer is the genuine article.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

Continued from page 3.

"I began to tell him a story of my own invention: we invent all sorts of stories, and that is why nobody believes us; sometimes, nevertheless, these stories are not invented: there are noble and educated persons among us. He listened a little while and then said:

"'No, it is not a clever story; I should much like to believe it, but I cannot.'

"We were already taking tea. Then he said:

"'Do you know, I see by your complexion that it injures you to drink; your chest is in bad condition in consequence of an excessive use of wine. Permit me to examine you.'

"Well, Véra Pavlovna, you will not believe me, but I suddenly felt a sense of shame; and yet in what did my life consist? and but a moment before I had been behaving very boldly! He noticed it.

"'Why, no,' said he, 'I only want to sound your chest.'

"He began to listen at my chest.

"'Yes,' he said, 'you must not drink at all; your chest is not in good condition.'

"'That is impossible,' said I.

"And indeed it was impossible, Véra Pavlovna.

"'Then abandon this life.'

"'And why? it is so joyous!'

"'Not so very,' said he; 'now leave me; I am going to attend to my affairs.'

"And I went away, provoked at having lost my evening, to say nothing of the fact that his indifference had offended me. We girls have our pride in these matters. A month later I happened to be passing that way.

"'Shall I call,' thought I, 'upon my wooden gentleman, and amuse myself a little with him?'

"It was not yet dinner-time; the night before I had slept well, and I had not been drinking. He was reading a book.

"'How do you do, my wooden sir?'

"'How do you do? Is there anything new with you?'

"Again I began my improprieties.

"'I will show you the door,' said he, 'if you do not stop; I have already told you that this does not please me. Now you are not drunk and can understand me. Think rather of this: your face is still more sickly than before; you must abandon wine. Arrange your clothing, and let us talk seriously.'

"In fact, I had already begun to feel pains in my chest. Again he sounded it, told me that the disease was growing worse, and said a great deal; my chest pained me so badly that, seized with a sudden access of feeling, I began to weep; I did not want to die, and he filled me with fears of consumption.

"'But,' I said to him, 'how shall I abandon this life? My mistress will not let me go away, for I owe her seventeen roubles.'

"They always keep us in debt so that we may be patient.

"'Seventeen roubles? I cannot give them to you now, for I haven't them; but come day after to-morrow.'

"That seemed to me very strange, for it was not with this in view that I had spoken as I did; besides, how could I have expected such an offer? I could not believe my ears, and I began to cry still harder, believing that he was making sport of me.

"'It is not good in you to make sport of a poor girl, when you see that I am crying.'

"For some minutes longer I refused to believe it. Finally he assured me that he was not joking. Would you believe it? He got the money and gave it to me two days afterwards. I could scarcely believe it then.

"'But how is this?' said I; 'but why do you do this, since you have wanted nothing in return.'

"I freed myself from my mistress and hired a little room. But there was nothing that I could do: in freeing us they give us a special kind of certificate; where could I turn with such a document? And I had no money. Consequently I lived as before, though not exactly as before. I received only my best acquaintances, those not offensive to me; wine I left alone. What was the difference, then, you ask? My life was already much less distressing than it had been. But it was still distressing; and let me tell you something: you will think that it was distressing because I had many friends, five perhaps; no, for I felt an affection for all of them; hence it was not that. Pardon me if I speak thus to you, but it is because I am sincere with you: today I am still of the same mind. You know me; am I not modest? Who has heard anything but good of me? How much time I spend in playing with the children in the shop, and they all love me, and the old ladies will not say that I teach them anything but the best. It is only with you, Véra Pavlovna, that I am sincere; today I am still of the same mind: if you feel affection, there is no harm, provided there is no deceit; if there is deceit, that is another thing. And in that way I lived. Three months went by, and in that time, so tranquil was my life, I obtained considerable rest, and although I had to thus get the money that I needed, I no longer considered that I was leading a wicked life.

"Sachennka often visited me in those days. I too went sometimes to see him. And now I have got back to my subject, from which I should not have wandered. But his purpose in visiting me was not the same as that of the others; he watched over me to see that my old weakness did not regain possession of me and that I drank no wine. During the first few days, in fact, he sustained me; so great was my desire to take it that nothing but my great deference for him withheld me: if he should come in and see me, thought I. Otherwise I should not have kept my word, for my friends — generous young fellows — said: 'I will send out for some wine.' But wishing to heed Sachennka's advice, I answered them: 'No, that cannot be.'

"In three weeks' time my will was already much stronger: the desire for drink had gone, and I had already thrown off the manners peculiar to victims of intoxication. During that time I saved in order to repay him, and in two months I did repay him the whole. He was so glad to see me repay him! The next day he brought me muslin for a dress and other articles bought with the same money. After that he still kept up his visits, always as a doctor caring for a patient. One day when at my room, about a month after I had paid my debt, he said to me: 'Nastennka, you please me.'

"Drunkenness spoils the face; in consequence of my sobriety my complexion had grown softer and my eyes clearer; further, having thrown off my old manners, I had acquired modesty of speech; I was no longer shameless since I had stopped drinking; it is true that in my words I sometimes forgot myself, but a seemly behavior had become habitual with me.

"On hearing these words I was so happy that I wanted to throw myself on his neck, but I did not dare to and so stopped. He said to me:

"'You see, Nastennka, that I am not without feeling.'

"He told me also that I had grown pretty and modest, and he covered me with caresses. He took my hand, placed it in his own, and caressed it with his other hand while looking at it. My hands in those days were white and plump. These caresses made me blush. After such a life, too! I felt a sort of maiden bashfulness; it is strange, but it is true. In spite of my shame, — yes, my shame, although the word seems ridiculous when uttered by me, — I said to him:

"'What gave you the idea to caress me, Alexander Matvéitch?'

"He answered:

"'Because, Nastennka, you are now a virtuous girl.'

"These words made me so happy that I burst into tears.

"'What is the matter with you, Nastennka?' said he, embracing me. This kiss turned my head, and I lost consciousness. Would you believe, Véra Pavlovna, that such a thing could have happened to me after such a life?

"The next morning I wept, saying to myself: What shall I do now, poor girl? How shall I live? There is nothing left for me but to throw myself into the Néva. I felt that I could no longer remain in the pursuit by which I lived; I would rather be dead; I had loved him a long time, but as he had shown no sentiment toward me and as I had no hope of pleasing him, this love had become torpid in me, and I did not even realize it. Now all was clear. When one feels such a love, how can one even look at another man? Therefore it was that I was weeping and saying to myself: What shall I do now, without any means of existence? I had already conceived this idea: I will go to him, see him once more, and then drown myself. I wept thus all the morning. Suddenly he entered, kissed me, and said:

"'Nastennka, will you live with me?'

"I told him what I thought. And we began to live together.

"Those were happy days, Véra Pavlovna, and I believe that few persons have ever enjoyed such happiness. But I can say no more to you today, Véra Pavlovna. I only wanted to tell you how good Sachennka is."

XV.

Subsequently Nastennka Krukoff finished telling her story to Véra Pavlovna. She lived with Kirsanoff more than two years. The symptoms of incipient disease seemed to have disappeared. But toward the end of the second year, with the opening of spring, consumption showed itself in a considerably advanced stage. To live with Kirsanoff would have been to condemn herself to speedy death; by renouncing this tie she could count on again staving off her disease for a long time. They resolved to separate. To give herself to constant labor would have been equally fatal; therefore she had to find employment as a housekeeper, maid-servant, nurse, or something of the sort, and that too in a house where the work was not too heavy and where — a no less important consideration — there would be nothing disagreeable, conditions rare enough. Nevertheless such a place was found. Kirsanoff had acquaintances among the rising artists; thanks to them, Nastennka Krukoff became the maid of a Russian actress, an excellent woman. They were a long time in effecting the separation. "Tomorrow I will go," said Nastennka, and tomorrow came with other tomorrows to find her still there. They wept and could not tear themselves from each other's arms. Finally the actress, who knew all, came herself to find Nastennka, and, cutting everything short, took her away in order that the hour of separation might not be further protracted to the injury of her future servant.

[To be continued.]

A VINDICATION OF NATURAL SOCIETY:

OR,

A VIEW OF THE MISERIES AND EVILS ARISING TO MANKIND FROM EVERY SPECIES OF ARTIFICIAL SOCIETY, IN A LETTER TO LORD ——.

BY EDMUND BURKE.

Continued from No. 56.

Thus, my Lord, we have pursued *aristocracy* through its whole progress; we have seen the seeds, the growth, and the fruit. It could boast none of the advantages of a *despotism*, miserable as those advantages were, and it was overloaded with an exuberance of mischiefs, unknown even to *despotism* itself. In effect, it is no more than a disorderly tyranny. This form, therefore, could be little approved, even in speculation, by those who were capable of thinking, and could be less borne in practice by any who were capable of feeling. However, the fruitful policy of man was not yet exhausted. He had yet another farthing-candle to supply the deficiencies of the sun. This was the third form, known by political writers under the name of *democracy*. Here the people transacted all public business, or the greater part of it, in their own persons: their laws were made by themselves, and, upon any failure of duty, their officers were accountable to themselves, and to them only. In all appearance, they had secured by this method the advantages of order and good government, without paying their liberty for the purchase. Now, my Lord, we are come to the masterpiece of Grecian refinement and Roman solidity, a popular government. The earliest and most celebrated republic of this model was that of Athens. It was constructed by no less an artist than the celebrated poet and philosopher, Solon. But no sooner was this political vessel launched from the stocks than it overset, even in the life-time of the builder. A tyranny immediately supervened; not by a foreign conquest, not by accident, but by the very nature and constitution of a *democracy*. An artful man became popular, the people had power in their hands, and they devolved a considerable share of their power upon their favorite; and the only use he made of this power was to plunge those who gave it into slavery. Accident restored their liberty, and the same good fortune produced men of uncommon abilities and uncommon virtues amongst them. But these abilities were suffered to be of little service either to their possessors or to the state. Some of these men, for whose sakes alone we read their history, they banished; others they imprisoned; and all they treated with various circumstances of the most shameful ingratitude. Republics have many things in the spirit of absolute monarchy, but none more than this. A shining merit is ever hated or suspected in a popular assembly, as well as in a court; and all services done in the state are looked upon as dangerous to the rulers, whether sultans or senators. The *Ostracism* at Athens was built upon this principle. The giddy people, whom we have now under consideration, being elated with some flashes of success, which they owed to nothing less than any merit of their own, began to tyrannize over their equals, who had associated with them for their common defence. With

their prudence they renounced all appearance of justice. They entered into wars rashly and wantonly. If they were unsuccessful, instead of growing wiser by their misfortune, they threw the whole blame of their own misconduct on the ministers who had advised, and the generals who had conducted, those wars; until, by degrees, they had cut off all who could serve them in their councils or their battles. If at any time these wars had an happy issue, it was no less difficult to deal with them on account of their pride and insolence. Furious in their adversity, tyrannical in their successes, a commander had more trouble to concert his defence before the people than to plan the operations of the campaign. It was not uncommon for a general, under the horrid despotism of the Roman emperors, to be ill received in proportion to the greatness of his services. Agricola is a strong instance of this. No man had done greater things, nor with more honest ambition; yet, on his return to court, he was obliged to enter Rome with all the secresy of a criminal. He went to the palace, not like a victorious commander who had merited and might demand the greatest rewards, but like an offender who had come to supplicate a pardon for his crimes. His reception was answerable: "*Exceptusque brevi osculo et nullo sermone, turbæ servientium immixtus est.*" Yet in that worst season of this worst of monarchial tyrannies, modesty, discretion, and coolness of temper formed some kind of security even for the highest merit. But at Athens, the nicest and best studied behavior was not a sufficient guard for a man of great capacity. Some of their bravest commanders were obliged to fly their country, — some to enter into the service of its enemies, rather than abide a popular determination on their conduct, lest, as one of them said, their giddiness might make the people condemn where they meant to acquit; to throw in a black bean even when they intended a white one.

The Athenians made a very rapid progress to the most enormous excesses. The people, under no restraint, soon grew dissolute, luxurious, and idle. They renounced all labor, and began to subsist themselves from the public revenues. They lost all concern for their common honor or safety, and could bear no advice that tended to reform them. At this time truth became offensive to these lords, the people, and most highly dangerous to the speaker. The orators no longer ascended the *rostrum* but to corrupt them further with the most fulsome adulation. These orators were all bribed by foreign princes on the one side or the other. And besides its own parties, in this city there were parties, and avowed ones too, for the Persians, Spartans, and Macedonians, supported each of them by one or more demagogues pensioned and bribed to this iniquitous service. The people, forgetful of all virtue and public spirit, and intoxicated with the flatteries of their orators, (these courtiers of republics, and endowed with the distinguishing characteristics of all other courtiers;) this people, I say, at last arrived at that pitch of madness that they coolly and deliberately, by an express law, made it culpable for any man to propose an application of the immense sums squandered in public shows, even to the most necessary purposes of the state. When you see the people of this republic banishing and murdering their best and ablest citizens, dissipating the public treasure with the most senseless extravagance, and spending their whole time, as spectators or actors, in playing, fiddling, dancing, and singing, does it not, my Lord, strike your imagination with the image of a sort of complex Nero? And does it not strike you with the greater horror, when you observe, not one man only, but a whole city, grown drunk with pride and power, running with a rage of folly into the same mean and senseless debauchery and extravagance? But if this people resembled Nero in their extravagance, much more did they resemble and even exceed him in cruelty and injustice. In the time of Pericles, one of the most celebrated times in the history of that commonwealth, a king of Egypt sent them a donation of corn. This they were mean enough to accept. And had the Egyptian prince intended the ruin of this city of wicked bedlamites, he could not have taken a more effectual method to do it than by such an insnaring largess. The distribution of this bounty caused a quarrel; the majority set on foot an inquiry into the title of the citizens; and upon a vain pretence of illegitimacy, newly and occasionally set up, they deprived of their share of the royal donation no less than five thousand of their own body. They went further; they disfranchised them; and, having once begun with an act of injustice, they could set no bounds to it. Not content with cutting them off from the rights of citizens, they plundered these unfortunate wretches of all their substance; and, to crown this masterpiece of violence and tyranny, they actually sold every man of the five thousand for slaves in the public market. Observe, my Lord, that the five thousand we here speak of were cut off from a body of no more than nineteen thousand; for the entire number of citizens was no greater at that time. Could the tyrant who wished the Roman people but one neck; could the tyrant Caligula himself have done, nay, he could scarcely wish for a greater mischief than to have cut off, at one stroke, a fourth of his people? Or has the cruelty of that series of sanguine tyrants, the Cæsars, ever presented such a piece of flagrant and extensive wickedness? The whole history of this celebrated republic is but one tissue of rashness, folly, ingratitude, injustice, tumult, violence, and tyranny, and indeed of every species of wickedness that can well be imagined. This was a city of wise men, in which a minister could not exercise his functions; a warlike people, amongst whom a general did not dare either to gain or lose a battle; a learned nation, in which a philosopher could not venture on a free inquiry. This was the city which banished Themistocles, starved Aristides, forced into exile Miltiades, drove out Anaxagoras, and poisoned Socrates. This was a city which changed the form of its government with the moon; eternal conspiracies, revolutions daily, nothing fixed and established. *A republic, as an ancient philosopher has observed, is no one species of government, but a magazine of every species; here you find every sort of it, and that in the worst form.* As there is a perpetual change, one rising and the other falling, you have all the violence and wicked policy by which a beginning power must always acquire its strength, and all the weakness by which falling states are brought to a complete destruction.

Rome has a more venerable aspect than Athens; and she conducted her affairs, so far as related to the ruin and oppression of the greatest part of the world, with greater wisdom and more uniformity. But the domestic economy of these two states was nearly or altogether the same. An internal dissension constantly tore to pieces the bowels of the Roman commonwealth. You find the same confusion, the same factions, which subsisted at Athens — the same tumults, the same revolutions, and, in fine, the same slavery; if, perhaps, their former condition did not deserve that name altogether as well. All other republics were of the same character. Florence was a transcript of Athens. And the modern republics, as they approach more or less to the democratic form, partake more or less of the nature of those which I have described.

We are now at the close of our review of the three simple forms of artificial society; and we have shown them, however they may differ in name, or in some slight circumstances, to be all alike in effect; in effect, to be all tyrannies. But suppose we were inclined to make the most ample concessions: let us concede Athens, Rome, Carthage, and two or three more of the ancient, and as many of the modern, commonwealths, to have been, or to be, free and happy, and to owe their freedom and happiness to their political constitution. Yet, allowing all this, what defence does this make for artificial society in general, that these inconsiderable spots of the globe have for some short space of time stood as exceptions to a charge so general? But when we call these governments free, or concede that their citizens were happier than those which lived under different forms, it is merely *ex abundanti*. For we should be greatly mistaken if we really thought that the majority of the people which filled these cities enjoyed even that nominal political freedom of which I have spoken so much already. In reality, they had no part of it. In Athens there were usually from ten to thirty thousand freemen: this was the utmost. But the slaves usually amounted to four hundred thousand, and sometimes to a great many more. The freemen of Sparta and Rome were not more numerous in proportion to those whom they held in a slavery more terrible than the Athenian. Therefore state the matter fairly: the free states never formed, though they were taken altogether, the thousandth part of the habitable globe; the freemen in these states were never the twentieth part of the people, and the time they subsisted is scarce anything in that immense ocean of duration in which time and slavery are so nearly commensurate. Therefore call these free states, or popular governments, or what you please; when we consider the majority of their inhabitants, and regard the natural rights of mankind, they must appear, in reality and truth, no better than pitiful and oppressive oligarchies.

After so fair an examen, wherein nothing has been exaggerated; no fact produced which cannot be proved, and none which has been produced in any wise forced or strained, while thousands have, for brevity, been omitted; after so candid a discussion in all respects; *what slave so passive, what bigot so blind, what enthusiast so headlong, what politician so hardened, as to stand up in defence of a system calculated for a curse to mankind? — a curse under which they smart and groan to this hour, without thoroughly knowing the nature of the disease, and wanting understanding or courage to supply the remedy.*

(To be continued.)

"PEACE REIGNS IN WARSAW."

Ask, Is it Peace? of the nations, and thou shalt for answer be told,
Peace is for those who can buy her, she barters her honor for gold.

Tyrants together have sworn upon crowns and contemptible things,
Peace shall be nought any more but the armèd alliance of kings.

Where is the garland of olive wherewith she was shadowed of yore?
Where the goodwill that of old for a frontlet of glory she wore?

Surely a strange and wonderful Peace broods over the land,
Peace propped up upon muskets, a two-edged sword in her hand.

Dare to dispute her sway, and for battle she thirsts and is fain,
Dare to deny her dominion, and thou thyself shalt be slain.

Honey and oil of the olive and wheat and the fruits of the earth —
These are no longer her emblems, but drought and disaster and dearth.

Nay, but this cannot be Peace that of old to the nations was wed;
Not Peace she, but an harlot who triumphs and reigns in her stead.

What shall be said of her beauty with that red stain on her brow?
What shall be said of her body, and whom doth she wanton with now?

What is her meed but a hissing, and what but a byword her name? —
Girt with reproach for a garment, and robed in a raiment of shame.

How should her worshippers greet her, wherewith is her grace to be won?
What is the gift must be brought, and the sacrifice meet to be done?

Offer the oil of the olive — her fierce eyes kindle with ire;
Pour out the blood of a victim, and thou shalt have all thy desire.

Ask in her temple for nurture, and pray of her priests to be fed,
Stones she will give thee for succor, and bayonets rather than bread.

Nought may appease her fierce anger but travail and torture and toil,
Nought but the sweat and the tears of the sorrowing sons of the soil.

These be the gifts that delight her, these only she taketh for toll;
These and these only can quench the insatiate desire of her soul.

Glory is hers and high honor of those that oppress and enslave;
Shelter she gives to the poor in the sheltering mouth of the grave.

Commerce and riches increase in the hot rank steam of her breath;
Keen is its blast to the toilers, and cold as the shadow of death.

Tyrants may kiss and caress her, and kindle a curse at her lips;
Hers is the name they invoke to envenom the lash of their whips.

All that is evil and base is refreshed by the glow in her eyes;
All is abashed that is honest, and withers, and dwindles, and dies.

Therefore, since shame is the portion she chooses and is not ashamed;
Since without scorn and derision her harlotries may not be named;

Since she has truckled to tyrants, and wantoned with cowards and kings;
Since on her brow is a blood-mark, and healing is not in her wings;

Now shall the people proclaim that the day of her triumph is done,
Swear that her throne shall no more be set up in the sight of the sun; —

Yea, though there come in her stead, or in gloom or in sulphurous glare,
War with his horrible eyes and a hissing of snakes in his hair;

Yet for the glorious sake of the Peace that hereafter shall be,
All men shall turn from the traitress, and swear of her snares to be free;

Shake off her evil dominion, and swiftly make end of her might,
Rend her imperial raiment, and put her away from our sight.

Labadie's Advice to the "Alarm."

Dear Comrade Tucker:

I have just read your criticism on the "Alarm" headed "Dissipating a Fog." I only wish the "Alarm" would take a hint from it. I am sorry that paper is so inconsistent and illogical. The editorial in the last number on "Socialism" is the worst, I think, that I ever read in an advanced reform paper. The editor's mind seems to be all befogged and to have mixed up in an unrecognizable mass the theories of Anarchism, State Socialism, and Communism. This is true, else I am at sea. If that article gives the true meaning of Socialism, then of course I am not a Socialist. My ideas of these different schools may be mixed also, but let me tell you how they appear to me.

Anarchism means that there shall be no coercive powers — authority — in the hands of any set of men to force the individual to do what he doesn't want to do; that all the resources of nature shall be free to all alike, and that in consequence no one will claim more than he can use; and that competition shall have absolute sway.

State Socialism means that the will of the majority shall be the law of the land; that all natural resources and capital — the means of production and distribution of wealth — shall be controlled by the State, and that the productions of the individual shall belong to himself, minus enough to keep the capital in good working order; that private property shall extend no further than to the results of one's own work.

Absolute Communism means that not only shall the means of production and distribution belong to the State, but that the production itself shall belong to the State also, and the individual shall have only what he needs.

Now, I do not believe in Communism, I do not agree wholly with the State Socialists, and my mind is full of doubt as to the practicability of Anarchism. But this I do believe: the duty of the State is simply to see that the right of the individual to the use of all natural products is not abridged, and possibly to control or own those things that in their very nature are monopolies, such as water works in cities, streets, railroads, and a few such enterprises, but that the post-offices, schools, banks, machinery, and things of that nature should be left entirely with individuals. I have not that fear of competition that have so many who write on these subjects. Give every individual an equal chance, and let the best man win. The trouble with State Socialists and their sympathizers is this: they see that the working people now bear a great burden, and they think the proper way to relieve them of that burden is to turn around and burden the other fellows. Give us free land, free money, free schools, free trade, — free competition in all things for that matter, — and I think we will get as near the millennium as it is possible for man to get.

Liberty acts like an invigorator to me every time it comes. It has corrected so many erroneous notions in my mind that I feel ever so grateful to it and you.

Fraternally,

JOSEPH A. LABADIE.

LANSING, MICHIGAN, November 14, 1884.

Segregation.

To the Editor of Liberty:

Mind, it's you that are the intolerant one.

I approve "X's" and your position as far as it is a positive one regarding yourselves, while I should quite as willingly form a third in your sphere and manner of action as far as my personal predilections go, did the opportunity present. I spoke for others differently constituted, who would be lost in a city but do well and render good service to principles in the country. Now, you squint at my position; you don't see it fairly. You would lead one that had not read me to regard me as a sort of social Thoreau. Do not let this be construed disrespectfully to Thoreau, for whom I have a true regard; but we are not on the same line of ambitions. You do not attack, nor I defend any actual movement; I do not suppose there is yet anywhere sufficient mutual intelligence and reliance on character among groups of persons of advanced thought to render a segregative impulse feasible. The child's bones must be knit from their many centres of ossification before that child can move his limbs. So that we have time and time again to quarrel about nothing and make friends again before the issue comes up for judgment.

EDGEWORTH.

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

Vol. III.—No. 6. **BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1885.** **Whole No. 58.**

" 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.

That blind partisan, Senator Edmunds, by the introduction of his anti-explosives bill, has inaugurated a policy which, if persisted in, will surely make dynamite as important a factor in American as it is already in European politics.

A very silly pamphlet is one entitled "Slaughter the Innocents, and the Irish Crime in America," written by Charles O. Donnovan, A. M., barrister-at-law. That the writer penetrates about as far beneath the surface as lawyers usually do may be inferred from his warning to the Irish against the example of the Nihilists, whom he styles the "Gorillas of Russia," describing them as cutting off Alexander II. in the "sublime" work of emancipation which he began by freeing the serfs before dynamite was discovered

An exceptionally well-informed and (on other subjects) fair-minded Englishman excitedly exclaimed, in discussing the London explosions with me, that, if these things kept on, he hoped "England would make Ireland a waste." And in the very next breath he told me that I ought to be ashamed of myself for "defending these scoundrelly dynamiters who satisfied their revenge by destroying and endangering the lives of innocent people." This same tender-hearted individual thinks that it would be better for the world were the Mahdi's entire army to be wiped out than that General Gordon should be killed. It is astonishing to think of the number of people whose sensibilities undergo the most exquisite torture at the idea of one policeman dying from a dynamite explosion and who will discuss with the most utter *sang froid* the horrible possibilities of officially-declared war. All these people, whether they know it or not, are still tainted with the doctrine that "the king can do no wrong."

The thanks of Liberty and all its friends are due to Senator Riddleberger of Virginia for the manly front that he presented, by speech and vote, without the support of a single fellow-senator, against the adoption of Senator Bayard's sycophantic resolution of indignation at the dynamiters and sympathy with England. His vote, given in undaunted resistance to the sixty-three recreants to the principle that gave birth to this nation who voted for the resolution, will live in history and make his memory glorious, even though the reputation which he bears as a tricky politician should never be wiped out. To think, too, of this voice and vote for Liberty coming from Virginia to plant a blow between the eyes of Northern tools of despotism by reminding them, in plain terms of glowing eulogy, of John Brown at Harper's Ferry! O shade of Patrick Henry! I fancy I can see you now pointing with pride at this your younger brother from the Old Dominion, while the ghosts of old Sam Adams and James Otis cover their faces with shame at the disgrace brought by George F. Hoar upon the Old Bay State. Will General Pat Collins redeem the fair fame of Massachusetts? For before my readers see these words that wily young aspirant for political preferment will probably have an opportunity in the house of representatives to justify the claim made for him by his friends that he is the foremost champion of Irish-Americans. I am watching to see what mettle he is made of.

One of the most unique and vivid word-pictures that I have seen for a long time is drawn by James Redpath in the last number of "John Swinton's Paper," entitled "Two Hundred Million Acres, or, The Long, Long March of a Royal Spook." The fanciful writer imagines the spirit of King Henry the Second to have been released from his body by an Irish patriot's bow on his landing in Ireland in 1171 and sentenced by Brian Borru and eleven other members of an Irish spectral jury to never find repose until it had spent just one minute on each acre of a territory ten times the size of Ireland,—that is, of the exact area that has been given away during the last twenty years to American corporations by our Republican or Democratic congresses. Mr. Redpath finds that, under these conditions and walking twelve hours a day, King Henry's Ghost, after making the most eventful journey on record for a ghost through the centuries that have since elapsed, would in this year 1885 still have to walk the earth for fifty-two years more, or until 1937, before attaining its promised rest; in other words, that it would take this royal tramp and land-robber seven hundred and sixty-six years to walk, one minute to the acre, over the two hundred million acres that have been stolen from the laborers of America. Think of it, workingmen! And remember that but a few days ago, away off in Oklahoma, the United States massed its troops to evict a little band of four hundred desperate settlers who, having "squatted" upon a small portion of this territory, were disposed to resist all attempts to oust them from the little homes which their own toil had made for them!

This month witnesses the appearance in Paris of two monthly reviews of socialism. One, the "Revue Socialiste," edited by B. Malon, a collectivist and partial disciple of Marx, will appear on the fifteenth of every month. The first number, already at hand, contains an introductory announcement by the editor; articles on "The Economic Crisis" by G. Rouanet, "Transformism and Socialism" by L. Dramard, and "Economic Evolution in Belgium" by L. Bertrand; a poem, "The Gods of the Forest," by Eugéne Pottier; and several critical departments. Each number will have nearly one hundred large pages, and the subscription price is twelve francs a year. Subscriptions should be sent to "Ernest Vaughan, 12, Rue du Croissant, Paris." The other, "La Question Sociale," edited by Argyriadès, is to appear on the first of every month, though I have not yet received the first number, which is to contain a poem, "The Social Question," by Eugéne Pottier; articles on "The Industries of Paris" by A. Goulé, "A Legend to be Destroyed" by Lefrançais, "Struggle Against Nature" by Jehan le Vagre, "Collectivism or Communism" by Argyriadès, "The State the Father of the Family" by L. V. Meunier, and "Causes of Brigandage in Italy" by Gasparone; a poem, "Gambetta," by Gaillard *fils;* and correspondence from various countries. The subscription price is four francs a year, each number having thirty-two pages. Subscriptions should be sent to "Citoyen Argyriadès, Administrateur de la 'Question Sociale,' 52, Rue Monge, Paris." Each of these reviews promises to be a free parliament in which all schools of socialism may find full and fair hearing. The same promise is made in the prospectus of still a third monthly review, announced to appear at Brussels on the twentieth of every month, entitled "La Société Nouvelle." It advertises a long list of contributors, among them Elisée Reclus, Henry George, Hyndmann, and Liebknecht. This, in numbers of from sixty to seventy-two pages, will cost eight francs a year, which may be sent to "10, Rue des Minimes, Brussels, Belgium." I welcome all these signs of intellectual activity.

It is glorious news that comes to us from England; sad enough if it were unnecessary, sad enough that it should be necessary, but, having been made necessary by its victims, none the less joyful and glorious. The dynamite policy is now definitely adopted in England, and must be vigorously pushed until it has produced the desired effect of abolishing all the repressive legislation that denies the freedom of agitation and discussion which alone can result in the final settlement of social questions and make the Revolution a fixed fact. When and where that freedom prevails, the use of dynamite or any form of physical force can never have the sanction of Liberty; when and where it does not prevail, force must be sanctioned for the time being, for nothing else can be done. For a while Russia enjoyed the unenviable distinction of being almost the only country where terrorism was advisable, but it has now come to pass that there is scarcely a country in Europe where there is any alternative. I am very much afraid that the same will be true of America before many months pass. This being the condition of affairs, an explosion that should blow every atom of the English Parliamentary Buildings into the Thames River ought to be as gratifying to every lover of Liberty as the fall of the Bastille in 1789. For my part, I should as soon think of apologizing for one as the other. My only criticism upon the Irish dynamiters is that they are not proceeding to the best advantage. It does comparatively little good to blow up property which the people have to pay for and replace. Lives should be the object of attack,—the lives, not of the innocent, but of the most clearly and prominently guilty. Why, by endangering the lives of innocent people, alienate the sympathy of many who would appreciate and applaud a prompt visitation of death upon a Gladstone immediately after the passage of a Coercion Act or upon a William Vernon Harcourt when such a law as his Anti-Explosives Act is put in force? How much better and wiser and more effective in this respect the course of the Russian and German Terrorists! Witness, for instance, the telling promptness with which the German police commissioner, Rumpff, was found dead upon his doorstep the other day just after he had accomplished the death sentence of the brave Reinsdorf and his Anarchistic comrades. I commend this relentless directness to the Irish dynamiters. Meanwhile, it is very certain that the explosions of last Saturday will cause legislators everywhere to sit much less easily in their seats, for which unquestionable blessing let us be duly thankful.

A FEMALE NIHILIST.

By STEPNIAK,

Author of "Underground Russia."

Continued from No. 57.

IV.

The romance of her life commenced during her stay in St. Petersburg after her escape. She was one of the so-called "Amazons," and was one of the most fanatical. She ardently preached against love and advocated celibacy, holding that with so many young men and young girls of the present day love was a clog upon revolutionary activity. She kept her vow for several years, but was vanquished by the invincible. There was at that time in St. Petersburg a certain Nicholas Morosoff, a young poet and brave fellow, handsome, and fascinating as his poetic dreams. He was of a graceful figure, tall as a young pine-tree, with a fine head, an abundance of curly hair, and a pair of chestnut eyes, which soothed, like a whisper of love, and sent forth glances that shone like diamonds in the dark whenever a touch of enthusiasm moved him.

The bold "Amazon" and the young poet met, and their fate was decided. I will not tell of the delirium and transports through which they passed. Their love was like some delicate and sensitive plant, which must not be rudely touched. It was a spontaneous and irresistible feeling. They did not perceive it until they were madly enamored of each other. They became husband and wife. It was said of them that, when they were together, inexorable Fate had no heart to touch them, and that its cruel hand became a paternal one, which warded off the blows that threatened them. And, indeed, all their misfortunes happened to them when they were apart.

This was the incident which did much to give rise to the saying.

In November, 1879, Olga fell into the hands of the police. It should be explained that, when these succeed in arresting a Nihilist, they always leave in the apartments of the captured person a few men to take into custody any one who may come to see that person. In our language, this is called a trap. Owing to the Russian habit of arranging everything at home and not in the cafés, as in Europe, the Nihilists are often compelled to go to each other's houses, and thus these traps become fatal. In order to diminish the risk, safety signals are generally placed in the windows, and are taken away at the first sound of the police. But, owing to the negligence of the Nihilists themselves, accustomed as they are to danger, and so occupied that they sometimes have not time to eat a mouthful all day long, the absence of these signals is often disregarded, or attributed to some combination of circumstances, — the difficulty, or perhaps the topographical impossibility, of placing signals in many apartments in such a manner that they can be seen from a distance. This measure of public security frequently, therefore, does not answer its purpose, and a good half of all the Nihilists who have fallen into the hands of the Government have been caught in these very traps. A precisely similar misfortune happened to Olga, and the worst of it was that it was in the house of Alexander Kviatkovsky, one of the Terrorist leaders, where the police found a perfect magazine of dynamite, bombs, and similar things, together with a plan of the Winter Palace, which, after the explosion there [illegible] his capital conviction. As may readily be believed, the police would regard with anything but favorable eyes every one who came to the house of such a man.

Directly she entered, Olga was immediately seized by two policemen, in order to prevent her from defending herself. She, however, displayed not the slightest desire to do so. She feigned surprise, astonishment, and invented there and then the story that she had come to see some dressmakers (who had, in fact, their names on a door-plate below, and occupied the upper floor) for the purpose of ordering something, but had mistaken the door; that she did not know what they wanted with her, and wished to return to her husband, etc.; the usual subterfuges to which the police are accustomed to turn a deaf ear. But Olga played her part so well that the *pristav*, or head of the police of the district, was really inclined to believe her. He told her that anyhow, if she did not wish to be immediately taken to prison, she must give her name and conduct him to her own house. Olga gave the first name which came into her mind, which naturally enough was not that under which she was residing in the capital, but as to her place of residence she declared, with every demonstration of profound despair, that she could not, and would not, take him there or say where it was. The *pristav* insisted, and, upon her reiterated refusal, observed to the poor simple thing that her obstinacy was not only prejudicial to her, but even useless, as, knowing her name, he would have no difficulty in sending some one to the Adressni Stol and obtaining her address. Struck by this unanswerable argument, Olga said she would take him to her house.

No sooner had she descended into the street, accompanied by the *pristav* and some of his subalterns, than Olga met a friend, Madame Maria A., who was going to Kviatkovsky's, where a meeting of Terrorists had actually been fixed for that very day. It was to this chance meeting that the Terrorists owed their escape from the very grave danger which threatened them; for the windows of Kviatkovsky's rooms were so placed that it was impossible to see any signals there from the street.

Naturally enough the two friends made no sign to indicate that they were acquainted with each other, but Madame Maria A., on seeing Olga with the police, ran in all haste to inform her friends of the arrest of their companion, about which there could be no doubt.

The first to be warned was Nicholas Morosoff, as the police in a short time would undoubtedly go to his house and make the customary search. Olga felt certain that this was precisely what her friend would do, and therefore her sole object now was to delay her custodians so as to give Morosoff time to "clear" his rooms (that is to say, destroy or take away papers and everything compromising), and to get away himself. It was this that she was anxious about, for he had been accused by the traitor Goldenberg of having taken part in the mining work connected with the Moscow attempt, and by the Russian law was liable to the penalty of death.

Greatly emboldened by this lucky meeting with her friend, Olga, without saying a word, conducted the police to the Ismailovsky Polk, one of the quarters of the town most remote from the place of her arrest, which was in the Nevsky district. They found the street and the house indicated to them. They entered and summoned the *dvornik* (doorkeeper), who has to be present at every search made. Then came the inevitable explanation. The *dvornik* said that he did not know the lady, and that she did not lodge in that house.

Upon hearing this statement, Olga covered her face with her hands, and gave way to despair. She sobbingly admitted that she had deceived them from fear of her husband, who was very harsh, that she had not given her real name and address, and wound up by begging them to let her go home.

"What's the use of all this, madam?" exclaimed the *pristav*. "Don't you see that you are doing yourself harm by these tricks? I'll forgive you this time, because of your inexperience, but take care that you don't do it again, and lead us at once to your house or otherwise you will repent it."

After much hesitation, Olga resolved to obey the injunctions of the *pristav*. She gave her name, and said she lived in one of the lanes of Vasili Ostrov.

It took an hour to reach the place. At last they arrived at the house indicated. Here precisely the same scene with the *dvornik* was repeated. Then the *pristav* lost all patience, and wanted to take her away to prison at once, without making a search in her house. Upon hearing the *pristav's* harsh announcement, Olga flung herself into an arm-chair and had a violent attack of hysterics. They fetched some water and sprinkled her face with it to revive her. When she had somewhat recovered, the *pristav* ordered her to rise and go at once to the prison of the district. Her hysterical attack recommenced. But the *pristav* would stand no more nonsense, and told her to get up, or otherwise he would have her taken away in a cab by main force.

The despair of the poor lady was at its height.

"Listen!" she exclaimed; "I will tell you everything now."

And she began the story of her life and marriage. She was the daughter of a rustic, and she named the province and the village. Up to the age of sixteen she remained with her father and looked after the sheep. But one day an engineer, her future husband, who was at work upon a branch line of railway, came to stop in the house. He fell in love with her, took her to town, and placed her with his aunt, and had teachers to educate her, as she was illiterate and knew nothing. Then he married her, and they lived very happily together for four years; but he had since become discontented, rough, irritable, and she feared that he loved her no longer; but she loved him as much as ever, as she owed everything to him, and could not be ungrateful. Then she said that he would be dreadfully angry with her, and would perhaps drive her away if she went to the house in charge of the police; that it would be a scandal; that he would think she had stolen something; and so on.

All this, and much more of the same kind, with endless details and repetitions, did Olga narrate; interrupting her story from time to time by sighs, exclamations, and tears. She wept in very truth, and her tears fell copiously, as she assured me when she laughingly described this scene to me afterwards. I thought at the time that she would have made a very good actress.

The *pristav*, though impatient, continued to listen. He was vexed at the idea of returning with empty hands, and he hoped this time at all events her story would lead to something. Then, too, he had not the slightest suspicion, and would have taken his oath that the woman he had arrested was a poor, simple creature, who had fallen into his hands without having done anything whatever, as so frequently happens in Russia, where houses are searched on the slightest suspicion. When Olga had finished her story, the *pristav* began to console her. He said that her husband would certainly pardon her when he heard her explanation; that the same thing might happen to anyone; and so on. Olga resisted for a while, and asked the *pristav* to promise that he would assure her husband she had done nothing wrong; and more to the same effect. The *pristav* promised everything, in order to bring the matter to an end, and this time Olga proceeded towards her real residence. She had gained three hours and a half; for her arrest took place about two o'clock, and she did not reach her own home until about half past five. She had no doubt that Morosoff had got away, and, after having "cleared" the rooms, had thrice as much time as he required for the operation.

Having ascended the stairs, accompanied by the *dvorniks* and the police, she rang the bell. The door opened and she entered, first the ante-chamber, then the sitting-room. There a terrible surprise awaited her. Morosoff in person was seated at a table, in his dressing-gown, with a pencil in his hand and a pen in his ear. Olga fell into hysterics. This time they were real, not simulated.

How was it that he had remained in the house?

The lady previously mentioned had not failed to hasten at once and inform Morosoff, whom she found at home with three or four friends. At the announcement of the arrest of Olga they all had but one idea, — that of remaining where they were, of arming themselves, and of awaiting her arrival, in order to rescue her by main force. But Morosoff energetically opposed this proposal. He said, and rightly said, that it presented more dangers than advantages, for the police being in numbers and reinforced by the *dvorniks* of the house, who were all a species of police agents of inferior grade, the attempt at the best would result in the liberation of one person at the cost of several others. His view prevailed, and the plan, which was more generous than prudent, was abandoned. The rooms were at once "cleared" with the utmost rapidity, so that the fate of the person arrested, which was sure to be a hard one and was now inevitable, should not be rendered more grievous. When all was ready and they were about to leave, Morosoff staggered his friends by acquainting them with the plan he had thought of. He would remain in the house alone and await the arrival of the police. They thought he had lost his senses; for everybody knew, and no one better than himself, that, with the terrible accusation hanging over his head, if once arrested, it would be all over with him. But he said he hoped it would not come to that, — nay, he expected to get clear off with Olga, and in any case would share her fate. They would escape or perish together. His friends heard him announce this determination with mingled feelings of grief, astonishment, and admiration. Neither entreaties nor remonstrances could shake his determination. He was firm, and remained at home after saying farewell to his friends, who took leave of him as of a man on the point of death.

He had drawn up his plan, which by the suggestion of some mysterious instinct perfectly harmonized with that of Olga, although they had never in any way arranged the matter. He also had determined to feign innocence, and had arranged everything in such a manner as to make it seem as though he were the most peaceful of citizens. As he lived under the false passport of an engineer, he covered his table with a heap of plans of various dimensions, and, having put on his dressing-gown and slippers, set diligently to work to copy one, while awaiting the arrival of his unwelcome guests.

It was in this guise and engaged in this innocent occupation that he was surprised by the police. The scene which followed may easily be imagined. Olga flung her arms round his neck, and poured forth a stream of broken words, exclamations, excuses, and complaints of these men who had arrested her because she wished to call upon her milliner. In the midst, however, of these exclamations, she whispered in his ear, "Have you not been warned?"

"Yes," he replied in the same manner, "everything is in order. Don't be alarmed."

Meanwhile he played the part of an affectionate husband mortified by this scandal. After a little scolding and then a little consolation, he turned to the

pristav and asked him for an explanation, as he could not quite understand what had happened from the disconnected words of his wife. The *pristav* politely told the whole story. The engineer appeared greatly surprised and grieved, and could not refrain from somewhat bitterly censuring his wife for her unpardonable imprudence. The *pristav*, who was evidently reassured by the aspect of the husband and of the whole household, declared nevertheless that he must make a search.

"I hope you will excuse me, sir," he added, "but I am obliged to do it; it is my duty."

"I willingly submit to the law," nobly replied the engineer.

Thereupon he pointed to the room, so as to indicate that the *pristav* was free to search it thoroughly, and having lit a candle with his own hand, for at that hour in St. Petersburg it was already dark, he quietly opened the door of the adjoining room, which was his own little place.

The search was made. Certainly not a single scrap of paper was found, written or printed, which smelt of Nihilism.

"By rights I ought to take the lady to prison," said the *pristav*, when he had finished his search, "especially as her previous behavior was anything but what it ought to have been; but I won't do that. I will simply keep you under arrest here until your passports have been verified. You see, sir," he added, "we police officers are not quite so bad as the Nihilists make us out."

"There are always honest men in every occupation," replied the engineer with a gracious bow.

More compliments of the same kind, which I need not repeat, were exchanged between them, and the *pristav* went away with most of his men, well impressed with such a polite and pleasant reception. He left, however, a guard in the kitchen, with strict injunctions not to lose sight of the host and hostess, until further orders.

Morosoff and Olga were alone. The first act of the comedy they had improvised had met with complete success. But the storm was far from having blown over. The verification of their passports would show that they were false. The inevitable consequence would be a warrant for their arrest, which might be issued at any moment if the verification were made by means of the telegraph. The sentinel, rigid, motionless, with his sword by his side and his revolver in his belt, was seated in the kitchen, which was at the back, exactly opposite the outer door, so that it was impossible to approach the door without being seen by him. For several hours they racked their brains and discussed, in a low voice, various plans of escape. To free themselves by main force was not to be thought of. No arms had been left in the place, for they had been purposely taken away. Yet, without weapons, how could they grapple with this big, sturdy fellow, armed as he was? They hoped that, as the hours passed on, he would fall asleep. But this hope was not realised. When, at about half-past ten, Morosoff, under pretext of going to his little room, which was used for various domestic purposes, passed near the kitchen, he saw the man still at his post, with his eyes wide open, attentive and vigilant as at first. Yet when Morosoff returned, Olga would have declared that the way was quite clear and that they had nothing to do but to leave, so beaming were his eyes. He had, in fact, found what he wanted, — a plan simple and safe The little room opened into the small corridor which served as a sort of ante-chamber, and its door flanked that of the kitchen. In returning to the sitting-room, Morosoff observed that, when the door of the little room was wide open, it completely shut out the view of the kitchen, and consequently hid from the policeman the outer door, and also that of the sitting-room. It would be possible, therefore, at a given moment, to pass through the ante-chamber without being seen by the sentinel. But this could not be done unless someone came and opened the door of the little room. Neither Olga nor Morosoff could do this, for if, under some pretext, they opened it, they would of course have to leave it open This would immediately arouse suspicion, and the policeman would run after them and catch them, perhaps before they had descended the staircase. Could they trust the landlady? The temptation to do so was great. If she consented to assist them, success might be considered certain. But if she refused! Who could guarantee that, from fear of being punished as an accomplice, she would not go and reveal everything to the police? Of course she did not suspect in the least what kind of people her lodgers were.

Nothing, therefore, was said to her, but they hoped nevertheless to have her unconscious assistance, and it was upon that Morosoff had based his plan. About eleven o'clock she went into the little room where the pump was placed, to get the water to fill the kitchen cistern for next day's consumption. As the room was very small, she generally left one of two pails in the corridor, while she filled the other with water, and, of course, was thus obliged to leave the door open Everything thus depended upon the position in which she placed her pail. An inch or two on one side or the other would decide their fate; for it was only when the door of the little room was wide open that it shut out the view of the kitchen and concealed the end of the ante-chamber. If not wide open, part of the outer door could be seen. There remained half an hour before the decisive moment, which both employed in preparing for flight. Their wraps were hanging up in the wardrobe of the ante-chamber. They had, therefore, to put on what they had with them in the sitting-room. Morosoff put on a light summer overcoat. Olga threw over her shoulders a woolen scarf, to protect her somewhat from the cold. In order to deaden as much as possible the sounds of their hasty footsteps, which might arouse the attention of the sentinel in the profound silence of the night, both of them put on their goloshes, which, being elastic, made but little noise. They had to put them on next to their stockings, although it was not particularly agreeable at that season, for they were in their slippers, their shoes having been purposely sent into the kitchen to be cleaned for the following day, in order to remove all suspicion respecting their intentions.

Everything being prepared, they remained in readiness, listening to every sound made by the landlady. At last came the clanging of empty pails. She went to the little room, threw open the door, and began her work. The moment had arrived. Morosoff cast a hasty glance. Oh, horror! The empty pail scarcely projected beyond the threshold, and the door was a very acute angle, so that even from the door of the sitting-room where they were part of the interior of the kitchen could be seen. He turned towards Olga, who was standing behind him holding her breath, and made an energetic sign in the negative. A few minutes passed, which seemed like hours. The pumping ceased; the pail was full. She was about to place it on the floor. Both stretched their necks and advanced a step, being unable to control the anxiety and suspense. This time the heavy pail banged against the door and forced it back on its hinges, a stream of water being spilt. The view of the kitchen was completely shut out, but another disaster had occurred. Overbalanced by the heavy weight, the landlady had come half out into the corridor. "She has seen us," whispered Morosoff, falling back pale as death. "No," replied Olga, excitedly; and she was right. The landlady disappeared into the little room, and a moment afterwards recommenced her clattering work.

Without losing a moment, without even turning round, Morosoff gave the signal to his companion by a firm grip of the hand, and both issued forth, hastily passed through the corridor, softly opened the door, and found themselves upon the landing of the staircase. With cautious steps they descended, and were in the street, ill-clad but very light of heart. A quarter of an hour afterwards they were in a house where they were being anxiously awaited by their friends, who welcomed them with a joy more easy to imagine than to describe.

In their own abode their flight was not discovered until late into the morning, when the landlady came to do the room.

Such was the adventure, narrated exactly as it happened, which contributed, as I have said, to give rise to the saying that these two were invincible when together. When the police became aware of the escape of the supposed engineer and his wife, they saw at once that they had been outwitted. The *pristav*, who had been so thoroughly taken in, had a terrible time of it, and proceeded with the utmost eagerness to make investigations somewhat behindhand. The verification of the passports of course showed that they were false. The two fugitives were therefore "illegal" people, but the police wished to know, at all events, who they were, and to discover this was not very difficult, for both had already been in the hands of the police, who, therefore, were in possession of their photographs. The landlady and the *dvornik* recognized them among a hundred shown to them by the gendarmes. A comparison with the description of them, also preserved in the archives of the gendarmerie, left no doubt of their identity. It was in this manner the police found out what big fish they had stupidly allowed to escape from their net, as may be seen by reading the report of the trial of Sciriaeff and his companions. With extreme but somewhat tardy zeal, the gendarmes ransacked every place in search of them. They had their trouble for nothing. A Nihilist who thoroughly determines to conceal himself can never be found. He falls into the hands of the police only when he returns to active life.

When the search for them began to relax, Olga and Morosoff quitted their place of concealment and resumed their positions in the ranks. Some months afterwards they went abroad in order to legitimatise their union, so that if some day they were arrested it might be recognized by the police. They crossed the frontier of Roumania unmolested, stopped there some time, and having arranged their private affairs went to reside for a while at Geneva, where Morosoff wished to finish a work of some length upon the Russian revolutionary movement. Here Olga gave birth to a daughter, and for awhile it seemed that all the strength of her ardent and exceptional disposition would concentrate itself in maternal love. She did not appear to care for anything. She seemed even to forget her husband in her exclusive devotion to the little one. There was something almost wild in the intensity of her love.

Four months passed, and Morosoff, obeying the call of duty, chafing at inactivity, and eager for the struggle, returned to Russia. Olga could not follow him with her baby at the breast, and, oppressed by a mournful presentiment, allowed him to depart alone.

A fortnight after he was arrested.

On hearing this terrible news, Olga did not swoon, she did not wring her hands, she did not even shed a single tear. She stifled her grief. A single, irresistible, and supreme idea pervaded her — to fly to him; to save him at all costs; by money, by craft, by the dagger, by poison, even at the risk of her own life so that she could but save him.

And the child? That poor little weak and delicate creature, who needed all her maternal care to support its feeble life? What could she do with the poor innocent babe, already almost an orphan?

She could not take it with her. She must leave it behind.

Terrible was the night which the poor mother passed with her child before setting out. Who can depict the indescribable anguish of her heart, with the horrible alternative placed before her of forsaking her child to save the man she loved, or of forsaking him to save the little one. On the one side was maternal feeling; on the other her ideal, her convictions, her devotion to the cause which he steadfastly served. She did not hesitate for a moment. She must go. On the morning of the day fixed she took leave of all her friends, shut herself up alone with her child, and remained with it for some minutes to bid it farewell. When she issued forth, her face was pale as death and wet with tears.

She set out. She moved heaven and earth to save her husband. Twenty times was she within an ace of being arrested. But it was impossible for her efforts to avail. As implicated in the attempt against the life of the Emperor, he was confined in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul; and there is no escape from there. She did not relax her efforts, but stubbornly and doggedly continued them, and all this while was in agony if she did not constantly hear about her child. If the letters were delayed a day or two, her anguish would not be restrained. The child was ever present in her mind. One day she took compassion on a little puppy, still blind, which she found upon a heap of rubbish, where it had been thrown. "My friends laugh at me," she wrote, "but I love it because its little feeble cries remind me of those of my child."

Meanwhile the child died. For a whole month no one had the courage to tell the sad news. But at last the silence had to be broken.

Olga herself was arrested a few weeks afterwards.

Such is the story, the true story, of Olga Liubatovitch. Of Olga Liubatovitch, do I say? No — of hundreds and hundreds of others. I should not have related it had it not been so.

[THE END.]

THEN AND NOW.

XII.

A LECTURE ON THE RISE AND FALL OF AUTHORITY.

BOSTON, January 23, 2085.

My Dear Louise:

A few evenings ago I had the pleasure of listening to a lecture by Mr. De Demain before the students of Harvard College. The subject was "The Rise and Fall of Authority." I have written out what I think will give you a fair idea of his argument. Mr. De Demain is a very animated, correct speaker, not eloquent, but earnest.

"When civilization first began to dawn on mankind, authority had its birth. When civilization had fully dawned upon mankind, authority met its death."

These were Mr. De Demain's opening sentences. He continued: "I will

Continued on page 6.

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"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.

Why Labor Papers Die Young.

For the past twenty-five years I have seen one labor paper after another spring into existence, and, after a desperate struggle for patronage, go down in disgust and despair. I could count such by the bushel. In almost every case some poor fellow, enthused by the burning wrongs of the servile classes, has put in his time, his heart, his brains, and his means, and, after a frantic and hopeless cry for support, has either retreated, sold out to the enemy, or gone down in utter ruin. The only labor papers that find it possible to live are the special organs of particular trades supported by the regular Trade Union funds and morally and mentally narrowed down to the merely selfish interests of their clans.

For a time the "Irish World" seemed to hold forth the promise of a largely circulated journal floating successfully on its merits as a land and labor organ; but this once grand champion of labor's wrongs has at last ignominiously skulked away from its old issues and practically gone over body and soul to the enemy, declaring over the signature of the degenerate Ford that it is now "primarily a political paper."

The last example of a drowning labor champion, all ready to go down for the third and last time, is John Swinton. Brim full of humanitarian impulses, Swinton cherished the pet idea of leaving as a legacy to labor a model labor newspaper. He sacrificed in this behalf the most lucrative newspaper situation in America, and was willing to sink the bulk of the earnings of a lifetime in the cause. The load is steadily dragging him into the almshouse, and labor refuses to come to the rescue. I pity the genial and noble-hearted Swinton, but history is only repeating itself The hard fact is that working people stolidly refuse to support a mere labor paper, no matter how ably conducted.

And I beg forgiveness for the remark that I do not much blame working people for refusing to support mere labor papers of the ordinary stamp. What consolation has the poor slave of toil and sorrow in merely reading of his abuse and degradation from week to week? Bulky headings inform him of "Hell's Mills" in the East, "Living Tombs" in the West, "Black Holes of Calcutta" in the South, and "Prison Dens" in the North. Yet all the mental and moral pith that can be squeezed out of the labor editor is the blind-man's-buff cry of "Organize! Organize! Organize!" or a suicidal appeal to the ballot-box, *itself* the bottom trick that fortifies these evils against radical revolt.

The saving truth that John Swinton and others have yet to find out is that there is in reality no such thing as the "Labor Question," so-called, and the paper that stands on this partial ground has no logical basis of propaganda to start with. The capitalist with perfect right might call the issue involved The Capital Question, the merchant might call it The Trade Question, or the professional loafer The Dead Beat Question. Behind and beyond all these partial "Questions" are the radical questions of fundamental individual right, which are the elements proper of the problem of correct social adjustment. All these elements finally converge into the one great problem of Liberty, which extends equal balances to all, and no more recognizes a mere "Labor Question" as fundamental than it does a capitalist or a loafer question.

Labor is a slave because it is born a social cripple and is kept a cripple by this same ballot-box trick to which reformers of the John Swinton order are constantly appealing. To organize for emancipation while supporting the governmental conspiracy which arrogates to itself the power to say, Thus far shalt thou go and no farther! is a kind of Jack-in-the-box performance which will continue to feed and amuse politicians till the incoming Anarchistic tide heads it off.

When Liberty was first published, Henry George is said to have taken it into his fingers, and, expanding his "unearned increment" of cheek, laughed heartily at the insane vaporings of Tucker and "that Individualist crowd." Yet we still live and are gaining ground rapidly, while the subscription lists of Liberty are largely seasoned with patronage from the best and deepest thinkers on two continents And yet we boldly and inexorably demand the abolition of the State as the first condition of Labor's emancipation. How many labor papers will yet have to die the old inevitable death before this stale fool's play with despotism gives way to something that has the promise and potency of life in it?

Meanwhile, I say to Labor, Organize! Organize! Organize! but organize with your backs towards the ballot-boxes, *for all seeming emancipation through politics is illusory and costs far more than it is worth.*

X.

Bed Rock Mud.

Although one stands in the presence of the tired and wan-faced masses of humanity, he cannot help smiling at the frantic attempts of the newspapers and a certain class of business men to impress upon the people in general, and the retail tradesmen in particular, the idea that we have reached hard pan, and that consequently trade must improve. Allowing that this hard pan has been struck, it does not follow that we shall be able to build upon it a structure of prosperity that will stand. "Hard pan" has been struck several times before, but somehow after a time the financial edifices builded upon it have been swept away as though the foundation were nothing more than ordinary mud. Four years ago we struck this same bed rock of depression. Business was in a pretty bad way, to be sure, and there were thousands of idle workmen. Idle workmen soon get lean, and, like that lean Cassius, they think too much. As Cæsar said, "such men are dangerous." The robbers or, if you please, employers began to appreciate this fact, and breathed into the lungs of the dying business system of the country. There was a temporary revival; then a relapse. Can the death-struck thing be again revivified?

We are told that we have struck bed rock again, and that we must build anew. But we are to build in the same old way. The same old rules of financial architecture are to be followed. Can we expect a more substantial structure?

Well, if they do not starve thereby, Anarchists have no cause to complain of business depression. The oftener this business bed rock is struck, the oftener the people get a good look at it. After seeing it two or three times more, they will see that this "hard pan" is nothing but mud, after all, and that no structure can ever stand firmly upon it.

There is a bed rock though, firm, safe, solid, and Liberty and its friends are showing the people who are wallowing about in the hard-pan mud of the scheming men of today where that bed rock is. It may be easily reached, and may be soon reached if mills continue to shut down.

Revolutionary ideas work rapidly into a man's system if taken on an empty stomach. C. M. H.

The State Afraid of Sanity.

[Lowell Bell.]

President Grevy says he will liberate Louise Michel if she shall be declared insane. Only sane persons are dangerous to the state.

Contributions from the Enemy.

The Catholic Church is pushing for its pro-rata share of the school taxes to be applied in the parish schools to religious instruction, carrying sectism into the public school system. Irrespective of its known policy of encroachment, proselytism, and domination, this claim is justly based on the acknowledged correlation between *"taxation and representation,"* besides being supported by its unparalleled efforts in behalf of education in the United States. Actually this church supports 2,500 parochial schools, with 500,000 pupils, 599 academies, 87 colleges, and 22 ecclesiastical seminaries, besides the sacerdotal institutions peculiar to its various religious orders respectively.

The Catholic Church, like the Russian Government, educates for its own purposes, to make intelligent tools, ecclesiastic in the one case, military in the other, but each with a single eye to its own domination. A plastic ignorance moulded and hardened into prejudice passes for conservative science, and will bear any amount of polish and fioriture. Architecture and music have already entered into Church membership, and if Literature has shown some refractory symptoms, these can hardly be serious in a weakling that is not ashamed to worship Carlyle. With the arts for its allies, government for its lever, and identified with Capitalism, which needs it for the more effective subjugation of Labor, the Church can afford to leave Science out in the cold by economic excommunication. The superiority of Faith to Reason is proved by roast beef and plum pudding. Concurrently with the claim formulized by its Baltimore convention of last November, the Catholic Church has much sympathy from Protestants, not only personally, but as a matter of general policy in combining against Infidel influence.

Now, one of two issues: either they will carry their point, and in so doing identify the United States Government with the clerical policy, which must predispose the so-called liberals to Anarchism; or, if they fail and lose hope of success, this will turn their church against the Government, and essaying its *imperium in imperio*, it will casually coincide with the Anarchist policy. Of course the Church is essentially antipodal to Anarchism in principle, but practically our leading work is the subversion of that monster fungus, the United States Government; and we may fraternize *pro tem.* with all who share this aspiration.

The logic of principles in their practical evolution compels all governments to return to their original despotism, and in so doing cements the kindred authorities of State and Church in their primitive theocracy. Deserters from either by the way must fall into rank with us Anarchists, who alone in this world dare to confront the very principle of Authority with that of Liberty.

All the little Protestant snakes, that pretended to liberty, each to exploit superstition on its own account, now, since the sunrise of absolute Liberty, are compelled by their parent principle, Authority, to crawl down again into the belly of Catholicism. This consummation is facilitated by the expatriation of the Papacy from Rome. Events, serving its cause far beyond its own wisdom or will, emancipate its pretension to universal sway from the jealousy which an organization of Italian privilege had occasioned, and which had alienated England by political interests. Popes will yet welcome those lessons of spread-eagleism with which Father Hecker sought to enlighten the dull sense of Pio Nono. Between Uncle Sam and the Catholic dynasty, the marriage bans have been proclaimed, the wedding feast prepared. They will blend in a true conjugal harmony, and it soon will be evident to all thinkers that republican institutions with universal suffrage, the female included, are eminently auspicious to the exploitations of Power. EDGEWORTH.

Rid of the Political Superstition.

To the Editor of Liberty.

If you should find time to read the enclosed slip from the "Grange Visitor," you will see that Liberty has knocked the government idea out of my head.

Fraternally,

GEORGE ROBERTS.

FARMINGTON, MICHIGAN, December 21, 1884.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

Whoever says that nature gave man the right of authority and woman the grace of obedience should receive the rebuke that Garrison gave the advocate of slavery in these words: "I will not argue with the man who says slavery is right, but I will denounce him as a villain." There is, however, an objection to woman suffrage that is not an insult to woman. This "barrel campaign" has furnished sufficient evidence that politics are terribly corrupt.

"Exactly," says my friend, "we need woman in the political field in order to purify politics."

I used to think that was good, sound sense, for I used to be a woman suffragist, but now it sounds as absurd as it would to say that, if a boat half full of men going over Niagara Falls could be filled up with women, that would save the boat and crew. According to history a republic is but the prelude to the empire. Now, we do not gather grapes of thorns nor figs

of thistles, nor prosperity, fraternity, and peace from republics or empires. If the better half of humanity are to step in and help the "worser" half fight it out on that line, it will not only take all summer, but it will take to all eternity to reach the half way house on the road to the millennium. Matthew Arnold says "the majority is wrong, the remnant is right." It follows that we are to accept the wrong as our standard of right. The defeated party promises loyal support to the rule of the victorious party. The prohibitionists have just counted noses with the rummies, and though a red nose counts no more than a white one, they have been beaten out of sight and are pledged to support rum rule, at least till another election. Ought intelligent women to envy them their position? And yet a great many women say they want to vote only on one subject and that is temperance.

The majority that could do no wrong because it swept away slavery rebuked Fremont for striving to do that very thing; they said they would save slavery if they could, and still save the Union, but they were compelled to destroy slavery in order to save the Union. That is a matter of history, and so is this. They established a privileged class of money loaners, and furnished them hundred-cent dollars at thirty-five cents or thereabout. They gave most of the best public lands to railroad corporations, and established various monopolies, enabling the monopolists to build residences costing millions of dollars, while not a few poor men's homes have been sold to satisfy the relentless mortgage. In ancient republics the rich candidate bought first his nomination and then his election, till finally he dispensed with both nomination and election, bought the good will of the army, and then he was the emperor. And we are travelling in the same road as fast as time can move. Men are on the wrong track, and that is the only good reason why women had better not take the same track.

GEORGE ROBERTS.

The Recent Election.

Although the political abscess has not pointed in Blaine as the most typical exponent of that constitutional disease, *capitalism in the congressional saddle*, the impending Revolution has more than one string to its bow, and I have no fears but that the Democrats will pull it taught enough. Financial feudalism, proclaimed by Charles Fourier at the beginning of this century as the manifest destiny of civilization, is upon us. It seems to have given itself a sort of premature coronation at the banquet given by the two hundred millionaires to Blaine October 30, which the "World" aptly termed Belshazzar's feast. The realist millionaire, Butler, would have been too much like a rival power in the ghoulish eyes of those illustrious vultures. Blaine is a purer ideal of their appetites, an apter and more plastic class tool, and not to be suspected of inclining, like Butler, to effect, through State Socialism, a contact of extremes with the Labor interest. During the next administration, Capitalism, unchecked in its despotic madness, will continue to polarize oppositely the Trades Unions, organs developed by necessity, not for the sterile business of supporting strikes, but for that fraternal discipline of labor to which the strikes are accessory. The physiological line of demarcation is being drawn between the destructive process, the imposthume of capitalism, and the constructive process of cooperation. This must be made sensible in view of a final issue, whether that be the crushing of resistance and unconditional surrender to capital in a social *suppuration*, or the victory of Labor and the subordination of capital to the life of a more vigorous society. Had Butler been sincere in his conversion to the Labor interest, he held in his hands a high trump, a means of probable success, in the sacrifice of a fortune estimated as equal to the purchase money of Louisiana by Jefferson. What an impression on the toiling millions would have been made by a genius which, shaking off the mire of sordid routine, had abandoned to Labor the profits amassed by it! Suppose this Crœsus entering as joint stock partners in his factories and farms each workman, by a share proportional to his past contribution of effort, and (reserving a family competence) the residue of this plunder invested, not in vulgar electioneering, but in new organizations of coöperative labor!

EDGEWORTH.

Continued from page 3.

say that this birth was unnatural. Everything being a part of nature, everything must be natural. But because nature is such a tremendous thing and so incomprehensible in many of its phases is no reason why man should not criticise. Nature, outside of man, is blind, unthinking, unknowing. It is moved to action by the force within it, and it acts. Man is the only self-conscious part of nature. It has no other intelligent guiding hand. Man is the greatest thing in nature, so far as man is able to judge. Nature constructs him, develops him, and controls him. But nature's action on man reflects and gives new action to nature. Briefly, man is nature's eye. Surely he has a right to criticise."

In continuing this line of thought Mr. De Demain got a trifle too metaphysical, and I did not take notes for a while. I began when he began as follows:

"Authority set about to construct itself a temple. It took for a site the morass of ignorance,—which then and for thousands of years after was a very large site,—and threw into it nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand human creatures. This was for the foundation. Upon this was reared the structure in which dwelt the kings and princes and statesmen and priests and usurers. It was truly a most magnificent temple, but the only thing between it and the obliterating mud was a living, squirming mass of human beings.

"Occasionally tremors ran through this mass, shaking the temple, tumbling down some of its sacred images, breaking its little graven gods, and leaving wide cracks here and there to be plastered up. Every tremor weakened the structure still more, and marred its magnificence. Now and then a spire would fall and a statue tumble from its niche.

"Still, those who inhabited the decaying edifice found it very comfortable, very pleasant. All who once sojourned within its walls, although these were somewhat marred and cracked, were very anxious to remain forever. And what wonder! It was either a dweller in comfort within or a struggler in the mud without and underneath.

"Shrewd men were those who lived within the temple. They watched carefully the changes in the foundation, and repaired and reconstructed their house that it might withstand the upheavals that shook it.

"For centuries these human beings in the mud thought it a great privilege that they were allowed to exist at all. But after a while the mud dried up somewhat and gave the people a footing. They began to realize that the weight of the temple bore heavily upon them. They rubbed the mud from their eyes, and the need for authority seemed not such a pressing need after all. At last the unintelligent tremors that had weakened the oppressive structure developed into an intelligent quake that toppled over the temple and laid it in a mass of ruins, a wreck too complete to admit of reconstruction. Its debris was scattered and trampled in the now fast-drying mud."

After Mr. De Demain had finished his lecture, I asked him if it were not true that the people, whom he had represented as wallowing in the mud, built the temple of authority and kept it in repair.

"No," said he, "the great majority of the people had nothing whatever to do with either, although in some countries at some times they even give the idea that they had. The history of humanity shows that the tendency of the by far greater part of the people has been against authority. Can you name a people, at all progressive, of whom this is not true? The moment a people began to grow intellectually they began a warfare against authority,—not to abolish authority, but to weaken its power. When this power became reduced to the minimum, the natural tendency of humanity suggested entire abolition. A little more progress more widely extended and Anarchy became an established fact.

"So long as humanity continues to progress, so long will the tendency be against authority. If humanity ever reaches a point beyond which there can be no progress, then will come retrogression, and humanity as a whole will, for the first time in the history of the world, tend toward authority. That day *may* come, but there is no evidence that it *must* come. The world may cease to develop, the universe may grow old and barren, but man's brain may still continue to expand I believe that it will continue to grow so long as this planet of ours holds together. There are no signs yet of a tendency toward authority. The State is dead and there is no wish to revive it. It is remembered only as a great evil that has been conquered,—something that was a part of the barbarism of the past If you will, it was a garment which has been outgrown, although I think a strait-jacket which was never needed would be a more fitting simile."

In a few days Mr. De Demain is to tell me something about supply and demand. I think it may interest you. JOSEPHINE.

A VINDICATION OF NATURAL SOCIETY:

OR,

A VIEW OF THE MISERIES AND EVILS ARISING TO MANKIND FROM EVERY SPECIES OF ARTIFICIAL SOCIETY, IN A LETTER TO LORD ——.

BY EDMUND BURKE.

Continued from No. 57.

I need not excuse myself to your Lordship, nor, I think, to any honest man, for the zeal I have shown in this cause; for it is an honest zeal, and in a good cause. I have defended natural religion against a confederacy of atheists and divines. I now plead for natural society against politicians, and for natural reason against all three. When the world is in a fitter temper than it is at present to hear truth, or when I shall be more indifferent about its temper, my thoughts may become more public. In the mean time, let them repose in my own bosom, and in the bosoms of such men as are fit to be initiated into the sober mysteries of truth and reason. My antagonists have already done as much as I could desire. Parties in religion and politics make sufficient discoveries concerning each other to give a sober man a proper caution against them all. The monarchic and aristocratical and popular partisans have been jointly laying their axes to the root of all government, and have in their turns proved each other absurd and inconvenient. *In vain you tell me that artificial government is good, but that I fall out only with the abuse. The thing! the thing itself is the abuse! Observe, my Lord, I pray you, that grand error upon which all artificial legislative power is founded. It was observed that men had ungovernable passions, which made it necessary to guard against the violence they might offer to each other. They appointed governors over them for this reason! But a worse and more perplexing difficulty arises, how to be defended against the governors? Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* In vain they change from a single person to a few. These few have the passions of the one; and they unite to strengthen themselves, and to secure the gratification of their lawless passions at the expense of the general good. In vain do we fly to the many. The case is worse; their passions are less under the government of reason, they are augmented by the contagion, and defended against all attacks by their multitude.

I have purposely avoided the mention of the mixed form of government, for reasons that will be very obvious to your Lordship. But my caution can avail me but little. You will not fail to urge it against me in favor of political society. You will not fail to show how the errors of the several simple modes are corrected by a mixture of all of them, and a proper balance of the several powers in such a state. I confess, my Lord, that this has been long a darling mistake of my own; and that of all the sacrifices I have made to truth this has been by far the greatest. When I confess that I think this notion a mistake, I know to whom I am speaking, for I am satisfied that reasons are like liquors, and there are some of such a nature as none but strong heads can bear. There are few with whom I can communicate so freely as with Pope. But Pope cannot bear every truth. He has a timidity which hinders the full exertion of his faculties, almost as effectually as bigotry cramps those of the general herd of mankind. But whoever is a genuine follower of Truth keeps his eye steady upon his guide, indifferent whither he is led, provided that she is the leader. *And, my Lord, if it may be properly considered, it were infinitely better to remain possessed by the whole legion of vulgar mistakes than to reject some and at the same time to retain a fondness for others altogether as absurd and irrational.* The first has at least a consistency that makes a man, however erroneously, uniform at least; but the latter way of proceeding is such an inconsistent chimera and jumble of philosophy and vulgar prejudice that hardly anything more ridiculous can be conceived. Let us, therefore, freely, and without fear or prejudice, examine this last contrivance of policy; and, without considering how near the quick our instruments may come, let us search it to the bottom.

First, then, all men are agreed that this junction of regal, aristocratic, and popular power must form a very complex, nice, and intricate machine, which, being composed of such a variety of parts, with such opposite tendencies and movements, it must be liable on every accident to be disordered. To speak without metaphor, such a government must be liable to frequent cabals, tumults, and revolutions, from its very constitution. These are undoubtedly as ill effects as can happen in a society; for, in such a case, the closeness acquired by community, instead of serving for mutual defence, serves only to increase the danger. Such a system is like a city, where trades that require constant fires are much exercised, where the houses are built of combustible materials, and where they stand extremely close.

In the second place, the several constituent parts, having their distinct rights, and these many of them so necessary to be determined with exactness, are yet so indeterminate in their nature that it becomes a new and constant source of debate and confusion. Hence it is that, whilst the business of government should be carrying on, the question is, who has a right to exercise this or that function of it, or what men have power to keep their offices in any function? Whilst this contest continues, and whilst the balance in any sort continues, it has never any remission; all manner of abuses and villainies in officers remain unpunished; the greatest frauds and robberies in the public revenues are committed in defiance of justice; and abuses grow by time and impunity into customs, until they prescribe against the laws, and grow too inveterate often to admit a cure, unless such as may be as bad as the disease.

Thirdly, the several parts of this species of government, though united, preserve the spirit which each form has separately. Kings are ambitious; the nobility haughty; and the populace tumultuous and ungovernable. Each party, however in appearance peaceable, carries on a design upon the others; and it is owing to this that in all questions, whether concerning foreign or domestic affairs, the whole generally turns more upon some party-matter than upon the nature of the thing itself; whether such a step will diminish or augment the power of the crown, or how far the privileges of the subject are likely to be extended or restricted by it. And these questions are constantly resolved without any consideration of the merits of the cause, merely as the parties who uphold these jarring interests may chance to prevail; and as they prevail, the balance is overset, now upon one side, now upon the other. The government is, one day, arbitrary power in a single person; another, a juggling confederacy of a few to cheat the prince and enslave the people; and the third, a frantic and unmanageable democracy. The great instrument of all these changes, and what infuses a peculiar venom into all of them, is party. It is of no consequence what the principles of any party, or what their pretensions are; the spirit which actuates all parties is the same,—the spirit of ambition, of self-interest, of oppression, and treachery. This spirit entirely reverses all the principles which a benevolent nature has erected within us; all honesty, all equal justice, and even the ties of natural society, the natural affections. In a word, my Lord, we have all *seen*, and, if any outward considerations were worthy the lasting concern of a wise man, we have some of us *felt*, such oppression from party government as no other tyranny can parallel. We behold daily the most important rights,—rights upon which all the others depend,—we behold these rights determined in the last resort without the least attention even to the appearance or color of justice; we behold this without emotion, because we have grown up in the constant view of such practices; and we are not surprised to hear a man requested to be a knave and a traitor with as much indifference as if the most ordinary favor were asked; and we hear this request refused, not because it is a most unjust and unreasonable desire, but that this worthy has already engaged his injustice to another. These and many more points I am far from spreading to their full extent. You are sensible that I do not put forth half my strength; and you cannot be at a loss for the reason. A man is allowed sufficient freedom of thought, provided he knows how to choose his subject properly. You may criticise freely upon the Chinese constitution, and observe with as much severity as you please upon the absurd tricks or destructive bigotry of the bonzees. But the scene is changed as you come homeward, and atheism or treason may be the names given in Britain to what would be reason and truth if asserted of China. I submit to the condition, and, though I have a notorious advantage before me, I waive the pursuit. For else, my Lord, it is very obvious what a picture might be drawn of the excesses of party even in our own nation. I could show that the same faction has, in one reign, promoted popular seditions, and, in the next, been a patron of tyranny; I could show that they have all of them betrayed the public safety at all times, and have very frequently with equal perfidy made a market of their own cause and their own associates; I could show how vehemently they have contended for names, and how silently they have passed over things of the last importance; and I could demonstrate that they have had the opportunity of doing all this mischief, nay, that they themselves had their origin and growth from that complex form of government

which we are wisely taught to look upon as so great a blessing. Revolve, my Lord, our history from the conquest. We scarce ever had a prince, who by fraud or violence had not made some infringement on the constitution. We scarce ever had a parliament which knew, when it attempted to set limits to the royal authority, how to set limits to its own. Evils we have had continually calling for reformation, and reformations more grievous than any evils. Our boasted liberty sometimes trodden down, sometimes giddily set up, and ever precariously fluctuating and unsettled; it has only been kept alive by the blasts of continual feuds, wars, and conspiracies. In no country in Europe has the scaffold so often blushed with the blood of its nobility. Confiscations, banishments, attainders, executions, make a large part of the history of such of our families as are not utterly extinguished by them. Formerly, indeed, things had a more ferocious appearance than they have at this day. In these early and unrefined ages the jarring parts of a certain chaotic constitution supported their several pretensions by the sword. Experience and policy have since taught other methods.

At nunc res agitur tenui pulmone rubetæ.

But how far corruption, venality, the contempt of honor, the oblivion of all duty to our country, and the most abandoned public prostitution are preferable to the more glaring and violent effects of faction I will not presume to determine. Sure I am that they are very great evils.

I have done with the forms of government. During the course of my enquiry you may have observed a very material difference between my manner of reasoning and that which is in use amongst the abettors of artificial society. They form their plans upon what seems most eligible to their imaginations for the ordering of mankind. I discover the mistakes in those plans from the real known consequences which have resulted from them. *They have enlisted reason to fight against itself, and employ its whole force to prove that it is an insufficient guide to them in the conduct of their lives.* But, unhappily for us, in proportion as we have deviated from the plain rule of our nature, and turned our reason against itself, in that proportion have we increased the follies and miseries of mankind. The more deeply we penetrate into the labyrinth of art, the further we find ourselves from those ends for which we entered it. This has happened in almost every species of artificial society and in all times. We found, or we thought we found, an inconvenience in having every man the judge of his own cause; therefore, judges were set up, at first with discretionary powers. But it was soon found a miserable slavery to have our lives and properties precarious, and hanging upon the arbitrary determination of any one man or set of men. We fled to laws as a remedy for this evil. By these we persuaded ourselves we might know with some certainty upon what ground we stood. But lo! differences arose upon the sense and interpretation of these laws. Thus we were brought back to our old incertitude. New laws were made to expound the old; and new difficulties arose upon the new laws; as words multiplied, opportunities of cavilling upon them also. Then recourse was had to notes, comments, glosses, reports, *responsa prudentum*, learned readings: eagle stood against eagle; authority was set up against authority. Some were allured by the modern, others reverenced the ancient. The new were more enlightened, the old were more venerable. Some adopted the comment, others stuck to the text. The confusion increased, the mist thickened, until it could be discovered no longer what was allowed or forbidden, what things were in property, and what common. In this uncertainty (uncertain even to the professors, an Egyptian darkness to the rest of mankind) the contending parties felt themselves more effectually ruined by the delay than they could have been by the injustice of any decision. Our inheritances have become a prize for disputation; and disputes and litigations have become an inheritance.

The professors of artificial law have always walked hand in hand with the professors of artificial theology. As their end, in confounding the reason of man and abridging his natural freedom, is exactly the same, they have adjusted the means to that end in a way entirely similar. The divine thunders out his *anathemas* with more noise and terror against the breach of one of his positive institutions, or the neglect of some of his trivial forms, than against the neglect or breach of those duties and commandments of natural religion which by these forms and institutions he pretends to enforce. The lawyer has his forms, and his positive institutions too, and he adheres to them with a veneration altogether as religious. The worst cause cannot be so prejudicial to the litigant as his advocate's or attorney's ignorance or neglect of these forms. A law-suit is like an ill-managed dispute, in which the first object is soon out of sight, and the parties end upon a matter wholly foreign to that on which they began. In a law-suit the question is, who has a right to a certain house or farm? And this question is daily determined, not upon the evidence of the right, but upon the observance or neglect of some form of words in use with the gentlemen of the robe, about which there is even amongst themselves such a disagreement that the most experienced veterans in the profession can never be positively assured that they are not mistaken.

Let us expostulate with these learned sages, these priests of the sacred temple of justice. Are we judges of our own property? By no means. You, then, who are initiated into the mysteries of the blindfold goddess, inform me whether I have a right to eat the bread I have earned by the hazard of my life or the sweat of my brow? The grave doctor answers me in the affirmative; the reverend serjeant replies in the negative; the learned barrister reasons upon one side and upon the other, and concludes nothing. What shall I do? An antagonist starts up and presses me hard I enter the field, and retain these three persons to defend my cause My cause, which two farmers from the plough could have decided in half an hour, takes the court twenty years. I am, however, at the end of my labor, and have, in reward for all my toil and vexation, a judgment in my favor. But hold! a sagacious commander, in the adversary's army, has found a flaw in the proceeding. My triumph is turned into mourning. I have used *or* instead of *and*, or some mistake, small in appearance, but dreadful in its consequences, and have the whole of my success quashed in a writ of error. I remove my suit; I shift from court to court; I fly from equity to law, and from law to equity; equal uncertainty attends me everywhere; and a mistake in which I had no share decides at once upon my liberty and property, sending me from the court to a prison and adjudging my family to beggary and famine. I am innocent, gentlemen, of the darkness and uncertainty of your science. I never darkened it with absurd and contradictory notions, nor confounded it with chicane and sophistry. You have excluded me from any share in the conduct of my own cause; the science was too deep for me; I acknowledged it; but it was too deep even for yourselves; you have made the way so intricate that you are yourselves lost in it; you err, and you punish me for your errors.

The delay of the law is, your Lordship will tell me, a trite topic, and which of its abuses have not been too severely felt not to be complained of? A man's property is to serve for the purposes of his support; and, therefore, to delay a determination concerning that is the worst injustice, because it cuts off the very end and purpose for which I applied to the judicature for relief. Quite contrary in the case of a man's life; there the determination can hardly be too much protracted. Mistakes in this case are as often fallen into as in any other; and, if the judgment is sudden, the mistakes are the most irretrievable of all others. Of this the gentlemen of the robe are themselves sensible, and they have brought it into a maxim. *De morte hominis nulla est cunctacio longa.* But what could have induced them to reverse the rules, and to contradict that reason which dictated them, I am utterly unable to guess. A point concerning property, which ought, for the reasons I just mentioned, to be most speedily decided, frequently exercises the wit of successions of lawyers for many generations. *Multa virum volvens durando sæcula vincit.* But the question concerning a man's life, that great question in which no delay ought to be counted tedious, is commonly determined in twenty-four hours at the utmost. It is not to be wondered at that injustice and absurdity should be inseparable companions.

Ask of politicians the ends for which laws were originally designed, and they will answer that the laws were designed as a protection for the poor and weak against the oppression of the rich and powerful. But surely no pretence can be so ridiculous; a man might as well tell me he has taken off my load, because he has changed the burden. If the poor man is not able to support his suit according to the vexatious and expensive manner established in civilised countries, has not the rich as great an advantage over him as the strong has over the weak in a state of nature? But we will not place the state of nature, which is the reign of God, in competition with political society, which is the absurd usurpation of man. In a state of nature it is true that a man of superior force may beat or rob me; but then it is true that I am at full liberty to defend myself, or make reprisal by surprise, or by cunning, or by any other way in which I may be superior to him. But in political society a rich man may rob me in another way. I cannot defend myself; for money is the only weapon with which we are allowed to fight. And if I attempt to avenge myself, the whole force of that society is ready to complete my ruin.

A good parson once said that where mystery begins religion ends. Cannot I say as truly at least of human laws that where mystery begins justice ends? It is hard to say whether the doctors of law or divinity have made the greater advances in the lucrative business of mystery. The lawyers, as well as the theologians, have erected another reason besides natural reason, and the result has been another justice besides natural justice. They have so bewildered the world and themselves in unmeaning forms and ceremonies, and so perplexed the plainest matters with metaphysical jargon, that it carries the highest danger to a man out of that profession to make the least step without their advice and assistance. Thus, by confining to themselves the knowledge of the foundation of all men's lives and properties, they have reduced all mankind into the most abject and servile dependence. We are tenants at the will of these gentlemen for everything; and a metaphysical quibble is to decide whether the greatest villain breathing shall meet his deserts or escape with impunity, or whether the best man in the society shall not be reduced to the lowest and most despicable condition it affords. In a word, my Lord, the injustice, delay, puerility, false refinement, and affected mystery of the law are such that many who live under it come to admire and envy the expedition, simplicity, and equality of arbitrary judgments. I need insist the less on this article to your Lordship as you have frequently lamented the miseries derived to us from artificial law; and your candor is the more to be admired and applauded in this, as your Lordship's noble house has derived its wealth and its honor from that profession.

(To be concluded.)

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

A ROMANCE.

By N. G. TCHERNYCHEWSKY.

Translated by Benj. R. Tucker.

Continued from No. 57.

As long as the actress remained upon the stage Nastennka was very well situated; the actress was full of delicacy, and the young Krukoff set a high value upon her place; to find another like it would have been difficult; so she devoted herself to her mistress, who, seeing this, showed her the more kindness. The servant therefore lived very tranquilly, and there was little or no development of her disease. But the actress married, abandoned the stage, and went to live in her husband's family. There, as Véra Pavlovna already knew, the actress's father-in-law made advances to her servant. The latter was in no danger of seduction, but a family quarrel broke out. The whilom actress began to blame the old man, and he began to get angry. Nastennka, not wishing to be the cause of a family quarrel and living besides a less peaceful life than before threw up her situation.

That occurred about two years after her separation from Kirsanoff. During all that time they had not seen each other. At first he visited her again; but the joy of the interview had such an injurious effect upon her that he obtained her permission, in consideration of her own interest, to stay away thereafter.

She tried to live as a servant in two or three other families, but everywhere she found so many incompatibilities that it was preferable to become a seamstress; it was as well to condemn herself to the rapid development of the disease which was bound to develop in any case as a result of her too stirring life; it was better to submit herself to the same destiny as a result of labor alone, unaccompanied by any disagreeable features. A year of sewing finished the young Krukoff. When she entered Véra Pavlovna's shop, Lopoukhoff, who was the doctor, did his best to slacken the progress of the consumption. He did much, — that is, much considering the difficulty of the case, his success being really insignificant, — but the end approached.

Up to the last moment the young girl remained under the influence of the delusion common to all consumptives, believing that her disease had not yet made very much progress; therefore she forced herself to avoid Kirsanoff that she might not aggravate her situation. Nevertheless for two months she had been pressing Lopoukhoff with questions; how much time had she yet to live?

Why she desired to know this she did not say, and Lopoukhoff did not believe he had a right to tell her that the crisis was approaching, seeing in her questions nothing more than the ordinary attachment to life. He often tried to calm her, but in vain. She merely restrained her desire to realize that which could make her end a happy one; she saw herself that she had not long to live and her feelings were in harmony with this thought; but, the doctor assuring her that she

ought still to take care of herself, and she knowing that she ought to place more confidence in him than in herself, she obeyed him and did not seek to see Kirsanoff again.

This doubt could not have lasted long; in proportion as the end grew nearer, the more questions the young consumptive would have asked, and either she would have confessed the motive that led her to seek the truth, or else either Lopoukhoff or Véra Pavlovna would have divined it, and the termination precipitated by Kirsanoff's visit to the shop would have been reached two or three weeks later.

"How happy I am! how happy I am! I was getting ready to go to see you, Sachennka!" said the young Krukoff enthusiastically, when she had ushered him into her room.

"I am no less happy, Nastennka; this time we shall not separate; come home with me," said Kirsanoff, influenced by a feeling of compassionate love.

After these words he said to himself: "How could I have said that? It is probable that she does not yet suspect the proximity of the crisis."

As for the young girl, either she did not at first understand the real meaning of Kirsanoff's words, or she understood them, but, her thoughts being elsewhere, paid no attention to their significance, her joy at finding her lover again drowning her sorrow at her approaching end. However that may be, she rejoiced and said: "How good you are! You still love me as in the old days."

But when he went away she wept a little; then only did she comprehend or realize that she comprehended: "It would be useless to take care of yourself now; you are incurable; at least, then, let your end be happy."

And indeed she was happy; he did not leave her a moment except in the hours that he was obliged to spend at the hospital and the Academy. Thus she lived about a month longer, and all this time they were together; and how many accounts there were to give, accounts of all that each had felt after the separation, and still more memories of their former life together, and how many amusements they enjoyed in common! He hired a barouche, and every evening they went into the suburbs of St. Petersburg and contemplated them. Nature is so dear to man that even this pitiful, contemptible, artificial nature in the suburbs of St. Petersburg, which cost tens of millions of roubles, is admired. They read, played cards and loto, and she even began to learn to play chess, as if there were no lack of time.

Véra Pavlovna went many times to spend the evening with them, even late at night after their return from their drive, and still oftener she went in the morning to amuse Nastennka when she was left alone. During their long *tête-à-têtes* the latter could only say over and over again: "How good Sachennka is, how tender he is, and how he loves me!"

XVI.

Four months have passed. The care that he had had to bestow upon Nastennka and the memory of the poor girl had absorbed Kirsanoff. It seemed to him now that his love for Véra Pavlovna was thoroughly conquered; he did not avoid her when during her visits to the young Krukoff she met him and talked with him, nor afterwards when she tried to distract him. Indeed, as long as he felt any fear of his feelings toward Véra Pavlovna, he checked them, but now he felt no more than a friendly gratitude toward her proportional to the service she had done him.

But — the reader knows already in advance the meaning of this "but," as he always will know in advance what is going to happen in the course of the story — but it is needless to say that the feeling of Kirsanoff toward the young Krukoff, at the time of their second coming together, was not analogous to that of her toward him. He no longer loved her; he was only well disposed toward her, as one is toward a woman whom he has loved. His old love for her had been no more than a youth's desire to love some one, no matter whom. It is needless to say that Nastennka was never fitted for him, for they were not equals in intellectual development. When he grew to be more than a youth, he could do no more than pity her; he could be kind to her for memory's and compassion's sake, and that was all. His sorrow at having lost her disappeared very quickly, after all. But after this sorrow had really disappeared, he believed that he still felt it. When he finally realized that he felt it no longer, and that it was only a memory, he saw that his relations with Véra Pavlovna had assumed a fatal character.

Véra Pavlovna tried to divert him from his thoughts, and he allowed her to do so, believing himself incapable of succumbing, or, rather, not even believing that he felt a lover's passion for her. During the two or three months that followed he passed almost every evening at the Lopoukhoffs', or else accompanied Véra Pavlovna in her walks; often Lopoukhoff was with them, but oftener they went alone. That was all, but that was too much, not only for him, but for her also.

How now did Véra Pavlovna pass her days? Until evening, just as before. But at six o'clock? Formerly at that hour she went alone to the shop, or else remained alone in her room and worked; now, if she needed to be at the shop in the evening, Kirsanoff was told the night before, and he appeared to escort her. During the walk, not a long one by the way, they usually talked about the shop, for Kirsanoff was her most active co-worker. While she was busy in distributing the work, he also had much to do. Is it not something to answer the questions and fulfil the commissions of thirty young girls? No one better than he knew how to get through it. Besides, he remained to talk with the children, some of the young girls also participating in the conversations, which were very instructive and very diversified. They talked, for example, of the beauty of the Arabian tales, "The Thousand and One Nights," — he related several of them, — and of white elephants, which are esteemed so much in India, just as there are many men among us who love white cats; half of his hearers regarded this preference as stupid: white elephants, white cats, and white horses are only albinos, a sickly species which it was easy to see that they regarded as weaker than those of darker color. The other half of his hearers defended white cats. "Do you know nothing of the life of Mrs. Beecher Stowe, of whose novel you have told us?" asked one of the larger questioners. Kirsanoff knows nothing now, but he will find out about her, for that interests him also; at present he can tell them something about Howard, a person of the same stamp as Mrs. Beecher Stowe. The time was taken up now by Kirsanoff's stories, now by discussions, and however the make-up of his audience might vary so far as the young girls were concerned, as far so the children were concerned it was always the same. But Véra Pavlovna has finished her business, and she returns to the house with him to take tea.

In these days Véra Pavlovna and Dmitry Serguéitch are together much more than formerly. All three while away an hour or two every evening with music: Dmitry Serguéitch plays, Véra Pavlovna sings, Kirsanoff listens; sometimes Kirsanoff plays, and then Dmitry Serguéitch and his wife sing. Sometimes Véra Pavlovna hurries back from the shop in order to have time to dress for the opera, which they now attend half the time all three together and the rest of the time only Kirsanoff and Véra Pavlovna. Moreover, the Lopoukhoffs now have more visitors than they did. Formerly, leaving out the very young people (are these visitors? they are only *neuveux*), the Mertzaloffs were almost the only ones that came, while now the Lopoukhoffs have ties of friendship with two or three good families of their own stamp. The Mertzaloffs and two other families decided to take turns in giving weekly little evening parties to the members of their circle, at which they danced. They numbered as many as eight couples. Lopoukhoff without Kirsanoff scarcely ever went to the opera or to visit the families of their acquaintance, but Kirsanoff often took Véra Pavlovna alone. Lopoukhoff said that he preferred to wrap himself in his great coat and stretch out upon his divan. So the three spent only half of the evenings together, and even when the Lopoukhoffs had no caller except Kirsanoff, the divan often attracted Lopoukhoff from the parlor, where the piano was now kept. But this retreat did not save Dmitry Serguéitch; a quarter of an hour later, or at most a half an hour, Kirsanoff and Véra Pavlovna left the piano and came to the divan; and before long Véra Pavlovna would even half lie down upon the divan without crowding Lopoukhoff too much, the divan being large, and then for greater comfort the young woman would even throw her arm about her husband.

Three months passed away.

Idyls are not in fashion now, and I even do not like them, — that is, personally, as I do not like walking or asparagus; there are many things that I do not like; a man cannot like all dishes or all sorts of amusements; but yet I know that these things are very fine things judging not by my personal taste, but by the taste of another; that they are to the taste or would be to the taste of a much greater number of men than those who, like myself, prefer chess to promenades and sour cabbage with hempseed oil* to asparagus; I even know that the majority, who do not share my taste for chess and sour cabbage with hempseed oil, have no worse tastes than mine; so I say: Let there be as much promenading as possible in the world, and let sour cabbage with hempseed oil disappear almost entirely, remaining only as an antique rarity for the few originals like myself!

I know likewise that to the immense majority of men, who are no worse than I, happiness must have an idyllic character, and consequently I say: Let the idyl predominate over all other modes of life. For the few originals, who are not amateurs, there shall be other methods of enjoyment. But the majority of men have no desire for idyllic life, which does not mean that they shun it: they shun it as the fox in the fable shuns the grapes. It seems to them that the idyl is inaccessible, so they have invented the excuse that it should not be in fashion. But it is utterly absurd that the idyl should be inaccessible: the idyl is not only a good thing for almost all men, but also a possible, very possible thing, as I could easily show. Not possible, however, for one or for ten individuals exclusively, but for everybody through the practice of solidarity.

Italian opera also was an impossible thing for five or six persons, but for the whole of St. Petersburg nothing is easier, as everybody sees and clearly understands. The "Complete Works of N. V. Gogol," published in Moscow in 1861,† were no less impossible for eight or ten persons, but for the entire public nothing is easier and cheaper, as every one knows. But until Italian opera existed for the whole city, the most passionate lovers of music had to put up with the most ordinary concerts; and until the second part of the "Dead Souls" was printed for the entire public, the few Gogol enthusiasts were obliged to expend much effort in taking a manuscript copy. Manuscript is incomparably inferior to a printed book, an ordinary concert is a very poor thing in comparison with Italian opera, but the manuscript and the ordinary concert have nevertheless their value.

XVII.

If any one had come to ask Kirsanoff's advice about such a situation as that in which he found himself when he came to himself, and he had been an utter stranger to all the persons involved, he would have answered:

"It is too late to remedy the evil by flight; I do not know how events will shape themselves, but to you the same danger presents itself whether you go or stay As for those about whose tranquillity you are disturbed, perhaps the greater danger to them would result from your departure."

It is needless to say that Kirsanoff would have thus advised a man like himself or like Lopoukhoff, a man of firm character and invincible integrity. With any other men it is useless to discuss such matters, because other men in such cases always act basely and dishonestly: they would have dishonored the woman and themselves, and then would have gone to all their acquaintances to whine or to boast, seeking always their own enjoyment, either by posing as virtuous or by indulging in the pleasures of love. Of such people neither Lopoukhoff nor Kirsanoff cared to ask how really noble natures ought to act. But in saying to a man of the same stamp as himself that to fly was perhaps even worse than to remain Kirsanoff would have been right. There would have been implied in this advice: "I know how you would conduct yourself if you remained. The thing to be done is not to betray your feeling, since it is only on that condition that you can remain without becoming a dishonest man. The point is to disturb as little as possible the tranquillity of the woman whose life is calm. That she should not be troubled at all has already become impossible. The feeling in opposition to her present relations probably — but why probably? it would be more accurate to say undoubtedly — has already arisen in her, only she has not yet perceived it. Whether or not it will manifest itself soon without any provocation on your part no one can tell, whereas your departure would be a provocation. Consequently your departure would only accelerate the thing you wish to avoid"

Only Kirsanoff viewed the question not as if it concerned a stranger, but as personal to himself. He imagined that to go was more difficult than to stay; sentiment urged him to the latter course; therefore in staying would he not be yielding to sentiment, surrendering himself to the seduction of his inspirations? What security could he have that neither by word or look would he manifest his feelings and arouse in her a consciousness of her situation? Therefore the safer way would be to go. In one's own affairs it is extremely difficult to realize how far the mind is seduced by the sophistries of passion, honesty telling you to act contrary to your inclination and thereby stand a greater chance of acting in a manly fashion. That is the translation of the language of theory into every-day language; now, the theory to which Kirsanoff held considers the great words "honesty," "nobility," etc., as equivocal and obscure, and Kirsanoff, using his own terminology, would have expressed himself thus: "Every man is an egoist, and I am no exception to the rule; the question now is to find out which would be better for me, to go or to stay. By going I stifle in myself a special sentiment; by staying I run the risk of revolting the sentiment of my own dignity by a stupid word or look inspired by this special sentiment.

* An ordinary dish among Russian peasants. † The first complete edition of Gogol's works.

[To be continued.]

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

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" 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.

To my criticism that "John Swinton's Paper" lacks a "definite and scientific grasp of the principles of Liberty and Equity," the editor answers: "Oh, for the scientific grasp!" It is not to be had by ejaculation, Mr. Swinton; only by thought and study. In this exclamation is strikingly exhibited the very fault that I find in all your agitation, — that it is ejaculatory instead of articulate.

It is pleasant to be able to announce the reappearance of the Spanish Anarchistic journal, the "Revista Social." My best wishes for its uninterrupted success, as well as for that of "L'Intransigente," an Italian organ of Anarchistic principles recently started at Venice. The evidences of the spread of Anarchism in all directions are accumulating with a rapidity that makes the most sanguine of us wonder.

A letter recently received from John F. Kelly of Hoboken contains the following interesting bit of information: "One of my Irish correspondents, Hickey of Brosna, writes me that a marriage was celebrated recently in his parish without the presence of any official either of Church or State. You can scarcely realize what an immense advance in opinion such an act indicates, taking place in a small Irish mountain village at a distance from any large town."

"The whole theory of murder as a means of reform and progress, which Wendell Phillips once dishonored himself by approving, and which an unworthy son of New Bedford has recently disgraced himself by upholding in all its naked deformity, is a terrible mistake." The newspaper that lately made the foregoing remark was the New Bedford "Standard," and the "unworthy son" referred to is myself. The disgrace of having my name associated with that of Wendell Phillips against New Bedford and its journalistic dullards is one that I can stand as long as they can. "If this state of things [dynamite warfare] is to continue," says the "Standard," "society will be reduced to the condition we read of in Jewish history, when every man did that which seemed right in his own eyes, and will be reduced to the semi-barbarous condition of those ancient times." What a horrible condition of affairs it must have been when every man was honest enough to obey his own conscience, — that is, to do "that which seemed right in his own eyes"! In whose eyes, pray, if not his own, ought a man's conduct to seem right? The idea that a man should do only that which seems right in others' eyes is not only rottenly dishonest, but tends straight to the communism which the "Standard" professes to abhor, and which was the prevailing form of society, not in semi-barbarous, but in wholly barbarous times. "Modern society," the "Standard" concludes, "cannot and will not endure this, and must find a way to prevent it." Exactly Liberty's opinion; but what is the "Standard" doing toward the discovery of this way? Nothing but denouncing as cranks those who are earnestly striving to find it. It requires the bursting of a dynamite bomb under their noses to arouse these country journalists from their sapient lethargy.

One with Dynamite is a majority, — if there is an idea behind the dynamite.

G. P. Putnam's Sons are about to publish a small work, entitled "Man's Birthright; or, The Higher Law of Property," by Edward H. G. Clark, of Troy, N. Y. Mr. Clark is a strong writer, and his book will doubtless be interesting.

I will give ten cents each for copies of the following numbers of Liberty: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 12, 15, 16, 19, 22, 24, 26, and 48. If every reader of Liberty who has back numbers to spare will look them over for the desired dates and send them to me on the above terms, a great favor will be conferred.

The Truth Seeker Company sends me its "Annual and Freethinkers' Almanac" for 1885, a large and handsome pamphlet containing interesting articles by and in some cases excellent portraits of eminent Liberals. These portraits are grouped, six on a page. On the fifth plate appears John R. Kelso surrounded by five well-known ladies. Will not the gallant Colonel take this as a hit at his recent vigorous articles in behalf of the rights of Mormons? The book is worth its price, — twenty-five cents, — and worthy of its enterprising publishers.

Liberty deeply regrets the loss of a friend and subscriber in the death of John S. Verity of Lynn. He was one of the best and sincerest men in the Liberal ranks. Never did man love the truth better. Indeed, to this desire to be and do the right was due the chief weakness of his character, a certain instability of opinion, resulting from his giving too great weight to the last new argument for or against a given position. He was always afraid lest he might do injustice to his opponent's thought. But there was really no disposition to waver, and after one of these conflicts he always found himself nearer to the position of perfect liberty. So it was that, beginning by advocating compulsory methods of reform, the end of his life saw him sufficiently Anarchistic to accept the principles urged in Auberon Herbert's "A Politician in Sight of Haven," and so it is that Liberty mourns his disappearance.

Congress was recently on the point of reducing the rate of postage on newspapers to publishers from two cents to one cent a pound. This is as absurd as it is unjust. Being a publisher myself, of course I am very happy to be able to send a single copy of Liberty to San Francisco and have it delivered by carrier to a street and number for one-eighth of a cent, as I can do now, and my happiness is likely to become rapturous when congress shall enable me to do the same thing for one-sixteenth of a cent. But as it costs the government almost if not quite as much to carry and deliver newspapers as letters, I am unable to see why my neighbor, who is not a publisher, should be taxed two cents for the transportation of his letter to San Francisco in order that my newspaper may go for very much less than cost. In fact, such an adjustment of rates is compulsory communism, or, in other words, robbery, and I am surprised to see so stanch a defender of individualism as the Galveston "News" uphold it. Every article carried in the mails should be carried for what it costs to carry it, and competition would compel this if the real and bottom outrage in the matter, the government monopoly of the postal business, were abolished.

Stepniak's thrilling revolutionary sketch, "A Female Nihilist," which was finished in the last number of Liberty, is now ready in pamphlet form at ten cents a copy. The author, whose work on "Underground Russia" has had such a large sale on both sides of the Atlantic, is a Nihilist himself and thoroughly conversant with the men and measures of his party. The sketch now published is of a typical Nihilistic heroine, and all should read it who wish to know the stuff of which Russian revolutionists are made.

The somewhat fitful intervals at which Liberty has lately appeared are not to be continued long. This journal is now to have its own printing office, whereby much expense will be saved and greater regularity of publication insured. The new type in which the next number is to be clothed will also enhance its beauty. It will appear March 21, after which the regular fortnightly publication will be maintained. By this important change not alone the paper will profit, but my facilities for pamphlet and book work will be greatly increased.

"'The one thing most wanted in the world,' according to Anarchist Benj. R. Tucker, of Boston, 'is to make capital want labor more than labor wants capital.' He thinks 'free banking' will accomplish this and that 'therein lies the solution of the labor problem.' By free banking we believe Mr. Tucker means that every man who has credit shall be privileged to coin it and pass it off as money if he can. As a method of creating anarchy this would without doubt be a success, limited only by the possibly unimportant fact that such a currency wouldn't circulate."— *Winsted Press.* May I suggest to Greenbacker Lucien V. Pinney, of Winsted, that it is none of his business whether such currency would circulate or not; that in any event he need not take it unless he chooses to; that those who wish to take it have a perfect right to do so; and that he and his Greenback companions, who belie their assertion that such currency would not circulate by proposing to provide legal penalties against its circulation, are evaders of logic and invaders of right.

Of the many new French publications of a socialistic nature that have recently come to Liberty's table, decidedly the best are "Le Glaneur Anarchiste" (The Anarchistic Gleaner) and "La Société Nouvelle" (The New Society). The former is published at Paris every month, and its contents entirely consist, as its name indicates, of extracts from the works of the most famous authors inculcating doctrines unmistakably Anarchistic. This important method of propagandism is one to which Liberty has contributed in publishing Burke's "Vindication of Natural Society," finished in this number and to appear before long in pamphlet form, and I suggest to my Paris contemporary that it would do well to translate this remarkable essay into French and publish it serially. "La Société Nouvelle" flies the flag of no special doctrine, but is really what it claims to be, — a free parliament for the discussion of social questions. It gives evidence of lofty tone and earnest purpose, and externally is the handsomest Socialistic magazine published. The early numbers have contained some powerful articles by those eminent scientists and socialists, Elisée Reclus and his brother Élie.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

A ROMANCE.

By N. G. TCHERNYCHEWSKY.
Translated by Benj. R. Tucker.

Continued from No. 58.

A special sentiment can be stifled, and in the course of time my tranquillity will be reëstablished, and I shall once more be contented with my life. But if I once act against my human nature, I shall lose forever the possibility of tranquillity, the possibility of being contented with myself, and poison my whole life. This, in a word, is the situation in which I find myself: I like wine, and I see before me a cup of very good wine, but I have a suspicion that this wine is poisoned. Whether or not there is any ground for my suspicion it is impossible for me to know. Shall I drink this cup, or overturn it that it may not tempt me? I should not characterize my decision as noble or honest even; those are too high-sounding words; it is at most a matter of reason, of enlightened self-interest; I overturn the cup. Thereby I deprive myself of a certain pleasure, I cause myself a certain pain; but on the other hand I assure myself health, — that is, the possibility of drinking for many years and in sufficient quantities wine which, I feel sure, is not poisoned. I do not act stupidly; that is my only merit."

XVIII.

But how to retire? To play the old comedy over again, to feign offence, to show a base side to his character in order to explain his course, — that would not do; one cannot mislead twice in the same way; a second affair of the same sort would only have explained the real meaning of the first, and set Kirsanoff up as a hero not only of the new occasion, but of the old as well. In general any abrupt suspension of relations should be avoided; not that such a separation would not have been easier, but it would have excited attention, — that is, would have been a low and base thing (according to the egoistic theory of Kirsanoff). Therefore there was but one way left, the most difficult and painful, — to beat a retreat in a slow, imperceptible way, so that his departure should not be noticed. It was a delicate and sufficiently trying task; to go away without attracting the attention of one whose eyes are ever upon you is difficult. But, whether he would or no, this was what he had to do. However, according to Kirsanoff's theory, this course was not only not painful, but really agreeable; the more difficult an affair is, the more one rejoices (through pride) in his power and skill, if he executes it well.

And indeed he did execute it well: neither by a word, nor by ill-timed silence, nor by a look did he betray himself; he still maintained his ease of manner, and jested as before with Véra Pavlovna; it was evident that as before he found pleasure in her society; but obstacles were always arising to prevent him from coming to see the Lopoukhoffs as often as he used to, and from staying all the evening, so that Lopoukhoff had occasion oftener than before to seize him by the hand or else by the lappel of his coat and say to him:

"No, dear friend, I will not let you leave this discussion in that way." And so it was that while at the Lopoukhoffs' he always sat nearer his comrade's divan. All this was arranged so methodically that the change was not even perceptible.

Kirsanoff had obstacles, but he did not put them forward; on the contrary, he expressed regrets (rarely, for to express them too often would not have been proper) that these obstacles should present themselves. And these obstacles were so natural, so inevitable, that very often the Lopoukhoffs themselves drove him away by reminding him that he had forgotten his promise to be at home that evening, that such or such a one was waiting for him there, or that he forgot that if he did not go that day to see such a person that person would be offended, or that he forgot that he had at least four hours' work to do before the next morning; had he no desire to sleep at night? It was already ten o'clock; a truce to babbling! it was time to go to work. Thus they refreshed Kirsanoff's memory, but he did not always listen. He did not go to see this or that acquaintance; he might take offence if he liked. The work could wait; there was time enough, and he desired to stay the evening through. But the obstacles continually multiplied, and scientific pursuits pressed ever faster upon him and took away his evenings one after another. "May the devil take the scientific pursuits," sometimes he would cry. He met a steadily increasing number of individuals who threw their acquaintance at his head. The ease with which these individuals made his acquaintance was really astonishing, he would sometimes remark incidentally. It seemed so to him, but the Lopoukhoffs saw clearly that he was making a reputation and that for that reason an ever growing number of men needed him. He must not neglect them, and it was wrong to let himself go on like that. What was to be done? He had grown very lazy during the last few months, and could not set himself to work. "But you must, my dear Alexander;" "It is time, Alexander Matvéitch," they often said to him. It was a difficult manœuvre. Through long weeks he had to drag this deception and execute it with the slowness and precision of a clock-hand, which you cannot see move however attentively you look at it, but which nevertheless does its work, stealthily, and moves farther and farther from its primitive position. What pleasure, therefore, Kirsanoff the theorist found in the contemplation of his practical skill! The egoists and materialists do nothing except for their own pleasure. Kirsanoff too could say, with his hand upon his conscience, that he was acting for his own pleasure, and rejoiced at his skill and decision.

A month passed in this way, and if any one had examined things, he would have found that in the course of this month Kirsanoff's intimacy with the Lopoukhoffs had grown no less, but that the time he spent with them had become four times less, and the part of the time spent with Véra Pavlovna had diminished one-half. A month more and, while the friendship will remain the same, the interviews will be few and far between and the movement will be finished.

Does the clear-sighted Lopoukhoff notice nothing?

No, nothing at all.

And Véra Pavlovna? Does she notice nothing either? Not when herself. But here she has a dream.

XIX.

VÉRA PAVLOVNA'S THIRD DREAM.

This was Véra Pavlovna's dream:

After having taken tea and talked with her "darling," she went to her room and lay down all dressed for a moment, not to sleep, — it was too early, being only half-past eight, — but only to read. There she is, on her bed, reading. But the book falls from her hands. She reflects and says to herself: Why does *ennui* sometimes come over me of late, or rather, not *ennui*, but something like it? It simply occurred to me that I wanted to go to the opera this evening. But this Kirsanoff is so inattentive! He went too late to get the tickets. He ought to know, however, that, when Bosio sings, tickets are not to be had at eleven o'clock for two roubles each. Can Kirsanoff be blamed? If he had had to work until five o'clock, I am sure he would not have admitted it. But it is his fault just the same. No, in future I will rather ask my "darling" to get the tickets, and I will go with him to the opera: my "darling" will not leave me without tickets, and, as for accompanying me, he will be always very happy to; he is so agreeable, my "darling." Now, thanks to this Kirsanoff, I have missed "La Traviata;" it's horrid! I would have gone to the opera every evening, if there had been an opera every evening, however bad the piece, provided Bosio filled the principal *rôle*. If I had a voice like Bosio's, I would sing all day. If I could make her acquaintance? How can I do it? That artillery officer knows Tamberlik well, cannot he be secured as a mediator? It is not possible. But what a queer idea! Of what use to make Bosio's acquaintance? Would she sing for me? Must she not look out for her voice?

But when did Bosio get time to learn Russian? And to pronounce it so well? Where did she unearth those verses that are so licentious? She probably studied Russian with the same grammar that I used: those verses are quoted in it as an example of punctuation, which is very stupid. If only those verses were not so licentious; but there is no time to think of the words, for one has to listen to her voice.

Consacre à l'amour
Ton heureuse jeunesse,
Et cherche nuit et jour
L'heure de l'ivresse.*

How queer these words are! But what a voice and what sentiment! Yes, her voice is much improved; it is admirable now. How did Bosio succeed in reaching such a point? I did not know how to make her acquaintance, and here she is, come to make me a visit. How did she learn of my desire?

"You have been summoning me a long time," said Bosio, in Russian.

"I? How could I have done so, when I am unknown to you? No matter, I am glad, very glad, to see you."

Véra Pavlovna opens her curtains to extend her hand to Bosio, but the singer begins to laugh; it is not Bosio, but rather De-Merick playing the Bohemian in "Rigoletto." But if the gay laugh is De-Merick's, the voice is really Bosio's; she draws back abruptly and hides behind the curtain. What a pity!

"Do you know why I have come?" said the apparition, laughing as though she were De-Merick instead of Bosio.

"But who are you? You are not De-Merick?"

"No."

"Then you are Bosio?"

Fresh laughter. "You recognize quickly, but we must now attend to the business on which I have come. I wish to read your diary with you."

"I have no diary; I never kept any."

"But look! what is that on the little table?"

Véra Pavlovna looks: on the little table near the bed lies a writing-book inscribed: *Diary of V. L.* Where did this writing-book come from? Véra Pavlovna takes it, opens it, — it is written in her hand: but when?

"Read the last page," says Bosio.

Véra Pavlovna reads: "Again it happens that I remain alone entire evenings. But that is nothing: I am used to it."

"Is that all?" says Bosio.

"All."

"No, you do not read all. You cannot deceive me. And what is this here?"

Véra Pavlovna sees a hand stretch forth. How beautiful this hand is! No, this marvellous hand is not Bosio's. And how did it pierce the curtains without opening them? The hand touches the page; at its contact new lines stand out which were not there before.

"Read."

Véra Pavlovna feels a pressure on her heart; she has not yet looked at these lines; she does not know what they contain, and nevertheless her heart is oppressed. She does not wish to read.

"Read," repeats the apparition.

Véra Pavlovna reads: "No, now I grow weary in my solitude. Formerly I did not grow weary. Why did I not grow weary before, and why do I grow weary now?"

"Turn one page back."

Véra Pavlovna turns the leaf: "Summer of this year" (who is it that writes her diary in this way? says Véra Pavlovna; it should have said 1855, June or July, with the date). "Summer of this year. We are going, as usual, out of the city to the islands. This time my darling accompanies us; how contented I am!" (Ah! it is August. What day of the month, — the fifteenth or the twelfth? Yes, yes, about the fifteenth; it was after this excursion that my poor darling fell sick, thinks Véra Pavlovna.)

"Is that all?"

"All."

"No, you do not read all. And what is this here?" (And the marvellous hand again stretches forth, and more new lines appear.)

Véra Pavlovna reads without wishing to: "Why does not my darling accompany us oftener?"

"Turn another leaf."

"My darling is so busy, and it is always for me, always for me that he works, my darling." (That is really the answer, thinks Véra Pavlovna with joy.)

"Turn one page more."

"How honest and noble these students are, and how they esteem my darling! And I am gay in their company; with them I feel as if I were with brothers, quite at my ease."

"Is that all?"

"All."

"No, read farther" (and for the third time the hand stretches forth causing new lines to appear).

Véra Pavlovna reads unconsciously: "August 16" (that is, the day after the excursion to the islands; it did occur then on the fifteenth, thinks she). "On the excursion my darling talked the whole time with that Rakhmetoff, the rigorist, as they jokingly call him, and with his other comrades. He stayed with me scarcely a quarter of an hour." (That is not true; it was over half an hour; over half an hour, I am sure, thinks she, without counting the time when we sat side by side in the boat.) "August 17. Yesterday we had the students here all the evening;" (yes, it was the night before my darling fell sick). "My darling talked with them all the evening. Why does he devote so much time to them

* Rendered in English prose: Consecrate to love your happy youth, and seek night and day the hour of intoxication.

and so little to me? He does not work all the time. For that matter he says himself that without rest labor is impossible, that he rests a great deal, and that he reflects upon some special idea in order to rest himself; but why does he meditate alone, without me?"

"Turn another leaf."

"In July of this year we have had the students twice, as usual; I have played with them a great deal, I was so gay. Tomorrow or day after tomorrow they will come again, and again I shall be gay."

"Is that all?"

"All."

"No, read farther" (the hand reappeared, and new lines responded to its contact). Again Véra Pavlovna reads unconsciously:

"From the beginning of the year to the end of spring. Yes, formerly I was gay with these students, but I was gay and that was all. Now I often say to myself: These are children's games; they will probably seem amusing to me for a long time to come, and even when I shall be old. When I shall be no longer of an age to take part in them, I shall contemplate the games of youth and thus recall my childhood. But even now I look upon these students as younger brothers, and I should not like to transform myself forever into playful Vérotchka, since I desire to rest myself with serious thoughts and labor. I am already Véra Pavlovna; to amuse myself as Vérotchka is pleasant from time to time, but not always. Véra Pavlovna would like distractions which would permit her to remain Véra Pavlovna. Distractions with her equals in development."

"Turn a few pages farther back."

"I went to Julie's to get her orders. She did not let us go away without breakfast; she ordered champagne, and made me take two glasses. We began to sing, run, shout, and wrestle. I was so gay! My darling looked at us and laughed."

"Is that quite all?" says the apparition, again stretching forth the hand, which always produces the same result, — the appearance of new lines.

Véra Pavlovna reads:

"My darling only looked and laughed. Why did he not play with us? It would have been even merrier. Would he have acted clumsily? Not at all. But it is his character. He confines himself to the avoidance of interference, he approves, rejoices, and that is all."

"Turn a page forward."

"This evening we went, my darling and I, for the first time since our marriage, to see my parents. It was so painful to me to see again this interior which oppressed and stifled me before my marriage. Oh, my darling! From what a hideous life he has delivered me! At night I had a horrible dream: I saw Mamma, who reproached me with being ungrateful; it seemed to me that that was the truth, and this conviction made me groan. My darling, hearing my groans, ran to my side; when he entered my room, I was singing (though still asleep); the presence of the fair one, whom I love so much, had soothed me. My darling wished to dress me. I was much abashed. But he is so reserved; he only kissed my shoulder."

"Is that really all that is written there? You cannot deceive me. Read." Again under the fatal hand other characters arise, and Véra Pavlovna reads them, still unconsciously:

"And as if that were offensive!"

"Turn a few pages back."

"Today I waited for my friend D. on the boulevard near the Pont Neuf: there lives the lady by whom I wished to be employed as a governess. But she would not give her consent. D. and I returned to the house very much worried. Going to my room before dinner, I had ample time to consider that it would be better to die than to live as I had lived. Suddenly at dinner D. said to me: 'Véra Pavlovna, let us drink to the health of my sweetheart and yours.' I could scarcely keep from weeping tears of joy before everybody for this unexpected deliverance. After dinner I talked a long time with D. as to the way we should live. How I love him: he enables me to leave my cellar."

"Read, read the whole."

"There is no more there."

"Look." (The hand stretches forth.)

"I do not wish to read," says Véra Pavlovna, seized with fright; she has not yet seen clearly what these new lines say, but she is already afraid.

"I command you: read!"

Véra Pavlovna reads:

"Do I really love him because he delivered me from my cellar? No, I love, not him, but my deliverance."

"Turn farther back; read the first page."

"Today, the anniversary of my birth, I for the first time talked with D., and formed an affection for him. I have never heard any one speak such noble and strengthening words. How he sympathizes with everything that is worthy, how he longs to aid all that calls for aid! How sure he is that the happiness of mankind is possible and must come some day; that wickedness and pain are not perpetual, and that a new and peaceful life is approaching with ever hastening steps! How my heart beat with joy when I heard these things from a learned and serious man! They confirmed my own thoughts. How good he was when he spoke of us, poor women! Any woman would love such a man. How wise, noble, and good he is!"

"Exactly; turn again to the last page."

"But I have already read that page"

"No, that was not quite the last. Turn one leaf more."

"Read, read! Do you not see? So much is written there." And the contact of the hand calls forth lines which were not there at first.

Véra Pavlovna trembles:

"I do not wish to read; I cannot."

"I command you. You must."

"I am neither willing nor able."

"Well, I will read what you have written there. So listen: 'He has a noble soul, he is my liberator. But a noble character inspires esteem, confidence, a disposition to act in concert, friendship; the liberator is rewarded by gratitude, devotion, and that is all. His nature, perhaps, is more ardent than mine. His caresses are passionate. But he has another need; he needs a soft and slow caress; he needs to slumber peacefully in tender sentiment. Does he know all that? Are our natures, our needs, analogous? He is ready to die for me, and I for him. But is that enough? Does he live in the thought of me? Do I live in the thought of him? Do I love him as much as I need to love? In the first place, I do not feel this need of a soft and tender sentiment; no, my feeling towards him is not'" . . .

"I will hear no more," and Véra Pavlovna indignantly threw away the diary. "Wicked woman, why are you here? I did not call you; go away!"

The apparition laughs, but with a gentle and good laugh.

"No, you do not love him; these words are written with your own hand."

"Be accursed!" Véra Pavlovna awoke with this exclamation, and had no sooner regained possession of herself than she rose and ran.

"My darling, embrace me, protect me! I have had a frightful dream!" She presses herself against her husband. "My darling, caress me, be affectionate with me, protect me!"

"What is the matter, Vérotchka? You are trembling all over," said Lopoukhoff, as he embraced her. "Your cheeks are moist with tears, and your brow is covered with a cold sweat. You have walked in bare feet over the floor; let me kiss your feet to warm them."

"Yes, caress me, save me! I have had a horrible dream; I dreamed that I did not love you."

"But, dear friend, whom do you love, then, if not me? That is a very strange dream!"

"Yes, I love you; but caress me, embrace me! I love you, and you I wish to love."

She embraced him with intensity, she pressed her whole form against him, and, soothed by his caresses, she gently fell asleep in his embrace.

XX.

That morning Dmitry Serguéitch did not have to call his wife to take tea; she was there, pressing herself against him; she still slept; he looked at her and thought: "What is the matter with her? What has frightened her? What does this dream mean?"

"Stay here, Vérotchka, I am going to bring the tea; do not rise; my darling, I am going to bring the water for your toilet that you may not have to disturb yourself in order to wash."

"Yes, I will not rise, I will remain in bed a while longer, I am so comfortable here: how good you are, my darling, and how I love you! There! I have washed; now bring the tea; no, embrace me first."

And Véra Pavlovna held her husband a long time in her arms. "Ah, my darling, how strange I am! How I ran to your side! What will Macha think now? We will hide this from her. Bring me my clothes. Caress me, my darling, caress me; I wish to love you, I need to love! I wish to love you as I have not yet loved you!"

Véra Pavlovna's room remains empty. Véra Pavlovna conceals nothing more from Macha, and is completely established in her husband's room. "How tender he is! How affectionate he is, my darling! And I imagined that I did not love you! How strange I am!"

"Now that you are calm, tell me your dream of day before yesterday."

"Oh, that nonsense! I only saw, as I have already told you, that you were not very demonstrative. Now I am well contented. Why have we not lived in this way always? I should not have had the dream, which I do not like to recall."

"But had it not been for this dream, we should not be living as we are now living."

"True; I am very grateful to her, this bad woman: she is not bad, she is good."

"Who is 'she'? Besides the beauty of former days, have you still a new friend."

"Yes, still a new one. I saw a woman come to me with an enchanting voice, more so than Bosio's, and what hands! Oh, what admirable beauty! I only saw her hand; she hid herself behind the curtains; I dreamed that my bed (I have abandoned it because I had this dream there) had curtains and that the woman hid herself behind them; but what an admirable hand, my darling! and she sang of love and told me what love is; now I understand it. How stupid I was; I did not understand; I was only a little girl, a stupid little girl!"

"Everything in its time, my angel. As we lived before, it was love; as we live now, it is love: some need one, others the other; at first the former was sufficient for you; now you need the latter. You have become a woman, my dear friend, and that which you did not need at first has now become necessary to you."

Two weeks pass Véra Pavlovna takes her ease. Now she stays in her room only when her husband is not at home or when he is at work; but no, even when he is at work, she stays in his study, except when Dmitry Serguéitch's task demands all his attention. But such tasks are rare, and very often scientific tasks are purely mechanical; so three-quarters of the time Lopoukhoff saw his wife by his side. They lacked but one thing; it was necessary to buy another divan, a little smaller than her husband's. This was done, and Véra Pavlovna took her ease after dinner on her little divan, contemplating her husband sitting before her.

"My dear friend, why do you kiss my hands? I do not like that."

"Truly? I had quite forgotten that I offend you; and besides, what does it matter, for I shall do it just the same."

"You deliver me for the second time, my darling: you have saved me from wicked people, you have saved me from myself! Caress me, my dear friend, caress me!"

A month passes. Véra Pavlovna still willingly takes her ease. He sits down beside her on the divan; she throws herself into his arms, but becomes pensive; he embraces her; she is still pensive, and her tears are ready to flow.

"Vérotchka, dear Vérotchka, why are you so pensive?"

Véra Pavlovna weeps and does not say a word. No, she weeps no more, she wipes away her tears.

"No, do not embrace me, my dear friend! That is enough. I thank you."

And she gives him a glance so soft and so sincere.

"I thank you; you are so good to me."

"'Good,' Vérotchka? What do you mean?"

"Good, yes, my dear friend, you are good!"

Two days passed. After dinner Véra Pavlovna, pensive, lay stretched upon her bed Her husband was near her, held her in his arms, and seemed equally pensive.

"No, that is not it; that is lacking."

"How good he is, and how ungrateful I am!" thought Véra Pavlovna.

Such were their thoughts.

She said in a simple tone and without sadness:

"Go to your room, my dear friend; to work or to rest."

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Liberty.

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BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
A. P. KELLY, - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

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"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.

At Last an Answer.

Liberty has repeatedly called in question the consistency of "Le Révolté's" Anarchism, but has always been unsuccessful in inducing that paper to assume the defensive against these criticisms. The last comment made in these columns, however, has brought an answer, such as it is. Here is "Le Révolté's" defence:

Liberty of Boston, in its issue of January 3, reproaches "Le Révolté" for showing so much reserve in welcoming it among the number of Anarchistic journals, and finishes its little article by saying that it is now its turn to be reserved in the choice of its companions. It asks us how we can recommend the violent seizure of all wealth without thereby violating the Anarchistic principle of freedom of production and exchange. We answer by repeating what is said in every one of our articles, — that liberty of production implies liberty of consumption, and consequently the free resumption of the possession of the products of labor when these products have been stolen from the community. In our turn we ask Liberty how it can see "the solution of the social problem in free banking," as is declared in the third paragraph of its issue of January 3. That is an idea which eludes us.

Meanwhile, we thank Liberty for all the criticisms that it may see fit to make upon us, and we will undertake, should occasion offer, to cordially return the same.

Certainly liberty of production implies liberty of consumption, but consumption only of one's own product, not of another's, unless another's shall become one's own by process of exchange uncontaminated by force or fraud. Otherwise, one man's liberty of consumption necessarily violates another's. Liberty is not liberty, unless it is enjoyed by all alike. As for resuming possession of products that have been stolen from the community, that is nonsense. Products can be rightfully possessed only by individuals and voluntary associations. The community, if it is anything, is a compulsory association, and can never possess anything except by the thief's title. Therefore nothing can be stolen from it. If "Le Révolté" means that nearly all existing titles are vicious and represent simply what idleness has filched from labor, I agree, and I should waste no tears were "Le Révolté" to succeed in wiping out these titles, though I do not see how that would help us to the discovery of true titles. But, as I read "Le Révolté," it will not be satisfied with this, but proposes to have the community stand guard over the sum total of wealth and prevent any individual laborer from using any of the land or capital to produce on his own account for purposes of exchange with others. Does "Le Révolté" mean this, or does it not? If it does not, let it say so clearly. If it does, then it has no claim to be ranked as an Anarchistic journal, for it squarely denies individual liberty.

Until met here, I decline to be drawn upon any other ground. I charge "Le Révolté" with violating Anarchistic principles, and this charge is the first point to be settled. "Le Révolté" may hold the opinion that I overrate the importance of free banking, but it certainly cannot charge that, in advocating it, I am going counter to Anarchy. Show me first, my Swiss comrade, that you believe in real and not a counterfeit Anarchy; then I will put you in a way to see that the road to its realization is through free banking. T.

P. S. — At the last moment I learn that "Le Révolté" will be unable to pursue this discussion in consequence of a seizure of its office. This shameful offence against a free press, committed by the Swiss authorities, commands, of course, my most earnest condemnation and regret. T.

Dynamite, the New Apostle of Liberty.

The recent explosions in London carry with them a lesson which cannot be too much emphasized by the friends of Liberty. Thanks to the terrors of dynamite, the potency of individual assertion as against collective assumption embodied in the State is of late receiving an impetus which well-nigh bodes an utter revolution in social life.

I hold that the taking of life, or any resort to violence which takes for granted the probable sacrifice of life, except on the ground of actual physical defence against assault, is morally indefensible. So sacred to me is the Individual and the soul of a human being that I could not justify the premeditated taking of life, even under the most unquestioned probability that thereby a far greater number of lives would be spared. The Individualist who once accedes to any limitation of the right of an Individual to life, outside of physical self-defence against the taking of one's own life, is trifling with the very base of his system and moving Stateward. To this extent I shall remain a peace man until convinced that the position is illogical.

But Liberty has little or nothing to do with the abstract moral question of the right to take life or the methods of taking it. It has essentially to do with *equal rights* in war as well as in peace. Its primary assertion is *that the Individual has just as good a right to take life as has the State.* This is no moral abstraction; it is a plain issue of fair play brought home to men of common sense who dare think and speak their convictions. It strikes the State dead at one blow when any considerable portion of society accedes to it. Not a few manly men and womanly women, extricating themselves from the cant and hypocrisy of goody-goody social custom, are already acceding to it. Every thunder of dynamite in answer to man-killing governments leaves clearer and clearer proof of it behind.

Mr. P. A. Collins of Boston, according to newspaper report, recently stumbled into a surprising fit of level sense, though suicidal to a professional lawyer and politician. When the interviewer's gush-bucket was brought to him after the recent explosions, he said essentially: "I know little of this matter; but I see before me two belligerent forces, each of which has declared war against the other. One belligerent party goes by the name of dynamiters; the other belligerent party goes by the name of England. Now, since everything is fair in war according to recognized social rule, I suppose that neither belligerent party permits the other to dictate how it shall carry on its war; therefore, on *their* principles I suppose the dynamiters are consistent."

"Belligerents!" cries the canting American sneeringly: "are this murderous crew, who sacrifice innocent women and children, belligerents?"

Belligerents! I answer emphatically: are this murderous crew called English statesmen, who are today sacrificing innocent women and children in Egypt by the thousands, belligerents? Are *these* belligerents, who for centuries have deliberately murdered by hunger and the sword millions of innocent women and children in Ireland, and blown rebels (revolting patriots) from the cannon's mouth in India? Is the respectability of a belligerent to be gauged by the number of innocents who have been sacrificed to his murderous maw? These are questions that cannot be brushed away by sickening cant and hypocritical feigning of horror, and honest men must answer them squarely.

To be a respectable belligerent the oppressed and hunted party of a handful must first make an open public show of its designs and its material of war. In other words, the omnipotent State must first call up the handful of dynamiters in review and recognize it as a respectable force worthy of its endorsement. Before David goes out to meet Goliah, he must first be recognized by a few other Goliahs in conspiracy with Goliah No. 1. Then he becomes respectable in the eyes of the American canter. Even a nest of skunks would know better than to walk into such a trap. To none but a moral dwarf and a stultified coward has the recognition of the dynamiters by the American Congress anything to do with their respectability as belligerents, or with the justice of their methods.

The heroic silence of Parnell and the manly expressions of Davitt, Egan, Boyle O'Reilly, Collins, and other respectable Irishmen, are to me most gratifying and significant signs of the times. Alas! with Wendell Phillips died the only American of prominence not utterly sunken in the low level of popular hypocrisy which pervades our national life. The American conscience is rarely robust enough to get out from under the almighty dollar in the face of popularity and respectability and sound a manly word for Liberty and equal rights. But even here in this land of the free and home of the brave the popular conscience will yet get waked up, for sure as fate, whether we will or will not, dynamite has come among tyrants to stay. X.

The Death of Chinese Gordon.

The New York "Evening Post" of February 11, writing of the death of Gordon, says:

Of the effect of his death on the war there is little doubt. It, of course, makes the capture of Khartoum and slaughter of thousands of Arabs certain. Hecatombs of these poor savages will be sacrificed to Gordon's memory, and yet they are probably engaged, as Mr. Gladstone has acknowledged, in as good a cause as any in which men have ever drawn the sword. They are struggling to be free, after long and patient endurance of shameful oppression.

And yet, neither the "Evening Post," nor the press of this country generally, nor the stinking political hypocrites in Congress, like Bayard, Hoar, Edmunds, Hawley, etc., have uttered one single anathema against the government that is carrying on this murderous war upon an innocent people. They have nothing to say in condemnation of the innumerable oppressions and crimes, which England, or any other so-called "civilized government," may choose to practise upon either their own, or any other, people. They look unmoved upon all these horrible oppressions and wrongs as occurring in the natural order of things; and as being all within the legitimate functions of those "civilized governments," with whom we have such "friendly relations," that we must never speak of the crimes they are committing against all weaker than themselves.

But when some one of the hundred millions, and more, on whom England is grinding her heel, attempts to blow up her parliament house, — the den in which she concocts all her crimes, — these putrid hypocrites and flunkies — editors, congressmen, and others — start up as if struck by an electric bolt, and exhaust all the epithets in the language, in trying to express their horror and detestation of such "wretches" and "fiends" as dare to raise their hands against a government, or defend themselves, in the only way left to them, against its oppressions.

These things show that our own government is made up of men who are at heart in sympathy with all the tyrannical governments that now curse the world. With them, governments are everything, human rights nothing. With them, a government is the very holy of holies, and any attack upon it, by its victims, is a sacrilege that words cannot describe.

Well, we have this comfort left us: Even such dry political bones as they are, have now shown that there is a power that can shock them into life; that can make them squeal with terror at what they see to be an attack upon their craft. Perhaps the next bolt may strike nearer home. If it should, it may teach them that they have no call to defend all the monstrosities in the world, that call themselves governments, and that make it their business to rob, enslave and murder mankind.

The time was when we proclaimed this country to be the home of the free, and an asylum for the oppressed. But that was when we were weak, and

wished to strengthen ourselves by the aid of those who should flee to us, and join their strength with ours against their oppressors. But now that we are strong, and have no longer any need of their aid, our sympathies have changed sides altogether. We do indeed permit the oppressed (or at least some of them, not the Chinese) to come to us; but they are welcome only upon the condition that they will, while here, say nothing of the tyrannies from which they have escaped, and do nothing for the oppressed they have left behind.

These things show what a great and glorious people we are! Who knows that we may not sometime become as great and glorious as England herself! or as Germany! or even Russia! and have our Gladstones, and Bismarcks, and Czars, and nihilists, and dynamiters, and all the other paraphernalia of "a first-class power."

His Holiness is Mournful.

The Pope addressed a delegation from Catholic societies recently, and impressed upon his hearers the necessity of guarding the masses against the insidious doctrines of socialism. The reports of this affair say: "The manner and utterances of his holiness were mournful." The task of guarding the masses against the insidious encroachments of knowledge grows more difficult every day. The printing press is doing its work in spite of Popes and Czars, and the masses are slowly disintegrating and discovering that they are composed of individuals, whose brains need no protection other than that supplied by nature. The classification of humanity under the two heads "rulers" and "the masses" is being rejected by the men who have been taught heretofore to regard themselves as a herd of working cattle; wherefore the rulers of Church and State wax mournful. The future indeed holds forth but scant promises to these mournful priests and kings. Their power is passing away, and when it shall have disappeared utterly from the planet, there will be "masses" no more; only men. K.

To Jog a Friend's Memory.

"I expect to see you favor voting next; why not one kind of force as well as another?" said a friend to me recently, one whose contributions have often strengthened and brightened these columns. He had been reading my defence of the dynamiters. Well, my friend, I accept your logic; and, if I could see that voting would break men's chains or even prevent an extra rivet calculated to make them last a century longer, I would vote without hesitation if other methods had become impracticable. The ballot and the bomb are both instruments of force, it is true, but I am ready to use force in self-defence when *forced* to it. When it comes to that, then the question to be considered is which force is the more forcible. And here there is everything in favor of the bomb. The ballot can and surely will be dodged by the oppressor, but there is no dodging the bomb. If my friend's remark means anything, it means that there is no difference between force used for oppression and force used for resistance, and that there are no circumstances which justify the latter. But, if that is what he means, he shall answer himself. Does he remember that he ever wrote something like the following?

I do not forget the "philosophy of evolution" that will historically justify the pretensions of the Czar; but it will also justify the "Revolution," which cries, Down with him, and all the unjust ways and devices he upholds, in the name of *Providence!*

I know a sentiment of this nature has an unpleasant sound to many good people, because it appears to sanction violence and bloodshed. But a previous question it were well to ask, — who is responsible for this disturbance of social peace? If it be seen that the government itself is the real invader, — the lawless party that robs and murders without restraint, — then the "Revolution" may assume the aspect of the party that is striving — not always wisely, perhaps, but striving after what sort it can — to protect society and insure domestic welfare and peace. I am certainly no advocate of war; but, if it must needs come, I can see that it is no more attractive, or deserving of apology, when instituted by despotic governments than when resorted to by oppressed people impatient for their liberties. My sympathies are assuredly with the latter. Mr. Seward used often to repeat that "under despotic governments the people must redress their grievances by the bayonet; under republics their reliance is on the ballot." Neither, in my judgment, are final, as nothing can be final that rests on *will*. Intelligent recognition and free acceptance of the right is the only finality. Until that time, men will bayonet and ballot, and the best one can say is, "May the best side win, be it 'established government' or Revolution!'" In Russia, success to "Revolution!"

And so I say: In Ireland, success to Revolution! That is all. My friend's sentiments are my own. I simply rejoiced when Revolution struck a telling blow. If he believes his old-time words, he must rejoice also. Wherefore, then, his hint that I am wavering in the faith? T.

The Shadow of the Revolution.

The spirit of discontent, of which the rapid growth of socialism is the more advanced symptom, is not confined to the few who really know what are the evils of the social organization and search intelligently for remedies, but crops out in all quarters and in ways that are significant, though often confused. Recently a Democratic organ in Lowell, laboring under the delusion that the tariff is the sole cause of hard times and poverty, declared that "we must have tariff reform or revolution" pretty soon. Not altogether a delusion is this party organ's notion, for the tariff is but the most palpable and conspicuous form of the governmental interference in the business of the people which is the fundamental evil of society. The tariff is the noxious growth from a poisonous root. It can be seen without effort, but only those who dig around it find the root. Yet it is something that political dupes see the necessity of extirpating the growth.

Another daily paper, commenting on a headline, "seven people held under the debris of the United States [hotel] at Washington" some time ago, said: "If public life at Washington does not become purer, it will not be long before the 'debris of the United States' will be all that is left of a once glorious republic. And instead of seven people, fifty millions will be held under the ruins till they free themselves by revolution."

The conviction that a revolution is imminent seems to be gaining ground, although there is only the vaguest kind of an idea of the probable direction of its impulse. The fact that so many persons are beginning to see, even in a dim, bewildered way that there ought to be a revolution, is an encouraging sign. The duty of Anarchists is to show them how the revolution can be brought about without violence, and to so guide the initial impetus that there shall be no recoil. K.

In the "Index" of January 29 B. F. Underwood said: "In despotic Russia, where men are under constant governmental surveillance and are deprived of freedom of speech and act, it does not so much surprise us to find dynamite resorted to as a terrorizing argument; but in a country so intellectually advanced and so politically free as England, it is difficult to imagine a set of beings so ignorantly brutal as to resort to such cruel and foolish methods of demanding that their grievances be adjusted." Of course, with England Mr. Underwood includes Ireland, else there is no point to his words; for the grievances are those of the Irish living under England's rule. It was my intention to show Mr. Underwood how groundless his distinction is, and that, since the policy of repressive legislation was initiated, it has been true of Ireland (to use Mr. Underwood's own words about Russia) that "the best men and women, those of genius and courage, are exiled and imprisoned, while the country is cursed by censorship of the press, suppression of freedom of speech, espionage, and a despotism pervading the government which paralyzes the mind and heart of the nation." Not to know this shows astonishing ignorance, especially in one who glibly charges ignorance of contemporary thought upon men so vastly his superiors in scholarship and mental grasp as Michael Bakounine and others like him. But it has become unnecessary to pursue the criticism that I had designed, since one of the editorial contributors to the "Index," Horace L. Traubel, has discussed the dynamite question in the issue of February 26 with a fairness, discrimination, and intelligence that refutes the position of his chief and ought to put him to the blush.

Commenting on a New Bedford workingman's assertion that he would be better off were he to give up his wage pittance at the mills and accept the city's charity, the Boston "Globe" urges newspapers to attend to the problem illustrated by this fact, and adds that, if Judge McCafferty, who had referred to the fact in his court, will help in the solution, the world will thank him. The "Globe" is mistaken. If Judge McCafferty ventures any assistance in that direction, the world will curse him, just as it has cursed and still curses all persons who seek to save it from its folly. Moreover, it may not stop with a curse; if his help proves too efficacious, it probably will hang him.

The parsons all over the country are getting very much excited over the success of the roller-skating rinks in their recently-inaugurated competition with the gospel-shops as places for making assignations. In this, as in all things, Liberty is against monopoly.

John Bright said: "There is no liberty where buying and selling are restricted." True; therefore there is no liberty in any "civilized" country on the face of the globe. Government control of money restricts buying and selling.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

Continued from page 3.

"Why do you drive me away, Vérotchka? Am I not all right here?"

He was able to say these words, as he wished, in a simple and gay tone.

"No, go away, my dear friend. You do so much for me. Go and rest."

He embraced her, and she forgot her thoughts and breathed again quite freely and as if nothing saddened her.

"I thank you, my dear friend," she said.

And Kirsanoff is thoroughly happy. The struggle had been a little difficult to sustain; the greater therefore the internal contentment brought him by the triumph, a contentment which will last and warm his breast for a long time, throughout his life. He is honest. He has brought them nearer to each other. Yes, in fact, he has brought them together. Kirsanoff on his divan smoked and thought: "Be honest,—that is, calculating; make no mistake in the calculation; remember that the whole is greater than any of its parts,—that is, that your human nature is stronger and of more importance to you than any of your aspirations taken separately; place its interests, therefore, before the interests of any of your special aspirations, if they happen to be in contradiction; to put the whole in a simple definition: Be honest and all will go well. A single rule of great simplicity, but containing all the prescriptions of science, the whole code of happy life. Yes, happy those who have the power to understand this simple rule. For my part, I am happy enough in this respect. I undoubtedly owe much more to intellectual development than to nature. But in time this will become a general rule, inspired by education and surroundings. Yes, everybody will then live comfortably, as I do now, for instance. Yes, I am content. Nevertheless, I must go to see them; I have not been there for three weeks. It is time to go even though it were not agreeable. But would it not be better to postpone it a month? That is it. The retreat is executed; they will not notice now whether it has been three weeks or three months since I went to see them. It is very agreeable to think at a distance of men towards whom one has acted honestly. I rest on my laurels."

Three days later Lopoukhoff went into his wife's room after dinner, took his Vérotchka in his arms, and, carrying her to his room, placed her upon the little divan.

"Rest here, my friend," and he began to contemplate her. She went off into a doze, smiling; he sat down and began to read. She half opened her eyes and thought:

"How modestly his room is furnished! He has only the necessaries. No, he too has his whims. There is an enormous box of cigars, which I gave him last year; it is not yet exhausted. The cigar is his only whim, his only article of luxury. No, there is another article of luxury,—the photograph of that old man. What a noble face that old man has, what a mixture of goodness and perspicacity in those eyes, in the whole expression of the face! How much trouble Dmitry had in getting that photograph! Portraits of Owen are exceedingly rare. He wrote three letters; two of those who took these letters did not find the old man; the third found him and had to torment the old man a great deal in order to get a good photograph. And how happy Dmitry was when he received it with a letter from 'the sainted old man,' as he calls him, in which Owen praises me on the strength of what Dmitry has written him. And there is another article of luxury,—my portrait. For six months he economized in order to be able to employ a good painter. How they tormented me with that young painter! Two portraits, and that is all. To buy engravings and photographs like mine would not be so dear. He has no flowers either, and I have so many in my room. Why does he not want flowers, since I want them? Is it because I am a woman? What nonsense! Or is it because he is a serious and learned man? But there is Kirsanoff; he has engravings and flowers, although he too is a serious and learned man.

"And why does it weary him to devote much time to me?

"I know well that it costs him great effort. Is it because he is a serious and learned man?

"But there is Kirsanoff . . . No, no, he is good, very good, he has done everything, he is ready to do everything for me. Who can love me as much as he does? And I too love him, and am ready to do everything for him" . . .

"You are no longer asleep, then, dear Vérotchka?"

"My darling, why do you not have flowers in your room?"

"Very well, my friend, I will have some tomorrow; they are indeed very pleasant."

"What else do you want? Ah! buy yourself some photographs, or rather I will buy both flowers and photographs."

"Then they will be doubly agreeable to me. But, Vérotchka, you were pensive, you were thinking of your dream. Permit me to beg you to relate to me in greater detail this dream which so frightened you."

"I think no more about it: it is too painful to me to recall it."

"But perhaps, Vérotchka, it would be useful for me to know it."

"Very well, my dear friend."

And Vérotchka told her dream.

"Pardon me, my friend, if I ask you one more question: is that all you saw?"

"If it were not all, should I not have told you so, and besides did I not tell you so that very night?"

This was said so sincerely and simply that Lopoukhoff felt an ineffably sweet emotion, one of those intoxicating moments of happiness never to be forgotten.

What a pity that so few husbands can know this feeling! All the joys of happy love are as nothing compared with it; it fills the heart of man forever with the purest contentment and the holiest pride.

In Véra Pavlovna's words, spoken with a certain sadness, were conveyed a reproach, but the meaning of the reproach was: My friend, do you not know that you have deserved all my confidence? In the present state of their mutual relations a wife must conceal from her husband the secret movements of her heart, but from you, my dear friend, I have nothing to conceal; my heart is as open before you as before myself.

That is a very great reward for a husband, a reward purchased only by a high moral dignity; and whoever earns it has the right to consider himself an irreproachable man, to be sure that his confidence is pure and always will be, that valor and tranquillity will never desert him in whatever the situation in which he may find himself, and that destiny has almost no hold on the peace of his soul. We are well enough acquainted with Lopoukhoff to know that he is not sentimental, but he was so touched by these words of his wife that his face grew purple with emotion.

A VINDICATION OF NATURAL SOCIETY:

OR,

A VIEW OF THE MISERIES AND EVILS ARISING TO MANKIND FROM EVERY SPECIES OF ARTIFICIAL SOCIETY, IN A LETTER TO LORD ——.

BY EDMUND BURKE.

Continued from No. 58.

Before we finish our examination of artificial society, I shall lead your Lordship into a closer consideration of the relations which it gives birth to and the benefits, if such they are, which result from these relations. The most obvious division of society is into rich and poor, and it is no less obvious that the number of the former bear a great disproportion to those of the latter. The whole business of the poor is to administer to the idleness, folly, and luxury of the rich, and that of the rich, in return, is to find the best methods of confirming the slavery and increasing the burdens of the poor. In a state of nature it is an invariable law that a man's acquisitions are in proportion to his labors. In a state of artificial society it is a law as constant and as invariable that those who labor most enjoy the fewest things, and that those who labor not at all have the greatest number of enjoyments. A constitution of things this, strange and ridiculous beyond expression! We scarce believe a thing when we are told it which we actually see before our eyes every day without being in the least surprised. I suppose that there are in Great Britain upwards of an hundred thousand people employed in lead, tin, iron, copper, and coal mines; these unhappy wretches scarce ever see the light of the sun; they are buried in the bowels of the earth; there they work at a severe and dismal task, without the least prospect of being delivered from it; they subsist upon the coarsest and worst sort of fare; they have their health miserably impaired, and their lives cut short, by being perpetually confined in the close vapor of these malignant minerals. An hundred thousand more at least are tortured without remission by the suffocating smoke, intense fires, and constant drudgery necessary in refining and managing the products of those mines. If any man informed us that two hundred thousand innocent persons were condemned to so intolerable slavery, how should we pity the unhappy sufferers, and how great would be our just indignation against those who inflicted so cruel and ignominious a punishment! This is an instance—I could not wish a stronger—of the numberless things which we pass by in their common dress, yet which shock us when they are nakedly represented. But this number, considerable as it is, and the slavery, with all its baseness and horror, which we have at home, is nothing to what the rest of the world affords of the same nature. Millions are daily bathed in the poisonous damps and destructive effluvia of lead, silver, copper, and arsenic; to say nothing of those other employments, those stations of wretchedness and contempt, in which civil society has placed the numerous *enfants perdus* of her army. Would any rational man submit to one of the most tolerable of these drudgeries for all the artificial enjoyments which policy has made to result from them? By no means. And yet need I suggest to your Lordship that those who find the means, and those who arrive at the end, are not at all the same persons. On considering the strange and unaccountable fancies and contrivances of artificial reason, I have somewhere called this earth the Bedlam of our system. Looking now upon the effects of some of those fancies, may we not with equal reason call it likewise the Newgate and the Bridewell of the universe? Indeed, *the blindness of one part of mankind, co-operating with the frenzy and villainy of the other, has been the real builder of this respectable fabric of political society:* and as the blindness of mankind has caused their slavery, in return their state of slavery is made a pretence for continuing them in a state of blindness; for the politician will tell you gravely that their life of servitude disqualifies the greater part of the race of man for a search of truth, and supplies them with no other than mean and insufficient ideas. This is but true; *and this is one of the reasons for which I blame such institutions.*

In a misery of this sort, admitting some few lenitives, and those too but a few, nine parts in ten of the whole race of mankind drudge through life. It may be urged, perhaps, in palliation of this, that, at least, the rich few find a considerable and real benefit from the wretchedness of the many. But is this so in fact? Let us examine the point with a little more attention. For this purpose the rich in all societies may be thrown into two classes. The first is of those who are powerful as well as rich, and conduct the operations of the vast political machine. The other is of those who employ their riches wholly in the acquisition of pleasure. As to the first sort, their continual care and anxiety, their toilsome days and sleepless nights, are next to proverbial. These circumstances are sufficient almost to level their condition to that of the unhappy majority; but there are other circumstances which place them in a far lower condition. Not only their understandings labor continually, which is the severest labor; but their hearts are torn by the worst, most troublesome, and insatiable of all passions, by avarice, by ambition, by fear, and jealousy. No part of the mind has rest. Power gradually extirpates from the mind every human and gentle virtue. Pity, benevolence, friendship, are things almost unknown in high stations. *Veræ amicitiæ rarissimi inveniuntur in iis qui in honoribus reque publica versantur*, says Cicero. And, indeed, courts are the schools where cruelty, pride, dissimulation, and treachery are studied and taught in the most vicious perfection. This is a point so clear and acknowledged that if it did not make a necessary part of my subject, I should pass it by entirely. And this has hindered me from drawing at full length, and in the most striking colors, this shocking picture of the degeneracy and wretchedness of human nature in that part which is vulgarly thought its happiest and most amiable state. You know from what originals I could copy such pictures. Happy are they who know enough of them to know the little value of the possessors of such things, and of all that they possess; and happy they who have been snatched from that post of danger which they occupy, with the remains of their virtue; loss of honors, wealth, titles, and even the loss of one's country, is nothing in balance with so great an advantage.

Let us now view the other species of the rich, those who devote their time and fortunes to idleness and pleasure. How much happier are they? The pleasures which are agreeable to nature are within the reach of all, and therefore can form no distinction in favor of the rich. The pleasures which art forces up are seldom sincere and never satisfying. What is worse, this constant application to pleasure takes away from the enjoyment, or rather turns it into the nature of a very burdensome and laborious business. It has consequences much more fatal. It pro-

duces a weak valetudinary state of body, attended by all those horrid disorders, and yet more horrid methods of cure, which are the results of luxury on one hand and the weak and ridiculous efforts of human art on the other. The pleasures of such men are scarcely felt as pleasures; at the same time that they bring on pains and diseases, which are felt but too severely. The mind has its share of the misfortune; it grows lazy and enervate, unwilling and unable to search for truth, and utterly uncapable of knowing, much less of relishing, real happiness. *The poor by their excessive labor, and the rich by their enormous luxury, are set upon a level, and rendered equally ignorant of any knowledge which might conduce to their happiness.* A dismal view of the interior of all civil society! The lower part broken and ground down by the most cruel oppression; and the rich by their artificial method of life bringing worse evils on themselves than their tyranny could possibly inflict on those below them. Very different is the prospect of the natural state. Here there are no wants which nature gives (and in this state men can be sensible of no other wants) which are not to be supplied by a very moderate degree of labor; therefore there is no slavery. Neither is there any luxury, because no single man can supply the materials of it. Life is simple, and therefore it is happy.

I am conscious, my Lord, that your politician will urge in his defence that this unequal state is highly useful. That without dooming some part of mankind to extraordinary toil, the arts which cultivate life could not be exercised. But I demand of this politician, how such arts come to be necessary? He answers that civil society could not well exist without them. So that these arts are necessary to civil society, and civil society necessary again to these arts. *Thus are we running in a circle, without mod sty and without end, and making one error and extravagance an excuse for the other.* My sentiments about these arts and their cause, I have often discoursed with my friends at large. Pope has expressed them in good verse, where he talks with so much force of reason and elegance of language, in praise of the state of nature: —

> Then was not pride, nor art that pride to aid
> Man walked with beast, joint tenant of the shade.

On the whole, my Lord, *if political society, in whatever form, has still made the many the property of the few; if it has introduced labors unnecessary, vices and diseases unknown, and pleasures incompatible with nature; if in all countries it abridges the lives of millions, and renders those of millions more utterly abject and miserable; shall we still worship so destructive an idol, and daily sacrifice to it our health, our liberty, and our peace?* Or shall we pass by this monstrous heap of absurd notions and abominable practices, thinking we have sufficiently discharged our duty in exposing the trifling cheats and ridiculous juggles of a few mad, designing, or ambitious priests? Alas! my Lord, we labor under a mortal consumption, whilst we are so anxious about the cure of a sore finger. For has not this leviathan of civil power overflowed the earth with a deluge of blood, as if he were made to disport and play therein? We have shown that political society, on a moderate calculation, has been the means of murdering several times the number of inhabitants now upon the earth, during its short existence, not upwards of four thousand years in any accounts to be depended on. But we have said nothing of the other, and perhaps as bad, consequences of these wars, which have spilled such seas of blood and reduced so many millions to a merciless slavery. But these are only the ceremonies performed in the porch of the political temple. Much more horrid ones are seen as you enter it. The several species of governments vie with each other in the absurdity of their constitutions and the oppression which they make their subjects endure. Take them under what form you please, they are in effect but a despotism, and they fall, both in effect and appearance too, after a very short period, into that cruel and detestable species of tyranny; which I rather call it, because we have been educated under another form, than that this is of worse consequences to mankind. *For the free governments, for the point of their space, and the moment of their duration, have felt more confusion, and committed more flagrant acts of tyranny, than the most perfect despotic governments which we have ever known.* Turn your eye next to the labyrinth of the law, and the iniquity conceived in its intricate recesses. Consider the ravages committed in the bowels of all commonwealths by ambition, by avarice, envy, fraud, open injustice, and pretended friendship; vices which could draw little support from a state of nature, but which blossom and flourish in the rankness of political society. Revolve our whole discourse; add to it all those reflections which your own good understanding shall suggest, and make a strenuous effort beyond the reach of vulgar philosophy to confess that *the cause of artificial society is more defenceless even than that of artificial religion; that it is as derogatory from the honor of the Creator, as subversive of human reason, and productive of infinitely more mischief to the human race.*

If pretended revelations have caused wars where they were opposed, and slavery where they were received, the pretended wise inventions of politicians have done the same. But the slavery has been much heavier, the wars far more bloody, and both more universal by many degrees. *Show me any mischief produced by the madness or wickedness of theologians, and I will show you an hundred resulting from the ambition and villainy of conquerors and statesmen. Show me an absurdity in religion, and I will undertake to show you an hundred for one in political laws and institutions.* If you say that natural religion is a sufficient guide without the foreign aid of revelation, on what principle should political laws become necessary? Is not the same reason available in theology and in politics? If the laws of nature are the laws of God, is it consistent with the Divine wisdom to prescribe rules to us, and leave the enforcement of them to the folly of human institutions? Will you follow truth but to a certain point?

We are indebted for all our miseries to our distrust of that guide which Providence thought sufficient for our condition, — our own natural reason, which rejecting, both in human and Divine things, we have given our necks to the yoke of political and theological slavery. *We have renounced the prerogative of man, and it is no wonder that we should be treated like beasts.* But our misery is much greater than theirs, as the crime we commit in rejecting the lawful dominion of our reason is greater than any which they can commit. If, after all, you should confess all these things, yet plead the necessity of political institutions, weak and wicked as they are, I can argue with equal, perhaps superior, force, concerning the necessity of artificial religion; and every step you advance in your argument, you add a strength to mine. So that if we are resolved to submit our reason and our liberty to civil usurpation, we have nothing to do but to conform as quietly as we can to the vulgar notions which are connected with this, and take up the theology of the vulgar as well as their politics. But if we think this necessity rather imaginary than real, we should renounce their dreams of society, together with their visions of religion, and vindicate ourselves into perfect liberty.

You are, my Lord, but just entering into the world; I am going out of it. I have played long enough to be heartily tired of the drama. Whether I have acted my part in it well or ill, posterity will judge with more candor than I, or than the present age, with our present passions, can possibly pretend to. For my part, I quit it without a sigh, and submit to the sovereign order without murmuring. The nearer we approach to the goal of life, the better we begin to understand the true value of our existence and the real weight of our opinions. *We set out much in love with both; but we leave much behind us as we advance. We first throw away the tales along with the rattles of our nurses; those of the priest keep their hold a little longer; those of our governors the longest of all.* But the passions which prop these opinions are withdrawn one after another; and the cool light of reason, at the setting of our life, shows us what a false splendor played upon these objects during our more sanguine seasons. Happy, my Lord, if instructed by my experience, and even by my errors, you come early to make such an estimate of things as may give freedom and ease in your life. I am happy that such an estimate promises me comfort at my death.

[THE END.]

THEN AND NOW.

XIII.

OVER-PRODUCTION AND UNDER-CONSUMPTION.

BOSTON, February 28, 2085.

My Dear Louise:

I think that the following conversation between Mr. De Demain and myself may give you an idea of one very important change that Anarchy has wrought.

Said he: "A few weeks ago I was looking over an old scrap-book containing newspaper clippings, which have been handed down in my family for two hundred years. I chanced, in turning the leaves, to notice an editorial clipped from a paper called the 'New York Tribune' according to a foot note made in ink by my great-great-great, etc., grandfather. The editorial was entitled 'A Change of Phrase.'

"I suppose that the 'Tribune' in those days was considered one of the great papers, or my ancestor would not have clipped from it an article of this kind. After reading it, I did not wonder that the people of two hundred years ago could not see much good in Anarchy. If the writer of this article was a man of average intelligence, — and it is fair to suppose that an editorial writer for a great daily would be a man of at least average mental power. — it is not strange that humanity could not understand the goodness of a good thing."

"Mr. De Demain, I think that reflects on me," I was forced to say.

"I humbly beg your pardon," he replied, "if my remark seemed at all personal. Of course you have been with us long enough to understand that we are so far advanced that we look upon the people of two hundred years ago as barbarians. You certainly were regarded as a barbarian — a fair barbarian — when you made your strange advent among us. But you are not so considered now. Our advanced thought and manner of living have had a remarkable influence upon you. You are not yet, I know, in full sympathy with the teachings of Anarchy, but, as you think deeper, you certainly will be."

Louise, it really makes me tremble to think that, when I come back to live out my years among my old friends, I may be considered an Anarchist. Still, I think, if my mind does become impregnated with Anarchistic ideas while I am here, that I can easily kill them out by reading the daily papers when I return.

Mr. De Demain continued: "This brilliant editorial writer in the 'Tribune' says:

> During the last two years the stock phrase used in explaining business depression has been 'over-production.' The enemies of the American system have even gone so far as to assert that this is the chief evil of protection, since it unduly stimulates industrial activity and speedily overstocks the market with products that cannot be disposed of without ruinous delay and disturbance to trade. Over-production is the besetting weakness of the industrial world, no matter what the economic system or the tariff schedules may be. The evil will last to the end of time, and there can never be any hope of obviating it, since the requirements of mankind will invariably be over-estimated by the industries of the world. People grow weary of stock phrases. Why not talk about under-consumption during the next twelve months? It will mean about the same thing, but it will be fresh and new, and will possibly have a more cheerful sound. It may be that a vigorous impulse will be given to the workaday American world, if it can be convinced that the hard times merely indicate the wholesome restraints of under-consumption.

"I have simply to quote facts to you to prove that the young man who wrote the above was a false prophet. We have not reached the end of time, and over production is not an evil, and we do not obviate it by juggling with words and calling it under-consumption."

"Do you mean to say," I asked, "that it is possible at all times and under all conditions to exactly estimate the quantity of everything the people will want for a given length of time? or that the supply is always kept below the demand?"

"I mean that without the intervention of the State supply and demand are so nicely balanced that what was once called over-production is never an evil. It was not Malthus who first discovered the fact that the increase of humanity is held in check by the wants of humanity. This fact was realized several thousand years before Malthus was born. Two hundred years ago your political economists and social reformers in the same breath spoke of over-production of the necessaries of life and told the laborers that they should have smaller families. Was it not the voice of ignorant barbarians who told the laborers that they were producing too much food and clothing and at the same time that they were producing too many stomachs for the food and too many bodies for the clothing?

"The trouble was that the State stood in the way of a rapid and equal distribution of the products of the world. There never was a time when the earth produced too much wheat, too many potatoes, too much Indian corn. There never was a time when there was an over-supply of good beef and mutton. There never were too many well-fitting, long-wearing boots and shoes. There never was too much warm, clean, strong, attractive clothing in the world. I will not say that such a time may never come, because I do not care to be called in the future a false prophet. But in the past where has been the over-production? There has been often under-consumption, but it was not merely a change of phrase! Over-production, if such could ever occur, would mean immense wealth; under-consumption means poverty. Any blockhead — even a barbarian blockhead — ought to know the difference."

I don't relish being called a barbarian, and seeing that Mr. De Demain was growing excited, I thought it better to draw his little lecture to a close, fearing that he might in his enthusiasm unintentionally say something unpleasant. I suppose I was very wicked, but I did wish that Mr. De Demain could have had Senator Hoar for a disputant, and that I could have been a listener. I would have been willing to share any unpleasant remarks about barbarians, etc., with our honorable senator.

JOSEPHINE.

Open Letter to William M. Salter.

Your "Success and Failure of Protestantism" is so virile an article that I forbear to inflict upon you the indignity (as it has come to be) of *Reverend*. I feel, as after a good Christmas dinner of roast beef and plum pudding, that it has "gone to the spot." The modern world has been beggared by the divorce of those realities of which State and Church are the false representatives, and your conception of ethical culture is precisely what is needed, as far as doctrine goes, to reintegrate them. Just as every tithe paid to the clergy impoverished the laborer, so every sentiment wasted upon abstract divinity impoverishes society. Your historical citations of the demands of the German peasants, at first supported by Luther before the nobles, then deserted and condemned by him when they had passed from praying to fighting for their rights, is, as you have well understood, an image, a logical consequence, and an impeachment of the desertion of humanity by divinity, the perfidy of abstractions.

Principles, not beings; Truth and Love, not gods or men, are fit to be worshipped, and not by words or ceremonial, but in the practice of life. This you feel and you declare.

Now, my cordial thanks for the message of your thought would be less than sincere did they stop here. I challenge and reproach one inconsistent phrase,—the spread-eagleism of "*this magnificent republic might still have been a British province.*" For it is not meet that the same pen which in the past sides with the oppressed peasantry of a foreign nation against their exploiters should pay ignoble homage to a government the catspaw of privilege, the tool, the hired servant, the shyster of the Vanderbilts and Goulds and Huntingdons, the robbers of the people's soil and filchers of their produce.

EDGEWORTH.

GUNTERSVILLE, ALABAMA, December 20, 1884.

EXTRACT FROM MR. SALTER'S PAMPHLET.

Yes, Protestantism in the person of Luther cast the weight of its influence against the era of social righteousness, on which the hearts of the poor oppressed German peasants were set. It must suffice today to refer to this single instance of Protestant faithlessness. The German peasant wanted freedom, he wanted ecclesiastical and political freedom. The church and the feudal lord united in despoiling him. He had no rights worth mentioning against either. He was bound to the soil, was obliged to render any service the lord called for, and had lost his right to the old common woods and forests and fishing grounds and pastures. And to the church he paid not only tithes, the tenth part of all his corn, grass, colts, calves, lambs, pigs, geese, and chickens, and even every tenth egg, but he paid money for every particular service he got from the church. A Catholic writer of that period, brother to the secretary of the Emperor Charles V., says: "We can hardly get anything from Christian ministers without money; at baptism, money; at bishoping, money; at marriage, money; for confession, money,—no, not extreme unction without money. They will ring no bells without money, no burial in the church without money; so that it seemeth that Paradise is shut upon them that have no money. . . . . The rich men may readily get indulgences, but the poor none, because he wanteth money to pay for them." No wonder the peasants were rising up against such a double tyranny. They drew up twelve articles in which they stated their demands:

(1) The right to choose their own pastors. (2) They would pay tithe of corn, but small tithes, as every tenth calf or pig or egg, they would not pay. (3) They would be free and no longer serfs and bondmen. (4) Wild game and fish to be free to all. (5) Woods and forests to belong to all for fuel. (6) No services of labor to be more than were required of their forefathers. (7) If more service required, wages must be paid for it. (8) Rent, when above the value of the land, to be properly valued and lowered. (9) Punishments for crime to be fixed. (10) Common land to be again given up to common use. (11) Death gifts (*i. e.*, the right of the lord to take the best chattel of the deceased tenant) to be done away with. (12) Any of these articles proved to be contrary to the Scriptures or God's justice to be null and void.

What a chance in view of this for a religion that meant to be of any use in this world, that meant to vindicate the right and put down the wrong, to assert itself! By this time many of the princes had become Protestant. Did their Protestantism mean any increased sense of social justice? What did Luther himself say? He was not indeed without sympathy for the peasants. He was too much of a man, to say nothing of Christian, for that. And he did not fail, as a valiant man, to give the princes his opinion of them. Even before the articles were published, he said:—"The common man, tried beyond all endurance, overwhelmed with intolerable burdens, will not and cannot any longer tamely submit, and he has doubtless good reasons for striking with the flail and the club, as he threatens to do." Again, of the articles, he says to the princes that some of them "contain demands so obviously just that the mere circumstance of their requiring to be brought forward dishonors you before God and man." And he reminds them that "government was not instituted for its own ends, nor to make use of the persons subject to it for the accomplishment of its own caprices and evil passions, but for the interests and advantage of the people. Now the people have become fully impressed with this fact, and will no longer tolerate your shameful extortions. Of what benefit were it to a peasant that his field should produce so many florins as it does grains of corn, if his master may despoil him of the produce, and lavish, like dirt, the money he has thus derived from his vassal, in fine clothes, fine castles, fine eating and drinking?"

But when the princes refused to yield to his exhortations, when the peasants began to make good their words by their deeds, when they threatened to rise in revolt, Luther himself yielded and practically went over to the other side.

It is not a pleasant task to quote Luther's language against the peasants, after they were once fairly started on their violent career. It is not the man but the churchman who speaks. His theory was, "Christians must suffer rather than take up arms," they must bear the cross,—"that is a Christian's right," he said, "he has no other." He spoke of Christians as flocks of sheep, not to be tended but to be slaughtered one after the other. "*Nicht Weideschaf—Schlachtschaf! nur so hin; eins nach dem anderen!*" If they rebelled against the civil power, there was but one fate for them. As to the "murderous and robbing hordes of peasants," as he styled them, he said to the princes:—"Let them be destroyed, strangled, stabbed, secretly or publicly, by whomsoever is able to do it, even as a mad dog is killed, right away." I do not believe that this was all due to cowardice and a desire to side with princely authority,—though these motives may have partly operated with Luther; as he did not fail to command clemency at the end of the war, so during its continuance he did not cease to speak of the "mad tyranny" of princes and lords. In my judgment, it was not Luther merely that failed at this critical moment, it was not merely Protestantism that failed; it was Christianity, and its impracticable, unphilosophical, and untrue doctrine of non-resistance. It was the Christian doctrine that we are not to take justice into our own hands, but must leave it to another, that was answerable for the horrors of the peasants' war. Luther had said this and quoted scripture passages to this effect from the very start. There was not so much a change in his view or his sympathies as in the circumstances to which his view could apply. He said from the beginning such things as these:—to revolt is to act like heathen; the duty of the Christian is to be patient, not to fight; defensive justice is for God alone; no one can be his own judge; an attempt to be is something which God cannot endure; it is against God and God is against it. Such a view is to us mythological; but to Luther, following closely after the teaching of his master, it was sober truth. But if Luther had been more of a heathen, he would have stood before the world a truer man. Not on the basis of such a view has progress been made in the world. Had Christianity been the rule of life for intelligent Frenchmen a hundred years ago, there would have been no French revolution. Had the thought that paralyzed the arm of Luther been the conviction of our forefathers in 1776, this magnificent republic might still have been a British province. Progress is with those who know that justice is to be done by them, who would not honor themselves, did they not defend themselves against those who outrage their rights. I do not answer for all that the peasants did; many of them were as fanatical as Luther, and they were as little disposed to mercy as Luther charged the nobles to be to them. But this is not the question. Were they not right in their claims at the outset?

Another Apology Now in Order.

[Lowell Bell.]

Dastardly attempt to assassinate Lieut. Gov. at Toronto. Box of lamp-black found in the yard. U. S. Senate should apologize.

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Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

Vol. III.—No. 8. **BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1885.** **Whole No. 60.**

"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 New York Senate has been amusing itself writing poetry. Although the poetry was very bad, it was an improvement on the usual occupation of law-making.

The offer made in the last issue of Liberty for copies of certain back numbers is now withdrawn. But for the first and fourth numbers of the first volume of this journal I am still ready and anxious to pay ten cents each.

Any intelligent radical looking for work may find it by answering the advertisement of Dr. W. K. Dyer, to be found in another column. As for the unsweetened condensed milk which Dr. Dyer advertises, I am able, from personal knowledge, to guaranteee its excellence.

The second number of Charles T. Fowler's "Sun" is out. Nothing better could be said of it than that it is as good as the first. It shows in a fascinating and masterly manner how the principles of coöperation may be utilized in the store, the bank, and the factory. A portrait of Ralph Waldo Emerson adorns the number. Both numbers are advertised in another column. There is nothing better for the purpose of propagandism.

The last resort of Horace Seaver, editor of the "Investigator," when driven to the wall on the Mormon question, is to ask his opponent: "Would you like to see your own daughter living in polygamy?" In the same way the last resort of the negrophobist in slavery days was to ask the abolitionist: "Would you like to see your own daughter marry a nigger?" It never occurred to the negro hater, as it does not now occur to the Mormon hater, that the wishes of the daughters themselves should be consulted. Every honest father, whatever he may desire to see his daughter do or not do, will strive to secure her in the right of choice, — that is, Liberty.

The new administration begins with contemptible hypocrisy. Almost the first act of Cleveland was to warn the Oklahoma "boomers" off their lands on the ground that these lands are for the Indians. There never was a flimsier, falser pretence. There are no Indians in Oklahoma, and no Indians claim it. The lands are occupied by the cattle kings, and it was to sustain these in their monopoly that Cleveland issued his proclamation. But perhaps it is a good thing that this first hit of the Democracy at labor is so palpable. The sooner laborers find out that all political parties are alike in their friendship to monopoly and capital, the better it will be for mankind.

The first number of Henry Seymour's new paper, the London "Anarchist," is at hand. It has four pages, and is published monthly at one shilling and sixpence a year by the International Publishing Company, 35 Newington Green Road, London, N., England. It is gratifying to observe that it is to wage uncompromising war on lines precisely parallel with those of Liberty, being Anarchistic in the extreme and clearly discriminative against Communism. The first number has articles by Mr. Seymour himself, Henry Appleton of Providence, R. I., George Bernard Shaw (whose excellent contribution is copied in another column), and Elisée Reclus. Further evidences of Mr. Seymour's push and earnestness are to be found in his announcement of an English edition of my translation of Proudhon's "What is Property?" and of Marie Le Compte's translation of Bakounine's "God and the State."

George Schumm of Chicago sends me the joyful news that his paper, the "Radical Review," which announced its probable death in the last number, will not die, after all, but will be published soon as a monthly magazine. This is especially gratifying in view of Mr. Schumm's recent conversion to Anarchism, announced in an article copied in another column. It seemed too bad that so earnest and intelligent a thinker should lose the means of propagandism just as he had come to a knowledge of ideas worth propagating. The world moves, truly, and the Anarchist's hope and courage grows firmer with each accession to the ranks.

I have often seen Ruskin referred to in labor papers as giving his sanction to the ideas of Henry George. Such papers as foster this delusion would do well to ponder the following lines from No. 95 of Ruskin's "Fors Clavigera," recently published: — "The nonsense thought and talked about 'Nationalisation of Land,' like other nonsense, must have its day, I suppose, — and I hope, soon, its night. All healthy states from the beginning of the world, living on land, are founded on hereditary tenure, and perish when either the lords or peasants sell their estates, much more when they let them out for hire. The single line of the last words of John of Gaunt to Richard II.: 'Landlord of England art thou now, not king,' expresses the root of the whole matter, and the present weakness of the Peers in their dispute with the Commons is because the Upper House is composed no more of Seigneurs, but of Landlords. Possession of land implies the duty of living on it, and by it, if there is enough to live on; then, having got one's own life from it by one's own labor, or wise superintendence of labor, if there is more land than is enough for one's self, the duty of making it fruitful and beautiful for as many more as can live on it."

Taking generals as they go, I have always held Robert E. Lee in moderately high esteem, but, if Jubal Early tells the truth, this opinion must be revised and perhaps reversed. Trying to relieve Lee from that horrible aspersion on his character which attributes to Grant's magnanimity at Appomattox Lee's retention of his sword, Early declares that Lee and all his officers were allowed by the express terms of the capitulation to retain their side-arms, and further (citing Dr. Jones's "Personal Reminiscences of General R. E. Lee") that Lee once said to Jones and other friends, and in 1869 to Early himself, that, before going to meet Grant, he left orders with Longstreet and Gordon to hold their commands in readiness, as he was determined to cut his way through or perish in the attempt, if such terms were not granted as he thought his army entitled to demand." That is to say, General Lee, having determined that it would be folly to make his men fight longer for his cause, made up his mind to surrender, but decided at the same time that he would cause his men to die by the thousands rather than submit himself and his officers to a slight personal humiliation. He was willing to swallow the camel, but, rather than stomach the gnat, he would murder his fellow-men without compunction. All considerations fall before superstition, be the superstition religious, political, or military. The art of war, on which government finally rests, has, like government itself, its laws and regulations and customs, which, in the eyes of the military devotee, must be observed at all hazards. Beside them human life is a mere bagatelle. Man himself may be violated with impunity, but man-made laws and customs are inviolably enshrined in the Holy of Holies.

Inasmuch as two interesting evidences of idiocy are copied in another column from the Detroit "Labor Leaf," it is only fair to say that since their appearance in that paper it fortunately has passed into new and better hands, which should not be held responsible for such follies.

Ivan Panin, the professed Nihilist, has found his level and shown his true colors. When sometime back he appeared to have abandoned the business of going about the country misrepresenting Nihilism while claiming to champion it and began to devote his energies to the raising of hens at Grafton, Massachusetts, I had some hopes of him; for the latter is a useful, honest occupation, capable of improving both mind and body. But the duplicity of his nature evidently found it uncongenial, for it now appears that he has become the business manager of the Law and Order League! Just fancy it! A Nihilist working for conventional Law and Order and acting as the paid agent of a society whose functions consist in inducing legislators to create fictitious crimes, inducing citizens by deceit to commit these crimes, and inducing the lowest form of human being, the "spotter," by bribery, to convict these citizens by perjury! I suspected Panin always; I know him now for what he is.

Mr. Harman, one of the editors of "Lucifer," referring to the length of articles sent by correspondents, says: "While we readily grant that '*Lucifer' belongs not to its editors alone but also to its subscribers*, we cannot see that justice would require as much space to be given to him who contributes, say, ten dollars to the finances of the paper as should be given to him who gives hundreds of dollars in time, labor, and money for the same purpose." The idea propounded in the language that I have italicized seems a singular one. If a man gives money to a paper, he gets no claim upon it thereby, for gift implies no *quid pro quo*. If he subscribes for a paper, he does so because on the whole he likes to read it, and he pays the subscription price for the enjoyment and instruction that he derives from it. His claim is thereby satisfied, and, when the paper ceases to suit him, he can withdraw his support. But it would be ridiculous in him to claim to control any portion of the space. Suppose each one of the hundred and odd thousand buyers of the New York "Sun" should be allowed such a claim. Each would control one word or less a day, and a nice hodgepodge Mr. Dana would serve up every morning! Mr. Harman may surrender his rights to whom he pleases, but for my part I insist on my control of every inch of Liberty. Every article sent to this paper, if in Liberty's line, well written, and not too long, will be published, whether sent by a subscriber or not, and nothing else will be published, though all the subscribers on the list should unite in demanding it. The conduct of this journal from the start has been in accordance with the announcement made in the first number that it would be "edited to suit its editor," a policy that I have never regretted. I make these remarks, not to pick a bone with Mr. Harman, but to throw light on a question of newspaper ethics, ignorance of which does so much to stimulate the arrogance of a large class of newspaper readers who seem to think they own the earth.

THEN AND NOW.

XIV.

"THE CONFESSIONS OF A JOURNALIST."

BOSTON, March 21, 2085.

My Dear Louise:

In the old Capitol on Beacon Hill is now one of the finest libraries in the world, and I spend two or three hours almost every day in reading from the most remarkable of the innumerable remarkable volumes. The room that once was the Hall of Representatives is now filled from floor to ceiling with cabinets containing books and pamphlets of the present century. In the room once the Senate chamber are books of the last two centuries, with those of the last largely predominating in numbers, and several of the small rooms are used for those of still older date. All books are classified, first, according to date of writing, and, second, according to subject-matter.

The volume that is just now attracting my attention is one published in 1902, and entitled "The Confessions of a Journalist." The author's name does not appear, but he introduces himself in the preface as follows:

"For the past thirty-five years I have made journalism my profession, and during that time have been connected in different ways, as reporter, correspondent, city editor, news editor, managing editor, editorial writer, and part proprietor, with many of the leading newspapers of the country. I have been one of the few that have been fortunate enough at sixty to be able to retire from active labors on the press, having amassed a fortune on which I can live comfortably and see my children well started on the journey of life."

This, by way of introduction, attracted my attention. Books written by journalists I have always found peculiarly interesting, although I must confess seldom very instructive. Journalists know so well how to make insignificant matters entertaining and put things in such a bright, witty way, that it is usually a pleasure to read what they write. Their books are never dull, and it never requires deep thought to understand them. One can read page after page, beginning almost anywhere and leaving off at will, in a dreamy sort of way with the thinking powers at rest. The effect is not an excitement to mental exertion. When I wish to read myself to sleep, I have always been accustomed to take up some book written by a journalist. So, when I ran across this "Confession," I decided that it would be a good thing to help me digest my dinners. You may judge whether or not I made a mistake from some of the extracts which I shall give you.

The first chapter is devoted to young men who are about to enter the profession, and pretends to give much wholesome advice. But read:

"Young man, you are eager to enter the field of journalism; you are eager to become an editor, perhaps a proprietor. You ask yourself, 'Have I the talent and the education necessary to enable me to become a successful journalist?' Are you superficial? This is the first qualification. No deep thinker, no keen reasoner has any place on a daily newspaper.

"Are you an accomplished liar? Or, to put it in a more delicate manner, are you an adept at watering or obscuring the truth? Can you make what you honestly believe to be the truth (provided you think deeply enough to honestly believe any thing) appear to be false, and what you know to be false (or what you would know to be false provided you gave it a thought) appear to be the truth? If you cannot, don't enter journalism.

"Have you a ready pen for flattery or abuse as you may be commanded? If not, become a hod-carrier rather than a journalist.

"Do you believe in having principles and in supporting them? Go West on the plains, and devote your life to the occupation of a cowboy, but don't become a journalist.

"Are you one who believes that right should stand ahead of gain? Go hang yourself and die innocent before you become connected with a newspaper."

Such matter as this did not help me digest my dinner, but it awakened a curiosity that would be satisfied. If honest, right-minded, thinking men cannot make (or could not make, I should say now) successful journalists, then what? Farther on he tells, when he says:

"One who would attain the highest success in journalism as it is today and has been for many years, back as far at least as my memory serves me, must be a man of remarkably quick perception. This is the chief qualification. He must look upon a newspaper as merely a business enterprise, and making money must be his sole aim. This is as true of the most utterly unknown reporter as of the editor-in-chief, business manager, or proprietor. That paper is most successful which sells the most copies daily and has the best advertising patronage; that is, which declares the largest dividend each year. What paper is there that does not aim for this? What leading paper is there that would not support the devil if its management thought that by so doing its finances would be improved? What successful paper is there that would not print anything within the bounds of the law if by so doing more pennies would continue to drop into its till? What prominent paper is there that does not have a little or big list of names of which no unpleasant things must be said, never mind how big the lie told? If Mr. Jones advertises well, must not Mr. Jones be lied about if he happens to do anything about which the truth, if told, would injure him?

"Any man connected with a paper as reporter or editor may be called upon to lie (for twelve, twenty, fifty, or one hundred dollars per week, according to his ability) a dozen times a day, and also to swear that that lie is God's truth. If he murmurs, he must resign."

I am beginning to think that my journalist-author is not what he says he is, a retired successful journalist. I am afraid he has not been successful in the profession, and by this means vents his spleen upon those who have. I cannot believe that the great educators, the leaders of the people, the guardians of the liberties and rights of the people of your time are so corrupt; that their only object is gain. Is there, or rather was there, no high moral purpose in the journalism of the nineteenth century? I read on:

"For the most part our dailies are owned by stock companies, and surely no one can expect a philanthropic and moral sentiment to inspire a stock company! The business manager, who is usually the editor-in-chief, who dictates the policy and course of the paper, is paid a certain salary, and he is expected to make the paper earn enough to pay a handsome dividend. It is all business with him. Money is the only principle he sees. That is just and moral that pays best. If he owned the paper, he would do so and so, but it won't pay, and it is his duty to make the enterprise *pay*. The managing editor must please the business manager or editor-in-chief. All the subordinates of the managing editor — news editors, city editor, dramatic editor, and all other editors and reporters — must please him and obey him. There must be no individual opinion of right and wrong. Right means profitable and wrong means profitless. 'Is it for the good of the people that this be published?' is never asked; 'Is this just?' is never asked; but simply, 'Is it policy to print this?' I am speaking always, unless I specify differently, of the large daily newspapers, 'the great leaders of public opinion.'"

When I had read this, I paused, and the thought went through my mind, "What if all this that he says be true! The people have the power to kill a corrupt newspaper in a few weeks, and can stop its influence at once by not buying it. The most successful papers are most successful because they sell the greatest number of copies, — that is, because they print matter that the people like to read. If the people like to read 'watered truth,' well and good; if they want to be flattered and abused, who cares?"

I had read but a few pages more when I found the author had anticipated my criticism and answered it in this manner:

"If you charge a journalist with gulling the public, he immediately answers that he gives the public what it wants; witness the success of his paper! It won't do, he says, to print the truth; no daily could live and do it. The people desire to read exaggerations and flattering and abusing lies. They want the truth adulterated with what will make it pleasant to swallow. They quote this from Nathaniel Hawthorne (a good journalist must be good at quoting): 'It must be a remarkably true man who can keep his own elevated conceptions of truth when the lower feelings of a multitude are assailing his natural sympathies, and who can speak out frankly the best there is in him when by adulterating it a little or a good deal he knows that he may make it ten times as acceptable to the audience.'

"What redress have the people? Stop buying the papers? But it is necessary that they should buy the papers. There are matters upon which they must keep informed."

And so the book continues on to the end. Sometime I will talk with an editor of today, and give you his views of journalism.

JOSEPHINE.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

A ROMANCE.

By N. G. TCHERNYCHEWSKY.
Translated by Benj. R. Tucker.

Continued from No. 59.

"Vérotchka, my friend, you have reproached me,"—his voice trembled for the second and last time in his life; the first time it trembled with doubt, now it trembled with joy,—"you have reproached me, but this reproach is dearer to me than any words of love. I have offended you by a question, but I am happy to have drawn such a reproach upon myself. See! there are tears in my eyes, the first tears that I have shed since my childhood!"

Throughout the evening his eyes were fixed upon her. She did not once say to herself during that evening that he was trying to be affectionate, and that evening was one of the happiest that she ever passed. In a few years she will have days, weeks, years like it; this will be the case when her children have grown up and she sees them happy men worthy of happiness. This joy is above all other persnal joys; that which in every other personal joy is a rare and fleeting intensity is here the ordinary level of every day without distinction. But this is still in the future for Véra Pavlovna.

XXI.

When she had gone to sleep upon his knees and he had placed her on her little divan, Lopoukhoff concentrated his thoughts upon this dream. It was not for him to consider whether she loved him or not; that was her affair, and in this she was no more mistress than he was master. This was a point that must clear itself up, to be thought of only leisurely; now time was pressing, and his business was to analyze the causes of this presentiment.

At first it was a long time before he could discover anything. He had seen clearly for some days that he could not keep her love. Painful loss, but what was to be done? If he could change his character, acquire this inclination for gentle affection which the nature of his wife demanded, that would be another matter, certainly. But he saw that this would be a vain attempt. If this inclination is not given by nature or developed by life independently of the intentions of the man himself, it cannot be created by the effort of his will; now, without the inclination nothing is as it should be. Hence for him the question was solved. So this was the problem of his first reflections. Now, after having meditated on his own situation (as an egoist thinking first of himself and of others only secondarily), he could approach the affair of another, — that is, of his wife. What can be done for her? She does not yet understand what is going on within her, she is not yet as well versed as he in affairs of the heart, and very naturally, being four years younger, which at that early age is a great deal. Could he not, as the more experienced, trace this dream back to its cause?

Immediately came into Lopoukhoff's mind this supposition: the cause of her thoughts must be sought in the circumstance which gave rise to her dream. Some connection must be found between the cause of her dream and its substance. She said that she was vexed because she did not go to the opera. Let us see.

Lopoukhoff began to examine his way of living and that of his wife, and the light dawned on his mind. Most of the time when they had nothing to do she had remained in solitude, as he did. Then had come a change: she had had distractions. Now the more sober life had returned. She had not been able to accept it with indifference, for it was no more in her nature to do so than in that of the enormous majority of mankind. So far there is nothing extraordinary. Now, it is no farther to suppose the solution of the enigma to lie in her association with Kirsanoff, an association followed by the latter's separation. But why did Kirsanoff go away? The cause seems only too natural, — lack of time, pressure of duties. But one cannot deceive, though he use all possible stratagems, an honest, intelligent man, experienced in life, and above all utilizing the theory to which Lopoukhoff held. He may deceive himself through lack of attention; he may neglect to notice what is going on: thus it was that Lopoukhoff came to mistake the motives of Kirsanoff's original separation, because then, to tell the truth, he had no interest and consequently no desire to look closely into the causes of this separation; the only thing important for him to know was this: Who was to blame for the rupture of friendship? Was it not himself? Evidently not. Then there was no occasion to think about it further. He was neither Kirsanoff's favorite nor a pedagogue charged with guiding men in the straight road. Kirsanoff understood things as well as he did. How did his conduct concern him? In his relations with Kirsanoff was there anything so important? As long as you are on good terms with me and wish me to

love you, I am well content; if not, more's the pity, but for that matter go where you please, it's all one to me. It makes no great difference whether there is one imbecile more or less in the world. I took an imbecile for an honest man; I am very sorry for it, and that is all. If our interests are not bound up with the acts of an individual, his acts trouble us little provided we are serious men.

Two cases alone excepted, which, however, seem exceptions only to men accustomed to consider the word "interest" in the not too strict sense of ordinary calculation. The first case is when actions interest us on their theoretical side, as psychical phenomena explaining the nature of man,—that is, when we feel an intellectual interest; the other case is when the destiny of the person is so dependent upon ourselves that we should be guilty in our own eyes if we should be careless of his conduct,—that is, when we feel a conscientious interest. But in the silly departure which Kirsanoff had formerly taken there was nothing not known to Lopoukhoff as a very ordinary characteristic of actual morals, for it is not rare to see a man of honest ideas governed by current trivialities. But that Lopoukhoff could play an important part in Kirsanoff's destiny was something that Lopoukhoff could never have imagined: of what use, therefore, to trouble himself about Kirsanoff? So go, my dear friend, where it seems good to you; why should I trouble myself about you? But now the situation was no longer the same: Kirsanoff's acts appeared in connection with the interests of the woman whom Lopoukhoff loved. He could not help giving them close thought. Now, to give a thing close thought and to understand its causes are almost one and the same thing to a man of Lopoukhoff's habits of thought. Lopoukhoff believed that his theory furnished the surest means of analyzing human emotions, and I confess that I am of his opinion. During a long series of years this theory that I profess has not once led me into error, and has always put me in a position to easily discover the truth, whatever the depths in which it be hidden.

It is none the less true that this theory is not accessible to all; it requires experience and habits of thought to be able to understand it.

After a half-hour's meditation all was clear to Lopoukhoff in Kirsanoff's relations with Véra Pavlovna. It was clear, indeed, but nevertheless Lopoukhoff did not cease to ponder over it, and this reverie ended in a decisive and complete discovery, which so impressed him that he could not sleep. But why wear out one's nerves through insomnia? It is three o'clock. If one cannot sleep, he must take morphine. He took two pills; "I will take just one look at Vérotchka." But instead of going and looking, he drew his armchair up to the divan upon which his wife lay asleep, and sat down there; then he took her hand and kissed it.

"You still work, my darling, and always for me; how good you are, and how I love you!" she murmured in her sleep. Against morphine in sufficient quantities no laceration of the heart can endure; on this occasion two pills were enough. Therefore sleep took possession of him. This laceration of the heart was approximately equal in intensity (according to Lopoukhoff's materialism) to four cups of strong coffee, to counteract which one pill would not have been enough while three pills would have been too many. He went to sleep, laughing at the comparison.

XXII.

A THEORETICAL CONVERSATION.

Scarcely had Kirsanoff stretched himself out the next day like a veritable sybarite, a cigar between his lips, to read and to rest after his dinner which had been delayed by his duties at the hospital, when Lopoukhoff entered.

"I am as much in the way here as a dog in a ninepin alley," said Lopoukhoff in a jocose though not at all trifling tone; "I disturb you, Alexander. It is absolutely necessary that I should talk seriously with you. It is pressing; this morning I overslept and should not have found you."

Lopoukhoff did not seem to be trifling.

"What does this mean? Can he have noticed anything?" thought Kirsanoff.

"Therefore let us talk a little," continued Lopoukhoff, sitting down; "look me in the face."

"Yes, he speaks of *that;* there is no doubt about it," said Kirsanoff to himself. Then aloud and in a still more serious tone: "Listen, Dmitry; we are friends. But there are things that even friends must not permit themselves. I beg you to drop this conversation. I am not disposed to talk today. And on this subject I am never disposed to talk."

Kirsanoff's eyes had a steady look of animosity, as if there were a man before him whom he suspected of an intention to commit some piece of rascality.

"To be silent,—that cannot be, Alexander," continued Lopoukhoff, in a calm though somewhat hollow voice; "I have seen through your manœuvres."

"Be silent! I forbid you to speak unless you wish me for an eternal enemy, unless you wish to forfeit my esteem."

"Formerly you did not fear to lose my esteem,—do you recollect? Now, therefore, all is clear. Then I did not pay sufficient attention."

"Dmitry, I beg you to go away, or I shall have to go myself."

"You cannot. Is it with your interests that I am concerned?"

Kirsanoff did not say a word.

"My position is advantageous. Yours in conversation with me is not. I seem to be performing an act of heroism. But such notions are silly. I cannot act otherwise; common sense forces me to it. I beg you, Alexander, to put an end to your manœuvres. They accomplish nothing."

"What? Was it too late already? Pardon me," said Kirsanoff quickly, unable to tell whether it was joy or chagrin that moved him when he heard the words: "They accomplish nothing."

"No, you do not rightly understand me. It was not too late. Nothing has happened so far. What will happen we shall see. For the rest, Alexander, I do not understand of what you speak; nor do you understand of what I speak; we do not understand each other. Am I right? And we do not need to understand each other. Enigmas that you do not understand are disagreeable to you. But there is no enigma here. I have said nothing. I have nothing to say to you. Give me a cigar; I have carelessly forgotten mine. I will light it, and we will discuss scientific questions; it was not for that that I came, but to spend the time in chatting about science. What do you think of these strange experiments in the artificial production of albumen?"

Lopoukhoff drew another chair up to his own to put his feet on it, seated himself comfortably, lighted his cigar, and continued his remarks:

"In my opinion it is a great discovery, if it be not contradicted. Have you reproduced the experiments?"

"No, but I must do so."

"How fortunate you are in having a good laboratory at your disposition! Reproduce them, reproduce them, I beg of you, but with great care. It is a complete revolution in the entire alimentary economy, in the whole life of humanity,—the manufacture of the principal nutritive substance directly from inorganic matter. That is an extremely important discovery, equal to Newton's. Do you not think so?"

"Certainly. Only I very much doubt the accuracy of the experiments. Sooner or later we shall reach that point, indisputably; science clearly tends in that direction. But now it is scarcely probable that we have already got there."

"That is your opinion? Well, it is mine, too. So our conversation is over. *Au revoir*, Alexander; but, in taking leave of you, I beg you to come to see us often, as in the past. *Au revoir.*"

Kirsanoff's eyes, fixed on Lopoukhoff, shone with indignation.

"So, you wish, Dmitry, to leave with me the opinion that you have of low thoughts?"

"Not at all. But you ought to see us. What is there extraordinary in that? Are we not friends? My invitation is a very natural one."

"I cannot. You began upon a senseless and therefore dangerous matter."

"I do not understand of what affair you speak, and I must say that this conversation pleases me no more than it pleased you two minutes ago."

"I demand an explanation of you, Dmitry."

"There is nothing to explain or to understand. You are getting angry for nothing, and that is all."

"No, I cannot let you go away like that." Kirsanoff seized Lopoukhoff by the hand as he was on the point of starting. "Be seated. You began to speak without any necessity of doing so. You demand of me—I know not what. You must listen to me."

Lopoukhoff sat down.

"What right have you," began Kirsanoff in a voice still more indignant than before,—"what right have you to demand of me that which is painful to me? Am I under obligation to you in anything? And what's the use? It is an absurdity. Throw aside this nonsense of romanticism. What we both recognize as normal life will prevail when society's ideas and customs shall be changed. Society must acquire new ideas, it is true. And it is acquiring them with the development of life. That he who has acquired them should aid others is also true. But until this radical change has taken place, you have no right to engage the destiny of another. It is a terrible thing. Do you understand? Or have you gone mad?"

"No, I understand nothing. I do not know what you are talking about. It pleases you to attribute an unheard-of significance to the invitation of your friend who asks you not to forget him, it being agreeable to him to see you at his house. I do not understand what reason you have to get angry."

"No, Dmitry, you cannot throw me off this conversation by trifling. You are mad; a base idea has taken possession of you. We utterly reject prejudices, for instance. We do not admit that there is anything dishonoring in a blow *per se* (that idea is a silly, harmful prejudice, and nothing more). But have you a right at the present moment to strike any one a blow? That would be rascality on your part; you would take away from such a man the tranquillity of his life. How stupid you are not to understand that, if I love this man and you demand that I shall strike him, I hold you for a base man and will kill either you or myself, but will not strike the blow? Besides men, there are women in the world, who are also human beings; besides blows, there are other insults,—stupidities according to our theories, and in reality, but which take away from men the tranquillity of life. Do you understand that to submit any human being whomsoever—let alone a woman—to one of these stupidities now regarded as insults is a despicable thing? Yes, you have offensive thoughts."

"You tell the truth, my friend, touching things proper and things offensive; only I do not know why you speak of them, or why you take me to task in the matter. I have not said a single word to you; I have no designs upon the tranquillity of any one whomsoever. You construct chimeras, that is all. I beg you not to forget me, it being agreeable to me to spend my time with you,—nothing more. Will you comply with your friend's request?"

"It is offensive, and I do not commit offences."

"Not to commit them is laudable. But some whim or other has irritated you, and you launch out into full theory. So be it; I too would like to theorize, and quite aimlessly; I am going to ask you a question, simply to throw light on an abstract truth, without reference to any one whomsoever. If any one, without doing anything disagreeable to himself, can give pleasure to another, in my opinion he should do so, because in so doing he himself will find pleasure. Is not that true?"

"That's all humbug, Dmitry; you have no right to say that."

"But I say nothing, Alexander; I am only dealing with theoretical questions. And here is another. If any desire whatever is awakened in any one, do our efforts to stifle this desire lead to any good? Are you not of a contrary opinion, and do you not think that suppression simply overexcites this desire, a hurtful thing, or gives it a false direction, a hurtful and dangerous thing, or stifles life in stifling this special desire, which is a calamity?"

"That is not the point, Dmitry. I will state this theoretical question in another form: has any one a right to submit a human being to a risk, if this human being is in a tolerably comfortable condition without any need of running a risk? There will come a time, we both know, when all desires will receive complete satisfaction, but we also know that that time has not yet arrived. Now, the reasonable man is content if his life is comfortable, even though such a life should not permit the development of all his faculties, the satisfaction of *all* his desires. I will suppose, as an abstract hypothesis, that this reasonable human being exists and is a woman; that the situation in which she finds it convenient to live is the marriage state; that she is content in this situation: and I ask, given these conditions, who has the right to submit this person to the danger of losing the life which satisfies her simply to see if she might not attain a better, more complete life with which she can easily dispense. The golden age will come, Dmitry, as we well know, but it is yet to come. The iron age is almost gone, but the golden age is not yet here. I pursue my abstract hypothesis: if an intense desire on the part of the person in question—suppose it, for instance, to be the desire of love—were receiving little or no satisfaction, I should have nothing to say against any danger incurred by herself, but I still protest against the risk that another might lead her to run. Now, if the person finds in her life a partial satisfaction of her new desire, she ought not to risk losing everything; and if she does not wish to run this risk, I say that he would be acting in a censurable and senseless manner who should try to make her run it. What objection have you to offer to this hypothetical deduction? None. Admit, then, that you are not right."

"In your place, Alexander, I should have spoken as you do; I do not say that you are interested in the matter; I know that it scarcely touches us; we speak only as *savants*, on an interesting subject, in accordance with general scientific ideas which seem to us to be just. According to these ideas, each one judges everything from his own standpoint, determined by his personal relations to the thing in question; it is only in this sense that I say that in your place I should speak absolutely as you do. You in my place would speak absolutely as I do. From the general scientific standpoint, this is an indisputable truth. A in B's place is B; if, in B's place, A were not B, that would mean that he was not exactly in B's place. Am I right? If so, you have nothing to say against that, just as I have nothing to say in answer to

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BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
A. P. KELLY, - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

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"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 Reform and Political Action.

Some labor reformers preach the doctrine that political action has nothing to do with industrial conditions. Evidently the men who seek to control legislation do not believe this. If one had no effect on the other, why is it that capital and its tools in our law-making bodies invariably vote down every measure asked for in the interest of labor? If politics has nothing to do with industrial conditions, why does Jay Gould buy legislatures, and money changers buy up congresses? What created the national banking system but legislation? and does not the system plunder the people?

We solemnly affirm, and stand ready to prove it, that the men who control the politics of any nation control the purse-strings and the destiny of its people.

The above is from the Hartford "Examiner," probably the most earnest and influential labor organ in New England, and around which are associated a coterie of brave and true reformers whom I very highly respect. John Swinton calls this "solid sense"; but I regret to so essentially differ with him as to call it *solid imbecility.*

Evidently the consciences and convictions of the various labor organ editors are becoming more and more tried over the question of utterly divorcing labor agitation from politics, and the quarrels among themselves over the point are assuming ever larger proportions. Some have already dropped their political idols, and the drift is steadily in that way. May I be permitted to paraphrase the above quotation, as follows, in order to bring out the moral inference intended by the "Examiner"?

Some sanitary reformers preach the doctrine that utilizing dirty tools engenders diseased manhood and does worse than no good to existing industrial conditions. Evidently the men who seek to foster dirty conditions do not believe this. If one has no effect on the other, why is it that capital and its dirty tools in our law-making bodies invariably vote down every clean measure asked for in the interest of labor? If dirtiness has nothing to do with industrial conditions, why does Jay Gould buy dirty legislatures, and money-changers buy up dirty congresses? What created the national banking system but dirty legislation? and does not the system plunder the people?

We solemnly affirm, and stand ready to prove it, that the men who control the dirty tools of the nation control the purse-strings and the destiny of the people.

Very well, Brothers Pyne and Swinton; and now what do you propose to do about it? Do you propose to send clean, healthy men down into these legislative sewers to handle the dirty tools? and how long can they handle dirty tools without becoming dirty and diseased themselves?

You reply: "Throw out the dirty tools, and send in nothing but clean ones!" But what do you want of clean tools in a dirty place? and can your tools possibly stay clean if they do any work at all? The one thing that you people have yet to learn is that politics itself, in its very organic structure, is composed of dirty materials. You cannot touch a clean tool to it without contamination. The only way that you and your tools can stay clean is to keep out of the dirty structure altogether. Let dirty Jay Gould and his dirty tools take care of such places. They belong there, and you do not. By keeping them company you become an ally of their infamy. Call upon working people to turn their backs upon these legislative dens, and upon the ballot-boxes which support them. Then tell them to go to work and deal with their oppressors on business principles. When you labor-reform editors arrive at this stage of level-headedness, it will not be long before you see Jay Gould and his tools fleeing from their legislative dens for their lives, like rats in a freshet. They are only dangerous because men like you defend the existence of the dens in which they do their dirty work. You blindly hold the tools responsible, when it is the structure itself that is dirty. Condemn the rotten old structure; put your tools to work on a new house,—and you will have no trouble in keeping them clean and bright.

As an example of the utter blindness of ordinary labor-reformers, I have been solicited to appear before a committee of legislative scoundrels to plead for a ten-hour law, which is pending in my State. Of course, as an Anarchist, I cannot recognize this legislative crew nor its authority. Yet men who are fully in accord with the Anarchistic idea elbow me gently and say: "But here is a chance to get some good out of the rotten old machine. You need not hate politics any the less, but you ought to use it wherever you can to beat its own brains out with."

And yet the labor reformers of Anarchistic tendencies know very well that a ten-hour law is a direct assault upon personal liberty. If I concede the authority of a legislature to make ten hours a day's work, I thereby concede its authority to make twenty hours a day's work, or ultimately its authority to forbid me to work at all. What authority can forbid me to make a contract with an employer to work as many hours as we can agree upon, without a flat-footed invasion of my personal liberty? Granted that existing contracts are voided in equity, by reason of the employer's monopoly of the means of existence: but does not the State exist for the sole and only purpose of protecting property, the creature of monopoly? So long as labor reformers flounder about among politicians, and do not demand such conditions as will make a free contract possible, they are as apt to be on the side of despotism as on the side of justice. They cannot demand such conditions logically, except as they demand the abolition of the State itself. An honest man has no business before a legislative committee, except to ask the whole gang to go home and mind their own business.

While workingmen are nosing servilely about the skirts of legislative committees, begging "Your Honorable body" to do something for them, the great corporation bosses are getting tired of this slow tomfoolery and proceeding in a business-like manner to employ Pinkerton's detectives to shoot them down for hire. By this simple device the politicians escape the ire of their voting cattle, and while Pinkerton is doing his work on business principles, labor reformers are assuring "Your Honorable body" that they are peaceable, law-abiding citizens, humbly and respectfully asking for justice.

When will workingmen take their cue from the business-like tyrants of Hocking Valley and the railroad corporations who employ Pinkerton's men to shoot them down, while the politician hides behind these hired assassins in order to save his votes? How long are men like Pyne and Swinton to yet aid and abet this cheat and swindle of politics, before they are ready to ask labor to turn its back upon the legislatures and congresses, and get down to business with their oppressors on the practical and business-like line challenged by the employers of Pinkerton's paid bloodhounds? I pause for a reply. X.

Premier Ferry's administration having suppressed, prior to its own most welcome suppression, the new Anarchistic journal, "Terre et Liberté," its persevering publishers have revived it under another name, "L'Audace," adopting as its motto Danton's celebrated counsel: "To succeed it is necessary to dare, and again to dare, and ever to dare." May this daring be especially fruitful of success!

The many delays and obstacles incidental to the establishment of a printing office have delayed this issue, in spite of my promise, far beyond my anticipation. But let not readers despair of the promised regularity of publication. It will come, and soon. I hope to have the next number ready by April 25.

Forget His Faults, But Remember What?

A murderer by wholesale, a callous political adventurer, a notorious public beggar, a lickspittle of capital, and a bankrupt speculator and conniver at fraud lies dying in New York as I write, and a nation of fools are waiting to shed tears over the carcass which a life of rum-guzzling and tobacco-smoking has made as cancerous and rotten as the mind and heart that dwell within it. If some honest laborer among his victims had interrupted this wanton's rascally career with a bomb, these same fools would have become madmen and torn the dynamiter to shreds. Such is the morality and justice inspired in the people by the worship of government and power.

I had intended to stop here, but now feel like recording the satisfaction that I take in having said thus much when I see that in some instances good men and true are joining the mob in singing the praises of this wretch and begging us to forget his faults. There are few more demoralizing spectacles than that of the noble of this earth lending themselves to the blind, passionate apotheosis of its ignoble. Forget his faults? Yes, gladly. But to forget his faults is to forget the man, and the man you insist we shall remember. So I insist that, if we must remember him, we shall remember him as he was. Take away his faults, and, in a public view, there is nothing left. For beyond such ordinary virtues as he possibly possessed in common with ordinary mortals, what surpassing virtue had he? Talents he had, but he used them unworthily. Are we to worship those? I have no hatred for General Grant or for any other bad man. They, like the rest of us, do the best they know. All evil at bottom is only ignorance. Hence, if his friends would let him die quietly, so would I. What I object to is this singling out of a bad man's life as ideal or in any way exemplary. Did we not have enough of this in Garfield's case? Now that Garfield's real character is becoming manifest, what humiliation must his old-time eulogists feel! Let them heed this warning against a repetition of the experience. For just as surely as James A. Garfield will go down to history an object of universal contempt, just so surely will Ulysses S. Grant go down to history an object of universal horror. T.

Consolation for Anarchists.

An Anarchist has reason for rejoicing over the formation of the new administration. The interest he takes in politics being, as the editor of Liberty has neatly put it, that which a man takes in his chief enemy, he can survey the new adjustment of wheels with great equanimity, even pleasure. For it will be liable to take the country a long and unsuspected step toward Anarchy.

President Cleveland is a man who will carry to an extreme, from the standpoint of even his own party, the dispersion of official powers and privileges. There will be no assumption of new honors, no avaricious grasping of added dignities and powers under his hand. If his character does not undergo a great change from what it has been during his administration of the affairs of New York, he will devote himself a great deal more assiduously to the official routine of his position than to shining as the president of fifty-five millions of people. All of which will be the best thing for Anarchy that could happen. For to dwarf the presidency to the occupation of an official desk will be the next thing to proving its uselessness.

Anarchists can be well pleased with the main part of the cabinet, too, because it is weak. The principal exception is Bayard, the strongest man of the group, whose recent attitude on the dynamite question justified Senator Riddleberger's objection. The appointment of Manning and Vilas was in evident reward of their party services and proved that even Cleveland, the mugwump idol, cannot be trusted on the conventional civil service reform idea. Wherein their appointment, too, is good for Anarchy. They are men who will work for their own aggrandizement and continue to keep professional politics an offence to the nostrils of decent people. Wherein again that appointment is good for Anarchy. The three or four members who are fairly honorable, scholarly men who can write polished reports and carry the honors of office with decorum and dignity, won't be

able to centralize, strengthen, and extend the authority and powers of their respective departments. Senator Bayard is the only member of the new administration who will attempt to exalt the national honor, power, and dignity. The rest of them, if office does not change their characters, will make their offices seem much less important than they do now in the eyes of people who ever use those organs. F.

A "Moral" Contract.

During a short term of residence in Lowell, I noticed that a large proportion of the inhabitants were regular attendants at church. The religiosity of the community struck me as somewhat phenomenal. It was apparently a priest-ridden city, and therefore not a very promising field for Anarchistic labors. But I made a discovery which indicated that the people were more completely under the control of the corporations than I had supposed. In the Boott Cotton Mills are posted printed regulations, from which I quote two significant paragraphs:

"The company recommend regular attendance on public worship on the Sabbath, as they consider it necessary for the preservation of good order and morals."

"These regulations are considered part of the contract with all persons entering into the employment of the Boott Cotton Mills."

Nothing less than an order to slaves from masters to attend church. It is a part of the contract, all the terms of which are fixed by one party. The gentlemen who build mills and kindly permit skilled workers to toil for them are much concerned for the welfare of the drudges. They recommend frugality and cut down wages to compel the workers to practise the virtue, and then they send the poor devils to church that they may learn humility and obedience. The capitalists consider it necessary for the preservation of morals that the workingmen and women should have no day of recreation, no time to think and study for themselves. When their bellies are empty and clamorous, the drudges may seek the consolations of religion, which teaches them that poverty is a virtue and their reward will come in the heavenly hereafter. But for the beneficent influence of the church and the teachings of priests, the poor, swindled workers might demand the reward of their labor in this life and greatly embarrass the pious proprietors of the Boott Mills. K.

Socialist Superstition.

Beasts are governed by or through their imagination as much as by either love or force. That of horses and asses is continually attested by their shying at the least unusual object on the road, sometimes merely at noises, the cause of which they do not see. Dogs betray it by dream barking, and also behave as if they saw ghosts on some occasions. It is vain to try protecting grape vines or rose bushes from goats by any quantity or disposition of brush, upon the ground; but ornament the top of your easily-climbed rail fence with a little of the same, and it becomes a safe barrier.

Passing from beasts to men, we find superstitious imaginings most rife among the races and classes nearest beasts by their ignorance and simplicity. Hence the reverence for authority on which religions build, and, after them, secular governments.

A natural effect of heredity, against which reformers need to be continually on their guard, and which is now cropping out among Socialists, is the proclivity to superstition in which only some names and superficial forms have been changed in their recent and but partial emancipation. Thus, for the fabled Jehovah, on whom all sorts of attributes were lavished according to the whim of the worshipper, we find Socialists substituting an ideal State, to which, after the gratuitous ascription of justice and wisdom, they propose to surrender the soil, at the same time that they confirm in its possession the actual and fatally abused faculty of money making. This baseless confidence, flying in the face of a sinister experience, is the more dangerous from the bait that it throws out to agriculture. Its paper coinage, bolstered by political fanaticism, will, of course, have a certain run. Farmers, generally moneyless, may be easily seduced by the Socialist offer of State purchase, filling their pockets with greenbacks, while continuing their hold upon the land as tenants, whose rent shall be a simple commutation of their previous rates and taxes.

Money plenty, and exchanges facilitated still further by cheap transportation, when by the same hocus pocus of greenbacks the Government owns the railroads, extravagance will be the order of the day; a fabulous prosperity will seem to have dawned upon us. Next to the great capitalist land and railroad owners of today, whose coffers will be filled to overflowing upon Europe, the class most apparently benefited will be the farmers resident near railroads and getting cheaper rates of transportation. Under our revenue system the artisan masses will be chiefly privileged by the honor of paying interest on the new debts contracted. During this nitrous oxide jubilee the country will be drained of specie to pay for foreign luxuries of fantastic and evanescent value, the natural demagogues will have gotten possession of State offices more numerous than ever, and when, after a year or so, the financial bubble bursts, the bankrupt nation will be all the more completely enslaved to its government, whose officers control the mass of real values in land, and the means of transportation and of communication, either postal or telegraphic.

Here is the statement made by "Truth" (San Francisco, June, 1884), "The Organ of Scientific Socialism in America," and from the pen of William Harrison Riley:

The government should undertake the stewardship of the land and pay the present "so-called" owners thereof a fair valuation in greenbacks. Actual cultivators should be permitted to retain the use of their farms, and should pay a fair rent for such use. Then all taxes and rates should be abolished, and the rents be applied to the public service. The railways and telegraphs would become public property, and the income from these and the land would amply suffice for all public works, and the farmers would gain by the change, as the rent they would pay would be less than the taxes and rates they had previously paid.

Mr. Riley ought to be a happy man, for he carries an Aladdin's lamp in his brain. He has, however, moments of sober resipiscence, as in adding: "This estimate, however, is based on the assumption that the government has ceased to be a tool of the usurers, has ceased to pay interest, abolished all sinecure offices, and that its work is wholly for the good of the people." *Vanas hominum mentes!* Such a government will have eaten its own head. See the fascination of the serpent eye, by which this superstition of government controls the mind even of him who writhes against it, sighing, "Alas! there is no reason for hope that the government will soon become honest."

So far from giving up the government idea, this Socialist, who sees and criticises well enough our existing evils and the perfidies of our "representative" government as their cause, would initiate their cure by making all governments increase their issues of money, to which he gives the name "certificates of credit," free of interest.

This sophism of an honest government, issuing paper credits *ad libitum*, is to precede the other sophism of the honest government buying up the soil and the railroads and telegraphs, and assuming the functions of stewardship. He is psychologized with the government-idea, just as the church-ridden bigot is with the God-idea. The latter, instead of confessing natural law and dealing directly with natural forces, must first imagine God, and then imagine God creating Nature and ruling it as with a human will. So the besotted Socialist must first imagine his honest government (in contravention of all human experience), and then set this honest government to doing what enterprise and faculty already are doing so effectively, and which only the intermeddling of government by privilege prevents from being to our general good.

Nearly all our evils are due to the unwholesome ascendant given to commerce over production and to manufactures over agricultural production by the privileges of banking, land grants, and protective tariffs. Add to these the two parasite armies created by and for revenue, from indirect taxation, the civil and the military, and you have nearly exhausted the functions of government. Its judiciary we could quite as well dispense with.

From the Socialist programme precited three corollaries flow. Let us study them.

COROLLARY 1.—Confirmation of past injustice and privilege: new millions to be paid out of the pockets of the taxed people to the Huntingdons and Vanderbilts, paying them for having received a donation, sums equal to what may remain of the original donations, for constructing railroads, which, where constructed, may have already paid immense dividends, and which either remain the property of their contractors, or else become the subject of fresh government purchases, saddling the people with additional taxes. These costs are certain, and will fall on all of us; while the benefit of such purchase must depend on the honesty and wise economy of government officers (which, of course, has always been proverbial). Furthermore, supposing the railroad management and land agent management honest and wise, the profits accruing from them inhere chiefly to the small class of great capitalists, bondholders, already swollen to monstrosity by gratuitous deeds of land (hundreds of millions of acres), with banking privileges still more onerous and dangerous to the people, and, to crown all, exemption of their bonds from taxation.

COROLLARY 2.—Functions created for an additional army of office holders as land stewards to be paid from taxation.

COROLLARY 3.—Closer dependency of the rentee on the good will of the land steward, opening for fresh privilege favoritism, oppression, bribery, and corruption. This hook is covered with the bait of ready money. The needy farmer will be paid in government paper for his farm, and still is assured he shall retain its use. Still farther, he is told, on the one hand, that he will not be taxed beyond the rent he pays to government, and that this rent shall be less than the taxes and rates previously paid.

"Tell that to the marines."

With the new issues of greenbacks for these purchases, perhaps doubling or trebling the actual circulation, prices are bound to rise, and experience has proved that wages never rise in proportion with them. A much larger class will then be depressed to the verge of starvation, as in Europe. For awhile, the increase of money stimulating exchanges, business will be very active; the increased importation of luxuries consequent involves shipments of grains, meat, and specie to other countries, rendering the necessaries dearer at home, with a currency more and more dependent on the mere credit of government. Hence the strengthening of the ties of dependency between all moneyed classes and the government, whose collapse would ruin them; hence the urgency for a strong and well-disciplined army as national police force, with all the consequences of a military despotism.

EDGEWORTH.

Burning the People's Money.

Henry Maret, a member of the Extreme Left in the French Chamber of Deputies, wrote as follows in his newspaper, "Le Radical," more than a fortnight before Gambetta's disciple and successor, Premier Ferry, came to grief, in the prosecution of his outrageous campaign against China:

Each day brings us news of a great victory in Tonquin.

Each tomorrow brings us news that we are no more advanced than before.

No battles in the open field, nothing but assaults. The Chinese intrench themselves; our soldiers valiantly carry the redoubts; many dead, many wounded. Nothing ended, nothing even gained. All is to begin over again, all to do over again. After the Chinese intrenched more Chinese intrenched; another assault; more dead; more wounded. And nothing further. It is the endless wheel, which rolls on crushing bodies in its path and leads nowhither.

Now, it seems, we are to be asked for fifty millions and twenty thousand men more.

You have seen a huge iron-works furnace, those immense masses of live coals, into which day and night naked laborers throw combustibles after combustibles, which immediately disappear, are immediately swallowed up, to be immediately replaced by others. Such is Tonquin, with this difference,—that factory furnaces keep powerful machines in motion, while the blood and money of France move nothing but the operations of the stock-market.

Fifty millions when there is a deficit in the budget, when we have spent a whole year in higgling over credits, when the receipts are diminishing, when the crisis is increasing in intensity; twenty thousand men today, forty thousand tomorrow, the best of our blood flowing drop by drop from out this wound,—that is the spectacle which we are witnessing, calm, almost indifferent, dreaming neither of the responsibilities incurred nor of the future that threatens.

And this war, which is beginning to assume frightful aspects, is not yet war at all. I hope that, when we shall be asked for an authorization to march on Pekin, we shall call a cat a cat, and that we shall hear at last this terrible word which seems to be so much more fearful than the thing itself. The majority, which ought to look upon this as a fratricidal war, being itself composed of Chinese baboons who know nothing but how to say yes to everything that is asked of them,—the majority will vote funds, men, and all. And we shall march on Pekin. To do what?

If they tell me: "To pillage," I shall answer: "That is vulgar," but I shall understand. They will not tell me that. They will say: "To make peace."

This reminds me of that pretty story of Pyrrhus describing to a sage his schemes of conquest.

"We will capture this, then that."

"And then?"

"We will go to the North."

"And then?"

"We will return by way of the South."

"And then?"

"When we have conquered everything, we will come back to our homes and rest."

"Why not begin there?" said the sage. "Can we not rest now?"

Since peace is the end that we have in view, why not remain at peace, and why destroy it in order to attain it? But we shall have advantages! What? Who will repay us our lost gold? Who will restore us our soldiers? Are a few kilometres of uninhabitable land, where fever decimates the population, worth all this massacre and all this ruin?

Unhappily, in this government of sages, as Ferry modestly calls himself, sagacity is what is most lacking. The finger has been inserted in the gearing, then the hand, then the arm; soon the whole body will disappear. Now, how are we to make people listen to reason who think of nothing but the approaching elections, to whom the whole future is bounded by the next few months, who do not see beyond the parliamentary horizon, and who will believe that all is saved if they keep their seats and their portfolios.

Where we need statesmen we have only men of circumstance; where we need citizens we have only candidates.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

Continued from page 3.

your words. But, following your example, I will construct an abstract hypothesis, likewise having no reference to any one whomsoever. Suppose that, given three persons, one of them has a secret which he desires to hide from the second and especially from the third, and that the second discovers the secret of the first and says to him: Do what I ask of you, or I will reveal your secret to the third. What do you think of such a case?"

Kirsanoff turned a little pale, and, twisting his moustache obstinately, said:

"Dmitry, you are not acting rightly toward me."

"Do I need to act rightly toward you? Is it you that I am interested in? And, moreover, I do not know what you are talking about. We have spoken of science; we have mutually proposed to each other various learned and abstract problems; I have succeeded in proposing one to you which embarrasses you, and my ambition as a *savant* is satisfied. So I break off this theoretical conversation. I have much to do,—no less than you; so, *au revoir*. But, by the way,—I forgot,—you will yield to my desire, then, and no longer disdain your good friends who would be so happy to see you as often as before."

Lopoukhoff rose.

Kirsanoff looked steadily at his fingers, as if each of them were an abstract hypothesis.

"You are not acting rightly toward me, Dmitry. I cannot satisfy your request. But, in my turn, I impose one condition upon you. I will visit you, but unless I go away from your house alone, you must accompany me everywhere without waiting for me to say a word. Do you understand? Without you I will not take a step either to the opera or anywhere else."

"This condition is offensive to me. Must I look upon you as a robber?"

"That is not what I meant; I could not so far outrage you as to believe that you could regard me as a robber. I would put my head in your hands without hesitation. I hope that I may expect equal confidence from you. But it is for me to know what is in my thought. As for you, do as I tell you,—that is all."

"I know all that you have done in this direction, and you wish to do still more; in that case you are right to lay this necessity upon me. But, however grateful I may be to you, my friend, I know that such a course will result in nothing. I too tried to force myself. I have a will as well as you; my manœuvres were no worse than yours. But that which is done from calculation, from a sentiment of duty, by an effort of the will instead of by natural inclination, is destitute of life. One can only kill by such means. Life cannot result from suffocation."

Lopoukhoff was so moved by Kirsanoff's words, "It is for me to know what is in my thought," that he said to him: "I thank you, my friend. We have never embraced each other; shall we do so now?"

If Lopoukhoff had been able to examine his course in this conversation as a theorist, he would have remarked with pleasure: "How true the theory is, to be sure! Egoism always governs a man. That is precisely the main point, which I have hidden. 'Suppose that this person is contented with her situation,'—it was there that I should have said: 'Alexander, your supposition is not correct;' and yet I said nothing, for it would not have been to my advantage to say it. It is agreeable to a man to observe as a theorist what tricks his egoism plays him in practice. One renounces that which is lost, and egoism so shapes things that one sets himself up as a man performing an heroic act."

If Kirsanoff had examined his course in this conversation as a theorist, he would have remarked with pleasure: "How true the theory is! I desire to preserve my tranquillity, to rest on my laurels, and I preach that one has no right to compromise a woman's tranquillity; now that, you will understand, means: I will act heroically, I will restrain myself, for the tranquillity of a certain person and my own. Bow, then, before my greatness of soul. It is agreeable to a man to observe as a theorist what tricks his egoism plays him in practice. I abandoned this affair that I might not be a coward, and I gave myself up to the joy of triumph as if I had performed an heroic and generous act. I refuse to yield to the first word of invitation that I may not be again embarrassed in my conduct and that I may not be deprived of the sweet joy which my noble way of acting causes me, and egoism so arranges things that I have the air of a man who persists in a course of noble heroism."

But neither Lopoukhoff nor Kirsanoff had time to take a theoretical standpoint for the purpose of making these agreeable observations: for both of them practice was very difficult.

XXIII.

The temporary absence of Kirsanoff explained itself very naturally. For five months he had sadly neglected his duties and consequently had had to apply himself to his work assiduously for nearly six weeks; now he had caught up and could therefore dispose more freely of his time. This was so clear that any explanation was almost useless. It was, in fact, so plausible that no doubt on the subject suggested itself to Véra Pavlovna.

Kirsanoff sustained his *rôle* in the same artistic, irreproachable manner as before. He feared that his tact might fail him on his first visit to the Lopoukhoffs after the scientific conversation with his friend; he feared lest he should blush with emotion on taking his first look at Véra Pavlovna, or should make it too plain that he avoided looking at her, or should make some similar mistake; but no, he was contented with himself and had a right to be; the first meeting passed off very well. The agreeable and friendly smile of a man happy to see his old friends again, from whom he had had to tear himself away for a time; the calm look, the vivacious and careless language of a man who has at the bottom of his soul no other thoughts than those which he expresses so lightly,—the shrewdest gossip might have looked at him with the greatest desire to discover something suspicious and seen only a man happy at being able to pass an evening in the society of his friends.

The first test met so successfully, was it difficult to maintain his self-possession during the rest of the evening? And everything going so well on the first evening, was it difficult to produce the same result on the subsequent evenings? Not a word which was not free and easy, not a look which was not simple and good, sincere and friendly,—that was all.

But though Kirsanoff conducted himself as well as before, the eyes that looked at him were ready, on the contrary, to notice many things that other eyes, no matter whose, would have been unable to see. Lopoukhoff himself, in whom Maria Alexevna had discerned a man born for the management of the liquor business, was astonished at the ease of Kirsanoff, who did not betray himself for a second, and as a theorist he took great pleasure in his observations, in which he was unconsciously interested on account of their psychological and scientific bearings.

But not for nothing had the apparition sung and compelled the reading of the diary. Certain eyes were very clear-sighted when the apparition of the dream spoke in the ear of a certain person. These eyes themselves could see nothing, but the apparition said: "Watch closely, although you cannot see what I see;" and the aforesaid eyes examined, and, although they saw nothing, it was enough for them to examine in order to notice. For instance, Véra Pavlovna goes with her husband and Kirsanoff to an evening party at the Mertzaloffs'. Why does not Kirsanoff waltz at this little party of intimate friends, where Lopoukhoff himself waltzes, it being the general rule: a septuagenarian happening to find himself there would have committed the same follies as the rest; no one looks at you, each has one and the same thought of the steadily increasing noise and movement,—that is, the more joy for each, the more for all; why, then, does Kirsanoff not waltz? Finally he throws himself into it, but why does he hesitate a few minutes before beginning? Is it worth-while to expend so much reflection on the question whether or no he shall begin an affair so serious? Not to waltz was to half betray his secret. To waltz, but not with Véra Pavlovna, was to betray it quite. But he was a very skilful artist in his *rôle;* he would have preferred not to waltz with Véra Pavlovna, but he saw at once that that would be noticed. Hence his hesitation. All this, in spite of the whisperings of the apparition, would not have been noticed if this same apparition had not begun to ask a multitude of other questions quite as insignificant. Why, for instance, when, on returning from the Mertzaloffs', they had agreed to go to the opera the following evening to see "Il Puritani," and when Véra Pavlovna had said to her husband: "You do not like this opera; it will tire you; I will go with Alexander Matvéitch; every opera pleases him; were you or I to write an opera, he would listen to it just the same," why did not Kirsanoff sustain the opinion of Véra Pavlovna? Why did he not say: "That's so, Dmitry; I will get no ticket for you"? Why was this? That her darling should go in spite of all was not strange, for he accompanied his wife everywhere. Since the time when she had said to him: "Devote more time to me," he had never forgotten it, and that could mean but one thing,—that he was good and should be loved. But Kirsanoff knew nothing of this; why, then, did he not sustain the opinion of Véra Pavlovna? To be sure, these were insignificant things scarcely noticed by Véra Pavlovna and which she seldom remembered beyond the moment, but these imperceptible grains of sand fell and fell continually.

Here, for instance, is a conversation which is not a grain of sand, but a little pebble.

The following evening, while going to the opera in a single cab (for economy's sake), they talked of the Mertzaloffs, praised their harmonious life, and remarked upon its rarity: so said they all, Kirsanoff for his part adding: "Yes, and a very good thing too about Mertzaloff is that his wife can freely open her heart to him." That was all that Kirsanoff said. Each of the three might have said the same thing, but Kirsanoff happened to be the one to say it. But why did he say it? What did it mean? Looked at from a certain point of view, it might be a eulogy of Lopoukhoff, a glorification of Véra Pavlovna's happiness with him; it might also have been said with no thought of any one but the Mertzaloffs; but supposing him to have been thinking of the Mertzaloffs and the Lopoukhoffs, it was evident that it was said expressly for Véra Pavlovna. With what object?

So it always is: whoever sets himself to look in a certain direction always finds what he is looking for. Where another would see nothing, he very clearly distinguishes a trace. Where another does not see a shadow, he sees the shadow and even the object which throws it, whose features become more distinct with each new look, with each new thought.

Now, in this case there was, besides, a very palpable fact, in which lay hidden the entire solution of the enigma: it was evident that Kirsanoff esteemed the Lopoukhoffs; why, then, had he avoided them for more than two years?

It was evident that he was an honest and intelligent man; how could he have shown himself so stupid and commonplace? As long as Véra Pavlovna had no need to think this over, she had not done so, any more than Lopoukhoff had at that time, but now her thoughts took this direction unconsciously.

XXIV.

Slowly and imperceptibly to herself this discovery ripened within her. Produced by Kirsanoff's words or acts, even insignificant impressions which no one else would have felt accumulated within her, without any ability on her part, on such trifles did they rest, to analyze them. She supposed, suspected, and gradually became interested in the question why he had avoided her for nearly three years.

She became more and more firmly established in this idea: such a man would not have taken himself away out of paltry ambition, for he has no ambition. All these things chased each other in confusion through her head, and to add to the confusion there came into her consciousness from the silent depths of life this thought: "What am I to him? What is he to me?"

One day after dinner Véra Pavlovna was sitting in her chamber sewing and thinking, very tranquilly, not at first of this, but of all sorts of things, in the house, at the shop, about her lessons, when very quietly, very quietly these thoughts directed themselves towards the subject which for some unknown reason occupied them more and more. Memories, questions arose slowly; not very numerous at first, they then increased, multiplied, and swarmed by thousands through her head; they grew thicker and thicker, and gradually merged themselves in a single question taking more and more definite shape. "What is the matter with me? Of what am I thinking? What is it that I feel?" And Véra Pavlovna's fingers forgot to stitch, and her sewing fell from her hands, and she grew a little pale, then blushed, turned pale again, and then her cheeks inflamed and passed in a twinkling of an eye from a fiery redness to a snowy whiteness. With almost haggard eyes she ran into her husband's room, threw herself upon his knees, embraced him convulsively, and laid her head upon his shoulder that he might sustain it and hide her face.

"My dear friend, I love you," said she in a stifled voice, bursting into tears.

"Well, my dear friend? Is there any reason in that for so much grief?"

"I do not want to offend you; it is you I wish to love."

"You will try, you will see. If you can. In the meantime, be calm; time will tell what you can and what you cannot do. You have a great affection for me; then how could you offend me?"

He caressed her hair, kissed her head, pressed her hand. She sobbed a long time, but gradually grew calm. As for him, he had been prepared for a long time to hear this confession, and consequently he received it imperturbably; moreover, she did not see his face.

"I will see him no more; I will tell him that he must stop visiting us," said Véra Pavlovna.

"Think it over yourself, my dear friend; you shall do what seems best to you. And when you are calm, we will talk it over together."

"Whatever happens, we cannot fail to be friends. Give me your hand; clasp mine; see how warmly you press it."

To be continued.

Judge Lynch's the Supreme Court.

To the Editor of Liberty:

I have long been a reader of the "Truth Seeker," and for several months past have been a reader of Liberty; and, if *Liberty* was filled with Anarchism, or the science that underlies our social system, I would like it much better. I have given the subject all the thought I possibly could, and at the same time have been thoroughly examining the claims of State Socialism. After having passed through the various phases of belief from Christianity up to Anarchism, including Communism, I am compelled to say that Anarchism appears to me the nearest a true ideal of anything that has yet been advanced. The result is that, until I see something better presented, I think I may safely announce myself an Anarchist. I read everything I can afford on the subject, and analyze what I read and compare it with my experience in life.

This leads me to the reference of the editor of the "Truth Seeker" to vigilance committees on the frontier. I have spent the last ten years of my life on the extreme frontier, and now for the first time in ten years am a resident of a so-called civilized town. Hence I know something of the operations of vigilance committees. And I am fully persuaded that, in the entire absence of civil law, volunteer associations for self-protection discount all other methods for bringing peace, harmony, and security out of chaos. The only trouble I have ever known to result from acts of vigilance committees has been easily traced by a sound reasoner to the civil law itself. I have never known summary justice meted out to offenders by the best element of a frontier town but what it had the desired effect upon offenders. The difficulty generally is that people delay action too often in deference to civil law, and never take matters in their own hands until absolutely compelled to for their own safety. The best people are Anarchists if they only knew it. The worst elements themselves often form vigilance committees, and commit crime under the guise of administering justice; but, if there was no civil law, the best elements would always prevail against the criminal class. Even as it is, I have never known a frontier town that was not purified and civilized and made habitable by the best elements of society before civil law could assert itself. I saw five men shot down (killed, I mean) one morning before breakfast in a frontier town, — three robbers or "hold-ups," and a citizen and the deputy sheriff. It was done by the citizens. Before this the deputy sheriff was a mere figure-head, powerless to enforce civil law. He was from necessity rather a protection to than a restrainer of wrong-doing. I could say much more on this subject, which would be confirmed by hundreds on the frontier.

J. Allen Evans.

Greeley, Colorado, February 22, 1885.

What's in a Name?

[London Anarchist.]

Give a dog a bad name and hang him. Give a man a bad name — Anarchist, for example — and hang him by all means. Anarchist is a very bad name indeed. The comfortable landlord or capitalist cries to the Collectivist, "What you propose would land you, not in Utopia, as you expect, but in anarchy." The Collectivist retorts, "What have we at present but anarchy everywhere?" But the capitalist knows better than that. He points to the omnipresent "iron laws" which on other occasions the Collectivist himself has often pointed out, and presses for instances of anarchy. The Collectivist, thus hard put to it, retracts his generalization, but maintains that, though there is system and socialization in production, there is anarchy in exchange. By which, as it presently appears, he means that exchange is controlled by a few private persons; that it is a monopoly; that, in short, what he is complaining of is not Anarchy at all, but despotism. But he does not cease to use the word anarchy, nor will he admit that he has misapplied it; for the Collectivists believe in the infallibility of their Pope, Karl Marx; and he said some hard things once of Anarchism, as indeed he did, in the exuberance of his talent for hard hitting, about every "ism" that was not unquestioning Marxism. And so from both camps mud is thrown on the name of Anarchist. Then, it will be asked, why offend people's sensibilities with it? Why not drop it? Simply because our enemies know better than to let us drop it. They will take care to keep it fastened tightly upon us; and if we disown it, and yet, when challenged home, cannot deny it, will it not appear that we are ashamed of it, and will not our shame justly condemn us unheard? No: we must live down calumny as many men, from primitive Christians to Quakers, and from Quakers to Socialists, have lived it down before us upon less occasion. What Socialists have done in England, Anarchists may do; for England is the fatherland of *laissez-faire;* and *laissez-faire*, in spite of all the stumblings it has brought upon itself by persistently holding its candle to the devil instead of to its own footsteps, is the torchbearer of Anarchism. It is easy for the Collectivist to declare that Adam Smith, with his inveterate mistrust of all government, and his conviction that people can manage their own business better than any authority can manage it for them, was half a fool, and half a creature of the mercantile classes; but the greatest work on political economy of the eighteenth century is not a proof of the author's folly; nor is there much evidence of servility either in his comparison of a merchant with a common soldier, greatly to the advantage of the latter, or in the contemptuous allusions to "furious and disappointed monopolists," and the like terms, with which his economics are interspersed. Adam Smith could hardly have anticipated that his lessons would be held up to odium by professed champions of liberty because the oppressors of mankind were clever enough to be the first to profit by them. But the time has come for English Socialists to consider whether the great Scotchman was really such a fool as some Collectivists seem to take him for. The late compromise of Liberals and Conservatives on the franchise was really a coalition brought about by the pressure of the growing Democracy on two parties, whose differences had long ceased to exist except as factious habits. The monopolist is at last face to face with the Socialist; and it must presently appear to all Englishmen that, instead of two sorts of monopolists — Whig and Tory — opposing one sort of Socialist, there are really two sorts of Socialists — Anarchist and Collectivist — confronting one solid body of monopolists. The Collectivists would drive the money-changers from Westminster only to replace them with a central administration, committee of public safety, or what not. Instead of "Victoria, by the Grace of God," they would give us "the Superintendent of such and such an Industry, by the authority of the Democratic Federation," or whatever body we are to make our master under the new dispensation. "Master" is certainly an ugly word for a "popular government," the members of which are but Trustees for the people. "Trustees" is good; but is not a father better than a body of trustees? Shall the English nation be orphaned? The Russians have a father in the Czar: why should not we have a Czar? What objection would he be open to that does not apply to a popular government just as strongly? — nay, more so; for should either misbehave it is easier to remove one man than six hundred and seventy. Or is there freedom in a multitude of masters, as there is said to be wisdom in a multitude of counsellors (a remark made long before the British House of Commons devoted its energies to proving the contrary)? The sole valid protest against Czardom, individual or collective, is that of the Anarchist, who would call no man Master. Slavery is the complement of authority, and must disappear with it. If the slave indeed make the master, then the workers are slaves by choice, and to emancipate them is tyranny. But if, as we believe, it is the master that makes the slave, we shall never get rid of slavery until we have got rid of authority. In favor of authority, from its simple enforcement by the rod in the nursery to its complex organization in "the minor state of siege," there is much to be said on every ground except that of experience. Were there twice as much, it is the mission of the Anarchist to obstruct its coming and to hasten its banishment; to mistrust its expediency, however specious the instance; and to maintain incessant protest against all its forms throughout the world.

George Bernard Shaw.

Man's Relation to the Land.

The relation of each person born into this world to the land is that of a helpless new-born child to its mother. Man is the natural and most highly developed product of the land, and can no more exist without its use than can the new-born babe exist without the use of its mother's breast. And how it is that mankind have lost sight of this all-important truth, or, rather, up to this time have failed to discover it, is a problem not very encouraging to thinkers.

And yet in my opinion it is the basic and all-important problem that must be rightly solved, fully understood, and correctly reduced to practice before any considerable improvement of the condition of suffering humanity can be accomplished.

Why is it that this overshadowing problem has received so little attention in the past? And why do not the workers and thinkers of today give it the attention it demands of them.

Is it not largely chargeable to our educational institutions; to methods that are handed down to us from generation to generation, both political and religious; to Church and State, which cramp, mystify, and circumscribe our minds in a very limited circle by working on our fears and holding up to us the terrible tortures that will be meted out to us by their imaginary, vengeful God if we dare think and speak beyond the beaten track and well-fixed boundaries of old conservatism and its unscientific, uneconomic, unendurable, demoralizing, oppressive institutions?

What have these twin sisters of oppression done for humanity during the ten thousand or more years of Paganism and Jewish predominance, or the nearly two thousand years of Christian existence? Have they not always fought science all along the line from its earliest introduction to the present time, and placed obstacles in the way of obtaining reliable, useful knowledge? These brazen-faced, self-constituted leaders and teachers of old conservatism have continuously and persistently taught the useful masses of mankind that their imaginary, vengeful God created this earth and appointed them his special agents to teach mankind the will of God and the way to Heaven, and they took particular care that the lands should be parceled out to the kings, priests, and their favorites, while they taught the people that it was sinful for them to think how they could make themselves comfortable or happy here, but that it was their highest duty, and one *very pleasing* to God, to think how they could make themselves very comfortable and happy after they were dead; and in that way they have succeeded too well in keeping the useful classes from considering and understanding their rights and duties, and thereby throwing off the cruel oppression that has so long been put upon them by their heartless leaders and teachers.

As the land is the only source from which men can draw their means of subsistence and supply their wants, and as the land is the product of nature and a free gift to the race, what right or guarantee has any person to live at all, if he has not the natural right to the use of as much land as is necessary to supply his wants?

Much could be said in support of the above axiomatic statement, but if there are any truths that are self-evident, the above, I think, belongs to that category.

And I am satisfied to submit it to the earnest consideration of all fair-minded persons.

William Rowe.

Important Anarchistic Accessions.

The Chicago "Radical Review," which for some time has been bravely and earnestly fighting for ideas more or less liberal, announces in its last issue that it must give up the ghost for want of support. But its editors, George and Emma Schumm, couple the announcement with the following excellent statement of the Anarchistic faith and acknowledgment of their conversion thereto:

Yes, we are still loyal to the ideal of our early youth, — the ideal of a world of strong, true men and noble women. It has indeed become more rounded, more beautiful, and more imperious. In one capacity or another we shall still serve it in the future, for we are dissatisfied to the core with the present order of things. We also still regard the diffusion of Truth and Liberty among the people as the grand means for the realization of our hopes for the world, though, if we continued the "Review," we should pursue a more radical advocacy of Liberty, and place less faith in democratic institutions than we have done. Not, indeed, as though we looked with favor upon aristocratic or monarchical institutions, but because we have come to consider democracy, with its questionable expediency of majority rule, as an obstacle in the way of Liberty and the rule of conscience, which alone are the true conditions of progress and social well-being. We have no doubt that the democratization of the government of this country, such as we have heretofore advocated, and which contemplated a more direct participation in the affairs of state by the people than they now have, would denote a great improvement on the present system. But there would still remain the danger of the exploitation of democratic institutions by the cunning and unscrupulous few; and despotism screened by parliamentary forms is always more dangerous to the life and welfare of a people than the despotism of an absolute monarch. And even if the exploitation of democratic institutions by oppression and tyranny might be prevented, no scheme aiming merely at the improvement of the present governmental machinery would reach the root of the evil to be removed. That will be reached only by the abolition of all government based on force; and it makes no difference whether this force is that of an absolute ruler, of an aristocratic minority, or of a democratic majority. The intrinsic quality of force is the same in all these instances, and its total elimination from society is unmistakably the watchword of the future, — that is, if the future will come under the sway of reason and morality, as we have an abiding faith that it will.

This is not the place to elaborate these views at which we have recently, but by no means suddenly or carelessly arrived. We will only say that they are in a direct line of descent from views that we have heretofore held. The individual has ever been sacred to us. We have always earnestly opposed every scheme like Communism that tended to repress him. We have always approved only of those schemes that, as it seemed to us, provided for the development and expansion of the individual, like Democracy. But we now see that Democracy does not offer the most favorable conditions for the individual. These conditions are provided only by Anarchism, — that is, by a society based on voluntary association of all its members, and where all matters are conducted on the basis of free contracts.

That, says our friend, is a distant goal, and he doubts whether it will ever be reached. But it is enough for us that it is a true goal, one that we *must* reach, and that we shall reach the sooner the sooner we resolve to do it. Such is our faith!

This is a Lie.

[Chicago Alarm.]

The "Alarm" is the only English paper in America that advocates the complete emancipation of labor.

THE ECONOMICAL DINNER PARTY.

A wily Crocodile,
Who dwelt upon the Nile,
Bethought himself one day to give a dinner.
"Economy," said he,
"Is chief of all with me,
And shall considered be — as I'm a sinner."

With paper, pen, and ink,
He sat him down to think,
And first of all Sir Lion he invited;
The Northern Wolf, who dwells
In rocky Arctic dells;
The Leopard and the Lynx, by blood united;

Then Mr. Fox, the shrewd, —
No lover he of good, —
And Madam Duck, with sober step and stately,
And Mr. Frog, serene
In garb of bottle green,
Who warbled bass and bore himself sedately.

Sir Crocodile, content,
The invitation sent;
The day was come — his guests were all assembled;
They fancied that some guile
Lurked in his ample smile;
Each on the other looked, and somewhat trembled.

A lengthy time they wait,
Their hunger waxes great,
And still the host in conversation dallies;
At last the table's laid
With covered dishes spread,
And out, in haste, the hungry party sallies.

But when — the covers raised —
On empty plates they gazed,
Each on the other looked with dire intention:
Ma'am Duck sat last of all,
And Mr. Frog was small,
She softly swallowed him, and made no mention.

This Mr. Fox perceives,
And saying, "By your leaves
Some punishment is due for this transgression,"
He gobbled her in haste;
Then much to his distaste
By Mr. Lynx was taken in possession.

The Wolf without a pause —
In spite of teeth and claws —
Left nothing of the Lynx to tell the story;
The Leopard, all irate
At his relation's fate,
Made mincemeat of that wolfish monster hoary.

The Lion raised his head —
"Since I am King," he said,
"It ill befits the King to lack his dinner!"
Then on the Leopard sprang
With might of claw and fang,
And made a meal upon that spotted sinner.

Then saw in sudden fear
Sir Crocodile draw near,
And heard him speak, with feelings of distraction:
"Since all of you have dined,
Well suited to your mind,
You surely cannot grudge me satisfaction."

And sooth a deal of guile
Lurked in his ample smile,
And down his throat the roaring Lion hasted.
"Economy, with me,
Is chief of all," said he,
"And I am glad to see there's nothing wasted."

E. V. Blake.

The Prize Goose is a Michigander.

[Detroit Labor Leaf.]

That which is at any time the will of the people is right. There is no higher court; there is no higher law; and that person who would set his judgment against the judgment of the whole people is rash. He may advise or plead for a change, but the decision of the people must be expressed before his judgment can be confirmed as right.

This Seems Profound. Is It?

[Detroit Labor Leaf.]

The Trades-Unionists and Knights of Labor cry, "Organize! Organize! Organize!" The Socialists, "Agitate! Agitate! Agitate!" The Coöperators, "Coöperate! Coöperate! Coöperate!" The Individualists, "Prudential restraint! Prudential restraint! Prudential restraint!" The Anarchists, "Liberty! Liberty! Liberty!" While the philosopher looks on in cold indifference, knowing that they are all struggling for the right, and are only factors in the eternal purposes of nature, governed by her laws! But behind all this there stands the phantom of hope, and we listen with credulity to the whisperings of fancy.

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

Vol. III.—No. 9. **BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1885.** **Whole No. 61.**

"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 article in another column translated from "Revista Social" shows that the Anarchists of Spain are not to be lured by any Communistic heresies from the undiluted Anarchism of Proudhon and Bakounine.

The New Haven "Anzeiger," which not long since became an organ of German Anarchists of the Most type, is dead, with a possibility of resuscitation in New York as a daily under the charge of Most himself.

William H. Vanderbilt is having a tomb built for himself and family at a cost of $250,000. The workers of America could afford to build him a million-dollar tomb for nothing if they could thereby hasten its occupation.

So General Grant had no cancer, after all. Did the doctors make a mistake, or did they lie? And if they lied, why did they lie? These are interesting questions, which would not be asked if the patient in this case, instead of General Grant, were Cæsar's wife.

Mr. A. Warren, in a letter to "Lucifer," making some rather frivolous objections to the use of the word Anarchy, says: "Man must not be allowed to govern his fellow-man. Each individual must be governed by principle; but, in order that this may be, the principle must be universally recognized and accepted." The editor of "Lucifer" answers: "This is excellent Anarchistic doctrine. So long as any individual fails to 'recognize and accept' the 'principle' of common justice in his dealings with his fellow-men, he must be restrained (not governed) by them." But Mr. Warren does not limit his assertion in the way that "Lucifer" does. For instance, he believes, like his illustrious namesake, Josiah Warren, — and in this I am heartily with them, — in the principle that cost is the equitable limit of price. But does he mean to say that, given an absolutely free market, if any man or set of men choose to deal with each other by some other standard than the cost principle, they should be prevented from doing so? That seems to be what he says, and to me it appears anything but "excellent Anarchistic doctrine."

I dare not vie in prophecy with Josephine, Liberty's correspondent from the Boston of 2085, for that fortunate young woman with her time-annihilating hat has an unfair advantage over me. Therefore I do not question her account of the journalism of two hundred years hence. But I will venture the opinion that, if the newspapers of that day abolish the editorial column, those of 2185 will restore it. Not the anonymous editorial, but the signed editorial. And the people who buy and read such journals will be truer Anarchists than any of their predecessors. For men will never be free until they have mastered the power of studying the opinions and arguments of others with the same independence that they show in the study of facts. Another's opinion is as much a fact as any other fact, and the wise and truly free man will not exclude such facts from the data on which he forms his own opinions. The criticisms of the editor of 2085 whom Josephine has interviewed, upon the editorials of the present day, are perfectly just, but they tell against the editorials of policy rather than against the policy of editorial — even if they could be made efficacious.

Certain kinds of news are of great importance to the public, but they can be presented advantageously in comparatively small space. Exclusive of the publication of these, editorial criticism is the most important province of a journal. No press in the world is so elevated in tone and so wisely influential as that of Paris, and in none with which I am familiar is the proportion of criticism to news so large. Perhaps Josephine's editor will heed this fact, if not my opinion.

A movement is on foot in New York to combat Comstock by certain amendments of the State statutes. Of course, Anarchists cannot place much reliance upon any such method of crippling tyranny. In their eyes these statutes and amendments are alike parts of a stupendous and horrible whole which Anarchy has come to sponge out. They know that it will take a long time to make one job of it, but the final result will be more satisfactory. But descending a moment from the heights of Anarchism and speaking for the nonce after the manner of men, I seriously doubt, even from a governmental standpoint, the advisability of any legislation whereby a publisher or dealer may submit a work to a grand jury through a district attorney, and, in case of the grand jury's vote that the work does not come within the meaning of the law, obtain a certificate from the district attorney securing him against arrest for publishing or selling the work. In the first place, this would result in a one-man power almost as complete as Comstock's, it being a notorious fact that grand juries are usually the tools of district attorneys and do just as they are bidden. The opportunities for blackmail, favoritism, and persecution would be as great as they are now, and those practising them would be even less responsible than Comstock. Secondly, if a publisher does not apply for a certificate, or applies and is refused, this fact, if he is afterwards arrested and tried, must inevitably prejudice the petit jurors against him, though the work in question be innocence itself. This would simply add one more to the already long list of legalized inequalities. Thirdly, if, as is also proposed, a law be enacted enabling a publisher to demand a trial before a petit jury simply to establish the legality or illegality of his work, without danger of punishment unless a second offence shall be committed, the result will be highly prejudicial to the interests of literature and art. At present ignorant jurors are often restrained from placing an innocent work in the government's Index Expurgatorius solely by sympathy for the accused. If this motive were absent and the accused stood in no danger, many valuable books and works of art would be unhesitatingly branded as obscene and illegal by a dozen bigoted fools and their future publication hindered or prohibited. There are doubtless other serious objections to this proposed legislation which closer examination would reveal. The foregoing occur to me only at first blush. As for the other proposals of those forwarding this movement, — namely, that all costs of prosecution by the agent of any society may be recovered by an acquitted party, that expert testimony shall be admissible in all trials for obscenity, and that no conviction shall be had upon the uncorroborated evidence of informers, — these seem to me (still speaking in my temporary capacity of a governmentalist, and not at all as an Anarchist) well calculated to cripple Comstock and to render the objectionable proposals here criticised unnecessary

THE MARCH OF THE WORKERS.

[London Commonweal.]

What is this, the sound and rumor? What is this that all men hear,
Like the wind in hollow valleys when the storm is drawing near,
Like the rolling on of ocean in the eventide of fear?
'Tis the people marching on.
Whither go they, and whence come they? What are these of whom ye tell?
In what country are they dwelling 'twixt the gates of heaven and hell?
Are they mine or thine for money? Will they serve a master well?
Still the rumor's marching on.

CHORUS — Hark the rolling of the thunder!
Lo, the sun! and lo thereunder
Riseth wrath, and hope, and wonder,
And the host comes marching on.

Forth they come from grief and torment: on they wend toward health and mirth;
All the wide world is their dwelling, every corner of the earth.
Buy them, sell them for the service! Try the bargain what 'tis worth.
For the days are marching on.
These are they who build thy houses, weave thy raiment, win thy wheat,
Smooth the rugged, fill the barren, turn the bitter into sweet,
All for thee this day — and ever. What reward for them is meet?
Till the host comes marching on.

Many a hundred years, passed over, have they labored deaf and blind;
Now at last they've heard and hear it, and their cry comes down the wind:
And their feet are marching on.
Oh, ye rich men, hear and tremble! for with words the sound is rife:
"Once for you and death we labored; changed henceforward is the strife.
We are men, and we shall battle for the world of men and life;
And our host is marching on.

"Is it war, then? Will ye perish as the dry wood in the fire?
Is it peace? Then be ye of us; let your hope be our desire.
Come and live; for life awaketh, and the world shall never tire;
And hope is marching on.
On we march, then, we the workers, and the rumor that ye hear
Is the blended sound of battle and deliverance drawing near;
For the hope of every creature is the banner that we bear."
And the world is marching on.

CHORUS — Hark the rolling of the thunder!
Lo, the sun! and lo, thereunder
Riseth wrath, and hope, and wonder,
And the host comes marching on.

William Morris.

How One Restriction Serves Another.

[Galveston Daily News.]

When the New York "Sun" talks complacently about establishing temperance as the law of the land, it shows its ignorance or unscrupulousness as to moral philosophy. Such attempts are ruinous to any cause that ought to depend upon moral efforts and social conditions. Let it not be said that Democrats are less solicitous about personal temperance in its proper sense than others. They oppose sumptuary and prohibitory laws because such laws are wrong in method and create prejudice against legitimate objects. Also because when one application of restrictive laws appears to work a temporary good, it serves as an entering wedge to overthrow personal freedom; and, after that is gone, there can be no true morality of any sort, but only slavish imitation, fear, and obedience.

Easier Said Than Done.

[Winsted Press.]

Infernal machines and infernal machinists should be stamped out at once, without ceremony or the least compunction. — *Current Fact.*

Yes, sir. Now go and stamp out an infernal machine, will you? It is easy to say bell the cat, but not easy to do it. The infernal machine is a product of infernal injustice, and it has come to stay, the one as long as the other.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

A ROMANCE.

By N. G. TCHERNYCHEWSKY.
Translated by Benj. R. Tucker.

Continued from No. 60.

Each of these words was said after a long interval,—intervals which he spent in lavishing upon her the caresses of a brother for a grieved sister.

"Remember, my friend, what you said to me on the day of our betrothal: 'You give me liberty.'"

Silence and new caresses.

"How did we define love the first time that we spoke of it? To rejoice in whatever is good for the loved one; to take pleasure in doing everything necessary to make the loved one happier,—was that not what we said?"

Silence and new caresses.

"Whatever is best for you rejoices me. Seek this best. Why be sorrowful? If no misfortune has come to you, what misfortune can have come to me?"

These words, often repeated after interruptions and each time with slight variations, took up considerable time, which was alike painful to Lopoukhoff and to Véra Pavlovna. But on becoming calmer Véra Pavlovna began at last to breathe more easily. She embraced her husband with warmth, and with warmth kept on repeating to him: "It is you I wish to love, you alone; I wish to love only you."

He did not tell her that she was no longer mistress of herself in that matter: it was necessary to let the time slip by in order that her strength might be reestablished by the quieting influence of some thought or other, no matter what. But Lopoukhoff seized a favorable moment to write and place in Macha's hands a note for Kirsanoff, which read as follows. "Alexander, do not come in now, and do not visit us for some time; there is nothing the matter and there will be nothing in particular the matter; only rest is necessary." Rest necessary, and nothing in particular the matter,—a fine conjunction of words! Kirsanoff came, read the note, and told Macha that he had come on purpose to get the note, but had not time to come in now, as he had some distance yet to go, and would stop to reply on his way back.

The evening passed quietly, at least quietly to all appearance. Half the time Véra Pavlovna remained alone in her chamber after having sent her husband away, and half the time he was seated near her, quieting her continually by a few kind words, and not so much by words either, but by his gentle and soothing voice; not gay, of course, but not sad on the other hand,—simply a little melancholy like his face. Véra Pavlovna, hearing this voice and looking at this face, began gradually to think that the matter was of no significance, and that she had mistaken for a strong passion a dream which would not be slow in vanishing.

Her feeling told her that this was not the case.

Yes, it is the case, thought she with greater firmness, and the thought prevailed. How could it have been otherwise within the hearing of this gentle voice which said that the matter was of no significance?

Véra Pavlovna went to sleep to the soft whisperings of this voice, did not see the apparition, slept quietly, and woke late and thoroughly rested.

XXV.

"The best relief from sad thoughts is to be found in labor," thought Véra Pavlovna (and she was quite right); "I will stay in the shop from morning till night until I am cured. That will cure me."

And so she did. The first day she really found considerable to divert her thoughts; the second resulted in fatigue without much diversion; on the third she found no diversion at all. Thus passed a week.

The struggle was a painful one. Véra Pavlovna grew pale. But outwardly she was quite calm; she even tried to seem gay, and in this she almost always succeeded; but, though no one noticed anything and though the paleness was attributed to a slight indisposition, Lopoukhoff was not at all deceived; he did not even need to look at her; he knew the whole without.

"Vérotchka," said he a week afterwards, "in our life we are realizing the old and popular belief that the shoemaker always goes barefooted and that the tailor's clothes never fit him. We are teaching others to live according to our economic principles, and we scarcely dream of governing our own life in accordance with these same principles. One large household is much more advantageous than several small ones. I should like very much to apply this rule to our home. If we associate some one with us, we can save a great deal; I could abandon these cursed lessons, which are repugnant to me; my salary at the commercial house would be enough, and, having less work to do, I could resume my studies and make a career for myself. It is only necessary to select persons with whom we can agree. What do you think about it?"

All this time Véra Pavlovna had been looking at her husband with as much distrust and indignation as Kirsanoff had shown on the day of the theoretical conversation. When he had finished, she was red with anger.

"I beg you," said she, "to suspend this conversation. It is out of place."

"Why is it out of place, Vérotchka? I speak only of pecuniary interests; poor people like ourselves cannot neglect them. My work is hard and some of it disagreeable."

"I am not to be talked to thus." Véra Pavlovna rose. "I will permit no one to approach me with equivocations. Explain what you mean, if you dare."

"I mean, Vérotchka, that, having taken our interests into consideration, we could profit" . . .

"Again! Be silent! Who gave you the right to set yourself up as my guardian? I shall begin to hate you!" She ran hurriedly to her room and shut herself up.

It was their first and last quarrel.

Véra Pavlovna remained shut up in her room until late in the evening. Then she went to her husband's room:

"My dear friend, I spoke too severely to you. But do not be offended. You see, I am struggling. Instead of sustaining me you put within my reach that which I am pushing away with the hope,—yes, with the hope of triumph."

"Forgive me, my friend, for having approached the question so rudely. Are we, then, reconciled? Let us talk a little."

"Oh, yes, we are reconciled, my friend. Only do not work against me. I have already enough to do to struggle against myself."

"And it is in vain, Vérotchka. You have taken time to examine your feeling, and you see that it is more serious than you were willing to believe at first. What is the use of tormenting yourself?"

"No, my friend, it is you whom I wish to love, and I do not wish, I do not wish in any way to offend you."

"My friend, you wish me well. Do you think, then, that I find it agreeable or useful that you should continue to torment yourself?"

"My dear friend, but you love me so much!"

"Much, Vérotchka, but what is love? Does it not consist in this,—to rejoice in the joy and suffer in the suffering of the person loved? In tormenting yourself you will torment me also."

"That is true, my dear friend, but you will suffer also if I yield to this sentiment, which . . . . . Ah! I do not understand why this feeling was born in me! A curse upon it."

"How and why it was born, it makes no difference; nothing can be changed now. There is nothing left but to choose one of these two things,—either that you suffer and myself with you, or that you cease to suffer and myself likewise."

"But, my dear friend, I shall not suffer; this will pass away. You will see that it will pass away."

"I thank you for your efforts. I appreciate them because they show that you have the will to do what you deem necessary. But know this, Vérotchka: they seem necessary only to you, not to me. As a looker-on I see your situation more clearly than you do. I know that this will be useless. You may struggle while you have strength; but do not think of me, do not fear to offend me. You know my way of looking at these things; you know that my opinion is fixed and really judicious; you know all that. Do you expect to deceive me? Will you cease to esteem me? I might ask further: will your good feelings towards me, in changing their character, grow weaker? Will they not, on the contrary, be strengthened by this fact,—that you have not found an enemy in me? Do not pity me: my fate will be in no way deserving of pity because, thanks to me, you have not been deprived of happiness. But enough. It is painful to talk too long about these things, and still more so for you to listen to them. Adieu, Vérotchka. Go to your room, reflect, or, rather, sleep. Do not think of me, but think of yourself. Only by thinking of yourself can you prevent me from feeling useless sorrows."

XXVI.

Two weeks later, while Lopoukhoff was busy with his factory accounts, Véra Pavlovna spent the morning in a state of extreme agitation. She threw herself upon her bed, hid her face in her hands, and a quarter of an hour afterwards rose abruptly, walked up and down her room, fell into an armchair, began again to walk with an unsteady and jerky movement, threw herself again upon her bed, and then resumed her walk. Several times she approached her writing table, remained there a few moments, and went away rapidly. At last she sat down, wrote a few words, and sealed them; but half an hour afterwards she took the letter, tore it up, and burned the pieces. And her agitation began again. She wrote another letter, which she tore up and burned in turn. Finally, after renewed agitation, she wrote for the third time, and precipitately, as soon as she had sealed it and without taking time to address it, ran into her husband's room, threw the letter on the table, fled into her room, and fell into an armchair, where she remained without stirring and hiding her face in her hands for half an hour, or perhaps an hour. A ring! It is he! She runs into his room to get the letter, tear it up, and burn it,—but where is it? It is not there. She looks for it hastily. But where is it, then? Already Macha is opening the door. Lopoukhoff, on entering, sees Véra Pavlovna gliding, with pale face and disordered hair, from her husband's room to her own. He does not follow her, but enters his room directly. Coolly and slowly he examines his table and the things around it. To tell the truth, he has been expecting for some days an explanation by conversation or by letter. At last here is a letter, unaddressed, but bearing Véra Pavlovna's seal. It is evident that she was looking for it to destroy it; she could not have come in that condition to bring it; she was looking for it to destroy it; his papers are all in disorder; but could the poor woman have found it in her present state of agitation and mental disturbance? She has thrown it as one would throw a piece of coal which burned his fingers, and the letter has fallen on the casement behind the table. It is almost useless to read it: the contents are known. Let us read it nevertheless.

"My dear friend, I was never so strongly attached to you as at this moment. If I could only die for you! Oh! how happy I should be to die if it would make you happy! But I cannot live without him. I offend you, I kill you, my dear friend, and I do not wish to. I act in spite of myself. Forgive me! Forgive me!"

For more than a quarter of an hour Lopoukhoff remained before his table, his eyes lowered and fixed. Although the blow was expected, it was none the less terrible; although everything necessary to be done after such a confession had been reflected upon and decided in advance, he was at first very much agitated internally. At last he collected himself, and went to the kitchen to speak to Macha:

"Macha, wait a little, please, before setting the table. I feel a little indisposed, and I am going to take some medicine before dinner. As for you, do not wait for us; eat, and take your time. When I am ready to sit down to dinner, I will tell you."

From the kitchen he went to his wife's room. She was lying down with her face hid in the pillows; on his entrance she trembled.

"You have found it, you have read it! How mad I am! What I have written is not true; this letter is the result of a moment of fever and delirium."

"Certainly, my friend. There is no need of paying any attention to this letter, since you have written it in so agitated a mood. Things of this importance cannot be decided in such a fashion. We have still much time to think the matter over, and to talk about it calmly several times, considering its importance to us. Meanwhile I wish to talk to you of my business. I have succeeded in making several changes which are very satisfactory to me. Are you listening to me?"

It is needless to say that she did not know herself whether she was listening or not. She could only have said that, listening or not, she heard something, but that, her thoughts being elsewhere, she did not really understand what she heard. Lopoukhoff, however, became more and more explicit, and she began to perceive that something else was in question, something having no relation to the letter. Gradually she began to listen, feeling herself compelled to do so. It was her desire, moreover, to think of something other than the letter, and, although she had not at first comprehended, she nevertheless had been gradually soothed by her husband's dispassionate and almost jovial tone. At last she really comprehended what he was saying.

"But listen, then; these are very important matters to me," continued the husband; yes, much-desired changes, which he described in all their details. It is true that she knew three-fourths of these things; she even knew them all; but what difference did it make? it was so good to listen. Lopoukhoff complained again of the lessons which for a long time had been disagreeable to him; he told why, and named the families to which he felt the greatest aversion. He added that his work of keeping the factory books was not unpleasant. It was important and permitted him to exert an influence over the workmen in the factory, with whom he might succeed in doing something: he had given elementary instruction to a few ardent friends, and shown them the necessity of teaching reading and writing; he had

succeeded in obtaining for these teachers payment from the owners of the factory, having been able to show the latter that educated workmen injured the machinery less, worked better, and got drunk less frequently: he told how he had snatched workmen from lives of drunkenness, with which object he often frequented their taverns,—and I know not what besides. But the most important thing was that his employers esteemed him as an active and skilful man, who had gradually taken *the* affairs of the house into his own hands, so that the conclusion of the story, and the part that Lopoukhoff had most at heart, was this: he had been given the position of assistant superintendent of the factory; the superintendent, a member of *the firm*, was to have only the title and the usual salary, and he was to be the real superintendent; it was only on this condition that the member of the firm had accepted the position of superintendent.

"I cannot accept it," the latter had said; "it would not become me."

"But you need only accept the title so that it may be attributed to a man of standing; you need not take a hand in anything; I will do all."

"In that case I can accept."

But it was not the power conferred that concerned Lopoukhoff; the essential thing with him was that he would receive a salary of thirty-five hundred roubles, almost a thousand roubles more than before, thus enabling him to abandon all his other employments, much to his delight. This story lasted more than half an hour, and towards the end Véra Pavlovna was already able to say that she really felt very well and, after arranging her hair, would go to dinner.

After dinner Macha was given eighty kopecks to get a cab with which to carry in all directions a note from Lopoukhoff, saying: "I am at leisure, gentlemen, and shall be very glad to see you." Shortly after appeared the horrible Rakhmétoff, followed soon by a number of young people, and a learned discussion began between these confident and obstinate debaters. They accused each other of all imaginable violations of logic; a few traitors to this elevated discussion aided Véra Pavlovna to pass a tolerable evening. Already she had divined the object of Macha's errands; "how good he is!" thought she. This time Véra Pavlovna was glad to see her young friends, and, though entering into no frolics with them, she looked at them with joy, and was ready to cover Rakhmétoff himself with kisses.

They did not separate till three o'clock in the morning. Véra Pavlovna, tired, was no sooner in bed than her husband entered.

"In speaking to you of the factory, I forgot, my dear Vérotchka, to say one thing, which, however, is not of great importance. Passing over the details,—for we are both in need of sleep,—I will tell you in two words. In accepting the place of assistant superintendent, I have reserved the privilege of taking a month, or even two if I like, before entering upon my duties. I wish to make good use of this time. It is five years since I went to see my parents at Riazan; hence I will go to embrace them. Till tomorrow, Vérotchka. Do not disturb yourself. Tomorrow you will have time. Sleep well."

XXVII.

When the morrow came and Véra Pavlovna left her room, her husband and Macha were filling two valises with his things. Macha was very busy. Lopoukhoff had given her so many things to pack that she could not manage them.

"Help us, Vérotchka."

All three drank their tea together while the packing was going on. Scarcely had Véra Pavlovna begun to come to herself when her husband said:

"Half past ten! It is time to go to the station."

"I am going with you, my dear friend."

"Dear Vérotchka, I shall have two valises; there will be no room for you. Sit with Macha in another cab."

"That is not what I said. To Riazan."

"Well, in that case Macha shall take the valises, and we will go together."

In the street the conversation could not be very intimate, the noise of the pavements was so deafening!

Many things Lopoukhoff did not hear; to many others he replied in such a way as not to be heard himself, or else did not reply at all.

"I am going with you to Riazan," repeated Véra Pavlovna.

"And your things? How can you go without your things? Get ready, if you wish to: you shall do as you think best. I will ask only this of you: wait for my letter. It shall reach you tomorrow; I will send it by some one coming this way."

How she kissed him at the station! What names she called him when he was boarding the train! But he did not stop talking of the factory affairs, of what a good state they were in, and how glad his parents would be to see him. Nothing in the world is so precious as health; she must take care of herself. At the very moment of parting he said to her through the railing:

"You wrote me yesterday that you were never so attached to me as now; it is true, dear Vérotchka. I am no less attached to you. Good feelings toward those whom we love implies a great desire for their happiness, as both of us know. Now, there is no happiness without liberty. You would not wish to stand in my way; no more do I wish to stand in yours. If you should stand in your own way for my sake, you would offend me. Therefore do nothing of the kind. And act for your greatest good. Then we will see. You will inform me by letter when I am to return. *Au revoir*, my friend! The bell is ringing the second time; it is time to go. *Au revoir!*"

XXVIII.

This happened towards the end of April. In the middle of June Lopoukhoff returned to live at St. Petersburg for three weeks; then he went to Moscow,—on factory business, as he said. He started on the ninth of July, and on the morning of the eleventh occurred the adventure at the hotel situated near the Moscow railway station, and two hours later the scene which was enacted in a country-house on the island of Kamennoy. Now the reader with the penetrating eye can no longer miss his stroke and will guess who it was that blew his brains out. "I saw long ago that it was Lopoukhoff," says the reader with the penetrating eye, enchanted by his talent for divination. What has become of Lopoukhoff, and how does it happen that his cap is pierced by a ball? "I do not know, but it was surely he who played this rascally bad trick," repeats the reader with the penetrating eye. So be it, obstinate reader; judge in your own way; it is impossible to make you understand anything.

XXIX.

AN UNCOMMON MAN.

About three hours after Kirsanoff's departure Véra Pavlovna came back to herself, and one of her first thoughts was this: the shop cannot be abandoned. Much as Véra Pavlovna might like to demonstrate that the shop would go on of itself, she really knew very well that this was only a seductive idea, and that, to tell the truth, the shop required some such management as her own to keep it from falling to pieces. For the rest, the business was now well under way, and the management caused her but little trouble. Madame Mertzaloff had two children; but she could give half an hour to it two or three times a day. She certainly would not refuse, especially as she had already accepted opportunities to do many things in the shop. Véra Pavlovna began to unpack her things for a sale, and at the same time sent Macha first to Madame Mertzaloff to ask her to come, and then to a huckster named Rachel, one of the shrewdest of Jewesses, but an old and good acquaintance of Véra Pavlovna, toward whom Rachel practised the same absolute honesty that characterizes almost all the small Jewish merchants in their dealings with honest people. Rachel and Macha were to enter the apartments in the city, get all the clothes that had been left at the fur-dealer's, where Véra Pavlovna's cloaks had been deposited for the summer, and then, with all this baggage, come to the country-house, in order that Rachel, after estimating the value of the goods, might buy them all at once.

As Macha stepped through the carriage entrance, she met Rakhmétoff, who had been rambling about in the vicinity for half an hour.

"You are going away, Macha? For a long time?"

"I do not expect to get back before night. I have so much to do."

"Is Véra Pavlovna alone?"

"Yes."

"Then I will go in and see her. Perhaps I will stay in your place, in case I can be useful."

"Oh, yes, do so; I am afraid on her account. I have forgotten to notify any of the neighbors; there are, however, a cook and a child's nurse, two of my friends, to serve her at dinner, for she has not yet dined."

"That is nothing; no more have I; I have not dined; we can serve ourselves alone. But you,—have you dined?"

"Yes, Véra Pavlovna would not let me go away without."

"Well again! I should have supposed that it would have been forgotten."

Except Macha and those who equalled or surpassed her in simplicity of soul and garb, everybody was a little afraid of Rakhmétoff. Lopoukhoff, Kirsanoff, and all those who were afraid of nothing sometimes felt in his presence a sort of fear. Véra Pavlovna did not regard him as a friend: she found him too much of a bore, and he never frequented her society. But he was Macha's favorite, although less amiable and talkative with her than were Lopoukhoff's other visitors.

"I have come without an invitation, Véra Pavlovna," he began: "but I have seen Alexander Matvéitch, and I know all. Hence I thought that I might be useful to you in some way; so I will stay with you all the evening."

Offers of service were not to be disdained at such a moment.

Any one else in Rakhmétoff's place would have been invited, and would have proposed himself, to unpack the things; but he did not do it and was not asked to; Véra Pavlovna pressed his hand and said to him with sincere feeling that she was very grateful to him for his attentions to her.

"I will stay in the study," he answered: "if you need anything, you will call me; and, if any one comes, I will open the door; do not disturb yourself."

Having said this, he went very quietly into the study, took from his pocket a large piece of ham and a slice of black bread, weighing in all about four pounds, sat down in an armchair, ate the whole, and in trying to masticate it well drank half a decanter of water; then he went up to the bookshelves and began to look for something to read.

"Familiar . . . . . Imitation . . . . . Imitation . . . . . Imitation . . . . ." This word *Imitation* referred to the works of Macaulay, Guizot, Thiers, Ranke, and Gervinus.

"Ah! here is something which falls opportunely to my hand," said he, reading on the backs of several large volumes "Newton's Complete Works"; he turned over the leaves, found what he was looking for, and with a gentle smile exclaimed:

"Here it is! Here it is! 'Observations on the Prophecies of Daniel and the Apocalypse of St. John.'

"Yes, I know little of such things as these. Newton wrote these commentaries in his extreme old age when he was half mad. They constitute a classic source for one studying the question of the mingling of intellect with insanity. This is a universally historical question; this mixture is found in all events without exception; in almost all books, in almost all heads. But here must necessarily be a typical form of it. In the first place, it concerns the greatest genius known. Then, the insanity mingled with this intellect is a recognized, indisputable insanity. Therefore this is a capital book of its kind. The most delicate indications of the general phenomenon must appear here in a more striking manner than in the case of any other individual, no matter who he may be, and no one can doubt that these are really the indications observable in phenomena concerning the mingling of insanity with intellect. In short, a book worth studying!"

So he began to read the book and with pleasure,—this book which no one had read for a century, except, perhaps, those who corrected the proofs. To any other than Rakhmétoff to read this book would have been like eating sand or sawdust. But he had a keen taste for it.

Of people like Rakhmétoff there are but few: I have met but eight (of whom two were women); they resembled each other in nothing, save one point. There were among them the amiable and the stern, the melancholy and the joyous, the fiery and the phlegmatic, the impressionable (one with a stern countenance, satirical even to insolence, and another with an apathetic face, have sobbed several times in my presence like hysterical women, and that not because of their own affairs, but in connection with a conversation on general topics; I am sure that they wept often when alone) and the imperturbably calm. They resemble each other in only one point, I have said; but that is enough to make a special type of them and distinguish them from all other men. I laughed at those whom I knew, when I was with them; they got angry or not, but they could not help doing as much themselves. And indeed there were many ridiculous things about them, and it was in that respect that they resembled each other. I like to laugh at such people.

The one whom I met in the circle of Lopoukhoff and Kirsanoff, and whom I am about to describe, serves to prove that the opinions of Lopoukhoff and Alexey Pétrovitch on the qualities of the soil, in Véra Pavlovna's second dream, allow one exception,—namely, that, whatever the quality of the soil, one may always find little patches of ground capable of producing healthy ears.

The genealogy of the principal personages of my story—Véra Pavlovna, Kirsanoff, and Lopoukhoff—has not been traced beyond their grandfathers and grandmothers. What would be the use of saying anything about the great-grandfather when the great-grandfather is already wrapped in the shades of oblivion? It is only known that he was the husband of the great-grandmother and that his name was Kiril, the grandfather's name having been Guéracime Kirilytch.

Rakhmétoff belonged to a family known since the thirteenth century,—that is, to one of the oldest families not only in Russia, but in all Europe. Among the chiefs of the Tartar regiments massacred at Tver with their army, for having tried to convert the people to Mohammedanism, according to the reports (an intention

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Liberty.

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"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 Machinists.

Show me a man whose motive in wanting to get the existing governmental machine out of the way is to make room for his own pet machine, and I will show you a man who is not a true Anarchist, but a quack masquerading as such,—a man who has an axe to grind.

It is astonishing, even among those who try to pass for Anarchists, how deeply rooted is the superstition that human society cannot go on except some compact, overshadowing machine be set up to cover all social concerns.

The State Socialist hates the existing governmental machine, and says it must go. But if you tell him that society can get along without any machine at all, he thinks you a fool and a fanatic. What he is after is to knock out the machine of Thomas Jefferson and set up the machine of Karl Marx in its place.

I have been reading with great interest some recent articles in Johann Most's "Freiheit," explaining the *modus operandi* of *his* scheme. Most and his adherents have a machine too, which is to cover all the human race and all the humanities. Curious it is to see Most wriggle and twist to avoid exposing what is inevitable in every such scheme to take care of everybody,—a square resort to brute force.

Herr Most warns the faithful to be wary of Proudhon's notions of "free will" in social contracts. His patent machine for social grouping is to rest upon free contracts, of course; but they must not be contracts which may be declined, changed at will, or seceded from. This, he says, is farthest from his thoughts. Furthermore, he asserts that there is no such thing as "free will,"—that the will is simply the plaything of our thoughts, needs, and interests, which force us into groups, instead of leaving us to voluntary option.

Evidently the thing referred to, which forces us into social groups, instead of leaving us to voluntary option, is *the will of Herr Most*, behind his patent omnibus machine. No man living has ever yet been able to get a square answer out of Most, as to whether he proposes to let the individual severely alone who wants nothing to do with any of his groups or any part of his machine, but who simply proposes to mind his own business at his own cost. The fact is that his, like every other machine which proposes to supervise and run things by the wholesale, must ultimately hinge on force.

When will reformers learn that it is *the machine itself*, as a principle, that underlies the curse of despotism? If we must have a machine, it is immaterial whether we are saddled with the machine of Thomas Jefferson, Karl Marx, Henry George, or Herr Most. One is just as good as the other; for all are loaded with despotism, and all are infinitely bad.

Jefferson unrolled the whole scroll of despotism when, in the Declaration of Independence, he affirmed that "governments are *instituted* among men," *etc.* In that word "instituted" lies the whole mischief. True social order is a thing of evolution. It develops out of such conditions as follow from the mutual recognition of individual sovereignty and liberty among men. It is not a thing "instituted." It takes care of itself when instituted machines are not suffered to interpose. Instituted schemes anticipate social conditions by pure invention, and are not willing to wait and let men associate in such ways as they may select, after free social combinations are made possible. How does Herr Most know how I may choose to associate with my neighbors for mutual well-being, after the existing order is abolished? What right has he to institute a machine for me, when he knows that in the very nature of things he is bound to resort to force in order to make the instituted thing cover society at large? Is he at bottom engaged in any better business than those who instituted the governments which he intends to knock out?

When true social order comes naturally, it is self-instituting. Just as fast as men secede from the old order, they go about the new order in their own way. The reform machinist is not satisfied with this. He wants to draft the whole edifice of the future all at once. He is evidently possessed with the fatal delusion of the "builders of States." He has invented a machine, and is determined to set it up. It is so big that there is not room for it and the old one together; so he proposes to blow up and clean out the old one with a rush, to make room for his. Then, since the machine is an omnibus, every man in society must take hold of it, or it fails: so he is driven to concede that every man who will not take hold of it is a public enemy and must be "fired" off or squeezed off the social field. The reform machinist is evidently an egotist who has an axe to grind.

The new coming order will spring up silently in a thousand places, just as fast as Liberty and the basic rights of individuals are recognized, and men turn away from the old order in their manifold social spheres. Nobody's pet omnibus machine is ever going to do it. I have no sympathy with this egotistic quackery of the machine reformers. They had far better be spending their time and money in assisting Liberty by word and deed than in concocting schemes which, when sounded to the bottom, deny Liberty. He is a strange Anarchist—not unfitly described as a "home rule Anarchist"—who is anxious to abolish existing rulers in order to get in his own rule. X.

An Oil-and-Water Combination.

A convention of delegates from Pacific Coast trades unions was held in San Francisco in March under the auspices of the International Association, at which the following resolution was offered by P. Ross Martin of Sacramento:

Resolved: That, revoicing the words of Louis Blanc and Victor Hugo of France, Karl Marx and William Liebknecht of Germany, H. M. Hyndman and William Morris of England, Bronterre O'Brien and Michael Davitt of Ireland, Piy-Margal of Spain, Andreas Scheu of Austria, and John Swinton, Joseph R. Buchanan, Henry Appleton, Wendell Phillips, Henry George, and Laurence Gronlund of America, we, the Pacific Coast Congress of Trades and Labor Organizations, unanimously declare: First, that every individual who is willing to work has a right to demand from organized society the opportunity to labor and to receive for that toil its full value; second, that it is the duty of the whole people in their collective capacity to so administer the affairs of the commonwealth as to secure to all their just demands.

The circular sent me does not make it quite clear whether the above resolution was adopted, but I infer that it was. In that case, Henry Appleton being a pronounced Anarchist of the anti-Communistic school and a believer in labor solutions diametrically opposite to those proposed by the eminent State Socialists with whom his name is thus unwarrantably associated, it is his clear duty to himself and to Anarchism to publicly protest against this resolution and expose its author's ignorance in confounding ideas that have nothing in common. No doubt he will do so. T.

Because I said, in answer to the "Investigator" editor's interrogative argument, "Would you like to see your own daughter living in polygamy?" that the wishes of the daughters themselves should be consulted, Mr. Seaver says that I seem by my language to be "in favor of wives living in polygamy;" and because I further said that "every honest father, whatever he may desire to see his daughter do or not do, will strive to secure her in the right of choice," Mr. Seaver charges me with declaring that "every honest father will say amen" to polygamy,—that is, will approve it. The most charitable explanation of these extrordinary *non-sequiturs* is to be found in the assumption that Mr. Seaver is a peevish old man.

The Possibilities of Evolution.

[B. W. Ball in The Index.]

At length, in the nineteenth century of the vulgar era, we have a new, modern, *popular* civilization, which is bringing the masses to the front, and accustoming them to the assertion and exercise of their social and political rights as *men*, as beings born upon the high plane of reason, thought, will, and feeling, whatever their material circumstances and perversities may be. It is a new, a great departure; but no step backward will be taken, whatever temporary discouragements may happen to cloud the social and political prospects of the multitude. There is infinite time ahead for the evolution of "the rascal rabble" or the lowest of the low at last into rational, thoughtful, self-governing men and women. For, as I have said, current civilization is truly popular. It is a universal light-spreader and knowledge-diffuser. The amelioration of the mental, moral, and material condition of the masses has begun; and it will go on from century to century, until the brutishness, ignorance, and poverty of the past shall have been eliminated from human society everywhere. Time, in the course of thousands and millions of years, has been, as we learn from geology and prehistoric investigation, a miraculous transformer of men and things. With time enough, almost any kind of metamorphosis can be accomplished, physical, social, or political. We as yet stand on the threshold of the historic period. As Emerson truly says, "Geology, a science of forty or fifty summers, has had the effect to throw an air of novelty and mushroom speed over entire history. The oldest empires,—what we called venerable antiquity,—now that we have true measures of duration, show like creations of yesterday." Go back far enough, and we find the human race, with all its capabilities of indefinite development, dwelling in caves, hairy, prognathous, repulsive, and anthropoid. So say the evolutionists. While gazing at pictorial representations of the primitive *homo* or cave-dweller, we can hardly see how by any possibility of derivation the noble men and beautiful women of the highest civilizations of the last twenty or thirty centuries could have emanated from such a hideous source. In like manner, a thousand years hence, majority rule may have given place to no rule at all in the absence of the necessity of any repressive government, each man spontaneously respecting every other man's rights. What the few have been and are in mental and moral elevation, all men, in the lapse of thousands of years, may become. Barbarism will then have become extinct; and the more and more deeply contriving brain will have made bone, muscle, and animalism of no account or use. The distance from the present to such a social consummation is not so great as it is from the cave-dwellers to the best specimens of the best races of today.

A Household of Four.

Taking for his text a recent social sensation, Edmond Roland writes as follows of polygamy in the Paris "Radical":

All Paris is talking about the strange Odyssey of Lecouty, the bigamist of Alfortville, the details of which our readers know. Lecouty, therefore, is the hero of the day; he is spoken of everywhere, and everywhere his case is discussed, but without any abhorrence, for the crime which he has committed is not of those which bring down upon their authors the curses of the crowd.

Vain to call him criminal, for he is interesting just the same: men, astonished, pity him, and women, while blaming him, cannot help finding attenuating circumstances in his favor, for in their eyes a man who has the courage to marry two women at once is not an ordinary being.

It is known that he was kind to his first wife and adored his child; hence he was a good husband and a good father. Moreover, this Lecouty is highly moral, for, being greatly smitten with Mlle. Levanneur, he did not try to deceive her, as so many others would have done in his place; on the contrary, like an honest man, he went to her father and asked him for his daughter's hand.

He had no right to do this, you will say; he was already married once, and should not have abandoned his wife.

Who told you that he wished to abandon her? That matter has never been in question; Mme. Lecouty (the first) is pleased to admit that her husband has never ceased to show the kindest regard for her. There is nothing to prove that after his second marriage he would not have continued to fulfil his duties as a husband towards his first wife.

Now, what is going to happen?

Lecouty is going to be arrested and condemned for the crime of bigamy; he will go to the galleys; his marriage with Mlle. Levanneur will be annulled, and very likely Mme. Lecouty (the first) will obtain a divorce.

Here are two women who were regularly married to a man whom they loved and who are about to find themselves unattached because the law takes their husband away from them.

I appeal to all those fathers of families who know how difficult it is in these days to marry one's daughter suitably. Because the law does not permit every citizen to have two wives at once, how many young girls never know the delights of marriage and grow old with the orange-blossoms or turn into the paths of vice, thus increasing the number of unproductive factors in society.

There is nothing very frightful in polygamy *per se;* how

many people there are, reputed to have pure morals, who practise it on a great scale,—convivial husbands and faithless wives! Only that goes on outside of the household; it is *known*, but never spoken of.

I know, right here in Paris, an excellent man who has three *legitimate* wives and does not get along so badly, nor they *either for* that matter.

He married his first wife in Paris, and shortly after separated from her. He went to live at Bordeaux, and married again; his second wife having left him, he started for Buenos Ayres, and married a third time with the same unconstraint.

Returning to France four years ago with his third wife, after having made his fortune, he took a house in the Batignolles.

Wife number two had come to live in Paris, where, by a singular chance, she had met number one. The two women told their sorrows to each other, and swore solemnly to hunt "the wretch" down.

They met him, and both proceeded to the house of our trigamist, entering upon him like a hurricane and creating a terrible scene: cries, tears, threats, swoons, nervous attacks,—nothing was lacking, and our man spent nearly an hour running from one to the other with a bottle of vinegar in his hand. He emptied it entirely.

When the crisis was passed, the trigamist took the floor, first inviting them to be calm. He began a little speech in which he showed them how little it was for their interest to appeal to the courts, for then none of them could live with him. He spoke next of the fortune that he had made, of mutual wrongs, of dormant but not extinct affections; he was tender, compassionate, loving, persuasive, and squarely proposed that all four should live together.

The three women sprang up simultaneously on hearing this proposition, and articulated a formidable "Never!"

The trigamist begged them to reflect, adding that, if he should receive no reply, he would blow his brains out the following evening. He remained alone with number three, whom he consoled as best he could.

The next day two furniture wagons stopped at his door; the first two wives had reflected!

And ever since that time all four have been living very happily together, without quarreling,—a fact which is thus explained: whenever one of the wives is in bad humor and tries to pick a quarrel with "her husband," the others join against her to please "their husband," and she finds herself obliged to capitulate.

On the contrary, whenever he sulks, all three display so many seductions that he has to resume his gayety, for a man may perhaps resist one woman, but not three at once!

So let us confess that Lecouty is not as criminal as they are trying to make him out.

Advice to a Congressman.

Though I know nothing else especially in favor of Edward J. Phelps, the new Minister to England, the following letter, written by him in December, 1883, to John W. Stewart, at that time just elected a Republican member of congress from Vermont, is enough to convince me that there is good material in him for an Anarchist:

1. Always vote in favor of a motion to adjourn. And, if the period of adjournment is in question, vote for the longest time and the earliest day.

2. Vote steadily against all other propositions whatsoever. There is already legislation enough for the next five hundred years. No honest man wants any more. Even unconstitutional bills for the further enlargement of the negro should form no exception to this rule.

3. Make no speeches. Nobody attends to congressional oratory when delivered. When printed, nobody reads it, and it is a nuisance to the mails. I have had more than four million such speeches sent me, and never read one in my life.

4. Do not allow yourself to be drawn into aspersions upon the memory of Guy Fawkes. He has been much censured by shallow men. History will in the end do him justice. Before you have been long in congress you will perceive that one such man nowadays, with better luck, might do the country more service than a hundred presidential candidates or Christian statesmen.

5. Do not be seen much in public in the company of Republicans. Outside of New England, they are not, as a rule, savory. Some associations will be tolerated, though known to exist, when decently veiled. But there is no excuse for parading them in public.

6. Practise rigid economy. The experience of the average congressmen shows that it is possible by judicious frugality to save about one hundred thousand dollars each session out of the salary. Thus the true patriot, in standing by his country, makes his country stand by him.

7. Cultivate assiduously all newspaper correspondents. All there is of public life is what the papers say. And they will say anything that is made worth their while.

8. Do not become a candidate for the presidency. The idea that the country is anxious to elect you to that office is chimerical. Nor has the country anything to do with it except to vote as it is told.

9. In case of doubt take the trick

10. Keep your nostrils open, your mouth shut, your head cool, and your feet warm. Avoid congressional whiskey, Bob Ingersoll, the game of poker, and the courts of the District of Columbia.

11. Beware of statesmen with great moral ideas. You will find immoral ideas more honest as well as more interesting.

12. Whatever happens, do not relinquish hope. As Cicero observes, *nil desperandum*, do not despair. You have once been a respected member of the Addison county bar. Resolve to regain that position. Live for the future and live down the present.

Perseverare!

Liberty takes pleasure in translating from "L'Intransigeant" the following tribute from the pen of Gramont to one of the foremost revolutionary spirits of this age, who succeeded, almost unaided, in revolutionizing in his own lifetime one of the most important realms of life,—music:

The admirable thing about this man, Richard Wagner,—one of the things which contributed to make him great,—is this:

He *continued*. It all lies there.

I mean that he allowed himself to be discouraged by nothing,—neither by poverty, nor by hissing and ridicule, nor by disappointments and drawbacks.

Never did he allow doubt to invade his mind. He continued, he persevered, he had the sublime stubbornness of genius. He has completed his task, accomplished his work. And he has accomplished it exactly in accordance with his wishes and his dreams, without being moved or disturbed, without compromising, without granting the slightest concession. Ah! there is no more need of compromise in art than in politics or sociology. And one is always rewarded for being inflexible.

It is because he did what he did, as he did it, and as he wished to do it,—at whatever cost,—in spite of everything and everybody,—that Wagner has finally triumphed, and found hearers and admirers and fanatics and nations to cheer him. That is why his apotheosis is now beginning.

He might have acted otherwise; compromised, yielded; listened to the criticisms of some, surrendered to the *good* advice of others.

Perhaps in this way he would have achieved success more quickly, sooner have attained an unquestioned position.

But he could not have become intoxicated from the divine cup of Glory.

He might have occupied an excellent rank among the composers of his day: he would not have been the formidable creator of the lyric Drama and the musical Comedy.

He would have written some "Rienzis." He would not have produced "Tristan and Isolde," or "The Meistersingers," or "The Ring of the Nibelungen," or "Parsifal."

He would be a remarkable musician. He would not be a unique man.

Nothing was able to turn him from the path which he had undertaken to pursue and to the end of which he was determined to go.

He said:

"I will overturn, I will revolutionize, I will transform the lyric theatre. I will make music thus, and no otherwise. I will make such and such works, conceived and executed in such and such fashion. And thus it shall be, and I will sacrifice no part of my ideas, of my system. I will not cut out a measure, not a note. So much the worse for those who prove unable to understand me! So much the worse if they outrage me and scoff at me! To insults and hisses I am indifferent."

And what he undoubtedly said to himself he did.

Perseverance,—that was the condition necessary to change the concert of raillery and insult into an immense clamor of triumph.

"Genius is patience," said Buffon. Too absolute a formula to be exact. But patience is one of the essential qualities of genius. Certainly! Wagner, Balzac, all the great names that have been disputed, all the great men that have been despised, are striking proofs of this.

Patience,—or, better, obstinacy, stubbornness, which no objection can convince or conquer.

The *littérateur*, the musician, the artist, when attacked, ridiculed, or advised, should answer imperturbably, in the words of the Jesuit concerning the statutes of his order: *Sint ut sunt aut non sint!*

"There is my drama, my symphony, my picture; there is my work: I wished it thus, thus I have made it,—and thus it shall be, or it shall not be at all!"

Henry Maret lately recalled—in one of his articles so admirably French in their clearness, logic, and wit—the story of that hero of the "Thousand and One Nights" who, having started on the conquest of the marvellous singing tree, would not allow himself to be disturbed on his way by the jeering voices of bad genii.

A symbol of the conduct which the artist ought to follow! He starts, he too, on the conquest of the fairy tree; he must close his ears to the vain and foolish din without, and listen only to his own genius, his fine familiar spirit.

In that way one reaches the radiant summits, and some day rises up in splendor before the eyes of the stupefied and enthusiastic crowd.

But even though one should not arrive! Even though one should fail! Even though one should never be rewarded, by triumph, for his obstinate perseverance!

What matter?

There are other rewards, other joys, for the artist!

Those who—to use the beautiful expression of a contemporary thinker—"do not carry within themselves their own glory" are despised and hated by the Muse, and never will they feel upon their lips the devouring, the terrible, the delicious fire of the kiss of the Immortal.

A Despot Republic.

It is enough to make the devil laugh to hear our congressmen and courts talk of this or that proposed enactment being unconstitutional, while the statutes of the United States positively swarm with clauses contrary to the letter and spirit of the constitution of the Union, if words have any meaning.

In Elliott's Debates,—Volume, Virginia,—there was much debate among the founders on the "sweeping clause," as 'tis called. Patrick Henry and others insisted that there should be some express check on the power of congress to punish offences. Henry remarked that under that clause congress might in time assume power to punish all offences "from petit larceny up to treason."

One member replied that it would be impossible, because the constitution gives them power to punish only treason, felony on the high seas, piracy, counterfeiting, offences against laws of nations, and those arising in the army, navy, etc., districts, territories, forts, dockyards, etc.

Madison very clearly explained why congress could punish only such offences as were named. In the volume, Massachusetts, is a remarkable speech made by Holmes describing the condition of the country should the time ever come when congress would assume power to punish all offences. The men of that day dreaded the idea of dragging accused persons from the "county of the fact" and trying them before jurors not of the "vicinage." Alas! the very words today have no meaning to their descendants.

However, to satisfy all parties and make assurance doubly sure, the constitution was amended by clause Number 2 of the Amendments.

The history of that time shows that the people were all awake to the importance of keeping a check on this power of congress to create and punish offences.

A few years after the constitution was adopted, congress passed an act to punish "sedition"; also an act to punish "frauds committed on the United States Bank." The whole country was soon in a ferment. Madison drew up the Virginia Resolutions, and Jefferson the Kentucky Resolutions. These Resolutions declared that, whereas congress had no power to punish any offences except treason, etc., the act to punish sedition and the act to punish frauds were null, void, and of no effect. Jefferson was elected president on the issues presented, and congress seceded from its attempt to encroach. But how can a mere bit of parchment with no tribunal to speak for it resist the constant aggressions of other departments of government? Today congress punishes at least a hundred offences it has created within the past thirty years. Accused persons are dragged from their counties and States and compelled to defend at their own costs. No compensation, if discharged, for ruinous outlays, for mileage, witness fees, etc. To get one witness will often cost not less than a hundred dollars. It lies within the power of a district attorney to annoy to death any citizen. Is this exaggerated? Commissioner Raum reported that a vast number of such prosecutions had been gotten up merely to make fees. It has come to light that some United States Marshals have retired with millions made by illicit prosecutions. Thousands of men have been driven into bankruptcy, madness, or suicide by groundless prosecutions within the past twenty years. Truly, it is a grand spectacle to see a Republic like this prosecuting on groundless charges poor wretches in violation of its fundamental law and with the use of such legal machinery as drags the accused hundreds of miles from the county of the fact before jurors utterly unknown to him. A long life of manly virtue has perhaps made him a tower of strength at his home. No blackmailer dare approach him: no spy's oath can ruin him where his character gives the lie to the charge. If accused and tried at home defence is easy. But drag him hundreds of miles among utter strangers. "Who is this contemptible prisoner the great United States has throttled? Some vile fellow, no doubt." He must bring his bail or go to prison. He must fee the officers to pay their travelling expenses. He must advance hundreds of dollars forthwith. When ready for trial, the State is not. He must go through it all again; then, in nine cases out of ten, after he has been racked and wrecked, he is dismissed. Thousands have been thus abused to gratify the greed or malice of officials.

C. I.

The Impartial Dynamiter.

[Galveston Daily News.]

Before the centralizing state socialist establishes his all-pervading tyranny, perhaps the ubiquitous dynamiter will get away with him, too. If one set of despots must go, then all other despots must share the same destiny.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

Continued from page 3.

which they certainly did not have), but in reality simply for having exercised tyranny,—among these chiefs was one named Rakhmét, who had had a child by a Russian whom he had abducted, a niece of the principal court official at Tver,—that is, the high court marshal and field marshal. The child was spared on account of the mother and rebaptized as Latyfe-Mikhaïl. It is from Latyfe-Mikhaïl Rakhmétovitch that the Rakhmétoffs descend. At Tver they were boyars, at Moscow they were only grand officers of the crown, and at St. Petersburg in the last century they were generals-in-chief,—not all of them, of course; the family having become very numerous, certainly all its members could not be generals-in-chief. The father of the great-grandfather of our Rakhmétoff was a friend of Ivan Ivanytch Chouvaloff, who got him out of the disgrace into which he had fallen in consequence of his friendship for Munich. His great-grandfather was the colleague of Roumiantsoff, had attained the rank of general-in-chief, and was killed at the battle of Novi. His grandfather accompanied Alexander to Tilsitt, and would have gone farther than any of the others, but his friendship with Spéransky put an early end to his career. At last his father served the government without success or disgrace. At the age of forty he resigned, and went to live as a retired lieutenant-general on one of his estates scattered along the banks of the Medvéditza and near its source. The estates, however, were not very large, containing in all about twenty-five hundred souls. But he had many children,—eight, we believe. Of these eight children Rakhmétoff was the next to the last, there being one sister younger than himself; consequently his inheritance was rather small: he received about four hundred souls and seven thousand acres of land. What he did with these souls and fifty-five hundred acres of the land no one knew; so also no one knew that he kept fifteen hundred acres, that he was a *seigneur*, and that he derived an income of three thousand roubles from the leases of that part of the land which he kept; no one knew that while he lived among us. We did not learn it till later, but we supposed of course that he belonged to the family of Rakhmétoffs containing so many rich *seigneurs*, whose aggregate wealth was estimated at seventy-five thousand souls. These *seigneurs* live near the sources of the Medvéditza, the Khoner de la Soura, and the Tzna; they have always been marshals of the nobility of their district. The marshal of the nobility for the government in one or another of the three governments through which flow the tributary sources of the aforesaid rivers is always a member of this family. We knew also that our friend Rakhmétoff spent four hundred a year; for a student that was much in those days, but for a *Seigneur* Rakhmétoff it was very little. But it was difficult to get information, and we simply said to ourselves that our Rakhmétoff belonged to some branch of the family that had fallen into poverty,—that perhaps he was a son of the counsellor of some financial board who had left his children a small capital. But of course all these things interested us but little.

Now he was twenty-two years old; he had been a student since the age of sixteen, but he had spent almost three years away from the University. At the end of his second year he went to his estate, arranged his affairs, and, after having overcome the resistance of his tutor, won the curses of his brothers, and behaved himself in such a way that the husbands of his sisters had forbidden them to pronounce his name, he began to travel through Russia by land and water in ordinary and extraordinary ways,—on foot, for instance, and in decked boats, and in boats of not much speed. He met with many adventures; he took two individuals to the University of Kazan and five to that of Moscow,—they were his bursars,—but to St. Petersburg, where he intended to come himself, he brought none; this accounts for the fact that no one knew that his income was not four hundred roubles but three thousand. That was not ascertained till later. Then we only saw that he had disappeared for a long time, that two years before he had entered the philological faculty, that still earlier he had been in that of the natural sciences, and that was all.

But though none of his St. Petersburg acquaintances knew anything of his relatives or his fortune, all, on the other hand, knew him by two surnames; one of these, "the rigorist," the reader knows already; this name he accepted with his light smile of half-content. But when they called him Nikitouchka,* or Lomoff, or by his full surname, Nikitouchka Lomoff, a broad smile lit up his face, which was justifiable, since it was not by birth but by the firmness of his will that he had acquired the right to bear this illustrious name among millions of men. But this name is glorious only in a strip of land one hundred versts† wide crossing eight governments; to readers living in other parts of Russia this name requires explanation. Nikitouchka Lomoff, a boat-hauler who went up the Volga fifteen or twenty years ago, was a giant of Herculean strength; two archines and fifteen verchoks‡ in height, his chest and shoulders were so large that he weighed fifteen poudes,§ although he was not fleshy, but simply solid. As for his strength it is enough to say that he received on account of it four times the usual wages. When the vessel reached a town and our man went to the market, or, as they say on the Volga, to the bazaar, the young villagers in the neighboring alleys were heard to shout: "There's Nikitouchka Lomoff! There's Nikitouchka Lomoff!" and everybody ran into the street leading from the wharf to the bazaar, and the people followed in crowds their hero-athlete.

When Rakhmétoff, at the age of sixteen, came to St. Petersburg, he was an ordinary youth of somewhat above the average height and strength, but very far from being remarkable for his muscular force: of ten of his equals in age taken at random two surely would have thrown him. But in the middle of his seventeenth year he formed the idea of acquiring physical strength and acted accordingly. At first he practised gymnastics; it was a good plan, but gymnastics only perfects the original material; it was necessary, therefore, to equip himself with the material, and during twice as long a period as he had spent in gymnastics he became for several hours every day a laborer in search of work requiring strength; he carried water, delivered fire-wood, chopped it up, cut stone, dug in the earth, sawed wood, and forged iron; he tried many different kinds of work, changing very often, for with each new task, with each change, new muscles were developed. He adopted the diet of pugilists: he ate food known exclusively as strengthening, especially almost raw beef-steak, and from that time on he always lived so. A year later he took his journey, and found in it still more favorable opportunities for developing his physical strength: he had been an agricultural laborer, a carpenter, a boatman, and a worker at all sorts of healthy trades; once he even went along the Volga from Doubovka to Rybinsk as a boat-hauler. To say that he wanted to be a boat-hauler would have seemed in the last degree absurd both to the master of the boat and to the boat-haulers, and they would not have accepted him; but he took the bank simply as a traveller. After having put himself on friendly terms with the boat-haulers, he began to aid them in pulling the rope, and a week later became a veritable boat-hauler; they soon saw how he pulled, and they measured strength with him; he vanquished four of the strongest boat-haulers; he was then twenty years old, and his fellow-workmen christened him Nikitouchka Lomoff, in memory of the hero who was then already dead. The following summer he travelled by steamboat; one of the men with whom he had worked at boat-hauling happened to be in the crowd on deck, and it was in this way that some students, his fellow-travellers, learned that he had been called Nikitouchka Lomoff. In fact, by devoting his time to it, he had acquired and learned how to use extraordinary strength. "I must do it," he had said; "it will make me loved and esteemed by the common people. And it is useful; some day it may prove good for something." And thus it was that he acquired this extraordinary strength. At the age of sixteen he came to St. Petersburg as an ordinary school-graduate, who had worthily completed his early studies. He passed his first months of study after the manner of beginners.

To be continued.

* A diminutive of Nikita.
† A verst is equivalent to a little more than half a mile.
‡ Nearly seven feet.
§ More than five hundred and forty pounds.

THEN AND NOW.

XV.

A NEWSPAPER EDITOR TELLS OF THE TRICKS OF HIS TRADE.

BOSTON, April 25, 2085.

My Dear Louise:

Several weeks ago I was introduced by Mr. De Demain to the editor of the chief newspaper in Boston. It is a daily of thirty-two pages, each page about twelve inches long and nine inches wide,—quite convenient to read. The circulation is very large, often reaching, I am told, five hundred thousand copies in a single day. Editions are printed every hour from one A. M. to seven P. M. I will not attempt to further describe the paper for you, but will let the editor do that in his interesting talk with me.

"Without our papers," said he, "I think anarchy would be impossible. Anarchy is nothing more or less than a nice adjustment of the different forces that cause individuals to act. The newspaper chronicles their acts, and thus enables the individuals to see when the social mechanism is out of order. In this way the equilibrium can be kept. The newspaper today is a mirror which reflects the acts of humanity. It gathers, but does not magnify, the rays of human actions, concentrating them so that one man can see with the eyes of all men. That is, he can see the facts pictured in truthful outlines. He gets a sketch that he may fill in to suit his fancy. If any part of society gets started on the wrong track, disastrous results will show themselves sooner or later. These results the newspaper records, and the reader is, in consequence, warned in time, and the evil tendency is corrected. You can readily see how such information, or news, is of very great value to every individual. It is no idle curiosity that prompts men to read the newspapers. It is absolutely necessary for their welfare that they do so. That newspaper which gives the greatest number of correct reports of events of the day is most valuable to the reader, and will naturally have the largest circulation. But the newspaper not only warns men against evil tendencies, but, by giving the news, shows them when they are going right, when they are advancing. In this way the newspaper is a most potent factor in the development of humanity.

"The province of the newspaper is not to criticise, not to advise. We simply print information, nothing else."

"But," said I, "you print advertisements?"

"Yes, but those are information. We receive payment for them according to the space they occupy, but they are all written by men connected with our office, who inspect the goods offered by the advertiser and then write the notices for the paper in accordance with the facts. Our intention is to print nothing but reports of things as they actually are, of past events as they actually happened, and of coming events which are controlled by man as it is proposed they shall actually happen."

"Then you do not believe in making comment, favorable or unfavorable, in print on the acts of humanity?"

"I most certainly do believe in it, but not in a newspaper. Such comment is not information, and has no place in a newspaper. There are numbers of very successful dailies, weeklies, monthlies, and quarterlies whose space is almost entirely devoted to comment. Then there are many others filled with poems and romances for the amusement of their readers,—journals somewhat similar to those published two centuries ago."

"Then the only difference between the newspaper of today and that of two hundred years ago is that today you have no editorial page?"

"We fancy that there is more difference than that," said he with a smile. "But that is an important difference, for this reason: when we make no comments, we make no mistakes in judgment; we let each individual read the reports of events as they happen and form his own opinions first. If he desires the opinions of others, he can always find them in journals published for that purpose.

"You appreciate the fact that we Anarchists believe in individual opinions. We like to read the opinions of others, but we prefer to form our own opinions first. 'Editorial policy' was the worst feature of the newspapers of two hundred years ago. It kept the people in a sort of slavery intellectually, and helped keep them in actual slavery to the profit-gatherers. If the newspapers of that time had printed faithful reports of current events, without comment, anarchy would have resulted in a very short time. The editorial policy of the newspapers was then dictated by those whose interests it was to keep alive the system of robbery fostered by government. Matter in the news columns every day showed that society was founded on false principles; the editorial columns were devoted to articles showing that these principles were not false.

"How absurd it is to speak of the editorial opinion of a newspaper! There can be no opinion but the opinion of man. All opinion must be individual opinion. This is recognized by those who edit publications which consist of comments; and all articles are signed with the name of the writer."

"Are there, then, no papers which publish both news and comment?"

"There are a few, but, for the reasons that I mentioned above, they are not popular. There is a sort of mutual understanding between editors and readers that a man cannot deal in news and comment in large quantities both at the same time any better than he can deal in silk and groceries. Of course, a man may do the latter, but he can't do it well. I think it is always well for a man to give his attention to one kind of work at a time, and the rule applies to papers as well."

I suppose he must be right in his views about newspapers. However that may be, his paper is very interesting to me, and everybody reads it. I may send you a copy sometime.

JOSEPHINE.

Social Evolution in the Thought-Sphere.

Our personal experience may foreshadow upon consciousness the more complex evolutions of society as well as those which history records.

As to property, outlined in my individual life, are the three successive phases:

1. Instinctive selfishness in exclusive proprietorship.

2. Expansive friendliness in the communion of goods.

3. Axial independence, by property in the soil, with culture consecrating that property, and the social radiation of uses from this axis. Even of ulterior developments, as Labor Exchange, I find a germ in free mutual contracts of service, repudiating all external laws.

The earliest phase — the instinct to appropriate, accumulate, and hoard — is the more remarkable because purely sportive, and without external motive or pressure, in solitude, before school days. It was perhaps an atavism reflected from my palingenesic experience. I once saved up eleven coppers, and buried them in a little grotto on my father's big lot. I put under my pillow for tomorrow morning the gingercake that I could have enjoyed in the evening. I had my own private library under a sidetable, and a green curtain, apart from the big family book-case, to which I had free access. Next appeared the germ of traffic in the form of swapping toys; but my mother, who had the aristocratic aversion to trade, soon made me ashamed of this. Then I became very generous, and time and again shared freely all I could command with the needier, as members of our human solidarity, either with or without ties of personal affection. This was the phase of communism, an instinctual sentiment, which never took the form of a rational principle. I had passed the age of fifty before multiple experience of the unworthiness, the perfidy, the ingratitude, the knavery of men compelled me to suppress my too liberal allowance for their circumstances, and to identify their characters with their conduct, shaping my own to them accordingly, as the Anarchist must do in his cautious contracts.

While general society is still in the primitive child-phase of selfishness, altruist generosity and devotion, of which Christianity was once the exponent, now repelled by the secular ambitions of the church, take refuge with the Nihilists, and since the Shakers have got rather too rich, Communism seems to have become the banner bearer of the International movement, purely secular.

The higher organic phases of coöperative association, though demonstrative by certain well-known local successes, have been hitherto restricted and prevented from leavening the social mass, partly because of its defective susceptibility, but chiefly because of the counteracting influence of the Press, enslaved to capitalistic monopoly.

Horace Greeley, reputed the champion of "Fourierism," on account of having sold a few columns of the "Tribune" to Brisbane, a phalansterian propagandist and at least *intellectually* honest, was really the enemy of that system, and the open opponent of passional liberty. He never showed the least conception of those principles of social counterpoise — "*equilibre passionnel*" — upon which the industrial order of serial association reposes, and without which the latter cannot hold together. Thus leaning on a broken reed, the cause of association became an easy prey to the malignity of prejudice, either capitalist or clerical. The social revolution, to which it might have been the lightning rod of safety, now masses black clouds in the horizon. Heedless of enlightened philanthropy, the money power sits at its Belshazzar's feast.

In the annals of romantic history, a Cumœan sybil, if my memory serves, offered at a certain price the secret of salvation for the State in nine rolls of parchment. Her offer being declined, she came again with six at the same price, and finally with three, abating nothing. I believe that the State had to close with her terms.

Thus came Fourier at the sunrise of this century, offering to capital the most liberal terms, — in fact, a magnificent premium for the ransom of Labor in particular and society in general. Him rejected, came Proudhon, less prodigal, nearer to strict justice; still allowing Capital to hybernate on its accumulated fat, on condition of ceasing to rob Labor and fairly dividing future earnings.* Napoleon *le petit* sent him to jail. Now comes Karl Marx, saying: Since you will not share your profits with labor and accept interest or rent in liquidation of debts and mortgages, your capital is forfeited. Consider yourselves fortunate to be allowed to go to work and mend your ways. *Qui vivra verra.*

Fourier had proposed to Capital, not a sacrifice, but a great bargain, which the calculable advantages of the combined order justified, especially in France at that time, when, drained by the Revolution and the Empire successively, Capitals were few and small; but, taking counsel of that little tea-pot called the steam engine, which was then just beginning to sputter, Capital replied: The enormous profits we accept, likewise the economies; but we shall make them both at the expense of tributary labor. You would *economize* Jesus. We economize Darwin. You speak in the name of God. Only leave us the Devil, especially the printer's; and, by the holy name of Saint John Baptist Say, we will have God on his marrow bones, in every church, to us. As the Romish Harlot led, so her sister of England followed, and the latest fulfilment of this prophecy may be heard any Sunday, unless in the lecture season, at Plymouth Church in Brooklyn, if, as I suppose, a certain illustrious hypocrite still holds forth there.

Political economy, considered as that school of the philosophy of material interests in which Malthus, Say, and Ricardo have been distinguished exponents, plays in social evolution the part of the cuckoo in ornithology. As the cuckoo lays its eggs in the nests of other birds, whose young its own extrude in order to monopolize the feed, so has this purely selfish system of business morality laid in the bosom of the Church of England by Malthus a doctrine the opposite of Jesus's and fatal to its evolution in society.

The organic flaw in Jesus's conception, which has frustrated its evolution beyond some ascetic societies, seems to have been its too exclusive altruism, as the organic flaw in political economy is its too exclusive egoism. It suffices to compare the two ethical statements to perceive that neither is susceptible of permanent generalization, and that each stands in need of the other.

The very altruism of Jesus was unsound in this respect, — that it reposed upon indifferentism to the worldly goods of which it divested itself sanctimoniously as a hindrance to spiritual culture. It was not a hearty desire to share goods because esteemed good, not the frank generosity of a child who will not eat very nice fruit until it can share with those it loves.

So is the egoism of political economy unsound, inasmuch as it ignores the higher pleasures of sympathy, while exposing its goods to danger by the cupidities of destitution. Jesus didn't care enough about living, and anticipated by a voluntary martyrdom, according to the legend, the end of the world, which he believed to be at hand. The political economists don't care enough about letting others live. Wealth being so good, we cannot have too much of it, for ourselves, say they. Hark to John Baptist Say:

> When the demands of labor are numerous, the earnings of laborers fall beneath the price of the necessaries to maintain them in the same number; the families most burdened with children and with infirmities die out. Then the supply of labor falls, and its price consequently rises; or, as Ricardo puts it, by dint of privations, the number of laborers is reduced, and the balance restored between supply and demand.
>
> Very simple, gentlemen; Nature does not want an encumberment of population, and death officiates as her police. Let us then rejoice at not being one of her too many, says Count Durivean (Sue's Martin).

These are but fioritures on the older argument of Malthus against excess of population. They are all simple observations on the actual course of things, and are no more science than counting grains of sand is mineralogy. Malthus was hardly in his grave before science had discovered means of supporting in comfort on the soil of Great Britain twice as many as occupy it, besides the resource of emigration. Had Malthus been a man of science, he could no more have fallen into a belief of the fatality of misery than if he had been exalted by faith in the promise that God would provide. "For your heavenly father knoweth that ye have need of these things." Let us note that Fourier, Saint Simon, Proudhon, Marx, Cabet, all welcome Jesus's doctrine, because they believe that their methods would realize his promises of general prosperity.

Ricardo was a member of the British Parliament in 1843. From Malthus down to the present time, with the exception of J. Stuart Mill's episode upon coöperation, political economy seems to have been turning in this same vicious circle of facts, without attempting any means of extrication. How account for the vogue which such trumpery has enjoyed? It has been a refreshing antithesis to the tiresome hypocrisy of professing Christianity, whose cardinal principle is love of the neighbor (exclusive of sex). The zest with which economic arguments have been cultivated is a homœopathic reaction from the uncongenial doctrine of Jesus. It has had the relish of infidelity without relinquishing the secular advantages of orthodoxy. Its pretension to science constituted it, like business, a field of thought outside of religion. There is something piquant in flouting *en esprit fort*, and yet in full church membership, a doctrine that one hates and disbelieves, but must profess in a Grundiform fashion because conventionality is the religion of success, and "language the art of concealing our ideas." It is not the hypocrisy that is hated; *that* has become a second nature for civilized peoples, certainly so at least for those of Middle Europe, Great Britain, by the double profession of Christianity and of economism, and the United States. Hypocrisy is all the more rampant but this latter, the dumb, darling child of the virgin mother, self, has found a voice as well as action.

To this joyful event in the reigning family of human forces, this escape of philosophy from scholastics, to take its seat before the loaves and fishes, was added another, more important in the matter-of-fact world, — the explosion (I mean suddenly increased rapidity of the evolution) of machinery, coördinate with the great modern revelation, the physical sciences.

So long as wealth means social power, it feeds egoism. Restricted to the personal satisfactions of mere luxury, it gets *blasé*, and, hankering after new sensations, may become liberal, generous. Take from private individuals, or from exclusive corporations of capitalists, the control of public communications, of transportation and the currency, and of land, — the balloon of their egoism collapses, their monstrosity is atrophied, and, like the Medici, they will probably seek concubinage with the fine arts.

Let us return to our clew of evolution in the sphere of thought. The two remarkable children of virgin mothers fall in love with each other, they marry, or something of the kind, and, in due course of moons, is born that promising babe, — an *infant* it is not, — Sociogeny.

This is not, observe, the first time it was born, but a palingenesic birth, which, in its cycle of metempsychosis, remembers the bulrushes on the banks of the Nile. But at an intermediate period, when the social sentiment had expanded, as in Jesus or in Buddha, to embrace universal humanity, why was it not sociogenic? Steam and the dynamo are by no means essential to industrial and domestic association. No, the reason is rather metaphysical; it is because pure sentiments are sterile. The most sublimed altruism of devotion so proved itself in Jesus and in Buddha. Why did they not attempt to organize labor, instead of moralizing sin, or curing a few sick folk, or amusing the populace with miracles, fireworks not having yet been invented?

As Essene communities already existed, this would have been a safer direction of influence for Jesus than preaching theology, which the jealousy of the clerical party so soon silenced.

I reply that a good many of us would like to organize labor, but we have neither the necessary capital nor social influence, and that it is one thing to like to hear an eloquent man talk, and quite another to follow his guidance about work or domestic arrangements. Peter the Hermit or Demosthenes may send a nation to die upon the battlefield, but a little rural neighborhood contains and limits the synthetic forces of an Oberlin.

Nothing shows that a genius for organizing is implied by a genius for divinity, or morality, or miracles, or magnetism. In miracles it seems that economy is necessary. The Catholic Church rather discredits itself by performing too many. It may seem to outsiders as easy to improvise a large capital as a big fish dinner, but what do we know about that? An organizer may have certain veins of enthusiasm, but hardly the passion for martyrdom; nor are organizers apt to imagine that the world is about to be destroyed. This opinion gave a peculiar bias to the teachings and conduct of the primitive church, without bearing which in mind they are unintelligible.

Three of the more important modern sociologists have, in common with Jesus, each a radical principle. Between Jesus and Fourier, it is *elective* affinity, bearing on pursuits and associates. Between Jesus and Proudhon, it is spontaneity, bearing on the sovereignty of the individual and against legislation. Between Jesus and Marx, it is the enthronement of the proletariat. "The first shall be last and the last shall be first." The social class from which Jesus chose his apostles is significant; so are the common Communistic features, though between the State Social and the Kingdom of Heaven there is possibly room for a desire.

This class of mind — the sociogenic — is at once visionary and calculating, intuitive and observant. It combines sentiment with interest, or Jesus with political economy, as acid and base form a salt distinct from either. Jesus's influence on social evolution is of the same character as that of Goethe and Emerson, — *i. e.*, a modification of personal culture, it is a potent though indirect motor. Jesus manipulated that great blind power, *faith*. Faith is a horse; the point is to put it in the right harness. Others may have invented the right sort of harness, but the blind horse couldn't see it, and they couldn't get him geared. Now that is about the actual fix of social evolution. As to political economy, it has neither horse nor harness; it is simply a critical observer, yet very narrow-minded and sophistical. Having given birth to sociogeny, it is fallen into the sear and yellow leaf, but it and Christianity together take a new lease of life in their offspring.

EDGEWORTH.

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* This is hardly correct. Proudhon's offer allowed capital to keep its existing accumulations until it should consume them, but gave it nothing more. Some of his proposals, I believe, provided a reduced share for Capital during a transitional period, but not permanently. Proudhon's idea — and it is the correct one — of a fair division between Capital and Labor was that Labor should have all and Capital nothing. — *Editor Liberty.*

Liberty Weakening a Greenbacker.

To the Editor of Liberty:

Liberty has helped me out of State Socialism, and has weakened, if not destroyed, in me, respect for authority. I have voted with the National party, but have lost faith in getting anything from a party after it once feels well established in power. You are doing a good work, — for me at least. The whole machine of State needs tearing down, but the hardest part is to get the people started to thinking, and I believe I can see that the dynamite explosions in England have had a good effect here and put a great many to thinking. Success to you in your work of education!

Respectfully, GEORGE FOULKE.

DEMING, INDIANA, March 15.

Spanish Anarchists Not Communists.

For the following translation from the Spanish journal, "Revista Social," Liberty is indebted to the "Miners' Journal" and its editor, John McLaughlin:

Number three of "La Question Sociale," of Paris, publishes a letter from an old friend and comrade in Barcelona, in which he says:

The Anarchistic-Collectivists of our region (theSpanish) are in accord with the Anarchistic-Communists of other regions; all desire the same thing; it is a difference in name, not in object. The International Congresses that have taken place have well demonstrated that fact.

Our old friend is mistaken in regard to the line of conduct to be pursued, and the economical idea, as we shall demonstrate in future articles.

The Collectivists are in accord with Communists in the desire to abolish all authority and all power, although some Communists say that Collectivism is authoritarian. We have affirmed and demonstrated many times in our congresses, and in the press, that Anarchistic-Collectivists seek the abolition of all political and legal states now existing, substituting for them Anarchy, or the free universal federation of the free associations of free working people.

Suppressing all authority and power and organizing the workers of each trade in every locality into sections for purposes of production, exchange, and consumption; federating those of the same trade in every district, in every region, and in all the regions for the same object, and federating those of every locality, of every district, of every region, and of all the regions to determine the business incumbent upon the locality, district, region, or regions; practicalizing an organization like the one now practicalized by those who belong to the federation of workers for the struggle, and transforming it after victory into the organization for production, consumption, and exchange, and to defend the conquest of the revolution from the attacks of its enemies; it is, in our opinion, the free federation of free producers, the true social order. Anarchy which denies government, affirms the rights of the people, individual liberty, the sovereignty of each one, equality, and solidarity.

For this we are Anarchists and are enemies of all government, because all government is the negation of the peoples' rights; the existence of political authority, individual dependence; the existence of classes, the supremacy of one over the others, inequality, civil war, antagonism, and the exploitation of man by man.

We are, in fine, Anarchists of the Anarchy defined by the regional congresses of '81, '82, and '83, because it appears to us the clearest and justest definition of this word, and because it is the same definition given by Michael Bakounine in the statutes of the "Alliance of the Social Democracy," alliance that organized the first sections of the International in Spain, and gave them their programme, a programme that is identical in its political and economical idea with that which the federation of working people defends, free already from trying to please any of those who do not accept the grand principles of Anarchy, Collectivism, and Federation.

The Anarchistic-Collectivists do not hold and have never held as a motto:

"From each according to his ability, to each according to his needs."

This motto is purely Communistic, and has never been professed by the Spanish Collectivists, who have always said that the laborer has a right to the entire product of his labor, and have sustained and still sustain their motto, already old in doctrinal disputes, and which is as follows:

"To each according to his works."

A New Phase of San Franciscan Humor.

[John Swinton's Paper.]

The iron-workers of San Francisco have won their strike against a reduction of wages. Just before they did so the "San Franciscan" showed that they were in the wrong, that the capitalists did right in reducing the wages which were fixed by the great law of supply and demand. Notwithstanding all this, the iron-workers' strike against the law of supply and demand was a success, and the capitalists put the law out on the clothes-line to dry. Whereupon the same "San Franciscan" stopped a moment to take a breath, and then gravely opened its mouth thus: "The triumph of the workmen is an illustration of what organization can do in the way of mitigating the severity of competition." Yet, after all this concentric humor from the "San Franciscan," there are people who suppose that Momus deserted California when Bret Harte was driven out of it.

Swiss Ideas of Treason.

[Galveston News.]

The Swiss government has done more than expel the Anarchists. It has seized a newspaper office and suppressed the paper. The journal in question was not a secret affair, but a well-known public print. The theory that discussion, however extreme, may be tolerated with more safety than to suppress it does not command the approval of the Swiss government, it seems. Anarchists will feel complimented to learn that they have struck a vein of opinion the very statement of which is deemed treason. This is a distinction that the most savage of political radicals could not attain in Switzerland. The Anarchist paper's offence was that of saying persistently that "the political state in every form, republican as well as monarchical, democratic as well as aristocratic, is essentially a humbug, an evil, and an unnecessary evil." The democratic republican government of Switzerland deemed that the reiteration of this opinion, coupled with attempts to show that officials of the Swiss republic were not free from suspicion of conniving with the German and Austrian governments to violate the integrity of the Swiss territory in the matter of political refugees, was dangerous as tending to unsettle the minds of the honest Swiss people, heretofore devoutly attached to their form of government; hence the decision to suppress the obnoxious publication.

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

Vol. III.—No. 10. **BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1885.** **Whole No. 62.**

"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.

Let no reader skip, because of its length, G. Bernard Shaw's essay on "Proprietors and Their Slaves," printed on another page.

Whatever the carpers may say, the word Anarchy is rapidly vindicating itself. No other word could have given such an impetus to the gospel of Liberty in so short a time.

A correspondent of the "Truth Seeker," Seward Mitchell, sensibly reminds the editor of that paper that true liberalism, instead of making "Nine Demands," makes only one, "the immediate repeal of all laws now on the statute books of the national and the several state legislatures, and that legislators stop making laws."

It is with great regret that I learn of the dangerous illness of Stephen Pearl Andrews, one of the mental giants and free spirits of this age. I have long been accustomed to assert that his work, "The Science of Society," is the most important political and economical work ever printed in the English language. It is a great pity that it was ever allowed to drop out of sight. That work alone entitles him to immortal life in human memory. That his mortal life may not be cut off while there is yet left in him capacity for usefulness or enjoyment is the earnest, hearty wish that Liberty sends to his bed of suffering.

Herr Most advises me to put myself in correspondence with the publishers of the Spanish journal, "Revista Social," whereby I will find out, he says, that the Anarchists of Spain, contrary to my recent statement, are Communists. If this is the case, these gentlemen are not in their correspondence what they are in their published articles. The article, for instance, quoted in the last number of Liberty distinctly stated that they are not Communists, but believers in the motto, "To each according to his works." For Most to assert that he too believes in this motto, Communist though he is, is absurd in the extreme, for the words of the motto unmistakably imply individual and inviolable possession, something not at all consistent with Most's plan of seizing all wealth and administering it in the interests of the people collectively.

To a letter from a Congregationalist clergyman asking me this question: "Has the Church any special duty in view of the present development of Socialism?" I recently sent the following reply: "I thank you for your polite note, and ask your pardon for my delay in answering it. You are correct in supposing me a believer in Socialism, and, I hope, a 'wise' one. But the kind of Socialism that I believe in is an Anarchistic Socialism which utterly rejects all forms of authority, including the source and sustenance of these forms, the God-idea. This Socialism, therefore, while it leaves perfect freedom of religious belief, contemplates the entire disappearance of religion and all its institutions by the operation of the principle of the survival of the fittest. Hence Socialism means death to the Church. What the duty of the Church, then, is to such a movement is hardly for me to say. The instinct of self-preservation must lead it to oppose Socialism tooth and nail. It can hardly be called the duty of any person or institution to violate this instinct. But, if really disposed to sacrifice itself for the benefit of the race, then its duty would seem to be to study the doctrines of Socialism till it thoroughly understands them and then promulgate them with all its might. What these doctrines are I cannot explain in this letter, but you will find them expounded in the columns of Liberty, a journal of which I now send you specimen copies, and more especially and elaborately in the books advertised therein."

"A member of the family of the sister of the late Charles O'Conor," says the "Truth Seeker," "denies that the distinguished lawyer was ever an Anarchist in his views, or that he declined the proffered services of a priest at his death-bed." The fact that numerous published writings by Charles O'Conor are flatly Anarchistic is sufficient to convict this far-fetched relative of ignorance in the premises; as for the priest matter, I distinctly reaffirm on indubitable evidence the statement formerly made in these columns. To those who still doubt Mr. O'Conor's Anarchism let me recommend Henry Appleton's letter in another column. It was originally written for the "Century" in answer to a slander which John Bigelow had been allowed to heap upon O'Conor's memory in its pages, but that magazine had not the fairness to print the refutation.

The friends of conservatism in finance are making a great handle of the inventory of Wendell Phillips's estate. It appears that this great man's once large property had dwindled at the time of his death to some eight thousand dollars, plus several wagon-loads of worthless mining stocks. Immediately goes up the hue-and-cry. "What a crazy-head was this Greenbacker!" shout the bankers. "What a child in finance was this champion of the rag-baby!" exclaim the sapient economists who sit in editorial chairs. Such is the penalty of failure! That Wendell Phillips was a victim of the speculative mania there is little doubt; that during the latter part of his life he was continually dabbling in stocks, and sometimes much more than dabbling, is the testimony of the money-kings of State street. But what of it? What has this to do with the soundness of his ideas in political economy? As if, indeed, the hard-money men themselves do not, many of them, spend the greater part of their lives in similar speculations and on a much larger scale, with results ranging from the enormous success of a Gould to the humiliating failure of a Phillips and worse! But who thinks of testing the hard-money theory by the size of a Gould's fortune (except in the general sense that such a fortune can only be accumulated by some system of robbery)? Or suppose that one of Phillips's mining ventures had turned out well and given him an immense fortune, as it might easily have done. Would this have made Greenbackism true or turned the rag-baby into an infant princess? By no means. The truth is that there is little in common between the essential qualities of a successful speculator and those of a clear-seeing social philosopher. The success of a speculator or business man depends largely on chance and largely on temperament; the shrewdest often go under, and the stupidest often succeed. But the wisdom of a philosopher depends principally on his brains, for which there is no substitute. Liberty has no faith in Greenbackism and never regarded Wendell Phillips as a profound thinker, but its opinion of his merits in this respect can never be influenced by the fact that he was not a favorite of fortune in games of chance.

GOD'S USELESS WORK.

[London Justice.]

"What animal is that, papa, which looks so much like man?"
(Thus to papa, a little child of tender years began.)
"A monkey 'tis, my child, I think. You saw it in the Zoo'?"
"O no, papa, 'twas in the street: it looked so much like you!"

"I see them very often, pa, in numbers great and small,
And all so wretched looking, whether short, or tall.
They wear a rag to cover them, not clothes, like you and I;
I scarce can ever look at them, but that it makes me cry.

"And oh, such wretched food they eat, it really makes me sad
To see them work so very hard and fare so very bad.
Our horse and dog have better food, I think a better bed;
I think that these poor animals would be much better dead.

"That's one, papa, that black one there, that makes the engine puff,
That's one within the sewer throwing out that nasty stuff,
And one that drags upon a cart our groceries and coal,
Just like a horse; 'tis good, poor thing, he has not got a soul."

"My child! my child, you must not talk like that!" papa began,
"It's not an animal, my child, but a poor hard-working man.
Although sometimes he grunts and growls, and calls himself a slave,
Thank God, we do the best we can his wretched soul to save."

"Who made the poor men poor, papa?" "My child, you know that well,
God made us all, some rich (to rule), some poor, his power to tell."
"'T was good of God to make us rich; I thank him too, but then
Why DID he make jackasses when there were working men?"
Cosmopolite.

The Reward of Manliness.

[Boston Globe.]

A small head, covered with a thick mass of black hair, rested squarely on the shoulders of Michael Healey, as he arose before Judge Parmenter of the Municipal Court yesterday, in answer to the charge of idle and disorderly conduct. His bright eyes and rough garb made him look like the pictures of Hugo's Jean Valjean.

"I'm not guilty, sor," said he. "It is going on five weeks that I've tried to get work for $1.50 a day, an' nary a job can I find."

"Well, well," remarked the judge, "can you get a job for $1 a day?"

"Oh yes, yer honor, but me price is $1.50, an' I'll starve before I'll work for less. I'm an honest, poor man, sor, whose price is $1.50, sor; and I won't work for less, sor; so there, sor."

"Four months at the house of correction," said the clerk.

"An' I'll not thank ye for that, sor," was his reply.

Paint Me As I Am.

To the Editor of Liberty:

I do not like to be over-captious as to names that are associated with my own in works of good intent, especially when names like Victor Hugo and Wendell Phillips are among them. I decline, however, while according good faith to the teachings of Karl Marx and Henry George, to be cited with them as voicing social theories to which I am radically and uncompromisingly opposed. I regard State Socialism as an utterly illogical and pernicious delusion, and especially its application in the land nationalization schemes of George. I desire to be rated a close-communion Individualist, as to all reform affiliation, — a flat repudiator of all schemes which propose to recognize or utilize the State, no matter under what guise the old hulk is to be remodelled or re-manned. I have left this politically rat-eaten craft forever, and shipped under the flag of Liberty for an able-bodied Anarchist.

HENRY APPLETON.

The Next Question.

[Galveston Daily News.]

Some hundreds of years ago it was supposed that a country could not do without a personal ruler and a state religion. The next question is, can it do without a party boss system, — a party president at the top and party postmasters at the bottom, with majority tyranny, sumptuary laws, and government intermeddling with labor and commerce all the way between.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

A ROMANCE.

By N. G. TCHERNYCHEWSKY.
Translated by Benj. R. Tucker.

Continued from No. 61.

Soon he saw that among his comrades there were some especially intelligent who did not think as the others did, and having learned the names of five or six of them (they were few in number), he interested himself in them and cultivated the acquaintance of one of them, who was no other than Kirsanoff, and his transformation into the rigorist, into Nikitouchka Lomoff, into an uncommon man, began. He listened to Kirsanoff with passionate eagerness. The first evening that they spent together he wept; he interrupted Kirsanoff with exclamations of hatred against that which must die and enthusiastic panegyrics of that which must endure.

"With what books should I begin?" said he.

Kirsanoff informed him on this point. The next morning at eight o'clock he walked up and down the Nevsky between the Place de l'Amirauté and the Pont de Police, awaiting the opening of a French and German book-store where he could buy what he wanted. He read three days and nights continuously, from Thursday at eleven in the morning till Sunday at nine in the evening,—eighty-two hours in all. To keep him awake the first two nights his will alone sufficed; to keep awake the third night he drank eight cups of very strong coffee; the fourth night his strength failed him, the coffee had no effect, he fell on the floor, and slept there about fifteen hours. A week later he came to Kirsanoff to ask him for the titles of some new books and explanations concerning the books he had just read; he became united with him in bonds of friendship, and through him with Lopoukhoff.

Six months later, although but seventeen years old, while they were already twenty-one, he was treated by them as an equal, and became thenceforth an uncommon man.

What circumstances had helped him to become an uncommon man?

His father was very intelligent, very well-informed, and ultra-conservative,—in this like Maria Alexevna, only more respectable. So far as his father went, then, the son's life was certainly a painful one. If this were all, however, it would be nothing. But his mother, a rather delicate woman, suffered from the trying character of her husband; besides, he was a witness of the life of the peasantry. And even this would be nothing. But, when about fifteen years old, he became amorous of one of his father's mistresses. Connected with this there was a story, relating principally, be it understood, to the mistress. He greatly pitied the woman, who, thanks to him, had suffered so much. Ideas soon began to travel vaguely through his head, and to him Kirsanoff was what Lopoukhoff had been to Véra Pavlovna. His past life may have counted for something, it is true, in the formation of his character; but he could not have become what he was going to be if he had not been specially endowed by nature. Some time before he left the University to go first to his estate and then on his journey through Russia he had already adopted special rules for the government of his physical, moral, and intellectual life; and on his return these rules had been transformed into a complete system, to which he always held unchangeably. He had said to himself: "I will not drink a single drop of wine. I will not touch a woman." Why this resolution? So extreme a course was not at all necessary. "It must be," said he; "we demand that men may have a complete enjoyment of their lives, and we must show by our example that we demand it, not to satisfy our personal passions, but for mankind in general; that what we say we say from principle and not from passion, from conviction and not from personal desire."

For the same reason he forced himself to lead a very austere life. To become and to remain Nikitouchka Lomoff he had been obliged to eat meat, much meat, and he ate it in large quantities. But he looked long at a kopeck spent for any other food than meat; consequently he ordered his landlady to get the best of meat, the best pieces for him, while all the other food that he ate at home was of the cheapest. He gave up white bread, and ate only black bread at his table. For whole weeks he did not taste sugar, for months together he did not touch fruit or veal or poultry, nor did he buy anything of the kind: "I have no right to spend money on a whim which I need not gratify." Yet he had been brought up on a luxurious diet and had a keen taste, as could be seen from his remarks about food when dining out: he ate with relish many dishes which he denied himself at his own table, while there were others which he ate nowhere, and this for a well-founded reason: "Whatever the people eat, though only at intervals, I may eat also, when occasion offers. I must not eat that which is entirely out of the reach of the common people. This is necessary in order that I may feel, though but in a very slight degree, how much harder is the life of the common people than my own." So, when fruits were served, he always ate apples, but never apricots: at St. Petersburg he ate oranges, but refused them in the provinces. Because at St. Petersburg the common people eat them, which is not the case in the provinces. He ate sweets because a good cake is no worse than pie, and pie made of puff-paste is known to the common people; but he did not eat sardines. He was always poorly clad, though fond of elegance, and in all other things lived a Spartan's life; for instance, he allowed himself no mattress and slept on felt without so much as doubling it up.

But he had one thing to trouble his conscience; he did not leave off smoking. "Without my cigar I cannot think; if that is a fact, it is not my fault; but perhaps it is due to the weakness of my will." He could not smoke bad cigars, having been brought up amid aristocratic surroundings, and he spent money for cigars at the rate of three hundred and seventy-five roubles a thousand. "Abominable weakness," as he expressed it. But it was only this weakness that made it possible for him to repel his assailants. An adversary, cornered, would say to him: "Perfection is impossible; even you smoke." Then Rakhmétoff redoubled his attacks, but aimed most of his reproaches at himself, his opponent receiving less yet without being quite forgotten. He succeeded in doing a great deal, since in the employment of his time he imposed equally strict rules upon himself. He did not lose a quarter of an hour, and had no need of rest.

"My occupations are varied; change of occupation is a rest."

The circle of friends which had its centre in Kirsanoff and Lopoukhoff he visited only just often enough to enable him to keep on an intimate footing with its members.

So much was necessary; daily experience proves the usefulness of intimate relations with some circle or other of men; one must always have under his hand open sources for all sorts of information. Aside from the meetings of this circle, he never visited any one except on business, and nowhere did he stay five minutes longer than his business required; likewise, at home, he neither received any one nor allowed any one to stay except on these conditions. He said plainly to his visitor: "Our conversation is finished. Now let me occupy myself with something else, for my time is precious."

During the first months of his new birth he spent almost all his time in reading; but that lasted only a little more than half a year; when he saw that he had acquired a systematic method of thinking in the line of the principles which he had found to be true, he instantly said to himself: "Henceforth reading is a secondary thing; so far as that is concerned I am ready for life," and he began the habit of devoting to books only such time as he had left after attending to his other business,—that is, very little time. In spite of that the range of his knowledge extended with an astonishing rapidity; at the age of twenty-two he was already a learned man. In this matter, too, he imposed rules upon himself.

"No luxury, no caprices; nothing but the necessary. Now, what is necessary? Upon each subject there are only a very few first-class works; in all the others there are nothing but repetitions, rarefactions, modifications of that which is more fully and more clearly expressed in these few. There is no need of reading any but these; all other reading is but a useless expenditure of time. Take, for example, Russian *belles lettres*. I say to myself: 'First I will read all of Gogol's works.' In the thousands of other novels I have only to read five lines on five different pages to see that I shall find nothing in them but Gogol spoiled. Then what is the use of reading them?"

It was the same in economic science; there the line of demarkation was even more sharply drawn.

"If I have read Adam Smith, Malthus, Ricardo, and Mill, I know the alpha and omega of this school: I do not need to read a single one of the hundreds of economists, however great their celebrity: from five lines taken from five pages I see that I shall not find in them a single new thought that belongs to them. All that they say is borrowed and distorted. I read only that which is original, and I read it only so far as is necessary in order to know this originality."

Consequently there was no way of inducing him to read Macaulay; after spending a quarter of an hour in reading several pages, he said to himself: "I know the quality of these rags." He read, and with pleasure, Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," and began to read "Pendennis," but closed the book at the twentieth page.

"It is all in 'Vanity Fair;' he has nothing more to say; hence to read him further is useless. Each of the books that I have read is of such a character as to relieve me of the necessity of reading hundreds of others," said he.

Gymnastics, labor for the development of his strength, and reading were Rakhmétoff's personal occupations, but after his return to St. Petersburg they took but a quarter of his time; the rest of the time he occupied in the affairs of some one else or in matters not relating especially to his own person, always holding to the rule by which he governed his reading,—not to spend time on secondary matters and with second-rate men, but to attend only to important matters and important men. For instance, outside of his circle, he made the acquaintance of no men save those that had an influence over others. A man who was not an authority for several others could by no means enter into conversation with him. He said, "Excuse me, I have no time," and went his way. Likewise, if he wished to make the acquaintance of any one, there was no way of getting rid of him. He came directly to you and said what he had to say with this introduction: "I wish to make your acquaintance; it is necessary. If you have no time now, fix some other time." To your minor affairs he lent no attention even though you were his most intimate friend and had begged him to take an interest in your concerns: "I have no time," he would say, turning away. But he concerned himself about important matters when in his opinion it was necessary, even though no one asked him to do so: "It is my duty," he would say. In all that he said and did he gave no heed to ceremony.

This, for instance, is the way in which I made his acquaintance. I was already past my youth and living very comfortably; so from time to time five or six young people of my locality were wont to meet at my house. This made me a precious man for him: these young people were well-disposed toward me, and they found in me a similar disposition toward them.

It was on such an occasion that he heard my name spoken. When I saw him for the first time at Kirsanoff's, I had never heard of him: it was shortly after his return from his travels. He came in after I did; I was the only member of the company whom he did not know. Scarcely had he entered when he took Kirsanoff aside and, pointing to me with his eyes, said a few words to him. Kirsanoff, too, said a few words in reply, and left him. A moment later Rakhmétoff sat down directly opposite me at a distance no greater than the width of a little table near the divan, perhaps an archine and a half; he began to look me in the face with all his might. I was irritated: he looked at me without the slightest ceremony, as if I were a portrait, and I frowned. That did not disturb him the least in the world. After having looked at me two or three minutes, he said to me: "M. N., I wish to make your acquaintance. I know you, but you do not know me. Go to Kirsanoff and those present in whom you have the most confidence, and ask them about me." This said, he rose and went into another room.

"Who is this original?"

"It is Rakhmétoff. He wishes you to inform yourself concerning him,—whether he deserves confidence unconditionally and whether he deserves consideration. He is worth more than all of us put together," said Kirsanoff, and the others bore him out.

Five minutes later he came back into the room where we all were. He did not try to talk with me, and talked but very little with the others; the conversation was not a learned one nor one of much importance. "Ah, ten o'clock already!" said he a little while later; "at ten o'clock I have business elsewhere. M. N. [he addressed himself to me], I must say a few words to you. When I took Kirsanoff aside to ask him who you were, I pointed you out with my eyes; even if I had not done so, you would have noticed that I was inquiring about you. Why should we not make the gestures that are natural in asking a question of this sort? When will you be at home to receive me?"

At that time I did not like to make new acquaintances, and, besides, this importunity did not please me at all.

"I only sleep in the house; I am not at home through the day."

"But you do sleep at home? What time do you enter to go to bed?"

"Very late."

"For instance?"

"Toward two or three o'clock."

"Very well, fix the hour."

"If you absolutely wish it, day after tomorrow, at half past three in the morning."

"Surely I ought to look upon your words as rude and insulting; however, it is possible that you have good reasons. In any case, I will be at your house day after tomorrow at half past three in the morning."

"If you are so bent upon it, come a little later instead: I shall be at home all the morning until noon."

"Good! I will call at ten o'clock. Will you be alone?"

"Yes."

"Good!"

He came, and with the same directness went straight to the matter concerning which he had felt the necessity of making my acquaintance. We talked about

half an hour. The subject of our conversation is of little consequence; it is enough to remember that he said, "It is necessary," and I answered, "No;" that he added, "You ought to," and I replied, "Not at all." At the end of the half-hour he said: "It is clear that it would be useless to continue. Are you convinced that I am a man worthy of absolute confidence?"

"Yes; all have told me so, and now I see it for myself."

"And in spite of all you persist in your opinion?"

"I persist."

"Do you know what follows from that? That you are either a liar or a man of little value!"

What do you say to that? What should one do to another who uses such language toward him? Provoke him to a duel? But he spoke so calmly, without any trace of personality, like a historian who judges things coldly, not with an intent to offend any one, but to serve the truth, that it would have been ridiculous to take offence, and I could only laugh.

"But these amount to the same thing," said I.

"In the present case they do not amount to the same thing."

"Then perhaps I am both at once."

"In the present case to be both at once is impossible. But one or the other,—certainly. Either you do not think and act as you speak, and in that case you are a liar; or you do think and act as you speak, and in that case you are a man of little value. One of the two,—certainly. The first, I suppose."

"Think as you please," said I, continuing to laugh.

"Good day. In any case remember that I keep my confidence in you, and am ready to resume our conversation whenever you see fit."

However queer this was, Rakhmétoff was perfectly right, both in having begun as he did, since he had inquired about me before approaching the matter, and in having ended the conversation in this way. In fact, I did not say what I thought, and he had the right to call me a liar; and "in the present case," as he expressed it, I could not take offence at or even exception to his words, the case being such that he could really keep his confidence in and even his esteem for me. Yes, however odd his manner, every man he dealt with was convinced that Rakhmétoff acted in precisely the most reasonable and most simple way, and his terrible insults, his terrible reproaches were so given that no sensible man could be offended at them; and, with all his phenomenal rudeness, he was at bottom very gentle. Consequently his prefaces were in this tone. He began every difficult explanation in this way:

"You know that I am going to speak without any personal feeling. If you find the words I am about to say to you disagreeable, I will ask you to forgive them. I simply think that one should not take offence at what is said conscientiously and with no intention of offending. For the rest, whenever it may seem to you useless to listen to my words, I will stop; it is my rule to propose my opinion wherever I ought to, and never to impose it."

And, in fact, he did not impose it: he could not be prevented from giving his opinion when he deemed it useful; but he did it in two or three words, and added: "Now you know what the end of our conversation would be; do you think it would be useful to discuss further?" If you said "No," he bowed and went his way.

That is how he talked and acted. He always had a great deal of business not relating to himself personally; personal matters he had none; that everybody knew; but what the matters were to which he gave his attention the members of his circle did not know. They simply saw that he had a multitude of concerns. He was rarely at home, and was always on the go, either on foot or in a cab, but generally on foot. At the same time he received many people, and for this purpose had made it a rule to be always at home from two o'clock till three. During this time he talked business and dined. But very often, for several days together, he did not go home, and then one of his friends, devoted to him body and soul and silent as a tomb, received his visitors for him. About two years after his entrance into Kirsanoff's study, where we now see him reading Newton's commentaries on the Apocalypse, he left St. Petersburg, after telling Kirsanoff and two or three of his most intimate friends that he had nothing more to do in the city, that he had done all that he could, that nothing more could be done for two or three years, and that consequently he was free for that length of time and wished to use it for the benefit of his future activity. We have learned since that he went to his old estate, sold the land remaining to him, received about thirty-five thousand roubles, went to Riazan and Moscow, and distributed about five thousand roubles among his seven bursars that they might finish their studies. And here ended his authentic history. What became of him after his departure from Moscow is not known. Several months went by, and no news came from him. Those who knew most about him no longer kept silence regarding several matters which, at his request, they had concealed during his stay among us. Then it was that the members of our circle learned that he had bursars, and the various other details about him which I have just given. We heard also a multitude of stories which, instead of making him better known to us, only rendered his character more problematical,—stories astonishing from their singularity, stories some of which flatly contradicted the opinion we had formed of him, as a man wholly without feeling, having, if I may so express myself, no heart beating with personal emotions. To relate all these stories would be out of place. I will give but two here,—one of each class,—one queer and the other upsetting the theory of his pretended hardness of heart. I choose them from those told me by Kirsanoff.

A year before he disappeared for the second and probably the last time from St. Petersburg Rakhmétoff said to Kirsanoff: "Give me a large quantity of salve good for healing wounds inflicted by sharp tools." Kirsanoff filled an enormous jar for him, thinking that Rakhmétoff intended to take it to a carpenters' shop or that of some other workmen liable to cuts. The next morning Rakhmétoff's landlady ran to Kirsanoff in great fright:

"Father* doctor, I do not know what has got into my tenant: he is late, he has not left his room, the door is locked; I looked through the crack of the door and saw him covered with blood; when I began to cry out, he said to me through the door: 'It is nothing, Agraféna Antonovna.' How can it be nothing! Save him, father doctor! Oh, how I fear lest he may die! He is so utterly without pity for himself."

Kirsanoff ran in all haste; Rakhmétoff opened his door, a broad and dismal smile on his lips. Kirsanoff saw a sight at which Agraféna Antonovna might well have been startled; others would have been. The back and sides of Rakhmétoff's shirt (he was in his shirt) were covered with blood; there was blood under the bed; the felt on which he slept was covered with blood; in the felt were hundreds of little nails, sticking up about an inch; Rakhmétoff had lain all night on this bed of his invention.

"Pray, what does this mean, Rakhmétoff?" cried Kirsanoff, thoroughly frightened.

"A trial. It was necessary to make it. Improbable, certainly, but at all events it was necessary to make it. I know now what I can do."

Besides what Kirsanoff saw, the landlady evidently could have told many curious things about Rakhmétoff, but in her innocence and simplicity the old woman doted on him, and it is needless to say that nothing could be learned from her. On this occasion she ran to Kirsanoff only because Rakhmétoff himself allowed her to do so for her own peace of mind, so bitterly did she weep, thinking that he intended to commit suicide.

Two months after this affair, at the end of the month of May, Rakhmétoff disappeared for a week or more, but no one remarked upon it, as it very often happened that he disappeared for several days. Later Kirsanoff told us the following story of the way in which Rakhmétoff spent his time while absent. It was the erotic episode of his life. His love grew out of an event worthy of Nikitouchka Lomoff. Rakhmétoff was going from Premier Pargolovo* to the city, in a thoughtful mood and with eyes lowered, as usual; when passing by the Institut Forestier, he was startled from his dreams by the harrowing cry of a woman. Raising his eyes, he saw that a horse, attached to a jaunting-car in which a lady sat, had taken the bits in his teeth and was running as fast as he could; the lady had dropped the reins, which were dragging along the ground; the horse was not more than two steps from Rakhmétoff; he threw himself into the middle of the road, but the horse passed rapidly by him before he could seize the bridle; he could only grasp the rear axle of the jaunting-car, which he stopped, though he fell himself. The passers-by ran to the spot, helped the lady out of the jaunting-car, and picked up Rakhmétoff. His chest was slightly bruised, but his most serious injury was the loss of a good-sized piece of flesh which the wheel had torn from his leg. When the lady had recovered herself, she ordered him to be taken to her country-house, about half a verst distant. He consented, for he felt very weak, but he insisted that Kirsanoff be sent for, as he would have no other doctor. Kirsanoff decided that the bruises on his chest were not of serious consequence, but he found Rakhmétoff himself very weak from the loss of blood which he had suffered. He remained in bed ten days. Naturally, the lady whom he had saved cared for him herself. In view of his weakness he could only talk with her,—the time would have been lost at any rate,—so he spoke and for once without reserve. The lady was a young widow nineteen years old, moderately rich, independent, intelligent, and fine-looking. Rakhmétoff's ardent words (not of love, be it understood) charmed her.

"I see him in my dreams surrounded with a halo," said she to Kirsanoff. He also conceived a passion for her. From his exterior she thought him poor; consequently she was the first to propose marriage when on the eleventh day he rose and said that he could go home.

"With you I have been more outspoken than with others; you can see that men like me have not the right to bind their destiny to that of any one whomsoever."

"Yes, you are right," said she, "you cannot marry. But until you have to leave me, love me."

"No, I cannot accept that offer either; I am no longer free, and must not love."

What has become of this lady since? This adventure must have changed her life, and undoubtedly she became herself a person like Rakhmétoff. I should like to know it. But Kirsanoff did not wish to tell me her name, and he knew no more than I what she had become. Rakhmétoff had asked him not to inquire about her. "If I supposed that you knew anything about her," said he, "I could not help asking you for the facts, and that must not be." When the story was known, everybody remembered that at that time and for some two months afterwards Rakhmétoff was more sober than usual. With no matter what fury any one might throw in his face his abominable weakness, cigars, he did not pour out wrath upon himself, and no broad and gentle smile illuminated his countenance when any one flattered him with the name of Nikitouchka Lomoff. I have other memories. Three or four times that summer he happened to make answer to my ridicule (for I laughed at him when we were together, and that is why he took me into his affection):

"Yes, pity me; you are right, pity me. I, too, like the others, am not an abstract idea, but a man who wishes to live. However, it will pass away."

And in fact it did pass away. Once only, several months later, I so excited him by my raillery that he happened to say the same words over again.

The reader with the penetrating eye sees, perhaps, that I know more about Rakhmétoff than I say. It may be so. I dare not contradict him, for his eye is penetrating. If I only knew! I know many things that you, reader with the penetrating eye, can never learn. But what I really do not know is this,—where Rakhmétoff is now, what has become of him, and whether I shall ever see him again. About these matters I know no more than his other friends. Three or four months after his disappearance from Moscow we supposed, though we had heard nothing from him, that he was travelling in Europe. This conjecture seems to have been correct. At least it is confirmed by this evidence. A year after Rakhmétoff's disappearance one of Kirsanoff's acquaintances met in a railway carriage between Vienna and Munich a young Russian, who said that he had travelled through all the Slavonic countries, meeting all classes of society and staying in each country only as long *as it was necessary* in order to form a true conception of its ideas, its customs, its manner of life, its local institutions, its material condition, and the various branches of its population; that with this view he lived in cities and villages, going on foot from one village to another; that he had studied in the same way the Roumanians and the Hungarians; that he had travelled, now on foot and now by rail, through Northern Germany; that then he had visited in detail Southern Germany and the German provinces of Austria; that now he was going to Bavaria, and thence to Switzerland by way of Würtemberg and Baden; that afterwards he would go through France and England in the same way, which he counted on doing in a year; if there were enough of the year left, he would see also Spain and Italy; if not, he would not go there. Why? Because in a year it was absolutely necessary that he should be in the United States, a country which he must study more than any other. There he would remain a long time, perhaps more than a year, and perhaps forever should he find occupation there; but it was more likely that in three years he would return to Russia, as it seemed to him that at that time it would be necessary to be there. All this is much like Rakhmétoff, including the "it is necessarys" impressed upon the memory of the narrator. The age, the voice, the features of the traveller were also confirmatory indices; but the narrator had not paid much attention to his fellow-traveller, who, moreover, had left him two hours later, descending from the train at a little village. Consequently the narrator gave only a vague description of his external appearance, so that the authenticity is not complete. It is also said that a young Russian, an ex-*seigneur*, once presented himself to one of the greatest European thinkers of our century, the father of the new German philosophy, and said to him: "I have thirty thousand thalers; I need but five thousand; the remainder I beg you to accept." The philosopher was living in great poverty.

"What for?"

"For the publication of your works."

The philosopher did not accept; but the Russian nevertheless deposited the money in his name at a banker's, and wrote him a note which read as follows:

Continued on page 6.

*A formula of respect in the Russian among the people.

*A village in the suburbs of St. Petersburg.

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BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
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"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 True Genius of Anarchism.

In the last number of Liberty I condemned every manner of machine which it is proposed to set up, by which to take care of society at large,—alleging that, if the machine in reform is to be recognized, one machine is as good as another, because all are radically wrong in principle. I still maintain that whoever drafts a machine, with the intent of saddling the same upon all society, is no true Anarchist; but, on the contrary, violates the very basic principle of Anarchism.

"Ah, that is just it!" exclaimed a gentleman who had read the article. "That is just what Anarchy means. It means the absence of any system in society; it means chaos and pandemonium. It means nobody's rule, which is everybody's disorder. It will not tolerate an attempt, even among fanatics of its own ilk, to institute a system by which some kind of order is promised. Pure Anarchism craves the devil's dance, the feast of the whirlwinds. It is madness, beckoning chaos."

Sentiments like the above are evidences of the almost universal mental disease which is seated in society. Just as in spiritual matters men fancy that religion is gone from the human breast as soon as you take down its external ecclesiastical superstructure, so in temporal concerns men fancy that government is gone as soon as you tear away the political superstructure.

The sentiment of true religion is first set free when the ecclesiastical machine is lifted from it. So is the impulse for mutual self-government by consent first set free when the political machine is lifted from it. Strange, indeed, is it that, while the "Index," the "Truth Seeker," the "Investigator," and all the Free Religionists, agnostics, materialists, and other infidels, so-called, constantly proclaim this on the religious side, they refuse to recognize it on the political side, and thus cowardly belie their whole philosophy. All these religious liberals are Anarchists in theology, and zealously preach the Anarchistic gospel in that sphere; but, when asked to confront exactly the same situation in the political sphere, they are stiff-necked Presbyterians, hard-shelled Baptists, and straight-laced political Orthodox, of a very fanatical type. When I meet them, they politically invite me to rise for prayers, seek Jesus, and flee from the wrath to come.

Just as natural religion resides in the soul as an integral element of man, so does self-regulating equity reside in social being. These are not things to be instituted, set up, and supervised by fallible men. They cannot be framed and invented: *they are.* All we have to do is to liberate them. The machine imprisons them. They are nature's growths, and need the light and the sunshine. The machine shuts these out. You do not destroy them when you pull down the artificial structure that designing men have built around them: on the contrary, you bring them true life.

Church and State are the two great inter-operating machines that sit upon the neck of humanity. Ecclesiasticism is a patent milking machine for appropriating to the bloated paunches of priests and their allies the mother-milk of natural religion. That the source has not long ago dried up under the treatment of these suckers is only evidence of its firm seat in the natural constitution of man.

Politics is a patent bamboozling machine, whereby power-hungry knaves and industrial robbers get behind the social instincts which in nature secure good order and equity, and appropriate the spoils. That anything like order has survived only evidences how persistent are these instincts in nature. As between politics and these instincts, who can doubt which is the fittest, and which will ultimately survive.

The mission of the true Anarchist (disciple of Liberty) is to set free these social instincts, now imprisoned and choked up by artificial machines. Nature has provided the most complete organic guarantees of order, if only the children of men can be liberated from the pressure of contrivances designed to forestall and defeat natural law. Chaos is the ultimate penalty of the machine. Anarchy is the synonym of order, since, if anything, it is the deadly enemy of the machine. As the machine is abolished, Liberty, not the daughter, but the mother of order, will redeem her own. x.

P.S. Since penning the above, Herr Most's "Freiheit" has come to hand, with an able rejoinder touching the points alleged in my last article. Considering the vital nature of the issues involved, and by no means wishing to place Most and his party in a false light, I will attempt to reply in the next number. x.

A Champion of the Innocents.

With evident satisfaction and patriotic pride the hired editorial prostitute of the Providence "Journal" records that the Ordinance Board of the United States Army has recommended the construction of a monster balloon able to carry dynamite percussion bonds sufficient to destroy a city, a military camp, or a fleet of ships, with perfect impunity. When the London dynamiters incidentally scorched the petticoats of two or three loungers about the houses of parliament, the "Journal" thought it horrid that such inhuman fiends could be willing to sacrifice innocent lives, even to avenge the wrongs of their country. The "Journal," however, earnestly recommends that the Ordinance Board hurry forward the machinery by which Uncle Sam's dynamiters may be able to drop a bomb which shall destroy a whole city at once. It forgets all about "innocent lives" in this case. Shall one pray, pity, or swear over such sickening hypocrisy? x.

Auberon Herbert and His Work.

Auberon Herbert, whose essay, "A Politician in Sight of Haven," creates such an enthusiasm for Liberty in the minds of all thinking people who read it, has recently published still another book of similar purport and purpose. He calls it "The Right and Wrong of Compulsion by the State: A Statement of the Moral Principles of the Party of Individual Liberty, and the Political Measures Founded Upon Them." It consists of a series of papers written for Joseph Cowen's paper, the Newcastle "Chronicle," supplemented by a letter to the London "Times" on the English factory acts. Dedicated to Mr. Cowen's constituents, "The Workmen of Tyneside," it appeals with equal force to workmen the world over, and their welfare and their children's will depend upon the readiness with which they accept and the bravery with which they adhere to its all-important counsel. The book is a magnificent assault on the majority idea, a searching exposure of the inherent evil of State systems, and a glorious assertion of the inestimable benefits of voluntary action and free competition, reaching its climax in the emphatic declaration that "this question of power exercised by some men over other men is the greatest of all questions, the one that concerns the very foundations of society," upon the answer to which "must ultimately depend all ideas of right and wrong." This is a bold and, at first sight, an astonishing claim, but it is a true one nevertheless, and the fact that Mr. Herbert makes it so confidently shows that he is inspired by the same idea that gave birth to this journal, caused it to be christened Liberty, and determined it to labor first and foremost for Anarchy, or the Abolition of the State.

This is no fitful outburst on Mr. Herbert's part. He evidently has enlisted for a campaign which will end only with victory. The book in question seems to be the second in a series of "Anti-Force Papers," which promises to include special papers dealing more elaborately, but in the light of the same general principle, with the matters of compulsory taxation, compulsory education, land ownership, professional monopolies, prohibitory liquor laws, legislation against vice, State regulation of love relations, &c., &c. I know no more inspiring spectacle in England than that of this man of exceptionally high social position doing battle almost single-handed with the giant monster, government, and showing in it a mental rigor and vigor and a wealth of moral fervor rarely equalled in any cause. Its only parallel at the present day is to be found in the splendid attitude of Mr. Ruskin, whose earnest eloquence in behalf of economic equity rivals Mr. Herbert's in behalf of individual liberty.

This thought leads to the other, that each of these men lacks the truth that the other possesses. Mr. Ruskin sees very clearly the economic principle which makes all forms of usury unrighteous and wages for work the only true method of sustaining life, but he never perceives for a moment that individual human beings have sovereign rights over themselves. Mr. Herbert proves beyond question that the government of man by man is utterly without justification, but is quite ignorant of the fact that interest, rent, and profits will find no place in the perfect economic order. Mr. Ruskin's error is by far the more serious of the two, because the realization of Mr. Herbert's ideas would inevitably result in the equity that Mr. Ruskin sees, whereas this equity can never be achieved for any length of time without an at least partial fulfilment of individual liberty. Nevertheless it cannot be gainsaid that Mr. Herbert's failure to see the economic results of his ideas considerably impairs his power of carrying them home to men's hearts. Unfortunately, there are many people whom the most perfect deductive reasoning fails to convince. The beauty of a great principle and its harmonizing influence wherever it touches they are unable to appreciate. They can only see certain great and manifest wrongs, and they demand that these shall be righted. Unless they are clearly shown the connection between these wrongs and their real causes, they are almost sure to associate them with imaginary causes and to try the most futile and sometimes disastrous remedies. Now, the one great wrong that these people see today is the fact that industry and poverty commonly go hand in hand and are associated in the same persons, and the one thing that they are determined upon, regardless of everything else whatsoever, is that hereafter those who do the work of this world shall enjoy the wealth of this world. It is a righteous determination, and in it is to be found the true significance of the State-Socialistic movement which Mr. Herbert very properly condemns and yet only half understands. To meet it is the first necessity incumbent upon the friends of Liberty. It is sure that the workers can never permanently secure themselves in the control of their products except through the method of Liberty, but it is almost equally sure that, unless they are shown what Liberty will do for them in this respect, they will try every other method before they try Liberty. The necessity of showing them this Mr. Herbert, to be sure, dimly sees; but, the light not having dawned on himself, he cannot show it to others. He has to content himself, therefore, with such inadequate, unscientific, and partially charitable proposals as the formation of voluntary associations to furnish work to the unemployed. The working people will never thus be satisfied, and they ought not to be.

But Mr. Herbert can satisfy them if he can convince them of all that is implied in his advocacy of "complete free trade in all things." To many special phases of this free trade he does call marked attention, but never, I believe, to the most important of all, free trade in banking. If he would only dwell upon the evils of the money-issuing monopoly and emphasize with his great power the fact that competition, in this as in other matters, would give us all that is needed of the best possible article at the lowest possible price, thereby steadily reducing interest and rent to zero, putting capital within the comfortable reach of all deserving and enterprising people, and causing the greatest liberation on record of heretofore restricted energies, the laborers might then begin to see that here lies their only hope; that Liberty, after all, and not Government, is to be their saviour; that their first duty is to abolish the credit monopoly and let credit

organize itself; that then they will have to ask nobody for work, but everybody will be asking work of them; and *that* then, instead of having to take whatever pittance they can get, they will be in a position to exact *wages* equivalent to their product, under which condition of things the reign of justice will be upon us and *labor* will have its own. Then Mr. Herbert's work for Liberty will no longer be a struggle, but an unmixed pleasure. He will no longer have to breast the current by urging workmen to self-denial; he can successfully appeal to their self-interest, the tide will turn, and he will be borne onward with it to the ends that he desires. T.

Still another Anarchistic journal to be published in Paris, "Le Drapeau Rouge" (The Red Flag). The first number will appear May 24, the fourteenth anniversary of the Bloody Week when the infamous Versaillists massacred the people of Paris. The objects of the new journal are thus announced: "To try to free the laborer from all the barriers placed in his way in existing society; to make him see the benefits that social revolution will bring him, while proving to him that all governmental systems are bad and consequently must be suppressed; to make him understand also the necessity of destroying all authority, in whatever form it may present itself, and of substituting for it the practical idea of spontaneous organization."

Was Charles O'Conor an Anarchist?

[Rejected by The Century.]

The March "Century" contains some recollections of the late Charles O'Conor, very interesting to the friends and admirers of this remarkable man. Towards the close of the article, however, the writer, probably well conscious of the Anarchistic leanings of Mr. O'Conor, would seem to wish to convey the inference that his well-known distrust of "public judgments" was due to his failure of success as a public man.

Mr. O'Conor, of all men, could he speak, would second the demand of the great Protector: "Paint me as I am!" Therefore I think it due to him, as well as to a truth-seeking public, that anything throwing light upon his real attitude towards political government should receive candid attention.

The first Anarchistic organ printed in the English language is America is Liberty, published by Benj. R. Tucker, the American translator of Proudhon and now one of the editors of the Boston "Globe." The first number of Liberty appeared in August, 1881, and its leading article, defining its principles, and demanding the abolition of the State, was of the most radical and uncompromising type. Copies of this first number were mailed to many of the most eminent thinkers and scholars throughout the land; but Mr. O'Conor was not among them, Mr. Tucker never dreaming of a radical on Nantucket. But among the first responses, as likewise the warmest and most appreciative, was one from Nantucket. The letter was anonymous, but expressed the most unqualified approval of the doctrines enunciated in the first number; the writer saying that he was as gratified as surprised to find that he had lived long enough to see an organ in print of doctrines which he had held for years, and which he had long been waiting to see published. The elegant diction and clean-cut logic of this letter greatly surprised Mr. Tucker, and while pondering in wonderment who could have written it, it was unfortunately mislaid and lost. The letter ended by saying that it was not necessary that Mr. Tucker should know the writer's name; but for the enclosed dollar he should send two copies regularly to "Post Office Box No. 22, Nantucket, Mass." It was only upon the announcement of the death of the great lawyer that the idea flashed into Mr. Tucker's brain that possibly the author of that striking anonymous letter might have been Charles O'Conor. A relative of his being on a visit to Nantucket, he requested him to inquire whose box No. 22 was. The postmaster at first hesitated to tell, but finally said that, inasmuch as the owner had recently died, he would inform him that Box 22 had been Mr. Charles O'Conor's ever since his residence in Nantucket.

Last Summer a prominent radical New England thinker was visiting in Nantucket, and was admitted into Mr. Chas. O'Conor's library, where Miss Folger, his secretary, being pleased with the visitor, took especial pains to conduct him around and answer any questions he might ask as to Mr. O'Conor's tastes and preferences among books. They finally came upon a shelf containing Proudhon's "What is Property?" translated by Mr. Tucker; beside which were some other of Proudhon's works in French and a bound volume of Mr. Tucker's magazine, the "Radical Review."

"And did Mr. O'Conor read Proudhon?" inquired the gentleman.

"Yes," replied Miss Folger promptly; "he cherished these books especially. Many an hour has he paced this aisle as if in deep delight, while I read from them to him, occasionally interrupting with comments of his own."

These facts, which I vouch for as authentic, taken in connection with Mr. O'Conor's address to the people of Nantucket, published in the New York "Herald" as his last writing of a public nature, together with many other things I could cite, and which are generally known to the public, incline me to believe that his distrust of "public judgments" was due to a deliberate and judicial analysis of the just scope of political government, and that he was carried squarely and disinterestedly into the Anarchistic drift. It strikes me that there is no little moral responsibility involved in ascribing unworthy motives to the position of one who was more zealous of his mental integrity than of all else. The writer, who, in common with not a few others who simply desire to get at the truth, believes that Mr. O'Conor was at bottom a thoroughgoing Anarchist, hopes that his opinion deserves an airing equally with that which ascribes his distrust of "public judgments" to mere personal chagrin.

HENRY APPLETON.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Let Us Reason Together.

To the Editor of Liberty:

Being an outsider, and having been endowed, perhaps, with an excess of modesty, I feel some hesitation in knocking at the door of your sanctum, especially when on an errand that will probably not be construed as strictly friendly to the cause to which Liberty is devoted. Doubtless Liberty has small space to spare for the effusions of any but Anarchists, and indeed this must be expected under present circumstances. But if you will indulge me, I will say a few words which have been prompted by Edgeworth's article, "Contributions from the Enemy," which appeared in Liberty of January 31. It is very evident that Edgeworth has studied church history and church methods to some purpose. He has no scruples in adopting the motto: *Fas est ab hoste doceri.* Without church fairs, donations, and various grab-bag, kiss-me-quick contrivances to draw funds from the mixed multitude, there would have been no hope of sending missionaries even so far as Chicago to save heathens.

Edgeworth makes a very skilful argument based on the present status of affairs relating to public taxes and the public school system, and draws attention to the fact that the Catholic church in this country is an elephant that would willingly, although trained to step carefully over its master, put its foot down on the master's stomach, if the signs were right.

It is plain that the struggle between the Catholic church and the Liberals is intensifying, and the lines are daily being more and more sharply drawn, but the contest becomes triangular from the fact that the government is Protestant, and that, at present, holds the lash over all of us. No one of the three can gain a point without indirectly aiding one of the others, and *vice versa*. I admit that, if the Catholics should carry their point, a revolution of some kind could not be postponed very long, but it is not very clear that Liberals would necessarily be predisposed to Anarchism. But if the church should turn against the government, the Anarchists are quite welcome to all the added satisfaction they would enjoy from their *pro tem.* fraternization with the old harlot. Certainly the unholy alliance could be but little benefit to either party while the "monster fungus" remains. But suppose the work of subversion accomplished, what then? Would the Catholics be any less Catholics? What would the handful of Anarchists do with the "monster" church? The good Catholic, even an educated one, has no more conception of Anarchy according to Edgeworth's ideal than a pig has of Newton's laws of motion. He is the child of Authority and can comprehend nothing else.

How could Anarchism possibly gain anything by the substitution of one government for another, as would certainly be the case on the subversion of ours, or else anarchy of a kind that Edgeworth is no more anxious to see than the strongest supporter of Authority? I have no apologies to offer for the sins of politicians, but I cannot forbear saying that, if Edgeworth lives to see this government subverted by any coalition of which the Catholic church forms a part, he will quickly discover that it is possible for a more horrible thing to exist than "that monster fungus, the United States government."

I believe in the fullest individual liberty consistent with safety, morality, and the elevation of society, but I cannot see that Anarchism would be a boon until a considerable majority of mankind are mentally free, and that is far from being the case at present. N. G. W.

An Iowa Woman With Her Eyes Open.

The following letter, written by Cornelia Boecklin, of Burlington, Iowa, is reprinted from the "American Nonconformist:"

The human family have had too much government and too much religion. I feel as thoroughly disgusted with the State as you are with Christianity. I never was a Christian; I despise Christianity. But I think that there is a stronger power for us to fight just now. I consider the Church power to-day considerably weakened, and without State backing it could not cut so much of a figure. What power was it that imprisoned D. M. Bennett? Who paid that Comstock $4,000 a year to interfere with other people's business? What power imprisoned those three Englishmen on the London "Freethinker?" What power was it that took Annie Besant's little girl away from her? Who committed those outrages upon the Mussel Slough settlers? Not the Church surely. To-day we can defy the Church, but can you defy the State? Hardly. I know very well that I would like to, but our crowd is too small as yet.

I do not approve of the public school system, and here in this town for nineteen years my mother and her children have paid thousands of dollars for school taxes alone, and Werner, the only child we had to send to school, — why, I was obliged to take him out of the public school, and send him to a private school, and did *we* ever have any say whatever about *how* these schools should be run? Could I get a friend a position in one of these public schools (no matter how competent that friend for a teacher)? No! but I could hand over the money every year in the shape of taxes. I could fill pages talking against the public school fraud, but for your sake I forbear. Then again I have had my eyes opened pretty effectually in reference to taxing homes. I have seen enough of that swindle. Thousands of vacant lots of land here, there, and everywhere, doing nobody any good. Presumptuous men and women think they would like to have a home, up go the taxes. If you keep your home trim, and in good shape around and about, then of course your taxes must be higher than if you allowed your home and surroundings to go uncared for. The idea of punishing people for building a home, and trying to have it look pretty! Fine system, isn't it? Then again, how the State has robbed delinquent tax payers! In the highly civilized state of Iowa, the delinquent tax payer has had to pay twenty per cent. interest, until within the last year or two. Of course this was a nice little arrangement for a certain class of sharks who make their living by the sweat of their — what? — brows? not much! One could go on indefinitely telling about the impositions of the State. We want Justice, not charity; we have had too much charity. We see men robbing their fellow-men year in and year out, and, when Christmas comes around, these same fellows scatter a dozen or so of turkeys about "among their poor." Cheap arrangement this! May we all have the courage to stand up for the right in the coming struggle is the wish of your friend,

CORNELIA BOECKLIN.

Liberty Converts a Communist.

Dear Mr. Tucker:

Enclosed find fifty cents, — twenty-five to extend my own subscription and twenty-five for another subscriber for Liberty. Address: Max Frank, 67 Congress Avenue, New Haven, Conn.

I do my best to spread your paper among those of my acquaintance who are more or less penetrated with socialistic ideas, but it is a very hard job to convince a German socialist of the Anarchistic faith of a paper which does not thunder with dynamite, bombs, and revolvers at least in every three lines. It is still harder to convince these "new Anarchists" that Anarchism has nothing to do with communism. I was myself an Anarchist of that kind before I read Liberty, but now I am taught by this paper that man cannot be made happy by any system enforced by others, but only by one which is the product of his own will. Absolute liberty only can direct the efforts of man to goodness and fairness, because only in such a case can he distinguish and choose the best; but this cannot be said of liberty limited by some economic or political system. Fraternally yours,

M. FRANKLIN.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., February 15, 1885.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

Continued from page 3.

"Do with this money as you will; throw it in the water if you like; but you cannot send it back to me, for you will not find me." The money is said to be still at the banker's. If this report be true, it was Rakhmétoff and none other that called on the philosopher. Such, then, is the gentleman whom we now see seated in Kirsanoff's study. He is truly an uncommon man, an individual of a very rare sort. And I have not spoken to you of him at this length, reader with the penetrating eye, to teach you the proper method of behavior (unknown to you) toward people of his sort. You cannot see a single man of his type; your eyes are not made to see such phenomena; to you these men are invisible; none but honest and fearless eyes can see them. But it was good that you should know, were it only by hearsay, that such men exist; as for feminine readers and simple-minded masculine readers, they know the value of this description.

Yes, people like Rakhmétoff are very droll, very amusing. I tell them that they are very droll; I tell them so because I pity them; I say to the noble hearts who are charmed by them: "Do not imitate them. The way in which they lead you is poor in personal joys." But, instead of listening to me, they say: "The way is not poor at all; on the contrary, it is very rich; though it should be poor in some particular spot, it can never long continue so, and we shall have strength enough to scale the difficult points in order to enter into the immense prairies fertile in all sorts of joys." You see, then, reader with the penetrating eye, that it is not for you, but for another portion of the public, that I have said that men like Rakhmétoff are droll. I will tell you, however, that they are not wicked; otherwise, perhaps you would not understand; no, they are not wicked. They are few in number, but through them the life of all mankind expands; without them it would have been stifled. They are few in number, but they put others in a position to breathe, who without them would have been suffocated. Great is the mass of good and honest men, but Rakhmétoffs are rare; they are like the theine in the tea, the bouquet in fine wine,—strength and aroma. They are the best among the best, they are the movers of the movers, they are the salt of the salt of the earth.

XXX.

"Ah, then!" thinks the reader with the penetrating eye, "so Rakhmétoff is to be the principal personage and master of all, Véra Pavlovna is to fall in love with him, and we are to see the story of Lopoukhoff begun over again with Kirsanoff as the hero."

Nothing of the sort, reader with the penetrating eye. Rakhmétoff will pass the evening in conversation with Véra Pavlovna, and I will not keep from you a single word of what they say. You shall soon see that, if I had not chosen to communicate this conversation to you, I could very easily have kept from doing so, and the course of events in my story would not have been changed in the least. I also tell you in advance that, when Rakhmétoff, after talking with Véra Pavlovna, shall go away, he will go away for ever from my story, that he will be neither a principal nor a secondary character, and that he will not figure further in my romance. Why have I introduced him into the romance and described him in such detail? There is an enigma for you, reader with the penetrating eye. Can you guess it? It will be solved for you in the following pages. But guess now what will be said farther on. It should not be difficult, if you had the slightest idea of art, about which you are so fond of chattering; but it is Greek to you. Stop, I will whisper in your ear half of the solution of the enigma. I have shown Rakhmétoff in order to satisfy the most essential condition of art, and simply for that. Well, now, find out if you can what this artistic condition is. Look, guess! The feminine reader and the simple-minded masculine reader, who do not chatter about art, know, but to you it is an enigma. Take your time. I draw a long, broad stroke between the lines: (see how careful I am with you). Pause over this stroke, and reflect upon it; still, perhaps you will not guess.

Madame Mertzaloff came. After having regretted and consoled, she said that she would take charge of the shop with pleasure, but that she feared she might not succeed, and again she began to regret and console while helping to sort out the effects. After having asked the neighbors' servants to go to the bake-shop, Rakhmétoff prepared the *samovar*, brought it in, and they began to take tea; Rakhmétoff spent half an hour with the ladies, drank five cups of tea, half emptied at the same time an enormous pot of cream, and ate a frightful quantity of rolls, and two plain loaves which served as a foundation.

"I am entitled to this extra indulgence, for I am sacrificing an entire half of my day."

While enjoying his meal and listening to the ladies as they exhausted themselves in grief, he expressed three times his opinion: "It is senseless,"—not that the ladies should exhaust themselves in grief, but that any one should kill himself for any reason whatever except to get rid of an intolerably painful and incurable disease or to avoid a painful and inevitable death,—such, for instance, as torture on the wheel; each time he expressed this opinion concisely, as was his habit. He poured out the sixth cup of tea, at the same time emptying the pot of cream completely, and took all the rolls that were left, and, the ladies having long ago finished their meal, he made a bow and went off with these things to finish his physical delectation in the study, where he passed some time as a sybarite, extended on the divan, which was used by everybody, but which to him was Capuan luxury.

"I am entitled to this feast, for I am sacrificing twelve or fourteen hours of my time," said he. After having finished his physical delectation, he began once more his mental delectation,—the reading of the commentaries on the Apocalypse. About ten o'clock the police official came to communicate the particulars of the affair to the wife of the suicide; Rakhmétoff told him that the wife knew all about it already, and that there was nothing to be said to her; the official was very glad to be relieved from participation in a harrowing scene. Then came Macha and Rachel and began to sort out the clothing and goods; Rachel advised the sale of everything except the nice cloak, for, if that were sold, it would be necessary in three months to have a new one made. To this Véra Pavlovna consented, and the price was fixed at four hundred and fifty roubles,—all that the things were worth, according to Madame Mertzaloff. So at ten o'clock the commercial transaction was concluded. Rachel paid two hundred roubles; she had no more about her, but would send the balance in two or three days by Madame Mertzaloff; she took the things and went away. Madame Mertzaloff remained an hour longer, but it was time to nurse her child, and she went away, saying that she would come the next day to accompany Véra Pavlovna to the station.

When Madame Mertzaloff had gone, Rakhmétoff closed Newton's commentaries on the Apocalypse, put them carefully back in their place, and sent Macha to ask Véra Pavlovna if he could go into her room. He obtained permission. He entered, as usual, slowly and coolly.

"Véra Pavlovna, I am now able to console you to a certain extent. It is permissible to do so now; it was not necessary to do so sooner. First warning you that the general result of my visit will be of a consoling nature,—you know, I never say vain words, and you must calm yourself in advance,—I am going to explain the affair to you at length. I told you that I had seen Alexander Matvéitch and that I knew all. That was strictly true. But I did not tell you that I knew all from him, and I could not have told you so, since in reality I knew all, not from him, but from Dmitry Serguéitch, who came to see me about two o'clock; I was notified in advance of his coming, and consequently was at home; so he came to see me about two o'clock, after writing the note which has caused you so much grief. And he it was who asked me" . . . .

To be continued.

THEN AND NOW.

XVI.

A LITTLE TALK ABOUT MONEY.

BOSTON, May 16, 2085.

My Dear Louise:

Mr. De Demain today explained to me some things about the money of today which I think will be of interest to you. Knowing how much we of 1885 depended upon our government for a stable currency, I have often wondered how a people without a government could have any safe medium for exchange. Mr. De Demain's answer to my question about the matter was, first, his peculiar smile, and then the following:

"Our money is simply labor certificates. Labor is the basis of our currency,—not gold, not silver. We consider the result of man's handiwork more stable than the credit of a government. Our money is based upon nothing potential, but upon something actual, something substantial. Nothing can cause such a currency to fluctuate. It never depreciates, it never bears a lie on its face. If it be marked "one dollar," it is worth one dollar in exchange without the command of any law."

"Who makes and issues the money?" I asked.

"Private individuals or companies. Money is issued just the same as cotton cloth is, and with no more restrictions. You know that a certain firm which manufactures cotton cloth is reliable, that its goods are always what they are represented to be. You do not ask your government to guarantee that cotton cloth shall be as represented or up to a certain standard, and you do not expect your government to monopolize the manufacture of such goods or to grant to others such a monopoly. You prefer to rely on the honesty, or, if not the honesty, the self-interest, of the manufacturers. That is the way we feel about money. Private individuals organize a company and issue money based upon the possessions of the members of the company. These possessions, of course, are based upon labor expended in producing them. They loan this money to such as need it who can give good security, charging for such use enough only to cover the cost of transacting the business. No interest is charged."

"You say the money issued by a banking firm is based upon property owned by the firm. Suppose a case where $50,000 was the total amount of property owned by a bank represented by A. B is worth property valued at $1,000. He goes to A and desires to exchange moneys for convenience' sake. A has already disposed of notes to the value of $50,000, the extent of his firm's wealth. Must he refuse B?"

"Not at all," said Mr. De Demain. "When he takes B's money, he adds just so much to the wealth of his firm, and can issue notes for this additional wealth. If B presents $1,000 worth of his money, A fills out blank notes of his firm to that amount and hands them over to B. Under this system, which, you can see, is perfectly honest and sound, a banker is not required to have much capital. His stock in trade is his widely and favorably known name. He simply loans the indorsement of that name."

"Why, if the borrower has good security, does he not issue his own money?"

"Because it is generally more convenient to have the money issued by a well-known firm. For use simply among those who know him well his own money, or notes, would be perfectly good. If he is transacting business with strangers, he must have money that they know to be good. So he exchanges his money for that of some well-known man or company. The cost is trifling. A man who owns property worth two thousand dollars issues money to that amount. This is a very simple matter. No one is forced by any law to receive such money. If the man who issues it is known to be honest, it will be received, of course. You would take a check from an honest man in your Boston of 1885 as soon as you would a bank note or coin. In order to protect the interests of the national bank, you made laws that such checks should not pass as currency. Honesty is the only protection that our currency needs."

"Suppose you were well-known here in Boston, but were unknown in San Francisco, and you should have occasion to pay a bill in that city,—what money could you use?"

"I should simply exchange my personal notes for those of some individual or firm well-known on the Pacific coast and send such notes in payment," said Mr. De Demain.

"Such a system as you have was tried before the times of national banks in the United States, but was a failure, as I suppose you have learned from history. Why was it?" I asked.

"The system in vogue before that of national banks was not in any manner like ours. The currency issued by those institutions (which, by the way, were under State control) was based upon fictitious values. There was nothing stable at the bottom. Most of such currency was based on the credit of the State. Is there any wonder that money of this kind was of uncertain value?

"I have read that many men of your time argued that a national debt was a national blessing, because without it there could be no national bank currency. There is some difference between money based upon a debt and money based upon the actual labor value of property. We think ours is the better system. We have no fault to find with it, at any rate."

"To make such a system the success that you say it is the people of today must be much more honest than the people of two hundred years ago," I suggested.

"Not of necessity," said Mr. De Demain. "I think the people of today are more honest, but their prosperity is what supports our currency, and that prosperity is in turn supported by the currency system. General prosperity also, I think, tends to make honesty more general. All things work together for the good of those who live under Anarchy."

At this point our conversation drifted off to other subjects, one of which I shall write you about in my next letter. It will, I think, show you one of the most peculiar things about this most peculiar thing,—Socialistic Anarchy.

JOSEPHINE.

Proprietors and Their Slaves.

I have seen in a long time nothing keener, wittier, more cutting than the following mercilessly sarcastic analysis of the existing social state read as an essay by G. Bernard Shaw of London before the Liberal and Social Union of that city on February 26. Much space is surrendered to it here, but none too much in view of its importance.

I am here this evening in an invidious position. The Liberal and Social Union, a body of ladies and gentlemen of more than ordinary culture, have done me the honor of inviting me to address them on the subject of Socialism from the point of view of a Socialist. From that point of view, unhappily, I must regard the Liberal and Social Union, in spite of its hospitality, and the human race generally, as cannibals of the most dangerous description, whose power must be completely neutralized before they will cease to retard the evolution of the social instincts of the race by perpetually preying upon one another. The very deep and sincere admiration which we all entertain in this century for ourselves cannot but make this Socialistic conclusion unpalatable; but it is so well supported by history that I should be trifling with the audience were I to pretend that their generosity of disposition, cultivated intellects, exalted ideals, and genuine indignation at the rapacity of their fellows, has ever prevented them from purchasing the necessaries of life at prices which obviously entail abject poverty on the producers of these necessaries, or from drawing dividends year after year from mines and railways which they have never even seen, much less worked upon. I have myself disgracefully consumed in idleness so much of the wealth produced by peasants from the soil they tilled, that they have been left for far poorer than I, who did nothing for them. Yet I have never been reproached for this. On the contrary, I should have been far more highly esteemed and courted had I been able to plunder three or four thousand peasants instead of one or two. However, I made the most of my limited opportunities, and have little doubt that those whom I address now have done the same. We thus meet on equal terms, and can proceed to discuss our subject quietly and cautiously, as becomes people who all dwell in the same glass house.

Mankind, in order to live, must have access to the earth and the fullness thereof. Hence, if the earth be owned by a private person, he can cause his fellow-creatures to die by refusing them access to the land. This power makes them his slaves. He has only to say "I will grant you access to the land on condition that you do for me whatever I choose to dictate," and they must, on pain of death, accept that hard condition. It is known to us all that the land of England today, excepting the barren highroads, and a few patches of common which have accidentally not been stolen, is owned by private persons. The rest of the community are therefore the slaves of these private persons, or of the capitalists to whom they have sublet their powers in order that they may ultimately resume them in a more effective stage of development. We are then divided into two great sections: proprietors and slaves. Now slaves are always separated into classes according to the nature of their services. Your shepherd need be little better off than your sheep. Allow him a hut, a coarse garment, and the wherewithal to keep alive himself, his wife, and a rising generation of shepherds and shepherds' wives and all your purposes will be served as effectually as if you treated him like a prince. Therefore you do not treat him like a prince, and you do treat him like a shepherd. But you need a physician as well as a shepherd, and him you cannot have on these easy terms: your life and that of your wife and children depend on his skill, in order to acquire which he must practice for years on your other slaves in an hospital, and have at his disposal museums, libraries, dissecting rooms, paupers alive and dead, and oral instruction from experts in his profession. And this is not enough. As he is to be your intimate associate, the repository of some of your most private affairs, and the confidential adviser of your wife, he must be no rebellious, rough, and uncultured slave, but a pampered, softly nurtured retainer, with lowlier serfs allotted to do menial work for him, and a degree of comfort and consideration which you yourself may perhaps be unable always to attain. You cannot have him more cheaply; and so, though you complain of the expense, you pay the price. But you get him as cheaply as possible, caring nothing for his needs, but only for your own. This is proved by your treatment of your shepherd's doctor. To him you deny the social consideration you allow to your own medical adviser, because, as you do not associate with him, his lack of social polish does not inconvenience you. All you need from him is that he will keep your shepherds in working order, and for this professional ability alone suffices. Hence your shepherd's doctor is a much less expensive slave than the general practitioner who attends *you*. But you naturally select the best doctor for yourself, and leave the worst to your shepherds. This enables you to claim that under your admirable system doctors are rewarded in proportion to their merits. By this you mean that the best doctors waste their superior skill in preserving the lives of idlers whose existence is an evil, whilst the worst doctors are busy killing useful and industrious men. Thus the reward of the best man is the privilege of ministering to the worst.

Between the shepherd and the physician come many grades of slaves. There is the workman, the foreman, the clerk, the manager, and the secretary. Each of these grades has its lawyer, its doctor, and its divine. Then there is the soldier, sometimes a cheap article who has but to obey orders, charge with the bayonet at men with whom he has no quarrel, shoot and be shot at, and give three cheers when titled persons inspect his buttons; sometimes a comparatively expensive gentleman, versed in trigonometry and tactics, and yet not above levying executions on slaves in default with their tribute. With all these varieties of servitude, the slave section gets minutely stratified into classes. Ignorant of the causes that have produced the stratification, each stratum despises or envies the others. The doctor despises the shepherd because he is ignorant and uncleanly: the shepherd mistrusts the doctor because he is the friend of his tyrant. The difference in comfort between the extreme strata is immense. The unskilled laborer is allowed 2s. 6d. thirty pence, a day. The eminent barrister is allowed fifty guineas, or 12,600 pence a day. The barrister does not get fifty guineas every day; but neither does the unskilled laborer get half a crown every day. When both are in work—when the proprietors need their services—the barrister gets 420 times as much as the unskilled laborer, in spite of the fact that the proprietors have denied to the laborer the education and comforts they have allowed to the barrister in his nonage. It is sometimes alleged that differences such as these are due to differences in the sobriety or ability of the individuals. If sobriety be indeed the cause, then, if the barrister drink one bottle of wine a day, as many eminent barristers do, the unskilled laborer must drink 420 bottles of wine a day before the barrister can be considered 420 times as sober. Nor is it probable that any man has 420 times, or even four times, the ability of another. When the external conditions are equalized, the man who can double the average achievement is looked upon with wonder. The argument that thrift is at the bottom of it all is far sounder. We estimate a man's thrift by the amount of money he possesses. The barrister has 420 times as much money as the unskilled laborer. Hence we argue that the barrister is 420 times as thrifty as the laborer. If we accept this short method of computing thrift, the conclusion is logical, if not eminently satisfactory to the laborer; but this sort of thrift is evidently not a virtue which the laborer can cultivate or not as he pleases. Neither sobriety, nor thrift, nor any ordinary quality can induce the proprietors to raise the laborer to the class of their most favored slaves. Should he gain promotion by absolute genius, he will still be at a disadvantage at many points with the most commonplace members of the class to which he is elevated. In either class he will still be a slave, receiving out of the full exchange value of his services just what is sufficient to maintain him and enable to reproduce himself with such culture and habits as may be necessary to make him an efficient servant and, if his services bring him into personal contact with his employers, an agreeable associate. All the rest he must surrender as rent or interest to his masters.

I fear that I must, for lack of time, venture to assume that my hearers already know how this system is made automatic by the action of competition. I am aware that such an assumption exposes me to the risk of being misunderstood; for it would be affectation on my part to pretend that any company of English ladies and gentlemen can be depended upon for even a rudimentary knowledge of economics and sociology. Bad as we are, I believe that if we all understood how we are living, and what we are doing daily, we should make a revolution before the end of the week. But as we do not know; and as many of us, foreseeing unpleasant revelations, do not want to know; I can only assure you that I am in perfect concord with standard economists when I state that competition is the force that makes our industrial system self-acting. It produces the effects which I have described without the conscious contrivance or interference of either master on the one hand, or slave on the other. It may be described as a see-saw, or lever of the first order, having the fulcrum between the power and the weight. The power is the labor force of the slaves; the weight is the body of proprietors who have to be raised above the level of the slaves and maintained there. Hence the more numerous the slaves are, the lower they sink, and the higher they raise the proprietors. Conversely, if the slaves decrease in number they rise a little and the proprietors sink. Hence the Malthusians urge the workers to reduce their numbers as much as possible. Unfortunately, when the masters find their end descending too low, they allow the weaker members of their own body to slip down to the other end of the lever, into the slave class, until the former preponderance is reëstablished.

Socialists insist that people should stand on the firm earth, and not on a see-saw, much less on a lever which is always at see, and never at saw. They seek to disable the lever. Now, the way to disable a lever is to remove the fulcrum. What is the fulcrum of this lever of competition? Clearly it is private property in the raw material and machinery indispensable to subsistence.* The slave submits to the master solely because the master has the power to withhold from him the means of subsistence if he rebels. The master of the land says, after St. Paul, "If a man will not work for me, neither shall he live." Deprive him of this power of condemning his fellow-man to death, and the fellow-man will snap his fingers at him, and quote St. Paul more accurately in his turn. To deprive the proprietor of this power, you must deprive him of his private property in the land and capital of the nation, which is just what the socialist proposes. This is why the masters raise so loud an alarm when an attack on private property is proposed. Unfortunately for themselves, they have set the example of disregarding it. The so-called right of private property is a convention that every man should enjoy the product of his own labor, either to consume it or exchange it for the equivalent product of his fellow-laborer. But the landlord and capitalist enjoy the product of the labor of others, which they consume to the value of many millions sterling every year without even a pretence of producing an equivalent. They daily violate the right to which they appeal when the socialist attacks them. Nor is their inconsistency so obvious as might be expected. If you violate a workman's right daily for centuries, and daily respect the landlord's right, the workman's right will at last be forgotten, whilst the landlord's right will appear more sacred as successive years add to its antiquity. In this way the most illogical distinctions come to be accepted as natural and inevitable. One man enters a farm-house secretly, helps himself to a share of the farm produce, and leaves without giving the farmer an equivalent. We call him a burglar, and send him to penal servitude. Another man does precisely the same thing openly, has the impudence even to send a note to say when he is coming, and repeats his foray twice a year, breaking forcibly into the premises if his demand is not complied with. We call him a landlord, respect him, and, if his freebooting extends over a large district, make him deputy-lieutenant of the country or send him to Parliament, to make laws to license his predatory habits. We need not even contrast two different men. Let us take the case of a railway shareholder, who lives idly on his dividends, having purchased the power of making the railway officials work for him. This man robs every unfortunate railway porter daily of a share of the value of his work, without incurring the least punishment, or even disapprobation. Yet if he were to do the same thing in another way; if he were to attack a railway porter in a lonely street and rifle his pockets; he would render himself liable to imprisonment and disgrace. And it is not at all improbable that, at his trial, the fact of his being a holder of railway shares would be brought forward as affording a strong presumption of his honesty and respectability. Of the mental confusion caused by the toleration of these anomalies, and the failure to recognize them as such, we shall very possibly have some examples before we separate this evening; but we need not depend on our own efforts for assurances that if the upper classes consume luxuries they pay for them; that a tradesman will not give a landlord a coat or a leg of mutton for nothing, any more than he will give it to a laborer; that landlords should be satisfied with fair rents (as if privately appropriated rent could be fair under any circumstances), or that capitalists should content themselves with reasonable interest (as if interest could possibly be a reasonable charge); that men will not do their best unless they have the incentive of knowing that the more they produce, the more they will be robbed of; that railways are constructed by buying pieces of paper in the Stock Exchange, and could not be constructed in any other way; that the money spent in drink annually would suffice to raise the East-End dock laborers to affluence; that Robinson Crusoe was a capitalist farmer and shipowner; that people should not indulge in wild talk about revolutions; that if we divided up all the money in the country we should only have £30 apiece (which, by-the-by, is rather a dangerous fact to obtrude on a man who has less than £30); and above all, that if we did away with landlordism and capitalism today, we should have all our social inequalities and evils back again in six months:—that is to say, that if we remove the cause, the effects will still continue. This hotch-potch of error and nonsensically advanced truth can be, and has repeatedly been disentangled and refuted, but to no purpose as regards the men who utter it; for a man who does not understand his own proposition cannot understand a refutation of it. And the landlords and capitalists have no longer any skilled apologists. Political economy in the days of McCulloch and John Stuart Mill said what it could for them; but Mill finally dropped them; and his successor, Cairnes, let out the truth at last that rich idlers are an unmitigated nuisance in a community. The more enlightened idlers are themselves growing ashamed. They do something (which usually has to be undone by somebody else) and plead that they are working. Gentlemen laboriously get called to the bar, and, as briefless barristers, feel that they can read Cairnes with equanimity. Ladies educate themselves, learn to paint or play the violoncello, and feel that their lives, at least, have not been wasted. Both ladies and gentlemen will give alms, get up concerts and bazaars, join societies for mutual improvement and admiration. They are not asked to do any of these things, yet they do them. They

*In other words, monopoly is the fulcrum of this lever of competition,—that is, our competition is not competitive enough, but is limited in certain directions by the denial of competition and of the means of competition. Therefore it is not correct to say that competition divides mankind into proprietors and slaves; that division results from monopoly or the absence of competition.—*Editor Liberty.*

are asked to work as hard for the workers as the workers work for them; and that they will not do. Many of them have got to the point of being willing to sacrifice almost anything for the poor, except the power and practice of robbing them. Nevertheless that is what they must sacrifice now, if they would avert another failure of human society. Such failures, though not absolutely irretrievable, are very tedious. The human race has hitherto never succeeded in establishing a permanent social state. They tried on a large scale in Egypt; but the experiment, after progressing hopefully for centuries, collapsed. They tried again in Greece with some valuable results, but with the same end. Then Rome tried her hand, and made a tremendous mess of it. Now we are trying, and, so far, are doing worse even than the Romans. Every reformer has his pet reason for the decay of these civilizations; and I will not assert that luxury and slavery rotted away the foundations of them all. But I may at least claim that luxury and slavery did not prove so beneficial that we need apprehend much danger from ridding ourselves of them.

The main difficulty of the Socialist is not, however, in convincing people that the present condition of society is a bad one. Intelligent members of the proprietary classes admit that when the life of the masses is described to them. The lower classes know it by experience without being told. It is even possible to obtain general assent to the proposition that the millennium is incompatible with private property. But the mass of the people — particularly those who are not in absolutely wretched circumstances — are loth to move, and afraid of the unknown that lies at the other side of change. They admit that they are ill; but when the Socialist prescribes exercise — violent exercise sometimes — they peevishly demand a remedy of the patent medicine description. "Give us something definite," they say: "what is it that you are driving at?" "Abolish private property in land, and prevent the employment of the means of production as capital," replies the Socialist. "That is definite enough; is it not?" "But how are you going to do it?" persists the other. At this the Socialist loses his temper. "*I* am not going to do it," he retorts. "*We* are going to do it; and the ways and means must be settled by us in council when we have made up our minds on what we have to do. If you choose to sit down and let other men decide on a plan, you will probably find, when it is put into practice, that your interests have been overlooked — and serve you right too. If you have no ideas on the subject, that only proves that you have never read the works of the men whose schemes you were sneering down as Utopian the day before yesterday." The Socialist then recommends Engels and other German authors to his assailant, who probably does not know German. So he falls back on the sacredness of private property, and declares that, after all, a man has a right to do what he likes with his own.

This alleged right of a man to do what he likes with his own is the private property principle which the Socialist attacks. It is already obsolete except in the case of land and the means of production. Property in other things is subject to the condition that it shall not be used to injure or oppress. A landlord, for example, if he wishes to turn his arable land into pasture, or his pasture into a deer forest, is permitted to drive hardworking husbandmen or shepherds off his property into overcrowded towns, or, for the matter of that, into the sea, with impunity, because he claims a right to do what he likes with his own. But the landlord owns other things besides land. He owns guns and sticks. If he were to take the stick and give one of the husbandmen or shepherds a thrashing with it, the plea that the stick was his own and that he had a right to use it as he pleased would not save him from punishment. Still less do we allow him to present his gun at a tenant, and, by threatening him with death, compel him to give up what he has gained from the soil by his labor. Yet what he may not do with a gun, he may do, and does, with a writ of ejectment. Such a power is subversive of property in the only sense in which property is a sane institution. But the landlord, by studiously confusing private property outside and independent of the law and the commonweal, with the public right of every man to possess and enjoy what he produces, succeeds in persuading careless reasoners that to attack private property is to attack the commonweal. He says in effect: "If you abolish my right to wear another man's coat, what becomes of my right to wear my own? The right to wear coats is sacred; and if you violate it, society will be impossible." One can understand a landlord using this argument; but it is not so easy to understand the many silly people who are not landlords, but tenants, and who yet repeat it in defence of their despoilers' power to plunder them. The inability to comprehend economic problems indicated by such suicidal utterances on the part of the slave class is a serious matter. The utterances are very common; and hence it may be inferred that the inability is very general. For this reason the abolition of private property, the equitable distribution of labor and of the products of labor among the community, and the nationalization of rent,* will have to be accomplished by an enlightened minority. They will have to overcome the active resistance of the proprietors, and the inertia of the masses. If this be once done, the masses will acquiesce; and the proprietors will no longer exist as a class. But the proprietors may fight: Lord Bramwell explicitly declares that they will fight. They scare many persons from Socialism by threatening to compel Socialists to shed their blood. Unfortunately they are accustoming the public to bloodshed. Revolting as it is at first, there is nothing to which men so rapidly grow habituated: they even develop a taste for it. When we have had a little more practice in fighting for our bondholders abroad, we will think little of fighting against them at home, should occasion arise. Civil war is horrible; but we have supped full of horrors in our city slums: and an open, well-ventilated battle-field, with wounded men instead of rickety children and starving women, would be an absolute improvement. The proportion of corpses would be about the same, and the suffering would be less prolonged; whilst excitement and hope would take the place of dullness and despair. These humane considerations constantly tempt the poor to violence, and weaken the influence of those who would restrain them until the steps to follow the battle have been thoroughly debated. It is still harder to stay those who would hasten a revolution by intimidation. We know the cause of dynamite explosions, but not their effects. We know, for example, that if we raise the temperature of water to 212 degrees Fahrenheit, it will boil; and we know just as certainly that if we destroy the liberty of the press and the right of public meeting, dynamite will explode. Russia and Austria first discovered this fact; and we, in a truly scientific spirit, have verified it experimentally in Ireland. Now if Socialism be not made respectable and formidable by the support of *our* class — if it be left entirely to the poor, then the proprietors will attempt to suppress it by such measures as they have already taken in Austria and Ireland. Dynamite will follow. Terror will follow dynamite. Cruelty will follow terror. More dynamite will follow cruelty. Both sides will thus drive one another from atrocity to atrocity solely because we, the middle class, instead of interfering on behalf of justice, sit quaking and complying with ignorant and cowardly journalists who devote the first half of an article to calling the dynamitards "dastardly wretches," and the second half to clamoring for more dynamite in the shape of further restriction of our liberty and further license to our oppressors. If, on the other hand, the middle class will educate themselves to understand this question, they will be able to fortify whatever is just in Socialism, and to crush whatever is dangerous in it. No English government dare enact a Coercion Law or declare a Minor State of Siege against the Radical party. The result is that the Radical party never makes us shake in our shoes as the dynamitards do. I trust then that the Middle Class will raise the Socialists above the danger of Coercion, Minor Siege, and consequent Dynamite, by joining them in large numbers. When a Revolution approaches, those who are within the Revolutionary party can do something to avert bloodshed: those who hold aloof can only provoke it. A party informed at all points by men of gentle habits and trained reasoning powers may achieve a complete Revolution without a single act of violence. A mob of desperate sufferers abandoned to the leadership of exasperated sentimentalists and fanatic theorists may, at a vast cost of bloodshed and misery, succeed in removing no single evil, except perhaps the existence of the human race.

*It will be observed that, up to this point in his essay, Mr. Shaw, in favoring the abolition of private property in land and the prevention of the employment of the means of production as capital, has said nothing to show that he means this in any other sense than Proudhon and the Anarchists mean it, — nothing to show that he is a Communist or favors the methods of State Socialism. But this affirmation of the necessity of the "nationalization of rent" is distinctly State-Socialistic, and I am at a loss to know how Mr. Shaw reconciles it with the Anarchistic position taken by him not long ago in an article in the London "Anarchist."—*Editor Liberty.*

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

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"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.

Six literary journals have been suppressed by the governor-general of Warsaw for praising Victor Hugo since his death.

A third edition of Lysander Spooner's "Natural Law" and a fifth edition of Michael Bakounine's "God and the State" are now ready.

In the death of T. C. Leland the Liberals have lost one of their brightest writers, hardest workers, and oldest servants. He belonged to the "Old Guard."

A writer in "John Swinton's Paper" wittily defines a "practical" man as "one who would rather go wrong than delay." I know hundreds of such "practical" men. They call Davy Crockett and me, who prefer to be sure we're right before going ahead, idealists, fanatics, and utopian dreamers.

The most horribly printed publication that I know anything about is "La Question Sociale," a socialistic monthly that comes to me from Paris. It is so nearly illegible that one can get no satisfactory idea of the arguments of its writers. This, however, is matter for congratulation, if the following, which I have managed with difficulty to rescue from the confused masses of ink that deface its pages, be a fair sample of its contents. The editor prefaces an extract from Marx's "Misery of Philosophy," written in criticism of Proudhon, with these words: "Proudhon, on the publication of his 'Economical Contradictions,' wrote to Marx that he awaited his 'critical ferule' not without anxiety. But the Don Quixote of the Hegelian metaphysics was absolutely disconcerted by Marx's vigorous reply. The 'wild boar of dialectics' preserved the most prudent silence; he published mountains of volumes on art, philosophy, and metaphysical abstractions, but *never after did he issue any special work on political economy.*" In italicizing these words I but emulate the cruelty of the printer to the author in failing to obscure this falsehood with the rest. What are the facts in this matter? Marx's work appeared in 1847. During the seventeen years from 1848 to 1865 Proudhon published, besides many others, the following works: "Solution of the Social Problem," "Organization of Credit and Circulation," "The Bank of Exchange," "The Bank of the People," these four, gathered in one volume, constituting his chief constructive work in political economy; also "The Social Revolution," "The Right to Labor and the Right of Property," "The Tax on Incomes," "Confessions of a Revolutionist," "General Idea of the Revolution of the Nineteenth Century," "Theory of Taxation," "Literary Property-Titles," "Justice According to the Revolution and According to the Church," and his discussion with Bastiat on interest. Some of these works deal exclusively with political economy, and all deal very largely with it. The line of thought begun in "What is Property?" and continued in the "Economical Contradictions" is followed out and concluded in these. Marx's criticism did not turn him a hair from his course. He went ahead tirelessly to the day of his death, paying no heed whatever to the German State Socialist. And that is just what troubles the latter's followers. They cannot answer Proudhon; they will not accept him; they must lie about him. But they should lie more shrewdly.

WENDELL PHILLIPS'S GRAVE.

A ragged urchin, half a score years old,
In Boston stood, accordeon in hand,
Beside that spot beneath whose grave-yard mold
In silence lay a patriotic band:
The humble heroes who with sword and gun
Opened the struggle that our fathers won.

The cold, bleak wind of a December eve
In angry gusts blew 'long the drifted street,
Where few of Fashion's throng paused to relieve
The want that did melodiously entreat,
As e'er anew he strove, with childish art,
In time-worn tunes to reach some friendly heart.

No other tale of sorrow or distress
He told, as there he stood with Poverty
Holding his instrument in soft caress,
Then flowed forth in his strains of melody.
Behind him cold and silent lay the dead;
Before him Christian Levites onward sped.

Beyond the railing lay 'neath sculptured stone
The men whose fame is wrought in Church and State;
Before the railing one of flesh and bone,
A waif of misery, the sport of fate.
On one side — nobles of a well-born race;
The other — driftwood of the populace!

But one who, gazing through the falling veil
Of gloom that twilight o'er the church-yard drew
To shroud the famous dead beyond the rail,
Upon whose tombs the length'ning shadows grew,
Musing with sadness on the strange contrast,
In softened tones addressed the poor outcast.

"My little man," he asked, "canst tell me where
Within the grave of Wendell Phillips lies?"
A bright'ning smile stole o'er the face of care
And animation beamed forth from his eyes;
He seemed transformed, his youthful bosom swelled,
As if the name had care and want dispelled.

"Right here, sir," answered he, "close where I stand;
It is the only one there that I know."
Hear this, ye dead that Church and State term grand!
Ye living statesmen, bow your foreheads low!
The greater liberty which Phillips sought
By outcast hearts and hands may yet be wrought!

O Phillips! Though no monumental shaft
May mark the spot where thou art laid to rest,
Thy name within the people's heart ingraft
Far more than sculptor's art thy fame attest.
No stone need rise beside that busy mart;
Thou hast thy urn in every lowly heart.

Contrast! O whisper not the slavish thought!
The soul that glowed beneath that ragged breast
Had bridged the chasm, and from thy soul had caught
The love that gave thy eloquence such zest;
And sweeter far that childish requiem
Than stately pomp or priest-blessed diadem.

Dyer D. Lum.

A Nihilist Wife.

The following is the closing portion of a letter from the Paris correspondent of the New York "Tribune," written in view of the report that the new French administration intended to grant an amnesty in behalf of Prince Kropotkine and the other Anarchistic prisoners:

I never saw heroism in so lovable a form as in the Princess Kropotkine. I don't know what her age is. But she might be a girl in her teens, or five-and-twenty. She has the rosebud freshness of youth, the bright, soft eyes of an affectionate and high-bred dog, with splendid gleams of human intellect and soul. The upper part of her face is broad and the under narrow and refined, although her mouth, when she laughs, is wide. But she has a dazzling set of teeth to show, and her lips, when in repose, are beautifully modelled and fresh as newly-blown roses. Her forehead also, by its breadth, height, and whiteness, brightens up her face. She seems to have the simplicity of a little child. Nobody to look at the pretty face as mantling blushes suffuse it would think that she escapes from the irksome weight of loneliness by plunging into the study of chemistry, mathematics, electricity, botany, and other sciences. She has resided in a poor lodging at Clairvaux in its only hotel since her husband was incarcerated in the prison there. Her voice is very sweet and her accent slightly languid. She never seems excited even when her heart is brimming over with grief. It has been her happy privilege within the last year to pay a daily visit in the parlor of the jail to Prince Kropotkine.

One day he came there with not a tooth in the front of his mouth. They had fallen out. His gums were so scorbutic from damp, want of air and exercise that they fell out as he was eating a piece of bread. He writes scientific articles for "Nature" and other journals, and she has been allowed to take them out of prison after the Governor read them. His heart being affected and blood decomposed, he is dropsical.

I believe the marriage of Prince and Princess Kropotkine is a Nihilist one. She has always been rather his disciple than his wife. Her tender admiration for him and devotion to him are boundless. Clairvaux is a day's journey from Paris, and she has no society there. I asked her one evening whether her solitude weighed upon her. "No. I study so hard that I do not feel the time passing. The Prince's moral elevation is so great that I can hardly pity him, although I see him falling to pieces. What weighs on me is the idea that, relatively to hundreds who are suffering for the cause of humanity, we are in great comfort and not shut out from human sympathy."

The Princess Kropotkine is descended from the mother of that Princess Troubetskoy who volunteered to spend the greater part of a long married life in exile in Siberia with her husband. As Czarism is now pretty much what it was in the time of Nicholas, her story will be read with interest. The Princess Troubetskoy in question was also ancestress of the late Princess Orloff. Her husband, perceiving and disliking the stern temper and unrelenting will of Nicholas, joined in the Strelitzes' revolt, the object of which was to break a family agreement in virtue of which Constantine the Second, brother of Alexander I. and rightful heir, was set aside. This revolt was put down ruthlessly. Troubetskoy was condemned to fourteen years in the mines and to pass the rest of his life in Siberia. His wife determined to go with him. It was her duty, and she would be happier in sharing his misery than in remaining behind him. Therefore she obtained an authorization to be buried alive with the much-loved convict. He walked from the Russian capital with a gang of fellow-prisoners, and she jolted over rough roads in a springless tetiga. At the end of seven years of underground life she wrote to St. Petersburg to crave leave to send her little children there to be educated. When her letter was placed at the feet of the autocrat, he said that the children of galley slaves did not need a distinguished education. At the end of seven other years the Prince was taken from the depths where he and his family had lived, but relegated to a far-off and obscure Siberian station where they were more wretched than before. In the mines they had fellows in misfortune who had common remembrances of happier times. They were warm in their burrow in winter, they were pitied, and had medical assistance. But in the marshy moor to which they were afterward sent there was scarcely an inhabitant, and wolves and bears infested the birch woods around. The children, it was feared, would become savages. Their noble mother resolved to kiss the rod and humble herself before the Emperor. An attack of smallpox, from which they all suffered, braced up her resolution. So she implored to be removed to a station where there were a doctor and a schoolmaster. The neighborhoods of Tobolsk, Irkutsk, and Orenburg were suggested. The appeal of the Princess to Imperial clemency thus ended: "I have been plunged in the deepest misfortune. And yet, if I had the option a second time of leading a pleasant life at St. Petersburg or of following my husband to Siberia, I should elect to come here." What did the Czar say? "The Princess was never exiled, and is free to come back. But her children were born on the Siberian side of the Ural Mountains, and in Siberia they stay."

The state of things he thus created generated the bomb which blew up his son Alexander II. Before I saw the Princess Kropotkine I realized with difficulty the unyielding heroism in combination with womanly softness and almost childish grace which I heard were characteristics of her great-grandmother.

A LETTER TO GROVER CLEVELAND:

ON

His False, Absurd, Self-Contradictory, and Ridiculous Inaugural Address.

By LYSANDER SPOONER.

SECTION I.

To Grover Cleveland:

SIR,—Your inaugural address is probably as honest, sensible, and consistent a one as that of any president within the last fifty years, or, perhaps, as any since the foundation of the government. If, therefore, it is false, absurd, self-contradictory, and ridiculous, it is not (as I think) because you are personally less honest, sensible, or consistent than your predecessors, but because the government itself—according to your own description of it, and according to the practical administration of it for nearly a hundred years—is an utterly and palpably false, absurd, and criminal one. Such praises as you bestow upon it are, therefore, necessarily false, absurd, and ridiculous.

Thus you describe it as "a government pledged to do equal and exact justice to all men."

Did you stop to think what that means? Evidently you did not; for nearly, or quite, all the rest of your address is in direct contradiction to it.

Let me then remind you that justice is an immutable, natural principle; and not anything that can be made, unmade, or altered by any human power.

It is also a subject of science, and is to be learned, like mathematics, or any other science. It does not derive its authority from the commands, will, pleasure, or discretion of any possible combination of men, whether calling themselves a government, or by any other name.

It is also, at all times, and in all places, the supreme law. And being everywhere and always the supreme law, it is necessarily everywhere and always the only law.

Lawmakers, as they call themselves, can add nothing to it, nor take anything from it. Therefore all their laws, as they call them,—that is, all the laws of their own making,—have no color of authority or obligation. It is a falsehood to call them laws; for there is nothing in them that either creates men's duties or rights, or enlightens them as to their duties or rights. There is consequently nothing binding or obligatory about them. And nobody is bound to take the least notice of them, unless it be to trample them under foot, as usurpations. If they command men to do justice, they add nothing to men's obligation to do it, or to any man's right to enforce it. They are therefore mere idle wind, such as would be commands to consider the day as day, and the night as night. If they command or license any man to do injustice, they are criminal on their face. If they command any man to do anything which justice does not require him to do, they are simple, naked usurpations and tyrannies. If they forbid any man to do anything, which justice would permit him to do, they are criminal invasions of his natural and rightful liberty. In whatever light, therefore, they are viewed, they are utterly destitute of everything like authority or obligation. They are all necessarily either the impudent, fraudulent, and criminal usurpations of tyrants, robbers, and murderers, or the senseless work of ignorant or thoughtless men, who do not know, or certainly do not realize, what they are doing.

This science of justice, or natural law, is the only science that tells us what are, and what are not, each man's natural, inherent, inalienable, *individual* rights, as against any and all other men. And to say that any, or all, other men may rightfully compel him to obey any or all such other laws as they may see fit to *make*, is to say that he has no rights of his own, but is their subject, their property, and their slave.

For the reasons now given, the simple maintenance of justice, or natural law, is plainly the one only purpose for which any coercive power—or anything bearing the name of government—has a right to exist.

It is intrinsically just as false, absurd, ludicrous, and ridiculous to say that lawmakers, so-called, can invent and make any laws, *of their own*, authoritatively fixing, or declaring, the rights of individuals, or that shall be in any manner authoritative or obligatory upon individuals, or that individuals may rightfully be compelled to obey, as it would be to say that they can invent and make such mathematics, chemistry, physiology, or other sciences, as they see fit, and rightfully compel individuals to conform all their actions to them, instead of conforming them to the mathematics, chemistry, physiology, or other sciences of nature.

Lawmakers, as they call themselves, might just as well claim the right to abolish, by statute, the natural law of gravitation, the natural laws of light, heat, and electricity, and all the other natural laws of matter and mind, and institute laws of their own in the place of them, and compel conformity to them, as to claim the right to set aside the natural law of justice, and compel obedience to such other laws as they may see fit to manufacture, and set up in its stead.

Let me now ask you how you imagine that your so-called lawmakers can "do equal and exact justice to all men," by any so-called laws of their own making. If their laws command anything but justice, or forbid anything but injustice, they are themselves unjust and criminal. If they simply command justice, and forbid injustice, they add nothing to the natural authority of justice, or to men's obligation to obey it. It is, therefore, a simple impertinence, and sheer impudence, on their part, to assume that *their* commands, *as such*, are of any authority whatever. It is also sheer impudence, on their part, to assume that their commands are at all necessary to teach other men what is, and what is not, justice. The science of justice is as open to be learned by all other men, as by themselves; and it is, in general, so simple and easy to be learned, that there is no need of, and no place for, any man, or body of men, to teach it, declare it, or command it, on their own authority.

For one, or another, of these reasons, therefore, each and every law, so-called, that forty-eight different congresses have presumed to make, within the last ninety-six years, have been utterly destitute of all legitimate authority. That is to say, they have either been criminal, as commanding or licensing men to do what justice forbade them to do, or as forbidding them to do what justice would have permitted them to do; or else they have been superfluous, as adding nothing to men's knowledge of justice, or to their obligation to do justice, or abstain from injustice.

What excuse, then, have you for attempting to enforce upon the people that great mass of superfluous or criminal laws (so-called) which ignorant and foolish, or impudent and criminal, men have, for so many years, been manufacturing, and promulgating, and enforcing, in violation of justice, and of all men's natural, inherent, and inalienable rights?

SECTION II.

Perhaps you will say that there is no such science as that of justice. If you do say this, by what right, or on what reason, do you proclaim your intention "to do equal and exact justice to all men"? If there is no science of justice, how do you know that there is any such principle as justice? Or how do you know what is, and what is not, justice? If there is no science of justice,—such as the people can learn and understand for themselves,—why do you say anything about justice *to them?* Or why do you promise *them* any such thing as "equal and exact justice," if they do not know, and are incapable of learning, what justice is? Do you use this phrase to deceive those whom you look upon as being so ignorant, so destitute of reason, as to be deceived by idle, unmeaning words? If you do not, you are plainly bound to let us all know what you do mean, by doing "equal and exact justice to all men."

I can assure you, sir, that a very large portion of the people of this country do not believe that the government is doing "equal and exact justice to all men." And some persons are earnestly promulgating the idea that the government is not attempting to do, and has no intention of doing, anything like "equal and exact justice to all men"; that, on the contrary, it is knowingly, deliberately, and wilfully doing an incalculable amount of injustice; that it has always been doing this in the past, and that it has no intention of doing anything else in the future; that it is a mere tool in the hands of a few ambitious, rapacious, and unprincipled men; that its purpose, in doing all this injustice, is to keep—so far as they can without driving the people to rebellion—all wealth, and all political power, in as few hands as possible; and that this injustice is the direct cause of all the widespread poverty, ignorance, and servitude among the great body of the people.

Now, Sir, I wish I could hope that you would do something to show that you are not a party to any such scheme as that; something to show that you are neither corrupt enough, nor blind enough, nor coward enough, to be made use of for any such purpose as that; something to show that when you profess your intention "to do equal and exact justice to all men," you attach some real and definite meaning to your words. Until you do that, is it not plain that the people have a right to consider you a tyrant, and the confederate and tool of tyrants, and to get rid of you as unceremoniously as they would of any other tyrant?

SECTION III.

Sir, if any government is to be a rational, consistent, and honest one, it must evidently be based on some fundamental, immutable, eternal principle; such as every man may reasonably agree to, and such as every man may rightfully be compelled to abide by, and obey. And the whole power of the government must be limited to the maintenance of that single principle. And that one principle is justice. There is no other principle that any man can rightfully enforce upon others, or ought to consent to have enforced against himself. Every man claims the protection of this principle for himself, whether he is willing to accord it to others, or not. Yet such is the inconsistency of human nature, that some men—in fact, many men—who will risk their lives for this principle, when their own liberty or property is at stake, will violate it in the most flagrant manner, if they can thereby obtain arbitrary power over the persons or property of others. We have seen this fact illustrated in this country, through its whole history—especially during the last hundred years—and in the case of many of the most conspicuous persons. And their example and influence have been employed to pervert the whole character of the government. It is against such men, that all others, who desire nothing but justice for themselves, and are willing to unite to secure it for all others, must combine, if we are ever to have justice established for any.

SECTION IV.

It is self-evident that no number of men, by conspiring, and calling themselves a government, can acquire any rights whatever over other men, or other men's property, which they had not before, as individuals. And whenever any number of men, calling themselves a government, do anything to another man, or to his property, which they had no right to do as individuals, they thereby declare themselves trespassers, robbers, or murderers, according to the nature of their acts.

Men, *as individuals*, may rightfully *compel* each other to obey this one law of justice. And it is the only law which any man can rightfully be compelled, *by his fellow men*, to obey. All other laws, it is optional with each man to obey, or not, as he may choose. But this one law of justice he may rightfully be compelled to obey; and all the force that is reasonably necessary to compel him, may rightfully be used against him.

But the right of every man to do anything, and everything, *which justice does not forbid him to do*, is a natural, inherent, inalienable right. It is his right, as against any and all other men, whether they be many, or few. It is a right indispensable to every man's highest happiness; and to every man's power of judging and determining for himself what will, and what will not, promote his happiness. Any restriction upon the exercise of this right is a restriction upon his rightful power of providing for, and accomplishing, his own well-being.

Sir, these natural, inherent, inalienable, *individual* rights are sacred things. *They are the only human rights.* They are the only rights by which any man can protect his own property, liberty, or life against any one who may be disposed to take it away. Consequently they are not things that any set of either blockheads or villains, calling themselves a government, can rightfully take into their own hands, and dispose of at their pleasure, as they have been accustomed to do in this, and in nearly or quite all other countries.

SECTION V.

Sir, I repeat that individual rights are the only human rights. *Legally speaking*, there are no such things as "*public rights*," as distinguished from individual rights. *Legally speaking*, there is no such creature or thing as "*the public*." The term "the public" is an utterly vague and indefinite one, applied arbitrarily and at random to a greater or less number of individuals, each and every one of whom have their own separate, individual rights, *and none others*. And the protection of these separate, *individual* rights is the one only legitimate purpose, for which anything in the nature of a governing, or coercive, power has a right to exist. And these separate, individual rights all rest upon, and can be ascertained only by, the one science of justice.

Legally speaking, the term "public *rights*" is as vague and indefinite as are the terms "public *health*," "public *good*," "public *welfare*," and the like. It has no legal meaning, except when used to describe the separate, private, *individual* rights of a greater or less number of individuals.

In so far as the separate, private, natural rights of *individuals* are secured, in just so far, and no farther, are the "public rights" secured. In so far as the separate, private, natural rights of *individuals* are disregarded or violated, in just so far are "public rights" disregarded or violated. Therefore all the pretences of so-called lawmakers, that they are protecting "public rights," by violating private rights, are sheer and utter contradictions and frauds. They are just as false and absurd as it would be to say that they are protecting the public *health*, by arbitrarily poisoning and destroying the health of single individuals.

The pretences of the lawmakers, that they are promoting the "public *good*," by violating individual "*rights*," is just as false and absurd as is the pretence that they are protecting "public *rights*" by violating "private rights." Sir, the greatest "public *good*," of which any coercive power, calling itself a government, or by any other name, is capable, is the protection of each and every individual in the quiet and peaceful enjoyment and exercise of *all* his own natural, inherent, inalienable, *individual* "rights." This is a "good" that comes home to each and every individual, of whom "the public" is composed. It is also a "good," which each and every one of these individuals, composing "the public," can appreciate. It is a "good," for the loss of which governments can make no compensation whatever. *It is a universal and impartial "good,"* of the highest importance to each and every human being; and not any such vague, false, and criminal thing as the lawmakers — when violating private rights — tell us they are trying to accomplish, under the name of "the public good." It is also the only "equal and exact justice," which you, or anybody else, are capable of securing, or have any occasion to secure, to any human being. Let but this "equal and exact justice" be secured "to all men," and they will then be abundantly able to take care of themselves, and secure their own highest "good." Or if any one should ever chance to need anything more than this, he may safely trust to the voluntary kindness of his fellow men to supply it.

It is one of those things not easily accounted for, that men who would scorn to do an injustice to a fellow man, in a private transaction, — who would scorn to usurp any arbitrary dominion over him, or his property, — who would be in the highest degree indignant, if charged with any private injustice, — and who, at a moment's warning, would take their lives in their hands, to defend their own rights, and redress their own wrongs, — will, the moment they become members of what they call a government, assume that they are absolved from all principles and all obligations that were imperative upon them, as individuals; will assume that they are invested with a right of arbitrary and irresponsible dominion over other men, and other men's property. Yet they are doing this continually. And all the laws they *make* are based upon the assumption that they have now become invested with rights that are more than human, and that those, on whom their laws are to operate, have lost even their human rights. They seem to be utterly blind to the fact, that the only reason there can be for their existence as a government, is that they may protect those very "rights," which they before scrupulously respected, but which they now unscrupulously trample upon.

To be continued.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

A ROMANCE.

By N. G. TCHERNYCHEWSKY.
Translated by Benj. R. Tucker.

Continued from No. 62.

"You knew what he intended to do and did not stop him?"

"I asked you to be calm, as the result of my visit was to be consoling. No, I did not stop him, for his mind was thoroughly made up, as you shall see for yourself. As I began to say, he it was who asked me to spend this evening with you, and, knowing that you would be in sorrow, he entrusted me with a commission for you. He chose me as his agent because he knew me to be a man who carries out with perfect exactness the instructions that are given him, and cannot be turned aside by any sentiment or any prayer. He foresaw that you would beg me to violate his will, and he hoped that I would carry it out without being moved by your prayers. So I shall, and I beg you to ask no concession of me. This commission is as follows. In going away to 'quit the scene' " . . . . .

"My God, what has he done! Why did you not restrain him?"

"Examine this expression, 'quit the scene,' and do not blame me prematurely. He used this expression in the note that you received, did he not? Well, we will adopt the same expression, for it is very happily chosen and expresses the idea exactly."

Véra Pavlovna became more and more perplexed; she said to herself: "What does it mean? What must I think?"

Rakhmétoff, with all the apparent absurdity of his circumstantial method of explanation, managed the affair in a masterly way. He was a great psychologist, and knew how to proceed gradually.

"So, in going away, with a view to quitting the scene, to use his accurate expression, he left with me a note for you" . . . . .

Véra Pavlovna rose abruptly.

"Where is it? Give it to me! And you could stay here all day without delivering it to me?"

"I could because it was necessary. You will soon understand my reasons. They are well-founded. But first I must explain to you the expression that I employed just now: 'the result will be consoling.' By the consoling nature of the result I did not mean the receipt of this note, and that for two reasons, the first of which is this: in the fact of the receipt of this note there would not have been sufficient relief, you see, to deserve the name of consolation; to give consolation something more is necessary. So the consolation must be found in the contents of the note."

Véra Pavlovna rose again.

"Calm yourself; I do not say that you are mistaken. Having prepossessed you concerning the contents of the note, let me tell you the second reason why I could not mean by the 'consoling nature of the result' the fact of the receipt of the note, but its contents rather. These contents, on the character of which we have settled, are so important that I cannot give them to you, but can only show them to you."

"What! You will not give them to me?"

"No. That is precisely why he chose me, for anybody else in my place would have given them to you. The note cannot remain in your hands because, considering the extreme importance of its contents, on the character of which we have settled, it must not remain in the hands of any one. Now, if I should give it to you, you would wish to keep it. So, not to be obliged to take it away from you again by force, I shall not give it to you, but shall only show it to you. But I shall not show it to you until you have sat down, placed your hands upon your knees, and given me your word not to raise them."

If any stranger had been there, however susceptible his heart, he could not have helped laughing at the solemnity of this procedure and especially at the quasi-religious ceremonies of this climax. It is comical, I confess, but it would be very good for our nerves if, in communicating news calculated to produce a strong impression, we knew how to observe toward each other even a tenth part of Rakhmétoff's processes.

But Véra Pavlovna, not being a stranger, could feel only the oppressive side of this delay; she even assumed an expression no less laughable when, being seated and having precipitately and submissively placed her hands upon her knees, she cried, in the pleasantest voice, — that is, a voice of painful impatience: "I swear it!"

Rakhmétoff placed on the table a sheet of letter-paper, on which were written ten or twelve lines.

Scarcely had Véra Pavlovna cast a glance at it when, forgetting her oath, she rose impetuously to seize the note, which was already far off in Rakhmétoff's lifted hand.

"I foresaw that, and for that reason, as you would have noticed had you been in a condition to notice anything, my hand did not leave the note. Therefore I will continue to hold this sheet by the corner as long as it remains on the table. This will make all your attempts useless."

Véra Pavlovna sat down again and replaced her hands. Rakhmétoff again placed the note under her eyes. She read it over twenty times with emotion. Rakhmétoff stood with much patience beside her chair, holding the corner of the sheet with his hand. A quarter of an hour passed thus. Finally Véra Pavlovna raised her hand slowly, evidently without bad intentions, and hid her eyes.

"How good he is! how good he is!" said she.

"I am not quite of your opinion, and you shall know why. This will be no part of his commission, but only the expression of my opinion, which I gave to him too at our last interview. My commission consisted only in this, — to show you this note and then burn it. Have you looked at it enough?"

"Again, again!"

She folded her hands anew, he replaced the note, and with the same patience stood in the position already described a good quarter of an hour longer. Again she hid her face in her hands and repeated: "Oh! how good he is, how good he is!"

"You have studied this note as closely as you could. If you were in a calmer frame of mind, not only would you know it by heart, but the very form of each letter would be stamped for ever in your memory, so long and attentively have you looked at it. But in your present state of agitation the laws of memory do not exist, and memory may prove false to you. In view of this possibility I have made a copy of the note; this copy you can always see at my house whenever you like. Sometime I may even find it possible to give it to you. Now I think it is time to burn the original, and then my commission will be completed."

"Show it to me once more."

He again placed the note on the table. This time Véra Pavlovna repeatedly raised her eyes from the paper: it was plain that she had learned the note by heart and was verifying her remembrance of it. A few minutes afterwards she gave a deep sigh, and stopped lifting her eyes from the note.

"Now, that is enough, it seems to me. It is time. It is midnight already, and I have yet to give you my thoughts about this matter, for I deem it useful that you should know my opinion. Do you consent?"

"Yes."

On the instant the note was ablaze in the flame of the candle.

"Ah!" cried Véra Pavlovna, "that is not what I said. Why" . . . . .

"Yes, you only said that you consented to listen to me. But sooner or later I should have had to burn it."

Saying these words, Rakhmétoff sat down.

"Besides, the copy of the note remains. Now, Véra Pavlovna, I am going to give you my opinion of the affair. I will begin with you. You are going away. Why?"

"It would be very painful for me to stay here. The sight of places which would recall the past would make me very unhappy."

"Yes, that is a very disagreeable feeling. But do you believe that life would be much less painful to you anywhere else? Very little less, in any case. And yet what do you do? To secure yourself a slight relief, you hazard the destiny of fifty individuals dependent upon you. Is it well to do that?"

What has become of the tiresome solemnity of Rakhmétoff's tone? He speaks in a spirited, natural, simple, brief, and animated way.

"That is true, but I have asked Madame Mertzaloff" . . . .

"You do not know whether she will be in a position to replace you in the shop; her capacity is not yet proven. Now, this is a matter which calls for a person of more than ordinary capacity. The chances are ten against one that no one would be found to replace you and that your departure would ruin the shop. Is that well? You expose fifty persons to almost certain, almost inevitable ruin. And for what reason? To secure a little comfort for yourself. Is that well? What an eager tenderness for one's own trivial relief, and what an insensibility to the fate of others! How does this view of your course please you?"

"Why did you not restrain me?"

"You would not have listened to me. And, besides, I knew that you would come back soon; consequently the matter was not important. You see that you are in the wrong."

"Completely," said Véra Pavlovna, partly in jest and partly in earnest, — almost wholly in earnest, in fact.

"No, that is but one side of your crime. 'Completely' involves much more. But for your repentance you shall receive a reward: I am going to aid you to repair another crime, which it is not yet too late to correct. Are you calm now, Véra Pavlovna?"

"Yes, almost calm."

"Good! Do you need Macha for anything?"

"Certainly not."

"And yet you are already calm; you ought, then, to have remembered that it was time to tell her to go to bed, — it is already past midnight, — especially as she has to rise early. Who should have thought of this, you or I? I will tell her that she may sleep. And at the same time for this fresh repentance — for you do repent — here is a new reward; I will see what there is for supper. You have not eaten today, and you must have an appetite."

"It is true, and a keen one; I felt it as soon as you reminded me of it," said Véra Pavlovna, laughing this time.

Rakhmétoff brought the remains of the dinner. Macha had shown him the cheese and a pot of mushrooms, which made them a good supper enough; he brought two knives and forks, and, in short, did everything himself.

"See, Rakhmétoff, how eagerly I eat; that means that I was hungry; and yet I did not feel it; it was not Macha alone that I forgot; I am not, you see, so malicious a criminal."

"Nor am I so very attentive to others; I reminded you of your appetite because I too wanted to eat, for I did not dine very well, though I ate more than another

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BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
A. P. KELLY, - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

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"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.

"Individualist Visionaries."

In the "Freiheit" of May 9 Herr Johann Most pays his respects to those Anarchists who, he says, have for forty years been still groping in the A B C of Proudhonic Anarchism, and who can only claim Liberty as their remaining advocate and exponent. Under the head of "Individualist Visionaries" he devotes three columns in response to an article which lately bore upon him in this paper.

Herr Most says that the points quoted from his article by me were garbled, and so arranged as to place him in a false light. The main point quoted, beside which the others were simply incidental, appears in the following paragraph:

Hinsichtlich des Wortes "Kontrakt" muss man jedoch einem Missverständnisse vorbeugen. Proudhon, der an den freien Willen glaubte, verstand unter diesem Worte einen willkürlichen Kontrakt, einen Kontrakt, den man nach Belieben in Zweck und Form abändern kann. Ein solcher Gedanke liegt uns fern!

The literal English of the above is:

Respecting the word "Contract" one misunderstanding must, however, be avoided. Proudhon, who believed in freedom of the will, understood by this word a voluntary contract, —a contract which at one's option can be altered in purpose and form. Such a thought is far from us.

A contract must either be voluntary or involuntary. If a voluntary contract is far from Herr Most's thought, what kind of a contract does he contemplate? He says that every man is bound to enter into some form of communitarian contract in spite of himself, for the very law of his nature compels him to. His vaunted will is a mere plaything in this matter. But if the will is so insignificant and contemptible a factor in this matter, why does he propose to stand guard over it, lest it should presume to alter a contract in purpose and form?

Herr Most evidently regards the will of the lion as trifling when it is being baited into his frail house by the prospect of a shank of beef. But when the cheated beast finds nothing but dry bones, and proposes to get out by the door he has kindly closed, the will assumes a formidable significance, though to recognize it is farthest from his thought. He is of course driven back upon the issue of whether he or the lion can summon the most brute force.

To my pointed question, as to whether the Communistic Anarchists propose to let me severely alone, provided I decline to take any part in their schemes, but choose to paddle my own canoe, at my own cost, Herr Most cries vehemently, JA! and avers that never again can it be said that he dodges or equivocates in this matter.

But, alas! under what circumstances am I to be let alone, after Herr Most's communistic cohorts have got through with me? I am to be let alone as the mountaineer is let alone, who, after having his home levelled down, his pockets and provender robbed, and himself stripped naked, is left alone to try conclusions with the rugged blasts and eternal snows. I am to be let alone as the highwayman lets his victim alone, after nothing is left but nakedness and defencelessness.

Lest I do Herr Most injustice, let me quote consecutively from his pamphlet, "Die Eigenthums-Bestie" (The Property Beast), as to what condition I shall find myself in when he gets ready to let me severely alone. After arranging his revolutionary forces and arming them so savagely "that they shall wield a power like unto a new conqueror of the world," Herr Most then describes the business which he expects them to execute as follows:

The existing system will be quickest and most radically overthrown by the annihilation of its exponents. Therefore, massacres of the enemies of the people must be set in motion. All free communes must to this end form an offensive and defensive alliance. Each revolutionary society must besiege the districts surrounding it; and the war must not cease till the enemy (the property beast) be driven to the wall and exterminated.

In order to prosecute the work on hand promptly and effectually on the economic side, all land holdings and movable capital will be confiscated, and declared property of the Commune. Things will be most readily readjusted through the following steps.

Every floating debt is to be wiped out. Things pawned or mortgaged are to be returned. No rents will be collected. Local committees in different districts will furnish those without dwellings with suitable tenements, of which there will be plenty after the sweeping out of the old occupants.

So long as one is without employment, he will be furnished with such needful things as are guaranteed by the Commune. Commissaries will attend to this. They will facilitate their duties by sending out foraging scouts into the surrounding country to clean out the property of the enemy.

The preparation of food and other necessities can be managed by the communal association of workingmen.

Organization of the workingmen, and the giving over of factories, tools, raw material, *etc.*, for communal operation of the same, will lay the foundations of the new social order.

The Commune will (at least for present purposes) be called upon to provide for consumption. It will therefore make contracts with the different groups for supplies, and advance them money, which may be devoted to the erection of the contemplated communal warehouses, through which the old money system is to be banished.

Schools, Kindergartens, and other educational institutions are to be built. In all churches (clergymen of course are banished) only the gospel of truth and knowledge is to be proclaimed. The press will everywhere be set in motion, in order to scatter books, papers, and pamphlets among the benighted.

All law-books, all criminal and police enactments, all registers of deeds, mortgages, and certificates of value of every kind will be consigned to the flames.

Such is to be the fate of "the property beast," after Herr Most gets his dogs of war marshalled and lets them loose upon society. Now, perchance I, as an "Individualist Visionary," may happen to be personally occupying, cultivating, and using forty acres of land, upon which I have built a home, a barn, and bought tools, domestic animals, and all the accompaniments of an individual domain. Certainly, no human possession can be more sacred and inviolable than this; for the title resides in that most eminent of all rights, personal occupation and cultivation.

But, being spotted as a "property beast," I am some morning torn from my bed and cleaned out, to make room for one of Herr Most's elect. My barn, my cattle, my money, my clothes, and all I have, are declared the property of the Commune. Yea, even I myself have been marked for annihilation. I stand naked, alone, and defenceless. In this predicament Herr Most is willing to let me alone if I do not wish to go down and join the Commune. Oh, ye gods! is not this kindness itself? As I once heard a free thinker say to an orthodox evangelist:—"I'll be damned if I do; I'll be damned if I don't; but I'm bound to be damned anyway, if I insist upon liberty." Cruel irony of fate, this!

When I reflect on the enormity of fanaticism involved in Most's schemes, I feel almost ashamed to treat them above contempt. Yet I believe these people are sincere, and deserve charity. They are impetuous creatures, whom the abominable oppressions of the existing State have fostered. They gall and chafe under persecution and insolent tyranny seated in power. They cannot wait for evolution; they demand revolution, and will have these beasts of tyranny and robbery quickly out of the way. So they invent a patent machine, and in their haste to see it set in motion forget the sacredness of individual right, and color their dreams of near success with blood and cruelty. None the less, however, does it behoove these beasts of tyranny who now arrogantly rule society to remember that they alone are responsible for Most and his methods.

I have thus attempted to reply to Herr Most, fairly and temperately. I repeat that these Communists are not Anarchists, but, when crowded back upon their basic resources, are at war with Liberty, whose very incarnation true Anarchy is. It is doubtless idle to reason with them. They will run their course, but will ultimately get back to the basic principles of true social order:—Individual Sovereignty, equipoised by the Cost Principle,—Liberty, incarnate in Anarchy. X.

Placing Responsibility.

The discussions on the new charter for the city of Boston developed opinions which, taken as a sign of this time, it will be well to note. For instance, one member of the House related his experience on some board of education or charity, where the one whose business it was to act in certain directions, did so always under dictation of the majority, and so was always able to shirk the responsibility of any business that miscarried or went wrong. Such a state of affairs the member thought disastrous, demoralizing, and contrary to the genius of free institutions. In a word, he did not see but a Republic so conducted was the foe rather than the friend of the people. For, if any principle could be established beyond peradventure, it was that *individual freedom and responsibility* went hand in hand. So he favored the new charter giving the mayor large increase of power, in order that in all cases when he would be virtually held responsible he should be the sole directing agent. He should be a free man clothed with authority. The idea seemed to produce a favorable impression. Others were of the opinion that a man, to assume responsibility for his deeds, must not be subject to whatever outward authority. He must find his urgent command in reason and justice as he was able to comprehend them. He must be able to say: "I think so, I act so; mine be the responsibility." Thus the saying of Louis XIV., "I am the State," in ways he did not dream of, touched liberty at a nearer point than does our modern belief that "The State is the majority, no one of whom can be caught or is responsible." Let civilization unfold the truth that every man is the "State," just as Swedenborg proclaimed every soul to be a church. As church, he is his own pope, priest, or bishop; as State, he is sovereign, chief magistrate, lawgiver. This is the quality of his freedom,—that it imposes upon him full responsibility.

Of course the legislators on Beacon hill have no realizing sense of the peril they invoke on their own heads by the endorsement of such doctrines. Their function to "make laws" for other people is at once discredited by the fact that their whole business is an invasion of the liberty and responsibility of sovereign citizens. It is just as important that John Smith or James Henry should be protected against majority dictation as it can possibly be for Boston's mayor,—that is, if it is important that society should be the expression of freemen responsible for their own acts.

This doctrine, so old, is yet so new or unfamiliar to the majority of even the so-called scholars, philosophers, ministers, statesmen, of the Republic, that they listen to its announcement with wonder, and, shaking their heads, do not understand how otherwise rational minds can entertain it. They can understand freedom applied to religion, but what America could do without the all-powerful despotic State they cannot conceive. In other words, they have no faith in Liberty. They believe only in masquerading, in shamming. They are as thoroughly wedded to the idea of despotic government as a divine system as the czar of all the Russias. Liberty in America has an impetus and headway which it cannot boast in Russia, but the foes it encounters are of the same pattern here as there. As a man the czar is no better and no worse than the majority of Americans. But he has the same "divine" distrust of Liberty that they have, and they have the same misgivings that he has.

Now and forever the first requisite for the success of any cause is faith in it. Not lip-service, words, protestations; but works! "Let your faith be seen in your works, to the glory of God," said the apostle. "To the glory of Liberty," say we in this particular case. For so only is illustrated what Liberty really is.

Now it seems a superfluous thing to say that a people professing to be the first in the world ought to give freedom a full and fair trial. Yet it is a saying to be repeated not only seven times a week, but seven times

a *day*; yea, seventy times seven. Americans have hardly begun to consider the question from the standpoint of absolute fact: What does freedom demand? Our boasted Revolution has not been a Revolution. "When," said Proudhon, "our ideas on any subject, material, intellectual, or social, undergo a thorough change in consequence of new observations, I call that movement of the mind *revolution*. If the ideas are simply extended or modified, there is only *progress*. Thus the system of Ptolemy was a step in astronomical progress, that of Copernicus was a revolution. So in 1789 there was struggle and progress; revolution there was none." To prove this statement he examines the reforms attempted, and asks: "What is monarchy? The sovereignty of one man. What is democracy? The sovereignty of the nation, or, rather, of the national majority. But it is, in both cases, the sovereignty of man instead of the sovereignty of the law, the sovereignty of the will instead of the sovereignty of the reason; in one word, the passions instead of justice."

But have we gained *nothing* either in France or America? Some one is sure to ask this question. Let Proudhon's answer suffice:—"Undoubtedly, when a nation passes from the monarchical to the democratic state, there is progress, because in multiplying the sovereigns we increase the opportunities of the reason to substitute itself for the will; but in reality there is no revolution in the government, since the principle remains the same. We have the proof today that with the most perfect democracy we cannot be free. . . . . I ask what has this pretended revolution revolutionized?"

What we are to understand by this is that Liberty requires, not progress, improvement in despotic methods, but the substitution therefor of her own method,—the method of Liberty for the method of force, compulsion.

That would be our Revolution accomplished.

But who has faith in the method of Liberty?

Few, very few; and yet the idea prevails, the confession in some form or other is heard in all civilized countries. Mr. Chamberlain, the cable reports, "attributes the pacific state of Ireland today, not to coercion, but to the land laws and the removal of deep-seated agrarian grievances." Indeed, the world, by manifold illustrations from day to day, owns up that force is abortive. Justice satisfies. Freedom, to the extent it prevails, quiets, reassures, establishes order. The art of governing others is not to govern, but to persuade them, stimulate them to govern themselves.

It is in this direction that education is now demanded.

In every way possible put Liberty on trial, and hold her accountable for order, peace, prosperity. Place in every case the responsibility of choice and decision back where it belongs, upon the free individual.

We have need daily to dismiss our fears, and believe that people as a rule will act wisely and well, if you give them a chance. If they can be allowed to learn by actual experience, they will find the demands of Liberty are a constant restraint upon all disturbance of the social harmony. H.

Lords and Crofters.

Lord MacDonald, or "Lord of the Isles," as he is called because of his extensive possessions among the islands of the northern coast of Scotland, has been making a tour of the world, and is on his way home through the United States. He stopped in Chicago, and gave a reporter some information on the crofter question. He said:

> The trouble is, you know, that there are too many crofters and not enough land. There are over one hundred thousand crofters, and Scotland is not a very large country, so they can't all have crofts or farms. Emigration would be a good thing—too many of them. They should dig out. These crofters are an improvident class. They spend everything they can get and save nothing. They are lazy, too. They might fish and make money, but they prefer to live on four pounds a year on these crofts rather than make more than a living by fishing.

A very simple matter, to the mind of the Lord of the Isles, for these indiscreetly numerous drudges to "dig out" and leave his game preserves in their present beautiful state of uncultivation. The poor Scots cannot all have farms, but it is not the lack of arable land in Scotland that prevents them. It is not that there are too many crofters,—there are too many Lords of the Isles, Lords of the hills, valleys, and glens. These Lords are a rapacious, spendthrift class. They spend everything they can get and earn nothing. They are lazy. They are robbers, too. They confiscate what the crofters produce and go idling about the world, spending in one day what would feed a crofter the year round. They might fish and be useful, but they prefer to live on several thousand pounds a year, taken from the crofters, than to earn an honest living by fishing. Let the Lord of the Isles and all other idlers take another view of life,—say, from the inside of a crofter's cabin,—and eat only what they earn, what they can "dig out" of arable land now used for preserving game, and this crofter question will speedily get itself settled. K.

A Novel Charge.

The editor of Liberty says that the liberal papers, among which the "Index" is mentioned, "and all the Free Religionists, agnostics, and materialists, and other infidels, so-called," although opposed to the ecclesiastical machine, "when asked to confront exactly the same situation in the political sphere, are stiff-necked Presbyterians, hard-shell Baptists, and straight-laced political orthodox of a very fanatical type. When I meet them, they politically invite me to rise for prayers, seek Jesus, and flee from the wrath to come." Whenever we have had a chance to refer to the anarchistic views of the editor of Liberty in his presence, instead of inviting him "to rise for prayers," etc., we have pointed out the absurdity of his notions, and asked him to meet certain objections, and to show any error in the reasoning which demonstrates that anarchism is a wild dream impossible of realization. On such occasions, his attitude has been as diffident as his spirit in the paragraph quoted from above is confident and courageous.

B. F. Underwood writes the above in the "Index" of June 11. The article from which he quotes was written, not by the editor of Liberty, but by one of his regular editorial contributors, and it appeared over the signature regularly used by that contributor in these columns. In attributing this article to me and making me a subject of criticism on account of it, Mr. Underwood commits the same offence against me that I should commit against his editorial associate, W. J. Potter, were I to attribute to Mr. Potter the article printed above and abuse him on account of it. If I should do such a thing knowingly, both Mr. Underwood and Mr. Potter would pronounce me a trickster. It seems to me altogether likely that Mr. Underwood, in committing this offence, knew what he was doing. There is no harm done in this case, because it happens that the words quoted by Mr. Underwood command my approval, and I am willing to be held responsible for them. But this does not excuse Mr. Underwood. I call attention to his course simply to show the devices of which this Free Religionist is capable,—devices quite in keeping with the political methods which he champions against Anarchism.

Concerning his charge that he has found me diffident in the defence of my opinions, I am struck chiefly by the novelty of it. So accustomed am I to hearing my opponents complain that in discussion with them I unduly lift my voice, show unwarrantable warmth, and assert my views with an emphasis bordering on the tone of authority that I had come to regard myself as a sort of fire-eater, whom it was dangerous to approach. Mr. Underwood's words relieve me. Still, I remember only one or two occasions on which Mr. Underwood ever approached me on the subject of Anarchism, and on these I do not remember in the least what he said. Whatever it was, it was said in a hall, after an adjourned public meeting, amid little knots of men all talking at once and as vociferously as possible. I have no fancy for discussion under such circumstances. Perhaps I showed this in my attitude, which Mr. Underwood may have mistaken for diffidence. Or perhaps I was overawed by the majesty of his presence and the display of that vast erudition of which he by implication so frequently boasts in lamenting the ignorance of such men as Michael Bakounine, Elisée Reclus, and Prince Kropotkine. Or perhaps I was influenced by a feeling that it is a waste of time to discuss with Mr. Underwood individually. I have but little confidence in his ability to see the truth on any new subject, and still less in his willingness. There is no ground for hope that he will ever be an Anarchist. But it is sometimes worth while to discuss publicly with a man on whom private discussion would be wasted, as it may furnish an opportunity for influencing other minds. Perhaps he would do well to try me again, but in public print. He will find plenty of material in Liberty that invites his criticism. He shall then see how diffident I am. T.

"Strange thing!" writes Henri Rochefort; "of the immense throng of disciples, followers, and admirers whom Victor Hugo has drawn into the whirlpool that raged around him, few really knew him." This fact is often paralleled; strikingly in our own Emerson's case. He numbers his worshippers by the million, but only here and there you find a man or woman who knows what seed he planted and what harvest it is developing. Thousands who shrink in horror from Anarchism read his essay on "Politics" with the utmost placidity and fancy they admire it, not knowing that in this and other essays is to be found one of the chief forces that gave Anarchism a foothold in America.

Confessions of a Convert.

To the Editors of Liberty:

Do you care to listen to the confessions of a convert? From my earliest boyhood the very name of freedom has thrilled my nerves like a drum-tap. My father was an abolitionist, and some of my first memories are of the stirring controversy of that time for freedom. I have always been a reformer, and lived as close to my ideals as circumstances would permit. Some two years ago my first copy of Liberty (sent by the editor, I presume) fell into my hands. It turned me upside down in no time. I resisted, of course. I had a superstitious reverence for the law; an undefined idea that the American Republic was the spirit of Liberty materialized; and a nebulous conviction that, if we only had strong enough legislation, and enough of it, we should soon realize the millennium. Therefore I turned my back on Anarchy. I would have none of it. But it had made its mark, and the "damned spot would not out." I attempted to compromise. I would construct an ideal republic with ideal laws. I tried it. It was a big job, a very big job, and the result did not seem quite satisfactory. I adopted Karl Heinzen's democracy and proportional representation. That was very pleasing, but unfortunately opened my eyes so wide, and so filled my lungs with free air, that I found myself more inclined toward Anarchy than ever before. I read Edgeworth's letters, and had a tilt at him in the "Radical Review." This led to a correspondence, and to his sending me—indefatigable propagandist that he is—an avalanche of Socialistic and Anarchistic papers. From an Anarchistic neighbor, too, one Evald Hammar, a Swede, I borrowed Liberty and various pamphlets. My breastworks yielded one by one. The still small voice of reason, and the panting of my inherited instincts for perfect liberty, had their effect. I was about convinced when I noticed that the "Radical Review" had struck her colors and joined the powers of freedom. I noticed also in Liberty a letter from my uncle Caleb Pink,—radical old man; Liberty has few more consistent followers than he. Still I hesitated. I wanted to feel sure. But I will hesitate no longer. I have been an advocate and defender of abolition, free thought, free speech, free religion, free marriage, free divorce, free love, and free trade. I drop all these now only to instantly recover them, and infinitely much more, in my arm-full embrace of Freedom.

I don the red cap of Liberty.

I become an Anarchist.

J. Wm. Lloyd.

Monopoly's Parentage.

[Labor Journal.]

Monopoly is not the child of competition, but is the child of greed, the greed of individuals or combinations of individuals who desire to crush out competition and thus control the production and distribution of the result of the labor of those who can not get into the ranks of the privileged, greedy few. Competition cannot be the mother of monopoly, because, but for the charters and privileges given by monopolistic governments to monopolistic corporations, monopoly could not exist one year in this or any other country. Take away the charters and exclusive privileges from the railroads, and there will soon be hundreds of competing roads all over America, carrying our freight at cost; take away the title deeds given by thieving kings and plundering governments to the great land holders of the world, and there will not be a landlord in the world in five years; take away the privilege of making money granted by the government to the National bankers, and let competition have free swing in the business of money making, and interest on money will go down to zero; in short, let competition have free play, and it will be the death of all monopoly.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

Continued from page 3.

would have needed for a dinner and a half; but, as you well know, I eat as much as any two peasants."

"Ah, Rakhmétoff, you are my good angel, and not for my appetite alone. But why did you stay here all day without showing me the note? Why did you keep me so long in torture?"

"The reason is a very serious one. It was necessary that others should witness your sorrow, so that the news of your extreme grief might spread and thus confirm the authenticity of the event which caused it. You would not have wanted to feign sorrow, and, in fact, it is impossible to completely replace nature by anything whatever; nature in all cases acts in a much more convincing way. Now there are three sources from which the event may be authenticated,—Macha, Madame Mertzaloff, and Rachel. Madame Mertzaloff is an especially important source, as she knows all your acquaintances. I was very glad that you conceived the idea of sending for her."

"But how shrewd you are, Rakhmétoff!"

"Yes, it was not a bad idea to wait until night, but the credit of it belongs to Dmitry Serguéitch himself."

"How good he is!" and Véra Pavlovna heaved a profound sigh, not of sorrow, but of gratitude.

"Well, Véra Pavlovna, we will analyze him further. Indeed, of late, his thoughts have been very wise and his conduct perfect. Yet we shall convict him of some pretty serious sins."

"Rakhmétoff, do not speak of him in that way, or I shall get angry."

"You rebel! That calls for another punishment. The list of your crimes is only just begun."

"Execute, execute, Rakhmétoff."

"For this submission a reward. Submission is always rewarded. If you have any wine, it would not be a bad idea for you to drink some. Where is it? In the sideboard or in the closet?"

"In the sideboard."

In the sideboard he found a bottle of sherry.

Rakhmétoff obliged Véra Pavlovna to drink two small glasses of it, and lit a cigar himself.

"It is a pity that I cannot drink three or four small glasses with you, I desire it so much."

"Is it possible, Rakhmétoff?"

"It is tempting, Véra Pavlovna, it is very tempting," said he, laughing; "man is weak."

"You, too, weak! Why, Rakhmétoff, you astonish me! You are not at all what I have been in the habit of thinking you. Why are you always so sober? Tonight you are a gay and charming man."

"Véra Pavlovna, I am now fulfilling a gay duty; why should I not be gay? But this is an exceptional case, a rarity. Generally the things that I see are not gay at all; how could I help being sober? But, Véra Pavlovna, since you have chanced on this occasion to see me as I should very much like to be always, and since we have come to talk so freely to each other, know this,—but let it be a secret,—that it is not to my liking to be sober. It is easier for me to do my duty when it is not noticed that I too should like to enjoy life. In that case no one tries to entertain me, and I am not forced to waste my time in refusing invitations. But that it may be easier for you to think of me only as a sober man, I continue my inquest concerning your crimes."

"But what more do you want, then? You have already convicted me of two,—insensibility toward Macha and insensibility regarding the shop. I am repentant."

"The insensibility toward Macha is only an offence, not a crime: Macha would not die from rubbing her heavy eyes an hour longer; on the contrary, she would have done it with a pleasant feeling, knowing that she was doing her duty. But as regards the shop I want to devour you."

"Have you not devoured me enough already?"

"Not entirely yet, and I want to devour you entirely. How could you abandon this shop to its ruin?"

"But I have repented, and, besides, I did not abandon it: Madame Mertzaloff had consented to take my place."

"We have already spoken of that; your intention of furnishing her as a substitute is not a sufficient excuse. But by this excuse you have succeeded only in convicting yourself of a new crime."

Rakhmétoff gradually resumed his serious, though not solemn, tone.

"You say that she is going to take your place. Is that decided upon?"

"Yes," said Véra Pavlovna, seriously, foreseeing that something bad was to follow.

"Look at it. The affair is decided, but by whom? By you and by her, without taking any further counsel. Whether these fifty persons would consent to such a change, whether they wished it, and whether they might not have found some better way,—what is that to you? That is despotism, Véra Pavlovna. So you are already guilty of two great crimes,—lack of pity and despotism. But the third is a heinous crime. The institution which more or less closely corresponded to healthy ideas of social-organization, which to a greater or less extent demonstrated their practicability (a precious thing, proofs of this kind being very rare),—this institution, I say, you submitted to the risk of destruction and of transformation from a proof of the practicability into evidence of the impracticability and absurdity of your convictions, into a means of refuting your ideas, so beneficial to humanity: you furnished an argument against your holy principles to the champions of darkness and of evil. Now, I say no more of the fact that you destroyed the prosperity of fifty individuals,—that is a matter of fifty individuals,—but you harmed humanity, you betrayed progress. That, Véra Pavlovna, is what is called, in ecclesiastical language, the sin against the Holy Ghost, the only unpardonable sin. Isn't that true, madam criminal? Fortunately everything has happened as it has, and you have sinned only in intention. Ah! you blush in earnest, Véra Pavlovna. It is well; now I will console you. If you had not suffered so much, you would not have committed such crimes even in your imagination. Therefore the real criminal is he who has occasioned you so much torment. And you repeat continually: 'How good he is! how good he is!'"

"What! Do you think that, if I have suffered, it is through his fault?"

"Whose fault is it, then? He has managed this affair well, I admit, but why all this hubbub? Nothing of the kind should have happened."

"Yes, I should not have had this feeling. But I did not invite it; on the contrary, I tried to suppress it."

"'I should not have had'—that is good! You do not see wherein you are guilty, and you reproach yourself when there is no occasion to. This feeling necessarily had to arise in one way or another, given your character and that of Dmitry Serguéitch, and it would have developed itself under any circumstances. The essential point in the matter is not that you are in *love* with another, which is only a result; it is the dissatisfaction with your former relations. What form was this dissatisfaction obliged to take? If both, or even one of you, had been deficient in intellectual development and refinement, or if you had been bad people, your dissatisfaction would have taken the ordinary form,—hostility between husband and wife; you would have devoured each other, if you had both been bad; or one of you would have tormented the other, and the other would have been pitilessly tormented. It would have been in any case one of those domestic hells that we find in most families. That evidently would not have prevented the appearance of love for another, but in addition there would have been hell, mutual torment, I know not what. With you dissatisfaction could not take this form, because both of you are honest; so it took only its lightest, mildest, most inoffensive form,—love of another. Of this love there is no occasion to speak: it is not, I repeat, the essential point. The essential point is the dissatisfaction with your former situation, and the cause of your dissatisfaction is the difference in your characters. Both of you are good, but when your character, Véra Pavlovna, matured, when it lost its childish ambiguity and acquired definite traits, it became evident that you and Dmitry Serguéitch were not well suited to each other. What is there in that that is against either of you? I, for instance, am not a bad man. Could you live a long time with me? You would die of *ennui*. In how many days, do you think?"

"In a very few days," said Véra Pavlovna, laughing.

"He is not as sober as I am, but nevertheless there is altogether too much difference between you. Who should have noticed it first? Who is the older? Whose character was formed the earlier? Who has had the greater experience in life? He should have foreseen all and prepared you, in order that you might not be frightened and eaten up with sorrow. He did not realize this until the feeling that he should have anticipated was not only developed, but had produced its results. Why did he foresee nothing, notice nothing? Was it stupidity? He does not lack wit. No, it was inattention, negligence, rather; he neglected his relations with you, Véra Pavlovna. That was the real trouble. And still you repeat: 'He is good; he loved me.'"

To be continued.

THEN AND NOW.

XVII.

POLICE INSURANCE.

BOSTON, June 13, 2085.

My Dear Louise:

Insurance was the subject of a recent conversation between Mr. De Demain and myself, and he told me so many interesting things about it as carried on today that I will tell you briefly what he said.

"Your police system two hundred years ago," said he, "was but a system of insurance, as were your fire departments, your standing armies, and your navies. Police protection is now furnished by private companies. You pay a certain per cent. on the valuation of your property, real and personal, and the company agrees to pay you for any loss to that property caused by the depredations of others. The company employs policemen, watchmen, and detectives, and there is no collusion between these and would-be criminals for reasons which you can appreciate. Few crimes are committed that are not detected sooner or later, the criminals being brought to justice.

"Suppose that you have in your house two thousand dollars' worth of valuables. You insure these in some police protection company of good standing. If these valuables are stolen, the company pays you two thousand dollars, and it is for their interest to catch the thief."

"I should think such a system as this would encourage fraud. What if I should hide or give away my two thousand dollars' worth of valuables?"

"You may be sure that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred you would be found out, and the penalty which a jury would be likely to inflict in such a case would be heavy, much heavier than for a theft."

"The officers of these companies also give alarms of fire. They report every day to the office. Anything of a suspicious nature that is observed is carefully investigated by men specially detailed for that purpose. Thus crimes are not only punished, but in a great many cases prevented. A criminal today must be a very bold and a very shrewd man."

"Under such a system of detective espionage I should think innocent persons would often be arrested and charged with having committed some crime or with criminal intentions."

"Mistakes are sometimes made, but it is rarely. The utmost caution is used, and none but honest, competent men are employed. Policemen are not appointed today because a friend has a political 'pull,' and there is no State and no party to protect them if they do wrong or prove incompetent. I believe this was a most serious fault with your police systems two hundred years ago. It was the State, always the State, that was the root of all evil. You saw the branches and lopped them off occasionally, but beneath the ground, out of ordinary sight, were the roots that gave sustenance to the tree. The Anarchist dug down and found these roots, and pointed them out to the suffering people, but for years they shut their eyes and turned away. We have torn out the noisome plant, root and branch, and burnt it as an offering to Liberty. The ground is no longer cumbered with such a growth to suck its healthy substance and turn it into poison with which to contaminate the life-giving air.

"War having ceased with the State, no insurance against foreign invasion or internal disruption is needed, but I see no reason why private enterprise might not carry on a war with much less loss than a State would sustain. Friends as well as foes were always ready to rob a State in times of war as well as times of peace, and, as the opportunities for robbery were better in a time of war, the plunder was always greater.

"Just two hundred years ago, I am told by history, Boston was very much disturbed because the State interfered in its police system and took away the appointing power. On one hand, the cry was that the police commission was corrupt, and, on the other, that Boston knew better what she wanted than the State. Anarchy would have solved the problem, you see, to the entire satisfaction of nearly every individual. What matter was it whether those intangible, soulless things, the State and the city, were satisfied? What was satisfaction to them? It meant simply the satisfaction of a few scheming politicians and their hangers-on. That was all."

I was very pleased to learn that the State had stepped in and tried to put an end to the terrible wickedness of Boston. I have long been shocked by the thought that Boston people could not see that their city was in a very bad way. I trust that there will be great improvement made now that the State is to control it.

JOSEPHINE.

The Social Metamorphosis.

Since the dawn of history, human aspiration has oscillated between two orders of destiny, which, divergent in the past, may yet blend in a superior synthesis.

This duality is subjective, of the soul; and objective, of the world.

The subjective evolution, nursed by theology in ascetic piety, has yielded, to the culture of hate, narcotic flowers of magic and poison fruit of witchcraft; to the culture of love, illusions of romance and magnetic clairvoyance. (Illusion is not always delusion.) The objective evolution by labor and science yields, to egoism, equal progress in misery and wealth, culture and depravity; to altruism, glimpses of harmony.

Indolent imaginations, revolted at the harshness of materialism and flattered by the hope of spontaneous development, have indulged in bright presages from the analogy of insect metamorphoses. Relegating happiness with liberty to heavens beyond the grave, they compare our low estate to the caterpillar's larval stage, death to the coffined chrysalid, and spiritual resurrection, their immortal postulate, to the known attribute of wings and radiant sheen; the aërial medium of movement corresponding to the heavens of grace.

In this transformation, by new faculties, locomotive and bisexual, life rises in grade, but this requires that the insect leave none of its body behind it in the shroud. Its new-fledged powers, moreover, ephemeral for the individual, transcend death only for the species. To the rarer medium, air, it opposes a larger surface than was needed for movement upon solids or within fluids, but these three media are alike material, and the levers that ply in them all muscular. For the "glorified body which shall put on immortality," we must borrow a vision equally transcendent. The "seer of Poughkeepsie" records at least one observation which, somehow, has been always confounded in our thought with that of the mosquito in the act of detaching itself from its pupa case, upon the surface of a stagnant pool: "Where imitation ceases, analogy begins."

Between the physiological and the social transformations, neither are bodies compared, nor is there complication with the psychic problem. Immortality is not in question, but the principles of evolution from the order of constraint to that of liberty.

The larval stage is that of undeveloped faculties, in which the savage feeds upon Earth's bounty. The *storge* of ulterior destinies bestirs both the insect and featherless biped to an activity, the fruition of which is reserved to a different organization. The worm and the proletary spin and weave the same textile fabric, in the parallel confinement of close rooms, within which nutrition is stinted to faculties repressed. Insect and human producer alike are but provisional organs of the species or society, in conditions of self sacrifice. If general prosperity be the ideal aim of labor, then this afflictive industry is mainly discipline. Not man, but machinery, to which hands are adjuncts, is the essential factor. Machinery, comprising skill, is the new organ of society which the pupa stage is bound to develop.

In the ultimate or complete organism wings mean liberty, as the distinction of the sexes means love,—*i. e.*, life multiplied into itself by the interaction of sympathies, which, during confinement and industrial oppression, are hardly more developed in humanity than in the worm.

Slaves of the lamp and of the loom, your insect comrades prophesy emancipation with a photosphere of education. They say that you shall wear the fine clothes you are now weaving, and which capital is so amiably trying on for you. Their delicate lustre, in changeable silks, completes the worm's æsthetic mission, matching the bridal dress of flowerbelles. Passions, with their organs of color, form and voice, perfume and melody, all are developed in one jet, with liberty in light.

In a kindred vein our industrial civilization has been compared to the peopling of a hollow sphere, within whose planet ring the rings of legislators, bankers, market cornerers, landsharks, officials, and professionals, *fruges consumere nati*, pullulate, class within class, like the coats of an onion. Developed from its central germ by labor, they compress and stifle it.

This chrysalid world is not in utter darkness. The polar summer day and boreal streamers make the shadows dance in Holmes' hole, but the light most employed by its inhabitants is a certain cerebral phosphorescence called Faith. Multiple as idioms of thought are the constellations with which this *fiat lux* adorns the concave vault.

To the north stands the divine tree Ygdrasil, watered by the Fates. Bulls, rams, and goats frolic in the firmament, whose Sun often takes the form of a man, and comes to grief in consequence.

The mirage of societies upon the horizon of Faith shadows there our own ruling powers and distributers of destiny. Upon these shadows, proving right divine, it patterns new secular governments. Pharaohs and Incas fraternize with Osiris and Mithras. Empires, monarchies more or less constitutional, oligarchies, aristocracies in republican disguise, democracies, the simplicity of confusion, and the despotism of mobs, all borrow from the same shadow realm the same mystical sanction of authority, through whatever representative channels, ostensible or latent, it may filter. Arbitrary and fantastic in its evolutions, Authority has had, in the parental and natural genesis. A moral aureole invests the Patriarch in his functions of providential distributer and legislator. From these collective attributes, physical and moral, derives the prestige of the Sun's sons, or providential chiefs, like Manco Capue and his family. Patriarchates blend by conquest in the crown's prerogative: then, *facilis descensus averni*, to the last details of bureaucracy and plutocracy.

Our chrysalid world is the puerile phase of subjectivism. Its shell sham and shame has been passing for Nature. Shadows are, indeed, natural phenomena, but their barriers are passible, not fatal; it is possible to traverse their circle, to find a nobler order than submission to idols, a freer liberty than the right to crawl.

Science takes the measure of our prison by its social statistics, and modestly suggests a beyond. Psychology finds in attraction the matrix of faculty, and exposes the shortcomings of achievement. Labor, mining its crust, finds in coal-beds the kindling at once of material and social fires.* Swelling passions of puberty upheave its walls; they crack, they burst; society, timid and panting with its effort, emerges into daylight, and, standing on its figment, preens its wings. Grown inside out, like the plant-germ; finding, like the bulb, only its own life at the centre of all superposed authorities,—society, piercing their envelopes, issues from the dim religious light of scholastics to the impolarized light of a diffused intelligence. Relations which had been inverted are reversed, those of capital with labor, for the same reason that the past ceases to control the present, and that the coffins of our dead ancestors drop from our too pious shoulders; as science replaces the classics, and discovery revelation. The underside comes uppermost; brains coalesce with hands instead of purses.

In this change of partners Authority is dethroned; it ceases to be arbitrary. Its mystic aureole, inscrutable, divine, fades out of the sky and evaporates from the soil. Instead of distributive laws, imposed by church or state, contracts are sealed by mutual interests on an equal footing. Local autonomies, true to their respective spheres, result from the accord of individual liberties. Authority, parental, patriarchal, royal, imperial, autochtonic, representative, refracted by the facets of officers innumerable,—can this gorgeous edifice of authority melt away like the ice palace on the banks of the Neva? Can it quietly flow back within the family banks, where it is gently tempered by affections parental, filial, and fraternal, at once altruist and egoist? It happens thus: As water rises to its level, so Authority tends back to its source. One in principle, it reverts to unity in representation. Baffled by the unworthiness of its accredited organs who provoke against it popular reactions, or equally, betrayed by every personal investment, it finds one that is impersonal. Of its various phantasmagoria one disk alone gleams with a metallic lustre through the murky atmosphere of civilization, object of its general worship, measure of values either material or æsthetic, condition of all facultative development, realizing the Catholic ideal,—*Una fides, una domus.* This deity is the sovereign, alias eagle, dollar, rouble, kreutzer, or napoleon, essentially one and the same, commander of the faithful, generalissimo of armies, car of Juggernaut for labor, chariot of State for capital, Theocrat. *Facile princeps*, it parcels out its world estate into subordinate papacies, bishoprics, and secular dynasties; according as a favor to republics the right of multiplying infinitely the facets of authority. By this sovereign solvent, all property becomes fluent, all faculty available, *corréable, serviable.* By money at first oppression becomes at once impersonal and intolerable beyond any chattelism. The darkest hour may precede the dawn. Money has a science of its own. By its experimental revelations banking comes to be for commerce, for exploitation, for all the minor sovereignties, what these have been for labor. This science consists in the management of representation. Whatever rights allow themselves to be represented are presently dispensed with. The phenomenon absorbs the substance. When a people is represented by its priests and rulers, who judge, reward, punish, save, damn, direct, and tax it, these authorities dispense with its faculties of individual conscience, self-direction, and loyalty to personal contracts. When a saviour represents us in the atonement for sins, and the Church represents the saviour, we are ready for the sale of indulgences. Crime is appraised, tariffed, and commutable with coin. When wealth confers honor, controls legislation, and garners, without sword or cannon, the harvests of reverent labor, then the eagle, serenely poised on its Olympian eyrie, has completed the demoralization of the State. A Vanderbilt carries its powers in his pocket. Armies of labor rise cheerfully every day to do his bidding. Congressmen vie for admission into the Sacred Legion of this Cæsar. Now, when a man can carry Jehovah in his purse, he is flattered in the sentiment of his importance. A god that can be fractionized, disseminated, and reunited at pleasure, alternately sensible and invisible, traversing continents and oceans in the click of a telegraph battery, immortal in his corporative attributes, is sure of popularity and loyalty.

Money, representative of values, represents itself. Gold, the general underminer of other powers, their perfidious ally, is in turn undermined by stamped paper,—nay, by the flourish of a pen,—and this, representing gold, may dispense with it, in dealing directly with radical labor.

Labor, the most superstitious of all animals, and for countless generations interdicted, like a chicken, by its reverence for the chalk lines drawn by capital before its eyes, discovers at last that it can scratch lines too. Behold the Labor note, labor buying labor, paying labor, circuits of production, manutention, and consumption effected without intermediary factors; then the intermediary moralized, mechanized, subjugated by the Labor Exchange Bank, a succursal of the Real Estate Bank. Behold the supreme power reunited with the basic, like the king with the people against the olden time barons of the sword and castle.

Whenever Labor notes are current, the honest will have credit, and the hour of labor's emancipation will have sounded. Its tribute will have been condoned by the reduction of interests and rents to their natural minima. Labor suffices to labor when it has its own dollar, and capital's is useless, unless Labor pleases to use it. In this mutual exchange by loyalty to personal contracts lies the master key of all prison doors, the absorbent substitution for dependencies upon imposed authority. Capital, fighting shy awhile, will finally knock under, submit to be fair. Other forms of authority, discrowned, unmitred, discredited, and unmasked by their old ally, money, have to perform "the happy despatch," eviscerate, clar de kitchen and vamoose de ranch, before the new holy alliance of Labor with Money, cemented by the Labor Exchange Bank.

Such is the development of wings within the Social Chrysalid.

EDGEWORTH.

*Allusion to the transactions at Hocking Valley Mines and other coal regions.

The Funeral Solemnities of Government.

[Adapted from P. J. Proudhon by Edgeworth.]

In dismissing authority debts have been paid and slaveries abolished, mortgages raised, leases converted to fee simple, the costs of worship, of law, and of government suppressed, exchanges made direct wherever feasible, all values freely current in money, education attractively organized for practical industries, homes secure, markets open to fair competition, no cornering, no monopoly. No more central governments, but industrial congresses. For religion, faith kept with the neighbor, and truth to one's own character. No arbitrary laws, but reciprocal justice and leagues for relative defence. Equilibrium, not by political Balance of Powers, but by the interchange of social sympathies.

One epoch, momentous for Authority, was the promulgation of the Decalogue. Behold the people prostrate at the foot of Mount Sinai, awaiting the word from on high. Legislation, in adopting this style, has put, in the place of God, the monarch, the parliament, the congress, and the majority vote. These fractional gods toot, each through its penny trumpet: take the Czar's, as the loudest. Thou shalt not assemble. Thou shalt not print. Thou shalt not read. Thou shalt obey thy officers,—thy *representatives*, echoes America. The Litany adds—and laws which their wisdom hath devised. Thou shalt pay the taxes. And thou shalt love the Government, thy Lord, with thy whole heart, hands, and purse; for this government knows better than thou what thou art, what thou art fit for, and what befits thee. It has the power to punish those who disobey it, and to reward those who serve it, and flatter it, even to the fourth generation.

O human personality! Can it be that during sixty centuries thou hast wallowed in this mire? Thou callest thyself sacred, and thou art but the strumpet of thy rulers, thy soldiers, and thy priests. To be governed: that means to be overseen, espied, directed, legiferated, penned up, indoctrinated, fettered, fleeced, censured, punished; by men with no more science or virtue than the worst of you. To be governed: *in petto*, means in every transaction to be notified, registered, licensed, stamped, patented, authorized, admonished, hindered, corrected, and, above all, taxed. It is, in the name of public interest, to be sized and measured, ransomed, exploited, monopolized, cornered, pressured, mystified, and robbed; then, at the least resistance or complaint, repressed, fined, vilified, vexed, hounded, knocked down, disarmed, gagged, imprisoned, judged, condemned, exiled, knouted, shot, or hanged: after having been tricked, derided, outraged, and dishonored. Such is government, such its justice, its morality. And to say that among us there are *democrats*, singing the praises of government! *Socialists*, sustaining this ignominy in the name of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity! Laborers, voting for a president of the republic, another King Stork, a stereotyped figure-head of authority and privilege, the grin of hypocrisy set on its mask!

We turn to the social evolution.

The research of first causes and of final causes is eliminated at once from natural and social science. Progress replaces the absolute. To revelation succeeds revolution. Reason, based on observation and experience, expounds the laws of Nature, society included. She says to man: These laws are of necessity; no man has made them, no one imposes them; they have been gradually discovered, every one may verify them; I exist only to attest them.

If you guide your acts by these, you will be just and kind; if you violate them, you will be unjust and cruel.

Among your fellow-beings, many already have recognized the policy of justice, and agreed to keep faith and do right

towards each other, with a view to prosperity, security, and peace. Will you also promise to respect the property of others, and their personal liberty when not aggressive?

Will you promise never to appropriate by violence, by fraud, by usury, monopoly, or stockjobbing, the means needful to other men's prosperity by labor? Promise not to lie nor to deceive?

You are free to accept or to refuse.

If you refuse, you exclude yourself from social communion. On the least offence any one may strike you down as a brute.

If, on the contrary, you swear the compact, you enter the society of free men, all of whom engage with you their aid and service in loyal exchange. Upon any infraction of this compact, you are mutually responsible for the damage, the scandal, or the danger, and the gravity or repetition of such offences may incur excommunication or death. Instead of swearing before God and to government, you swear to your conscience and your brothers in Humanity. Between such oaths there is the difference between faith and science; between courts and justice; between usury and labor; between government and social economy. One is the word of a creature, the other of a being.

One Reason Why Men Become Tramps.

[Philadelphia Progress.]

It will not do to decide, unless you have investigated, that the dirty, lazy tramp with whom, as a novelty, you get into conversation is an ignorant loon. Many of these poor devils are as ignorant as they make them; but, again, the proportion who have somehow got an education is remarkable; and, more than that, they are well-read men. They are well-informed upon current topics. They have their own ideas upon the political questions of the day, and very intelligent ideas they often are. They may not get the daily newspaper daily, but those papers they do get they devour. There are those among them who will startle you with their classical knowledge, and they will speak two or three modern languages. And yet they are what they are. Perhaps they may have looked for work and become disheartened that they could not obtain the order of employment to which they considered themselves entitled. The man who can scan Virgil and spatter in French and German believes there is something better for him than ditch-digging. And then, may be, only ditch-digging offers. And then, may be, he cannot have even ditch-digging. And then he cares for nothing, and is speedily transformed into a bummer and a loafer. In the army of tramps there are numerous recruits of this character. They who were so well fitted for life discover that life masters them at every turn. With trained vigorous intellects to cause them to despise all that is coarse and low, they descend to near the level of brutes. They philosophize upon human existence, and, counting that the world owes them a living, shut their brains and their hearts, and their very souls, to all that would rouse their ambition, and ask only that they may be let alone to walk on to the end as best they may. They have destroyed all of the man in them, and of that they are fully aware, and so on they go until the curtain drops, as they, forgotten, fall into unknown graves.

One Cudgel as Good as Another.

[Théophile Gautier.]

What difference does it make whether you are governed by a sword, a holy-water sprinkler, or an umbrella? It is always a cudgel, and I am astonished that progressive men spend their time in disputing as to the kind of stick that shall be laid across their shoulders, when it would be much more progressive and less expensive to break it and throw the pieces to all the devils.

The Situation and Its Key.

[Labor Journal.]

The price of wheat is bounding upward.

The farmer has sold his wheat, and the monopolist has his grip on it.

Crops are below the average this year, and will remain below until the gambler disposes of his load.

The miner must stand a reduction, because the people don't need much coal in summer.

The people must pay a big price for that commodity, because the miners are on strike.

The monopolist sets the price at both ends, and robs the people all the way through.

Workingmen listen to tariff talks and free trade harangues, and are beaten on all sides.

Working people have to feed the preying vultures, because they neglect to do their own thinking.

Organization and coöperation will break the back-bone of monopoly, if vigorously applied.

But working people fear they will be cheated by coöperation, and content themselves with the old system of robbery.

Some day, however, they will learn sense.

And when they do, the trade of the monopolist and stock-gambler will be gone.

Agitate, — it will do away with old fogyism.

Educate, — it is the road leading to a better system, one which will be the means of giving you the just fruits of your labor.

Organize, and coöperate, — it is the road which will lead out of the den of thieves.

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

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"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.

"There is no Country," says one of Diderot's characters; "I see, from one pole to another, nothing but tyrants and slaves."

A straw significant of the change that is taking place in the world's ideals. The municipal authorities of Paris have changed the name of the street heretofore known as the Rue de la Nativité to the Rue P. J. Proudhon. Jesus, the man who felt within his heart the sentiment of justice merely, is giving place to the man who supplemented this sentiment with the science of justice.

In criticising Mr. Underwood of the "Index" for commenting on an article in Liberty, signed by another person, as if it were my own, I recently said that it was "altogether likely that Mr. Underwood, in committing this offence, knew what he was doing." Although he receives Liberty regularly and reads it with some diligence, he answers that he made the quotation from a paragraph which he found reprinted in an exchange, and *supposed* that the editor of Liberty wrote it. It seems, then, that he did not know what he was doing. I am very glad to impale Mr. Underwood upon this horn of the dilemma if he finds it less uncomfortable than the other.

In a series of articles in the London "Commonweal" Dr. Edward Aveling, newly-fledged disciple of Karl Marx, discusses economic questions. He concludes each article with what he calls "a concise definition of each of the terms mentioned." These two definitions stand side by side. "Natural object—that on which human labor has not been expended; Product—a natural object on which human labor has been expended." A product, then, is something on which human labor has not been expended on which human labor has been expended. Curious animal, a product! No wonder the laborer is unable to hold on to it. More slippery than a greased pig, I should imagine. But this is a "scientific" definition, and I suppose it must be true. For its author, Dr. Aveling, is a scientist, and the subject of his articles is "Scientific Socialism," which he champions against us loose-thinking Anarchists.

It would be interesting to know just what Rev. R. Heber Newton means by styling Proudhon "that Jacobin of Socialism." If he means by Jacobin simply an opponent of government, perhaps no exception can be taken to such a classification of Proudhon, for he certainly was an opponent of government, and such a use of the word is not without sanction. But to so describe Proudhon without further specification is very misleading. For the word Jacobin is generally used to signify a revolutionist of the Robespierre school, and Robespierre was Proudhon's pet abomination. A Jacobin is generally opposed to the existing government, but he always belongs to that political school which, to serve its ends, will stop at no extreme of tyranny and dictatorship. The ideal society of a Jacobin is always held in subjection to a strong government. The demolition of Jacobinism constitutes a large and important part of Proudhon's work. Louis Blanc was much more of a Jacobin than Proudhon, and yet two Socialists more antithetical than these could scarcely be named. I am afraid that Rev. R. Heber Newton's knowledge of Proudhon is of a superficial order.

The "Freiheit" announces that M. Bachmann, formerly editor of "Die Zukunft," has no editorial or other connection with the "Freiheit" and no personal association with its managers. So much the worse for the "Freiheit."

Henry B. Blackwell said before the Free Religious Association that he likes the word "coöperation" better than the word "Socialism" because he "cannot forget that, while it is true we are made brothers and sisters in this world, it is also true that we are made our own natural care-takers in this world, and that no man and no woman can safely trust the management and direction of his or her personal affairs to any society or any organization or any government. I believe to the very marrow of my bones in the doctrine of individualism. I stand today with Thomas Jefferson on the principle that 'the best government is that which governs least.' I claim that more important than to secure any organic change is our duty to make government take its hand off of industry, and to do away with these legislative monopolies which bind and fetter the industry of men and the industry of nations. I want, first of all, a political society that is true to the ideal of Socialism, a society that recognizes woman as the equal of man and every man as the equal of every other man." And in the very next breath he said: "When I saw only yesterday that in Rhode Island they had adopted the ten-hour law for women and children, I thanked God." Mr. Blackwell, then, would have "government take its hand off of industry" by prohibiting it from working as many hours as it chooses, and, although wanting society to recognize woman as the equal of man, approves a law abridging her liberty of labor while not impairing man's. This is Jeffersonianism with a vengeance.

As Ruskin once said of that journal's utterance on another subject, so Liberty now says of its bold stroke at corruption in high places: "Well done, the Pall Mall!" A signal service has been done to society, a signal impulse has been given to the revolution, by the publication of these crowning iniquities practised by the plunderers of the poor. The conspiracy against labor has systematic ramifications that few have dreamed of. Not content with organizing a scheme to rob laborers of their earnings, these brutal aristocrats have lately, it seems, organized another to decoy and drug the thirteen-year-old daughters of these laborers and subject them to their depraved desires. Such horrors as the "Pall Mall Gazette" has unfolded to the world are almost past conception. Zola is out-Zolaed; his realism out-realized; truth makes his fiction tame. The morals of the *bourgeoisie* are infinitely worse than the wildest fancy ever painted them. Such things cannot last. They invite destruction. And the invitation will be accepted. The chief good, in fact, to be derived from these exposures will come, not through their direct effect upon the so-called "social evil," which will be very small, but through their effect upon the minds of the people, who will begin to inquire, with an earnestness born of horror, how the members of polite society get the means that enables them to spend their time in devising new deviltries instead of supporting themselves by honest work; and, when this inquiry has been answered satisfactorily, not only will the "social evil" fall, but all the social evils will go down together.

"UNTIL THE DAWN."

[London Justice.]

When head and hands and heart alike are weary;
  When hope with folded wings sinks out of sight;
When all thy striving fails to disentangle
  From out wrong's skein the golden thread of right;
When all thy knowledge seems a marsh-light's glimmer
  That only shews the blackness of the night;

In the dark hour when victory seems hopeless;
  Against thy lance when armies are arrayed;
When failure writes itself upon thy forehead,
  By foes out-numbered and by friends betrayed,—
Still stand thou fast, though faith be bruised and wounded,
  Still face thy future, still be undismayed!

While one true man speaks out against injustice,
  While through men's chorused "Right!" clear rings his "Wrong!"
Freedom still lives. One day she will reward him
  Who trusted in her though she tarried long,
Who held her creed, was faithful till her coming,
  Who, for her sake, strove, suffered, and was strong.

She will bring crowns for those who love and serve her;
  If thou cans't live for her, be satisfied;
If thou cans't die for her, rejoice! Our brothers
  At least shall crown our graves and say, "These died
Believing in the sun when night was blackest,
  And by our dawn their faith is justified!"

E. Nesbit.

The Church Necessarily Militant.

[Galveston News.]

The church is ever a contradiction. It is the church of the meek and lowly Christ, yet it is the church militant, church of the God of battles, Lord of Hosts. Especially such is every national church, and its ministers in Russia or in England are doubtless so far from feeling that they belie their profession that, on the contrary, they begin to feel the call to preach fortitude, resolution, and determination. What would a national church be for if it were impartial when a nation became involved? The national churches are parts of the intensest national spirit. If war is ever to be banished, not only national churches, but national clannism and partisanship, the political metaphysics throughout, must be supplanted by individualism and the cosmopolite spirit of fraternal goodwill and reciprocal service, with absolute liberty of migration, choice of domicile, and freedom of trade. In that case there would be nothing left to fight about and nobody willing to fight on a national scale.

Tithes and Rents.

[English Exchange.]

Mr. Houdley is going to allow his hop poles to be seized rather than pay the demand made upon him for what is called Extraordinary Tithe. Mr. Houdley has grown hops and is therefore liable to an increased tithe, as he would be if he grew fruit or in any other way added to the productiveness of the land. He does not see why the parson should benefit by his labor, and therefore, at great personal inconvenience, he adopts this mode of passive resistance in order to call attention to the injustice to which he is subjected. This is the true method of resisting injustice, and a few more public-spirited actions of this kind would render it impossible to collect a tax so obnoxious and unjust. It is well, however, to bear in mind that the claim of the vicar for tithe is quite as good as that of the landlord for rent. Indeed, it is better. The clergyman has to do something for tithe, but the landlord does nothing whatever for rent. Neither is the case altered from the fact that the tithe is increased because the ground is more profitably employed. Exactly the same happens in the matter of rent. Let a man plant fruit trees, and how long will it be before his rent is increased? Only so long as his lease extends, if he has a lease, and just so long as it may be necessary to realize the commencement of increased profit if he be without a lease. If he goes to his landlord, and says, "I want to plant fruit trees or build houses, give me a long term," the rent will probably be increased five-fold at once. The landlord is in every way worse than a vicar, and it will not be long, we hope, before Mr. Houdley's example in respect of tithe is followed in the matter of rent.

A LETTER TO GROVER CLEVELAND.

ON

His False, Absurd, Self-Contradictory, and Ridiculous Inaugural Address.

By LYSANDER SPOONER.

[The author reserves his copyright in this letter.]

SECTION VI.

But you evidently believe nothing of what I have now been saying. You evidently believe that justice is no law at all, unless in cases where the lawmakers may chance to prefer it to any law which they themselves can invent.

You evidently believe that a certain paper, called the constitution, which nobody ever signed, which few persons ever read, which the great body of the people never saw, and as to the meaning of which no two persons were ever agreed, is the supreme law of this land, anything in the law of nature—anything in the natural, inherent, inalienable, *individual* rights of fifty millions of people—to the contrary notwithstanding.

Did folly, falsehood, absurdity, assumption, or criminality ever reach a higher point than that?

You evidently believe that those great volumes of statutes, which the people at large have never read, nor even seen, and never will read, nor see, but which such men as you and your lawmakers have been manufacturing for nearly a hundred years, to restrain them of their liberty, and deprive them of their natural rights, were all made for their benefit, by men wiser than they—wiser even than justice itself—and having only their welfare at heart!

You evidently believe that the men who made those laws were duly authorized to make them; and that you yourself have been duly authorized to enforce them. But in this you are utterly mistaken. You have not so much as the honest, responsible scratch of one single pen, to justify you in the exercise of the power you have taken upon yourself to exercise. For example, you have no such evidence of your right to take any man's property for the support of your government, as would be required of you, if you were to claim pay for a single day's honest labor.

It was once said, in this country, that taxation without consent was robbery. And a seven years' war was fought to maintain that principle. But if that principle were a true one in behalf of three millions of men, it is an equally true one in behalf of three men, or of one man.

Who are ever taxed? Individuals only. Who have property that can be taxed? Individuals only. Who can give their consent to be taxed? Individuals only. Who are ever taxed without their consent? Individuals only. Who, then, are robbed, if taxed without their consent? Individuals only.

If taxation without consent is robbery, the United States government has never had, has not now, and is never likely to have, a single honest dollar in its treasury.

If taxation without consent is *not* robbery, then any band of robbers have only to declare themselves a government, and all their robberies are legalized.

If any man's money can be taken by a so-called government, without his own personal consent, all his other rights are taken with it; for with his money the government can, and will, hire soldiers to stand over him, compel him to submit to its arbitrary will, and kill him if he resists.

That your whole claim of a right to any man's money for the support of your government, without his consent, is the merest farce and fraud, is proved by the fact that you have no such evidence of your right to take it, as would be required of you, by one of your own courts, to prove a debt of five dollars, that might be honestly due you.

You and your lawmakers have no such evidence of your right of dominion over the people of this country, as would be required to prove your right to any material property, that you might have purchased.

When a man parts with any considerable amount of such material property as he has a natural right to part with,—as, for example, houses, or lands, or food, or clothing, or anything else of much value,—he usually gives, and the purchaser usually demands, some *written* acknowledgment, receipt, bill of sale, or other evidence, that will prove that he voluntarily parted with it, and that the purchaser is now the real and true owner of it. But you hold that fifty millions of people have voluntarily parted, not only with their natural right of dominion over all their material property, but also with all their natural right of dominion over their own souls and bodies; when not one of them has ever given you a scrap of writing, or even "made his mark," to that effect.

You have not so much as the honest signature of a single human being, granting to you or your lawmakers any right of dominion whatever over him or his property.

You hold your place only by a title, which, on no just principle of law or reason, is worth a straw. And all who are associated with you in the government—whether they be called senators, representatives, judges, executive officers, or what not—all hold their places, directly or indirectly, only by the same worthless title. That title is nothing more nor less than votes given in secret (by secret ballot), by not more than one-fifth of the whole population. These votes were given in secret solely because those who gave them did not dare to make themselves personally responsible, either for their own acts, or the acts of their agents, the lawmakers, judges, etc.

These voters, having given their votes in secret (by secret ballot), have put it out of your power—and out of the power of all others associated with you in the government—to designate your principals *individually*. That is to say, you have no legal knowledge as to who voted for you, or who voted against you. And being unable to designate your principals *individually*, you have no right to say that you have any principals. And having no right to say that you have any principals, you are bound, on every just principle of law or reason, to confess that you are mere usurpers, making laws, and enforcing them, upon your own authority alone.

A secret ballot makes a secret government; and a secret government is nothing else than a government by conspiracy. And a government by conspiracy is the only government we now have.

You say that "*every voter exercises a public trust.*"

Who appointed him to that trust? Nobody. He simply usurped the power; he never accepted the trust. And because he usurped the power, he dares exercise it only in secret. Not one of all the ten millions of voters, who helped to place you in power, would have dared to do so, if he had known that he was to be held personally responsible, before any just tribunal, for the acts of those for whom he voted.

Inasmuch as all the votes, given for you and your lawmakers, were given in secret, all that you and they can say in support of your authority as rulers, is that you venture upon your acts as lawmakers, etc., not because you have any open, authentic, written, legitimate authority granted you by any human being,—for you can show nothing of the kind,—but only because, from certain reports made to you of votes given in secret, you have reason to believe that you have at your backs a secret association strong enough to sustain you by force, in case your authority should be resisted.

Is there a government on earth that rests upon a more false, absurd, or tyrannical basis than that?

SECTION VII.

But the falsehood and absurdity of your whole system of government do not result solely from the fact that it rests wholly upon votes given in secret, or by men who take care to avoid all personal responsibility for their own acts, or the acts of their agents. On the contrary, if every man, woman, and child in the United States had openly signed, sealed, and delivered to you and your associates, a written document, purporting to invest you with all the legislative, judicial, and executive powers that you now exercise, they would not thereby have given you the slightest legitimate authority. Such a contract, purporting to surrender into your hands all their natural rights of person and property, to be disposed of at your pleasure or discretion, would have been simply an absurd and void contract, giving you no real authority whatever.

It is a natural impossibility for any man to make a *binding* contract, by which he shall surrender to others a single one of what are commonly called his "natural, inherent, *inalienable* rights."

It is a natural impossibility for any man to make a *binding* contract, that shall invest others with any right whatever of arbitrary, irresponsible dominion over him.

The right of arbitrary, irresponsible dominion is the right of property; and the right of property is the right of arbitrary, irresponsible dominion. The two are identical. There is no difference between them. Neither can exist without the other. If, therefore, our so-called lawmakers really have that right of arbitrary, irresponsible dominion over us, which they claim to have, and which they habitually exercise, it must be because they own us as property. If they own us as property, it must be because nature made us their property; for, as no man can sell himself as a slave, we could never make a binding contract that should make us their property—or, what is the same thing, give them any right of arbitrary, irresponsible dominion over us.

As a lawyer, you certainly ought to know that all this is true.

SECTION VIII.

Sir, consider, for a moment, what an utterly false, absurd, ridiculous, and criminal government we now have.

It all rests upon the false, ridiculous, and utterly groundless assumption, that fifty millions of people not only could voluntarily surrender, but actually have voluntarily surrendered, all their natural rights, as human beings, into the custody of some four hundred men, called lawmakers, judges, etc., who are to be held utterly irresponsible for the disposal they may make of them.*

The only right, which any individual is supposed to retain, or possess, under the government, *is a purely fictitious one,—one that nature never gave him,*—to wit, his right (so-called), as one of some ten millions of male adults, to give away, by his vote, not only all his own natural, inherent, inalienable, human rights, but also all the natural, inherent, inalienable, human rights of forty millions of other human beings—that is, women and children.

To suppose that any one of all these ten millions of male adults would voluntarily surrender a single one of all his natural, inherent, inalienable, human rights into the hands of irresponsible men, is an absurdity; because, first, he has no power to do so, any contract he may make for that purpose being absurd, and necessarily void; and, secondly, because he can have no rational motive for doing so. To suppose him to do so, is to suppose him to be an idiot, incapable of making any rational and obligatory contract. It is to suppose he would voluntarily give away everything in life that was of value to himself, and get nothing in return. To suppose that he would attempt to give away all the natural rights *of other persons*—that is, the women and children—as well as his own, is to suppose him to attempt to do something that he has no right, or power, to do. It is to suppose him to be both a villain and a fool.

And yet this government now rests wholly upon the assumption that some ten millions of male adults—men supposed to be *compos mentis*—have not only attempted to do, but have actually succeeded in doing, these absurd and impossible things.

It cannot be said that men put all their rights into the hands of the government, in order to have them protected; because there can be no such thing as a man's being protected in his rights, *any longer than he is allowed to retain them in his own possession.* The only possible way, in which any man can be protected in his rights, *is to protect him in his own actual possession and exercise of them.* And yet our government is absurd enough to assume that a man can be protected in his rights, after he has surrendered them altogether into other hands than his own.

This is just as absurd as it would be to assume that a man had given himself away as a slave, in order to be protected in the enjoyment of his liberty.

A man wants his rights protected, solely that he himself may possess and use them, and have the full benefit of them. But if he is compelled to give them up to somebody else,—to a government, so-called, or to any body else,—he ceases to have any rights of his own to be protected.

To say, as the advocates of our government do, that a man must give up *some* of his natural rights, to a government, in order to have the rest of them protected—the government being all the while the sole and irresponsible judge as to what rights he does give up, and what he retains, and what are to be protected—is to say that he gives up all the rights that the government chooses, *at any time*, to assume that he has given up; and that he retains none, and is to be protected in none, except such as the government shall, *at all times*, see fit to protect, and to permit him to

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*The irresponsibility of the senators and representatives is guaranteed to them in this wise:

For any speech or debate [or vote] in either house, they [the senators and representatives] shall not be questioned [held to any legal responsibility] in any other place.—*Constitution, Art.* 1, *Sec.* 6.

The judicial and executive officers are all equally guaranteed against all responsibility *to the people.* They are made responsible only to the senators and representatives, whose laws they are to administer and execute. So long as they sanction and execute all these laws, to the satisfaction of the lawmakers, they are safe against all responsibility. *In no case can the people, whose rights they are continually denying and trampling upon, hold them to any accountability whatever.*

Thus it will be seen that all departments of the government, legislative, judicial, and executive, are placed entirely beyond any responsibility *to the people*, whose agents they profess to be, and whose rights they assume to dispose of at pleasure.

Was a more absolute, irresponsible government than that ever invented?

retain. This is to suppose that he has retained no rights at all, that he can, *at any time*, claim as his own, *as against the government*. It is to say that he has really given up every right, and reserved none.

For a still further reason, it is absurd to say that a man must give up *some* of his rights to a government, in order that government may protect him in the rest. That reason is, that every right he gives up diminishes his own power of self-protection, and makes it so much more difficult for the government to protect him. And yet our government says a man must give up *all* his rights, in order that it *may* protect him. It might just as well be said that a man must consent to be bound hand and foot, in order to enable a government, or his friends, to protect him against an enemy. Leave him in full possession of his limbs, and of all his powers, and he will do more for his own protection than he otherwise could, and will have less need of protection from a government, or any other source.

Finally, if a man, who is *compos mentis*, wants any outside protection for his rights, he is perfectly competent to make his own bargain for such as he desires; and other persons have no occasion to thrust their protection upon him, against his will; or to insist, as they now do, that he shall give up all, or any, of his rights to them, in consideration of such protection, and only such protection, as they may afterwards *choose* to give him.

It is especially noticeable that those persons, who are so impatient to protect other men in their rights that they cannot wait until they are requested to do so, have a somewhat inveterate habit of killing all who do not voluntarily accept their protection; or do not consent to give up to them all their rights in exchange for it.

If A were to go to B, a merchant, and say to him, "Sir, I am a night-watchman, and I insist upon your employing me as such in protecting your property against burglars; and to enable me to do so more effectually, I insist upon your letting me tie your own hands and feet, so that you cannot interfere with me; and also upon your delivering up to me all your keys to your store, your safe, and to all your valuables; and that you authorize me to act solely and fully according to my own will, pleasure, and discretion in the matter; and I demand still further, that you shall give me an absolute guaranty that you will not hold me to any accountability whatever for anything I may do, or for anything that may happen to your goods while they are under my protection; and unless you comply with this proposal, I will now kill you on the spot,"—if A were to say all this to B, B would naturally conclude that A himself was the most impudent and dangerous burglar that he (B) had to fear; and that if he (B) wished to secure his property against burglars, his best way would be to kill A in the first place, and then take his chances against all such other burglars as might come afterwards.

Our government constantly acts the part that is here supposed to be acted by A. And it is just as impudent a scoundrel as A is here supposed to be. It insists that every man shall give up all his rights unreservedly into its custody, and then hold it wholly irresponsible for any disposal it may make of them. And it gives him no alternative but death.

If by putting a bayonet to a man's breast, and giving him his choice, to die, or be "protected in his rights," it secures his consent to the latter alternative, it then proclaims itself a free government,—a government resting on consent!

You yourself describe such a government as "the best government ever vouchsafed to man."

Can you tell me of one that is worse in principle?

But perhaps you will say that ours is not so bad, in principle, as the others, for the reason that here, once in two, four, or six years, each male adult is permitted to have one vote in ten millions, in choosing the public protectors. Well, if you think that that materially alters the case, I wish you joy of your remarkable discernment.

To be continued.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

A ROMANCE.

By N. G. TCHERNYCHEWSKY.
Translated by Benj. R. Tucker.

Continued from No. 63.

Rakhmétoff was gradually becoming animated, and already spoke with warmth. But Véra Pavlovna stopped him.

"I must not listen to you, Rakhmétoff," said she in a bitter and discontented tone; "you heap reproaches upon the man to whom I am under infinite obligations."

"Véra Pavlovna, if you must not listen to this, I will not say it to you. Do you imagine that I now notice this for the first time? You know that no one can avoid a conversation with me if it seems to me indispensable. Therefore I could have said this to you before, and yet I said nothing. Therefore the fact that I have now begun to speak means that it is necessary. I never speak sooner than is necessary. You saw me keep the note in my pocket nine whole hours, although it filled me with pity to see you. But it was necessary to keep silent, and I kept silent. So, if I now say what I long ago thought about the ways of Dmitry Serguéitch towards you, that means that it is necessary to speak about it."

"But I will not listen to you," said Véra Pavlovna with extreme vehemence: "I beg you to be silent, Rakhmétoff. I beg you to go away. I am much obliged to you for having sacrificed an evening on my account. But I beg you to go away."

"Absolutely?"

"Absolutely."

"Good," said he, laughing. "No, Véra Pavlovna, you cannot get rid of me so easily. I foresaw this contingency, and took my precautions. The note which I burned was written of his own accord. And here is one which he wrote because I asked him to. This I can leave with you, because it is not an important document. Here it is."

Rakhmétoff handed the note to Véra Pavlovna.

July 11, 2 o'clock in the morning.

My dear Vérotchka:

Listen to all that Rakhmétoff has to say to you. I do not know what he intends to say to you, I have not charged him to say anything to you, and he has not made the slightest allusion to what he intends to say. But I know that he never says anything unnecessary. Yours, D. L.

God knows how many times Véra Pavlovna kissed this note.

"Why did you not give it to me sooner? Perhaps you have something else from him."

"No, I have nothing more, because nothing more was necessary. Why did I not give it to you? There was no reason for giving it to you until it became necessary."

"But to give me the pleasure of receiving a few lines from him after our separation."

"If that is all, that is not so important," and he smiled.

"Ah, Rakhmétoff, you will put me in a rage!"

"So this note is the cause of a new quarrel between us?" said he, smiling again: "if that is the case, I will take it away from you and burn it; you know well what they say of such people as we are,—that to them nothing is sacred. Hence we are capable of all sorts of violence and rascality. May I continue?"

They both became calm,—she, thanks to the note, he, because he remained silent while she kissed the note.

"Yes, I must listen to you."

"He did not notice what he should have noticed," began Rakhmétoff calmly: "that has produced bad results. Though we cannot call it a crime in him, neither can we excuse it. Suppose that he did not know that the rupture was inevitable; still, given your character and his own, he should nevertheless have prepared you at all events against anything like it, just as one would against any accident which is not to be desired and which there is no reason to expect, but which is to be provided for: for one cannot answer for the future and the changes that it may bring. With this axiom — that we are exposed to all sorts of accidents — he was familiar, we may be sure. Why did he leave you in ignorance to such an extent that, when the present circumstances arose, you were not at all prepared for them? His lack of foresight came from negligence, injurious to you, but in itself an indifferent thing, neither good nor bad; but, in failing to prepare you against any contingency, he acted from an absolutely bad motive. To be sure, he had no data to act upon, but it is precisely in those matters where one acts without data that nature best manifests itself. It would have been contrary to his interests to prepare you, for thereby your resistance to the feeling not in harmony with his interests would have been weakened. Your feeling proved so strong that your resistance could not overcome it; but it was not at all unlikely that this feeling would manifest itself with less force. If it had been inspired by a man less exceptionally worthy, it would have been weaker. Feelings against which it is useless to struggle are an exception. There are many more chances that this feeling will manifest itself in such a way that it may be stifled, if the power of resistance is not wholly destroyed. It was precisely in view of these, the most probable chances, that he did not wish to lessen your power of resistance. Those were his motives for leaving you unprepared and subjecting you to so much suffering. What do you say to this?"

"It is not true, Rakhmétoff. He did not hide his ways of thinking from me. His convictions were as well known to me as to you."

"To hide them would have been difficult. To oppose in your presence convictions corresponding to his own and to pretend for such a purpose to think otherwise than he did would have been simply dishonesty. You would never have loved such a man. Have I pronounced him bad? He is very good; I could say nothing else; I will praise him as highly as you like. I only say this: at the time of your rupture his conduct was very good, but before that his conduct towards you was bad. Why did you distress yourself? He said (was it worth while to say so, it being clear without it?) that it was because you did not wish to grieve him. Why was this thought that you could thereby greatly grieve him able to find a place in your mind? It should not have found a place there. What grief? It is stupid. Jealousy?"

"You do not admit jealousy, Rakhmétoff?"

"A man with a developed mind should not have it. It is a distorted feeling, a false feeling, an abominable feeling; it is a phenomenon of our existing order of things, based upon the same idea that prevents me from permitting any one to wear my linen or smoke my pipe: it is a result of the fashion of considering one's companion as an object that one has appropriated."

"But, Rakhmétoff, not to admit jealousy leads to horrible consequences."

"To those who are jealous they are horrible, but to those who are not there is not only nothing horrible about them, but nothing even of importance."

"You preach utter immorality, Rakhmétoff!"

"Does it seem so to you after living with him for four years? That is precisely where he has done wrong. How many times a day do you dine? Only once. Would any one find fault with you if you dined twice? Probably not. Why do you not do so? Do you fear that you may grieve some one? Probably because you do not feel the necessity of it. Yet dinner is a very agreeable thing. But the mind and (more important still) the stomach say that one dinner is agreeable and that a second would be disagreeable. But if the fancy seized you or you had an unhealthy desire to dine twice, would you be prevented by the fear of grieving some one? No, if any one felt grieved or prohibited you, you would hide and eat your food in bad condition, you would soil your hands in taking it hastily, you would soil your clothes by hiding bits in your pockets, and that would be all. The question here is not one of morality or immorality, but only this: is smuggling a good thing? Who is restrained by the idea that jealousy is a feeling worthy of esteem and respect? Who says to himself: "Ah! if I do this, I shall cause him grief"? Who is tormented by these useless struggles? Few people, the best, just those whose nature would not lead them into immorality. The mass are not restrained by these stupidities; they only resort to further strategy. They fill their lives with deceit and become really bad. That is all. Are you not well aware of this?"

"Why, certainly."

"Where, then, do you find the moral utility of jealousy?"

"Why, we have always talked in this vein ourselves."

"Not exactly in this vein, probably, or perhaps you talked so without believing your own words, not believing them because on this as on other questions you heard continually the opposite views. If that was not the case, why did you torment yourself? Why all this confusion about such trivial matters? What an embarrassment to all three of you, and especially to you, Véra Pavlovna! Whereas you might all three live as in the past, as you lived a year ago, or take apartments together, or arrange your life in any other way, according to your choice, but without any upturning, and all three take tea or go to the opera together as in the past. Why these anxieties! Why these catastrophes? Always because, owing to his wrong policy of keeping you in ignorance on this matter, he has thus caused you much useless sorrow."

"No, Rakhmétoff, you say horrible things."

"'Horrible things' again! Groundless anxieties and needless catastrophes are the things that seem horrible to me."

"Then, in your eyes, our whole story is only a stupid melodrama?"

"Yes, an utterly useless melodrama coupled with a dramatist no less useless. And instead of a simple and peaceful conversation there has been a harrowing melodrama; the guilty party is Dmitry Serguéitch. His honest conduct at the last hardly suffices to cancel his original fault. Yes, he is very guilty. But, then, he has paid dearly enough for it. Take another glass of sherry and go to bed. I have accomplished the object of my visit; it is already three o'clock, and, if not waked, you will sleep a long time. Now, I told Macha not to call you till half past

Continued on page 6.

Liberty.

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BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
A. P. KELLY, - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

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"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.

One of Our Foundation-Stones.

In the simple statement of facts that follows these introductory words the readers of Liberty can find more food for thought than in anything I can write for them. It is the story of a German laborer who tried to end his life a few weeks ago by jumping from the Brooklyn bridge, but was prevented by the police and taken to the station-house. In all its details, even to the conduct of the priest who was so benevolent as to christen the baby for nothing, but carefully refrained from giving the family bread, it illustrates most vividly the cruelty and recklessness of modern civilization and its institutions. For this industrious workman is one of society's foundation-stones. See how they crumble and crack under the oppressions of capital! And yet it is charged that the Anarchists are "undermining the social structure." Not so. It is being undermined, and rapidly, but the Anarchists are not doing the work. The tyrants, the plutocrats, and the priests are doing it for them. The Anarchists are simply crying: "Stand from under!" and announcing the principles of a more lasting social architecture.

I find this article in the "New York Sun":

At the police station in Brooklyn the prisoner cried and showed that he could not speak English. In German he said his name was Thomas Helriegel, that he was 36 years old, and that he lived at 557 West Forty-second street. A little account book, such as butchers give to their customers, contained the rest. The tale was at the same time cynical and despondent, and was written in German in a fine hand. It ran:

It is not frivolity that drives me to take this step. Twelve weeks out of work, two small children, and nothing more to eat. I am the father of a family; our clothes and furniture are all gone. I have looked for work and have not found it. Finally we have been turned out into the street. Everything is according to law. I don't want to steal, and can't beg. Such is the world, and it belongs to us, and we are in it, and can starve.

The little room in which Helriegel's family was found last night was not quite as bad a place to live in as the East river, but almost. The floor was bare, the bed was small, with a very thin mattress, and the baby on the bed was painfully thin. The baby was an exceptional one, very light, very wizen, and with eyes that were full of dissatisfaction with the world which it had so lately struck. If it had known of the luxury in which the effete babies of Fifth avenue roll, it would doubtless have uttered communistic howls; but, instead, it pulled wantonly at the feeble tuft of hair on its crown, crowed politely at the presence of a stranger, and resumed its contemplation.

The baby's mother, a poor, careworn creature, querulous from hardship and want, was frying fish, cutting up bread, and heaping thanks on the head of a sturdy young German workman who had brought the things in. When the father's attempted suicide was related, everybody cried except the young workman, who did his best to soothe the family, and succeeded just as the fish was done. Then the baby showed its mettle on a big fish bone, and while its mother and little brother ate the rest, the man who brought the food told just what had made Helriegel do what he did.

Helriegel was a first-class machinist, he said, and for two years worked at making chandeliers in the shop of Mitchell, Vance & Co. The young man had worked with Helriegel during the whole time. In last July Helriegel lost his job through a quarrel with his foreman, and, as the young man insisted, through no fault of his own. For a time he succeeded in getting odd jobs here and there, and was able to support his children with the help of his wife, who worked in a candy factory. But three months ago he was unable to find anything more to do, and at the same time his wife was prevented from going to work by the birth of her child. Every day during that time he had been tramping around in search of work, but without finding any. Lack of food weakened his wife until she was unable to nurse the baby, and it was reduced to a precarious diet of condensed milk, for which it depended on the charity of neighbors and an occasional half dollar earned by its father in carrying in coal for those who would employ him. Finally, three weeks ago, the rent had run two months in arrears, and the agent said they would have to move, although their case was a very hard one. There was no place but the sidewalk for them to move to; so Helriegel brought around a woman who carted away all his furniture, including a can half full of kerosene oil, and gave him twelve dollars for what had cost about sixty dollars. For a week the family lived in the empty rooms, and when they were turned out, Mrs. Arras, a widow almost as poor as themselves, who had lived on the floor below, took them in to save them from going into the street. She loaned them a bed, two chairs, and a stove, and the family had lived in her room ever since, supported by the charity of Mrs. Arras and of Helriegel's fellow-workman. Some days they had something to eat, and some days they did not. The baby was the only member of the family who enjoyed any luxury during the three months of suffering. Its mother, who is a Catholic, applied to a priest for relief, and the priest, finding that the baby had not been christened, christened it for nothing. But, unfortunately, it had little else to strengthen it for days at a time. Yesterday plain Croton water took the place of condensed milk, and, unless something happened, there was little prospect of anything richer in the bill of fare. Something did happen, though, because when the young workman, who wouldn't have his name mentioned, heard about the water, he went out and bought condensed milk at once.

He brought back enough for three effete babies, but Helriegel's baby wasn't daunted. It glued its lips to a long rubber tube, and when last seen was engaged in a desperate struggle to draw up the bottom of the bottle, utterly regardless of its rapidly rising apron.

What will society do for this laborer now that it has stopped him from jumping off the Brooklyn bridge? Provide his family with bread? No. Provide him with work? Yes. With work for a term of years, without pay, at Sing Sing. It will deprive him of his liberty to punish him for attempting to deprive himself of his life. It will destroy a large portion of his existence because he wanted to destroy the whole of it.

T.

Time to Think.

Cyrus W. Field says: "The present is the time for men with money to stop and think. It is the hour for the right man to achieve greatness. Let some explorer find a fountain springing in the wide desert of speculation; let him discover some project that gives any fair certainty of profit, and there are millions of idle money at his command. It is impossible today to safely invest money and receive interest in return of over five per cent. The millionaire of today has a smaller income than the man with two hundred and fifty thousand dollars enjoyed ten years ago."

Yes, it is time for men with money to stop and think, and nothing quicker sets the moneyed man to thinking than the impossibility of wringing from the hand of labor over five per cent. But Cyrus Field's way of thinking will do no good to anybody. The greatness to be achieved by devising some new plan of robbery is not the kind of greatness of which the world is in need now. Too many men have devoted their energies and talents to discovering and inventing projects of profit. When it becomes impossible to invest money and receive any interest at all, when the desert of speculation becomes too arid to harbor fountains which flow only for idlers, then men with money may begin to really think. It is well that the millionaire's income diminishes, because the incomes of millionaires are but the proceeds of robbery. Every cent of Mr. Field's income is stolen from the world's workers, and the less he gets the smaller the theft and the loss to labor.

It is time for all men to stop and think,—and some of them are thinking, not without effect. When the laborer stops work, the factory being closed or wages reduced beyond endurance, his thinking faculties have more time to operate, and he begins to wonder if some better and honester condition of things is devisable or possible on this earth. Surely, he thinks, no worse could be brought about, were this to be overturned and abolished utterly; and he waxes indignant, and declares that those who have wronged him shall suffer, that the robbers shall give up their plunder, that he might as well die fighting as peaceably starve to death. Because the idlers, the men who seek greatness in the line of Cyrus Field's activity, never have given him time to do his thinking rightly, he is unable to reason without passion to right conclusions. When he reaches the point where the injustice of the relations between himself and society become apparent, he ceases to think and begins to act. Then we have tumult, violence, destruction of property and proprietors, French Revolution, or other hell-upon-earth.

Symptoms of another convulsion of the social system are not wanting. Repression by government only increases the danger; it is piling weights on the safety-valve. The force is accumulating and one day will surely break forth, unless men stop and think,—and do their thinking in some way quite other than Cyrus Field's way.

K.

Rev. Heber Newton.

Rev. Heber Newton before the Free Religious Association presented a striking and a pleasing figure. Mr. Newton is a clergyman grasping many excellent heresies, while yet maintaining a position in the Protestant Episcopal Church. He comes forth from the traditions and influences of his Christian "study," and finds himself quite at home on a this world's platform, discussing with zeal the interests of the life that now is. Few, if any, of the Free Religionists have shown so practical a turn of mind, so courageous a handling of the great industrial problem, as Mr. Newton's essay presents. Of what avail is it to reduce religion to ethics, if your ethics have no greater virility than the old religion? Orthodox Religion has had its home for the most part in a next world; Free Religion has been thus far very much in the air,—a thin speculation of God or no God. Culture has not given it breadth or freedom, but rather circumscribed and paralyzed it. Still, from time to time, the association furnishes a platform whereon brave men stand and speak encouraging, reassuring words. Mr. Newton naturally views the question of Socialism from a religious standpoint. He asks himself what is required of religion. Religion, he says, is the recognition of the bonds of a Divine Order, and the obedience thereto. But he does not find that Divine Order in our existing human system. It is to be sought in the ideal of human brotherhood and in the revelation of the Golden Rule. To affirm this with his most solemn sanctions, to persuade men really to believe it, and to induce men to act upon it,—this is the mission of religion today!

But Mr. Newton's observations lead him to discover, and his honesty to confess, that Socialism has never been without this religious aspect.

In seriously setting itself to correct the disorders of the earth, Socialism affirms its faith in the reality of the true order, and in the possibility of realizing it. He who struggles deliberately against a wrong declares therein his conviction that it can be righted; he who tries to transform a chaos confesses that he believes in a cosmos. If it be impossible to establish an order upon earth, why should one essay the thankless task of grappling with the disorders of earth? However little consciousness of the fact there may be in the breasts of Socialists, their fundamental conviction—a conviction which is unquestioningly held, which is expressed with childlike simplicity of confidence, a faith which literally removes mountains—is none other than the ancient belief in God. They have caught sight of the ideal social order. Its beauty has inflamed their souls.

In a rapid review of the successive socialistic movements and their leaders he discovers that they have all manifested a "passionate aspiration which takes on the tones as of a new inspiration." And now "the greatest economic reconstruction and the most important social uplifting which the world has yet experienced are preparing. Our institutions will have to adjust themselves to the change."

We will not quarrel with Mr. Newton about the necessity of insisting upon God, since he is so ready to insist upon humanity, to call upon, persuade, human beings to dwell together in good will and peace. The survival of the God-idea he brings from his Church creed is tolerably harmless. Nor do we take exception to his religion, so defined. And we leave to others the opportunity to contrast the religion of the Socialist who had "done with God" and the religion of the Church which has had so little to do with any one else. Enough that he now declares for that "*enthusiasm of humanity* enkindled in the soul as the very love of God."

We have said this much in earnest commendation of the new departure which Mr. Newton desires religion to take. It remains for us to call his attention to the fact that in his investigation of the subject he has failed to acquaint himself with the true character of the Socialism of the Anarchist. He betrays a familiarity with Mr. George and his book, and has undoubtedly done well in availing himself of whatever new light and inspiration he could obtain in that quarter. But it will not do for him to rely upon Mr. George for his Anarchistic ideas. Mr. George has nowhere shown that he has at all comprehended the individualistic movement. And Mr. Newton will find him but a blind guide. Some day Mr. Newton will experience the surprise — and the pleasure, we trust — of discovering that the so-called Anarchists have not only a passionate enthusiasm for an ideal social order, but an intelligent conception of what that order is to be. "Socialism is not Anarchism," he exclaims; "it does not propose simply to overturn the existing order and let civilization lapse back again into chaos." We feel sure that Mr. Newton has his information at second hand, or he would not display the lack of courage and candor which such a statement implies. If he will read Anarchistic publications, he will find that a social science, a social order, — the harmony of individuals dwelling together developing human nature to its best, — is the beginning and the end, the alpha and omega of the Anarchistic dream. Not Socialism? The Anarchist believes he has dwelt in the Mount and seen the perfection of Socialism!

It may surprise Mr. Newton still more to find that the Anarchist is the only Socialist who is not amenable to the "folly of translating an ideal into a law, ethical principles into an economic scheme." Precisely here the Anarchist lies open to the misunderstanding of the ignorant. Because he refuses politics, the State, will not go into caucus to "translate his ideal into a law," it is supposed he would upset all things and "let civilization lapse back into chaos." But Mr. Newton should never repeat such a charge. For with him the Anarchist says: "Civilization must ripen gradually into the sweetness of a brotherhood. We cannot force Nature's seasons. Society is a growth, and only through patient evolution can an order be worked out in which truly free people shall lift to the throne of Earth the holy form of Justice." H.

Liberal Artful Dodgers.

Despotism has its beginning in theology. The theological State is a machine constructed to make capital out of those religious instincts which are integral in the constitution of man.

But this machine, when once saddled upon men, calls for an extended system of subsidiary machinery, whereby theological rulers may be enabled to enforce their commands and secure assent. This machinery is found in the political State. Theology first entraps the victim, pretending to have regard only for his spiritual welfare. Its ultimate designs are, however, upon his earnings and substance. Therefore, by allying itself with the "civil arm," it finds a confederate fitted to take care of the material spoliation of the masses. This coöperating member it sanctifies with the mantle of divinity, while its twin ally reciprocates by defending *it*.

These two agents of despotism — Theology and Politics — are born in one womb. The origin and nature of one are the origin and nature of the other. The argument which condemns the one condemns the other. The defence of one is the logical defence of the other.

When the "Index," the "Investigator," and the "Truth Seeker" defend the existing State, they defend the existing Theology. I propose to hold Mr. Underwood's dainty Free Religious nose down to this fact from time to time, until he either confesses it or skulks away as a moral coward. I honestly believe that he, and McDonald, and Leo the Terrible of Paine Hall, are painfully conscious of the absurd and illogical position they occupy, and the time is not far off when they will either be forced to show their hands or stand convicted of the same dishonesty and hypocrisy of which they accuse the pulpits.

Yet these theological Anarchists, when called upon to be honest and logical, feign an almost immaculate innocence, and supplement it by arrogant impertinence. They pretend that they have elaborately refuted the arguments of the political Anarchists, and met with no reply. Moreover, they say that they have been constantly looking for an intelligent explanation of what Anarchism means, but can get nothing out of Liberty. They represent that they are ready and willing to be convinced, but fail to be accommodated.

Well, then, if these gifted truth-seekers and investigators can find nothing in Liberty or the Anarchistic literature which it advertises, I think I can furnish them with a home-made prescription that will tone them up and open their eyes. I ask them simply to go over the arguments by which they establish their position as theological Anarchists. They well know, for instance, the argument by which they prove the existing orthodox God to be a usurper, who has no right to exist. Let them simply apply this same argument on the political side, and the political king goes under with the divine one. To refuse to apply this argument on the political side is next to blank dishonesty. Apply it, and off goes the king's head.

But the theological Anarchist goes farther. He avers that the Individual, and he alone, is the rightful keeper of his own spiritual welfare, and that therefore all ecclesiastical agents, whether divinely called, or elected by majorities, are usurpers. He therefore naturally protests against being forced to pay taxes to support these agents and their machinery. When told that these agents are legally elected by a majority, under a constitution, he replies that this fact only aggravates the assault upon individual right. He insists that no Individual can be theologically governed without his consent, except to rob and enslave him.

Now, Mr. Underwood and the rest, have you the hardihood to maintain that this argument does not hold just as good in social and material concerns as in spiritual? If so, then the proof of the faith that is in you devolves upon yourselves, not us. The grounds by which you prove that the leading ecclesiastic of America is a usurper whom you are obliged to help support are exactly the same grounds by which I prove that President Cleveland is a usurper, whom I want not, but am obliged to help support. If my argument against President Cleveland is not good, then your argument against the leading Protestant Episcopal bishop of the United States, elected by a majority under purely republican forms, is also not good. You cannot escape this position without belying the plainest laws of common sense.

From causes which I have not space to explain here, the world is far along in its disgust with theological despotism. Hence the theological Anarchist is on comparatively safe and respectable ground. It costs Mr. Underwood nothing to be a theological Anarchist; in fact, he gets a good salary out of it. But when the political Anarchist takes up Mr. Underwood's arguments and goes for the State, he gets into dangerous proximity with the corns of the wealthy landlords, usurers, and profit-robbers who read the "Index," although he has committed no greater offence than to apply Mr. Underwood's arguments to the pockets as well as to the souls of men. But there's the rub that makes Mr. Underwood tremble when he is asked to be consistent; for a sifting of this whole business of social robbery reveals but one efficient cause, — the political State. Culture relishes the arguments by which the souls of men are liberated, but, when the application of these arguments is so generalized as to endanger its grip upon the pockets of men, it calls a halt, and the salaried theological Anarchist inquires innocently what these other fellows are driving at.

They know well enough what we are driving at. And they know, too, that they are playing a double game. It costs something to stand out as a thoroughbred Anarchist, but it ultimately costs more to be a skulking time-server. When political Anarchism becomes as safe and popular as theological, there will be no especial merit in being a man. But now, in the martyrdom stage of the fight, is the time to test true souls and to demonstrate whether vaunted liberalism is integral and genuine in the would-be reformer, or is movable capital, invested in a safe and paying trade. X.

Let Us Reason Together.

Noticing the sensible remarks of N. G. W. in Liberty of May 23, I would say to that gentleman that the casual correlation of policy between Anarchism and Catholicism vs. a given State power in no wise blinds us to the mortal enmity which must exist between Anarchists and all clerical authority or the assumption of it. Nor should there be aught but cordial good will between friends of Liberty combating either State or Church.

Next, as regards the policy of methods, I suggest that we should aim at the most vulnerable organ common to these two forms of authority. I need not say that this organ is the purse. The key to theology is financial. First Jehovah, then Jesus, have been impressed by the church, as its tax collectors, and now it is using secular governments for the same purpose. Doctrines are for churches as superficial as the scales on the back of an alligator. It rather tickles the beast to have you pepper him with pistol balls. To invent or promulgate doctrines is a clerical pastime, and to be seriously attacked about them is rather a compliment than otherwise from outsiders. For the fold of the faithful, as faith, like memory, increases by exercise, the more absurd, the better. *Credo quia absurdum*, says the honest Catholic, which pairs with the adage that God loves a good sinner. The Church asks no better than that we should spend our ammunition on its stalking horses of doctrine. This blows up the zeal of the faithful and helps the collections. But the State, by its Sabbath observance laws, its school fund contribution, and its exemption of Church property from taxation, is, even in the United States, the mainstay of the Church. But for the support of the State, the Church in France would succumb to education and public amusements. A poor Church can only besot the poor, the ignorant, the uninfluential. To all classes of society it is necessary to offer, through the fine arts, and especially through their dramatic combination in the opera and ballet, absorbent substitutions more pleasurable than churches can afford, and which must be completed by all sorts of active games and facilities for rural rambles, as in Paris. It is the State, it is Government, that prevents this fair and free competition. And Government is not only tax collector for the Church, in different ways; it is also, by political superstition and tribute-levying, a Church itself. It is, besides, the tax collector of Capitalist privileges, in the several forms of banking, of protective tariffs, and the military support of monopolist oppressions in exploiting laborers. See now the three-headed hydra of Authority, — the State, the Church, and Capitalism. Either and each of these three forms of one Power can reproduce the other two, and will almost certainly do it. The only practical question, then, for Liberty is how to cripple them all most effectively. The method we propose is a special operation on the currency, by Labor and Produce Exchange Banks. Look into that; it is worth your while. It reclaims to the People, to Labor, the faculty of money making, and renders them so much less tributary to the State and to cumulative capital; so much freer to amuse themselves, to instruct themselves, and to acquire such a property in this world as is the best safeguard against spectral illusions of Heaven and Hell.

Let me say to the few rich and capable philanthropists, to those whom the love of Liberty for all good purposes has so polarized that they can also hate well and wisely, that the actual combination of powers and circumstances has realized for them the wish of an emperor, that all his enemies had one head. This head is money. Its control is the omnipotence of the State; for its issue, an arbitrary and irresponsible act of authority, is equivalent to all taxation. By a stroke of the pen, by a fiat, it can, without provoking opposition, enslave millions, and transfer them as serfs to its favorites, the bankers and the railroad kings. And to cut off this head, how simple! Only for producers to exchange with each other, either directly, or through the mediation of their Bank; demonetizing at once gold, silver, and Government bank-notes. The bill of exchange is the certificate of goods or labor payable at sight.

While we signalize to the attention of iconoclasts this pivotal measure in finance, we would gladly group under it many special agencies for weeding out church influence. Observing that this is most active through the young lady members of congregations and organized at their sociables, church dressings, and fairs, in which young gentlemen coöperate, it is indicated that iconoclasts should counter-organize in a similar manner, which, with equal resources, they can do more effectively, because the narrow-mindedness of clergymen forbids dancing and other social attractions. Arm in arm with *sociability*, comes *charity*. As a lever of social influence, it is a discipline of character and behavior, even more important for the class exercising it than for that which is its subject.

All along the line, we must keep in view the principle, *absorbent substitution*. Thus, in counteracting the preaching of churches, we need lectures illustrated with experiments in the physical sciences and useful arts. Young men in easy circumstances should educate themselves as anti-clerical missionaries in the natural sciences, for Science alone is competent to the elimination of theology. EDGEWORTH.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

Continued from page 3.

ten, so that tomorrow you will hardly have time to take breakfast, but will have to hurry to the depot; even though you should not have time to pack all your things, you will come back soon, or else they will be sent to you. Do you wish Alexander Matvéitch to go directly after you, or do you prefer to come back yourself? But it would be painful for you to be in Macha's presence, for she must not notice that you are entirely calm. She will not notice this during half an hour of hurried preparations. With Madame Mertzaloff it is another thing. I will go to her tomorrow morning, and tell her not to come because you went to bed late and must not be waked; that she must go directly to the depot instead."

"How attentive you are to me!" said Véra Pavlovna.

"This attention, at least, you need not attribute to him; it comes from me. Except that I rebuke him for the past (to his face I said much more) on account of his responsibility for this useless anxiety, I find that, as soon as you actually began to suffer, he acted very commendably."

XXXI.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE READER WITH THE PENETRATING EYE, AND HIS EXPULSION.

Tell me, then, reader with the penetrating eye, why I have shown you Rakhmétoff, who has just gone away to appear no more in my story. I have already told you that he would take no part in the action.

"It is not true," interrupts the reader with the penetrating eye. "Rakhmétoff is a personage, for he brought the note, which" . . . .

Why, how weak you are, my good sir, in the æsthetic discussions of which you are so fond! In that case Macha too is, in your eyes, a personage? She also, at the beginning of the story, brought a letter, which horrified Véra Pavlovna. And perhaps Rachel is a personage? For it was she who bought Véra Pavlovna's things, without which the latter could not have gone away. And Professor N. is a personage, because he recommended Véra Pavlovna to Madame B. as a governess, without which the scene of the return from the Boulevard Konno-Gvardeisky would not have occurred. Perhaps the Boulevard Konno-Gvardeisky is also a personage? For without this boulevard the scene of the rendezvous and the return would not have occurred either. And the Rue Gorokhovaïa must be the most essential personage, because without it the houses there situated would not have existed, including the Storechnikoff house, and as a consequence there would have been no steward of this house and no steward's daughter, and then there would would have been no story at all.

Admitting with you that the Boulevard Konno-Gvardeisky and Macha, Rachel and the Rue Gorokhovaïa are personages, why is it that only five words or even less are said of each of them? It is because their action is worth no more. On the other hand, how many pages are devoted to Rakhmétoff?

"Ah! now I know," says the reader with the penetrating eye. "Rakhmétoff appeared to pronounce judgment on Véra Pavlovna and Lopoukhoff; he was needed for the conversation with Véra Pavlovna."

Your weakness is really deplorable, my worthy friend. You construe the matter in just the wrong way. Was it necessary to bring a man in simply that he might pronounce his opinion of the other personages? Your great artists do it, perhaps. As for me, though a feeble writer, I understand the conditions of art a little better than that. No, my good sir, Rakhmétoff was not at all necessary for that. How many times has Véra Pavlovna herself, how many times have Lopoukhoff and Kirsanoff themselves, expressed their own opinion concerning their own actions and relations! They are intelligent enough to judge what is good and what is bad; they need no prompter for that. Do you believe that Véra Pavlovna herself, recalling at her leisure a few days later the tumult just passed through, would not have blamed herself for having forgotten the shop in the same way that Rakhmétoff blamed her? Do you believe that Lopoukhoff himself did not think of his relations with Véra Pavlovna quite as Rakhmétoff spoke of them to Véra Pavlovna? Honest people think of themselves all the evil that can be said of them, and that is the reason, my good sir, why they are honest people; do you not know it? How weak you are when it comes to analyzing the thoughts of honest people! I will say more: did you not think that Rakhmétoff in his conversation with Véra Pavlovna acted independently of Lopoukhoff? Well, he was only Lopoukhoff's agent; he understood it so himself, and Véra Pavlovna saw it a day or two later; and she would have seen it as soon as Rakhmétoff opened his mouth, if she had not been so much agitated. So that is how things happened as they did; is it possible that you did not understand even this much? Certainly Lopoukhoff told the truth in his second note; he had said nothing to Rakhmétoff and the latter had said nothing to him about the conversation which was to take place; but Lopoukhoff was acquainted with Rakhmétoff and knew what the latter thought of such or such things and what he would say under such or such circumstances. Honest people understand each other without explaining themselves. Lopoukhoff could have written in advance, almost word for word, all that Rakhmétoff would say to Véra Pavlovna, and that is exactly why he asked Rakhmétoff to be his agent. Must I instruct you further in psychology? Lopoukhoff knew perfectly well that all he thought about himself, Rakhmétoff, Mertzaloff and his wife, and the officer who had wrestled with him on the islands thought also, and that Véra Pavlovna was sure to think so within a short time even though no one should say it to her. She would see it as soon as the first flush of gratitude passed: therefore, calculated Lopoukhoff, I really lose nothing by sending Rakhmétoff to her, although he will rebuke me, for she would reach the same opinion herself; on the contrary, I gain in her esteem: she will see that I foresaw the substance of the conversation, and that I arranged it, and she will think: "How noble he is! He knew that during these first days of agitation my exalted gratitude would dominate everything, and he took care to plant in my mind as early as possible thoughts which would lessen this burden. Although I am angry with Rakhmétoff for accusing him, I see that really Rakhmétoff was right. In a week I should have seen it myself, but then it would not have been of any importance to me, and I should have had to recover from my agitation without it, whereas by hearing these thoughts the same day I have escaped a painful emotion which otherwise would have lasted a whole week. At that time these thoughts were very useful to me; yes, he has a very noble heart."

That was the plan which Lopoukhoff devised, and Rakhmétoff was only his agent. You see, my good reader with the penetrating eye, what sly dogs honest people are and how their egoism works; their egoism is different from yours, because they do not find their pleasure in the same direction that you do. They find their greatest pleasure, you see, in having people whom they esteem think well of them, and that is why they trouble themselves to devise all sorts of plans with no less zeal than you show in other matters. But your objects are different, and the plans that you devise are different. You concoct evil plans, injurious to others, while they concoct honest plans, useful to others.

"Why! how dare you say such insulting things to me?" cries the reader with the penetrating eye; "I will bring a complaint against you; I will proclaim everywhere that you are a man of evil disposition."

Pardon, my good sir, how could I dare to say insulting things to you when I esteem your character as highly as your mind? I simply take the liberty to enlighten you concerning art, which you love so well. In this respect you were in error in thinking that Rakhmétoff appeared to pronounce sentence on Véra Pavlovna and Lopoukhoff. No such thing was necessary. He has said nothing that I might not have given you as thoughts which, without Rakhmétoff's intervention, would have come to Véra Pavlovna in time.

Now, my good sir, a question: why, then, do I give you Rakhmétoff's conversation with Véra Pavlovna? Do you understand now that when I give you, not the thoughts of Lopoukhoff and Véra Pavlovna, but Rakhmétoff's conversation with the latter, I thereby signify the necessity of giving you, not alone the thoughts which constitute the essence of the conversation, but the actual conversation itself?

To be continued.

THEN AND NOW.

XVIII.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

BOSTON, July 4, 2085.

My Dear Louise:

For some strange reason until a few days ago I did not think that, because all laws are abolished, those regulating marriage and divorce must also have passed away. I had noticed that men and women lived together as man and wife and reared their children in families; that home life was much the same to all outward appearance as in my good old Boston; and there was every evidence of affection and devotion on the part of husband, wife, and children. I could not believe that this could be without law, either of the State or Church. I, of course, at once went to my never-failing source of information, Mr. De Demain.

"I had intended," said he, "to explain this matter to you some time ago, but I thought it would be better for you to live among us for a while and see for yourself that our social life is pure and happy. You have now been with us for several months, and have, I believe, had every opportunity to see what of evil there may be in our social system. You have been into many homes of the people, and have seen little but harmony and happiness. Am I not right?"

I assured him that he was, but I desired to know how man and woman can live happily as man and wife without the sanction and aid of the law.

"Affection, I believe," said Mr. De Demain, "was the chief reason for marriage in your time, as it is today. People did not marry because there were marriage laws, and people did not love because there were marriage laws. Love was the binding force, and not law. Law could not cause love, and law could not make an unhappy marriage a happy one. Love caused a desire in men and women to live together as man and wife, to beget and rear children and have a happy home life. Marriage laws never helped to make the lives of husbands, wives, and children more happy. We realize this, and so have no such laws."

"I suppose, then, that I may take it for granted that your social system allows a man to have as many wives as he likes, and a woman to have as many husbands, either at different times or at one time,—in fact, that the relations between man and woman are on a free love basis." I think my voice, as I said this, must have given evidence of my disgust.

"As every individual is a law unto himself, so long as he does not interfere with the natural rights of other individuals, you can easily see that men and women have the privilege to follow their individual inclinations in this matter. I must once more beg of you not to consider me personal if I allude to your time and its customs in a somewhat uncomplimentary manner. Your marriage laws came down to you from the time when mankind was in a condition of barbarism. Women were looked upon as property,—valuable property, in fact. It was observed that there were not, at any one time, many more than enough to go round; so each man was granted, upon his request, the privilege to own one woman who was not at the time owned by some other man. We fancy that we have advanced far enough to see that men and women are equally human, and that they have equal rights in nature's bounties or such portion as they can gather through labor. We recognize absolute freedom of love and all that it means. You need not be shocked in the least. I can assure you that society is much purer today, even from your standpoint, than it was two hundred years ago. If a man loves a woman who loves him, they live together happily so long as that love continues, and you know enough of human nature to know that, where there is love of this kind, the man and woman will be satisfied with each other and be true to each other. Where there is no love, there will be no happiness. It was so, was it not, in your time? Men and women mutually agree to live with each other as man and wife so long as they find happiness in such partnership. If love is outlived, if a man and woman living together as man and wife find that they can live together happily no longer, they part. There is no appeal to law. If there be children, some mutual agreement is entered into in regard to them. If no agreement can be reached, some third party is appealed to. But such separations are rare, much rarer than they were two hundred years ago, and when they do occur, there is no disgusting exposure of petty family quarrels, such as there were in your divorce courts. Little unpleasant incidents were dragged up out of the past and magnified into grievous offences. It was worth—if I am correctly informed—the reputation of any man or any woman to appear, sometimes even as a witness, before a divorce court."

"Do I understand that there is but one custom in regard to marriage? Is it true that one man and one woman always are satisfied to love and be loved by but one at a time? Is there no plurality of husbands or of wives?"

"As I said, human nature follows its own inclinations, and there is no cast-iron custom that places any restraint upon any individual. There are many customs in regard to marriage in vogue, and none are frowned upon, provided the rights of others are not interfered with.

"To sum the whole matter up in a few words, we have marriage without marriage laws, and divorces—not many—without divorce laws. We allow human instincts to act without restraint or compulsion, and the result is, I can assure you, much more satisfactory to humanity than was the system under which you lived."

I take his word for it that this is so, for I have every reason to believe that he is a correctly-informed and honest man. It nevertheless seems strange to me that men and women can live pure and happy lives without laws to govern marriage and divorce.

JOSEPHINE.

Victor Hugo and His Death.

Below I group some excerpts from French journals of recent date, called forth by the sickness, death, and burial of the man whom France, and in a less degree the entire civilized world, worships as a demigod. I do this, not only because these matters will naturally interest the readers of Liberty, but in homage to the noble spirit of the honored dead, a spirit which found response in the unparalleled funeral that the people gave him, eight hundred thousand of them following in formal procession the pauper hearse that bore his remains from the Arc de Triomphe to the Pantheon and a million more lining the sidewalks by the way. The spirit of the man and the grandeur and beauty of the literary expression which he gave it, — these in Victor Hugo are what I bow before. For he was no original philosopher, no profound thinker; he gave to the world no great idea, no revolutionizing thought. His vision never possessed that discriminating power which clearly distinguishes between liberty and tyranny; hence he often confounded the two, with results in his life that made it a grievous disappointment to true radicals. His radicalism was of the purely emotional sort, and never knew the saving guidance of a rational philosophy. But wherever he supposed he recognized liberty or tyranny, he blazed forth for the one and against the other in a fierce and purifying fire which will rekindle itself in other men's hearts as long as time shall last. And he was able to do this the more effectively because he was a literary giant. Here his mastership is undisputed, indisputable. In all branches of literature he stood high, in some he was *facile princeps*. This superb power he wielded faithfully throughout a long life in the service of the Spirit of Progress, giving it, not much light unfortunately, but an impulse such as it has received from no other personal source. For this, Liberty, joining in the fulsome adulation of the unthinking no more than in the cruel vituperation of the unfeeling, gives him the honor that is his due.

HUGO'S ESCAPE FROM THE PRIESTS.

A few days before Hugo's death the archbishop of Paris sent the following letter to Madame Lockroy, the poet's step-daughter:

ARCHBISHOPRIC
OF PARIS.

PARIS, May 21, 1885.

Madame:

I share most keenly the sufferings of M. Victor Hugo and the alarm of his family. I have prayed earnestly for the illustrious sick at the Holy Sacrament. If he should desire to see a minister of our holy religion, although I am still weak myself, just recovering from a sickness much resembling his own, I should deem it a very agreeable duty to carry to him the aid and consolation which one so sorely needs in these cruel ordeals.

Please accept, Madame, the homage of my most respectful and devoted feelings.

✠ J. HIPP., Cardinal GUIBERT,
Archbishop of Paris.

M. Edouard Lockroy immediately answered:

PARIS, May 21, 1885.

To the Archbishop of Paris:

Madame Lockroy, who cannot leave the bedside of her step-father, begs me to thank you for the sentiments which you are kind enough to express in a way at once so eloquent and so benevolent.

As for M. Victor Hugo, he has declared within a few days that he did not desire the presence during his sickness of any priest of any faith. We should fail in all our duties, if we did not respect his wishes.

Please accept, I beg you, Mr. Archbishop of Paris, the expression of my most respectful sentiments.

EDOUARD LOCKROY.

Upon this correspondence Henri Rochefort commented as follows in "L'Intransigeant":

The priests, who got Littré, thanks to feminine complicity, are moving actively in the hope of getting Victor Hugo also. Such superb prey they cannot make up their minds to renounce. To secure it they do not deem it excessive to offer the highest episcopal powers. So the archbishop of Paris in person has written to Madame Lockroy to inform her that every morning, in saying his mass, he prays for the cure of the illustrious sick.

One is compelled to believe that Madame Lockroy does not attribute to these prayers the highest efficacy, for she has none the less continued to avail herself of the knowledge of such celebrated physicians as Germain Sée and Vulpian. But the archbishop, putting his real thought into the postscript of his missive, has likewise made it known to the family of Victor Hugo that, if the author of "The Terrible Year," he who after the Commune offered an asylum to the proscribed, should decide to call a confessor, he, Guibert, was determined to leave to no other the duty of carrying the viaticum to the great man over whose bedside all France is bent.

Remembering the insults under which Louis Veuillot and his friends have tried to crush the exile of 1851, one perhaps would have a right to be astonished at this sudden solicitude about the soul of a sceptic for which they had prepared a very special place in hell. But the clergy's first thought is of their little selves. The whole Catholic world comprehends the danger that it is in from the long-since signified refusal of Victor Hugo to make his exit through the Church.

To this holy mother this is a really terrible blow, and to avoid it she would make the most humiliating sacrifices. Ah! the man who should succeed in leading M. Guibert to the poet's bedside would receive a handsome reward, and the bishop who should offer it to him would certainly be the gainer; for if, unfortunately, our illustrious sick should die, his civil burial would take hundreds of thousands of coffins from the holy-water sprinklers that await them.

The free-thought movement began to develop in France with the non-religious obsequies of Félicien David, which caused a scandal and were the occasion of clamorous clerical manifestations. The composer of the "Désert" had not been buried; he had been "earthed": and the word "earthed" became fashionable. Nevertheless, Hérold, the prefect of police, demanded on his death-bed that his body be taken directly to the cemetery. This example of emancipation was still more serious than the other, for Félicien David was only a member of the Institute, while Hérold was an officeholder. Gambetta completed the series; but it would have been rash to hope for a return to the Ultramontane bosom of a former premier bound by the chain of his famous phrase: "Clericalism is the enemy."

Victor Hugo's publicly announced resolution of passing by his parish-church without stopping throws deep dismay into the ranks of the army of devotees. It always expected that this son of a Vendean mother would return sooner or later to the beliefs of his childhood, and it cannot think without fright of the innumerable imitators sure to follow the example of the incomparable writer who has filled the world with his name and all minds with his genius.

In fact, if Victor Hugo should enter Notre Dame, it would be for the clergy what a recapture of the Bastile would have been for Louis XVI. One cannot estimate the souls upon which the priests would again instantaneously lay hands. But he will not enter, and the trade in souls will feel it grievously, first in the influence and then in the cash-box of the dealers.

That is why M. Guibert has been so eager with his proposal to carry his confessional to the chamber of this precious sick man.

They have thanked the archbishop of Paris for his kindness, but have begged him to keep his sacraments for himself.

A EULOGIST WHO FEARED TO EULOGIZE.

Maxime Du Camp, member of the French Academy, holds this year the office of director of that body, and it is his duty to pronounce the eulogy for the Academy upon any fellow-member dying in 1885. As he is chiefly famous (or infamous) for his shameless defence of the massacres committed by the Versailles troops during the Bloody Week under the direction of Thiers and General Galliffet, it would have been a gross outrage for him to have posed as the eulogist of Victor Hugo. Commenting on the irony of chance which seemed to have imposed this task upon him, Rochefort wrote:

While the great poet opened his door to the Commune's refugees, the academician Du Camp tried to open the prisons to them. Each of Victor Hugo's acts being a condemnation of Maxime Du Camp, the latter cannot risk the slightest eulogy without seeming to make his *meâ culpâ* and to designate himself as a target for cabbage-stalks and hisses, which, in spite of the solemnity of the ceremony, he certainly would not escape.

Victor Hugo having helped the children whom M. Du Camp and his friends made orphans, it would be far too strange to see the living who committed the crimes congratulate the dead on having attempted to repair them.

The Academy's delegate is mistaken in his corpse; the only grave over which it can ever be allowable for him to speak is that of Galliffet.

Under pressure of the general protest that arose, M. Du Camp informed the Academy that his health would not permit him to perform the duty, and Emile Augier pronounced the eulogy. The motives which influenced Du Camp are thus set forth in "L'Intransigeant":

Victor Hugo's family approached Maxime Du Camp to beg him to abandon his intention of speaking. On behalf of the president of the republic General Pittié came to support the request. Finally M. Camescasse, formerly prefect of police, gave the literary spy this salutary warning: "You will not say ten words; you will be interrupted, not by hisses, but by pistol balls." It was evidently this last remark that caused Galliffet's co-laborer to reconsider his intentions.

A TRIBUTE FROM A CRITIC.

Emile Zola, who, as the most conspicuous representative of the modern realistic school of romance, has often been forced to criticise Hugo's romanticism, wrote the following letter to a member of Hugo's family:

Some day perhaps you will know, sir, that even regarding Victor Hugo I have claimed the critic's rights, and that is why, in the terrible sorrow into which you are plunged, I feel bound to tell you that all hearts are broken with your own.

Victor Hugo was my youth; I remember what I owe him. At such a time as this discussion is no longer possible; all hands must unite, all French writers must rise to honor a master and affirm the absolute triumph of literary genius.

Believe, sir, in my deep and sorrowful sympathy.

EMILE ZOLA.

AN ANECDOTE.

Among the innumerable reminiscences called up by the newspapers is the following, which exhibits, as well as my poor translation can, the poet's graceful wit and gallantry:

During the famine caused by the siege of Paris, when the inhabitants were eating bread made of powdered bone and the butchers' shops were filled with the bodies of horses obtained upon the battle-fields, Victor Hugo invited the beautiful Judith Gautier to dine at his house. She was unable to come, and sent her regrets, which led him to write on a corner of the table the following charming quatrain:

If you had come, O beauty whom all of us admire!
For you I would have spread a feast without compare.
I would have slaughtered Pegasus, and cooked him at the fire,
To place a horse's wing upon your bill of fare.

A Demoralizing Business.

[Galveston Daily News.]

Is there not something demoralizing in the business of legislation itself? Does not the trade of politics tend more than any other business to lower a man in the scale of moral rectitude when success crowns his efforts? The law-maker becomes in a measure above law in his power. It has been observed that "success in politics implies and necessitates a resort to ways that are dark and tricks that are mean, and hence it is that, if a man is not corrupt in his morals before entering upon a political career, in most cases he becomes so." The question is, how can he become successful in that line without descending to the level of others, who succeed by ignoring moral rectitude? The business of law-making is very easily explained to be demoralizing by the simple fact that nearly every law ever passed by a legislature, congress, or parliament is or was an invasion of natural or of human rights. The best laws passed by such bodies have been those that repealed other and more invasive laws. The legislator, then, who is not blinded by fanaticism nor imbued with the spirit of attempted betterment by unlimited dalliance with state communism — and unfortunately all statism is communistic to a certain extent — will seek to preserve his moral rectitude by working for the repeal of despotic laws and opposing the tendency to invasive legislation, hoping that in freedom and individuality education will gently and gradually make way for the growth of manhood and self-reliance, and all the saving social virtues. The legislatures are now viewed by many intelligent men as mere tumefactions upon the industrial body. They too often draw upon the strength and poison the vitality of labor and capital, which would be more healthy if more let alone. Hygienic remedies are indicated as the alternative to the surgeon's knife. An intelligent understanding of the subject from the bottom to the top may save a great deal of moral energy, which otherwise will, it is apprehended, be fruitlessly misdirected.

A Difference Made Plain.

[A. Bellegarigue.]

Whoever says Anarchy, says denial of government;
Whoever says denial of government, says affirmation of the people;
Whoever says affirmation of the people, says individual liberty;
Whoever says individual liberty, says the sovereignty of each;
Whoever says the sovereignty of each, says equality;
Whoever says equality, says solidarity;
Whoever says solidarity, says social order.
Therefore, whoever says Anarchy, says social order.

ON THE CONTRARY:

Whoever says government, says denial of the people;
Whoever says denial of the people, says affirmation of political authority;
Whoever says affirmation of political authority, says individual subordination;
Whoever says individual subordination, says class supremacy;
Whoever says class supremacy, says inequality;
Whoever says inequality, says antagonism;
Whoever says antagonism, says civil war.
Therefore, whoever says government, says civil war.

Agnostic Fear of the Goddess Grundy.

[G. W. Foote in London Freethinker.]

I am afraid that the Goddess Grundy is at the bottom of nearly all shrinking from the term Atheist by those who are "without God." When theology is banished from the world as completely as astronomy, there will be no need for anti-theological badges. No one will be required to adopt any attitude towards an exploded superstition. We do not now divide into parties on the subject of witchcraft, although our forefathers did; we have simply passed it by as a mania. Some day or other we shall regard theology in the same light. We shall neither believe it nor disbelieve it, but simply ignore it, as we do witchcraft. Theist and Atheist will then be unnecessary terms. But until then we must go on employing them. Theist means practically "with God," while Atheist means practically "without God." All the metaphysical talk in the world about the relativity of human thought cannot obscure this plain distinction. The Atheist knows as well as the Agnostic that man is finite.

> He knows what's what;
> And that's as high
> As metaphysic wit can fly.

With God or without God, Theist or Atheist,—that is the issue which will be decided by ordinary people who have business to do in the world. They leave intermediate imaginations about the infinite to those who have the disposition and the leisure to imitate the Hindu Yogis or the monks of St. Athos in profound contemplation of the mystery of their navels. Our Agnostic friends do not, however, patronize this particular form of mysticism. They like the pride and pleasure of life too well. Their mysticism is usually borrowed from the dogmas of the Goddess Grundy.

High Life.

[Gramont in L'Intransigeant.]

To those minds which are sometimes troubled and anxious; to those who sometimes doubt the unassailable strength of Democracy; who are not absolutely sure that the future, like the present, belongs to it irrevocably; who fear lest a return to the past is yet among the possibilities; who think that the Aristocracy may perhaps at a given moment recover some fragments of its lost authority and power,—to all those the reply is easy enough, and events, and even the incidental details of life, are taking it upon themselves to formulate it every day.

Compare, for instance, what the People were doing at the beginning of this week and what the Aristocracy were doing. They were spending their time in ways considerably different.

The People? What they were doing we know; entire humanity is informed about it. They were solemnly, piously escorting the dead Poet from the Arc de Triomphe to the Pantheon.

The Aristocracy? They were disguising themselves as a menagerie.

It was at Madame de Sagan's that the affair happened.

This grand lady, noted for her eccentric tastes, gave a party. She wished it to be original. The instructions were to come disguised as some animal or other. Read Buffon.

The attendance, I beg you to believe, was numerous and select. Not a countryman, not a clown. The top of the basket, the flower, the cream, the crisp of the crisp. All the illustrious names that we have. Take the list of guests. Nothing but marquises, counts, barons, duchesses. The peerage of France, one might say. And, indeed, so it was.

All these great lords, all these grand and respectable ladies, were disguised for the occasion as beasts. Some pretend that every human being resembles an animal. Madame de Sagan's guests emphasized the resemblance. They stuffed themselves into the very skins of our inferior brothers. There were peacocks, ibises, owls. Cocks exhibited their combs. There were canaries, turkeys, giraffes. You saw a cat: it was a princess. Then insects. Bees and drones. These were the *corps de ballet*.

La chose fut exquise et fort bien ordonnée.

For fuller information consult Padrisis of the "Figaro" and Tout-Paris of the "Gaulois." Ah! my dear! . . . .

I do not really know why well-born people exhibit such aversion to the theories of Darwin and vehemently reject the idea of the descent of man. How can it disturb them to have it said that they come from the animals when, to amuse themselves, and nothing forcing them to it, they return to them? It is no longer easy to understand why they deny our long-armed ancestor, the venerable ape.

As for their more recent ancestors, the warriors, knights, and gentlemen, those who by cut and thrust won their coats of arms and their titles, it would be safe to wager that these would have felt some astonishment if, having risen for a night from the dust in which they have been sleeping for an age, they had been taken to this zoölogical ball, and, seeing these birds, these insects, these mammiferous animals of all sorts, had been told: "There are your descendants!"

They were barbed with iron. Their sons cover themselves with feathers and hair.

Some, undoubtedly, of these dignified nobles are descended from the barbarian chiefs who also went about clad in the skins of beasts. But the bears and the wolves whose bloody skins enwrapped their giant forms they killed themselves, strangling them with their own hands, as Hercules would have done. Today you, the People, are the Hercules!

The astonishing part of this affair is not the ball itself and its brutish whimsicalities,—each one behaved in accordance with his disguise,—but chiefly the publicity given to such trivialities by the society journals, the length of the reports, the luxury of the details. We do not complain. It is good that the public should be definitely informed concerning the favorite occupations of those who move in high society.

Nadar once maintained in a humorous article that the "Vie Parisienne" was the most revolutionary of all journals, inasmuch as it painted the ruling classes in colors little calculated to inspire respect. It is my opinion that the "Figaro" and the "Gaulois" are no longer second in this respect to the "Vie Parisienne."

The "Figaro" bears off the palm for demagogy. It gives a strange specimen of the language used in this brilliant assembly.

"They hailed each other," it says, "all the evening in the most picturesque ways. 'See! the paroquet!' 'You are no owl!' 'Out of the way, you buzzard!' 'Oh! that turkey!' 'You are a queer sort of an animal!' 'You are another!'" !!!

To reveal to the masses that eminently *select* society uses on its festival days the same metaphors, the same apostrophes as Bibi-la-Grillade, Mes-Bottes, and Bec-Salé,—it would seem to me difficult to be more violently anarchistic.

"In short, you are indignant? You blame them?"

Not at all. I do not blame them; I am not in the least indignant. I simply note (with pleasure) that the People are becoming every day more serious, more open to matters of the mind, and the Aristocracy more frivolous.

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

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"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.

In view of the "Pall Mall Gazette's" recent exposures of sexual life in London, wouldn't this be a good time for Matthew Arnold to launch another diatribe from that land of sweetness and light against those horrid people, the French, and their besetting sin, lubricity?

The superiority of French newspapers is evidenced afresh by their ability to see, and courage to tell, the truth about Grant. And their criticism of him, whatever American scribblers may say, is based on something deeper than mere spite at his sympathy with Germany in the war of 1870. His attitude then, by the way, discreditable as it is, was natural enough. Nothing was better calculated to win Grant's approbation than the Bismarckian motto, "Might before right."

The duration of a man's fame is not to be measured by the length of his funeral procession. Gambetta two years ago had a greater funeral than Grant, but is now almost forgotten, being remembered chiefly by those who suffered from his wickedness. If, however, the preservation of a man's memory were proportioned to the number of his mourners, then Victor Hugo's celebrity would last sixteen times longer than Grant's. Fifty thousand men marched to Riverside Park, eight hundred thousand to the Pantheon. But these and all other men get measured by their merits finally. That criterion will prove Hugo a man of the ages and Grant a creature of the moment. The glories of war are on the decline, and when their glare, which now unduly magnifies this soldier's qualities, shall be lifted by the peace-loving spirit destined to animate the new society, he will pass into oblivion, unless cruel fate shall refuse him even that boon, and insist on turning his fame into infamy in the truer and inextinguishable light of the verse in which Hugo once denounced him.

And you, too, John Swinton! Do you "lay a wreath of evergreen on the bier of General Grant as the Victorious Sword of Abolition," and "for his service as such honor his name," and declare that "in the ages to come Grant will be remembered as the Soldier of Negro-Emancipation"? Are you not aware, then, that Grant never cared a rap for the abolition of slavery? Do you not know that up to the time of the war he sympathized with slavery and acted with the party that upheld it? Did it never occur to you that, if the North had been the faction to secede as a rebellion against slavery, this "Victorious Sword of Abolition" would have been just as quickly unsheathed on the side of the Union,—that is, in that case, on the side of slavery? And you "honor his name" simply because he *happened* to exercise his military faculty on that side of our civil struggle which *happened* to find it for its interest to abolish slavery! I supposed that motive, first of all, was the thing to be honored or despised. Why, John Brown, with his defeat at Harper's Ferry and execution at Charlestown, was far more truly the Soldier of Negro-Emancipation than Grant with his whole unbroken line of successes from Donelson to Appomattox and pompous funeral at New York. And I regret that you, John Swinton, should dim the lustre of your glowing eulogy of that great law-breaker, with which I once enriched these columns, by honoring with the same pen the cold-hearted political schemer whose being never felt a thrill of moral indignation.

The "Pall Mall Gazette" deprecates the raising of the age of consent in girls to eighteen on the ground that such a law would destroy the means of livelihood of a host of young girls already launched into immoral life. The article says that the proposal is as forcible an interference with vested rights as can be contemplated, as it would abolish the present means of subsistence of a large number of girls without compensating them for the legislative confiscation of their income. Upon this the virtuous London "Spectator" declares that it is impossible to attribute noble motives to the "Pall Mall Gazette" after reading this grossly cynical and atrocious palliation of vice. On the contrary, this is excellent evidence of the nobility of its motives; for it shows that the "Pall Mall" is engaged in no Salvation Army crusade in the interest of a namby-pamby morality, but in a manly warfare on force and fraud. It knows full well that the girls of London have a right to use their bodies as they choose as long as they do not interfere with others' rights, and it is not stupid enough to undertake to stop them. It is fighting crime, not vice. And in so far its work is Anarchistic.

General Butler, in his Lowell oration on Grant, said: "Let me say here and now that there is now no man who dares to raise the cry of corruption against Grant." It is not true. I dare, and do. I have not the time or space to review Grant's shameful record here, but any one who chooses may go back to 1872, and, after making all possible allowance for the exaggerations of a bitter political campaign, sum up for himself all that is true and undeniable in the allegations then made against Grant, and ask himself, "Is this the record of an honest man?" Why, the one fact, of recent date, that Grant put his money into the firm of Grant & Ward with the expectation that it would yield him fifty or a hundred per cent., this expectation being based on Ferdinand Ward's assurances that profits to that extent would accrue from certain mysterious government contracts which the political influence of Grant's name would enable him to secure, shows that he was only too glad of a chance to become a silent partner in any manner of jobbery and robbery. The theory that Grant's course in this matter can be explained by simplicity and credulity is one that I am not credulous enough to take any stock in. General Butler roundly and rightly condemns "the right-about-face of those independent journals which had accused Grant of corruption and 'Cæsarism' now filled to overflowing with fulsome praises and adulatory notices, extorted, not as they should be by a sense of justice, but by a fear of the avenging hand if they dared to repeat them, put in motion by the veneration of their victim fresh from the people's hearts." Well, no "fear of the avenging hand" shall keep the truth out of these columns. Most of what has been said in them about Grant has been inspired by a sense of overwhelming indignation and disgust at the cringing and crawling of the sycophants to whom General Butler refers. And it is but just to General Butler to add that, in contrast with the extravagance of their laudation, the comparative moderation of his own eulogy brings a slight feeling of relief.

JUSTICE THAT IS.

[New York Star.]

There may be justice on this earth,
  But it is hard to find it.
One thing I see: there is no dearth
  Of civil law behind it.
There may be purpose in this life,—
  A hope we needs must cherish;
We know there is a cruel strife
  In which the millions perish.

That justice fails it is not strange,
  Though backed by Legislature;
There is no attribute can change
  The gain of human nature.
There is improvement of some kind,
  Although the poor grow poorer,
And the development of mind
  Has made their fetters surer.

I wonder any man who feels
  Upon his life indented
The stamp of human iron heels
  And blows, can be contented.
Can he contrast his bitter lot
  With the overflowing purses
Of proud and idle men, and not
  Break forth in fervent curses?

I know it sounds divine in song,
  As from the gentle preacher,
To say God knoweth best; but wrong
  Is quite another teacher.
The millions who have felt the sting
  Of want their spirits fettering
Can never gather faith to sing,
  The curse is for their bettering.

I know that patience in the end
  Will triumph over sorrow;
But what will mend the backs that bend
  And break before tomorrow?
I know that justice comes at last,—
  We need not fret about it—
Our fathers thought so in the past,
  And bled and died without it.

I honor science, for I see
  Her eye is all discerning.
Our age is wise,—I wish that we
  Could utilize our learning.
Ah, what are all the gains of art,
  The boasted deeds of story?
The anguish of one human heart
  Outweighs a nation's glory!

Ambrem Couch.

Let the Thieves Begin.

[H. S. S.]

When social reformers are sarcastically reminded of the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal," they may well retort on their capitalist advisers with the clever answer given by Alphonse Karr to those who demanded the abolition of capital punishment, "Que messieurs les assassins y commencent." By all means let there be no more stealing; and let the greatest thieves be the first to reform.

Only a Change of Slaveries.

[Edgeworth in the Labor Journal.]

Chattel slavery was far more personal in its relations than the hireling system; hence it supplied moral checks of character absent from wage exploitation. Cruel on one plantation and kind on another, it had no average level of horrors like the slums of London, the Chinese blocks and tenement hells of our great cities, or the actual destitution of proletaries every where. To pretend that liberty or humanity has gained by the transition from the slave to the hireling is one of those deliberate sophisms which the theory of progress finds it necessary to invent, in order to hide the fact that it has missed the solution of the problem of destinies. Better for the laborer to remain the slave of a personal master than to become the victim of a soulless institution. If a little knowledge be a dangerous thing, a little liberty is more so. Drink deep or taste not.

A LETTER TO GROVER CLEVELAND.

ON

His False, Absurd, Self-Contradictory, and Ridiculous Inaugural Address.

By LYSANDER SPOONER.

[The author reserves his copyright in this letter.]

SECTION IX.

Sir, if a government is to "do equal and exact justice to all men," *it must do simply that, and nothing more.* If it does more than that to any,—that is, if it gives monopolies, privileges, exemptions, bounties, or favors to any,—it can do so only by doing injustice to more or less others. *It can give to one only what it takes from others; for it has nothing of its own to give to any one.* The best that it can do for all, and the only honest thing it can do for any, is simply to secure to each and every one his own rights,—the rights that nature gave him,—his rights of person, and his rights of property; leaving him, then, to pursue his own interests, and secure his own welfare, by the free and full exercise of his own powers of body and mind; so long as he trespasses upon the equal rights of no other person.

If he desires any favors from any body, he must, I repeat, depend upon the voluntary kindness of such of his fellow men as may be willing to grant them. No government can have any right to grant them; because no government can have a right to take from one man any thing that is his, and give it to another.

If this be the only true idea of an honest government, it is plain that it can have nothing to do with men's "interests," "welfare," or "prosperity," *as distinguished from their "rights."* Being secured in their rights, each and all must take the sole charge of, and have the sole responsibility for, their own "interests," "welfare," and "prosperity."

By simply protecting every man in his rights, a government necessarily keeps open to every one the widest possible field, that he honestly can have, for such industry as he may choose to follow. It also insures him the widest possible field for obtaining such capital as he needs for his industry, and the widest possible markets for the products of his labor. With the possession of these rights, he must be content.

No honest government can go into business with any individuals, be they many, or few. It cannot furnish capital to any, nor prohibit the loaning of capital to any. It can give to no one any special aid to competition; nor protect any one from competition. It must adhere inflexibly to the principle of entire freedom for all honest industry, and all honest traffic. It can do to no one any favor, nor render to any one any assistance, which it withholds from another. It must hold the scales impartially between them; taking no cognizance of any man's "interests," "welfare," or "prosperity," otherwise than by simply protecting him in his "*rights.*"

In opposition to this view, lawmakers profess to have weighty duties laid upon them, to promote men's "interests," "welfare," and "prosperity," *as distinguished from their "rights."* They seldom have any thing to say about men's "*rights.*" On the contrary, they take it for granted that they are charged with the duty of promoting, superintending, directing, and controlling the "business" of the country. In the performance of this supposed duty, all ideas of individual "*rights*" are cast aside. Not knowing any way—because there is no way—in which they can impartially promote all men's "interests," "welfare," and "prosperity," *otherwise than by protecting impartially all men's rights,* they boldly proclaim that "*individual rights must not be permitted to stand in the way of the public good, the public welfare, and the business interests of the country.*"

Substantially all their lawmaking proceeds upon this theory; for there is no other theory, on which they can find any justification whatever for any lawmaking at all. So they proceed to give monopolies, privileges, bounties, grants, loans, etc., etc., to particular persons, or classes of persons; justifying themselves by saying that these privileged persons will "give employment" to the unprivileged; and that this employment, given by the privileged to the unprivileged, will compensate the latter for the loss of their "*rights.*" And they carry on their lawmaking of this kind to the greatest extent they think is possible, without causing rebellion and revolution, on the part of the injured classes.

Sir, I am sorry to see that you adopt this lawmaking theory to its fullest extent; that although, for once only, and in a dozen words only,—and then merely incidentally,—you describe the government as "a government pledged to do equal and exact justice to all men," you show, throughout the rest of your address, that you have no thought of abiding by that principle; that you are either utterly ignorant, or utterly regardless, of what that principle requires of you; that the government, so far as your influence goes, is to be given up to the business of lawmaking,—that is, to the business of abolishing justice, and establishing injustice in its place; that you hold it to be the proper duty and function of the government to be constantly looking after men's "interests," "welfare," "prosperity," etc., etc., *as distinguished from their rights;* that it must consider men's "rights" as no guide to the promotion of their "interests"; that it must give favors to some, and withhold the same favors from others; that in order to give these favors to some, it must take from others their *rights;* that, in reality, it must traffic in both men's interests and their rights; that it must keep open shop, and sell men's interests and rights to the highest bidders; and that this is your only plan for promoting "the general welfare," "the common interest," etc., etc.

That such is your idea of the constitutional duties and functions of the government, is shown by different parts of your address: but more fully, perhaps, by this:

> The large variety of diverse and *competing interests* subject to *federal control, persistently seeking recognition of their claims,* need give us no fear that the greatest good of the greatest number will fail to be accomplished, if, *in the halls of national legislation,* that spirit of amity and mutual concession shall prevail, in which the constitution had its birth. If this involves the *surrender* or *postponement* of *private interests,* and the *abandonment* of *local advantages,* compensation will be found in the assurance that thus the *common interest* is subserved, and *the general welfare* advanced.

What is all this but saying that the government is not at all an institution for "doing equal and exact justice to all men," or for the impartial protection of all men's *rights;* but that it is its proper business to take sides, for and against, a "large variety of diverse and *competing interests*"; that it has this "large variety of diverse and *competing interests*" under its arbitrary "*control*"; that it can, at its pleasure, make such laws as will give success to some of them, and insure the defeat of others; that these "various, diverse, and *competing interests*" will be "*persistently seeking recognition of their claims . . . . in the halls of national legislation,*"—that is, will be "persistently" clamoring for laws to be made in their favor; that, in fact, "the halls of national legislation" are to be mere arenas, into which the government actually invites the advocates and representatives of all the selfish schemes of avarice and ambition that unprincipled men can devise; that these schemes will there be free to "*compete*" with each other in their corrupt offers for government favor and support; and that it is to be the proper and ordinary business of the lawmakers to listen to all these schemes; to adopt some of them, and sustain them with all the money and power of the government; and to "postpone," "abandon," oppose, and defeat all others; it being well known, all the while, that the lawmakers will, *individually,* favor, or oppose, these various schemes, according to their own irresponsible will, pleasure, and discretion,—that is, according as they can better serve their own personal interests and ambitions by doing the one or the other.

Was a more thorough scheme of national villainy ever invented?

Sir, do you not know that in this conflict, between these "various, diverse, and *competing interests,*" all ideas of individual "*rights*"—all ideas of "equal and exact justice to all men"—will be cast to the winds; that the boldest, the strongest, the most fraudulent, the most rapacious, and the most corrupt, men will have control of the government, and make it a mere instrument for plundering the great body of the people?

Your idea of the real character of the government is plainly this: The lawmakers are to assume absolute and irresponsible "*control*" of all the financial resources, all the legislative, judicial, and executive powers, of the government, and employ them all for the promotion of such schemes of plunder and ambition as they may select from all those that may be submitted to them for their approval; that they are to keep "the halls of national legislation" wide open for the admission of all persons having such schemes to offer; and that they are to grant monopolies, privileges, loans, and bounties to all such of these schemes as they can make subserve their own individual interests and ambitions, and reject or "postpone" all others. And that there is to be no limit to their operations of this kind, except their fear of exciting rebellion and resistance on the part of the plundered classes.

And you are just fool enough to tell us that such a government as this may be relied on to "accomplish the greatest good to the greatest number," "to subserve the common interest," and "advance the general welfare," "if," only, "in the halls of national legislation, that spirit of amity and mutual concession shall prevail, in which the constitution had its birth."

You here assume that "the general welfare" is to depend, not upon the free and untrammelled enterprise and industry of the whole people, acting individually, and each enjoying and exercising all his natural rights; but wholly or principally upon the success of such particular schemes as the government may take under its special "control." And this means that "the general welfare" is to depend, wholly or principally, upon such privileges, monopolies, loans, and bounties as the government may grant to more or less of that "large variety of diverse and competing *interests*"—that is, schemes—that may be "persistently" pressed upon its attention.

But as you impliedly acknowledge that the government cannot take all these "interests" (schemes) under its "control," and bestow its favors upon all alike, you concede that some of them must be "surrendered," "postponed," or "abandoned"; and that, consequently, the government cannot get on at all, unless, "in the halls of national legislation, that spirit of amity and mutual concession shall prevail, in which the constitution had its birth."

This "spirit of amity and mutual concession in the halls of legislation," you explain to mean this: a disposition, on the part of the lawmakers respectively—whose various schemes of plunder cannot all be accomplished, by reason of their being beyond the financial resources of the government, or the endurance of the people—to "surrender" some of them, "postpone" others, and "abandon" others, in order that the general business of robbery may go on to the greatest extent possible, and that each one of the lawmakers may succeed with as many of the schemes he is specially intrusted with, as he can carry through by means of such bargains, for mutual help, as he may be able to make with his fellow lawmakers.

Such is the plan of government, to which you say that you "consecrate" yourself, and "engage your every faculty and effort."

Was a more shameless avowal ever made?

You cannot claim to be ignorant of what crimes such a government will commit. You have had abundant opportunity to know—and if you have kept your eyes open, you do know—what these schemes of robbery have been in the past; and from these you can judge what they will be in the future.

You know that under such a system, every senator and representative—probably without an exception—will come to the congress as the champion of the dominant scoundrelisms of his own State or district; that he will be elected solely to serve those "interests," as you call them; that in offering himself as a candidate, he will announce the robbery, or robberies, to which all his efforts will be directed; that he will call these robberies his "policy"; or if he be lost to all decency, he will call them his "principles"; that they will always be such as he thinks will best subserve his own interests, or ambitions; that he will go to "the halls of national legislation" with his head full of plans for making bargains with other lawmakers—as corrupt as himself—for mutual help in carrying their respective schemes.

Such has been the character of our congresses nearly, or quite, from the beginning. It can scarcely be said that there has ever been an honest man in one of them. A man has sometimes gained a reputation for honesty, in his own State or district, by opposing some one or more of the robberies that were proposed by members from other portions of the country. But such a man has seldom, or never, deserved his reputation; for he has, generally, if not always, been the advocate of some one or more schemes of robbery, by which more or less of his own constituents were to profit, and which he knew it would be indispensable that he should advocate, in order to give him votes at home.

If there have ever been any members, who were consistently honest throughout,—who were really in favor of "doing equal and exact justice to all men,"—and, of course, nothing more than that to any,—their numbers have been few; so few as to have left no mark upon the general legislation. They have but constituted the exceptions that proved the rule. If you were now required to name such a lawmaker, I think you would search our history in vain to find him.

That this is no exaggerated description of our national lawmaking, the following facts will prove.

For the first seventy years of the government, one portion of the lawmakers would be satisfied with nothing less than permission to rob one-sixth, or one-seventh, of the whole population, not only of their labor, but even of their right to their own persons. In 1860, this class of lawmakers comprised all the senators and representatives from fifteen, of the then thirty-three, States.*

This body of lawmakers, standing always firmly together, and capable of turning the scale for, or against, any scheme of robbery, in which northern men were interested, but on which northern men were divided,—such as navigation acts,

* In the Senate they stood thirty to thirty-six, in the house ninety to one hundred and forty-seven, in the two branches united one hundred and twenty to one hundred and eighty-three, relatively to the non-slaveholding members.

From the foundation of the government—without a single interval, I think—the lawmakers from the slaveholding States had been, *relatively,* as strong, or stronger, than in 1860.

tariffs, bounties, grants, war, peace, etc.,—could purchase immunity for their own crime, by supporting such, and so many, northern crimes—second only to their own in atrocity—as could be mutually agreed on.

In this way the slaveholders bargained for, and secured, protection for slavery and the slave trade, by consenting to such navigation acts as some of the northern States desired, and to such tariffs on imports—such as iron, coal, wool, woollen *goods*, etc.,—as should enable the home producers of similar articles to make fortunes by robbing everybody else in the prices of their goods.

Another class of lawmakers have been satisfied with nothing less than such a *monopoly* of money, as should enable the holders of it to suppress, as far as possible, all industry and traffic, except such as they themselves should control; such a monopoly of money as would put it wholly out of the power of the great body of wealth-producers to hire the capital needed for their industries; and thus compel them—especially the mechanical portions of them—by the alternative of starvation—to sell their labor to the monopolists of money, for just such prices as these latter should choose to pay. This monopoly of money has also given, to the holders of it, a control, so nearly absolute, of all industry—agricultural as well as mechanical—and all traffic, as has enabled them to plunder all the producing classes in the prices of their labor, or the products of their labor.

Have you been blind, all these years, to the existence, or the effects, of this monopoly of money?

Still another class of lawmakers have demanded unequal taxation on the various kinds of home property, that are subject to taxation; such unequal taxation as would throw heavy burdens upon some kinds of property, and very light burdens, or no burdens at all, upon other kinds.

And yet another class of lawmakers have demanded great appropriations, or loans, of money, or grants of lands, to enterprises intended to give great wealth to a few, at the expense of everybody else.

These are some of the schemes of downright and outright robbery, which you mildly describe as "the large variety of diverse and competing interests, *subject to federal control*, persistently seeking recognition of their claims . . . . . in the halls of national legislation"; and each having its champions and representatives among the lawmakers.

You know that all, or very nearly all, the legislation of congress is devoted to these various schemes of robbery; and that little, or no, legislation goes through, except by means of such bargains as these lawmakers may enter into with each other, for mutual support of their respective robberies. And yet you have the mendacity, or the stupidity, to tell us that so much of this legislation as does go through, may be relied on to "accomplish the greatest good to the greatest number," to "subserve the common interest," and "advance the general welfare."

And when these schemes of robbery become so numerous, atrocious, and unendurable that they can no longer be reconciled "in the halls of national legislation," by "surrendering" some of them, "postponing" others, and "abandoning" others, you assume—for such has been the prevailing opinion, and you say nothing to the contrary—that it is the right of the strongest party, or parties, to murder a half million of men, if that be necessary,—and as we once did,—not to secure liberty or justice to any body,—but to compel the weaker of these would-be robbers to submit to all such robberies as the stronger ones may choose to practise upon them.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

A ROMANCE.

By N. G. TCHERNYCHEWSKY.

Translated by Benj. R. Tucker.

Continued from No. 64.

Why is it necessary to give you the precise conversation? Because it is Rakhmétoff's conversation with Véra Pavlovna. Do you understand now? No, not yet? What a thick head! How weak-minded you are! I am going to make you understand.

When two men talk, one sees more or less the character of these men; do you see whither this tends? Was Véra Pavlovna's character sufficiently well known to you before this conversation? It was; you have learned nothing about her: you already knew that she flares up, that she jests, that she likes good things to eat and a glass of sherry to drink; therefore the conversation was necessary to show the character, not of Véra Pavlovna, but of whom then? There were but two in the conversation, she and Rakhmétoff. To show the character, not of Véra Pavlovna, but—well, guess!

"Rakhmétoff," shouts the reader with the penetrating eye.

Bravo! You have hit it; I like you for that. Well, you see, it is just the contrary of what you first thought. Rakhmétoff is not shown for the sake of the conversation, but the conversation is given to make you better acquainted with Rakhmétoff and solely for that purpose. Through this conversation you have learned that Rakhmétoff had a desire for sherry, although he never drank wine; that Rakhmétoff was not absolutely solemn and morose; that on the contrary, when engaged in agreeable business, he forgot his sorrowful thoughts, his bitter sadness, and gaily jested and made merry: only, as he explained it, "that is rarely the case with me, and I am sorry that it is so rarely the case; I do not like to be solemn, but circumstances are such that a man with my ardent love of good cannot help being solemn; if it were not for that, I should jest, I should laugh; perhaps I should sing and dance all day long." Do you understand now, reader with the penetrating eye, why, though many pages were used in directly describing Rakhmétoff, I have devoted additional pages to the accomplishment of the same purpose indirectly? Tell me, now, why I have shown and described this figure in such detail. Remember what I have already told you,—"solely to satisfy the most essential condition of art." What is this condition, and how is it satisfied by the fact that I have put Rakhmétoff's figure before you? Do you understand? No, you cannot see. Well, listen. Or rather do not listen; you will never understand; go away; I have laughed at you enough. I speak to you no longer, but to the public, and I speak seriously. The first demand of art consists in this,—to so represent objects that the reader may conceive them as they really are. For instance, if I wish to represent a house, I must see to it that the reader will conceive it as a house, and not as a hovel or a palace. If I wish to represent an ordinary man, I must see to it that the reader will not conceive him as a dwarf or as a giant.

It has been my purpose to represent ordinarily upright people of the new generation, people whom I meet by hundreds. I have taken three of them: Véra Pavlovna, Lopoukhoff, and Kirsanoff. I consider them ordinary people, they consider themselves such, and are considered such by all their acquaintances (who resemble them). Have I spoken in any other vein? Have I told extraordinary things? I have represented them with affection and esteem, it is true, but that is because every upright man is worthy of such affection and esteem.

But when have I bowed before them? Where have you seen in me the slightest tendency to adoration, or hint that nothing superior to them can be imagined and that they are ideal characters? As I conceive them, so they act,—like simple, upright people of the new generation. What do they do that is remarkably elevated? They do not do cowardly things, they are not poltroons, they have honest but ordinary convictions, they try to act accordingly, and that is all. Where is their heroism? Yes, it has been my purpose to show human beings acting just as all ordinary men of this type act, and I hope I have succeeded. Those of my readers who are intimately acquainted with living men of this type have seen from the beginning and up to the present moment that my principal characters are not at all ideal and not above the general level of people of their type, and that these men do not act in real life in any other way than that in which I picture them as acting. Suppose that other upright people had been confronted with a slightly different situation: it is not a matter of absolute necessity or fatality that all husbands and all wives should separate; all upright wives do not strongly feel a passionate love for their husband's friend, all upright men do not have to struggle against their passion for a married woman during three whole years; nor is one always forced to blow his brains out on a bridge or (to use the words of the reader with the penetrating eye) to disappear from a hotel to go no one knows where. But no upright man in the place of the people pictured by me would have considered it heroic to do as they have done; he would do likewise under similar circumstances. Many times he has acted thus in many situations no less difficult, if not still more so, and yet he does not consider himself a man to be admired, but simply an ordinary, moderately upright man, nothing more. And the friends of such a man, resembling him (for these people form friendships only with those who act and think as they do), consider him an estimable man, but never dream for a moment of dropping on their knees before him; they say to themselves: We, too, are like him.

I hope, I say, that I have succeeded in making every upright man of the new generation recognize the type of his friends in my three characters. But those who from the beginning of the story have been able to think of Véra Pavlovna, Kirsanoff, and Lopoukhoff as "our friends, people like ourselves simply,"—these are yet but a minority of the public. The majority are still much below this type. A man who has never seen anything but dirty huts might take an engraving of a very ordinary house for the picture of a palace. How shall the house be made to seem to such a man a house and not a palace? Only by showing in the same picture even a little wing of a palace; he will then see from this wing that the palace must be quite a different thing from the building represented in the picture, and that the latter is really but a simple house no better than every one ought to have, perhaps not as good. If I had not shown the figure of Rakhmétoff, the majority of readers would have had a false idea of the principal characters of my story. I will wager that up to the concluding paragraphs of this chapter Véra Pavlovna, Kirsanoff, and Lopoukhoff have seemed to the majority of the public to be heroes, individuals of a superior nature, if not ideal persons, if not even persons impossible in real life by reason of their very noble conduct. No, my poor friends, you have been wrong in this thought: they are not too high, you are too low. You see now that they simply stand on the surface of the earth; and, if they have seemed to you to be soaring in the clouds, it is because you are in the infernal depths. The height where they stand all men should and can reach.

Elevated natures, such as neither you nor I, my poor friends, can equal,—elevated natures are not like these. I have shown you a faint outline of the profile of one of them; the features are different, as you clearly see. Now, it is possible for you to become entirely the equals of the men whom I represent provided you will work for your intellectual and moral development. Whoever is beneath them is very low.

Come up from your caves, my friends, ascend! It is not so difficult. Come to the surface of this earth where one is so well situated and the road is easy and attractive! Try it: development! development! Observe, think, read those who tell you of the pure enjoyment of life, of the possible goodness and happiness of man.

Read them, their books delight the heart; observe life,—it is interesting; think,—it is a pleasant occupation. And that is all. Sacrifices are unnecessary, privations are unnecessary, unnecessary. Desire to be happy: this desire, this desire alone, is indispensable. With this end in view you will work with pleasure for your development,for there lies happiness.

Oh! how great the pleasure enjoyed by a man of developed mind! That which would make another suffer he feels to be a satisfaction, a pleasure, so many are the joys to which his heart is open.

Try it, and you will see how good it is.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

The Life of Vera Pavlovna with her Second Husband.

I.

Berlin, July 20, 1856.

Madame and highly esteemed Véra Pavlovna:

My intimacy with Dmitry Serguéitch Lopoukhoff, who has just perished, and my profound esteem for you lead me to hope that you will kindly admit me among the number of your acquaintances, although I am entirely unknown to you. However that may be, I make bold to believe that you will not accuse me of importunity. I but execute effectively the will of this poor Dmitry Serguéitch; and you may consider the information which I have to communicate to you on his account as perfectly authentic, for the good reason that I am going to give you his own thoughts in his own words, as if he were speaking himself.

These are his words upon the matter which it is the object of my letter to clear up:

"The ideas which have resulted in pushing me to the act that has so much alarmed my intimate friends [I give you the very words of Dmitry Serguéitch, as I have already told you] ripened in me gradually, and changed several times before taking their definitive form. It was quite unexpectedly that I was struck by the event which threw me into these thoughts, and only when she [Dmitry Serguéitch refers to you] told me with fright a dream that had horrified her. This dream made a great impression on me, and as a man who analyzed the feelings which caused it I understood from that moment that new horizons were about to dawn upon her life, and that for a longer or shorter time the nature of our relations would completely change. One always tries to maintain to the last extremity the position which one has made for himself. At the bottom of our nature lies that conservative element which we abandon only when forced to do so. There, in my opinion, is to be found the explanation of my first supposition. I wished to believe, and I did really believe, that this change would not be of long duration, that

Continued on page 6.

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"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 Want Supplied.

My friend Appleton of Providence wants a word, having got himself in a box by his attempt to include the word "government" in the Anarchistic terminology. In the first number of the London "Anarchist" he tried to justify himself. In the second number Dr. Lazarus promptly and properly came down on him. In a still later number Mr. Appleton explains. He says that, needing a word to explain a certain idea, he consulted me, but could get no more out of me than that I thought the term "government" objectionable. He does not like Dr. Lazarus's expressions, "harmony" and "spontaneous coöperation," because they "cannot substitute what the term 'government' ought to stand for, since they merely imply conditions, and not the potential factor, which is contemplated in a philosophic analysis of the sources of true order." So he takes refuge behind Stephen Pearl Andrews, who has assured him "that the term 'government' is eminently proper, and cannot be discarded under the present limitations of scientific terminology."

Right here let me remind Mr. Appleton that, if he had applied to Mr. Andrews for advice regarding the term "State" (which Mr. Appleton tramples under foot as vigorously as I do), he would have received a similar answer. I once heard Mr. Andrews distinctly and publicly affirm, in speaking of a discussion between Proudhon and Louis Blanc, that he was with Louis Blanc for the "State-servant," Proudhon maintaining, on the contrary, that the State is always and necessarily "State-master." And yet Mr. Andrews is not an authoritarian, like Louis Blanc, but a libertarian, like Proudhon. The explanation of this seeming inconsistency is that, bothered by the imperfections of language, Mr. Andrews adopts the policy of using words in all their possible meanings, suiting the use to the occasion, while Dr. Lazarus and I think we can better avoid linguistic difficulties by using words in as narrow, exclusive, definite, and individual a sense as possible.

For myself I find no fault with the substitutes which Dr. Lazarus suggests. They serve my purpose, and with them I find no difficulty in achieving a sufficiently clear expression of my thought. While, therefore, Mr. Appleton's discrimination against them seems to me to be unnecessarily nice, I none the less see that it is a true one, and not a mere caprice. The idea for which he wants a word he describes in the following paragraph:

> An individual is one of a dozen sitting in a room. They are all so individualized as to be wholly adrift as to unity of purpose, and something must be done. This individual, through superior knowledge, intellect, will, and personal magnetism, finally makes the right thing to be done as clear as daylight, and they all unitedly do what he proposes. Dr. Lazarus does not like to hear me say that this individual has "governed" the others. But what has he done? This act is an exercise of the leading factor of potentiality which distinguishes Anarchism from the arbitrary force which we indict in the existing State. Philosophy calls for a term which shall express this act, and the English language must supply it. What is it? I invite my critics to supply it, and it was with this in view that I used the term "government" in my article, while I confess that it does not sit altogether easily in my conscience.

I suggest—and Josiah Warren suggested it before me—the word "leadership." It is better than the word "coöperation" in that it refers to the *act* of influence or guidance rather than to the *result* of it, and it is better than the word "government" in that it does not imply the idea of authority. Nine out of ten associate the word "government" with compulsion, and both Webster and Worcester emphasize the idea. On the other hand, nine out of ten think of "leadership" as voluntary. How naturally, for instance, one speaks of Garrison as a *leader* of the abolition movement; how misleading, on the other hand, to call him a *governor* of the abolition movement! To be sure, the phrase is sometimes heard, "the leader of an army," but every one realizes, I think, that the more usual and correct phrase is "the commander of an army."

If the word "leadership" does not satisfy Mr. Appleton, I hope he may find one that suits him better. But he certainly should use it in preference to "government," which is not a whit less objectionable than the State itself. Anarchists should beware of all words that to the general run of people mean Authority.

T.

The Slave Copies his Master.

While looking about in New York among the labor reformers, my eye took in two fellows who might well be classed at first sight as belonging to the order of "toughs." Their exteriors were rude and brazen. Plugged firmly into the iron jaws of one of them was a short stub pipe, from which was emitted unwholesome fumes, while the other stalked about the room as if monarch of all he surveyed. Alternately their eyes shot into the faces of one and another about them, and in language less elegant than concise they delivered themselves of strictures upon men and things as if born dictators.

Upon their leaving, a gentleman accosted me, and said: "Do you know who those two fellows are?" "No," I replied. "Well," said he, "those crispy and rough lads are what are known as 'walking delegates' of the amalgamated bricklayers of New York and vicinity. They wield a power greater than presidents, governors, and mayors. In their sphere they hold capitalists at their mercy. At their command every brick in New York falls to the ground. Within twenty-four hours work on every building in process of erection stops. When they spot a non-union man, he is industrially struck dead. No man can work at brick-laying in these parts without their consent. They are veritable Cæsars and work on Cæsarian methods. They are absolute monarchists. Within the circle of their power whoever does not look well in their eyes is decapitated, and their censorship is swift, inexorable, and beyond appeal."

Such is largely the moral complexion of existing labor organization. It is the recoil of existing capitalistic despotism. It is absolutism confronting absolutism. It is the reflex development of force in the hands of labor, steadily growing into a giant which is destined sometime to charge upon Capital and grind it to powder. Yet in principle it is no better than its now master. It is the inverted equation of force. It is a no less hateful enemy of Liberty than its rival, and carries far less brains and sense of equity. Were I to take my chances for mercy, I would far sooner commit them to the keeping of the average capitalist than to ignorant fellows who, having twenty thousand organized men behind them, strut and swagger through the streets and in the offices of labor publications, taking the measure of those whom they are powerful enough to sit down upon.

Of course, I see how all this is natural and necessary as primary education in labor reform. Yet to him who thinks with his eyes towards Liberty it has no meaning, except as the initiatory grinding process which is to prepare the way for getting at the root evil of all societary inequity. To deprive the capitalist of the means of first setting the example of absolute force, which labor is now zealously copying, is the only rational purpose now before the eyes of men. The exposition of that purpose is found alone with the Anarchists. They alone are moving for the abolition of the State, through which the power to exercise force on the part of Capital is only made possible. When this tap-root of absolutism can be intelligently understood by labor, there will be found no warrant for force, but simply a refusal to supply the means of force to the original aggressor.

How simple is the only effectual method of bringing Capital at bay, if reformers had only the courage to face it! It would cost no bloodshed. It would turn the eyes of the oppressed peaceward and Libertyward, and its effectiveness would be almost magical. But while labor organization drifts into despotism, even more absolute and irresponsible than that of its enemy, reformers will probably still hug their idols till they begin to get disgusted with themselves in an aimless and endless battle, in which the only source of ammunition for Capital resides in Labor, and where all necessity for battle ceases when Labor simply refuses to supply it.

X.

Edgeworth on Proudhon.

Having put them off till the last moment, my comments on Edgeworth's article on another page must be brief and abrupt.

"Mr. Tucker's thoughts were running upon the cost of the use of currency, which incidentally facilitates the use of capital, but is not the same thing."

Not so. I was stating Proudhon's idea, which is as much opposed to payment for the use of capital as for the use of currency. He never tired of exploding what he called "the fiction of the productivity of capital," and of showing that interest, rent, and profits must fall together, or very nearly together. And his definition of capital, given in his controversy with Bastiat, is inclusive of currency. Edgeworth will know these things for himself when he has read all of Proudhon's works instead of one or two of them.

"I consider capital as the property of labor."

So do I, rightfully; and, when it has become so actually, labor will waste no time in paying itself for the use of what is its own.

"I deprecate a hostile and provocative tone towards capital," but "there are certain abusers of capital and other privileges for whom I would gladly translate the *sic iter ad astra* in a practical fashion."

The Jay Goulds, I presume. Well, they are no more abusers of privilege than the working-girl who puts her money in the savings bank to get interest on it. They simply succeed better in availing themselves of privilege. The privilege itself is the abuse. Toward that a hostile tone, whether provocative or not, is not only justifiable, but the only tone consistent with the fundamental principle of the new political economy.

"Ethical rent is the claim of a proprietor whose judicious labor has multiplied a thousand fold the yield of the soil and added as much more in buildings, etc. This is, however, an exhaustible value, which may be appraised and liquidated."

The liquidation of this value, whether immediate or gradual, is a sale, and brings a right of ownership, which it is not in the nature of rent to do. To call this rent is inaccurate. Rent is payment for use, and brings no title to the man who pays it.

"Earnestness in view of success for mundane objects makes policy the principle of principles."

True; but it is just as true that the same earnestness makes principle the policy of policies.

"In the revolutionary assembly Proudhon was in presence of his peers, and, in calling property pet names, he only showed his love for a darling child."

Proudhon called property pet names, not only in the revolutionary assembly, but in his books. The announcement that "la propriété c'est le vol" was first made to the people. And, distinguishing, as he did, property from possession, and making the former synonymous with usury, he meant all that he said when he declared that property was robbery, and he pronounced it such in no spirit of playful tenderness, but with as unrelenting sternness as a man ever brought to the performance of a high duty. It is true that he sometimes accommodated himself to the ordinary phraseology, but it was always evident what he meant.

"Proudhon did not conceive that the way to abate rent and interest was to blame and denounce them."

This depended upon his mood, which was not always the same.

"Nor did he rely on governmental force or legislation against them."

Certainly he did not, and I hope that Edgeworth does not suppose that I do.

"Proudhon, whose evolution from Democrat to Anarchist was gradual."

He declared himself an Anarchist in his first important work, and gave a clear statement of his meaning.

"*Fairly to divide future earnings* ought not to carry the idea of fostering indolent privilege as in the past, but only that the products of past labor, unconsumed, and fecundating present labor, shall receive an award proportional to their usefulness."

Past labor receives its award when it sells its products, whether it sells them outright or by instalments. It is not entitled to receive its award and retain its products, as it would do if it exacted rent. And the price that it gets for its products should not be proportional to future earnings. The inventors, makers, and users of tools are entitled only to payment for their labor, measured by other labor equally difficult and exhausting. The benefits of such tools should belong to them in no special sense, but only as members of the great body of consumers. And this will be the case when competition is absolutely free.

"Proudhon would be in contravention with the Anarchist principle, if he laid down rules in advance that capital should receive this, that, or nothing."

It would be in contravention with the Anarchist principle to reënact the laws of mathematics, but it is wise, nevertheless, to study them and try to act in accordance with them. Proudhon did not say arbitrarily what capital shall receive, but only what it ought to receive in equity and what it would receive under free and natural conditions. He spoke as a scientist, not as a law-giver.

I believe that nearly everything else in Edgeworth's article commands, as usual, my warm admiration.

T.

In Behalf of the Press.

From the height of her two centuries in advance of us "Josephine" lately sent back some words of withering scorn and contempt concerning the newspapers of today. They were all the more withering because they were true, every one. The more intimately one is connected with the inner life of newspaperdom, the more completely must he acknowledge their truth. And yet it seems to me that something more than scorn and contempt is their due. My own knowledge of their making and connection with their inner workings have taught me to temper my abhorrence with gratitude that they are no worse than they are, when such possibilities of evil influence are before them, and with gladness that they so often can and do work much for righteousness.

I know and admit all the points—the long lines, rather—wherein the press falls far short of exercising a possible great and glorious influence in opening people's eyes to the infamies they call justice; I know and admit all the iniquities of the press,—its partisanisms, its stupidity, its venality, and all the thousand other things of which it is guilty. But knowing and admitting them all, I might still say that I am persuaded it is one of the most active and most effective agencies in pushing people ahead toward a better state of things. I do not wonder at all that it does so little. But I do marvel greatly that it does so much. Every day I am surprised to find editorial utterances, opinions in head lines, or morals half pointed in the way of telling a piece of news, which are valuable Anarchistic seed. The newspapers work much against the progress of ideas, I know, but connected with so many of them are people who disbelieve in the present order of things, people who are hunting after something better, people who are convinced that progress can be only in the direction which Anarchists wish to travel, and who all seize every opportunity to speak a word or throw a hint in behalf of Liberty. And I hold that the newspaper man who has written a dozen editorial articles in defence of a political party or in recognition of the rightfulness of existing systems and who then writes a dozen lines that point toward the ways of Liberty is entitled, not only to the forgiveness of Anarchists, but to their gratitude, and merits from every one of them a "well done" and a hearty hand-shake. He has done more good for the cause of Anarchy than if the whole dozen articles had been in its behalf. People would not have read the articles, and they will read the dozen lines, or, if they were willing to read the former, they would mostly be roused to opposition by them, while by the other, so short and apparently so harmless, they are insensibly influenced. It is a little seed in a little crack in a big rock, but some day it will split the rock in two.

The little things which these people are constantly tossing into the papers are doing most effective work for Anarchy. They go everywhere among the people, they are sure to be read, and they do not spoil their own usefulness by attracting attention and arousing suspicion. They are the little leaven which is leavening the whole lump. Wherefore I say that the people who are doing these things deserve credit and thanks, and the papers which serve as their medium merit something other than contempt.

F.

Insult Added to Injury.

The Boston "Transcript" commends the Springfield "Union" for saying: "Francis Murphy told the Pittsburg strikers the other day that, if they must strike, it should be against strong drink and bad company. There is truth in that, which would cure nine-tenths of the labor troubles."

Listen to that, you drudges of the world! You are robbed of the larger portion of the wealth your toil produces, and then the robbers and their apologists calmly tell you that you are poor because you drink whiskey instead of champagne and do not select college professors for your associates. Of course it would be better for you to let strong drink alone, and no doubt some of your associations are of little use to you, but to say that nine-tenths of the labor troubles are caused by drunken workers is to lie damnably and insolently. Nothing less than justice will cure labor troubles. The only evil of strikes is their frequent failure to secure any fairer treatment for the strikers.

K.

Eighteen men and women who had been punished once for all the crimes they had ever been convicted of committing, and against whom there was no shred of evidence of having committed any new crime or of harboring any intention of committing any new crime, were taken into custody by the New York police on Thursday, August 6, on no pretext whatever save that these persons had the reputation of being professional pickpockets and that it was the part of prudence to keep such characters in jail until after the Grant obsequies, when they might be arraigned in court and discharged for want of evidence against them. That is to say, eighteen persons, presumably innocent in the eye of the law, had to be deprived of their liberty and kept in dungeons for four days, in order that some hundreds of thousands of people, half of them numskulls and the other half hypocrites, might not be obliged to keep their hands on their pocket-books while they shed crocodile tears at the grave of one of the foremost abettors of theft and plunder which this century has produced. And the upholders of governments continue to prate of the insecurity that would prevail without them, and to boast of the maxim, while thus violating it, that "it is better that ninety-nine guilty men should escape than that one innocent man should suffer."

The Only Thing We Haven't Plenty Of.

[Galveston Daily News.]

After reading the dismal philosophy of Rev. Thomas Malthus, a person might excuse the fellow that fired his pistol at a row of dynamite cartridges on the mantelpiece, just for fun. Three or four persons killed; eight wounded. Malthus could not see thus far ahead, or he would have put railroad accidents, elevators, and fooling with pistols in place of his categories of war, famine, etc., as methods of reducing the alleged surplus population. Talking about a surplus, let's see. This country has a surplus of grain, a surplus of cotton, a surplus of manufactured goods, a surplus of money in the treasury, and a surplus of hungry and shivering people. It seems as if there were too many surpluses, but no surplus wisdom to bring them all together.

What Political Economy Tells Us.

[Galveston News.]

The part of political economy that does not deal with conditions depending upon particular governmental arrangements and authority is the part that counts for least in the usual discussions in the books. Political economy adapts itself to any condition. It tells how the produce is divided and consumed and capital accumulated under slavery. As soon as slavery is abolished, that base is gone, and it tells then how things work under alleged competition, with labor perhaps in the preposterous attitude, while selling itself, of being homeless, kept so by statute and by its own faith and assistance in the policy expressed in the statute. It does not prove that these things are right.

Examples From Above.

[Rochefort in L'Intransigeant.]

After the exposure of London in all its baseness and the startling commotion produced by the "Pall Mall Gazette's" revelations, we ask ourselves how a people could be stupid enough not to make haste to seize the first opportunity that might present itself to get rid of the monarchy.

This time it cannot be said that the scandal comes from the lower ranks. Is it in the homes of the laborers, the Collectivists, the Anarchists, or the Communists that children of eight years are violated with the refinements of lechery of which we gave our readers yesterday a mild sketch? Is it from the governed or the governing classes that come these examples of ignominy? And when we spit upon this society which oscillates continually between the larder and the bawdy-house, they condemn us to punishments of the most corporal and degrading character!

There is no denying it: these lords, these clergymen, these princes of the blood, whom an honest journal has at last had the courage to nail to the pillory, are the very strata on which rest the whole existing social order made up of religion, morality, and the family.

They are, indeed, fine to see and fit to imitate,—these barons who look down upon the vile populace from the height of their privileges! Varlin, who was assassinated by the Versaillese for having shown himself insufficiently convinced of the virtues of the Prince of Wales, wrote this sentence, which was destined to become the rule of humanity:

"No duties without rights; no rights without duties."

Now, we easily see the rights of monarchies represented by the presumptive heirs of both sexes; but where are their duties? When the sweat of a nation is called upon to pay a civil list of thirty millions, there is at least an obligation to return in respectability, if not in genius, the enormous sums thus wrung from it. But who will dare to celebrate the benefits of royalty in presence of this future sovereign of England who begins by violating girls of tender age destined to become his subjects later. Judging by the way in which he understands morality, here is a gentleman in politics in whom the English must feel a singular confidence. The reign of this privileged personage promises us, I must say, sweet surprises. With the money that he shall exact from fathers he will hasten to purchase their daughters.

And notice that, if the Prince of Wales is today on the anxious seat, it is because an independent journal has dared to throw his disgrace publicly in his face. But among the sovereigns in expectation now seated on the steps of European thrones, do you believe there is a single one whose shame would send a shiver through his courtiers if it likewise were brought to light?

Wherever there is power, there is abuse. That which would send an ordinary citizen to prison is regarded in a monarch, in his son, or in his relatives, as a mark of temperament or generosity in the blood; and the poor man wears himself out to provide these swine, for whom a pig-sty would be a more than sufficient dwelling, palaces with fifty-window fronts and mistresses—under ten years.

We cannot tell when the old Victoria, the same who allowed an unfortunate servant to hang because she had killed her master who had taken her by force, will go to rejoin in the grave the John Brown whom she lost last year; but when her noble son shall have been crowned, we shall see queer things on the other side of the Channel.

The chances are that among the petitions which his subjects will address to the new sovereign will be found some bearing these words:

"I beg Your Majesty to remember that I am one of the eight-year-old children whom you once violated at the house of an East End procuress."

Inasmuch, moreover, as, independently of these little manias that characterize the man of the world, he is drunk seventeen hours out of the twenty-four, and has the reputation, in all the club-houses of France and England, of cheating at the gaming-table, we cannot too strongly recommend the British nation to take him for a master without any hesitation. To install such a rake upon the throne would be to give the Republic the most marvellous puff that it could ever hope for.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

Continued from page 3.

our old relations would be reëstablished. She even tried to escape this change by holding herself to me as closely as possible. That had its influence upon me, and for some days I believed it possible to realize her hope. But I soon saw, nevertheless, that this hope was vain.

"The reason lies in my character, which, in so speaking of it, I in no wise blame. I simply so understand things.

"He who employs his time well divides it into three parts,—work, pleasure, rest or distraction. Pleasure demands rest as much as work does. In work and in pleasure the human element predominates over individual peculiarities. We are driven to labor by the preponderant motive of external rational needs. To pleasure by the preponderant motive of other needs of human nature,—needs quite as general. By rest and distraction the individual seeks to reëstablish his forces after the excitement which has exhausted them. In this the individual decides freely for himself in accordance with his personal tastes and proclivities. In work and in pleasure men are drawn to each other by a powerful general force above their personal peculiarities,—in work by a clearly understood self-interest, and in pleasure by the identical needs of the organism. In rest it is not the same. Here there is no general force acting to dominate individual peculiarities: leisure is of all things the most personal, the thing in which nature demands most liberty; here man most individualizes himself, each seeking the satisfaction most agreeable to him.

"In this respect men are divided into two principal categories. For those of one category leisure or distraction is most agreeable in the society of others. Solitude is indispensable to every one. But to them it is indispensable that it should be an exception, their rule being life with others. This class is much more numerous than the other, which needs the opposite. Those of the latter class are more at ease in solitude than in society. This divergence has been remarked by general opinion, which has signified it by the expressions 'sociable men' and 'unsociable men.' I belong to the category of the unsociables, she to that of the sociables. That is the whole secret of our history. It is clear that neither of us is to blame for this, any more than either of us is to blame for not having strength enough to remove this cause: man can do nothing against his own nature.

"It is very difficult for us to understand the peculiarities of other natures; every man pictures all other men to himself from the standpoint of his own character. That which I do not need others need no more than I: so our individuality manifests itself. I need more than evidence to recall me to the opposite feeling. The situation which suits me ought, in my opinion, to suit others. This tendency of thought being natural, in it I find my excuse for having remarked too late the difference between her nature and my own. This is important. When we began to live together, she placed me on too high a pedestal: so at that time we did not stand on an equality. She had too much esteem for me; my way of living seemed to her exemplary; she considered my individual peculiarity as a characteristic befitting all men, and for a time she was under its influence. There was, besides, a reason that controlled her in a different way.

"The inviolability of the inner life is very lightly esteemed among people of but little intellectual development. Every member of the family—especially the oldest members—unceremoniously thrusts his nose into your private life. Not that our secrets are thereby violated: secrets are things more or less precious, which one does not forget to conceal and guard. Moreover, every man does not have them, so numerous are those who have nothing to hide from their relatives. But every one wishes to keep a little corner of his inner life into which no one may penetrate, just as every one wishes to have a room of his own. People of but little intellectual development pay small respect either to the one or the other: even if you have a room of your own, everybody walks into it, not exactly to watch you or intrude upon you, but because they do not dream that they may disturb you; they imagine that you can object to unexpected visits from none but those whom you dislike; they do not understand that, even with the best intentions, one may be intrusive. The threshold, which no one has a right to cross against the will of the interested party, is respected only in one case, that of the head of the family, who may put out by the shoulders whoever intrudes upon him. All the rest must submit to any and every intrusion and on the most idle pretexts, or even without any pretext at all. A young girl has two every-day dresses, one white and the other red; she puts on the red dress; that is enough to start the babble.

"'You have put on your red dress, Anuta; why did you do so?'

"Anuta herself does not know why; she had to put on one, and, after all, if she had put on her white dress, it would have been just the same.

"'I do not know, mamma,' (or, 'my sister').

"'You would do better to put on your white dress.'

"Why would she do better? Anuta's questioner does not know, herself; only she must say something.

"'You are not gay today, Anuta.'

"Anuta is neither gay nor sad.

"'I did not know it; it seems to me that I am just as usual.'

"'No, you are not gay.'

"Two minutes later:

"'If you would play a little on the piano, Anuta.'

"Why, no one knows; and so it goes all day. As if your soul were a street and every one stationed himself at the window to look into it, not expecting to see anything,—knowing, in fact, that he will see nothing useful or interesting,—but looking because he has nothing else to do. Why should not one look into the street? And, indeed, to the street it is a matter of indifference; but man does not like to be intruded upon.

"It is natural that these intrusions, without purpose or intention, should provoke a reaction; and as soon as the individual finds himself in a position to live alone, he takes pleasure for some time in solitude, though naturally inclined to society.

"To come back to the person in question. Before marrying she was in a very peculiar situation; she was intruded upon, her thoughts were scrutinized, not simply to kill time, or even through indelicacy, but systematically, shamelessly, grossly, and with bad intentions. Consequently the reaction was very strong in her.

"That is why my fault must not be judged too severely. For some months, perhaps a year, I was not mistaken: she did, indeed, need solitude, and took pleasure in it. And during that time I formed my idea of her character. Her intense temporary need of solitude was identical with my constant need; why is it astonishing, then, that I should have taken a temporary phenomenon for a constant trait of her character? Every one is led to judge others by himself!

"This is a fault and a pretty serious one. I do not accuse myself, but I am moved, nevertheless, to justify myself; that is, I foresee that others will not be as indulgent for me as I am for myself. That is why, in order to soften the blame and help to an understanding, I must enter into some details about my character relatively to the subject which we are considering.

"I have no idea of rest except in solitude. To be in society means to me to busy one's self with something, or to work, or to delight one's self.

"I feel completely at my ease only when I am alone. What shall we call this feeling? What is its origin? In some it comes from dissimulation; in others, from timidity; in a third class, from a tendency to melancholy; in a fourth, from a lack of sympathy for others. It seems to me that I have none of these things. I am straightforward and sincere; I am always ready to be gay, and am never sad. Company pleases me: only it is all combined for me either with work or with pleasure. But these occupations must be relieved by rest,—that is, by solitude. As far as I can understand myself, I am moved by a desire of independence, of liberty.

"So the force of the reaction against her old family life led her to accept for a time a way of life not in conformity with her steady inclinations; her esteem for me maintained these temporary dispositions in her longer than they would otherwise have lasted. Then I said to myself that I had formed a false idea of her character: I had taken her inclinations of the moment for steady inclinations; and I rested on this thought. That is the whole story. On my side there is a fault deserving of not much blame; on hers there is no fault at all. How much suffering all this has cost her, and by what a catastrophe am I forced to put an end to it!

To be continued.

THEN AND NOW.

XIX.

HAPPINESS AND MISERY.

BOSTON, August 15, 2085.

My Dear Louise:

For the past two weeks Mr. De Demain and I have been comparing notes on the character of the people of two hundred years ago and that of the people of today, and I will give you his summing-up of his side of the case:

"Whether the people of today are more virtuous, more generous, more honest, more sympathetic is a secondary consideration. The main question is: Are they more happy? Without groping about in the semi-darkness that dims the past and trying to discover how man came to be an inhabitant of the earth; without calling upon metaphysics to tell us why he is here and what is his destiny; without even asking our own individual consciousness whether there be another existence after that which seems like death has made our body dead,—we may use our individual experiences in solving, individually, what is known as the problem of life.

"I say to myself: 'The world is here, and I am here.' My senses and reason combined lead me to believe that certain things have happened, that certain things are happening, and that certain things will happen. The latter is always problematical. I am not *sure* that certain things will happen. Past experiences, either of myself or others, make it probable that they will happen. Whether there be a reason or be no reason why I am here I care not; my sole object, so far as I consciously control myself, is happiness. There can be no nobler object in life than happiness. That may or may not be what we are here for, but a man who, when dying, can look back over the years, months, and days of his existence and say he has been happy has not lived for nothing. His transitory stay upon the globe has added something to the sum of all things,—that something his individual happiness. He has answered the question: 'Is life worth living?' Even if death be the end of existence, it is better to have lived and been happy even for a few years than not to have lived at all.

"The problem of life, then, is how to be happy, or, how to be most happy and least miserable. In order to be happy, we cannot close our eyes and stalk forth through time. The more closely man observes the world, the less he believes that it was created especially for his benefit. I think that most human individuals believe today that the world was no more made for man than man for silk hats. Man must conform himself to the world as the hat must conform to man's head. Man must watch nature within himself and outside of himself. He must follow nature where he cannot overcome nature to advantage. He must study the future in order to be happy. Happiness depends more upon tomorrow than upon today. To know what is to be tomorrow is to be happy. Look carefully at the circumstances that surround you; then strive to find what will be their result. If you have good reason to believe that the result will not bring you happiness, try to change the circumstances. If you cannot change them, conform yourself to them. Either put the things with which you must come in contact in harmony with yourself, or put yourself in harmony with them. In order to be happy you must do one or the other. Compromise. Don't lay out a path through the future and rush along it, never mind what obstacles intervene. You are liable to run your head against rocks and trees, to get stuck in the mud or fall over a ledge. Lay out your path as you go along. Go slow, unless your way is clear. When you come to a rock or a ditch, stop and calculate whether it be better to climb over or go around. Before you do anything, do not ask yourself: Is this right? Is this honest? Is this virtuous? Right, honesty, virtue mean nothing except as they are interpreted by the individual. What leads to happiness is right, is honest, is virtuous; what leads to misery is wrong, is dishonest, is not virtuous.

"The road to happiness is not straight, and its outlines are often dim. I was once asked by a student in college if I could think of any additional sense that it would be of advantage for man to possess and that might reasonably exist. I answered that a sense which could look into the future would be reasonable and of greater service to man than either hearing or smell. If man could see into tomorrow, there would be little misery in the world. The future is a problem the solution of which can only be approximated by the shrewdest minds, the closest observers, and deepest thinkers. Such men should be most happy, and such men are usually most happy.

"We consider Anarchy the best social condition under which men can live and procure the greatest amount of happiness with the least amount of misery. This is why we think Anarchy better than the State. You must, I think, acknowledge that I have convinced you that the people are at least much more happy today than they were two centuries ago. This is all we claim for Anarchy,—that it is the greatest promoter of happiness that has yet been conceived."

I am not quite willing yet to acknowledge that I believe the people of today more happy than they were in the good old times that I remember. The common people are more happy today, but the upper classes,—I keep constantly forgetting that there are no upper classes,—the people of superior intellect who should form an upper class,—are no happier, or I do not see how they can be more happy, than they were when I was one of them.

JOSEPHINE.

Anarchist Etiquette of Repartition.*

"Proudhon's idea—and it is the correct one—of a fair division between Capital and Labor was that Labor should have all and Capital nothing."

Mr. Tucker also admits that "Proudhon provided a reduced share for Capital during a transitional period."

This admission reminds me of Proudhon's words, "Banque du Peuple," page 289 of "Solutions Sociales," viz.: "By the principle of its institution, which is credit gratis, the People's Bank, replacing progressively the guarantee of cash by that which results from the reciprocal acceptance of its paper as agreed upon by all contractors, may and ought to effect discounts and give credits at rates of interest gradually less and less.

"Provisorily, this interest, commission included, is fixed at two per cent. per annum. It will fall lower with the progress of the Society, and in no case should the commission for discount exceed one-fourth of one per cent."

If I am correct then, Mr. Tucker's thoughts were running upon the cost of the use of currency, which incidentally facilitates the use of capital, but is not the same thing; for capital may dispense with currency, and so can labor; but neither labor nor capital can dispense with each other. Capital is the "plant" in soil, tools, machinery, and goods consumable, which facilitates the operations of labor.

Mr. Tucker, in his zeal against actual extortions, has perhaps lost sight of the distinction between capital and the capitalist living by the suction of interest. But I consider capital as the property of labor and the condition of its greater productive energy. And, in the meanwhile, I deprecate a hostile and provocative tone towards capital, which must disincline it toward practical conciliation with labor in their common interest and that of society in all its aspects. There are certain abusers of capital and other privileges for whom I would gladly translate the *sic iter ad astra* in a practical fashion, but regarding personal and corporative property as essentials of social well-being, and their inequality, within pretty wide limits, as a necessary consequence of the differences in our ambitions, and the inequality of our faculties, I would save property from the destructive collision of that class war into which the *infatuation of the absolute* in justice is driving us. Absolute right is the counterfeit presentment of God and the King, no less dangerous for enjoying the privilege of Gyges's ring, like its divine predecessor. I signalize his *Invisibility* to the suspicion of all true Anarchists. In "Lucifer" and the "Labor Enquirer," I have advocated the relative justice of rent, interest, and profits, within modest limits, in behalf of past labor and its personal identity with capital.

Legal rent is claimed by an absentee landlord who never struck a lick with axe or spade, on whose behalf the black-gowned raven, battening on the corpses of the conquered Celt or Saxon, consecrates their spoil to his ancestral line of robbers. Ethical rent is the claim of a proprietor whose judicious labor has multiplied a thousand fold the yield of the soil and added as much more in buildings, etc. This is, however, an exhaustible value, which may be appraised and liquidated. Let us not confound ideas of simple justice, which may prove to be only simplistic ideas of justice, one-sided and fallacious, with practical policy. Because I want to reach the top of a mountain is no reason for trying to climb perpendicular rocks in a bee line thither. Neither Proudhon nor we have the kindness of a fellow-feeling for the big dog in the manger, but we are not puritanic abstractionists who pelt institutions with adjectives, and do not consider it proper to explode property in order for Labor to pick up some scraps of it.

So long as we are insignificant in numbers and resources, we may ring the *Alarm* bell as much as we please; but were we in a position to compel attention, and to treat diplomatically as ambassadors of Labor at the Court of Capital,—the United States Senate, for example,—should we summon it to an unconditional surrender?

To pit principle against policy, and imagine that sincerity requires us to disregard policy, will do for Christian martyrs, because they speculated in celestial insurance policies. Their conduct was conformable to their fantastic theory of destinies. But earnestness in view of success for mundane objects makes policy the principle of principles.

It may occur to you that Proudhon was once an ambassador of Labor before the French government, and that he was minding something better than his p's and q's, when he said: "La propriété c'est le vol." It may also be admitted that Liberty's charms are not precisely those of the *suaviter in modo*, and that to be the pink of propriety is not the height of her ambition.

I answer that, in the revolutionary assembly, Proudhon was in presence of his peers, and that, in calling property pet names, he only showed his love for a darling child. "You little rascal!" is an idiom of tenderness. You know, besides, that in signalizing the improprieties of property, Proudhon was simply preluding to its proprieties. The pruning knife is not the enemy of the vine. The disastrous effects of rent and interest as we experience them on society preoccupied Proudhon, but he did not conceive that the way to abate them was to blame and denounce them, nor did he rely on governmental force or legislation against them. He aimed at a combination among proprietors and other citizens which should present to creditors eligible terms of release from debts and mortgages.

Risk being the chief consideration in defence of high rents and interests, as shown by the investments of capital in the stocks of stable governments at low rates of interest, risk must be reduced to a minimum as an inducement for a change of investments from individual obligations to those of a substitutive banking firm paying lower rates of interest.

Proudhon, whose evolution from Democrat to Anarchist was gradual, as a representative of the People, sought at first in 1848 to complete the political by the economic revolution, of which the Exchange Bank would be the pivot. While engrafting it upon the actual Banque de France, he wanted a decree by legislation to the purport that debts and mortgages should be legally cancelled, whenever, beginning after date of the new law, their principal should be covered by successive instalments, such as had been previously reckoned legitimate interest, thus tending to constitute debt a perpetual bondage, levying tribute by prejudice from labor for idleness.

Truly as it may be averred that most property is plunder, in Proudhon's pet paradox, facts are petrifactions. Only by slow detrition are they prepared to nourish, like the lava of Vesuvius, the roots of a new growth. The ethical sentiment must recognize its own limitations in Nature and humanity, and be content to train upon the old wall the young vine, tendency. *Fairly to divide future earnings* ought not to carry the idea of fostering indolent privilege as in the past, but only that the products of past labor, unconsumed, and fecundating present labor, shall receive an award proportional to their usefulness. By coöperating with others the inventor or owner of a machine may obtain great advantages from it, which others, sharing, will hardly begrudge to him. Moreover, coöperative property, interesting many by dividends, is safer both from accidental and malicious destruction than the same capital would be if operating by hired labor. The same consideration gives economies in wear and tear, and the cost of repairs is divided. In all cases the proportional profits or losses of the proprietor being subject to free contract, whatever bias Proudhon might reveal, if acting as an umpire, he would be in contravention with the Anarchist principle, if he laid down rules in advance that capital should receive this, that, or nothing. Proudhon, lingering in the arms of democracy, in the illusory faith of *la révolution en permanence*, expecting from the throes of the political mountain in labor some other fruition than the social mouse, sang the hymn, "Man never is, but always to be blest," in chorus with republican patriots. Louis Blanc, a Robespierre without guile, aspired to be paternal providence for labor, while Lamartine wedded the sentiment of property with La Republique. These were not routine politicians, rather philanthropists. Might they not be plastic to the conception of economic emancipation from the despotic authority of gold? No, they turned a deaf ear to financial reforms; they left the people as they found them, in the bondage of debt. The ambition of ruling only multiplied itself in would-be rulers. Liberty, indeed, commits suicide by representation, but Government takes good care not to abdicate. It will wait, like a hog, for its throat to be cut, and meanwhile squeal lustily.

The most conservative champion of privilege, with his eyes open to its actual perils, cannot prudently claim for it now so much as Proudhon allowed by the liquidation of all standing debts and mortgages. He is not Communist enough for the State Socialists, and it is simply carrying grits to their mill for his own friends to call such allowances to "vested rights" as the precited, "giving Labor all and Capital nothing"! Judging the matter ethically, I find such concessions to capital exorbitant for the numerous cases in which debts will have been already liquidated, and that several times over, by payments of rents and interests, and I am sure Proudhon felt as we do about it. His concessions are made from calculations of policy. Such calculations, varying with circumstances, account for the different estimates of interest in his several banking projects. His first conception, which was a modification of the Bank of France under governmental auspices, allowed three per cent. interest for it and its branches, and four per cent. for other banks called free. State Socialists and the paradoxical Communist-Anarchists, whose real drift is also to State Socialism, take an attitude hostile or antipathic to capitalists. Proudhon is homœopathic to them; that is the difference between expropriation and liquidation. Practical conciliation of interests between the actual and the potential, between legal possession and ethical right, is the aim of the Exchange and Real Estate Bank in eliminating debts and mortgages by absorbent substitution of acceptable and current values. Proudhon's conception of banking has for its essential principle the generalization of the *bill of exchange*. It embraces the interests of labor, both productive and distributive, by credit notes, the exchange of which constitutes a premium on appreciated skill and probity. Like the Township Counting House (*Comptoir Communal Actionnaire*) sketched by Fourier, Proudhon's Bank receives deposits of produce, advances part payments on them, holds them to the depositor's credit for a specified time, at the expiration of which, if the advance has not been returned with commission fees, it sells the goods at auction, and after reimbursing itself, turns over any balance to the original owner. They have one negative feature, viz., no intermediary ownership of goods, consequently *no speculation and no "profits,"* beyond the salary of officers; to the infinite disgust of the Dog in the manger. Such a Bank of Exchange, as common organ of Trades Unions and Granges, might become, like the syndicate of old Barcelona, a power that could treat on equal terms with national governments. Its substitutions would be acceptable, because of the gain in security by its popular constitution. Capital has a more delicate nose than the emperor Vespasian. High rents and interests have come to smell too strong of gunpowder and dynamite. If Proudhon's plan commends itself by averting the explosion of class hatreds and disarms the proletariat, like the sunbeam in its contest with the wind, in the fable, for the traveller's cloak, it must make concessions to habits and to circumstances.

In France, 1848-51, Proudhon conceived that a three per cent. interest would cover risks and costs, but whatever the first cost of establishment, it cannot equal that of the class war whose conflicts it conciliates and which, after destruction of property, can leave us peace only under some form of governmental despotism. Cheaper a sop to the capitalist dog in the manger,* the Cerberus of privilege, than victory adorned with the tails of the Kilkenny cats.

Ordination of privilege is salient with the evolution of the tribes of prey. The natural artists, nest-builders and songbirds, nearly all are insectivorous. Renaissance art broods under the wing of Lorenzo di Medicis. For the ulterior and harmonic evolution of societies, it may be more important that privilege should blossom in the arts than that laborers should never lack a mess of pork and cabbage. The two desiderata are not incompatible. Art, however proficient in execution, aborts in conception, unless fecundated by the social heart. Bloated luxury and skeleton misery lie down together in the grave of sterility.

In assigning all profits to Labor, in a healthy social organism, we virtually endow capital in the laborer.

Luxury, sulking in its palatial gums, will find sucking of its paws rather insipid diet in the second generation. Though its actual currency of specie and greenbacks be demonetized by that of the Exchange Bank, the property rescued from destruction by this mediator may indeed feed it in idleness much longer; but personal service, being no longer under pressure of necessity, may fight shy of F. F. V.s, W. Y.s, etc., or teach them new kinks in the line of behavior.

No levelling downward is meant, no abatement of privilege in principle; only a certain transposition of its factors and exponents, of which our old friend Jesus (We who speak am Lazarus) had an inkling.

To flatten out privilege is an idea that could only occur to a flat-footed cockney. The gardener and the stock-breeder know better. Their whole lives are spent either in selecting from the wild, Nature's privileged minions, or in baffling her notions of the fittest to survive in favor of some favorite of their own. Their Art is but Nature, beginning with the privileged orders of the cabbage and the pig. After a while, we reach the Rose and Tulip, then the stately Camelia. So Labor climbs hand over hand into the fine arts, entering the ideal through the gate of practice.

Persons make, and social classes ratify, the present distinctions between Labor and other Capital; but Labor reinstated in its natural domain of elemental forces, Labor reinvested with its homestead, wielding the trident of Neptune and the thunderbolt of Jove, Labor cutting stones with sunbeams, Labor perched upon the driver's seat of the machine whose galling harness it slips off,—Labor will ignore the possibility of a divorce from Capital. They reproduce the Androgyne of Plato.

Labor, Promethean, final conqueror of the Joves, Alexanders, and Goulds, has no need to contract new debts for the pleasure of liquidation. The fluency of its products in the universal and impartial solution of the Exchange Bank forestalls this necessity of misfortune under the despotic royalty of Gold. The results of past effort, fecundating and being fecundated by present effort, either in the same individuals or their heirs, make us all working capitalists.

The Polytechnic Institute with its cohort of working schools, Cornelia with her Gracchi, provides for this social transformation. The genius of practical education tones the manners, while shaping the bent and training the faculties, of childhood. It aims to make, not aristocratic bosses, but intelligent workmen. Now, the nisus of ascending imitation by classes is towards polished uselessness. Blockheads are

*This noble animal now on exhibition at the principal centres of trade, where he is taught to corner grains and pork, and stands guard at ware-houses, is a signal illustration of the concord which reigns between science and religion in modern progress, as compared with Joseph on the box of Pharaoh's slow coach. The ancients, uninstructed by Political Economy, had the impious idea of thwarting Providence by reserves from the years of abundance for those of famine, and multiplied, heedless as herrings of the scientific checks to population. Christendom, on the contrary, knowing the necessity of poverty to salvation, employs its depots and applies its economic resources for the creation of famine in the midst of abundance. How superior the paternalism of Uncle Sam and John Bull to that of Pharaoh and the Incas! And what a consolation, in the absence of some other liberties, is that of speculation, by the intermediary ownership of goods in commercial monopoly!

*See note by Mr. B. R. Tucker to page 7 of Liberty, April 25.

coated with a varnish of science. The facultative virtue of our thoroughbred workmen must render this ridiculous. Next to demonetizing specie and greenbacks comes the defashionizing of shams.

A spontaneous order of society, from which civilization has been drifting away into the morbid and monstrous, since the old Greek republics (with the exception of one sunny interlude, the Moors of Spain), renders property fluent through more spiritual channels than the best of Banks,—through those of Love and Friendship. This is a corollary of emancipation, at once from misery and superstition. The family mill-dam of property may become as rare as beaver-dams are now. A great accumulation of capital will carry the idea of apoplectic congestion, and call for charitable enterprises to relieve its possessor of such onerous responsibility. Labor, without Capital, can be but the accident of some cataclysm, until the Earth stops shaking her sides in titanic laughter at the folly of men. Is folly a brook that must flow on forever? All depends on the intelligence of will, or the will of intelligence, segregated from disturbing influences. The condition of spontaneous evolution is the absence of arbitrary intervention, and how can we build while we are fighting authority.

EDGEWORTH.

Government Getting Frightened.

To the Editor of Liberty:

Today's "Pioneer Press" contains two news items that should be of especial and significant interest to all who believe that the only effective way to combat monopoly is for the government to take charge of all great manufacturing and transportation enterprises, or, at least, to so license, limit, and direct them that they shall be practically estopped from working in harmony with the natural laws of growth and trade.

The first item is a telegram from Nashville, stating that the "moonshiners" of the middle district of Tennessee are rapidly extending their operations; that the number of illicit distilleries has increased to one hundred with an immediate prospect of four hundred more and, under the impetus of the large corn crop, an increase to one thousand. It is feared that "legitimate trade" will be greatly depressed. Already the agents of Tennessee "moonshiners" are selling whiskey in the North at very low figures. Common sense would say that, so long as men drink whiskey, they had best have an unadulterated and cheap article. But the excessive government tax prevents this, and forces those who drink to pay for the support of a vast army of officials, who succeed only in greatly increasing the price of a much inferior article.

The second item of news is headed "Opposition Postal Service," and tells us that Postmaster General Vilas has received a letter from St. Paul informing him that the Northern Pacific is "carrying mails in competition with the United States." There is a richness of naive confession about this that induces me to give your readers the benefit of nearly the entire telegram.

The scheme, as described, is certainly not the usual form of competition, for each letter carried by the Northern Pacific carries a United States stamp in addition to that required by the company. Dr. Day states that this enterprise interferes in no way with the revenues of the postoffice, and it really is a convenience to the public, from the fact that the railway company carries its mails on every train, while the United States mail goes on but few; but he reports it, thinking that it is a violation of the law forbidding private persons from carrying mails in competition with the United States. Attorney General Bryant has been set at work to discover if there is any way to stop the practice. Three years ago a similar complaint was raised against Wells, Fargo & Co., who were carrying letters in California, Arizona, New Mexico, and Mexico. The United States in some places did not have postal routes, and in others the mails were slow and infrequent.

Postmaster General Key wrote a letter to the postmaster at San Francisco, saying that the department did not wish to issue a peremptory order preventing Wells, Fargo & Co. from competing with the United States, and gave the opinion that the best way to check the trouble was for the postal authorities to undertake to carry the mails in Wells, Fargo & Co.'s field as well, if not better, than they did. The authorities here believe that the railroad company has no right to put up letter boxes throughout the cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis, and it is not improbable that the department will find means in the law to stop the whole matter.

"If there isn't law to make the Union Pacific stop," said a prominent official in the department tonight, "we shall have to give the people along the line better mail service. It is a good deal like the man who held the other fellow down by firmly putting his nose between his teeth and keeping it there; but it is necessary."

Notice that it is admitted that the revenues of the department are not decreased, that the people are better served, but that, in face of these palpable facts, the various officials are racking their alleged brains to discover a way in which to put a stop to this audacious interference with the special privileges of the great I Am at Washington. If the receipts of the postal department are not lessened, and if the people have better mail facilities than they would have were it not for this private enterprise, why are these dignitaries of the State hunting around for a law to restrain Wells, Fargo & Co. and the Northern Pacific? I will tell you. They see the handwriting on the wall; they fear that, if the fact becomes generally known that a private corporation can make a paying business of letter-carrying in spite of being handicapped with a government tax of two cents upon each letter, one of these fine days some inquisitive Yankee will rise to inquire whether we should not have a more efficient and a cheaper mail service if we depended entirely on private enterprise, or left competition between the government and the express companies entirely free. Such an inquiry would be dangerous, for it might set a good many people to thinking; and, when the people once get to thinking in real earnest, something may drop,—the official heads of sinecure place-fillers, for example. Better nip this incipient treason of the Northern Pacific in the bud. It is easier to strangle the babe in the cradle than to overcome the strong man in the gladiatorial arena.

From another paper I clip this:

Don Cameron is telling, in a tearful voice, how Professor Bell once offered him a controlling interest in his telephone company for six thousand dollars. Last year the profits of the company were fifteen hundred thousand dollars. The stock has been watered fearfully, but the profits are so enormous that the dividends have to be concealed by continual issues of new stock.

Who are paying these enormous profits to the Bell Company? Ultimately, the laborers and consumers of the country. Why do they have to pay the dividends upon such "fearfully watered" stock? Because the Bell Telephone Company is a government-protected monopoly,—because it has no competition.

E. C. WALKER.

ORTONVILLE, MINN., July 17, 1885.

Write This One on a Table of Gold.

[Osage County Democrat.]

What is needed for the good of society more than anything else is an amendment to the "ten commandments,"—an eleventh commandment something like this: "Thou shalt, under no circumstances, meddle with the affairs of thy neighbor, but attend strictly to thine own legitimate business." The general observance of such a rule of conduct would soon rid the world of dead-beats and blood-suckers, and the necessity of so much government, the present great afflictions of mankind.

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

Vol. III.—No. 14. BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1885. Whole No. 66.

"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.

Emile Gautier, one of the French Anarchists tried and sentenced with Kropotkine, has been released from prison. Rumors are afloat that he obtained the release by some concession or compromise. There is probably no truth in them.

Wonder if James Parton, who lately, in a letter stopping his subscription to Liberty, took occasion to tell me that no man was entitled to speak of General Grant as I did, said anything, in his address to the New York Freethinkers on Victor Hugo, about the great poet's scathing lines in condemnation of Grant and his refusal of his door to Bismarck's admirer and American counterpart as a representative of brute force.

Liberty has had something to say in approval of the "Pall Mall Gazette's" exposures. It wishes to add that, if Editor Stead, as now seems probable, was a party to the abduction and drugging of the girl, Eliza Armstrong, he deserves no sympathy or mercy. We are not justified in violating one innocent individual to save others. Comstockian methods are as bad when used to expose Conservative rottenness as when used to persecute Radical independence. I hope no Liberal journal which has denounced the wiles of Comstock will praise those of Stead, thus following the example of inconsistency already set by certain Conservative journals which are as loud in denunciation of Stead as they have ever been in support of Comstock.

Appeals frequently come from trades unions, labor lyceums, socialistic groups, etc., for the regular supply of a copy of Liberty for their reading-rooms. These organizations should understand that their request cannot be gratified. Beneficial and praiseworthy as all such movements for the dissemination of ideas undoubtedly are, it is none the less a fact that the great burden of the advanced socialistic agitation is borne by the publishers of its newspapers, and there is no reason why workingmen who are too poor to subscribe for a journal individually should not at least pay for the single copy which they club together to enjoy in common. If laborers would do more to support their newspapers instead of asking their newspapers to support them, they would materially shorten the term of their bondage to the powers that now prevail.

As this issue of Liberty goes to press, the eighth annual convention of the New York State Freethinkers' Association is in progress at Albany. The programme this year is one of the most brilliant that the association has ever presented, including addresses from Charles Watts, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Courtlandt Palmer, Mattie P. Krekel, James Parton, T. B. Wakeman, Helen H. Gardener, and Colonel Ingersoll. I should have liked especially to hear Mrs. Stanton on "Religious Liberty for Women" and Mr. Parton on "Victor Hugo." This convention is to be followed, on October 9, 10, and 11, by the ninth annual congress of the National Liberal League at Cleveland, Ohio. Those who realize the graver issues now pressing upon the world's attention cannot throw themselves into a movement devoted exclusively to religious liberalism, but they are none the less glad to see it go on. Old Whigs" and retrogressive Tories.

grateful for its undoubted broadening effect on the minds of the people.

"No man who puts any conscience into his voting, or who acts from proper self-respect," says the Boston "Herald," "will consider himself bound to support a dishonest or unfit candidate merely because he was 'fairly nominated' by the majority of his party." But the "Herald" believes that every man who puts any conscience into his conduct, or who acts from proper self-respect, should consider himself bound to support and obey a dishonest or unfit official merely because he was fairly elected by the majority of his countrymen. Where is the obligation in the latter case more than in the former? "Our country, right or wrong," is as immoral a sentiment as "our party, right or wrong." The "Herald" and its mugwump friends should beware of their admissions. They will find that the "divine right to bolt" leads straight to Anarchy.

"Whenever it is proposed," writes W. J. Potter in the "Index," "that the voluntary system for religion shall be adopted and trusted wholly, there are many timid folk who start up with the warning that religion would be imperilled. Such people do not appear to have much confidence in the power of religion to maintain itself in the world." By similar reasoning, how much confidence does Mr. Potter, who would prohibit people from reading literature that does not satisfy his standard of purity, who would prohibit people from drinking liquors that do not satisfy his standard of sobriety, who would compel people to be charitable by making them pay taxes for the support of almshouses and hospitals, and who would compel people to be learned and still other people to pay the expense of their learning,—how much confidence, I say, does Mr. Potter appear to have in the power of purity, temperance, benevolence, and education to maintain themselves in the world? Mr. Potter should learn of Auberon Herbert that "every measure to which a man objects is a Church-rate if you have the courage and the logic to see it."

The Chicago "Tribune," referring to the first outbreak of the Republican agitation in the House of Commons some years ago, says that "Auberon Herbert, a relative of Lord Carnarvon, who was then airing his Republican theories, has since settled down into a plodding Whig." Will the "Tribune" be good enough to consult the platform of the plodding Whigs? I never found a plank in it against State education, or one against State post-offices, or one against State telegraph lines, or one against State religion, or one against State charities, or one against the factory acts, or one against compulsory vaccination, or one against the exaction of the oath, or one against Sunday laws, or one against the prohibition of prostitution, or one against the prohibition of the liquor traffic, or one against compulsory marriage, or one against the so-called right of eminent domain, or one against compulsory taxation, or one against majority rule. And yet Auberon Herbert's platform contains all these planks and many others like them. A plodding Whig, indeed! A lightning-paced Radical, rather; yes, an Anarchist of the downright sort! Since his old Republican days he has not "settled down" by any means, but has gone ever onward toward the goal of perfect Liberty, outstripping in this race Dilke, Bradlaugh, and all his old Republican friends, and fairly distancing the "plodding

YE SONS OF TOIL, UNITE!

(Dedicated to "Wheelbarrow.")

Tune, "America."

NOTE.—This little poem was sent to the "Radical Review" just before its untimely decease. As that journal has since been resurrected and died a second death (which, according to the theologians, is final annihilation), I have renounced all hopes of its appearance in that quarter, and take the liberty to send it to Liberty, with the hope that it will thus come to the notice of the esteemed friend to whom it is dedicated. I have made a few slight alterations, but nothing to change its essential spirit.

Ye sons of toil, unite,
In Freedom's dawning light,
O'er all the world;
Band ye for liberty!
Justice, humanity!
Till tyrant flags shall be
Forever furled.

O men, why do ye sleep?
List! how your children weep
For homes and bread!
If ye were brothers all,
These things could not befall;
Together stand or fall,
Alive or dead.

Link every hand and heart;
Let each man do his part
For common weal;
Against Oppression's might,
Wage ye your manly fight;
Make every wrong thing right,
With holy zeal.

Brothers, do ye not see,
That wise men *will* be free,
But we are slaves?
'Tis knowledge that we need;
Truth's voice we do not heed;
With folly, fear, and greed
We dig our graves.

We are the lords of earth;
Our toil gives life its worth;
Behold our need!
Ye tyrant drones, beware!
Some things men *cannot* bear;
Our dues to have we swear,
Tho' millions bleed.

J. Wm. Lloyd.

Law-Ridden and Law-Crazy.

[Burlington Justice.]

The mania which the average citizen exhibits for wanting "a law" passed for and against everything under the sun is a bona fide Americanism. If there is a law-ridden and law-crazy nation on the globe, it is this blessed nation of ours. Russia may be groaning under a weight of laws, but the Russian people do not glory in it as we do. If some particular hotel drummer has a more melodious voice than the rest of them, somebody at once asks for a law to gag him. If boys wish to go in swimming this hot weather, the law does not furnish them any facilities, but simply tells them: "Thou shalt not bathe." There are about a million laws on our statute books that are neither observed nor enforced, but still the clamor for more laws never ceases. It was during the constitutional amendment epidemic which swept over this State last summer that the brilliant Council Bluffs "Nonpareil" wailed forth: "What is the remedy for the excessive prevalence of crime?" to which the Keokuk "Constitution" promptly sent the witty and appropriate reply: "We would suggest to the 'Nonpareil' a constitutional amendment prohibiting crime!"

Evolution and Liberty Identical.

[E. C. Walker.]

Evolution is the affirmative basis of all modern infidelity. It rests upon it as its solid bedrock. Evolution justifies all our demands for liberty, political, religious, industrial, and social, for liberty means simply the right to grow, to develop. We call it Liberty in society; in the natural world it is known as Evolution. The terms mean the same, and are the antithesis of Creation,—Authority.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

A ROMANCE.

By N. G. TCHERNYCHEWSKY.
Translated by Benj. R. Tucker.

Continued from No. 65.

"When the fright occasioned by her horrible dream had opened my eyes to the state of her feelings, it was already too late to repair my fault. But if we had seen sooner what she lacked, it is possible that, by making steady efforts over ourselves, she and I would have succeeded in achieving a sort of contentment with each other. But I do not believe that, had we succeeded, anything good would have resulted from it. Suppose we had reconstructed our characters sufficiently to render them harmonious; conversions, nevertheless, are good only when brought into action against some evil proclivities; now, the proclivities that we should have had to change are in no way blameworthy. In what respect is sociability worse or better than the desire for solitude, and *vice versa?* Now, conversion, after all, is violence, dispersion; in dispersion many things are lost, and the effect of violence is to stupefy.

"The result that we perhaps (perhaps!) should have attained would not have been a compensation. We should have become insignificant and should have withered more or less the freshness of our life. And why? To keep certain places in certain rooms? If we had had children, that would have been another matter; then we should have had to consider carefully the possibly bad influence that our separation would have had upon their fortunes. In that case it would have been necessary to make every possible effort to avoid this *dénoûment*, and the result—the joy of having done all that was necessary to make those dear to us happier—would have rewarded adequately all our efforts. But in the actual state of things what rational object could our efforts have had?

"Consequently, the present situation being given, all is arranged for the best. We have not had to violate our natures. We have had much sorrow, but, had we acted any otherwise, we should have had much more, and the result would not have been as satisfactory."

Such are the words of Dmitry Serguéitch. You can easily see with what persistence he has dwelt in this matter upon what he calls his wrongs. He added: "I feel sure that those who analyze my conduct without sympathy for me will find that I have not been entirely right. But I am sure of their sympathy for her. She will judge me even better than I judge myself. Now, for my part, I believe that I have done perfectly right. Such is my opinion of my conduct up to the time of the dream."

Now I am going to communicate to you his feelings concerning the subsequent events:

"I have said [Dmitry Serguéitch's words] that from the first words that she uttered about her dream I understood that a change in our relations was inevitable. I expected that this change would be a pretty radical one, for it was impossible that it should be otherwise, considering the energy of her nature and the intensity of her discontent at that time; and her discontent was all the greater from having been long suppressed. Nevertheless, I looked only for an external change and one quite to my advantage. I said to myself: 'For a time she will be under the influence of a passionate love for some one; then, a year or two having gone by, she will come back. I am an estimable man; the chances of finding another man like me are very rare (I say what I think, and have not hypocrisy enough to underrate my merits); her feeling will lose a portion of its intensity by satisfaction; and she will see that, although one side of her nature is less satisfied in living with me, on the whole she is happier and freer with me than with any one else. Then things will again shape themselves as in the past. Having learned by experience, I shall bestow more attentions upon her, she will have a greater and keener attachment for me, and we shall live more harmoniously than in the past.'

"But (this is a thing which it is a very delicate matter for me to explain, and yet it must be done),—but what effect did the prospect of this reëstablishment of our relations have upon me? Did it rejoice me? Evidently. But was that all? No, I looked forward to it as a burden, a very agreeable burden, to be sure, but still a burden. I loved her much, and would have violated my nature to put myself in greater harmony with her; that would have given me pleasure, but my life would have been under restraint. That was the way in which I looked at things after the first impression had passed away, and I have seen that I was not mistaken. She put me to the proof of that, when she wished me to force myself to keep her love. The month of complaisance which I devoted to her was the most painful month of my life. There was no suffering in it,—that expression would be out of place and even absurd, for I felt only joy in trying to please her,—but it wearied me. That is the secret of the failure of her attempt to preserve her love for me.

"At first blush that may seem strange. Why did I not get weary of devoting so many evenings to students, for whom I certainly would not have seriously disturbed myself, and why did I feel so much fatigue from devoting only a few evenings to a woman whom I loved more than myself and for whom I was ready to die, and not only to die, but to suffer all sorts of torments? It is strange, I admit, but only to one who has not fathomed the nature of my relations with the young, to whom I devoted so much time. In the first place, I had no personal relations with these young people; when I was with them, I did not seem to have men before me, but abstract types exchanging ideas; my conversations with them were hardly to be distinguished from my solitary dreams; but one side of the man was occupied, that which demands the least rest,—thought. All the rest slept. And furthermore the conversation had a practical, a useful object,—coöperation for the development of the intellectual life and the perfecting of my young friends. This was so easy a task that it rather reëstablished my strength, exhausted by other work,—a task which did not tire me, but, on the contrary, refreshed me; nevertheless, it was a task, and it was not rest that I was after, but a useful object. In short, I let my whole being go to sleep, thought excepted, and that acted without being troubled by any personal prepossession regarding the men with whom I was talking; consequently, I felt as much at my ease as if I had been alone. These conversations did not take me out of my solitude, so to speak. There was nothing in them similar to the relations in which the entire man participates.

"I know what a delicate matter it is to utter the word '*ennui*'; but sincerity will not permit me to withhold it. Yes, with all my love for her, I felt a sense of relief when later I became convinced that our relations were forever broken. I became convinced of it about the time when she perceived that to comply with her desires was a burden to me. Then my future seemed to assume a more agreeable shape; seeing that it was impossible to maintain our old relations, I began to consider by what method we could soonest—I must again use a delicate expression—consummate the separation. That is why those who judge only by appearances have been able to believe in my generosity. Nevertheless I do not wish to be hypocritical and deny the good that is in me; therefore I must add that one of my motives was the desire to see her happy. But this was only a secondary motive, a strong one enough, to be sure, but far inferior in intensity to the first and principal motive,—the desire to escape *ennui:* that was the principal motive. It was under this influence that I began to analyze attentively her manner of life, and I easily discovered that the person in question was dominated in her feelings and acts by the presence and absence of Alexander Matvéitch. That obliged me to consider him also. Then I understood the cause of her strange actions, to which I had at first paid no attention. That made me see things in a still more agreeable light. When I saw in her not only the desire for a passionate love, but also the love itself, an unconscious love for a man entirely worthy of her and able to completely replace me at her side; when I saw that this man too had a great passion for her,—I was thoroughly rejoiced. It is true, however, that the first impression was a painful one: no grave change takes place without some sorrow. I saw now that I could no longer conscientiously consider myself indispensable to her, as I had been accustomed to do and with delight; this new change, therefore, had a painful side. But not long. Now I was sure of her happiness and felt no anxiety about her. That was a source of great joy. But it would be an error to believe that that was my chief pleasure; no, personal feeling was dominant even here: I saw that I was to be free. I do not mean that single life seemed to me freer than family life: no, if husband and wife make each other mutually happy without effort and without thought, the more intimate their relations the happier they are. But our relations were not of that character. Consequently to me separation meant freedom.

"It will be seen that I acted in my own interest, when I decided not to stand in the way of their happiness; there was a noble side to my conduct, but the motive power was the desire of my own nature for a more comfortable situation. And that is why I had the strength to act well, to do without hesitation and without pain what I believed to be my duty: one does his duty easily when impelled by his own nature.

"I started for Riazan. Some time afterwards she called me back, saying that my presence would not trouble her. I took the contrary view,—for two reasons, as I believe. It was painful to her to see the man to whom (in her opinion) she owed so much. She was mistaken; she was under no obligation to me, because I had always acted much more in my own interest than in hers. But she saw it differently, and moreover she felt a very profound attachment for me, which was a source of pain. This attachment had also its agreeable side, but this could not have become dominant unless it had been less intense, for, when intense, it is very painful. The second motive (another delicate explanation, but I must say what I think) arose from the fact that her rather abnormal situation in the matter of social conditions was disagreeable to her. Thus I came to see that the proximity of my existence to hers was painful to her. I will not deny that to this new discovery there was a side incomparably more painful to me than all the feelings that I had experienced in the preceding stages of the affair. I retained very good dispositions toward her: I wished to remain her friend. I hoped that such would be the case. And when I saw that it could not be, I was much grieved. And my chagrin was compensated by no personal interest. I may say, then, that my final resolution was taken only through attachment to her, through a desire to see her happy. Consequently, my conduct toward her even in our happiest days never gave me so much inner satisfaction as this resolution. Then at last I acted under the influence of what I may call nobility, or, to speak more accurately, noble design, in which the general law of human nature acts wholly by itself without the aid of individual peculiarities; and I learned to know the high enjoyment of seeing one's self act nobly,—that is, in the way in which all men without exception ought to act. This high enjoyment of feeling one's self simply a man, and not Ivan or Peter, is too intense; ordinary natures like mine cannot stand it too often. But happy the man who has sometimes felt it!

"I do not need to explain this side of my conduct, which would have been senseless to the last degree in dealing with other men; it is, however, only too well justified by the character of the person to whom I yielded. When I was at Riazan, not a word passed between her and Alexander Matvéitch. Later, at the time when I took my final resolution, not a word passed between him and me or between her and me. But to know their thoughts I did not need to hear them."

I have transmitted literally the words of Dmitry Serguéitch, as I have already said.

I am an entire stranger to you, but the correspondence upon which I enter with you, in carrying out the will of poor Dmitry Serguéitch, is of so intimate a nature that you will be curious perhaps to know who this unknown correspondent is, who is so familiar with Dmitry's inner life. I am a medical student who has renounced his profession; I can tell you nothing more about myself. Of late years I have lived in St. Petersburg. A few days ago I conceived the idea of travelling and seeking a new career in foreign lands. I left St. Petersburg the day after you learned of Dmitry's loss. By the merest chance I did not have my passport, but I succeeded in getting that of another, which one of our common acquaintances had the kindness to furnish me. He gave them to me on condition that I would do some errands for him on the way. If you happen to see M. Rakhmétoff, be kind enough to tell him that all his commissions have been attended to. Now I am going to wander about for a while,—probably in Germany observing the customs of the people. I have a few hundred roubles, and I wish to live at my ease and without doing anything. When I grow weary of idleness, I shall look for work. Of what sort? It is of no consequence. Where? It matters not. I am as free as a bird, and I can be as careless as a bird. Such a situation enchants me.

Probably you will wish to reply, but I do not know where I shall be a week hence,—perhaps in Italy, perhaps in England, perhaps at Prague. Now I can live according to my caprice, and where it will take me I know not. Consequently, upon your letters place only this address: "*Berlin, Friedrichstrasse* 20, *Agentur von H. Schmeidler*"; within this envelope place another containing your letter, and upon the inner envelope, instead of any address, write the figures 12345; to the Schmeidler agency that will mean that the letter is to be sent to me. Accept, Madame, the assurance of the high esteem of a man unknown to you, but profoundly devoted to you, who signs himself

A QUONDAM MEDICAL STUDENT.

My much esteemed Monsieur Alexander Matvéitch:

In conformity with the wishes of poor Dmitry Serguéitch, I must tell you that he considered the obligation to yield his place to you the best conclusion possible. The circumstances which have induced this change have gradually come about within the last three years, in which you had almost abandoned his society, and without, consequently, any share in them on your part. This change results solely from the acts of two individuals whom you have tried in vain to bring together, and the conclusion was inevitable. It is needless to say that Dmitry Serguéitch could in no way attribute it to you. Of course this explanation is super-

fluous, and it is only for form's sake that he has charged me with making it. He was not fitted for the situation which he occupied, and in his opinion it is better for all that he has yielded his place to you.

I shake your hand.

A QUONDAM MEDICAL STUDENT.

"And, for my part, I know" . . . .

What's that? The voice is familiar to me. I look behind me; it is he, it is really he, the reader with the penetrating eye; lately expelled for knowing neither A nor B on a question of art, here he is again, and with his usual penetration again he knows something.

"Ah! I know who wrote that" . . . . .

I seize precipitately the first object that comes to my hand,—it is a napkin, inasmuch as, after copying the letter of the quondam student, I sat down to breakfast,—I seize the napkin and I close his mouth. "Well! know then! but why cry out like a madman?"

II.

St. Petersburg, August 25, 1856.

Monsieur:

You cannot imagine how happy I was to receive your letter. I thank you with all my heart. Your intimacy with Dmitry Serguéitch, who has just perished, entitles me to consider you a friend, and permit me to call you so.

In each of the words which you have communicated to me I have recognized the character of Dmitry Serguéitch. He was always searching for the most hidden causes of his acts, and it pleased him to apply thereto the theory of egoism. For that matter it is a habit common to all our circle. My Alexander also is fond of analyzing himself in this fashion. If you could hear how he explains his conduct towards me and Dmitry Serguéitch for the last three years! To hear him, he did everything from selfish design, for his own pleasure. I, too, long since acquired this habit. Only it occupies us—Alexander and me—a little less than Dmitry Serguéitch; we have the same inclination, only his was stronger. Yes, to hear us, we are all three the greatest egoists that the world has yet seen. And perhaps it is the truth. It is possible, after all.

But, besides this trait, common to all three of us, the words of Dmitry Serguéitch contain something peculiar to himself: the object of his explanations is evident,—to quiet me. Not that his words are not wholly sincere,—he never said what he did not think,—but he makes too prominent that side of the truth calculated to quiet me. I am very grateful to you, my friend, but I too am an egoist, and I will say that his anxiety on my account was useless. We justify ourselves much more easily than others justify us. I too do not consider myself at all guilty towards him; I will say more: I do not even feel under any obligation to have an attachment for him. I appreciate highly his noble conduct, but I know that he acted nobly, not for me, but for himself; and I, in not deceiving him, acted, not for him, but for myself,—not because, in deceiving him, I should have been unjust to him, but because to do so was repugnant to me. I say, like him, that I do not accuse myself. But like him also I am moved to justify myself; to use his expression (a very correct one), that means that I foresee that others will not be as indulgent as myself regarding some phases of my conduct. I have no desire to justify myself regarding that part of the matter upon which he touches; but, on the other hand, I have a desire to justify myself regarding the part upon which he does not need to justify himself. No one will call me guilty on account of what took place before my dream. But, then, is it not my fault that the affair took so melodramatic an aspect and led to a theatrical conclusion? Ought I not to have taken a much simpler view of a change of relations already inevitable, when my dream for the first time opened the eyes of Dmitry Serguéitch and myself to my situation? In the evening of the day when Dmitry Serguéitch died, I had a long conversation with that ferocious Rakhmétoff; what a good and tender man, that Rakhmétoff! He said I know not how many horrible things about Dmitry Serguéitch. But, if one should repeat them in a friendly tone, they would be almost just.

I believed that Dmitry Serguéitch knew perfectly well what Rakhmétoff was going to say to me, and that he had calculated upon it. In my state of mind I needed to hear him, and his remarks did much to quiet me. Whoever planned that conversation, I thank you much, my friend. But the ferocious Rakhmétoff himself had to confess that in the last half of the affair the conduct of Dmitry Serguéitch was perfect. Rakhmétoff blamed him only for the first half, concerning which it pleased Dmitry Serguéitch to justify himself.

But I am going to justify myself concerning the second half, although no one has told me that I was guilty. But every one of us—I speak of ourselves and our friends, of our whole circle—has a severer censor than Rakhmétoff himself,—his or her own mind. Yes, I understand, my friend, that it would have been much easier for all if I had taken a simpler view of the affair and had not given it so tragic a bearing. And, if we leave it to the opinion of Dmitry Serguéitch, I shall have to say further that he would then have had no need to resort to a sensational climax very painful to him: he had to act as he did only because pushed by my impetuous way of looking at things.

I suppose that he must have thought so too, although he did not charge you to tell me so. I set the higher value on his good feelings towards me from the fact that, in spite of all that happened, they did not weaken. But listen, my friend; this opinion is not just; it was not from any fault of mine, it was not from my unnecessary exaggeration of feeling, that the necessity presented itself to Dmitry Serguéitch of an experience which he himself calls very painful. It is true that, if I had not attached a great importance to the change of relations, the journey to Riazan might have been dispensed with, but he says that that was not painful to him; in this respect, then, my excitement caused no great unhappiness. It was only the necessity of dying that was painful to him. He explains by two reasons why he was forced to adopt that resolution.

In the first place, I suffered from my extreme attachment for him; in the second, I suffered because I could not give my relations with Alexander the character demanded by public opinion. In fact, I was not altogether tranquil; my situation was burdensome, but he did not divine the real cause. He believed that his presence was painful to me on account of the depth of my gratitude; this was not quite the case. We are very much disposed to look for consoling thoughts, and when Dmitry Serguéitch saw the necessity of dying, that necessity had long ceased to exist: my gratitude had decreased to that moderate degree which constitutes an agreeable feeling. Now, deep gratitude was the sole cause of my painful exaggeration of feeling. The other cause mentioned by Dmitry Serguéitch—the desire to give my relations with Alexander the character demanded by society—did not depend at all upon my way of viewing the affair. It was the result of society's ideas. That cause I could not have controlled; but Dmitry Serguéitch was absolutely mistaken if he supposed that his presence was painful to me for that reason. If a husband lives with his wife, that is enough to prevent scandal, whatever the relations of his wife with another. That is a great step already. We see many examples where, thanks to the noble character of the husband, affairs are thus arranged, and in that case society lets the woman alone. Now, I consider that the best and easiest way of arranging affairs of this sort. Dmitry Serguéitch at first proposed this plan to me. I then refused on account of my exaggeration of feeling. I do not know what would have happened if I had accepted; but, if I had been able to content myself with being left alone and the avoidance of scandal regarding my relations with Alexander, it is evident that the plan proposed by Dmitry Serguéitch would have been sufficient, and that, if I had adopted it, there would have been no need of his decision to die. In that case evidently I should have had no reason to desire to formally determine my relations with Alexander. But it seems to me that such an arrangement, satisfactory in most cases similar to ours, in ours would not have been so. Our situation had one peculiar feature,—the three individuals whom it concerned were of equal force. If Dmitry Serguéitch had felt an intellectual and moral superiority in Alexander; if, in yielding his place to him, he had yielded to moral superiority; if his withdrawal, instead of being voluntary, had been only the withdrawal of the weak before the strong,—why, then certainly nothing would have weighed upon me.

To be continued.

A LETTER TO GROVER CLEVELAND.

ON

His False, Absurd, Self-Contradictory, and Ridiculous Inaugural Address.

By LYSANDER SPOONER.

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SECTION X.

Sir, your idea of the true character of our government is plainly this: you assume that all the natural, inherent, inalienable, individual, *human* rights of fifty millions of people—all their individual rights to preserve their own lives, and promote their own happiness—have been thrown into one common heap,—into hotchpotch, as the lawyers say: and that this hotchpotch has been given into the hands of some four hundred champion robbers, each of whom has pledged himself to carry off as large a portion of it as possible, to be divided among those men—well known to himself, but who—to save themselves from all responsibility for his acts—have secretly (by secret ballot) appointed him to be their champion.

Sir, if you had assumed that all the people of this country had thrown all their wealth, all their rights, all their means of living, into hotchpotch; and that this hotchpotch had been given over to four hundred ferocious hounds; and that each of these hounds had been selected and trained to bring to his masters so much of this common plunder as he, in the general fight, or scramble, could get off with, you would scarcely have drawn a more vivid picture of the true character of the government of the United States, than you have done in your inaugural address.

No wonder that you are obliged to confess that such a government can be carried on only "amid the din of party strife"; that it will be influenced—you should have said *directed*—by "purely partisan zeal"; and that it will be attended by "the animosities of political strife, the bitterness of partisan defeat, and the exultation of partisan triumph."

What gang of robbers, quarrelling over the division of their plunder, could exhibit a more shameful picture than you thus acknowledge to be shown by the government of the United States?

Sir, nothing of all this "din," and "strife," and "animosity," and "bitterness," is caused by any attempt, on the part of the government, to simply "do equal and exact justice to all men,"—to simply protect every man impartially in all his natural rights to life, liberty, and property. It is all caused simply and solely by the government's violation of some men's "*rights*," to promote other men's "interests." If you do not know this, you are mentally an object of pity.

Sir, men's "*rights*" are always harmonious. That is to say, each man's "rights" are always consistent and harmonious with each and every other man's "rights." But their "*interests*," as you estimate them, constantly clash; especially such "interests" as depend on government grants of monopolies, privileges, loans, and bounties. And these "interests," like the interests of other gamblers, clash with a fury proportioned to the amounts at stake. It is these clashing "*interests*," and not any clashing "*rights*," that give rise to all the strife you have here depicted, and to all this necessity for "that spirit of amity and mutual concession," which you hold to be indispensable to the accomplishment of such legislation as you say is necessary to the welfare of the country.

Each and every man's "*rights*" being consistent and harmonious with each and every other man's "*rights*"; and all men's rights being immutably fixed, and easily ascertained, by a science that is open to be learned and known by all; a government that does nothing but "equal and exact justice to all men"—that simply gives to every man his own, and nothing more to any—has no cause and no occasion for any "political *parties*." What are these "political parties" but standing armies of robbers, each trying to rob the other, and to prevent being itself robbed by the other? A government that seeks only to "do equal and exact justice to all men," has no cause and no occasion to enlist all the fighting men in the nation in two hostile ranks; to keep them always in battle array, and burning with hatred towards each other. It has no cause and no occasion for any "political *warfare*," any "political *hostility*," any "political *campaigns*," any "political *contests*," any "political *fights*," any "political *defeats*," or any "political *triumphs*." It has no cause and no occasion for any of those "political *leaders*," so called, whose whole business is to invent new schemes of robbery, and organize the people into opposing bands of robbers; all for their own aggrandizement alone. It has no cause and no occasion for the toleration, or the existence, of that vile horde of political bullies, and swindlers, and blackguards, who enlist on one side or the other, and fight for pay; who, year in and year out, employ their lungs and their ink in spreading lies among ignorant people, to excite their hopes of gain, or their fears of loss, and thus obtain their votes. In short, it has no cause and no occasion for all this "din of party strife," for all this "purely partisan zeal," for all "the bitterness of partisan defeat," for all "the exultation of partisan triumph," nor, worst of all, for any of "that spirit of amity and mutual concession [by which you evidently mean that readiness, "in the halls of national legislation," to sacrifice some men's "rights" to promote other men's "interests"] in which [you say] the constitution had its birth."

If the constitution does really, or naturally, give rise to all this "strife," and require all this "spirit of amity and mutual concession,"—and I do not care now to deny that it does,—so much the worse for the constitution. And so much the

Continued on page 6.

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"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.

Say You Politics, or Anarchy?

I pen this article from a beautiful spot in Central New York. To one bred among the rugged hills of New England, how refreshing the contrast! The soil is rich and mellow and yields bounteously. A vast, fruitful garden opens up on every hilltop; rich verdure feasts the eye, and glutted cattle lounge in the meadows. What a paradise for the happy yeoman! is the first thought of the uninitiated stranger, as he drinks in the surroundings, with vision solely compassed by the bounty of Nature.

And yet I find these farmers all sick. Almost without exception they are anxious to sell their homes. They feed the sweet hay in their meadows to cows whose rich milk only nets them one cent a quart, and is turned into butter and cheese by speculators. The staples, they say, are hardly worth getting to market, though they are within the richest and most populous section of the continent. Apples rot on the ground, and garden vegetables are not worth enclosing. To a large extent the neighbors help themselves.

"No market!" And yet a canal courses like a natural artery at the feet of the sad farmer who utters it. Not even a toll is exacted for its use. It is free to all, and only a few miles away is a great city,—the heart of the Empire State.

I go to the next rural town to inquire more nearly into the cause of this strange state of things. The timid country store-keeper tells me that the railroad corporations pounce upon the country merchant who patronizes the canal, and immediately discriminate in rates against such as utilize this natural means of escaping their tyranny. Where once the shores were lined with busy canal men, now the hulks of useless boats are rotting. Only now and then a sickly boat drags along the canal, where once they could be numbered by hundreds in a day. And yet he says the town is bonded in the snug sum of three hundred thousand dollars to feed the very railroad viper that is slowly choking out its life, and that the farmers groan piteously over the consequent taxes, while already nearly a third of the farms are struggling in the death clutches of mortgagees. I asked one prominent village merchant whether he would dare negotiate for his own transportation and buy where he chose. "No," said he; "the first offence would cost me a freight discrimination of over three hundred per cent., and the offence repeated a few times would drive me out of business; for the great merchants in Syracuse, in league with the railroad monopolists,—notoriously such robbers as Congressman Dennis McCarthy,—have now acquired nearly absolute power of life or death over the country merchants within a large radius."

While the body of these great railroad vipers is laid throughout the vitals of the State, feeding railroad suckers are extended into all the ends and corners of it. These are controlled, if not owned, by the central monopoly, and thus the whole people are being drawn tighter and tighter into the grasp of inevitable slavery. Middle-class capital, the most timid of existing cowards, is afraid to speak. Thousands of farmers who behold themselves slowly strangled to death are, when not radically ignorant, utterly powerless to help themselves, and so the railroad monster gradually coils its anaconda form around the richest and most populous State in the "Union."

That a free and educated people sit down and see a conspiracy, radiating from not more than a dozen chief robbers, slowly but surely strangle them, is from some points of view utterly amazing. Fifty resolute men, secretly combined, could gut this whole capitalistic brigandage in a twelvemonth. A few pounds of dynamite, applied persistently to the trunk and suckers of this railroad monster, would bid an effective halt to its deadly career. Yet the humiliating spectacle is presented of a sickening and crouching population waiting for state and national politics to save them, when the very radiating centres of the conspiracy are in Albany and Washington.

"If politics cannot grapple with this problem, civil war must sooner or later step in," whispered a trembling country merchant to me, the other day.

"But how long do you suppose a handful of men could shackle a whole state, were *politics itself* out of the way, and the victims felt free to suddenly rip up a few rails all along the line?" said I.

"Ah, that means Anarchy," the astonished man replied.

"Yes, and it means *order*," I answered.

The man looked at me, and then glanced timidly about to see if anybody was in sight; and, seeing his discomfiture, I bade him good day and departed.

To sum up the whole matter, it is not that whole populations are robbed by a few men; it is that they are robbed by their own superstitious fear of seizing the robber and his plunder and making short work with both. Monopoly is sired alone of politics, and the real robber is politics itself. Tear down this house; or rather refuse to prop it up by ballot-boxes, and the monopolist would flee for his life, being in himself as harmless and helpless a creature as walks the earth.

Spread the light! X.

Political Evolution.

If it be true that we may judge of a nation's wisdom by its hope, America is to be credited with having, in her hope, if not in all her doings, laid the foundations for her solution of the human problem on the eternal necessities of man's nature. Her declaration that *all* were created equal—that is, each with the natural right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—has such fundamental basis. That the fathers were here building better than they knew may or may not be the fact. Certain it is that it has required the agitation of a century to reveal to their descendants that all really meant all. In the supreme moment of their separation from the mother country, the words of universal significance came from their lips as eternal verities. They saw, and yet they did not. There was an analogy in their condition, perhaps, to the artist before his clear unpainted canvas. Of him it may be said, he sees, yet he does not see. In his mind there is a vision, but, as we are told our earth was at the beginning of creation, it is formless and void. Gradually the water and the dry land appear, and the heavens are lifted over them, and one after another the several details are determined, and the first promise of the work is exhilarating enough. But, as he works on, many things are wrong in their proportion, in color, and some may have to be left out altogether, in order to bring the picture into harmony, or, in the commonly-used expressive phrase, "to make it hang together." If you get at the bottom of this business of making it hang together, you find that it has been achieved by the artist's developing a scientific as well as an artistic conception. He thus may say, even of his own creation, "Behold, it is very good," because he *knows* he is stating a fact. He is not exclaiming in the exuberance of his vanity, "I did it," but taking, as he has a right to do, a deep satisfaction in the thought that the thing is well done. He may have struggled months, he may have struggled years. George Fuller lived and wrought in hope to produce his marvelous creations of beauty, giving to each years of love; did this with a patience that was infinite enough to proclaim his genius, at last.

In like manner, adopting Pascal's thought that the human race is as one man who never dies, but is always growing on toward perfection, we may think of America evolving in all these years her ideal of freedom into tangible, visible form, which at the start may indeed be said to have been formless and void. I think this a better solution of all manifest inconsistency and lack of proportion and harmony in our institutions than to say, "The fathers lied, and the children have stuck to it."

Out of the Revolution rose the fair ideal of self-government. What more natural than that it should be interpreted at the outset in the light of, and in deference to, traditional authority. The Declaration of Independence was rather a declaration of intention, not an accomplished fact. The men of '76 battled for eight years to give their declared purpose a physical reality. It is yet an open question how far our new world has gone in giving to its affirmed independence an intellectual and ethical basis. Self-government, rightly speaking, is the control the individual exercises over himself and what belongs to him. Any other attempt for his government must be, as Mr. Spencer declares, born of aggression. I do not now raise the question whether such aggression may not find its apology in the exigencies of the occasion. I notice only that it is a departure from the ideal of a people trained to self-government, and take for granted that separation from ideals, though it may be excused, is never declared by rational beings to be endless. The formless vision of the fathers took form, but did they evolve, have we evolved, for it the perfect form, or made the nearest possible approach thereto?

Mr. Spencer says the oil of anointing ran off the head of the one on to the heads of the many. It was a natural movement. At the time it was not so much a question of what the king did as of his right to do it. He was no longer hedged about by "divinity." He was simply one man whom force of circumstances had given a place of power. The people had thrown off the superstition of his being God-anointed, and they challenged his right to be there. They defied him on our *New* England shore, and cast his authority into Boston harbor. The throne was vacant. But it must be occupied. Who should ascend into the place of the Most High? The response came irresistibly,—the people. The voice of the people is the voice of God. And so was established, as Mr. Lincoln phrased it at Gettysburg, quoting Theodore Parker, "a government of the people, by the people, for the people." And why should we not be satisfied? What is the good of eternally kicking? None, if such elevation of your heels is only the outward and visible sign of some ill-working gastric juice of the stomach,—that is, of no use, except it may be to yourself. But if it be the earnest desire to still fashion and finish a great and beneficent work, a work well undertaken, but not yet constructed "on a scale of proportion to the majesty of nature," a work to which you are at least accessory and so responsible, why, your simple duty is to declare, in whatever most convincing manner, your sense of dissatisfaction.

Let us notice, therefore, that the vacant throne of the king taken possession of by the people in the name of self-government is a throne from which edicts still proceed very much after the old king's fashion.

Says De Tocqueville in his "Democracy in America":

> A majority taken collectively may be regarded as a being whose opinions, and most frequently whose interests, are opposed to those of another being which is styled a minority. If it be admitted that a man possessing absolute power may misuse that power by wronging his adversaries, why should a majority not be liable to the same reproach? Men are not apt to change their characters by agglomeration; nor does their patience in the presence of obstacles increase with the consciousness of their strength. And for these reasons I can never willingly invest any number of my fellow-creatures with that unlimited authority which I should refuse to any one of them. . . . . When I see that the right and the means of absolute command are conferred on a monarchy or a republic, I recognize the germ of tyranny, and I journey onward to a land of more hopeful institutions.

It is for us to journey on to more hopeful institutions in our own land. B.

A request which I lately received from the State Socialists of Paris that I subscribe, and induce others to subscribe, to the campaign expenses of their candidates at the coming French elections is hereby respectfully refused. If the working men will be foolish

enough to elect masters over themselves, they must do it at their own expense; I certainly shall not help them.

The Root of Prostitution.

What slurs our cruel streets from end to end
With eighty thousand women in one smile
Who only smile at night beneath the gas?

Do the working-people realize that it is their daughters, and theirs only, that are being sacrificed by the thousand every year to the money lords in the manner that has been recently exposed by the "Pall Mall Gazette"? Do they realize that the capitalistic system, after extorting the last cent from the working-women, forces them into the street to re-earn by prostitution a part of the wages that have been stolen from them? Do they realize that both directly and indirectly the present unjust distribution of the products of labor is the *sole* cause of prostitution? Some may assert that the viciousness of men is the cause, or, at least, *a* cause. To these we make answer that, if the people did not furnish to these men the time and means to support their viciousness, it could not exist. Of all the societies, White Cross, Social Purity, etc., which have arisen to combat the "social evil" not one has struck a single blow at its root. No society that we have ever heard of, no government, has ever proposed to pay women sufficiently well for their work, so that they would not be forced to eke out by prostitution their miserable wages. In the published governmental and society reports we often find admissions that destitution is the chief cause of prostitution, but, when we come to examine the remedies proposed, we find not a word on the subject of paying women, not justly (this we could scarcely expect), but even of making their wages equal to those of a man for the same work. We find all sorts of schemes for making men moral and women religious, but no scheme which proposes to give woman the fruits of her labor.

For fear some of my readers may be inclined to think I am making too broad a statement in attributing prostitution entirely to the unjust distribution of wealth, we will quote a few of the more prominent writers on this subject, those who cannot be accused of being rabid socialists.

The result of my researches — and they have been numerous — is that needlework is insufficient to furnish to the larger part of those that work at it that which is strictly necessary to lodge, feed, and clothe them; that we must attribute to this insufficiency the immorality of a great number, and consequently the necessity in which they find themselves of delivering themselves to prostitution.—PARENT DUCHATELET, *Prostitution de Paris.*

In the work just quoted Duchatelet gives some very valuable tables, showing that the recruitment of the prostitutes is almost entirely from the artisan class.

Paul Leroy Beaulieu has calculated that there are at least fifteen thousand women in Paris who cannot, by unremitting toil, obtain more than from twenty to thirty cents a day. Mme. de Barau, who has made a special study of the subject, is convinced that the average wages paid for female labor do not exceed forty-nine cents, and M. d'Haussonville arrives at the same conclusion. We cannot, then, avoid the inference that the mass of Paris working girls are *inexorably* compelled to seek assistance from the other sex by their sheer inability to support themselves. . . . . It is undeniable that much of the sexual immorality which prevails in Paris is directly traceable to the frequent failure of the most conscientious efforts on the part of the working-women to earn an honest livelihood.—*New York Sun*, June 3, 1883, on Statistics of M. d'Haussonville published in "Revue des Deux Mondes."

Needlework is so badly paid for in London that young persons who follow this employment with difficulty earn from three to five shillings a week, though working sixteen to eighteen hours daily. The wages of an embroiderer for a long day are from six to nine pence, shirt makers six pence for a shirt. Nothing can be more frightful than the lives of these girls. They rise to work at four or five in the morning in every season, and work unceasingly to midnight, five or six together in a room, with a view to economize fire and light. Is it to be wondered at that some, alarmed at finding the path of virtue so rough, should have recourse to prostitution.—*London Times*, April 20, 1857?

Now here there is a real speculation to engage in, supported on the one hand by gilded libertinage, and the other by youth and beauty without bread and without social protection.—M. RYAN, M. D., *Prostitution in London.*

Considered as a class, the fate of the needlewomen has not changed. They remain exposed to the same distress, having always in perspective, as a term of this fatal struggle, suicide, prostitution, or theft.—LEON FAUCHER.

But when trade falls off and work decreases, a number of these girls repair to Edinburgh to find means of subsistence. These they seek in prostitution; most of them, indeed, would find it difficult to make their living in any other way.—*The Greatest of the Social Evils*, by A Physician.

Innumerable cases of prostitution through want solely and absolutely are constantly occurring.—MAYHEW, *London Laborers and the London Poor.*

No belief is more false than that woman prostitutes herself to satisfy her own sexual desires. But, as we shall see presently, she is wholly dependent upon man for the means of subsistence, and is obliged to barter her virtue for a livelihood.—WARD, *Dynamic Sociology.*

We might multiply these quotations, but sufficient have been made to show the unanimity of opinion on this subject.

The close quarters in which the working classes are compelled to live favor prostitution eventually by removing from the daughters of the poor every incentive to decency and morality. This we could also prove by quotations from numberless accepted respectable authorities, but a few must suffice.

Few girls can grow up to maturity in such dens as exist in the First, Sixth, Eleventh, and Seventeenth Wards, and be virtuous. . . . If a female child be born and brought up in a room in one of these tenement-houses, she loses very early the modesty which is the great shield of virtue.—C. L. BRACE, *The Dangerous Classes of New York.*

The illicit intercourse and general licentiousness of the sexes result from the conditions in which they are placed.—WADE, *Working Classes.*

In one single block in the Eleventh Ward there are 52 tenement-houses, occupied by 586 families, — in all, by 2356 inmates.—*New York Tribune*, July, 1883.

Glasgow has 35,000 houses of one room each, 52,600 of two rooms each. There is a population of 10,000 persons in 1853 apartments, or more than 5 to a room.—*Report of Bret Harte to Department of State*, 1883.

Of 5375 laborers' cottages in England, Dr. Hunter found that 2195 had only one sleeping-room, which was often also the living room, 2390 only two rooms, and 280 more than two.

According to the census of 1851, 346,000 houses in the agricultural districts of France had no other opening than the door, while 1,817,535 have but a *single* window.

Any one desiring to know further how the poor live, and how much morality is to be expected under these conditions, has only to consult the reports of the English and United States Boards of Health, the reports of the Bureaus of Labor Statistics, etc.

Lastly, the money with which the daughters of the people are purchased is supplied by the people themselves, men, women, and children, working in the mines and factories, thus making complete the chain of slavery.

Our fathers are praying for pauper's pay,
Our mothers with death's kiss are white,
Our sons are the rich man's serfs by day,
Our daughters his slaves by night.

GERTRUDE B. KELLY.

What Is It To Be A Slave?

[Colonel William B. Greene's "Blazing Star."]

Some men — not all men — see always before them an ideal, a mental picture if you will, of what they ought to be, and are not. Whoso seeks to follow this ideal revealed to the mental vision, whoso seeks to attain to conformity with it, will find it enlarge itself, and remove from him. He that follows it will improve his own moral character; but the ideal will remain always above him and before him, prompting him to new exertions. What is the natural conscience if it be not a condemnation of ourselves as we are, mean, pitiful, weak, and a comparison of ourselves with what we ought to be, wise, powerful, holy?

It is this Ideal of what we ought to be, and are not, that is symbolically pictured in the Blazing Star.

The abject slave on an East-African rice plantation, brutal, ignorant, and a devil-worshipper, sees this Day-Star rising in his heart, and straightway he becomes intellectually of age. For it is the soul, not the body, that attains to the age of discretion. They who see this Star, have attained to their majority: all other persons are minors. Before the rays of this Star, voudouism and devil-worship, whether in refined societies, or among barbarous peoples, vanish into night; for immersion into the rays of this Star, is the beginning of the baptism of repentance and penance for the remission of sin — and of the penalties of sin.

Man's duty to himself and to his fellow-man, under the rays of the Blazing Star, is threefold: (1) the achievement of his own Liberty; (2) the definitive establishment of relations of Equality between himself and other men; and (3) the fusion of himself, in the solidarity of Brotherhood, with all human beings who, like himself, recognize the Blazing Star.

LIBERTY is the power which every human being ought to possess of acting according to the dictates of his own private conscience, under the rays of that Blazing Star which is seen by him, secretly, from the centre of his individual heart.

EQUALITY is the condition that obtains in every society where no special or artificial privilege is granted to any one, or to any set, of its members.

BROTHERHOOD is that strict solidarity between the members of a social body, which causes, under the rays of the Blazing Star, the welfare of each to be seen as involved in that of every other, and of all, and that of all in that of each.

Liberty is the right of each member against every other member, and against all the members. Equality is the right of every other member, and of all the members, against each member. Liberty and Equality find their harmony in the synthetic principle of Fraternity. LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY: this is the mystical triangle that ought to be inscribed on the banners of every truly-constituted social organism.

Liberty alone may lead to anarchy [the word is used here in the ordinary sense. — *Editor.*], or to the tyranny of individuals over the mass; but the dangers from Liberty vanish in the presence of Equality. Equality alone may lead to the tyranny of the general mass over individuals or over minorities; but the dangers from Equality vanish in the presence of Liberty. Fraternity is never alone; for it is, in its essence, the synthesis of Liberty and Equality.

What is it to be a SLAVE? It is to have the inward knowledge of that which is great and holy, and to be constrained to do things that are small and base. It is to be a person consciously capable of self-government, and to be, at the same time, subject to the will of another person. It is to be a full-grown person whose actual rights are those of a child only. It is to see the Blazing Star, and not be permitted to follow it.

Slavery is a factitious and arbitrarily-imposed prolongation of the term of moral minority. Paternal government, actual or constructive, is just and legitimate when exercised over persons who are morally under age; but, to such as know the Blazing Star, it is, when exercised to the confiscation of their initiative, the most infernal of all tyrannies. Paternal government, exercised by the natural father over his own minor children, is tempered by affection, and justifies itself; but paternal government, exercised by usurpers over their natural equals and superiors, is an oppressive wrong, and the most intolerable of all outrages, — at the least, it is so in the estimation of such as have seen the Blazing Star.

It is neither the experience of physical want and privation, nor the fact of subordination to legitimate authority, that makes a man to be a slave; for saints and soldiers suffer hardships, and obey their superiors, and are not slaves. On the contrary, it is by the token of the conscious moral penury which a soul feels when it finds itself helpless and hopeless under the domination of an alien soul, — it is by the sentiment of a confiscated individuality, by the consciousness of being annexed, as a base appendage, to another soul, — it is by the consciousness of being sacrificed to a foreign personality, — it is by the darkening of the moral firmament, and by the occultation of the Blazing Star, through the intervention of an extraneous usurping will, — that a man comes to know that he is a slave. And it is, on the other hand, the insolent, lying hypocrisy, the false professions of morality, the transparently-spurious philanthropy, the limitless and blinding arrogance of self-conceit, under which the usurper half-conceals, half-reveals, his unnatural lust to wipe out human souls, and to obliterate every individuality except his own, — that gives energy to slaves, and renders conspiracies, risings, strikes, and revolutions, deadly and chronic.

The fundamental right of a man is the right to be himself; and this right is his sovereignty. No man has a right to confiscate the sovereignty of any other man. No man can delegate to another man, or to society, any right which he does not himself possess. A man may wickedly forfeit his sovereignty by the commission of crime; he may perversely turn his back upon the Blazing Star, and abdicate his individuality and his manhood. But no man can *rightfully* abdicate his sovereignty. It is the duty of every man of sane mind, who supports himself, and is not convicted of crime, to vindicate his essential dignity as rightful sovereign of himself and of everything that pertains to his individuality. Every able-bodied man has a natural right, and a natural duty, to forcibly repel, and to combine with others to forcibly repel, any and all wrongful invasions of his sovereignty. Society exists for the individual, and not the individual for society. Institutions are made for man, and not man for institutions.

Statute Law as the Standard of Right.

To the Editor of Liberty:

The "Index" recently said, in an *ex cathedrâ* tone worthy of more dogmatic ages, that "lawless violence makes an arbitrary use of legal force, which often *appears at the time* heartless and cruel, a necessity." Are we entitled to draw any inference from the careful use of the adjective law*less* that no such effect accompanies law*ful* violence? Or is it only when violence is lawless rather than lawful that the arbitrary use of legal force *appears* heartless and cruel? Would it be a "lawless violence" to the imagination to substitute Gregory VII for the "Index" as the author of its next sentence? Let us read in reverence: "What would result if at any time dissatisfied men could at pleasure defy *law*, destroy *property*, and dictate terms to *established authorities?*" The spirit is the same, though Liberty has worked a change in the definitions of law and property; each defends what established authorities declare to be law and property. Shades of Huss, Bruno, and John Brown, save us! I annex the following lines, trusting that they breathe no "lawless violence" to the spirit of

"FREE RELIGION."

The simple faith that peopled Hellas' shore
With fair-limbed gods who loved a hero's deed,
And lent attentive ear to human need;
That lured the maid, who from the fountain bore
Her vase, her imaged beauty to adore,
And filled the hills with notes from Orpheus' reed, —
Was laughed to scorn in Christian zealot's creed
That has made countless millions life deplore.
So those who fain would index Freedom's sway,
And laugh to scorn the creed that holds the mind
In self-forged gyves for superstition's prey,
Yet cringe to economic gods that bind
Men's lives to want, and index us a way
To stumble in, to Freedom's meaning blind.

POINTER.

A LETTER TO GROVER CLEVELAND.

Continued from page 3.

worse for all those men who, like yourself, swear to "preserve, protect, and defend it."

And yet you have the face to make no end of professions, or pretences, that the impelling power, the real motive, in all this robbery and strife, is nothing else than "the service of the people," "their interests," "the promotion of their welfare," "good government," "government by the people," "the popular will," "the general weal," "the achievements of our national destiny," "the benefits which our happy form of government can bestow," "the lasting welfare of the country," "the priceless benefits of the constitution," "the greatest good to the greatest number," "the common interest," "the general welfare," "the people's will," "the mission of the American people," "our civil policy," "the genius of our institutions," "the needs of our people in their home life," "the settlement and development of the resources of our vast territory," "the prosperity of our republic," "the interests and prosperity of all the people," "the safety and confidence of business interests," "making the wage of labor sure and steady," "a due regard to the interests of capital invested and workingmen employed in American industries," "reform in the administration of the government," "the application of business principles to public affairs," "the constant and ever varying wants of an active and enterprising population," "a firm determination to secure to all the people of the land the full benefits of the best form of government ever vouchsafed to man," "the blessings of our national life," etc., etc.

Sir, what is the use of such a deluge of unmeaning words, unless it be to gloss over, and, if possible, hide, the true character of the acts of the government?

Such "generalities" as these do not even "glitter." They are only the stale phrases of the demagogue, who wishes to appear to promise everything, but commits himself to nothing. Or else they are the senseless talk of a mere political parrot, who repeats words he has been taught to utter, without knowing their meaning. At best, they are the mere gibberish of a man destitute of all political ideas, but who imagines that "good government," "the general welfare," "the common interest," "the best form of government ever vouchsafed to man," etc., etc., must be very good things, if anybody can ever find out what they are. There is nothing definite, nothing real, nothing tangible, nothing honest, about them. Yet they constitute your entire stock in trade. In resorting to them—in holding them up to public gaze as comprising your political creed—you assume that they have a meaning; that they are matters of overruling importance; that they require the action of an omnipotent, irresponsible, lawmaking government; that all these "interests" must be represented, and can be secured, only "in the halls of national legislation"; and by such political hounds as have been selected and trained, and sent there, solely that they may bring off, to their respective masters, as much as possible of the public plunder they hold in their hands; that is, as much as possible of the earnings of all the honest wealth-producers of the country.

And when these masters count up the spoils that their hounds have thus brought home to them, they set up a corresponding shout that "the public prosperity," "the common interest," and "the general welfare" have been "advanced." And the scoundrels by whom the work has been accomplished, "in the halls of national legislation," are trumpeted to the world as "great statesmen." And you are just stupid enough to be deceived into the belief, or just knave enough to pretend to be deceived into the belief, that all this is really the truth.

One would infer from your address that you think the people of this country incapable of doing anything for themselves, *individually;* that they would all perish, but for the employment given them by that "large variety of diverse and competing interests"—that is, such purely selfish schemes—as may be "persistently seeking recognition of their claims . . . . . in the halls of national legislation," and secure for themselves such monopolies and advantages as congress may see fit to grant them.

Instead of your recognizing the right of each and every individual to judge of, and provide for, his own well-being, according to the dictates of his own judgment, and by the free exercise of his own powers of body and mind,—so long as he infringes the equal rights of no other person,—you assume that fifty millions of people, who never saw you, and never will see you, who know almost nothing about you, and care very little about you, are all so weak, ignorant, and degraded as to be humbly and beseechingly looking to you—and to a few more lawmakers (so called) whom they never saw, and never will see, and of whom they know almost nothing—to enlighten, direct, and "*control*" them in their daily labors to supply their own wants, and promote their own happiness!

You thus assume that these fifty millions of people are so debased, mentally and morally, that they look upon you and your associate lawmakers as their earthly gods, holding their destinies in your hands, and anxiously studying their welfare; instead of looking upon you—as most of you certainly ought to be looked upon—as a mere cabal of ignorant, selfish, ambitious, rapacious, and unprincipled men, who know very little, and care to know very little, except how you can get fame, and power, and money, by trampling upon other men's rights, and robbing them of the fruits of their labor.

Assuming yourself to be the greatest of these gods, charged with the "welfare" of fifty millions of people, you enter upon the mighty task with all the mock solemnity, and ridiculous grandiloquence, of a man ignorant enough to imagine that he is really performing a solemn duty, and doing an immense public service, instead of simply making a fool of himself. Thus you say:

> Fellow citizens: In the presence of this vast assemblage of my countrymen, I am about to supplement and seal, by the oath which I shall take, the manifestation of the will of a great and free people. In the exercise of their power and right of self-government, they have committed to one of their fellow citizens a supreme and sacred trust, and he here consecrates himself to their service. This impressive ceremony adds little to the solemn sense of responsibility with which I contemplate the duty I owe to all the people of the land. Nothing can relieve me from anxiety lest by any act of mine their *interests* [not their *rights*] may suffer, and nothing is needed to strengthen my resolution to engage every faculty and effort in the promotion of their *welfare*. [Not in "doing equal and exact justice to all men." After having once described the government as one "pledged to do equal and exact justice to all men," you drop that subject entirely, and wander off into "interests," and "welfare," and an astonishing number of other equally unmeaning things.]

Sir, you would have no occasion to take all this tremendous labor and responsibility upon yourself, if you and your lawmakers would but keep your hands off the "*rights*" of your "countrymen." Your "countrymen" would be perfectly competent to take care of their own "*interests*," and provide for their own "*welfare*," if their hands were not tied, and their powers crippled, by such fetters as men like you and your lawmakers have fastened upon them.

Do you know so little of your "countrymen," that you need to be told that their own strength and skill must be their sole reliance for their own well-being? Or that they are abundantly able, and willing, and anxious above all other things, to supply their own "needs in their home life," and secure their own "welfare"? Or that they would do it, not only without jar or friction, but as their highest duty and pleasure, if their powers were not manacled by the absurd and villanous laws you propose to execute upon them? Are you so stupid as to imagine that putting chains on men's hands, and fetters on their feet, and insurmountable obstacles in their paths, is the way to supply their "needs," and promote their "welfare"? Do you think your "countrymen" need to be told, either by yourself, or by any such gang of ignorant or unprincipled men as all lawmakers are, what to do, and what not to do, to supply their own "needs in their home life"? Do they not know how to grow their own food, make their own clothing, build their own houses, print their own books, acquire all the knowledge, and create all the wealth, they desire, without being domineered over, and thwarted in all their efforts, by any set of either fools or villains, who may call themselves their lawmakers? And do you think they will never get their eyes open to see what blockheads, or impostors, you and your lawmakers are? Do they not now—at least so far as you will permit them to do it—grow their own food, build their own houses, make their own clothing, print their own books? Do they not make all the scientific discoveries and mechanical inventions, by which all wealth is created? *Or are all these things done by "the government"?* Are you an idiot, that you can talk as you do, about what you and your lawmakers are doing to provide for the real wants, and promote the real "welfare," of fifty millions of people?

THEN AND NOW.

XX.

A DISCOURSE ON BRAINS.

BOSTON, September 5, 2085.

My Dear Louise:

Mr. De Demain and I were looking through his old scrap-book of newspaper clippings, to which I have before referred, a few days ago, when I noticed a short article from the New York "Herald" of 1885 entitled "Brains." I was interested and read it. When I had finished, Mr. De Demain said: "You can see, looking back from today, that that little article is wonderfully suggestive." Then he proceeded to comment on it at length. As you may not have noticed the article when it was printed in the "Herald," I copy it here:

> When asked to give his opinion as to the cause of business depression in America, a gentleman replied, with considerable emphasis, "too much brains, sir." It is barely possible that there may be something in this rather original solution of a difficult problem. When one man in a crowd has brains, he becomes the leader of the others. They work with their hands, and so save themselves the responsibility of thinking. He gets pretty nearly all there is, and they have what is left. He is the aristocrat, and they are the common people. When, however, the whole crowd have brains, and know how to use them, they are unwilling to serve, because they all wish to be masters. Whatever good is to be had, each will contrive to get his share.
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> It is the peculiarity of every free-born American citizen that he believes in his right to the possession of a corner lot and an ample fortune. He disdains service and spends his time in contriving. With our public schools behind us, with every possibility round about us, we are a nation of brigadier generals. No people on the earth are so unwilling to do merely manual work, and none are so capable of doing brain work. Not a boy on the continent but expects to be a millionaire; not one who is not looking forward and reaching forward.
>
> This brings the unhappiness of numerous disappointments. Certainly, but it averages up the whole people's ability to do and be in a very wonderful way. It makes us restless, without doubt; it creates competitions of the fiercest kind; it involves commercial risks which too frequently end in disaster; but it makes a people who have a tremendous impetus for great achievements. Brains are a good thing to have, if we have enough to get out of a difficulty after we have fallen into it. The American people have never yet been "stumped," and it will go hard but they will find a way through this commercial crisis to booming times. Brains will do it.

Said Mr. De Demain: "The gentleman referred to as having given the reason for the business depression of that time as 'too much brains' was right. He who had brains, not only in the time of Cæsar,—who said that because Cassius thought too much he was dangerous,—but always, was a bad man for the State. If he were rich and consequently powerful, he held the State in his grasp; if he were poor, he saw that the State was the cause, in great measure, of his poverty. Before the people had become possessed of much brains—brains here meaning deep thinking power—there was little business depression. The reasons were these: They did not know their rights; they did not realize that the result of their labor belonged to themselves; they were satisfied to take what their employers gave them, never asking if they were getting their fair share of the world's bounty. They looked upon the rich and employing classes as the lords of the earth; the rightful owners of the land and all upon it; the masters of themselves and their children; the anointed of God to rule. They worked on and on, taking what fell from the hands of their masters and complaining not, or, if at all, so faintly that the great busy world did not hear it.

"But somehow, in spite of all these disadvantages, their brains grew bigger and bigger, and they began to think more. Then they began to grow dangerous,—dangerous to the State, to the robbers, to the stealers of the fruits of their labor. This is why they were called the dangerous classes. This is why there was business depression, strikes, lower rates of interest, small profits, depreciated stocks, unremunerative bonds, broken banks, and failures of business houses. It was brains. It was thought. It was a dawning of the light of Anarchy. It was the beginning of the appreciation of the fact that the world is not for any select few, but for all. It was the realization of the truth that labor was the producer and should be the consumer.

"Before brains began to show themselves among the workers, there were no spells of business depression. Bnsiness was always good—for the employer. Money would always bring good interest. Rents were always high. Bonds and stocks were better money-earners than labor. Mills ran from early morning until late at night, year in and year out. Employees always busy. Employers were always prosperous. Men worked ten and twelve hours six days in every week in the year and just kept themselves and their wives and children on the bright side of starvation. Then came brains. Not all at once; but, when they got started, they developed rapidly. Then came business depression. Idle mills, broken banks, ruined merchants and manufacturers, showed that the people were thinking, showed that brains were developing.

"The latter part of the nineteenth and beginning of the twentieth centuries stand out upon the background of history like a mountain. The people passed over it into the beautiful valley of Liberty,—not they, but their children. They only, like Moses, saw the promised land, but to see it was worth dying for.

"It is brains that alone make Anarchy possible; Anarchy alone makes brains worth possessing. Anarchy without brains would not continue for a day; brains without Anarchy would make men—at least such as had ever tasted of true Liberty—miserable."

Of course, I can't argue against history. I can simply console myself with the reflection that one, to be entirely happy, must have something besides brains.

JOSEPHINE.

Anarchy and Reform.

What relation has Anarchy to reform? This. Anarchy comprehends the fundamental principles of all true reform. Justice (or *right relationship*), Freedom, Natural Law,—these are the principles of Anarchy; they are the principles of reform. As the greater includes the less, then, why should not all reformers become Anarchists, and, by supporting Liberty, support the Mother of Reform?

Consider a few examples. In religious reformers there should exist peculiar sympathy with Anarchism. How can that universal mental liberty of which freethinkers dream be realized without universal physical liberty,—liberty for the whole man. Freethought denies the divine right of priests and bibles; Anarchy denies the divine right of rulers and statute books. Freethought says: Leave all *religious* questions to the reason and conscience of the individual; Anarchy says: Leave *all* questions to the individual reason and conscience. The former denies the need of religious chiefs; the latter, of political chiefs. Freedom from arbitrary and conventional control, and the elevation of the individual, are the common aims of both; the only difference being that Anarchy is infinitely the most sweeping, radical, comprehensive, and logical. Therefore, of necessity, all Anarchists are freethinkers, though the converse is by no means true. Anarchy opposes every power, spiritual or material, religious, social, or political, that binds the free spirit of man. It brands it a titleless usurper. Only to natural law is the free man responsible, and in his obedience to that law does his liberty consist, for, in the eloquent words of Wakeman:

> The association of law with restraint or compulsion comes from considering the word as meaning a statute or State enactment. But law in science does not mean a criminal code, but the line of least resistance, wherein only freedom is to be found. The forces always follow this line of least resistance, and so the order of the world is simply the record of freedom. Law is achieved liberty, the observed order of Nature. In so far as we conform our lives to her order, we are free. When we conquer by obedience, we are emancipated from restraint. Says Goethe:
>
> Only the law can to us freedom give.
> (*Und das Gesetz nur Kann uns Freiheit geben.*)

Then you find that law is the *absence* of restraint; for its recognition transforms duty into devotion. To do our duty because we can and wish to do no otherwise, any more than the tree wishes to grow downward instead of up towards the light of the Sun,—that is the most beautiful realization of Liberty, Law, and Religion, for it is the three in one. Take, for instance, our American elm, so grand that it may stand for our symbol life-tree. How freely it lifts its head towards the sky! With what unbounded freedom and grace it plays in the breeze! And yet not a branch or leaf or cell in all that glorious structure takes part in that play except under and by virtue of eternal, inevitable, inexorable *law*. Thus, freedom and law are the same in the New Faith; for law is the order that freedom takes in executing itself.

From the very logic of their position, therefore, every atheist, agnostic, Free Religionist, or freethinker of any other name or station, should be an Anarchist.

In medical reform the same principles come into play. Physicians have banded themselves into associations, forming a veritable priesthood, formulating an arbitrary code of ethics, dictating to each and every individual physician how and by what rules he shall practise, what agents employ, and what prices charge, and invoking the aid of the State to support them in this outrageous attack upon free action and free competition. The physician was once the priest, and seems never to have forgotten it. He still wields the anathema and excommunicates the heretic. "Regular" and "Old School" have the same place in the medical world that "Orthodox" and "Mother Church" have in the religious. Let the learning and ability, the skill and success, of the individual healer be what they may, if he does not belong to the association, subscribe to the code, and display the sacred charm of the diploma, above all, if he has peculiar ideas of practice, he is a "quack" and an "irregular." The priest of the body is as full of pride and acrimony as the priest of the soul. Unfortunately, medical reformers generally ape political reformers, and, in escaping from an old despotism, have no higher motive than the establishment of a new one,—an Eclectic, Homœopathic, or Physio-medical school, in place of an Allopathic one. These are great improvements, but not radical. The true medical reformer should become Anarchistic, and then he will proclaim and defend the right of every individual to practise the healing art according to his own intelligence, without the license or dictation of any man or set of men, being responsible only to his patients for his well-doing or malpractice.

The Hygienist goes still further. His appeal is always from the arbitrary laws of medicine, fashionable dress and diet, etc., to the unalterable laws of nature. Just as the religious reformer defends the right of every man to be his own priest and attend to the salvation of his own soul, so the hygienist defends the right of every man to be his own doctor and care for the salvation of his own body. He opposes compulsory vaccination just as the freethinker does compulsory baptism. Just as the freethinker considers that by right relationship to the laws of mind he can maintain spiritual health without the aid of priests; just as the Anarchist considers he can maintain social health by right relationship to humanity without the aid of rulers; so the hygienist believes that by right relationship to the vital laws of the body he can maintain physical health without the aid of physicians. Therefore, by the logic of his position, every hygienist should be an Anarchist, and work radically for the good time coming, when the arbitrary priest, ruler, and physician will be supplanted by the teachers of morals, justice, and health, whose advice will only be accepted in so far as proved by the laws of the universe and approved by the individual reason.

How can the free lover be aught but an Anarchist? His whole course and doctrine is an eloquent protest against the arbitrariness of those man-made laws which so insult, invade, enslave, hamper, and restrict the holiest and sweetest of human emotions that millions of human souls make horrible shipwreck on this fairest of life's seas. So far as he goes, every free lover is an Anarchist, and he should go on to the glorious end.

Even those reformers who wish to accomplish reform by legislative enactments will often find those ends better accomplished by no enactments at all. The best way to reform the civil service is to abolish it. When there are no statute laws to bind unequally on man and woman, when woman is free to learn and do all that her brother may, then the righters of Woman will see the fruition of their hopes. Pure democracy is only realizable in Anarchy, for that alone is a government in which each man has his full share, and all his political rights and privileges. Where can the financial reformer find a financial policy more radical and scientific than that advocated by Anarchists? Where can the labor reformer find a better reform than that which emancipates him at one stroke from the tyrannies of Capital and Trade Unionism? Does not the land-reformer, the interest-reformer, the rent reformer, the libertarian of whatever scope, or name, or sect, find all he desires, and more, under the broad wings of Anarchy.

Even the reformer in art matters, the Pre-Raphaelite, or what not, finds his power in appealing from the conventionalisms of the schools to the sweet law and liberty of Nature. In short, every true reformer, consciously or unconsciously, follows the route of Anarchy,—from misrelation to justice (right relation), from the arbitrary to the reasonable, from the hampered to the free.

J. Wm. Lloyd.

Gold and Silver.

The present issue between these two old rogues, in which each finds so many eloquent champions, is a pleasant illustration of the way in which the voters of the United States are humbugged about their liberties. Supposing, by the most extravagant stretch of the democratic principle, that the national policy on this subject—*i. e.*, the equalization in value of the corresponding metallic coins—were to be submitted directly to popular vote, or the projects of legislation about them to a *plebiscite;* would it be anything more than referring to popular election or decision a question of court etiquette? Shall your masters march abreast, or shall one of them march fifteen steps before the other? Liberal organs favor the march abreast, upon the principle that, as all exchangeable values have equal natural rights to enter into circulation, the equal use of two, silver and gold, is a step in progress towards the democratization of the currency. Such a step! Such a long stride! Queen Victoria has been an illustrious example of that multiplication in kind, for which Malthus reproves the imprudent self-indulgence of laborers. Now, suppose all her children were declared equally kings and queens of the British empire, how much more democratic would be the English constitution?

Pros and Cons of the Silver Coinage Question.

Pro: In the actual scarcity of currency, the addition of two million dollars a month would seem to favor the interests of the great body of the people, while not specially favoring creditors, as would the suppression of the silver coinage, or the addition of fifteen cents to the bullion value of the silver dollar.

This simple adjustment is defeated by the arbitrary conduct of government, which, after buying silver and coining it, instead of paying it out and throwing it into the circulation, has been hoarding it up, while no reduction has been made in taxes. Thus we have only been increasing the national debt and adding nothing to the currency. This is one of the numerous instances of some arbitrary intervention baffling the calculations of political economy. Of course, this step has been prompted by the large creditors who profit by contraction of the currency. Such contraction has been effected in part by the sums paid away for the coin hoarded, and in part by the increase of the population using coin. Concerning the effect of contraction and expansion of currency upon wages and their purchasing power, there has been much ill-grounded assumption. Wages are controlled by motives and wills independent of the currency and capable of adapting any currency equally well to their purpose. What renders subsistence possible is the general measure of wages, and the pressure of competition among capitalists, combined with the difficulty of sales, renders it impossible to be otherwise under the excitement of commercial speculation. For a limited autonomy, such as a Russian village, or even a State as well organized as the Peru of the Incas, the remedy would not be far to seek. Census statistics would enable the administration to estimate approximately the kinds and quantities of produce needed by a given area and population. Labor, if solidary with capital in production, would not enslave itself by excessive work in view of problematical gains, but be content to live at home. It is the schism between Capital and Labor that subjects industry to commerce. The intermediary ownership of goods by the exchanging merchant is the radical vice of our system, and frustrates all economic calculations.

The same economic simplification in the relations of the members of a local autonomy which controls the investments of Labor and of Capital would give a sound and sufficient currency without either gold or silver coin, for all values conveniently exchangeable have the same right to representation by the *bill of exchange*, whether or not this has received the endorsement of a banking house or of certain administrative officers. The only advantage of such endorsement is to give the bill a wider capacity of circulation. The farmer or artisan may by this means share the facilities which are now confined to merchants. To the abstract proposition of a desirable uniform scale of values, or standard of values, for currency, all will assent, and the fact that increasing the bullion value of the silver dollar will give to certain creditors an unforeseen advantage in collecting their dues, is a pang of financial contrition that finds the nerves of labor quite insensible. It cannot either affect the wages of laborers or the purchasing power of their money, for they have no specie at stake. And while legislation has its hands in, why should it not silence debtors' protests by remitting fifteen per cent. of all debts not contracted with proviso for payment in gold, previous to passage of its equalization bill? But this question of the adjustment of privilege between the two rival kings of the market inflates the press, exercises the presidential conscience, and inspires legislation, while laborers starve by privation at once of the produce of their labor and the means of producing and exchanging. However desirable a uniform standard of values may be, and supposing either gold or silver, or gold and silver, to afford such, which is a very risky and elastic supposition, what security is there of maintaining this standard in coinage, from the passage of a bill this year to that effect, contravening former bills to opposite effect, and which is is in turn liable to be annulled next year, at the caprice of the same arbitrary power?

Legislation on the values of currency is like the king's sword thrown into the balance. Natural adjustment, or the equipoise of values, implies the absence of all legislation, of every arbitrary force. Any two or more men have the natural right to contract for an exchange of values on any terms they please, and one may cheat the other; but the mischief thus occuring from personal dishonesty is amenable to social culture, not to legislation, which can only increase the proportions of such mischief. Financial adjustments and rectifications, like those of our bodily organs, are not accomplished without inconvenience by the rupture of established relations. Crooked limbs and stiff joints can be made straight or serviceable, but only at the cost of a painful dissection and elaborate apparatus of constraint. Such surgery, when successful, is a finality. Content with restoring the primitive natural type, it then lets things alone; but Government, but Legislation, is forever meddling. Like Penelope, it undoes every night its embroidery of the day before. It is an ingenious contrivance for magnifying and multiplying the contradictions of personal fickleness, while it arms with gaffs the spurs of monopoly.

Edgeworth.

King Pest.

[Gramont in L'Intransigeant, June 10.]

It is hot. We believe we may make this assertion without risking any imputation of excessively paradoxical intentions on our part. On the other hand, the Cholera has just made its appearance in Spain. Numerous cases have been discovered, especially in the province of Valencia. It is enough to put together these two announcements of these two indisputable facts to excite some apprehension.

The hot season, as we know, is the most favorable to the birth of Cholera. Our enemies, the microbes,—that terrible flock of which M. Pasteur aspires to be the shepherd,—seem to be in the nature of dormice. They sleep, keep quiet, and do not budge in winter. When summer comes, great heat comes with it: then the microbes begin tq crawl and wriggle, and try to insert their formidable commas into the book of our existences. Commas which, in reality, are generally full stops.

So much for the season. As to locality, the place where the hateful bacilli are the most active is Spain,—that is, a country which is a neighbor of ours. Bordering upon us, to use the geographical phrase. This proximity, in the present emergency, is not altogether pleasing. One soon crosses a frontier, especially when one is a microbe and consequently imperceptible, sure thereby of escaping the watchfulness of those modern Arguses generally known as gendarmes and custom-house officers.

I shall be told that between Spain and ourselves arise as a protective barrier the Pyrenees. "Pyrenees mountains, you are—more than ever—our loves." But do the Pyrenees exist any longer? Louis XIV said that they were no more. From the moment that "the King has said it," one has to believe it: ask Gondinet.

In short, we have had reason to fear for a moment the visit of a sinister soverign. This tragic monarch is King Pest, Lord Cholera, the Black Prince who marks his passage everywhere by almost instantaneous deaths.

Not that we have the slightest need of an expedition into

our domains from this lugubrious promenader. We have enough microbes without those that constitute his train. Microbes of finance, of politics, of literature,—how many unhealthy animalcules vitiate the blood of France! Without lying, Lord Cholera, we can dispense with yours. But, alas! man proposes—and epidemics dispose. Generally, in fact, they begin by indisposing.

Far from me the perverse intention of sowing the seeds of alarm, of planting trouble in placid hearts, and of placing obstacles in the way of the development of commerce and industry by making myself the echo of disturbing reports, capable of deterring rich foreigners from coming this summer to spend their banknotes and checks in the modern Babylon. Far from me the thought of playing the *rôles* of the Jeremiahs, the Ezekiels, and the other prophets of misfortune.

In fact, I approach this subject only at a time when all fears seem dissipated and it appears certain that nothing in the nature of cholera now threatens us.

But, after all, it is always best to expect anything, were it only to avoid a repetition of the sad spectacle of last year. Then, when the first cases of cholera were identified in the good, but too impressionable, city of Paris, there was a general infatuation. Never had it been so absurdly seized with fear. Now, Fear is the prime minister of King Pest, and often kills those whom he would have spared.

Still, the Parisians, the true Parisians, preserved some degree of coolness, and kept, for the most part, good countenance enough. But the provincials and the foreigners took to their heels and fled. Some must be running yet. In a twinkling the hotels were empty. The first announcement of the epidemic had, upon all the "furnished apartments" of the capital, the effect of a colossal air-pump. It was lamentable and piteous.

And yet, if ever Cholera was benign, if ever King Pest showed himself a good prince, it was in 1884. An epidemic cholera destroying very few more victims than sporadic cholera, of which there are cases every year.

I shall be told in reply that the benignity of cholera is always relative; that it depends on the point of view which one occupies; that its effect is always one of quantity, never one of quality. To those whom the disease kills it matters little whether they are thinly-scattered or numerous; they are none the less slain. Whether I go into the ground all alone or in plenty of company, the result, as far as I am concerned, is identical.

I do not dispute it. But that does not alter the fact that the gravity of an epidemic is to be judged by the number of its victims. From this point of view, the only just one, how can it be denied that the cholera of 1884 was a small matter? There were but a few cases in all. I say mortal, but the mortal cases are the only cases. The cholera that can be cured, the cholera that does not kill, is not cholera: it is colic.

Unfortunately, fear does not reason. If it reasoned, it would be fear no longer; it would cease to be a fault, would become a virtue, and would be called prudence.

And yet, when cholera prevails, there are many reassuring considerations which should not be lost sight of.

For instance, when one reflects upon it, how many people do we not have to deduct from the number of victims, although they pass from life to death? They die, it is true, but theirs are not deaths to be seriously considered. In the first place, there are the imprudent, those who scorn the most elementary precautions, ignore the simplest hygienic prescriptions, and choose precisely the dangerous moment, when one should be chaste and sober, to rush into all sorts of excesses. The death of these, if we examine the matter closely, is suicide, and does not count.

No more have we to count the used-up, finished men, who have reached the natural term of their existence and seize the first opportunity to drop off. These die of cholera, as they would die of typhoid fever or of small pox, if small pox or typhoid fever were raging. It is very evident that, if you die of cholera at the age of ninety-nine, it is not to cholera alone that your decease is to be attributed: it is also and principally to your ninety-nine years.

Finally, there are those who are supposed to have died of cholera who may have succumbed to very different causes. Not to irritate the learned doctors, we will suppose that their number is small; but certainly there are such cases. Is it not admissible, for instance, that, if a millionaire should die of cholera, the microbe should be accepted as his murderer only under all possible reservations?

If the indelicate but straitened heirs of some rich relative desired to administer a mixture to hasten their succession, could they choose for the accomplishment of this reprehensible project a more propitious moment than a cholera season? Cholera, like poison, may kill suddenly; one may be struck dead without awakening suspicion. Note, further, that, in a time of epidemic, they get rid of the dead with a rapidity which leaves no room for an inquest.

Nevertheless, so far as this last class of false victims of cholera is concerned, I confess that it is somewhat hypothetical, chimerical, and fallacious.

In fact, it is not the millionaires, as a general thing, that epidemics use badly. It is in the wretched localities—as might have been seen only last year—that cholera pushes its ravages; it is in the homes of the poor that King Pest sets up his funeral court.

The prophylactics of cholera is not only in the domain of medicine and hygiene; it is also in the domain of political and social economy. Misery engenders all leprosies, all pests,—those of the body as well as those of the soul. It creates ignorance, vice, debauchery; it unchains epidemics. To combat misery, to work for its extinction, would be then, in reality, to work for the suppression of epidemics, of the pest, and of cholera.

Alas! when the cholera was raging here last year, they talked a great deal, amid the general excitement, of measures to be taken in the future to prevent a return of the scourge. I do not know that, so far, the people whom this matter concerns have taken many precautions of any sort.

Above all, I do not see what has been done within a year to ameliorate the condition of the unfortunate, what reforms have been voted, what sanitary improvements attempted. How many more scourges and catastrophes will be needed to determine us to seek a practical solution of this terrible problem of Misery, in which all of them are enclosed? Yes, Misery is the box of Pandora; in it all the evils are confined; they are continually escaping from it, the key that locks the cursed box is lost, and no one takes the trouble to hunt for it or to forge a new one.

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

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"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.

PRIEST—KING—BURGHER—SERF.

I.

PRIEST—AGE OF GREGORY VII.

Kneel! Henry, kneel! Strip off thy coat of mail,
In penitential garment kiss the feet
Which spurn thee; thou should'st deem it penance meet
For God's Anointed, who has dared to rail
At him whom men as Christ's vice-gerent hail,
Gazing with awe, who deem thy act replete
With Christian love, thy penitence concrete,
For now, henceforth, must unity prevail.
Bend! rebel, bend! Authority is one,
Else God is myth, and men with joy elate
See o'er thy prostrate form God's Holy Son,
Whose church triumphant hails this welcome hour
When monarch, burgher, serf, bow 'neath her power
Nor dream in store for them more gracious fate.

II.

KING—AGE OF LOUIS XIV.

Down, scheming burghers! Cease, and ne'er again
Of rights communal prate, nor still give swing
To hopes illusory that rights can spring
But from thy sovereign's will. By law attain
What law permits, and swell the glad refrain
Which through the sculptured temple's arches ring,
Where churchmen kneel before their Son and King,
And shout: Authority is one,—not twain,—
Else God is myth. E'en downcast eyes behold,
As God's Anointed's faintest wish is heard,
The gleaming sabres flash, and forth thy gold
From hidden coffers leap; bow low thy head,
And back with serfs thy humble pathway tread,
And write across thy bill of rights: Deferred.

III.

BURGHER—AGE OF MALTHUS.

Peace, restless serfs! Disturb not with thy groans
The self-complacent ease plebeian lords
Display, nor curse with bitter, railing words
The law and order which from childhood's moans
Extract new pomp and rack thy aching bones
For luxuries, or make thy secret hoards
Procure for them what social life affords
To nameless lust, where wealth for all atones.
Keep silence, mob! Authority is one,
Else God is myth, and priest and king unite
Behind the burgher, once his battle won:
The priest to bless, the king to give his sword,
And hail a people's abstract will as Lord
In States where wealth alone is divine right.

IV.

AGE OF MAN.

Fraternity! a plant from lowly seed,
First strove for growth when social life began
In stony soil with prehistoric man,
And twined its tendrils 'round each loving deed;
Repressed and shaded by the noxious weed
Authority, still on its rootlets ran
Beneath the soil where none its course could scan
In quest of life, till warmth and heat should speed
Its growth, and burst on men in full-blown flower;
When priestly stake and kingly sword shall lay
At rest, divorced from burgher's bastard power.
Hark! Time declares Fraternity is one,
Else progress is a myth, and 'neath the sun
The priest—king—burgher—serf are one for aye!

Dyer D. Lum.

Prohibitionists the Criminals.

[Galveston News.]

What is a crime? Naturally, to do wrongful violence, or to defraud another,—hence, to prevent another from exercising his right. It is, then, a crime to use force to prevent another from doing what is not a crime. Drinking and selling liquor are not crimes. Then the attempt to suppress drinking and selling liquor is a crime. When the law hung Quakers and burned witches the law committed a crime, or words have no real meaning.

Hypocrisy.

To the Editor of Liberty:

There is great temptation for lucid men of principle to anathematize thus all kinds of politicians, without the necessary distinction of degrees, although, when the proposition is stated abstractively, it is evident that principles are as worthless without accommodations of policy, as is policy without principle. Besides different degrees of enlightenment, equally compatible with sincerity, we are apt to assume different social data. For Anarchism, by immediate surcease of police forces, it is evident, for example, that a city like New York must be inappropriate. Its social datum is intelligence with a fair normal average of character, such as is found in many rural settlements and small towns, with the material means of production and distribution. No living tissue excludes physiology, but the physiologist will not select a parasitic growth nor the seat of an abscess for illustrations of organic law. Anarchism, or the evolution of spontaneities, is predicable of normal humanity, not of monstrosities.

Invest X, or invest Macdonald, with real dictatorship over New York or Boston, and it is probable that either would use his power in similar and sanatory measures, physical and moral. It would only be at an advanced period that their methods might diverge. That the "Truth Seeker" has been a receptacle for much crude trash of State Socialist tendency is to be deplored; yet a paper that is earnest in combatting all clericalism should hardly be stigmatized by classing it with dilettanteisms of the "free religious" feather or with ancient petrifactions.

EDGEWORTH.

Our Only Safety.

[Vaccination Inquirer.]

At an anti-vaccination meeting held at New Mills, England, on June 20, the following letter was read from Mr. Auberon Herbert:

Let me tender my hearty tribute of respect to all of you who are fighting the anti-vaccination battle. I am paying you no idle compliment when I say that I think your leading men have more devotion to liberty as a principle—a principle that is to save us in all things—than any other men whom I know of at the present day. Every man is for liberty when he finds himself in some particular hole that is specially uncomfortable to himself, but his liberty and his love for it generally end as soon as he himself is out of that particular hole; and when once out of it, he is only too often quite ready to lend a hand in digging any number of holes for others. Now, what we want is not this love of liberty, which anybody can possess, when, having neglected her all our lives, we turn to her to help us in some hour of pressing need, but a steady, consistent, unfaltering belief in liberty as our life companion, through good report and evil report, in good season and in evil season,—a belief that all human social intercourse must be grounded on the widest personal rights. Force and moral force can never abide in the same dwelling. One casts the other out. Why should I reason with a man whom I am ready to bring by coercion to my point of view? Never was a time when the great doctrine of liberty needed more resolute and faithful preaching than at present. Our public men of the present day think it is quite enough to throw open the gates and give power to the people, whilst they themselves have no fixed ideas as to what are the limits of power, as to what are the rights of the individual. For myself, I think the political vote, so far as it belongs to any, belongs equally to all. I can draw no distinction in the matter; but I say that more than ever, as the number of votes becomes large, it is necessary, vitally necessary, to build up a steady sense of principle as regards the use of power in the minds of the people. Without that principle there is danger; with that principle there is none. I trust to nothing but this one thing for public safety. No second Chambers, armies, police, political safeguards, can give us more than a fleeting protection for the moment. The only safety is in reverence for liberty, reverence for the free rights of others. And as our public men on neither side have yet been able to arrange their own ideas on this great subject, and to know clearly what they themselves believe, it behoves us all to go straight to the people and teach the great principle with all the force that is in us. I take my stand on this simple ground. There is no right to compel others to serve our own interests, or to accept our own views. There is but one rightful use of force,—that of restraining force, that of restraining forcible aggressions upon the free rights of thinking, acting, and possessing that belong to us all.

AUBERON HERBERT.

Judges the Dangerous Criminals.

[Ed. W. Chamberlain in John Swinton's Paper.]

I have in my possession the deposition of Ambrose H. Purdy, who for eight years acted as public prosecutor in the United States Circuit Court in New York city, where Judge Benedict, during that time, presided. Mr. Purdy testifies:

Q. Don't you think that your services in that case were just as valuable as those of the defendant's counsel? A. No, nor in any Government case; because we don't put a man on trial until we have two-thirds or nine-tenths the best of the case before we start, and the lawyer on the other side has harder work. It is easier for the district attorney. You have all the power of the Government of the United States behind you, and you have all the detectives you want, who will swear almost anything you want them to swear to, and you have all the jurors, because they are paid by the United States, and they don't pay the jurors as they are paid in this court,—there they are paid so much a day, and the verdict is for the Government *every time*.

No more truthful description of Judge Benedict's court could be given. This short paragraph tells the whole story of fraud, corruption, and outrage. Until very recently, a person accused of an offence in this court had no opportunity to testify in his own behalf, and today the farce is enacted of an appeal from this court to a court composed of three judges, *one of whom is the trial judge himself*. The proceedings in this court are a mockery of justice and a disgrace to humanity. I believe many innocent men have gone down to an ignominious doom from this court. I can certainly name several. Here Mr. Edward Lange and the philanthropist, Dr. Foote, were convicted. The conviction of D. M. Bennett in this court shocked the moral sense of the world. It was said of it that "it was a predetermined fact that conviction had to be had, and that everything was conducted to that end with such unsparing disregard of the ordinary rules of justice, law, and fair-dealing that no other result than that arrived at could have been expected."

I write today only to perpetuate the evidence of Mr. Purdy, and bring it to the notice of those who are interested. Rev. J. M. Pullman said once, at a dinner given to Henry George, that the most dangerous criminals are those who live under frescoed ceilings. We might truthfully go further, and say that, of all criminals who live under frescoed ceilings, the most dangerous are the criminals who occupy places on the bench of justice.

Why Labor Resorts to Monopoly.

[Galveston News.]

It is agreeable work for organship to tell strikers that "monopoly methods will never win." It is tolerably true as regards strikers. But what have not monopoly methods won? Have they not won money, and land, and free grass, and the inside track in transportation and exchange? Have they not won fortunes, in iron and cotton mills, and shipbuilding, and sugar refining, and speculating in convict labor, and in many other ways? If monopoly methods were not allowed to win the prizes of fortune, the strikers would perhaps not be led to so foolishly imagine that they too can practise monopoly methods and win.

Paternalism and State Socialism.

[Galveston News.]

Governor Hoadley is reported as saying: "I do not believe that regulation and taxation are eternal." The Inter-Ocean calls this a state socialist idea. On the contrary, it is the opposite. The state socialists, extending what the Republican party began, would regulate everything, have the government own everything, take all products as taxes, and pay all wages out of the public treasury. Paternalism with class monopolies is state socialism in a crude, rudimentary form, without even the possible equities of such an evil, arbitrary system.

A LETTER TO GROVER CLEVELAND.

ON

His False, Absurd, Self-Contradictory, and Ridiculous Inaugural Address.

By LYSANDER SPOONER.

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SECTION XI.

But perhaps the most brilliant idea in your whole address, is this:

Every citizen owes the country a vigilant watch and close scrutiny of its public servants, and a fair and reasonable estimate of their fidelity and usefulness. Thus is the people's will impressed upon the whole framework of our civil policy, municipal, State, and federal; *and this is the price of our liberty,* and the inspiration of our faith in the republic.

The essential parts of this declaration are these:

"*Every citizen owes the country a vigilant watch and close scrutiny of its public servants, ... and this is the price of our liberty.*"

Who are these "public servants," that need all this watching? Evidently they are the lawmakers, and the lawmakers only. They are not only the *chief* "public servants," but they are absolute masters of all the other "public servants." These other "public servants," judicial and executive,—the courts, the army, the navy, the collectors of taxes, etc., etc.,—have no function whatever, except that of simple obedience to the lawmakers. They are appointed, paid, and have their duties prescribed to them, by the lawmakers; and are made responsible only to the lawmakers. They are mere puppets in the hands of the lawmakers. Clearly, then, the lawmakers are the only ones we have any occasion to watch.

Your declaration, therefore, amounts, practically, to this, and this only:

Every citizen owes the country a vigilant watch and close scrutiny of ITS LAWMAKERS, ... and this is the price of our liberty.

Sir, your declaration is so far true, as that all the danger to "our liberty" *comes solely from the lawmakers.*

And why are the lawmakers dangerous to "our liberty"? Because it is a natural impossibility that they can *make* any law—that is, any law of their own invention—that does *not* violate "our liberty."

The law of justice is the one only law that does not violate "our liberty." And that is not a law that was made by the lawmakers. It existed before they were born, and will exist after they are dead. It derives not one particle of its authority from any commands of theirs. It is, therefore, in no sense, one of *their* laws. Only laws of their own invention are *their* laws. And as it is naturally impossible that they can invent any law of their own, that shall not conflict with the law of justice, it is naturally impossible that they can *make* a law—that is, a law of their own invention—that shall *not* violate "our liberty."

The law of justice is the precise measure, and the only precise measure, of the rightful "liberty" of each and every human being. Any law—made by lawmakers—that should give to any man more liberty than is given him by the law of justice, would be a license to commit an injustice upon one or more other persons. On the other hand, any law—made by lawmakers—that should take from any human being any "liberty" that is given him by the law of justice, would be taking from him a part of his own rightful "liberty."

Inasmuch, then, as every possible law, that can be made by lawmakers, must either give to some one or more persons more "liberty" than the law of nature—or the law of justice—gives them, and more "liberty" than is consistent with the natural and equal "liberty" of all other persons; or else must take from some one or more persons some portion of that "liberty" which the law of nature—or the law of justice—gives to every human being, it is inevitable that every law, that can be made by lawmakers, must be a violation of the natural and rightful "liberty" of some one or more persons.

Therefore the very idea of a *lawmaking* government—a government that is to make laws of its own invention—is necessarily in direct and inevitable conflict with "our liberty." In fact, the whole, sole, and only real purpose of any *lawmaking* government whatever is to take from some one or more persons their "liberty." Consequently the only way in which all men can preserve their "liberty," is not to have any *lawmaking* government at all.

We have been told, time out of mind, that "*Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.*" But this admonition, by reason of its indefiniteness, has heretofore fallen dead upon the popular mind. It, in reality, tells us nothing that we need to know, to enable us to preserve "our liberty." It does not even tell us what "our liberty" is, or how, or when, or through whom, it is endangered, or destroyed.

1. It does not tell us that *individual* liberty is the only *human* liberty. It does not tell us that "national liberty," "political liberty," "republican liberty," "democratic liberty," "constitutional liberty," "liberty under law," and all the other kinds of liberty that men have ever invented, and with which tyrants, as well as demagogues, have amused and cheated the ignorant, are not liberty at all, unless in so far as they may, under certain circumstances, have chanced to contribute something to, or given some impulse toward, *individual* liberty.

2. It does not tell us that *individual* liberty means freedom from all compulsion to do anything whatever, except what justice requires us to do, and freedom to do everything whatever that justice permits us to do. It does not tell us that individual liberty means freedom from all human restraint or coercion whatsoever, so long as we "live honestly, hurt nobody, and give to every one his due."

3. It does not tell us that there is any *science of liberty;* any science, which every man may learn, and by which every man may know, what is, and what is not, his own, and every other man's, rightful "liberty."

4. It does not tell us that this right of individual liberty rests upon an immutable, natural principle, which no human power can make, unmake, or alter; nor that all human authority, that claims to set it aside, or modify it, is nothing but falsehood, absurdity, usurpation, tyranny, and crime.

5. It does not tell us that this right of individual liberty is a *natural, inherent, inalienable right; that therefore no man can part with it, or delegate it to another, if he would;* and that, consequently, all the claims that have ever been made, by governments, priests, or any other powers, that individuals have voluntarily surrendered, or "delegated," their liberty to others, are all impostures and frauds.

6. It does not tell us that all human laws, so called, and all human lawmaking,—all commands, either by one man, or any number of men, calling themselves a government, or by any other name—requiring any individual to do this, or forbidding him to do that—so long as he "lives honestly, hurts no one, and gives to every one his due"—are all false and tyrannical assumptions of a right of authority and dominion over him; are all violations of his natural, inherent, inalienable, rightful, individual liberty; and, as such, are to be resented and resisted to the utmost, by every one who does not choose to be a slave.

7. And, finally, it does not tell us that all *lawmaking* governments whatsoever—whether called monarchies, aristocracies, republics, democracies, or by any other name—are all alike violations of men's natural and rightful liberty.

We can now see why lawmakers are the only enemies, from whom "our liberty" has anything to fear, or whom we have any occasion to watch. They are to be watched, because they claim the right to abolish justice, and establish injustice in its stead; because they claim the right to command us to do things which justice does not require us to do, and to forbid us to do things which justice permits us to do; because they deny our right to be, *individually, and absolutely,* our own masters and owners, so long as we obey the one law of justice towards all other persons; because they claim to be our masters, and that *their* commands, *as such,* are authoritative and binding upon us as law; and that they may rightfully compel us to obey them.

"Our liberty" is in danger only from the lawmakers, because it is only through the agency of lawmakers, that anybody pretends to be able to take away "our liberty." It is only the lawmakers that claim to be above all responsibility for taking away "our liberty." Lawmakers are the only ones who are impudent enough to assert for themselves the right to take away "our liberty." They are the only ones who are impudent enough to tell us that we have voluntarily surrendered "our liberty" into their hands. They are the only ones who have the insolent condescension to tell us that, in consideration of our having surrendered into their hands "our liberty," and all our natural, inherent, inalienable rights as human beings, they are disposed to give us, in return, "good government," "the best form of government ever vouchsafed to man"; to "protect" us, to provide for our "welfare," to promote our "interests," etc., etc.

And yet you are just blockhead enough to tell us that if "Every citizen"—fifty millions and more of them—will but keep "a vigilant watch and close scrutiny" upon these lawmakers, "our liberty" may be preserved!

Don't you think, sir, that you are really the wisest man that ever told "a great and free people" how they could preserve "their liberty"?

To be entirely candid, don't you think, sir, that a surer way of preserving "our liberty" would be to have no lawmakers at all?

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

A ROMANCE.

By N. G. TCHERNYCHEWSKY.

Translated by Benj. R. Tucker.

Continued from No. 66.

Likewise, if I had been superior in mind and character to Dmitry Serguéitch; if he himself, before the birth of my passion, had been one of the two heroes of a certain anecdote which once made us laugh so heartily,—all would have been arranged, he would have submitted. The anecdote was of two gentlemen who, after having conversed some time and being pleased with each other, desired to make each other's acquaintance:

"I am Lieutenant So-and-So," said one, with an air of dignity.

"And I am the husband of Madame Tedesco," said the other.

If Dmitry Serguéitch had been the husband of Madame Tedesco, why, then he would have had no need to resort to extremities, he would have submitted to his fate, he would have seen nothing offensive to him in his submission, and everything would have been delightful. But his relations with me and with Alexander were not at all of such a character. In no respect was he either our inferior or our superior; this was evident to all. My liberty could depend only on his good will and not at all on his weakness. You cannot deny it, my friend.

What, then, was my situation? I saw myself dependent on his good will. That was why my situation was painful to me, that was why he deemed it useful to adopt his noble resolution. Yes, my friend, the cause of my feeling, which forced him to this step, was much more deeply hidden than he explains in your letter. The overwhelming degree of gratitude no longer existed. To satisfy the requirements of society would have been easy in the way proposed by Dmitry Serguéitch himself, and, after all, these requirements did not affect me, living in my little circle, entirely beyond the reach of gossip. But I remained dependent upon Dmitry Serguéitch. That was the painful part of it. What had my view of the change of our relations to do with this? Dmitry Serguéitch remained the master. Now, you know and approve my feeling: I do not wish to be dependent upon the good will of any one, though he were the most devoted of men, the man whom I most esteemed, in whom I believed as in another self, and in whom I had full confidence. I do not wish it, and I know that you approve this. But why so many words? Why this analysis of our inmost feelings, which no one would have gone into? Like Dmitry Serguéitch, I have a mania for undressing my feelings in order that I may say: It is not my fault, but the result of a circumstance beyond my control? I make this remark because Dmitry Serguéitch liked remarks of this character. I wish to insinuate myself into your mind, my friend. But enough of this! You have had so much sympathy for me that you have thought nothing of the few hours required to write your long and precious letter. From it I see (whether from Dmitry Serguéitch's style or yours),—yes, I see that you will be curious to know what became of me after Dmitry Serguéitch left me to go to Moscow and then to come back and die. On his return from Riazan he saw that I was embarrassed. This was manifest in me only in his presence; as long as he was at Riazan, I did not think so much about him. But, when he started for Moscow, I saw that he was meditating something grave. He settled up his affairs at St. Petersburg. He had been waiting for a week only to get everything arranged for his departure, and why should I not have foreseen this? During the last days I sometimes saw sadness on his face, on that face which knew so well how to hide secrets. I foresaw that something decisive was to be expected. And when he boarded the train, I was so sad! The next day and the day after my sorrow increased. Suddenly Macha brought me a letter. What a painful moment! What a painful day! You know it. How much better I know now the strength of my attachment for Dmitry Serguéitch! I had no idea myself that it was so deep. You know the strength of our mutual attachment. You certainly know that I had then decided to see Alexander no more; all day I felt that my life was broken forever, and you know of my childish enthusiasm when I saw the note of my good, my very good, friend, the note that changed completely all my thoughts (notice the prudence of my expressions; you must be contented with them, my friend). You know all this, because Rakhmétoff, after escorting me to the train, went to accompany you to the station; Dmitry Serguéitch and he were right in saying that I ought nevertheless to leave St. Petersburg in order to produce the effect so much desired by Dmitry Serguéitch that he inflicted upon me to achieve it such horrible torments for an entire day. How grateful I am to him for having had so little pity on me! He and Rakhmétoff were also right in advising Alexander not

to appear before me or escort me to the station. But, as I no longer needed to go as far as Moscow, it being necessary only to leave St. Petersburg, I stopped at Novgorod. A few days later Alexander came there with the documents establishing the loss of Dmitry Serguéitch. We were married a week after this loss, and have lived almost a month at Tchoudovo,* near the railroad, in order that it may be easy for Alexander to go three or four times a week to his hospital. Yesterday we returned to St. Petersburg, and that is why I am so late in answering your letter. It has remained in Macha's box, who had almost forgotten it. And you have probably framed all sorts of ideas in consequence of receiving no reply.

I clasp you in my arms, my friend.

Yours,

VÉRA KIRSANOFF.

I grasp your hand, my dear; only I beg you not to send compliments, at least to me; else I will let my heart flow out before you in a torrent of adoration, which would certainly be disagreeable to you in the highest degree. But do you know that for us to write so briefly to each other shows considerable stupidity in me as well as in you? It seems that we are somewhat embarrassed in each other's presence. Supposing that this were pardonable in me, why should you feel any embarrassment? Next time I hope to talk freely with you, and I shall forthwith write you a heap of St. Petersburg news.

Yours,

ALEXANDER KIRSANOFF.

III.

These letters, while perfectly sincere, were indeed a little exclusive, as Véra Pavlovna herself remarked. The two correspondents evidently tried to make the painful shocks which they had felt seem less intense to each other. They are very shrewd people. I have very often heard them—them and those like them—say things which made me laugh heartily in the midst of their pathetic assertions that such and such a thing was nothing and could easily be endured.

I laughed at such assertions when made privately to me, a stranger. And when I heard them said before a man who could not help listening, I corroborated them, and said that such and such a thing was indeed nothing. An honest man is very queer; I have always laughed at them when I have met them.

They are sometimes even absurd. Take, for example, these letters. I am a little accustomed to such things, being on terms of friendship with them, but on an entire stranger what an impression they must make,—on the reader with the penetrating eye, for instance!

The reader with the penetrating eye, who has already had time to get clear of his napkin, pronounces sentence, shaking his head:

"Immoral!"

"Bravo! Do me the favor of saying one word more."

"The author also is an immoral man to approve such things," says the reader with the penetrating eye, adding to the sentence.

"No, my dear, you are mistaken. There are many things in this that I do not approve, and, to tell the truth, I do not even approve any of it. It is all much too ingenious, much too far-fetched; life is much simpler."

"Then you are still more immoral?" asks the reader with the penetrating eye, opening his eyes wide, astonished at the inconceivable immorality into which humanity has fallen in my person.

"Much more immoral," I say, and no one knows whether I am telling the truth or laughing at the reader with the penetrating eye.

The correspondence lasted three or four months longer,—actively on the part of the Kirsanoffs, negligently and inadequately on the part of their correspondent. The latter soon ceased to answer their letters; they saw that his sole intention was to communicate to Véra Pavlovna and her husband the thoughts of Lopoukhoff, and that, after having fulfilled this duty, he deemed further correspondence useless. Having obtained no reply to two or three letters, the Kirsanoffs understood him and stopped writing.

IV.

Véra Pavlovna is resting on her soft couch, waiting for her husband to come back from the hospital to dinner. Today she does not care to make pastry for dinner; she prefers to rest, for she has worked hard all the morning. It has been so for a long time, and it will be so for a very long time to come: she is starting another workshop for seamstresses at the other extremity of the city. Véra Pavlovna Lopoukhoff lived on the island of Vassilievsky, Véra Pavlovna Kirsanoff lives on the Rue Serguievskaïa, her husband requiring rooms in the neighborhood of the Wyborg district.

Madame Mertzaloff proved equal to the management of the shop on the island of Vassilievsky, which was quite natural, she and the shop being old acquaintances. On her return to St. Petersburg Véra Pavlovna saw that she did not need to visit the shop often to see that things went well, and, though she continued to visit it almost daily, it was solely because she was drawn by her sympathy. It must be added, however, that her visits were not quite useless, for Madame Mertzaloff often needed her advice; but that took very little time, besides being needed less and less frequently. Madame Mertzaloff will soon have as much experience as herself, and will be able to conduct things herself. After her return to St. Petersburg Véra Pavlovna visited the island of Vassilievsky more as a dear friend than as an indispensable person; what, then, was to be done? Establish a new workshop for seamstresses, in her own neighborhood, at the other end of the city.

So, in fact, a new shop was established in one of the smaller streets between the Rue Basseinaïa and the Rue Serguievskaïa. Here there is much less work than in the first shop: the first five of the working-girls are from the old shop, where their places have been filled by others; the rest of the force is made up of acquaintances of the seamstresses in the old shop. So, everything is half done, to start with. All the comrades are perfectly familiar with the purpose and organization of the shop; the young girls came filled with a desire to establish promptly in the new shop the organization which had been effected so slowly in the old. Oh! now the organization went ahead ten times faster than then, and with three times less embarrassment. But none the less there was a great deal of work to be done, and Véra Pavlovna was tired, as she had been yesterday, and day before yesterday, and as she had been for about two months. Two months only, although six months had elapsed since her second marriage; after all, it was very necessary that she should allow herself a honeymoon; now she had resumed work.

Yes, she had worked a great deal; now she was resting and thinking of many things, especially of the present; it is so beautiful and so full! So full of life that but little time is left for memories; memories will come later. Oh! much later! Not in ten years, nor even in twenty, but later still. Nevertheless, they do come even now, though rarely. At this moment, for example, she is recalling what has most impressed her. Here is what her memory brings back to her.

V.

"My darling, I am going with you."

"But you have not your things."

"I will go tomorrow, since you will not take me with you today."

"Reflect, meditate. And await my letter. It will reach you tomorrow."

There she is on her way back from the station to the house; what does she feel and what does she think as she comes back with Macha? She hardly knows, herself, so shaken has she been by the rapid shaping of events. It is but twenty-two hours since he found in his room the letter which she had written, and already he is gone! How quickly, how suddenly! At two o'clock in the morning she foresaw nothing of this. He waited till, conquered and exhausted by fatigue, she was overcome by sleep; then he entered her room and said a few not over-sensible words as a scarcely comprehensible preface to this bit of information:

"I have not seen my old parents in a long time; I am going to see them; they will be very glad."

Only that, and then he went out. She ran after him, although he had made her promise not to do so.

"Where is he, then? Macha, where is he, where is he?"

Macha, who was still engaged in clearing the tea-table just left by visitors, answered:

"Dmitry Serguéitch went out; he said, as he passed by, 'I am going to walk.'"

She had to go back to bed. How could she sleep? She did not know that his departure was to take place in a few hours. He had said that they still had time to talk over all these things together. And when she awoke, it was time to go to the station.

All this passes before her eyes like a flash, as if it had not happened to her, but had been the experience of some one else, which had been told to her hastily. Only on reaching the house does she regain possession of herself, and begin to think: What is she now? what is to become of her?

Yes, she will go to Riazan. She will go. To do otherwise is impossible. But the letter? What will it say? Why wait for it before deciding? She knows the contents in advance. No, it is necessary to wait until the letter comes. But what is the use of waiting? She will go. Yes, she will go. She repeats it to herself for one, two, three, four hours. But Macha, getting hungry, is already calling her to dinner for the third time, and this time she orders rather than calls; well, it is at least a distraction.

"Poor Macha, she must be very hungry on my account. Why did you wait for me, Macha? You would have done better to dine without waiting for me."

"That cannot be, Véra Pavlovna."

And again the young woman reflects for two hours:

"I will go. Tomorrow. Only I will wait for the letter, for he begged me to. But, whatever its contents,—I know what it will contain,—I will go."

That is what she thinks; but is that really all? No, her thought still runs upon five little words: *He does not wish it*, and these five little words dominate her thought more and more. The setting sun finds her still absorbed. And just at the moment when the importunate Macha comes to demand that she shall take tea, six words add themselves to the five: *Nor do I wish it either.* Macha has entered; she has driven away these six new bad little words. But not for long. At first they do not dare to make their appearance, and give place to their own refutation: *But I must go;* but they yield only to come back escorted by this refutation. In a twinkling they return to Véra Pavlovna's thought: *He does not wish it—Nor do I wish it either.* For half an hour they dance a saraband in her brain; then against these words so often uttered, *I will go*, rush these three, *Shall I go?* But here comes Macha again.

"I gave a rouble to the bearer, Véra Pavlovna, for it was written on the envelope that, if he brought the letter before nine o'clock, he should be given a rouble; if after that, only half as much. Now, he brought it before nine o'clock. To go faster he took a cab; 'I did as I promised,' he said to me."

A letter from him! She knows what it contains: "Do not come." But she will go just the same; she does not wish to listen to this letter. The letter contains something else,—something which cannot be disregarded:

"I am going to Riazan, but not directly. I have many business matters to attend to on the way. Besides Moscow, where press of business will oblige me to spend a week, I must stop at two cities this side of Moscow and three places the other side, before reaching Riazan. How much time I shall have to sacrifice in this way I cannot tell. For instance, I have to collect some money from our commercial representatives, and you know, my dear friend [these words, *dear friend*, were repeated in the letter that I might see that he was still well-disposed towards me; how I kissed these words!],—you know, my dear friend, that, when one has to collect money, he often has to wait several days where he expected to stay but a few hours. So I absolutely cannot fix the day of my arrival at Riazan, but it surely will not be immediately."

Véra Pavlovna still remembers word for word the contents of this letter. What, then, is to be done? He deprives her of all dependence upon him by which she may remain attached to him. And the words, *I must go to him*, change into these: *Nevertheless I must not see him*, and in the latter sentence the word *him* refers to another person. She repeats these words for an hour or two: *I must not see him.* Of this thought is born another: *Is it possible that I wish to see him? No.* When she goes to sleep, this last thought gives way to another: *Will it be possible for me to see him?* No answer, but a new transformation: *Is it possible that I may not see him?* And she sleeps till morning in this last thought: *Is it possible that I may not see him?*

And when she awakes very late in the morning, all the thoughts of the evening before and of the night give way to these two, which clash against each other: *I will see him! I will not see him!* That lasts all the morning. *I will see him!* No! no! no! But what is she doing? She has taken her hat, she looks in the glass instinctively to see if her hair is in order, and in the glass she sees her hat; everything vanishes then before these three words: "No going back! No going back! No going back!"

"Macha, do not wait for me to come to dinner. I shall not dine at home."

"Alexander Matvéitch has not yet returned from the hospital," says Stépane to her, calmly. Indeed, there is no reason for Stépane to be astonished at the presence of Véra Pavlovna, who had come very often lately.

"I suspected as much, but it makes no difference; I will wait. Do not tell him that I am here."

She takes up a literary review,—yes, she can read, she sees that she can read; yes, now that there is no going back, now that her resolution is taken, she feels

*A railway station and large village situated about sixty-five miles from St. Petersburg.

Continued on page 6.

Liberty.

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BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
A. P. KELLY, - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

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"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.

Vaccinate the Doctors with Cold Lead!

Three cheers for the plucky French Canadians of Montreal!—the first large body of people, so far as I know, to make a righteous and indignant stand to the extent of physical resistance against the tyrannical law of compulsory vaccination. The disorder and destruction in that city will be apt to make the legal poisoners pause. It is to be hoped that every doctor will be made to feel a certainty that if he enters a house, against the will of the occupants, to put vaccine virus in their arms, they will put a bullet in his brain. The law of self-defence, higher than any statute, will justify the act.

The bigoted vaccinationists plead necessity, that mother of so many crimes. "See," they say, "the small-pox in Montreal is raging almost exclusively among these unvaccinated French Canadians." Very likely; but, if so, this is a coincidence, not a cause. Small-pox attacks the French Canadians of Montreal, not because they are French Canadians or because they are unvaccinated, but because in that city they are the working class, the poor and miserable, the half-fed, half-clothed, and half-sheltered, the people who are forced by the monopolies created by these very authorities to live in filth, squalor, and wretchedness, surely generative of disease and death.

Misery, as Gramont truly said in an article copied in the last number of this paper, is the Pandora's box from which plagues and all other evils are constantly escaping, and we must find the key to lock it up. When we have found it, even though vaccination were the preventive that it is claimed to be, there will be no more need to employ it, either by compulsion or otherwise.

"Ignorance, superstition, medical science, and the laws of sanitation," says a Boston newspaper, "are the forces opposed to each other today in Montreal." Not a bit of it. Liberty and tyranny are the forces face to face in Montreal, and, whichever carries the day there, there can be no doubt which will carry it ultimately the wide world over. T.

A Dead Dream of Communism.

In company with my esteemed humanitarian friend, Dr. T. Dwight Stow, of Mexico, New York, I lately visited the Oneida Community, so well known among social scientists as a very interesting experiment by which to practically apply communism to all the relations of life,—industrial, social, and domestic.

Alighting from the train at Oneida station on the New York Central railway, a beautiful ride of some three miles brought us to the Community. Its externals, as to sightly buildings, beautiful grounds, and fruitful fields, might without exaggeration be almost likened to Paradise; and that the experiment has been a complete financial success is immediately evidenced in the surroundings, so delightfully cradled among the Onondaga hills.

But, as is already widely known, this exceptionally favorable experiment by which to test the merits of communism in practice has yielded complete disaster, and every trace of it has been completely wiped out upon the deliberate verdict of the whole Community, headed by its founder, John Humphrey Noyes, that it was impossible of successful application. "We are now a cold-blooded joint stock corporation of the most rigid order," said an old member, who had come to Oneida with Mr. Noyes in 1838 and passed through all the heroic struggles which finally made the community a financial success.

"But such a success, even industrially," said I, "is a record, which, if it can be credited to communism, is an astonishing fact. You started with a sawmill and log-house in a forest, with starvation staring you in the face, and have developed a property which has been valued at six hundred thousand dollars. The disciple of communism in the midst of this luxuriant garden and these splendid buildings will not be set back, from the mere fact that your social system on the domestic side would not hold together."

"Ah!" said the old man, "strictly speaking, there has never been any communism here on the industrial side. It has been *individualism* of the most rigid and uncompromising order. Communism only existed in the external form, but never in spirit and essence. The exponent of that individualism was John Humphrey Noyes. He was leader, dictator, body and soul of the so-called community. The moment his splendid intellect, iron will, and wonderful directing capacity went out from under the institution, it immediately crumbled to pieces through its own integral incohesiveness. Left to its power to stand alone on the merits of its organic strength as a pure community, it was as weak as an infant, and fell to the ground helpless, to be raised by the resources of joint stock cooperative individualities. This is the plain fact of the matter, sad as is the lesson to the disciples of communism."

I could not suppress a certain feeling of regret and sadness, as I saw the complete wreck of such hopes for communism as lay before me. Of the less than one hundred members who remained, out of a once flourishing family of three hundred or more, most of them had married under the existing Christian system, and all sexual liberty had been rigidly banished. The savage jaws of existing privileged capital were firmly fastened into the throat of this giant among the hills, which so much struggle and sacrifice had reared. What possibilities, under Liberty, lie here! thought I, and yet they must all be carried out and buried, while heartless capital stays to devour the carcass of that radical delusion, communism.

The fate which has followed this notable experiment of pure communism is sure to follow that sickly half-breed known as "Anarchistic communism"; and to my mind the former is far more respectable than the latter, for it is a definable attempt at something tangible, while the latter is a vague and illogical self-contradiction. All communism is at war with Nature, but is doubly contemptible when it attempts to sneak under the mantle of Anarchism. The true Anarchism must be careful never to be found walking with it, and it is the most pernicious of bed-fellows. X.

Tramps or Coupon-Cutters,—Which?

The silly Greenbackers, whose numbers, I am happy to say, are growing steadily and beautifully less, met in State convention in Boston a few days ago, nominated a State ticket, and put up one of those rickety scaffoldings known as a political platform. If, among the thousands of Massachusetts statutes, there is one to punish incompetent builders, I should like, Anarchist though I am, to see its severest penalty applied to the persons responsible for this structure. Here is a specimen of one of its joints.

One plank "condemns an attempt to create an aristocracy of office-holders," and the one adjoining it "recommends the election of legislators such as are not overburdened with private affairs and are willing to give their time to the duties of the office."

If the latter plank does not contemplate an "aristocracy of office-holders," pray, what does it mean? If the business of legislation were in any sense an honest one, it should be entrusted to the men best fitted for it, no matter in what class they might be found, and they should be equitably paid for any damage to their private affairs resulting from their public duties. But this is a direct proposal to vest the business of legislation in the hands of members of the privileged classes, who, having ample time left after cutting their coupons, can well afford to give it to the manufacture of arrangements by which to get more coupons to cut.

To be sure, this is as it should be. The coupon-cutters, either directly or indirectly, are always the bottom tyrants, or rather the top ones, and it is just as much the business of tyrants to govern as of thieves to steal. But it certainly involves what the Greenbackers pretend to abhor,—an aristocracy of office-holders.

Unless, indeed, these hitherto solemn lunatics have suddenly developed a trace of sanity and humor, and are aiming at a legislature of tramps,—these being the only other class of people, outside the jails and asylums, "not overburdened with private affairs." It would give me infinite delight to see a legislature of tramps on Beacon Hill. It would stand an excellent chance of being the last Great and General Court ever to be convened in the Old Bay State,—a consummation most devoutly to be wished. T.

Freethought Antics at Albany.

The Freethinkers had a queer time at Albany. Secretary Putnam, in the innocence of his generous heart, favored Mr. E. H. Heywood, among other editors of Liberal papers, with a complimentary ticket to the sessions of the convention. Mr. T. B. Wakeman, learning of this action of the naughty and wayward secretary, grew nervous, and stupidly wrote a letter to Mr. Heywood asking him not to attend. It is needless to say that Mr. Heywood attended. Evidently Mr. Wakeman doesn't know Mr. Heywood. Mr. Seward Mitchell attended also, and busied himself in the sale of his singular hotch-potch of sense and nonsense entitled, "The World's Reformer." One constituent of this hotch-potch was a poem by Frances Rose McKinley entitled, "The Reign of Love and Freedom," the language of which so shocked the Albanian authorities that they arrested Mr. Mitchell forthwith. Perhaps by this time he would have been occupying Mr. Bennett's honored cell in the Albany penitentiary, if, thanks to Mr. Wakeman, Mr. Heywood had not been "on deck." He was saved, however, by the latter's persuasive eloquence, which so impressed the judge that that dignitary told Mr. Mitchell he might go if he would not do so again. Mr. Mitchell went and did not do so again,—that is, he did not sell any more of his literature, but he *gave* it away, and the recipients *gave* him such money as they chose. And so "The World's Reformer" continued to reform.

But by this time the poor Freethinkers were in a state of extreme agitation,—in fact, all torn up by the introduction of these discordant notes into their annual jubilee. The leaders put their heads together in the hotel lobbies. Hurried consultations were held among the faithful. Brave old Elizur Wright, who has smelled the smoke of other battles and fellowshipped with cranks for the better part of a century, seemed the only man among them who was unterrified. Mr. Wakeman met Mr. Heywood in the Delavan House and attempted to reason with him. Additional evidence that he is not well acquainted with that gentleman. When he knows him better, he will realize that it is as impossible to reason with Mr. Heywood as it is to snub him. Mr. Courtlandt Palmer, happening along, tried the latter course, refusing his hand to Mr. Heywood; notwithstanding which this same Mr. Palmer delivered an address to the convention in which he said many things that would cause many people to refuse their hands to Mr. Palmer. The upshot of all this hubbub was that a letter from Mr. Palmer appeared in the Albany "Journal," utterly disowning and casting out Mr. Mitchell and denying all responsibility for him; after which the timid breathed more freely, and, gradually forgetting that they had ever been frightened, soon turned round and began to laugh at Mr. Palmer for his fussy fastidiousness.

Meanwhile the serenity of the sessions had not been entirely unruffled, the vexed question having arisen whether free competition should be allowed among all shades of Liberals in the sale of their literature in the hall, or an exclusive monopoly of that business should be given to the "Truth Seeker." Finally one Mr. McCabe of Albany, who seems to have been a sort of master of ceremonies, announced that the commit-

tee had decided that the "Truth Seeker" alone should be allowed to sell. At this the timid representative of the "Index" immediately shut up shop, but the bold Josephine Tilton, who was selling Liberty and other Anarchistic documents, kept right on, and further remonstrance on the part of Mr. McCabe was necessary before she could be stopped. The "Truth Seeker" says that Mr. McCabe was once a Roman Catholic. May Liberty venture to suggest that he is a good deal of a Roman Catholic still? Endeavors to ascertain who the members of the "committee" were and what action they really took proved fruitless, and a strong suspicion was harbored by some that Mr. McCabe was a self-constituted committee of one. Rumor had it that Macdonald of the "Truth Seeker" had a finger in the matter, but this is not certain. He is known, however, to have remarked that the Liberals, "having won the victory on the dirty business," would do well to stick hereafter to the strictly religious. My genial but pious friend Eugene evidently fancies that he can wash away the stains of "Cupid's Yokes" and D. M. Bennett in the blood of Anti-Christ.

But Miss Tilton was not baffled, after all. The sympathetic and simple-minded proprietor of the hall (he couldn't have been much of a Liberal, it seems to me) failed to exactly see the justice of the committee's decision, and so provided a table for Miss Tilton on a landing of the stairs, at which the ascending auditors left so much of their spare silver in exchange for the Gospel of Anarchy that they had but little, when they reached the hall, to pour into the "Truth Seeker's" coffers.

How we Liberals love one another! Fortunately the Angel of Anarchy, bearing healing in her wings, has come to harmonize us all. Meanwhile lovers of buffoonery may congratulate themselves that Gilbert and Sullivan drew their ideas of Liberalism from the British House of Commons. If they had ever attended a convention of American Liberals and seen how the lines that divide the factions cross and recross and intersect and confuse and obliterate each other, they would have impaired their admirable opera, "Iolanthe," by leaving out the following lines:

> For every boy and every gal
> That's born into this world alive
> Is either a little Libe-ral
> Or else a little Conserva-tive.

T.

Basic Principles of Economics: Rent.

In following up the issues made by Mr. Tucker in the August number of Liberty I am not quixotic enough to defend Proudhon either against Mr. T. or against his own possible inconsistencies. Only two of his works (recommended by Mr. T.) have been open to me. What I have to say stands upon its own merits, appealing to reason and the instinct of justice.

1. "The fiction of the productivity of capital."

In productivity for human needs or desires, human activity is implied. No one pretends that capital or the results of past labor can in this point of view be independent of actual labor. Ripe grain or fruit in field or orchard is a capital; its use implies the labor of gathering and storing, milling, cooking, etc. But these consummating works would be impossible without the capital of the harvest, the result of previous culture, which, whether by the same or by different laborers, is equally an integrant factor in productivity and justly entitled to its proportionate share of the fruits.

Now, go back a year or more. Before the culture in question, capital existed as the result of clearing, fencing, ditching, manuring, etc., without which the culture would have been fruitless or impossible. Such previous works, then, are, equally with the two later, integrant of productivity, and have just claims to be satisfied in the repartition of the harvest. Previous to these three kinds of works, there has often been expenditure of effort in discovery or exploration, in conquest of territory, to which the State falls heir, and on the strength of which it levies tribute under title of entry fees or purchase money.

In the precited series, the second term in order of succession has absorbed the first, so that the entry or purchase fee is added to the claim for preparatory works, whose aggregate constitutes the basis of rentals. Mr. Tucker says that the "liquidation of this value, whether immediate or gradual, is a sale, and brings a right of ownership, which it is not in the nature of rent to do. To call this rent is inaccurate." Now, this is a question of the use of language. Accuracy here, as I maintain, consists in the use of words in their usual sense. I protest against neologies, or arbitrary definitions, in economics that make words squint, as a perfidy of Socialism which engenders vain logomachies and retards the triumph of justice. The liquidation of the value precited, the result of preparatory works, may be effected either by sale or by rentals. Sale is often impossible or unfeasible; it would be so at present for my own farm. Now, comes in the idea that each payment of rent shall constitute an instalment of purchase money. This is Proudhon's theory of liquidation with a view to the independent proprietorship of the soil by its farmers. It is viable for rentals during a term of successive years, but is inapplicable to many cases like the following. By expenditure of unpaid labor during several years I have prepared a field for cotton culture. An immigrant, needing to realize the results of labor more promptly than would be possible if he began by performing upon forest land the kind of work I have already done, offers me a fourth of the crop for the use of my field. *This is rent.* The crop from which it is paid leaves the soil poorer in proportion, and the fences, etc., will need repair at an earlier period. Thus each crop may be estimated as lessening the original value of productivity by about one-tenth, sometimes as much as one-fourth. Now, the tenant profits three times as much as I do at the cost of my preparatory labors. The loss by cropping, of this value, is the just basis of rent, which leaves no proportion of purchase title to the tenant during one or a few seasons who does not manure or repair fences. The tenant who does this, and thus reproduces the original value, justly enters into proprietorship, and his rentals ought to be regarded as instalments of purchase money. There lies the practical difference.

It is necessary to face the facts, and to avoid confusion by abstract terminology. There is just rent, and there is unjust rent, or the legal abuse of the rental system. Abate the public nuisance of legislation, and these matters are naturally arranged by contract between farmers.

The equitable relations between actual labor and the previous labors that constitute capital in the soil, or immovable upon it, vary with time, place, and circumstance. Rulings concerning them, reduced to the procrustean measures of law, if just for some cases, must be unjust for others. Private contracts only can approximate to justice, and how nearly they do it is the affair of the contracting parties, defying all prescriptive formulas.

EDGEWORTH.

The two works which I recommended to Edgeworth are among Proudhon's best, but they are very far from all that he has written, and it is very natural for the reader of a very small portion of his writings to draw inferences which he will find unwarranted when he reads more. This is due principally to Proudhon's habit of using words in different senses at different times, which I regard as unfortunate. Now, in the article which gave rise to this discussion, Edgeworth inferred (or seemed to infer), from the fact that some of Proudhon's transitional proposals allowed a share to capital for a time, that he contemplated as a permanent arrangement a division of labor's earnings between labor and capital as two distinct things. Lest this might mislead, I took the liberty to correct it, and to state that Proudhon thought labor the only legitimate title to wealth.

Now comes Edgeworth and says that he meant by capital only the result of preparatory labor, which is as much entitled to reward as any other. Very good, say I; no one denies that. But this is not what is ordinarily meant by the "productivity of capital," and Edgeworth, by his own rule, is bound to use words in their usual sense. The usual sense of this phrase, and the sense in which the economists use it, is that capital has such an independent share in all production that the owner of it may rightfully farm out the privilege of using it, receive a steady income from it, have it restored to him *intact* at the expiration of the lease, farm it out again to somebody else, and go on in this way, he and his heirs forever, living in a permanent state of idleness and luxury simply from having performed a certain amount of "preparatory labor." That is what Proudhon denounced as "the fiction of the productivity of capital," and Edgeworth, in interpreting the phrase otherwise, gives it a very unusual sense, in violation of his own rule.

Moreover, what Edgeworth goes on to say about the proportional profits of landlord and tenant indicates that he has very loose ideas about the proper reward of labor, whether present or preparatory. The scientific reward (and under absolutely free competition the actual reward is, in the long run, almost identical with it) of labor is the product of an equal amount of equally arduous labor. The product of an hour of Edgeworth's labor in preparing a field for cotton culture, and the product of an hour of his tenant's labor in sowing and harvesting the crop, ought each to exchange for the product of an hour's labor of their neighbor, the shoemaker, or their neighbor, the tailor, or their neighbor, the grocer, or their neighbor, the doctor, provided the labor of all these parties is equally exhausting and implies equal amounts of acquired skill and equal outlays for tools and facilities. Now, supposing the cases of Edgeworth and his tenant to be representative, and not isolated; and supposing them to produce, not for their own consumption, but for the purpose of sale, which is the purpose of practically all production,—it then makes no difference to either of them whether their hour's labor yields five pounds of cotton or fifteen. In the one case they can get no more shoes or clothes or groceries or medical services for the fifteen pounds than they can in the other for the five. The great body of landlords and tenants, like the great body of producers in any other industry, does not profit by an increased productivity in its special field of work, except to the extent that it consumes or repurchases its own product. The profit of this increase goes to the people at large, the consumers. So it is not true (assuming always a régime of free competition) that Edgeworth's tenant "profits three times as much" as Edgeworth because of the latter's preparatory labors. Neither of them profit thereby, but each gets an hour of some other man's labor for an hour of his own.

So much for the reward of labor in general. Now to get back to the question of rent.

If Edgeworth performs preparatory labor on a cotton field, the result of which would remain intact if the field lay idle, and that result is damaged by a tenant, the tenant ought to pay him for it on the basis of reward above defined. This does not bring a right of ownership to the tenant, to be sure, for the property has been destroyed and cannot be purchased. But the transaction, nevertheless, is in the nature of a sale, and not a payment for a loan. Every sale is an exchange of labor, and the tenant simply pays money representing his own labor for the result of Edgeworth's labor which he (the tenant) has destroyed in appropriating it to his own use. If the tenant does not damage the result of Edgeworth's preparatory labor, then, as Edgeworth admits, whatever money the tenant pays justly entitles him to that amount of ownership in the cotton field. Now, this money, paid over and above all damage, if it does not bring equivalent ownership, is payment for use, usury, and, in my terminology, rent. If Edgeworth prefers to use the word rent to signify all money paid to landlords as such by tenants as such for whatever reason, I shall think his use of the word inaccurate, but I shall not quarrel with him, and shall only protest when he interprets other men's thought by his own definitions, as he seemed to me to have done in Proudhon's case. If he will be similarly peaceful towards me in my use of the word, there will be no logomachy.

The difference between us is just this. Edgeworth says that from tenant to landlord there is payment for damage, and this is just rent; and there is payment for use, and that is unjust rent. I say there is payment for damage, and this is indemnification or sale, and is just; and there is payment for use, and that is rent, and is unjust. My use of the word is in accordance with the dictionary, and is more definite and discriminating than the other; moreover I find it more effective in argument. Many a time has some small proprietor, troubled with qualms of conscience and anxious to justify the source of his income, exclaimed, on learning that I believe in payment for wear and tear: "Oh! well, you believe in rent, after all; it's only a question of how much rent;" after which he would settle back, satisfied. I have always found that the only way to give such a man's conscience a chance to get a hold upon his thought and conduct was to insist on the narrower use of the word rent. It calls the attention much more vividly to the distinction between justice and injustice. If in this I am guilty of neology, I am no more so than in my use of the word Anarchy, which Edgeworth adopts with great enthusiasm and employs with great effect. If the "squint" is what he objects to, why does it annoy him in one case and please him in the other?

I must add that, after what I said in my previous answer in opposition to legislative interference for the

Continued on page 8.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

Continued from page 3.

very calm. Evidently she reads but little, or perhaps not at all; she looks the room over and begins to arrange things, as if she were at home; evidently she does not do much arranging, but she is calm: and she can read and occupy herself with matters in general; she notices that the ash-pan is not empty, that the table-cloth needs straightening, and that this chair is not in its place. She sits down and thinks: *No going back, no choice, a new life is about to begin.* That lasts an hour or two.

A new life is about to begin. How astonished and happy he will be! A new life is about to begin. How happy we are! A ring; she blushes slightly and smiles; the door opens.

"Véra Pavlovna!"

He staggers; yes, he staggers; he has to support himself against the door, but she runs to him, and, kissing him, says:

"My dear, dear friend! How noble he is! How I love you! I could not live without you!"

What took place then, how they crossed the room, she does not remember; she only remembers running to him and kissing him; for that matter, he remembers no more than she. They only remember that they passed by arm-chairs and by the table, but how did they leave the door? . . . . . Yes, for a few seconds their heads were turned, their sight disturbed by this kiss . . . . .

"Vérotchka, my angel!"

"My friend, I could not live without you. How long you have loved me without telling me so! How noble you are, and how noble he is, too!"

"Tell me, then, Vérotchka, how this has happened."

"I told him that I could not live without you; the next day—that is, yesterday—he went away; I desired to follow him; all day yesterday I thought that I should go to him; yet here I have been waiting a long time."

"But how thin you have grown in the last two weeks, Vérotchka! How delicate your hands are!"

He kisses her hands.

"Yes, my friend, it was a painful struggle! Now I can appreciate how you have suffered to avoid disturbing my peace. How did you succeed in maintaining such self-possession that I noticed nothing? How you must have suffered!"

"Yes, Vérotchka, it was not easy."

And he still covers her hands with kisses. Suddenly she begins to laugh:

"Ah! how inattentive I am to you! You are tired, Sacha, you are hungry!"

She escapes and runs away.

"Where are you going, Vérotchka?"

But she does not answer; already she is in the kitchen, talking to Stépane in gay and urgent tones.

"Get dinner for two! Quick, quick! Where are the plates, and knives and forks? I will set the table. Bring in something to eat; Alexander is so tired from his hospital duties that his dinner must be served in a hurry."

She returns with the plates, on which rattle knives, forks, and spoons.

"You know, my darling, that the first thought of lovers at the first interview is to dine as quickly as possible," says she, laughing.

He laughs also, and helps her set the table; he helps her much, but delays her still more, for he is constantly kissing her hands.

"Ah! how delicate your hands are!" And he kisses them again.

"Come to the table, Sacha, and be quiet!"

Stépane brings the soup. During dinner she tells him how this all happened.

"Ah! my darling, how we eat for lovers! It is true, though, that yesterday I ate nothing."

Stépane enters with the last dish.

"Stépane, I have eaten your dinner."

"Yes, Véra Pavlovna, I shall have to buy something at the shop."

"Do so, and now you must know that in future you will always have to prepare for two, not counting yourself. Sacha, where is your cigar-case? Give it to me."

She cuts a cigar herself, lights it, and says to him:

"Smoke, my darling; meantime I will prepare the coffee; or perhaps you prefer tea? Do you know, my darling, our dinner ought to be better; you are too easy with Stépane."

Five minutes later she returns; Stépane follows her with the tea-service, and, as she comes in, she sees that Alexander's cigar has gone out.

"Ha! ha! my darling, how dreamy you have become in my absence!"

He laughs too.

"Smoke, then," and again she lights his cigar.

In recalling all this now, Véra Pavlovna laughs over again: "How prosaic our romance is! The first interview and the soup; our heads turned at the first kiss, then a good appetite,—what a strange love-scene! It is very queer. And how his eyes shone! But indeed they shine still in the same way. How many of his tears have fallen on my hands, which were then so delicate, but which certainly are not so now. But really my hands are beautiful; he tells the truth." She looks at her hands and says: "Yes, he is right. But what has that to do with our first interview and its accompaniments? I sit down at the table to pour the tea.

"'Stépane, have you any cream? Could you get some that is good? But no, we have not time, and surely you would not find any. So be it, but tomorrow we will arrange all that. Smoke away, my darling; you are all the time forgetting to smoke.'"

The tea is not yet finished when a terrible ring is heard; two students enter the room in all haste, and in their hurry do not even see her.

"Alexander Matvéitch, an interesting subject!" they say, all out of breath; "an extremely rare and very curious subject [here they give the Latin name of the disease] has just been brought in, Alexander Matvéitch, and aid is needed immediately; every half-hour is precious. We even took a cab."

"Quick, quick, my friend, make haste!" says she. Not till then do the students notice her and bow, and in a twinkling they drag away their professor, who was not long in getting ready, having kept on his military overcoat. Again she hurries him.

"From there you will come to me?" says she, as she takes leave of him.

"Yes."

In the evening he makes her wait a long time. It is ten o'clock, and he does not come; eleven,—it is useless to expect him. What does it mean? Certainly she is not at all anxious; nothing can have happened to him; but why is he obliged to stay with the interesting subject? Is he still alive, this poor interesting subject? Has Sacha succeeded in saving him? Yes, Sacha was, indeed, detained a long time. He does not come till the next morning at nine o'clock; till four he had remained at the hospital.

"The case was very difficult and interesting, Vérotchka."

"Saved?"

"Yes."

"But why did you rise so early?"

"I have not been in bed."

"You have not been in bed! To avoid delaying your arrival you did not sleep last night! Impious man! Go to your room and sleep till dinner-time; be sure that I find you still asleep."

In two minutes he was driven away.

Such were their first two interviews. But the second dinner went off better; they told each other of their affairs in a reasonable manner. The night before, on the contrary, they did not know what they were saying. They laughed, and then were gloomy. It seemed to each of them that the other had suffered the more.

Ten days later they hired a little country-house on the island of Kamennoy.

VI.

It is not very often that Véra Pavlovna recalls the past of her new love: the present is so full of life that but little time is left for memories. Nevertheless these memories come back oftener and oftener, and gradually she feels the growth within her of a certain discontent, faint, slight, vague, at first,—a discontent with whom, with what?

To be continued.

THEN AND NOW.

XXI.

MR. DE DEMAIN TELLS HOW THE RICH SHUT OUT THE POOR.

BOSTON, October 3, 2085.

My Dear Louise:

Since writing you last Mr. De Demain and I have had very few warm discussions. I realize that he belongs to an advanced age, and I to an old one, which have many things not in common. We do not stand on the same ground, and in consequence, if we were to argue for years, we should not convince each other. Then he has the living facts of the present on his side in many cases, and I find it hard work to argue against facts, especially with one who has shown himself so able to handle them. I now usually let my arguments, or would-be arguments, take the form of questions, and, like the over-smart and self-confident debater, "merely ask for information," when I think I see an opportunity to trip my adversary by throwing a block in the way.

A few days ago Mr. De Demain was reading to me from a very interesting book on the history of the twentieth century, making verbal notes of his own, as he proceeded, for my benefit. He was in the midst of the section devoted to the last decade of state government in America, just before the final acceptance of Anarchy by the people, and was commenting on the passage which told of the struggle made by the rich against the coming new order of things.

"Why was it, Mr. De Demain," I asked, "that there was always such a cry made by the poor against the rich? Was it not jealousy, in the main? The rich man did not consume very much more than the poor man,—not enough more, at any rate, to cause famine or even scarcity."

"You ask a very old question and one that has been answered time and time again. It is the same question that the wise statisticians asked two hundred years ago, and they massed their figures like an army to prevent invasion of the rich man's territory. The statisticians were the generals of the rich lords of the earth. Their armies were figures which they brought up in terrible array of long columns to frighten the slow-witted, unmathematical poor. But the guns of this terrible army were Quaker guns, and the army itself was composed of nothing but ingeniously contrived scarecrows. The people did not for a long time, however, know that they were being fooled. A dummy will serve the purpose of a genuine, flesh-and-blood man—to scare crows.

"The figures laboriously made by the statisticians did not show why the rich men kept the poor men poor. They were not arranged for that purpose. There are truths that figures will not show; there are truths that statisticians, never mind how careful their investigations or how correct their comparisons, may not know. It was not the direct robbery of the poor by the rich that kept the poor in poverty. It was that the rich monopolized all the means of wealth,—including brain development, born of leisure and opportunity.

"This statistics ignored. This the people, in their blind ignorance, did not see.

"It was, as I said, not so much that the rich took big tolls from the earnings of the poor, but they also fenced in the opportunities by means of which the poor could obtain wealth easily. A child born to poor parents found, as soon as he began to realize his necessities, that almost everything had been monopolized by those who had been so supremely fortunate as to be born before him. He found signs stuck up every way he turned, saying, 'This is mine; keep off!' All of Nature's raw material, except the air which wandered through the public streets and the few rays of sunlight that struggled in between the tops of high buildings and the lofty branches of grand old elms that shaded the lawns of the wealthy, was locked up. The only key was money, and he soon found that to be locked up, as well. There was a big placard posted across the faces of the earth, and on it was written:

TAKEN.

"In order to be able to exist at all, the poor unfortunate found it necessary to beg for an opportunity to toil. He went to one of the landlords of the world, and asked that he might be allowed to take some of this monopolized raw material and turn it into what the people desired. The landlord figured on the profit. If it looked big enough, he accepted the service of the poor beggar; if it did not, he pointed to the placard, and said, 'Go!'

"It was not what the rich used that made them obnoxious to the poor; it was what they monopolized and did not use. They owned the land and all upon it and within it. The poor, in order to live, must, whether they would or no, become employees, and submit to the terms of their employers or starve.

"This in your time, I believe, was looked upon as quite the proper thing. No one but Anarchists dreamed that men did not possess the right—except by might—to gather within their grasp Nature's resources, and demand heavy rent for their use, retaining the privilege to oust a tenant at any time and for any cause or without cause.

"I have before explained to you how the rich, with the aid of the government, monopolized money, the only means by which the poor might get possession of the raw material, so abundantly furnished by Nature, with which to add to the wealth of the world."

Mr. De Demain continued at considerable length on this subject, but my letter is already long, so I must conclude his remarks for your benefit some other time.

JOSEPHINE.

Solution of the Currency Question.

[Galveston News.]

Much as may be urged for the continuance of silver coinage as against the proposal for a return to gold alone under present restrictions, the chief importance of it is the practical necessity of a supply of money or currency. Simply as a standard either gold or silver might do. It would matter but little how soon government suspended the coinage of silver, if citizens were free to organize their currency banks as they organize other institutions. Government fixes the standard of weights and measures, but government does not take to itself a monopoly of the manufacture of pound weights, scales, and yardsticks. Good paper can readily be made, bottomed upon property valuable in gold. Permit financial freedom, and strong institutions will arise to do for exchange what the express companies have done for transportation. Anything which can be either deposited or mortgaged can be made the basis of currency. The government's transaction with the national banks shows the process with bonds. The silver certificate is another instance. Certificates of silver bullion would do as well. At least it seems to be the right of free men to be free from prohibition as to the use of such certificates, if it suits their judgment to use them. The warehouse receipt is suggestive of a scientific currency which might render producers and consumers secure against speculative corners in gold or silver coinage and against disaster from a temporary or local famine in either coinage.

But the laws of the United States government at present prevent this free exercise of a natural right. Were it not for this, there are many solid values—a majority of all exchangeable values—which could at pleasure be mobilized to the great relief of the owner and the employment of labor. What might be called interest for mutual bank money, based on deposit or warehouse receipts or mortgages, would be rather an expense charge for conducting the bank business than interest proper. National banks have got their currency from government without paying interest. This points the way to relief for the farmer, manufacturer, and merchant, without, however, making the government the depositary. Suppose that the government's standard is gold. Then, instead of having bank currency on a pretended basis of gold, the actual things of value, such as insured buildings, ships, stocks of merchandise, and sundry commodities, including gold and silver, can be pledged to a bank organized for the purpose in every city, as valued in gold, and a proportion of the value issued in notes. Each borrower would agree to receive the bills of the bank in trade. This feature constitutes a mutual bank. It is simply a contrivance by which property-owners join together to give their notes a secondary and more convenient form. With their notes to the bank they deposit mortgages, and the mutual bank notes are but the representatives of the mortgages, as the national bank notes are the representatives of the deposited bonds. A mortgage or a thousand-dollar bond can not be cut up and circulated in fragments, but nine hundred dollars in currency is issued on deposit of a thousand-dollar bond, and it may modestly be stated that, if fifty or even twenty-five per cent. were issued on mortgage of available good security, at only cost of supervision, the currency question would be solved, and the basis might remain gold, for the values of property in the country would give the volume, even while gold furnished the standard.

But what, it may be asked, prevents people from getting money by deposit of mortgages? Do they not obtain it every day? What prevents the United States from issuing to the bank hard money instead of currency on deposit of bonds? If the government issued hard money, it would have to borrow it. It would have to pay interest for it. Therefore, to loan without interest it must make the currency. One goes to a bank, deposits a note with security, and borrows money, which the bank does not make, but has earned or borrowed. Hence the bank must charge a certain rate of interest, because money is scarce and wanted, and therefore commands interest everywhere. But, if the bank could make and issue the currency for mutual use among its depositors and those who see fit to accept it, the currency could be supplied at cost, or as near cost as the bank saw fit to cut its profit. Combination among citizens and competition among banks would settle this, and let it not be deemed that one thousand or ten thousand substantial citizens in a place could not, with their property and mutual acceptance, make a bank with paper as good as gold. It would be free from all danger in gold panics. The specie basis banks break at such times because they pretended to have gold, and people know or believe it is a fiction. If they pretended only to have the mortgages of a large proportion of the property in the city, and every mortgagor was bound by his voluntary and legal agreement to receive the notes in trade, and the bank was bound to nothing but to return the mortgages to the proper parties whenever they wanted to cancel them and brought in the currency which had been loaned, or its equivalent, the bank could not experience a run. The bank would always be the secure depositary and creditor, instead of being indebted to whomsoever might hold one of its notes.

The old system has always organized panics and disaster. It may be well to consider a plan by which government would be rid of other function in regard to money than supplying the standard, the citizens' banks supplying the volume, and each man possessed of imperishable property obtaining currency at a minimum cost and adding his proper proportion to the mutual guarantee. Every detail is a fit subject for the reasonable judgment of individuals organizing as for any business purpose.

The Beliefs of Anarchists.

["An English Anarchist" in London Justice.]

It passes as a truism that public opinion—the expression of the collective moral sense—is the real sovereign of today. Its sanction has replaced the old religious sanctions as a moral restraint. Law is supposed but to give voice to its mandates, and deliberative assemblies to be its humble servants. It is admitted that the voice is muffled and unintelligible, and that the servants are treacherous and remarkably ineffective; but it is supposed that Democracy can change all that by judicious lopping and enlargement. In that supposition we Anarchists do not agree. We believe,—not only what all thinkers already admit, that a large proportion of the misery of mankind is attributable to bad Government,—but that Government is in itself essentially bad, a clumsy makeshift for the rule of each man by his own reason and conscience, which, in the present stage of civilization, has served its turn.

The idea of government sprang in barbarous times from the authority of the leader in war, and the patriarchal rule of the head of the family; it grew up in the superstition born of the fears of an ignorant age; and on the brute instincts and childishness, the ignorance and fears of mankind it has prospered ever since, until progress began slowly and surely to cut away the ground under its feet.

Whilst government was viewed as a divinely appointed arbiter in the affairs of the uninspired commonalty, it was naturally deemed its duty to watch over its subjects in all their relations, and provide, not only for their protection from all force or fraud but its own, but for their eternal welfare. But now that government and law are looked on as mere conveniences, forms destitute of sanctity, and possessing no authority but such as the aggregate of the nation are pleased to allow, it may be worth considering if the collective life of the community cannot find expression in some fashion less costly in time, wealth, and human freedom. The future of Democracy in England, as depicted by the "Pall Mall Gazette" for August 11, is not very reassuring to any but ambitious politicians. "The time in fact is already upon us, when there is no vital difference between parties, only an unscrupulous scramble for place." If Liberals, however, strike out in a new direction, and accept the policy of opposition to the powers of Parliament, vindicated by Mr. Herbert Spencer, they can hardly fail to reduce the authority of representative government to so thin a semblance that true Liberty will be plainly visible behind it, and Liberalism be forced by a logical necessity into Anarchism. For representation—the middle-class panacea for all ills, now on its trial—recognizes in theory the right of each individual to govern himself, whilst at the same moment it forces him to delegate that right to a representative, and, in return, bestows the privilege of a practical claim to tyrannize over every one else. The freedom of the collectivity to crush the individual is not, however, true Liberty in the eyes of Anarchists. It is one of those shams which the Revolution is to destroy.

We believe opinion to be the real and inevitable expression of collective existence in civilized communities, and that its natural outlets in the public press, in literature and art, in societies, meetings, voluntary combinations of all sorts, and social intercourse are amply sufficient to enable it to act as a binding and corrective force in a society relieved from privileges and private property. Even now it is the strongest deterrent from crime; even now its punishment is the bitterest, its reward the highest, and its rule of conduct the most absolute for the average mortal. Yet, unfortunately, its sense of right and wrong is continually blunted and falsified by the action of the authorized exponent of justice. At the present day law is supposed in the abstract to represent the moral sense of the community as against its immoral members. Practically it cannot do so. Public morality is continually fluctuating, and, by changing as fast as its want of dignity will admit, law cannot keep up with it, and only succeeds in stereotyping the mistakes from which opinion is just shaking itself free, and fitting old precedents upon new conditions, where naturally they look absurd and do mischief. Being framed to suit a variety of cases, no two of which are alike, it is actually unjust in every one, and, moreover, becomes so complicated that, after all the efforts of a specially trained class to expound it, its awards are uncertain and mysterious to all concerned. The modes of punishment are necessarily brutal and degrading, not only to those who suffer, but to those who inflict them, and its attempts to enforce contracts and settle disputes cause at least as much suffering as they avert. Law stands, and—from what experts say of the difficulties of reform—must ever stand, hopelessly in the way of morality, rendering a higher conception of it impossible to the mass of mankind, and consequently to the public opinion which represents them.

When the collective moral sense is relieved of the incubus of law, it may still be unjust in many instances, but its injustice will take a less permanent form and one more capable of rectification, whereas its sense of justice may be perpetually widened and increased by the growth of knowledge and human sympathy. Certainly, judging from its present influence, it will be strong enough to serve as a restraint upon those individuals who refuse to respect the rights of others. But when Society has ceased deliberately to condemn certain of its members to infamy and despair from their birth, there are both physical and moral grounds for the belief that the "criminal classes" will cease to exist. Crime will become sufficiently rare to give the mass of the population courage to face the fact that moral depravity, like madness, is a terrible affliction, a disease to be carefully treated and remedied, not punished and augmented by ill-treatment. We know this now, but we are too cowardly or too Pharisaical to admit it.

Prevention, however, is better than cure, and the surest mode of securing virtuous citizens, as well as healthy public opinion, is by a sound system of education. The rough discipline of the Revolution will clear the air of many prejudices, and serve to raise men's minds to a higher conception of justice and of duty, but it is on the training of children that the future of society mainly depends. I wish I could quote the fine passages in which Michael Bakounine outlines the Anarchist theory of education in his "Dieu et l'Etat," but that would be trespassing too far upon your space. Suffice it to say, that Anarchism considers that the one end and aim of education is to fit children for freedom. Therefore it teaches, firstly, that intellectual training should be scientific, cultivating the reason and leading it to understand and recognize the immutability of the laws of nature, and to conform to them in all things, taking knowledge of them for rule and guide in place of the arbitrary enactments of men; and, secondly, that moral training, starting with the necessary absolute authority, should proceed by the gradual removal of restraints, and by the inculcation of personal dignity and responsibility, respect for others, and the worship of truth and justice for their own sake, to form free men and women filled with reverence and love for the freedom of their fellows. This view of the subject is familiar also to readers of Mr. Herbert Spencer.

The creed of Anarchism is the cultus of Liberty, not for itself, but for what it renders possible. Authority, as exercised by men over their fellows, it holds accursed, depraving those who rule and those who submit, and blocking the path of human progress. Liberty indeed is not all, but it is the foundation of all that is good and noble; it is essential to that many-sided advance of man's nature, expanding in numberless and ever-conflicting directions, which Walt Whitman likens to the weather, "an infinite number of currents and forces, and contributions and temperatures, and cross purposes, whose ceaseless play of counterpart upon counterpart brings constant restoration and vitality." For is not the tendency of all rules and organizations to stiffen into set shapes, destitute of life and meaning, one of the chief causes of social deterioration?

Viewed in relation to the thought waves of our times, the strength of Anarchism seems to us to lie in its full recognition and acceptance of two lines of thought, which, though their respective champions delight to pose them as in hopeless conflict, are uniting to bring about the social revolution, *i. e.*, Individualism and Socialism. It ignores neither the splendid triumphs of Individualism in thought and action, nor the need for brotherly association which Mazzini considered years ago as the primary necessity of modern Europe; but it holds that the longing for freedom, and the growing sense of the dependence of each on all, the responsibility of all for each, are advancing side by side, and that one cannot be sacrificed to the other without provoking a violent reaction. Therefore do Anarchists oppose all measures which tend to increase the power and influence of governments, even if their immediate result seem to be an improvement in the condition of the people. Anarchism is a new faith, as yet imperfectly formulated, and it has been met in the society of privilege with such bitter persecution that it has retorted with the violence of despair. Contemned, hunted down, reviled, calumniated even in death, the existence of an Anarchist on the Continent at this moment is scarcely more endurable than that of a Christian in the days of the Roman Empire, victim like himself of the hatred of the world for an enthusiasm of humanity beyond its comprehension.

AN ENEMY OF SOCIETY.

[Today.]

HANC PESTEM REIPUBLICÆ.—*Cicero.*

Methought I saw a dark, defiant face
With fierce lips set in everlasting scorn,
And backward-blown wild locks, by storm-blasts torn.
Sad eyes, deep-caverned, not without the grace
Of tenderness, that found no resting-place
In that despairing world whereinto born
He knew not how to make it less forlorn,
And so defied, and died: men call him base.

I saw this man: before his feet there knelt
A hunted, haggard slave, with fettered limbs
And branded cheek, and, "Nay—thy lot is mine,"
Smiled he, and raising, flung an arm round him.
"Who art thou?" And before I heard, I felt
His answer, "Lucius Sergius Catiline."

A. Werner.

Basic Principles of Economics: Rent.

Continued from page 5.

control of rents, etc., it seems hardly within the limits of fair discussion to hint that I am in favor of "procrustean measures of law." Certainly, Edgeworth does not directly say so, but in an article avowedly written in answer to me I cannot see how the remark is otherwise pertinent. T.

The People's Great Need.

[Patrick K. O'Lally in the Woman's World.]

A disenthralled, developed individuality, with an intelligent conviction of one's own possibilities, — yes, of his own omnipotence, — is the great need of the AUTHORITY-ridden, LAW-ridden, GOVERNMENT-ridden, CHURCH-ridden, demented, and prostituted THINGS called "the people." They are lawed out of everything, — out of nature with open eyes and pendant arms. Pretty soon even Satan will consider them unworthy his industry.

Interconvertible Terms.

[London Anarchist.]

"Revenge," said Lord Bacon, "is a sort of wild justice." It will be our aim in future numbers to show, all official disclaimers and professions of fine moral sentiment to the contrary, that justice as now administered is nothing better than a sanctimonious and hypocritical form of revenge.

Uncle Sam the Real Culprit.

[Joseph A. Labadie in the Detroit Labor Leaf.]

I hope that it is true that the Knights of Labor had nothing to do with the brutal massacre of the Chinese in Rock Springs, Wyoming. An order whose field of operation is world-wide, and which knows no race, no creed, no sex, cannot be so inconsistent and so unjust as to countenance a war of races. It is my opinion that this cry against foreigners is redounding much more to the benefit of the capitalist and monopolist classes than it is to the working class. If our masters can only keep up the race prejudices, and pit us against the foreigners in the scramble for the dear privilege of using Nature's bounteous gifts, which, under existing law, are absolutely under their control, there is little fear that their unjust privileges will be questioned in such a manner as to endanger them. While it may be true that the Chinese, the Hungarians, the Bulgarians, the Poles, and the other nations of the earth are not so highly "civilized" as we are, yet this is no reason why we should deny them the same rights we claim for ourselves. It is the right of every human being to live wherever he chooses on this earth. There is a good deal of nonsense in the idea that this is "our" country. Who are "we," anyway? Are we not "foreigners," or the direct descendants of foreigners? No more of this earth rightly belongs to any individual or set of individuals than is necessary for the maintenance of their own existence. There is room in America for a hundred times more people than are now here. But monopolists would make us believe that these poor wretches — who are brought here by themselves for their own ignoble purposes, by the way — are responsible for our poverty. This is not true. No one who is willing to work and earn his own living can be the cause of another's poverty. He who stands between the laborer and the natural means of producing wealth is the real cause of poverty. We are wont to look upon Uncle Sam as the protector of the poor, of the laborer. This is a Great Mistake. Uncle Sam is the aider and abettor of the robbery that is continuous and that keeps you and me living from hand to mouth. Does not Uncle Sam uphold landlordism in all its injustice and brutality? Does not Uncle Sam sustain a law of his own making that no individual or set of individuals shall exercise the right of issuing notes as money who has less than fifty thousand dollars? Does not Uncle Sam establish agencies all over the world that induce laborers to come here who are cheaper than those at home to work for his privileged class? Does not Uncle Sam put on a high duty to prevent you and me from buying goods wherever we can do the best, thereby forcing us to buy of his pet robbers? Uncle Sam is really at the bottom of nearly all this misery and degradation, and a great deal of it would be abolished if he would only withdraw the support of his big strong arm from these pickpockets, and say to the people: "Here is a broad extent of territory that will furnish a good living to every one who will work. No one shall have more than he can use for himself and family, and I believe, if I only let you alone, this matter will regulate itself, because no one will buy or rent what he can get for nothing, and there is enough for all if no one has more than he needs. As for the matter of a medium of exchange, I don't know much about that, anyway, as you know by my bungling attempts in that direction heretofore, and you will have to settle that among yourselves. In the matter of transportation, you all seem to be interested in having the best kind of facilities for doing that, and I guess your self-interest will lead you to finding out the best way of getting your goods to market without my assistance. Come to think the matter all over, I guess you folks can take much better care of yourselves than I can, because I see that, whenever I try to help one fellow, it is always at the expense of somebody else; so I'll just retire from business. I never was much of a business man, anyhow." But Uncle Sam won't say anything of the kind, because he is one of the biggest thieves in the lot, and he is bound to stay by the gang. If we could only get the old man out of the way, class conflicts, race conflicts, economic injustice, and social degradation would gradually die out. This kind of talk may be treason to Uncle Sam, but it is patriotism to the human race.

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

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"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.

All people interested in Ireland's struggle for freedom who are not already subscribers to Liberty should subscribe before the next issue, in order not to miss the first instalment of the new and thrilling novel, "Ireland," by Georges Sauton, translated from the French especially for these columns.

The rapidly augmenting drift toward Anarchism which is seizing upon all classes was very happily evinced on the occasion of a recent address by Henry Appleton in New Haven. To make way for that gentleman the local lyceum, largely made up of Trades Unionists and State Socialists, gave up their hall. When Rev. Dr. Newman Smyth, the leading clergyman of the city, heard of it, he expressed the most intense desire to be present, and sent his regrets that unfortunately his being obliged to preach a sermon on that Sunday afternoon prevented his coming as he had hoped. But in that little hall, among the revolutionists, Nihilists, and out-and-out Anarchists sat Professor Sumner, the distinguished economist of Yale College, and from the time Mr. Appleton uttered the first word of his address till the last syllable was pronounced he sat with eyes close riveted upon the speaker, save once, when he lay back in his chair and almost roared with laughter as Mr. Appleton drew a satirical picture of the selection of a President, illustrating how the people of the United States are "self-governing." At the close of the lecture, which was a close and unanswerable statement of the logic and method of Anarchism, several arose and declared themselves converts, and all were carried into a new line of thinking, which is sure to yet bear rich and lasting fruits. That Professor Sumner was at heart in unison with Mr. Appleton's thought was evident from the intense satisfaction he seemed to take in his pointed and caustic rebuke of governmental supervision and direction in social and industrial affairs, but he was careful to get away before he was drawn out to question the speaker or criticise his views, as Mr. Appleton was hoping he might do. Having met with such success, our friends in New Haven are now about to crystallize into a Liberty Club, conducted on Anarchistic principles. I hope soon to see their good work repeated in other places, for wherever two or three intelligent and persistent Anarchists are gathered, they are sure to soon take the field and engage the best thought about them, with results which the near future will make patent to the blindest of statesmen and their dupes.

In a letter received at this office from Madame Elizabeth M. Delescluze of New York occurs the following sentence: "I see now and then your breezy publication, and read it with great interest and attention, notwithstanding my belief that there can be no harmony in a household where Individualism is the established rule." Then Madame Delescluze can conceive of harmony only where Individualism does not prevail,—that is, where individuals are invaded; for wherever they are not invaded, there Individualism prevails. Why, of course! To be sure! How simple! Why did I never see this before? I might have known that the only way to make people peaceable and sweet-tempered and equable in their dispositions and harmonious in their associations is to smooth them and soothe them by taking away their rights. I see now why the lamb gets along so well with the lion, and why men and women in the bonds of matrimony never quarrel, and why the South feels so pleasantly towards the North, and why Ireland loves England so well, and why the Russian moujiks worship their "dear father," the Czar; in fact, a perfect flood of light has burst in upon my vision since Madame Delescluze's letter came along. I notice, by the way, that the lady in question had a debate on "Anarchy" last Sunday afternoon in Newark with S. P. Putnam, she opposing Anarchy and Mr. Putnam upholding it. I sincerely pity Mr. Putnam. She probably used this argument on him, and, if so, his discomfiture must have been utter. How is it, any way, that the secretary of the National Liberal League is championing Anarchy? I ask you, Brother Wakeman, is this all right? Are you going to stand that sort of thing? And how do you feel about it, Brother Palmer? Wouldn't a card in the papers be about the right thing at this time, consigning Mr. Putnam to the same limbo where you sent Mr. Mitchell? Anarchy means, among other things, free love, you know. Or, perhaps you didn't know this. Or, perhaps you know it, but Colonel Ingersoll doesn't. Still, he's liable to find it out, you know. And if he does, he'll be no more president of yours. He'll not associate with free lovers, not he! You may have to choose between Putnam and Ingersoll. And I advise you to keep Putnam. But, at the same time, I advise Putnam to drop you.

LIBERTY.

And, as I look, Life lengthens, Joy deepens, Love intensifies, Fear dies. Liberty at last is God. Heaven is here. THIS SHALL BE.—*Ingersoll.*

O Freedom, thou queen of Perfection,
Sweet nurse of the brave and the free,
The choice of our heart's deep election,
We tender devotion to thee!
With Reason thy consort forever,
And Justice the law of thy realm,
Thy kingdom shall perish, O never,
No tyrant thy power shall o'erwhelm!

CHORUS.—Then cheer on the just and the true!
Three cheers for the just and the true!
Our hearts shall proclaim thee forever,
The queen of the just and the true!

O Freedom, thou art our salvation!
Our hope and our strength are in thee;
Our joy and our strong consolation
Is the thought that our spirits are free;
We have bowed 'neath the yoke of our tyrants;
They have taxed us in sweat and in blood;
But now such all-ruling aspirants
No longer can dam back thy flood.

CHORUS.—Then cheer on the just and the true!
Three cheers for the just and the true!
Our swords shall defend thee forever,
Sweet queen of the just and the true!

We have tasted thy soul-thrilling waters;
We have breathed in thy life-giving air;
Like a vision, our sons and our daughters
Rise before us, god-like and fair;
All humanity seems in that vision,
Like a mourner who wipes away tears,
Like one who escapes from a prison,
Like a coward who shakes off his fears.

CHORUS.—Then cheer on the just and the true!
Three cheers for the just and the true!
Our children shall crown thee forever,
The queen of the just and the true.

J. Wm. Lloyd.

Unpleasant Facts for Herr Most.

To the Editor of Liberty:

It gives me great pleasure to be able to communicate to you that Anarchism is making headway among the intelligent working men of New Haven. It was but a short time ago that I visited New Haven and tried to induce some to read and subscribe for Liberty. I found that it was wholly unknown; that very few of the advanced workingmen who read, talk, and take interest in Socialism have any idea what Anarchism is, what Liberty preaches and advocates. As you know, there are a good many Socialists in New Haven. The Germans are mostly Communists of the Most type, and the English element is State Socialistic. Now, the last have organized an Equal Rights Debating Club for the purpose of "hearing all sides." They have about forty or fifty members. They meet every Sunday and invite speakers of different classes and shades of opinion. Professors, clergymen, labor reformers, State Socialists, positivists, Communists, etc., have spoken there and discussed social questions. But, as is easy to conjecture, little good ever came out of it. Had we had among us readers of Liberty, men who could speak English fluently, there would have been many a lively engagement between us. However, our friends have done what they could.

Last week they had the infinite delight and pleasure of becoming personally acquainted with Mr. D. D. Lum. He was their guest for nearly a week. They took him to the meeting of the club, and he was invited to speak. He stirred them up mightily. He made a good speech on "Evolution and Revolution," and gave them a chance to hear some sound, logical, and philosophical ideas on Socialism for the first time in their lives, perhaps. You may well imagine what a storm he raised. He was extremely witty and happy in his answers to the many questions that were offered from all sides. He went away, but his influence is not likely to be forgotten. When the next Sunday we carried six copies of Liberty there, they were all gone in a moment. We could have sold at least fifteen copies more. You should have heard, Mr. Tucker, what they had to say about you, your paper, Anarchy, and Mr. Lum. We only smiled, and sought our opportunity to strike the iron while it was hot. When we told them about our proposed meeting with Henry Appleton as the speaker, they unanimously voted to invite him to come over from Providence to address them on Anarchy on Sunday next. I hope he will come. Be sure that this is only the beginning of the end. Of the fifty constant visitors more than half, and that the cream of the club, will become Anarchists. We will work with a will, and, with the aid of able Anarchistic thinkers and speakers whom we will invite from time to time, we are confident that you will have new admirers and readers added to your list every day.

Mr. Most is dissatisfied with the state of things in New Haven. The State Socialists, also, have reason to be blue about it. What a triumph for Liberty! No sincere and thinking person can live long in the atmosphere of State slavery or Communistic bondage when the light of Liberty has once dawned upon him.

Yours enthusiastically,
VICTOR YARROS.

BOX 820, BIRMINGHAM, CONN., October 13, 1885.

Vertiginous Perhaps, Veracious Surely.

[New York Truth Seeker.]

As a humorist and writer of romance, our highly esteemed but vertiginous friend Tucker, of Liberty, is an immense success. His little piece concerning some of the people at the Albany Convention is positively charming in its airiness and in its offhand manner of misinforming the reader. Mr. Tucker should write a bible.

Wealth and Law Conspirators.

[Sir Thomas More in "Utopia."]

The rich devise every means by which they may in the first place secure to themselves what they have amassed by wrong, then take to their own use and profit, at the lowest possible price, the work and labor of the poor. And as soon as the rich decide on adopting these devices in the name of the people, then they become law.

A LETTER TO GROVER CLEVELAND.

ON

His False, Absurd, Self-Contradictory, and Ridiculous Inaugural Address.

By LYSANDER SPOONER.

SECTION XII.

But, in spite of all I have said, or, perhaps, can say, you will probably persist in your idea that the world needs a great deal of lawmaking; that mankind in general are not entitled to have any will, choice, judgment, or conscience of their own; that, if not very wicked, they are at least very ignorant and stupid; that they know very little of what is for their own good, or how to promote their own "interests," "welfare," or "prosperity"; that it is therefore necessary that they should be put under guardianship to lawmakers; that these lawmakers, being a very superior race of beings,—wise beyond the rest of their species,—and entirely free from all those selfish passions which tempt common mortals to do wrong,—must be intrusted with absolute and irresponsible dominion over the less favored of their kind; must prescribe to the latter, authoritatively, what they may, and may not, do; and, in general, manage the affairs of this world according to their discretion, free of all accountability to any human tribunals.

And you seem to be perfectly confident that, under this absolute and irresponsible dominion of the lawmakers, the affairs of this world will be rightly managed; that the "interests," "welfare," and "prosperity" of "a great and free people" will be properly attended to; that "the greatest good of the greatest number" will be accomplished, etc., etc.

And yet you hold that all this lawmaking, and all this subjection of the great body of the people to the arbitrary, irresponsible dominion of the lawmakers, will not interfere at all with "our liberty," if only "every citizen" will but keep "a vigilant watch and close scrutiny" of the lawmakers.

Well, perhaps this is all so; although this subjection to the arbitrary will of any man, or body of men, whatever, and under any pretence whatever, seems, on the face of it, to be much more like slavery, than it does like "liberty."

If, therefore, you really intend to continue this system of lawmaking, it seems indispensable that you should explain to us what you mean by the term "our liberty."

So far as your address gives us any light on the subject, you evidently mean, by the term "our liberty," just such, and only such, "liberty," as the lawmakers may see fit to allow us to have.

You seem to have no conception of any other "liberty" whatever.

You give us no idea of any other "liberty" that we can secure to ourselves, even though "every citizen"—fifty millions and more of them—shall all keep "a vigilant watch and close scrutiny" upon the lawmakers.

Now, inasmuch as the human race always have had all the "liberty" their lawmakers have seen fit to permit them to have; and inasmuch as, under your system of lawmaking, they always will have as much "liberty" as their lawmakers shall see fit to give them; and inasmuch as you apparently concede the right, which the lawmakers have always claimed, of killing all those who are not content with so much "liberty" as their lawmakers have seen fit to allow them,—it seems very plain that you have not added anything to our stock of knowledge on the subject of "our liberty."

Leaving us thus, as you do, in as great darkness as we ever were, on this all-important subject of "our liberty," I think you ought to submit patiently to a little questioning on the part of those of us, who feel that all this lawmaking—each and every separate particle of it—is a violation of "our liberty."

Will you, therefore, please tell us whether any, and, if any, how much, of that *natural* liberty—of that natural, inherent, inalienable, *individual* right to liberty—with which it has generally been supposed that God, or Nature, has endowed every human being, will be left to us, if the lawmakers are to continue, as you would have them do, the exercise of their arbitrary, irresponsible dominion over us?

Are you prepared to answer that question?

No. You appear to have never given a thought to any such question as that.

I will therefore answer it for you.

And my answer is, that from the moment it is conceded that any man, or body of men, whatever, under any pretence whatever, have the right to *make laws of their own invention*, and compel other men to obey them, every vestige of man's *natural* and rightful liberty is denied him.

That this is so is proved by the fact that *all* a man's *natural* rights stand upon one and the same basis, *viz.*, that they are the gift of God, or Nature, to him, *as an individual*, for his own uses, and for his own happiness. If any one of these natural rights may be arbitrarily taken from him by other men, *all* of them may be taken from him on the same reason. No one of these rights is any more sacred or inviolable in its nature, than are all the others. The denial of any one of these rights is therefore equivalent to a denial of all the others. The violation of any one of these rights, by lawmakers, is equivalent to the assertion of a right to violate all of them.

Plainly, unless *all* a man's natural rights are inviolable by lawmakers, *none* of them are. It is an absurdity to say that a man has any rights *of his own*, if other men, whether calling themselves a government, or by any other name, have the right to take them from him, without his consent. Therefore the very idea of a lawmaking government necessarily implies a denial of all such things as individual liberty, or individual rights.

From this statement it does not follow that every lawmaking government will, in practice, take from every man *all* his natural rights. It will do as it pleases about it. It will take some, leaving him to enjoy others, just as its own pleasure or discretion shall dictate at the time. It would defeat its own ends, if it were wantonly to take away *all* his natural rights,—as, for example, his right to live, and to breathe,—for then he would be dead, and the government could then get nothing more out of him. The most tyrannical government will, therefore, if it have any sense, leave its victims enough liberty to enable them to provide for their own subsistence, to pay their taxes, and to render such military or other service as the government may have need of. *But it will do this for its own good, and not for theirs.* In allowing them this liberty, it does not at all recognize their right to it, but only consults its own interests.

Now, sir, this is the real character of the government of the United States, as it is of all other *lawmaking* governments. There is not a single human right, which the government of the United States recognizes as inviolable. It tramples upon any and every individual right, whenever its own will, pleasure, or discretion shall so dictate. It takes men's property, liberty, and lives whenever it can serve its own purposes by doing so.

All these things prove that the government does *not* exist at all for the protection of men's *rights;* but that it absolutely denies to the people any rights, or any liberty, whatever, except such as it shall see fit to permit them to have for the time being. It virtually declares that it does not itself exist at all for the good of the people, but that the people exist solely for the use of the government.

All these things prove that the government is not one voluntarily established and sustained by the people, for the protection of their natural, inherent, individual rights, but that it is merely a government of usurpers, robbers, and tyrants, who claim to own the people as their slaves, and claim the right to dispose of them, and their property, at their (the usurpers') pleasure or discretion.

Now, sir, since you may be disposed to deny that such is the real character of the government, I propose to prove it, by evidences so numerous and conclusive that you cannot dispute them.

My proposition, then, is, that there is not a single *natural*, human right, that the government of the United States recognizes as inviolable; that there is not a single *natural*, human right, that it hesitates to trample under foot, whenever it thinks it can promote its own interests by doing so.

The proofs of this proposition are so numerous, that only a few of the most important can here be enumerated.

1. The government does not even recognize a man's natural right to his own life. If it have need of him, for the maintenance of its power, it takes him, against his will (conscripts him), and puts him before the cannon's mouth, to be blown in pieces, as if he were a mere senseless thing, having no more *rights* than if he were a shell, a canister, or a torpedo. It considers him simply as so much senseless war material, to be consumed, expended, and destroyed for the maintenance of its power. It no more recognizes his right to have anything to say in the matter, than if he were but so much weight of powder or ball. It does not recognize him at all as a human being, having any rights whatever of his own, but only as an instrument, a weapon, or a machine, to be used in killing other men.

2. The government not only denies a man's right, as a moral human being, to have any will, any judgment, or any conscience of his own, as to whether he himself will be killed in battle, but it equally denies his right to have any will, any judgment, or any conscience of his own, as a moral human being, as to whether he shall be used as a mere weapon for killing other men. If he refuses to kill any, or all, other men, whom it commands him to kill, it takes his own life, as unceremoniously as if he were but a dog.

Is it possible to conceive of a more complete denial of all a man's *natural, human* rights, than is the denial of his right to have any will, judgment, or conscience of his own, either as to his being killed himself, or as to his being used as a mere weapon for killing other men?

3. But in still another way, than by its conscriptions, the government denies a man's right to any will, choice, judgment, or conscience of his own, in regard either to being killed himself, or used as a weapon in its hands for killing other people.

If, in private life, a man enters into a perfectly voluntary agreement to work for another, at some innocent and useful labor, for a day, a week, a month, or a year, he cannot lawfully be compelled to fulfil that contract; because such compulsion would be an acknowledgment of his right to sell his own liberty. And this is what no one can do.

This right of personal liberty is inalienable. No man can sell it, or transfer it to another; or give to another any right of arbitrary dominion over him. All contracts for such a purpose are absurd and void contracts, that no man can rightfully be compelled to fulfil.

But when a deluded or ignorant young man has once been enticed into a contract to kill others, and to take his chances of being killed himself, in the service of the government, for any given number of years, the government holds that such a contract to sell his liberty, his judgment, his conscience, and his life, is a valid and binding contract; and that if he fails to fulfil it, he may rightfully be shot.

All these things prove that the government recognizes no right of the individual, to his own life, or liberty, or to the exercise of his own will, judgment, or conscience, in regard to his killing his fellow-men, or to being killed himself, if the government sees fit to use him as mere war material, in maintaining its arbitrary dominion over other human beings.

4. The government recognizes no such thing as any *natural* right of property, on the part of individuals.

This is proved by the fact that it takes, for its own uses, any and every man's property—when it pleases, and as much of it as it pleases—without obtaining, or even asking, his consent.

This taking of a man's property, without his consent, is a denial of his right of property; for the right of property is the right of supreme, absolute, and irresponsible dominion over anything that is naturally a subject of property,—that is, of ownership. *It is a right against all the world.* And this right of property—this right of supreme, absolute, and irresponsible dominion over anything that is naturally a subject of ownership—is subject only to this qualification, *viz.*, that each man must so use his own, as not to injure another.

If A uses his own property so as to injure the person or property of B, his own property may rightfully be taken to any extent that is necessary to make reparation for the wrong he has done.

This is the only qualification to which the *natural* right of property is subject.

When, therefore, a government takes a man's property, for its own support, or for its own uses, without his consent, it practically denies his right of property altogether; for it practically asserts that *its* right of dominion is superior to his.

No man can be said to have any right of property at all, in any thing—that is, any right of supreme, absolute, and irresponsible dominion over any thing—of which any other men may rightfully deprive him at their pleasure.

Now, the government of the United States, in asserting its right to take at pleasure the property of individuals, without their consent, virtually denies their right of property altogether, because it asserts that *its* right of dominion over it, is superior to theirs.

5. The government denies the *natural* right of human beings to live on this planet. This it does by denying their *natural* right to those things that are indispensable to the maintenance of life. It says that, for every thing necessary to the maintenance of life, they must have a special permit from the government; and that the government cannot be required to grant them any other means of living than it chooses to grant them.

All this is shown as follows, *viz.*:

The government denies the *natural* right of individuals to take possession of wilderness land; and hold and cultivate it for their own subsistence.

It asserts that wilderness land is the property of the government; and that individuals have no right to take possession of, or cultivate, it, unless by special grant of the government. And if an individual attempts to exercise this natural right, the government punishes him as a trespasser and a criminal.

The government has no more right to claim the ownership of wilderness lands, than it has to claim the ownership of the sunshine, the water, or the atmosphere. And it has no more right to punish a man for taking possession of wilderness land,

and cultivating it, without the consent of the government, than it has to punish him for breathing the air, drinking the water, or enjoying the sunshine, without a special grant from the government.

In thus asserting the government's right of property in wilderness land, and in denying men's right to take possession of and cultivate it, except on first obtaining a grant from the government,—which grant the government may withhold if it pleases,—the government plainly denies the *natural* right of men to live on this planet, by denying their *natural* right to the means that are indispensable to their procuring the food that is necessary for supporting life.

In asserting its right of arbitrary dominion over that natural wealth that is indispensable to the support of human life, it asserts its right to withhold that wealth from those whose lives are dependent upon it. In this way it denies the *natural* right of human beings to live on the planet. It asserts that government owns the planet, and that men have no right to live on it, except by first getting a permit from the government.

This denial of men's *natural* right to take possession of and cultivate wilderness land is not altered at all by the fact that the government consents to sell as much land as it thinks it expedient or profitable to sell; nor by the fact that, in certain cases, it gives outright certain lands to certain persons. Notwithstanding these sales and gifts, the fact remains that the government claims the original ownership of the lands; and thus denies the *natural* right of individuals to take possession of and cultivate them. In denying this *natural* right of individuals, it denies their *natural* right to live on the earth; and asserts that they have no other right to life than the government, by its own mere will, pleasure, and discretion, may see fit to grant them.

In thus denying man's *natural* right to life, it of course denies every other *natural* right of human beings; and asserts that they have no *natural* right to anything; but that, for all other things, as well as for life itself, they must depend wholly upon the good pleasure and discretion of the government.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

A ROMANCE.

By N. G. TCHERNYCHEWSKY.

Translated by Benj. R. Tucker.

Continued from No. 67.

Ah! there it is; at last she sees that it is with herself that she is discontented, but why? She was too proud for that. Is it only with the past that she is discontented? That was the case at first, but she notices that this discontent refers also to the present. And of how strange a character this feeling is! As if it were not her, Véra Pavlovna Kirsanoff, who felt this discontent, but as if it were the discontent of thousands and millions of human beings reflected in her. For what reason are these thousands and millions of human beings discontented with themselves? If she had lived and thought as she used to when she was alone, it is probable that this feeling would not have shown itself so soon; but now she was constantly with her husband, they always thought together, she thinks of him in the midst of these other thoughts. That aids her much in determining the character of her feeling. He has been unable to find the solution of the enigma: this feeling, obscure to her, is still more so to him; it is even difficult for him to understand how one can feel discontent without this discontent referring to something personal. This is a singularity a hundred times more obscure to him than to her. Nevertheless she feels much aided by the fact that she thinks always of her husband, that she is always with him, observes him, and thinks with him. She has noticed that, when the feeling of discontent comes, it is always followed by a comparison (it is even contained in this comparison) between herself and her husband, and her thought is illuminated by the right word: "A difference, an offensive difference." Now all is clear to her.

VII.

"How agreeable N. N. is, Sacha! [The name spoken by Véra Pavlovna was that of the officer through whom she had desired to make the acquaintance of Tamberlik in her horrible dream.] He has brought me a new poem, which is not to be printed for a long time yet," said Véra Pavlovna, at dinner. "When we have dined, we will read this poem, if you like. I have waited for you, though I had a great desire to read it."

"What, then, is this poem?"

"You shall judge. We shall see if he has succeeded. N. N. says that he himself—I mean the author—is almost satisfied with it."

They sat down in Véra Pavlovna's room, and she began to read:

Oh! comme la corbeille est pleine!
J'ai de la perse et du brocart.
Ayez pitié, ô mon amour,
De l'épaule du garçon.

"Now I see," said Kirsanoff, after hearing several dozen lines: "it is a new style peculiar to the author. But it is easy to see who wrote it. Nékrassoff, is it not? I thank you very much for having waited for me."

"I believe it is!" said Véra Pavlovna. And they read twice the little poem, which, thanks to their intimacy with a friend of the author, they thus had the privilege of seeing three years before its publication.

"But do you know the lines which most impress me?" said Véra Pavlovna, after they had several times read and re-read several passages of the poem; "these lines do not belong in the principal passages, but they impress me exceedingly. When Katia* was awaiting the return of her lover, she grieved much:

Inconsolable, elle se serait consumée de douleur
Si elle avait eu le temps de se chagriner;
Mais le temps des travaux pénibles pressait,
Il aurait fallu achever une dizaine d'affaires.
Bien qu'il lui arrivât souvent
De tomber de fatigue, la pauvre enfant,
Sous sa faux vaillante tombait l'herbe,
Le blé criait sous sa faucille;
C'est de toutes ses forces
Qu'elle battait le blé tous les matins,
Et jusqu'à la nuit noire elle étendait le lin
Sur les prairies pleines de rosée.†

These lines are only the preface of the episode where this worthy Katia dreams of Vania;* but, I repeat, they are the ones which most impress me."

"Yes, this picture is one of the finest in the poem, but these lines do not occupy a prominent place. You find them so beautiful because they accord so closely with the thoughts that fill your own mind. What, then, are these thoughts?"

"These, Sacha. We have often said that it is probable that woman's organization is superior to man's, and that it is probable, therefore, that intellectually man will be thrown back by woman to a second place when the reign of brute force is over. We have reached this supposition by watching real life and especially by noting the fact that the number of women born intelligent is greater than that of men. Moreover, you rest this opinion on various anatomical and physiological details."

"How well you treat men, Vérotchka! Fortunately, the time that you foresee is still far off. Otherwise I should quickly change my opinion to avoid being relegated to a second place. For that matter, it is only probability; science has not yet observed facts enough to solve this grave question properly."

"But, dear friend, have we not also asked ourselves why the facts of history have been hitherto so contradictory of the deduction which may be drawn, with almost entire certainty, from observations of private life and the constitution of the organism? Hitherto woman has played but a minor part in intellectual life, because the reign of violence deprived her of the means of development and stifled her aspirations. That is a sufficient explanation in itself; but here is another. So far as physical force is concerned, woman's organism is the weaker, but it has at the same time the greater power of resistance, has it not?"

"This is surer than the difference in native intellectual powers. Yes, woman's organism is more effective in its resistance to the destructive forces,—climate, inclement weather, insufficient food. Medicine and physiology have paid but little attention to this question as yet, but statistics has already given an eloquent reply: the average life of women is longer than that of men. We may infer from this that the feminine organism is the more vigorous."

"The fact that woman's manner of life is generally even less healthy than man's makes this all the truer."

"There is another convincing consideration given us by physiology. Woman's growth may be said to end at the age of twenty, and man's at the age of twenty-five; these figures are approximately correct in our climate and of our race. Admitting that out of a given number there are as many women who live to the age of seventy as men who attain the age of sixty-five, if we take into consideration the difference in the periods of development, the preponderance of vigor in the feminine organism becomes even more evident than the statisticians suppose, as they have never taken into account the difference in the ages of maturity. Seventy years is twenty times three and five-tenths; sixty-five years is twenty-five times two and six-tenths. Therefore woman's life is three and one-half times as long as the period of her development, while man's is but little more than two and one-half times as long as the period of his development, which is a little slower. Now, the respective strength of the two organisms should be measured by this standard."

"The difference is greater than my readings had led me to believe."

"You have read only the statistical summaries bearing on the average length of life. But if to these statistical facts we add physiological facts, the difference will appear very much greater yet."

"That is so, Sacha; I thought—and the thought now strikes me still more forcibly—that, if the feminine organism is better fitted to resist destructive forces, it is probable that woman could endure moral shocks with the greater ease and firmness. But in reality the opposite seems to be the truth."

"Yes, it is probable. But it is only a supposition. It is true, nevertheless, that your conclusion is derived from indisputable facts. The vigor of the organism is very intimately connected with the vigor of the nerves. Woman's nerves are probably more elastic and of more solid texture, and, if that is the case, they ought to endure painful shocks and sensations with the greater ease and firmness. In actual life we have far too many examples of the contrary. Woman is very often tormented by things that man endures easily. Not much effort has been made as yet to analyze the causes which, given our historical situation, show us phenomena the opposite of what we are justified in expecting from the very constitution of the organism. But one of these causes is plain; it governs all historical phenomena and all the phases of our present condition. It is the force of bias, a bad habit, a false expectation, a false fear. If a person says to himself, 'I can do nothing,' he finds himself unable to do anything. Now, women have always been told that they are weak, and so they feel weak and to all intents and purposes are weak. You know instances where men really in good health have been seen to waste away and die from the single thought that they were going to weaken and die. But there are also instances of this in the conduct of great masses of people, entire humanity. One of the most remarkable is furnished by military history. In the Middle Ages infantry imagined that it could not hold its own against cavalry, and actually it could not. Entire armies of foot soldiers were scattered like flocks of sheep by a few hundred horsemen; and that lasted until the English foot-soldiers, small proprietors, proud and independent, appeared on the Continent. These did not share this fear, and were not accustomed to surrender without a struggle. They conquered every time they met the innumerable and formidable French cavalry. Do you remember those famous defeats of French horsemen by small armies of English foot-soldiers at Crécy, Poitiers, and Agincourt? The same fact was repeated when the Swiss foot-soldiers once got the idea that they had no reason to think themselves weaker than the feudal cavalry. The Austrian horsemen, and afterwards those of Burgundy, still more numerous, were beaten by them in every fight. The other horsemen wanted to meet them also, and were always routed. Everybody saw then that infantry was a more solid body than cavalry: but entire centuries had gone by in which infantry was very weak in comparison with cavalry, simply because it thought itself so."

"True, Sacha. We are weak because we consider ourselves so. But it seems to me that there is still another cause. I have us two in mind. Does it not seem to you that I changed a great deal during the two weeks when you did not see me?"

"Yes, you grew very thin and pale."

"It is precisely that which is revolting to my pride when I remember that no one noticed you grow thin or pale, though you suffered and struggled as much as I. How did you do it?"

"This is the reason, then, why these lines about Katia, who escapes sorrow through labor, have made such an impression on you! I endured struggle and suffering with reasonable ease, because I had not much time to think about them. During the time that I devoted to them I suffered horribly, but my urgent daily

Continued on page 6.

* Katia is the diminutive of Katérina.

† Prose translation: Inconsolable, she would have been consumed by sorrow if she had had time to grieve; but the time for arduous tasks was pressing, and there were a dozen things to be finished. Although the poor child often fell from fatigue, under her gallant scythe fell the grass, the corn rustled under her sickle; with all her strength she threshed the corn every morning, and until dark night she spread the flax over the dewy fields.

* Vania is the diminutive of Ivan.

Liberty.

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"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.

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Tu-whit! Tu-who!

To the Editor of Liberty:

Will you give direct and explicit answers to the following questions?

I certainly will, wherever the questions are direct and explicit.

Does Anarchism recognize the right of one individual or any number of individuals to determine what course of action is just or unjust for others?

Yes, if by the word unjust is meant invasive; otherwise, no. Anarchism recognizes the right of one individual or any number of individuals to determine that no man shall invade the equal liberty of his fellow; beyond this it recognizes no right of control over individual conduct.

Does it recognize the right to restrain or control their actions, whatever they may be?

See previous answer.

Does it recognize the right to arrest, try, convict, and punish for wrong doing?

Yes, if by the words wrong doing is meant invasion; otherwise, no.

Does it believe in jury trial?

Anarchism, as such, neither believes nor disbelieves in jury trial; it is a matter of expediency. For myself, I am inclined to favor it.

If so, how is the jury to be selected?

Another matter of expediency. Speaking for myself again, I think the jury should be selected by drawing twelve names by lot from a wheel containing the names of all the citizens in the community,—jury service, of course, not to be compulsory, though it may rightfully be made, if it should seem best, a condition of membership in a voluntary association.

Does it propose prisons, or other places of confinement, for such as prove unsafe?

Another matter of expediency. If it can find no better instrument of resistance to invasion, Anarchism will use prisons.

Does it propose taxation to support the tribunals of justice, and these places of confinement and restraint?

Anarchism proposes to deprive no individual of his property, or any portion of it, without his consent, unless the individual is an invader, in which case Anarchism will take enough of his property from him to repair the damage done by his invasion. Contribution to the support of certain things may, like jury service, rightfully be made a condition of membership in a voluntary association.

How is justice to be determined in a given case?

This question not being explicit, I cannot answer it explicitly. I can only say that justice is to be determined on the principle of the equal liberty of all, and by such mechanism as may prove best fitted to secure its object.

Will Anarchists wait till all who know anything about it are agreed?

This question is grammatically defective. It is not clear what "it" refers to. It may refer to justice in the previous question, or it may refer to Anarchism, or it may refer to some conception hidden in the recesses of the writer's brain. At a venture I will make this assertion, hoping it may hit the mark. When Anarchists are agreed in numbers sufficient to enable them to accomplish whatever special work lies before them, they will probably go about it.

Will they take the majority rule? Or will they sustain a small fraction in their findings?

Inasmuch as Anarchistic associations recognize the right of secession, they may utilize the ballot, if they see fit to do so. If the question decided by ballot is so vital that the minority thinks it more important to carry out its own views than to preserve common action, the minority can withdraw. In no case can a minority, however small, be governed against its consent.

Does Anarchism mean the observance and enforcement of natural law, so far as can be discovered, or does it mean the opposite or something else?

Anarchism does mean exactly the observance and enforcement of the natural law of Liberty, and it does not mean the opposite or anything else.

If it means that all such as do not conform to the natural law, as understood by the masses, shall be made to suffer through the machinery of organized authority, no matter under what name it goes, it is human government as really as anything we now have.

Anarchism knows nothing about "natural law as understood by the masses." It means the observance and enforcement by each individual of the natural law of Liberty as understood by himself. When a number of individuals who understand this natural law to mean the equal liberty of all organize on a voluntary basis to resist the invasion of this liberty, they form a very different thing from any human government we now have. They do not form a government at all; they organize a rebellion against government. For government is invasion, and nothing else; and resistance to invasion is the antithesis of government. All the organized governments of today are such because they are invasive. In the first place, all their acts are indirectly invasive, because dependent upon the primary invasion called taxation; and, in the second place, by far the greater number of their acts are directly invasive, because directed, not to the restraint of invaders, but to the denial of freedom to the people in their industrial, commercial, social, domestic, and individual lives. No man with brains in his head can honestly say that such institutions are identical in their nature with voluntary associations, supported by voluntary contributions, which confine themselves to resisting invasion.

If it means that the undeveloped and vicious shall not be interfered with, it means that the world shall suffer all the disorder and crime that depravity unhindered can consummate.

S. BLODGETT.

GRAHAMVILLE, FLORIDA.

I hope that my readers will take in Mr. Blodgett's final assertion in all its length and breadth and depth. Just see what it says. It says that penal institutions are the only promoters of virtue. Education goes for nothing; example goes for nothing; public opinion goes for nothing; social ostracism goes for nothing; freedom goes for nothing; competition goes for nothing; increase of material welfare goes for nothing; decrease of temptation goes for nothing; health goes for nothing; approximate equality of conditions goes for nothing: all these are utterly powerless as preventives or curatives of immorality. The only forces on earth that tend to develop the undeveloped and to make the vicious virtuous are our judges, our jails, and our gibbets. Mr. Blodgett, I believe, repudiates the Christian doctrine that hell is the only safeguard of religious morality, but he re-creates it by affirming that a hell upon earth is the only safeguard of natural morality.

Why do Mr. Blodgett and all those who agree with him so persistently disregard the constructive side of Anarchism? The chief claim of Anarchism for its principles is that the abolition of legal monopoly will so transform social conditions that ignorance, vice, and crime will gradually disappear. However often this may be stated and however definitely it may be elaborated, the Blodgetts will approach you, apparently gravely unconscious that any remark has been made, and say: "If there are no policemen, the criminal classes will run riot." Tell them that, when the system of commercial cannibalism which rests on legal privilege disappears, cutthroats will disappear with it, and they will not deny it or attempt to disprove it, but they will first blink at you a moment with their owl-like eyes, and then from out their mouths will come the old, familiar hoot: "Tu-whit! tu-who! If a ruffian tries to cut your throat, what are you going to do about it? Tu-whit! tu-who!" T.

Political Liberalism.

As regards the one vital issue of Liberty, Individual Sovereignty, history has been everlastingly repeating itself, and yet no considerable body of reformers seem as yet to have profited by the lesson.

The rise and progress of the thousand reform movements that have developed in the world is essentially the same. Each begins with a few scattered justice-loving and liberty-loving individuals. In its weakness, ill-repute, and poverty of resources it opens wide its humble doors to all who love justice and fair play, and bids all a hearty welcome to its platform. It soon becomes a moral force and swells its ranks.

But sooner or later the cloven-footed beast of politics creeps in. It organizes. Committees, caucuses, and votes are introduced. Finally, it erects a creed, a platform, or some other machine binding on others without their consent. Then exclusiveness is engendered, ruling cliques spring up, and the ultimate result is that the same bigotry, narrowness, ostracism, and usurpation are exercised that prevail in the organizations against which it pretends to stand as a protest. The whole thing finally sums itself up into the fact that human nature remains just what it was before, with the added hypocrisy universally engendered by all collectivized machines. You cannot make a quart pot fill a bushel measure, though you magnify it by the artificial glass of creed; and a little narrow ten-per-cent. soul, "perfecting the organization of liberalism" by political methods, is engaged in not a whit less contemptible work than are the hierarchs of the Romish church.

I was silly enough to help start the "Free Religious" movement in my town some years ago. "Come," said a few isolated men and women, "let us start a liberal platform, free to all,—Jew, Gentile, Christian, and infidel." We started it, but soon the deadly spirit of politics sneaked in and took the business in tow towards despotism. A ruling clique of wealthy and "respectable" dilettantists of the Courtlandt Palmer order soon straddled it, and turned their backs upon free-lovers, Anarchists, and such others as had religious issues on hand which met the censure of the ruling syndicate. Now this organization is fully as exclusive as the churches. Its salaried priest dresses in solemn ecclesiastical black, prates piously from a manuscript every Sunday about the shadowy nonentities of "ethical culture," and, after taking on the title

of "Rev.," has servilely asked the legislature to empower him to join couples in holy wedlock.

The glory of the Spiritualists was for a long time the persistent individualization of their movement, but they too are rapidly falling into the exclusive and despotic ways of politics. Their temple, lately dedicated in Boston, smells ominously of ecclesiasticism, and is said to be under the domination of a wealthy and exclusive ring. Whether the old spirit of individualism is to be entirely overridden and the organized hierarchical order substituted remains to be seen. From present indications, however, Spiritualism seems to be partially captured by the same old demon of politics that has throttled all the other new movements.

The so-called Freethinkers, who lately held their yearly congress in Albany, are another pitiable example of the inevitable doom of all attempts to organize liberalism on political methods. The liberal boss was as apparent at Albany as though it had been a meeting of regular politicians, and the treatment of Boss Wakeman and Boss Palmer towards E. H. Heywood, Josie Tilton, and Seward Mitchell makes it evident to any honest person that their liberalism is only skin-deep.

My captious friend "Edgeworth," who, by the way, seems to be a sort of Anarchistic porcupine who never sits down, thinks I ought not to anathematize all kinds of politicians, "without the necessary distinction of degrees." I am nevertheless at war with the whole brood, of all degrees and in all places, and shall continue to be. Whenever a would-be liberal movement enters upon voting, under majority rule, and sets up the machinery of authority on that basis, it is damned for all ultimate good, and is sure to cost Liberty more than it is worth, though it may accomplish some incidental good. It is morally sure to end in imitating the very despotism it started out to head off. When that despotism masquerades in the name of liberalism, it is doubly contemptible, and ought to be hounded and followed up by all the artillery that satire, rebuke, and exposure can command. A Freethinkers' Association that practically holds a political convention at Albany is engaged in far sadder business than are John Kelly and Boss McLoughlin when they summon their henchmen thither. X.

The Cause of Human Nature.

I remember reading with absorbing interest the speech delivered by Senator Seward protesting with scholarly eloquence against the intervention of Russia in the Hungarian struggle for independence. His opening sentence, quoted from an address of Washington's to the Continental Congress, yet lingers in my mind. "Let it be remembered," exclaimed Washington, "that the cause for which America has contended has ever been the cause of human nature." A broad, free stroke, painting with masterly confidence, as I must believe, the sublime endeavor of the future of our nationality, doing this no less faithfully than it recorded the achievement of the past. The end, the commanding purpose, unchangeable; the means, the ways, the methods of procedure, varying, improving with the advancing intelligence, with the moral elevation, of the people. There is what scientists call the law of modifications, to which lives of individuals and of nations are alike subject; a law ever dividing mankind, with whom the movement is in part voluntary, into radical and conservative; the one party pressing eagerly forward, fearless, full of belief in the necessity and wisdom of the change; the other, reluctant, cautious, afraid,—content to bear the ills we have, convinced that we can only fly to others we know not of.

It may be contended that the world has always in some form or other devoted itself to the cause of human nature. Does not every one, the most selfish of us, do this? If you look out for number one, O friend! is not that a look out for human nature?

I shall not attempt to remove the discussion from the plane of pure, unadulterated, unmitigated if you please, selfishness. But I shall insist that you shall be selfish in the most intelligent or scientific fashion. If you are going to stand for human nature as represented by your own individual, private interests, do you not the honor not to think meanly of yourself, but claim all there is of you, assert your *title* to the well-nigh infinite possibilities, which is your prerogative. When you do this, you will find—what? Simply that no man can live to himself alone. Let him sever the root that connects him with the race, and he will most assuredly wither away, and find himself at length dwarfed and wrecked, here on this bank and shoal of time. In the good providence of his being there are mystic chords of love and friendship which shoot out like tendrils to entwine themselves about the lives of his fellow-creatures, whenever he may wander over the habitable globe. Let him draw all these sacred lines of hope and succor in unto himself, coiling them round about his own heart. What has he done? Strangled his life at the fountain! In other words, he has acted like a fool; he has asserted that there is no common humanity, no essential unity of the spirit of man in the evolution of his nature, his thought, his aspiration, his well-being in the world. "The human race," said Pascal, "is as *one* man who never dies, but is always advancing toward perfection." To be wise, mankind must perceive, realize, accept their mutual dependence, find the glory of "each in all, all in each."

Notice a few facts. Go to your histories. Where are the civilizations of the antique world? Perished. Why? They each and every one represented, not the endeavor of the whole, but the struggle of parts; each seeking the triumph of its own individual power and happiness, aside from, if not at the expense of, every other. No civilization thus limited, sundered from the race-life, could be carried to full success, or retain the results it had achieved. It met its foe in the outlying barbarism, which, when the favorable moment came, overwhelmed it in confusion and destruction.

But we need not retrace the steps of time. The present, passing hour brings illustration on illustration. Indeed, the newspapers are full of them; yea, do they not live on them? Where will you turn your gaze not to see the struggle going on? Individuals and races dissevered and bent on private aggrandizement, and yet a whole world crying peace, peace, when there is no peace, nor can be any. For isolated prosperity, every partial advance of culture, leaves behind the old-time foe,—the non-prosperous, the uncultured, the barbarism that is lurking, savage, jealous, envious, malignant, for the good chance it is sure to get to wreak its vengeance. Perchance I do injustice now. Perhaps the barbarism is in high places. Perhaps it is civilization masked under the disfigurations of want and suffering that is climbing up from the gutter. Pass the thought by. Still remains the fact that no form of selfishness which does not shape itself after the broad pattern of the whole race has any full claim to intelligence or a scientific recognition.

I understand very well the force that lies in the modern formula of the "survival of the fittest." I enter no dissent to the general doctrine of evolution. On the contrary, I joyfully affirm it. I think, however, that there can be an exception taken to the form of Mr. Herbert Spencer's recent restatement of it. After describing the state of universal warfare maintained throughout the lower creation, and showing that an average of benefit results from it, he proceeds with the following passage:

> The development of the higher creation is a progress toward a form of being capable of a happiness undiminished by these drawbacks. It is in the human race that this consummation is to be accomplished. Civilization is the last stage of its accomplishment. And the ideal man is the man in whom all the conditions of that accomplishment are fulfilled.

Thus far, well and good. But he continues:

> *Meanwhile*, the well-being of existing humanity and the unfolding of it into this ultimate perfection are both secured by the same beneficent, though severe, discipline to which the animate creation at large is subject: a discipline which is pitiless in the working out of good: a felicity-pursuing law which never swerves for the avoidance of partial and temporary suffering. The poverty of the incapable, the distresses that come upon the imprudent, the starvation of the idle, and those shoulderings aside of the weak by the strong which leave so many in shallows and in miseries, are the decrees of a large, far-seeing benevolence.

One cannot ascribe to a man like Mr. Spencer any ill-will toward his fellow-men, however incompetent, or imprudent, or even vicious, they may appear to him to be. He would be glad if they were less incompetent, less imprudent, less vicious. He wishes them no harm; but their non-survival is imperative. "Forbearance will tend to fill the world with those to whom life will bring most pain, and tend to keep out of it those to whom life will bring most pleasure."

My point of criticism, which I am forced to give in briefest limits, is this: The form of this statement omits the consideration that it is a most difficult, if not impossible, diagnosis of human nature as illustrated by individuals and classes which the practical world is thus enjoined to make. "*Meanwhile*," he says; that is, before the "higher creation is accomplished," the sure discipline of weeding out the unfittest must go on. I raise the question: are we to enter upon a crusade of the fit against the unfit? Alas! is it not precisely here, if we go deep enough, that all the evil lies? There is the saying of Christ, "Judge not, lest ye be judged," which it appears to me it will be well for the world to hold in greater and greater reverence. And Shakspere's outburst I commend to you, in that passage between Hamlet and Polonius, which I must quote from memory.

> *Hamlet.* See that the players are well bestowed.
>
> *Polonius.* Ay, my lord; I will treat them after their deserts.
>
> *Hamlet.* Much better, sir. Treat every man after his deserts, and who shall 'scape whipping?

Exactly. And here I catch what appears to be a higher interpretation of the law that the fit alone shall survive, and perceive that it is quite in harmony with that spirit of universal brotherhood dawning over the earth, by which the higher civilization can alone be guided.

The Revolution, said Napoleon, means a chance for all. I call that the modern spirit,—the democracy that shall save the world,—a chance for all to survive by some redeeming trait or quality inherent in all. Why not follow out the line of evolution which has brought us to so many assurances of our universal commonweal, and declare boldly that there is in each and all the promise and the potency of somewhat fit to survive? Can we not thus amplify the doctrine, and yet stick to fact, so that it will read the survival of the fittest in every individual? Already you have done something in this line by the establishment of your asylums for the idiotic and the deaf and dumb. A change of front, truly; a veritable new era inaugurated, if you but carry the thought into all your institutions and customs.

Thus, then, let us continue to say: By the force of traditions and opportunity America is dedicated to a vindication of the cause of human nature. After the pattern set in the mount of her own transfiguration, let her go forward proclaiming "all men are created free and equal, and endowed with inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

H.

True Love All-Embracing.

[George Eliot in "Daniel Deronda."]

In all ages it hath been a favorite text that a potent love hath the nature of an isolated fatality, whereto the mind's opinions and wonted resolves are altogether alien. . . . .

Yet all love is not such, even though potent; nay, this passion hath as large scope as any for allying itself with every operation of the soul: so that it shall acknowledge an effect from the imagined light of unproven firmaments, and have its scale set to the grander orbits of what hath been and shall be.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

Continued from page 3.

duties forced me to forget them the greater part of the time. I had to prepare my lessons and attend to my patients. In spite of myself I rested during that time from my bitter thoughts. On the rare days when I had leisure, I felt my strength leaving me. It seems to me that, if I had abandoned myself for a week to my thoughts, I should have gone mad."

"That's it, exactly. Of late I have seen that the origin of the difference between us was there. One must have work that cannot be neglected or postponed, and then one is incomparably securer against sorrow."

"But you had a great deal of work too."

"My household duties, to be sure, but I was not obliged to attend to them, and often, when my sadness was too strong, I neglected them to abandon myself to my thoughts; one always abandons that which is least important. As soon as one's feelings get firm possession of them, these drive all petty cares out of the mind. I have lessons; these are more important; but I can neglect them when I like, and the work is not absorbing. I give it only such attention as I choose; if my mind wanders during the lesson, no great harm is done. And again: do I live by my lessons? Is my position dependent on them? No, my main support then came from Dmitry's work as it now comes from yours. The lessons allow me to flatter myself that I am independent, and are by no means useless. But then I could get along without them.

"Then I tried, in order to drive away the thoughts which were tormenting me, to busy myself in the shop more than usual. But I did it only by an effort of the will. I understood well enough that my presence in the shop was necessary only for an hour or an hour and a half, and that, if I stayed longer, I was tying myself down to a fatigue which, though certainly useful, was not at all indispensable. And then, can such altruistic occupation sustain persons as ordinary as I am? The Rakhmétoffs are another sort of people: they are so much concerned about the common welfare that to work for public ends is a necessity to them, so much so that to them altruistic life takes the place of private life. But we do not scale these high summits, we are not Rakhmétoffs, and our private life is the only thing, properly speaking, that is indispensable to us. The shop was not my matter, after all; I was concerned in it only for others and for my ideas; but I am one of those who take little interest in the affairs of others, though they are suffering themselves. What we need in such cases is a personal, urgent occupation, upon which our life depends; such an occupation, considering my feelings and condition, would weigh more with me than all the impulses of passion; it alone could serve to support me in a struggle against an omnipotent passion; it alone gives strength and rest. I want such an occupation."

"You are right, my friend," said Kirsanoff, warmly, kissing his wife, whose eyes sparkled with animation. "To think that it has not occurred to me before, when it would have been so simple; I did not even notice it! Yes, Vérotchka, no one can think for another. If you wish to be comfortable, think for yourself of yourself; no one can take your place. To love as I love, and not to have understood all this before you explained it to me! But," he continued, laughing, and still kissing his wife, "why do you think this occupation necessary now? Are you becoming amorously inclined towards any one?"

Véra Pavlovna began to laugh heartily, and for some minutes mad laughter prevented them from speaking.

"Yes, we can laugh at that now," she said, at last: "both of us can now be sure that nothing of the kind will ever happen to either of us. But seriously, do you know what I am thinking about now? Though my love for Dmitry was not the love of a completely developed woman, neither did he love me in the way in which we understand love. His feeling for me was a mixture of strong friendship with the fire of amorous passion. He had a great friendship for me, but his amorous transports needed but a woman for their satisfaction, not me personally. No, that was not love. Did he care much about my thoughts? No, no more than I did about his. There was no real love between us."

"You are unjust to him, Vérotchka."

"No, Sacha, it is really so. Between us it is useless to praise him. We both know very well in what high esteem we hold him; it is vain for him to say that it would have been easy to separate me from him; it is not so; you said in the same way that it was easy for you to struggle against your passion. Yet, however sincere his words and yours, they must not be understood or construed literally.

"Oh! my friend, I understand how much you suffered. And this is how I understand it." . . . . .

"Vérotchka, you stifle me. Confess that, besides the force of sentiment, you also wanted to show me your muscular force. How strong you are, indeed! But how could you be otherwise with such a chest?"

"My dear Sacha!"

VIII.

"But you did not let me talk business, Sacha," began Véra Pavlovna, when, two hours later, they sat down to tea.

"I did not let you talk? Was it my fault?"

"Certainly."

"Who began the indulgence?"

"Are you not ashamed to say that?"

"What?"

"That I began the indulgence. Fie! the idea of thus compromising a modest woman on the plea of coldness!"

"Indeed! Do you not preach equality? Why not equality of initiative as well?"

"Ha, ha, ha! a fine argument! But would you dare to accuse me of being illogical? Do I not try to maintain equality in initiative also? I take now the initiative of continuing our serious conversation, which we have too thoroughly forgotten."

"Take it, if you will, but I refuse to follow you, and I take the initiative of continuing to forget it. Give me your hand."

"But we must finish our talk, Sacha."

"We shall have time enough tomorrow. Now, you see, I am absorbed in an analysis of this hand."

IX.

"Sacha, let us finish our conversation of yesterday. We must do so, because I am getting ready to go with you, and you must know why," said Véra Pavlovna the next morning.

"You are coming with me?"

"Certainly. You asked me, Sacha, why I wanted an occupation upon which my life should depend, which I should look upon as seriously as you on yours, which should be as engaging as yours, and which should require as much attention as yours requires. I want this occupation, my dear friend, because I am very proud. When I think that during my days of trial my feelings became so visible in my person that others could analyze them, I am thoroughly ashamed. I do not speak of my sufferings. You had to struggle and suffer no less than I, and you triumphed where I was conquered. I wish to be as strong as you, your equal in everything. And I have found the way; I have thought a great deal since we left each other yesterday, and I have found it all alone; you were unwilling to aid me with your advice; so much the worse for you. It is too late now. Yes, Sacha, you may be very anxious about me, my dear friend, but how happy we shall be if I prove capable of success in what I wish to undertake!"

Véra Pavlovna had just thought of an occupation which, under Kirsanoff's guidance and her hand in his, she could engage in successfully.

Lopoukhoff, to be sure, had not hindered her at all; on the contrary, she was sure of finding support from him in all serious matters. But it was only under serious circumstances that he was as devoted and firm as Kirsanoff would have been. This he had shown when, in order to marry her and deliver her from her oppressive situation, he had sacrificed all his scientific dreams and exposed himself to the sufferings of hunger. Yes, when the matter was serious, his hand was held out to her, but usually it was wanting. Véra Pavlovna, for instance, organized her shop: if, in any way whatever, his aid had been indispensable, Lopoukhoff would have given it with pleasure. But why did he actually give almost no aid at all? He stood in the way of nothing; he approved what was done and rejoiced at it. But he had his own life as she had hers. Now it is not the same. Kirsanoff does not wait for his wife to ask him to participate in all that she does. He is as interested in everything that is dear to her as she is in everything that relates to him.

From this new life Véra Pavlovna derives new strength, and what formerly seemed to her as if it would never leave the realms of the ideal now appears entirely within reach.

As for her thoughts, this is the order in which they came to her:

To be continued.

THEN AND NOW.

XXII.

CONTENTMENT AND AMBITION.

BOSTON, October 24, 2085.

My Dear Louise:

In course of conversation with Mr. De Demain recently, I remarked that I presumed contentment to be the leading characteristic of the people of the time. I was entirely innocent in my allusion, and had no idea of the storm that it would raise.

"Contentment? the thing that poets and fools sighed for; the thing that the rich and powerful wanted for the poor and weak! It was ambition — the opposite to contentment — that first brought organized life from inorganic protoplasm. It is ambition that has caused all development, both physical and mental, since.

"Contentment means stagnation. Contentment kept the savage a savage. Contentment made slaves of men. Contentment kept men in ignorance and poverty. Contentment of the many made rulers of the few.

"Contentment never did one thing for the advancement of humanity. It never moved a stone, it never cut a tree, it never built a fire, it never provided shelter, it never painted a picture, it never wrote a line, it never sang a song, it never taught a lesson.

"Contentment never made a discovery, it never conceived an idea, it never made an exertion.

"Contentment was the fruit of the lotus that benumbed the senses of the people, tied hands and feet, stopped thought, and turned them over as slaves to the ambitious. The moment ambition broke through the crust of contentment, there was advancement. While the laborer was contented with his lot, employers could easily become millionnaires. Business was good, interest was high, rents were high. The blessings of contentment were preached from the pulpit, taught in the schools and by the newspapers, scribbled about by poets, and talked of on the street-corners by fools and pharisees. Ambition was pictured as a terrible curse, but the picturers did not pose as examples. It was contentment that gave powers to giant monopolies; it was discontent — undefined ambition — that curbed those powers. Contentment was satisfied with the State; ambition gave birth to Anarchy, and the mother did not die in childbirth.

"Contentment under Anarchy! Were there contentment, there would be no such thing as Anarchy. Anarchy is not stagnant; Anarchy is progressive, constantly, rapidly changing and advancing. Anarchy is not a rule, it is not a law, it is not a standard. I can tell you what it is and what it has been, but I cannot tell you what it will be, except that it can never be contentment.

"Ambition is a tool. Put in the hands of a few men, it makes all others slaves to them; put in the hands of all men, it gives plenty and happiness to all, and makes humanity constantly greater and grander.

"Ambition is not a desire to conquer men, to rule states, to control monopolies, to become a millionnaire, — it is a desire to improve, to advance, to have more, to enjoy more and suffer less. Could there be any nobler motive? Could there be any better state of society than that under which such a desire is given the greatest scope?

"Contentment ate its crust and drank its water while Gould and Vanderbilt piled up millions and ate and drank the best the world afforded.

"There is no place for contentment under Anarchy. It is a mould that the sunlight of Liberty has killed. There are no germs of the unhealthy fungus left.

"There is but one thing with which we are content, and that is Anarchy. If that were not progressive in proportion to our ambitions, we should not be content with that."

If this is true that Mr. De Demain says, — that there is no contentment under Anarchy, — what a peculiar state of existence it must be in which the people of today are placed! And still he says they are happy, and I confess myself that they appear so. Can it be that we in 1885 did not know the true meaning of happiness? Or is happiness, like most other things, but a progressive state, whose fullest development may never be reached, yet whose influence may constantly be brighter?

I will leave it for you to decide.

JOSEPHINE.

Mr. Spencer and Socialism.

The following are copious extracts from an essay which I wish I had room to print in full, written by Gertrude B. Kelly for the "Contemporary Review" in answer to the series of papers printed in that magazine from the pen of Herbert Spencer and since republished in a volume entitled, "The Man and the State." It is needless to add that the essay was rejected by the "Contemporary."

> A lie that is all a lie may be met and fought with outright,
> But a lie that is half a truth is a harder matter to fight.

That certain truths, when isolated, separated from the other truths with which they form a coherent whole, may amount practically to falsehoods, is a fact which Mr. Herbert Spencer has taught us to believe. Not satisfied with a complete theoretical demonstration, and numerous illustrations cited from the works of other writers, he now appears to be intent upon forcing the truth upon us by the examples furnished in his own recent writings. That the series of articles by him, recently published in the "Contemporary Review," consist in the assertion of partial truths, forcibly wrenched from their natural relationship, a short examination will, I think, enable us to see.

In the first place, Mr. Spencer says that the "miseries of the poor are thought of as the miseries of the deserving poor, instead of being thought of, as in large measure they should be, as the miseries of the undeserving poor." So conservative a political economist as John Stuart Mill has admitted, nay, positively stated, that no one but a romantic dreamer could believe that in modern society the rewards are proportioned to the work, and that even those poor people, commonly called the "undeserving poor," whose condition might with perhaps a trace of justice be said to be due to their own faults, have done and do more work than those who enjoy much worldly prosperity. One would need to be a *philosopher* to appreciate the fact that poverty and misery are proportional to the laziness of the individual. The ordinary mortal, on being told that a man works a great many hours in a day, or, as they are popularly and with good reason called, "long hours," immediately jumps to the conclusion that that man's wages are small. The harder as well as the longer a man works, the smaller his wages are.

Mr. Spencer is surprised at the number of idlers that stand in the streets waiting to open cab-doors, etc., and expecting to be paid for it, and at once decides that these men are good-for-nothings, who never have worked, and who do not wish to work if they can live off some one else. Perhaps some of them are, and, admitting that they are, are they any worse than the titled and honorable loafers who live in the same way? But did it never occur to Mr. Spencer to question why these men are in the streets? The life in the streets is not a very enticing one, I suppose Mr. Spencer will admit; but, bad as it is, these men have discerned that it is much easier, and that a great deal more money can be made in this way than could be made by hard work continued through long, weary hours, even if that work were always to be had. Let us hear Mr. James Greenwood on this subject, who cannot be accused of "timid sentimentalism": "To a man who has to drudge at the docks, for instance, for threepence an hour,—and there are thousands in London who do so,—it is a dangerous experience for him to discover that as much may be made on an average by sauntering the ordinary length of a street, and occasionally raising his hand to his cap. Or he may know beforehand by rumor what a capital day's work may be done at 'cadging,' and in bitter sweat of underpaid labor complain that he is worse off than a cadger."

The command that he "that does not work, neither shall he eat," no one is more willing than the socialists to see carried out. Does Mr. Spencer mean to say that the eating is *now* proportioned to the working? Formerly the privileged classes justified themselves by claiming divine right, tribute due to mental superiority, etc., but it remained for Mr. Spencer at the close of the nineteenth century to make the astounding statement that they give an equivalent in labor to society at large for what they receive from it; that, if they consume more than the common people, it is because they produce more.

Here follows a long array of extracts from competent authorities showing the poor quality and insufficient quantity of the food eaten by the hardest-worked manual laborers in various countries of the world, after which the writer continues:

This is a hasty summary of the condition of the working classes in the various so-called civilized countries. Admitting that the men and women found on the streets are to blame for their condition, are the men and women who work early and late eating according to their work? Let us hear Mr. Spencer himself on this subject:

> Surely the lot of the hard-handed laborer is pitiable enough without having harsh judgments passed upon him. *To be wholly sacrificed to other men's happiness*, to be made a mere human tool; to have every faculty subordinated to the sole function of work,—this, one would say, is alone a misfortune needing all sympathy for its mitigation. Consider well these endowments of his, these capacities, affections, tastes, and the vague yearnings to which they give birth. Think of him now with his caged-up desires, doomed to a daily, weekly, year round of painful toil, with scarcely any remission but for food and sleep. Observe how he is tantalized by the pleasures he sees his richer brethren partaking of, but from which he must forever be debarred. Note the humiliation he suffers from being looked down upon as of no account amongst men. And then remember that he has nothing to look forward to but a monotonous continuance of this till death. . . . . How offensive is it to hear some pert self-approving personage, who thanks God that he is not as other men are, passing sentence on his poor, hard-worked, heavily-burdened countrymen, including them all in one sweeping condemnation because in their struggle for existence they do not maintain the same prim respectability as himself.—*Social Statics.*

Mr. Spencer seems to have now joined the ranks of those "self-approving personages."

Now, as to our "responsibilities," Mr. Spencer admits that we have some, but the only examples he can bring forward of our and our ancestors' evil doings, are the old Poor-Law and the laws regarding tramps. When Mr. Spencer was younger and probably more honest, he admitted that the monopoly of the land and of all natural forces was wrong, and that our ancestors were to blame for that. The old Poor-Law, bad as it was, was only an attempt made to patch a hole in an evil system, and was not, as Mr. Spencer would have us believe, at all passed with a view of benefiting the laborers, nor at the instigation of the laborers, but with a view of benefiting the farmers, and at the farmers' and landowners' bidding was it passed. Nobody objected more than the working people to the old Poor-Law, as they saw and felt that its whole tendency was to degrade them. "Betty Higden" in Dickens's "Mutual Friend" is a good example of how the people regarded the Poor-Law and the Poor-House. If the game the landowners and farmers played reacted on themselves, we have no pity for them.

When we look back on the Anti-Slavery movement in the United States, and read the various speeches and writings in favor of slavery, we are very much surprised, nay, we doubt, that any ordinarily intelligent person could honestly believe that the slave-owners supported the slaves, and when we read such as the following by the Rev. William Meade of Winchester, Virginia: "You are to be faithful and honest to your masters and mistresses, not purloining nor wasting their goods and substance, but showing all good fidelity in all things. Do not your masters and mistresses support you? And how shall they be able to do this, to feed and to clothe you, unless you take honest care of everything that belongs to them? Remember, God requires this of you, and if you are not afraid of suffering for it in this world, you cannot escape the vengeance of Almighty God," we are inclined to think that the man was either a knave or a fool (more probably a knave, for the Church knows well how to select), because an honest man of the most ordinary intellectual capacity must have seen the falsity of the plea. In the same manner is it with the slaves of today, black and white (for, as Carlyle once truly remarked, the only difference between the northern and the southern slave was in the difference of time for which they were sold). In the near future men will wonder how Mr. Spencer, "*the* philosopher" of the nineteenth century, could have allowed his devotion to the *bourgeoisie* to so cloud his morality (for we cannot believe it was his judgment that was at fault) as to cause him to say that the rich supported the poor. How do they do it? By standing by and seeing the poor work, taking away all their products, and giving back to the workers just sufficient to keep them in working order,—in many cases not even as much as that; and, if sometimes their generosity is so great that a little education is thrown in, they have gone beyond the limits and are encouraging the children of the "unworthy" at the expense of those of the "worthy."

Being a follower neither of Mr. George nor of Mr. Hyndman, I do not think it necessary to take up arms in the defence of either, but some of the points on which they are attacked by Mr. Spencer are those on which nearly all socialists are agreed. What are the *just* claims of existing landowners? Mr. Spencer once asked: "How long does it take for what was originally a *wrong* to grow into a *right?* At what rate per annum do invalid claims become valid?" If the appropriation of land was once wrong, and Mr. Spencer admits it was, can any amount of time make it right? Has Mr. Spencer discovered the *rate?* Even with the feeble morality of the present State (if an entirely immoral institution can be said to have any morality), in ordinary civil and criminal cases the lapse of time does not make a wrong right. Can the expounder of the new ethics teach us nothing better than that the continuity of robbery renders it justifiable, and that, while we should deal summarily with the thief who has picked our pocket once, we should compromise with and treat as respectable him who has done it daily for years? If the ancestors of these persons had been guilty of a single act of robbery, the crime might have been forgiven with the lapse of time, but their descendants each year repeat the original robbery, and surely there can be no "vested rights" in a system of spoliation. Mind you, the paying of the existing owners (?) is regarded by Mr. Spencer, not as a matter of expediency, but as a matter of justice. As a matter of expediency, it might be cheaper to buy out the existing landholders than to fight them out, but I doubt it.

Mr. Spencer regrets very much that *laissez faire* is getting to be an exploded doctrine. Mr. Spencer evidently is not a believer in *laissez-faire*, as he comes to the assistance of the landowners and capitalists in general with all the arguments in his power, even if the views now expressed are totally opposed to those expressed before he was captured by the *bourgeoisie*. The only true advocates of *laissez faire* in modern times are the Anarchists. They are Mr. Spencer's true disciples, more true to his teachings than he is himself; they truly believe in *laissez-faire* principles, and they seek every opportunity to put them in practice. These "shareholders" to whose rescue Mr. Spencer comes in such haste are under the protection of, and are only allowed to drive their nefarious trade in flesh and blood through the intervention of, that institution Mr. Spencer pretends to abhor,—the government. But Mr. Spencer is not the first philosopher who "builded better than he knew," and the Anarchists are deeply grateful to him for the arguments he has furnished them against government in all its forms, than which there are probably none better, and his recent relapse into Philistinism does not vitiate these arguments in the least. There they stand for all time, and the "youth of America" are beginning to appreciate them.

Now, as to the "coming slavery" which Mr. Spencer so much dreads. Let me preface my remarks on this subject by telling Mr. Spencer that he dreads it no more than we Anarchists do. But does Mr. Spencer know that he and his kind, who deny the existence of the evils, and foster all the injustice, of modern society, are hastening the advent of this "slavery"? The people know that evils exist, and that injustice exists, and, if certain people arise, and either for their own ends, or because they believe it to be the truth, tell them that State Socialism will "fix" everything, are they to be blamed if they believe it? In their work-a-day life they have not time even to work out vast problems for themselves, and, if such philosophers as Mr. Spencer tell them that their condition is all due to their own fault, their "laziness," etc., when they know very well that their life is one continuous toil, any amount of argument he can bring to bear against State Socialism will have no effect in stemming the tide in its favor. They may not be able, and probably will not try, to answer his arguments, but they know that their lot is hard, and they will follow the only persons who seem to be ready to show them a way out of their misery. It is because we fear State Socialism, fearing, nay knowing, that it would and should relapse into despotism, that we are sorry to see Mr. Spencer's arguments against it, which are excellent and incontrovertible in themselves, almost entirely nullified, at least in the minds of the mass of the people, by his defence of the wrongs of the present state of society.

Let us take up some of Mr. Spencer's arguments against State Socialism, and see how far they apply to the existing order: "A slave is one who labors under coercion to satisfy another's desires. . . . . The degree of his slavery varies according to what he is forced to yield up and that which he is allowed to retain, and it matters not whether his master is a single person or society." Now, we propose to show on this definition what slaves the working-people are. I suppose Mr. Spencer will admit that without labor of either hand or head we can have no products, and that products consumed by those who do not produce are *stolen* from those who have produced them, and that in so far as these products are taken away from those who do produce, in so far are those people *slaves*. Now in England, the royal family is supported in magnificent style and gives nothing in return; the landholders are well-supported and give nothing in return. Now, somebody is *forced* to labor in order that these may sleep, and in so far somebody is a slave. With the royal family, and the landowning class, noble and *bourgeois*, we have not exhausted by any means the extent to which the working-people are slaves. Every particle of interest and profit absorbed by the capitalists is so much unwilling tribute wrung from labor, for, according to their own admissions, their interest and profit are entirely outside of and above what they claim to cover expenses,—*i. e.*, what pays entirely for the time and labor expended in superintending, directing, etc., which labor is paid at a very much higher price than any other requiring an equal amount of skill and care. Now, Mr. Spencer says that a "slave is he that labors under coercion to satisfy another's desires," and under this definition every working-man in every civilized country is a slave. According to tables compiled by Carroll D. Wright of Massachusetts, the working-man is a slave two-fifths of his time,—that is, he works two-fifths of his time for the capitalist and three-fifths for himself, for, according to the capitalists' own showing, there is nothing on which they claim this two-fifths of the workman's time, these tables deducting in advance ten per cent. for expenses (which they admit covers all the wear and tear of machinery, etc.) and six per cent. for interest, which pays them for the *abstention* (?) practiced in their youth. Admitting the justice of this interest (which we do not, as it is taking something for nothing), still there is no ground on which they can claim anything farther, except that "brute force" which Mr. Spencer objects so much to having the capitalists accused of. Of course, we must not forget, when making our calculations as to how much a man is a slave, to count in all his masters; this three-fifths time which the man works for himself is in reality not all his own, for further tributes are required from him,—to the landlord in the shape of rent, *i. e.*, all money paid over and above the value of the building (in other words, the amount of labor expended in erecting it and keeping it in repair); to the landowner indirectly by what he pays for the products he consumes, etc.;

and again to the capitalists, who sell these products at a profit, and to the government in the shape of taxes, direct and indirect. So that probably out of a working day, say of ten hours, a man really works only two, or at most three, hours for himself. But Mr. Spencer can see nothing of this slavery, which is as bad as — worse, as far as material advantages are concerned, than — the slavery of State Socialism. But one disadvantage of State Socialism which strikes Mr. Spencer very forcibly is that there could not be then as now agreement between employer and employed. Agreement! Think of it! Yes, such an agreement as there is between the wolf and the lamb, the highwayman and his victim, or any other two individuals, in which one is wholly at the mercy of the other. Mr. Spencer ("Social Statics") says that with the power conferred on the landholders they could expel, if they wished, the landless ones from the earth altogether. They do not expel them from the earth, because it is not to their interest to do so, for the land (*i. e.*, all natural forces) would be useless without the expenditure of human labor, but they do use all the power which the possession of the land gives them.

It is curious into what inconsistencies even a philosopher may be led by his desire to uphold the existing order. Mr. Spencer, in speaking of State Socialism, predicts the certain failure of the institution on account of the imperfections of human nature; "love of power, selfishness, injustice, and untruthfulness" would work against the just administration of the system; that is, as before remarked, "wherever there is an opportunity for power to exercise itself, there will power be exercised to the advantage of the holders of it." But all this is contradicted in the very next paragraph, when he comes to the aid of the railway shareholders, "who, sometimes gaining, but often losing, have made that railway system by which national prosperity has been so greatly increased," as if these men had been actuated by the highest motives of benefiting England and thereby humanity, and that the power which the State conferred on them of robbing the people had never been used. Mr. Spencer is very much shocked at the State Socialists' accusation of these superhuman beings having done such a wicked thing as "laying hands on the means of communication." We say *superhuman* advisedly, for Mr. Spencer assures us in the same paragraph that State Socialism could not fulfil the destiny its advocates mark out for it, because it would be beyond human nature to withstand the temptation to use power which was placed in its hands. To what passes are philosophers brought in their attempt to prop up the capitalistic system!

Now, the Anarchists agree with Mr. Spencer that no "Morrison's Pill" "can make an ill-working humanity into well-working institutions," and also "that benefit may result, not from a multiplication of artificial appliances to mitigate distress, but contrariwise from a diminution of them." But, more logical and more honest than Mr. Spencer, they wish to carry this diminution to the utmost, and destroy all the support which the State gives to one part of its citizens at the expense of all the others; in a word, they wish to abolish the *State*, which, according to Mr. Spencer himself, originated in aggression, and has been nurtured by aggression, — is, in fact, aggression itself. They believe, with Buckle, that the only good laws ever passed by any legislature were those repealing old bad laws, and therefore, if governments went out of existence, there would be no necessity for the passing of these "good laws," for the bad laws would be destroyed with the government. Yes, the Anarchists believe in *laissez faire*, and their mission to the people is to tell them *laissez faire;* to cease sending their men into the army and navy and police; to cease supporting the government, which uses the army and navy and police (composed of their brothers) to crush them; in short, to cease to pay tribute to idlers, and to see that *he who does not work shall not eat.*

When Divine Right is not Divine.

Henri Rochefort, writing in "L'Intransigeant" of the attitude of Prince Alexander of Bulgaria towards the Roumelian revolution, says:

This new example of the comedy enacted by monarchs before the nations will do a good deal to enlighten consciences. Pillage, robbery, and incendiarism are the acts of revolutionists who try to throw their oppressors to the earth. Heroism, love of independence, and the victories of liberty are the acts of revolutionists whose revolutions benefit the pretended champions of property, authority, and divine right.

Right is divine when we attack it. It ceases to be so when the princes of Bulgaria confiscate it.

"Come and dine with me," wrote the Abbé Grégoire to a member of the Convention. "Yesterday from the tribune you called me a scoundrel; but I know that in politics a scoundrel means one who differs with us in opinion."

The reactionists are not content with calling us scoundrels: they banish us and shoot us, as if the epithets which they shower upon us really belonged to us. If the Commune, *apropos* of which the Versaillese caused rivers of blood to flow, had been established to reinstate the younger branch, the Orléanists who have sent so many men to die on old hulks, in jails, and on the posts of Satory, would have kissed us on both cheeks, absolving us in advance from all guilt for the pillage, violence, and execution of hostages for which they now hold us responsible.

The July combatants were overwhelmed with honors and pensions because their struggle on the barricades favored the advent of Louis-Philippe. When, two years later, they took up their muskets to overthrow him, they were good for nothing but to throw to the dogs: that is why they were thrown into Mont-Saint-Michel.

In politics, decidedly, there is but one thing sure to succeed, — namely, success.

A Shot at the Czar in Copenhagen.

The Berlin journals have had a good deal to say lately about a recent attempt on the life of the Czar of Russia committed at Copenhagen. The report has reached St. Petersburg, but the details are lacking, and the people are reduced to conjecture; but a person of high station, in a position to obtain accurate information, says that the truth is as follows:

The Czar, by the advice of his doctor, takes long walks every morning, as he has been growing fat for some time. In this matter he is following a rigorous course of treatment, and eats but one meal a day, at noon; about seven o'clock in the evening he drinks tea without sugar. At Fedensborg the Czar went out every morning, accompanied only by an aide-de-camp, and his son, the Grand Duke Nicolas Alexandrowich. His walks were confined to the grounds of the château. On Thursday, September 14, the Czar, after walking in the park, went to a small piece of woodland about twenty minutes distant. He was engaged in animated conversation with his son, when suddenly he uttered a cry and quickly raised his hand to his left side, where he had just felt a sharp pain. At the same time a slight report was heard. The son of the Czar hastened to his father's aid. The emperor's coat was torn and his waistcoat pierced, but his watch, carried in a side pocket, had deadened the force of the ball, which, when picked up from the ground, proved to be of small calibre. Promptly recovering from his agitation, the Czar returned in haste to the château. The news of the accident became known immediately. An investigation was made to see whether the shot was intentional or the work of some awkward hunter in the woods. But the inquiries came to nothing, and at the Czar's request the greatest secrecy was observed, not so great, however, that the affair has not got abroad.

"In many respects the best Anarchistic work produced in America.." — E. C. WALKER.

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

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

On Picket Duty.

Will every reader of Liberty kindly call the attention of his friends in general and his Irish friends in particular to the serial story begun on the second page of this issue, entitled "Ireland," translated from the French by Sarah E. Holmes?

At the recent French elections Henri Rochefort was elected a member of the chamber of deputies. It is a pity. Why should a man who has proved himself so powerful in guiding men by reason and wit descend to the business of governing them by arbitrary power? Rochefort, the parliamentarian, can only neutralize the efforts of Rochefort, the pamphleteer.

The short-sighted censors of the drama in France have forbidden the representation of Zola's "Germinal"—the only novel fairly entitled to dispute with Hugo's "Les Misérables" the honor of being the greatest ever written—on the stage of the Châtelet theatre in Paris. The ground of this outrageous decree is not, as some may suppose, Zola's unparalleled audacity of expression concerning the sexual lives of laborers and capitalists, but "*the socialistic tendency* of the work, and especially the seventh scene, the strike of the miners," where the police fire on the unfortunate workingmen. I join my voice with Henri Rochefort's in urging Zola to "render a real service, not only to letters, but to the great cause of Liberty," by insisting that the manager of the Châtelet shall produce "Germinal" in spite of the censors and the "republican" government behind them.

R. R. Bowker, writing on capital and interest in the Des Moines "Million," says: "Proudhon, the French socialist, who warred against capital and held that 'property is robbery,' organized a 'People's Bank,' which was to abolish interest proper, get rid of insurance by dividing the loss among all the depositors, and bring the rate of interest down to the mere cost of administration. Before it got to that point the bank failed, just as the man's horse died when he had him down to one straw a day and expected him to live on nothing tomorrow." Practically this is a lie, for it is an attempt to deceive. Though carrying the inference that the bank failed from its inherent weakness, the writer probably knew, as Richard Ely of Johns Hopkins certainly knew when he made a similar statement in his book on "French and German Socialism," that such was not at all the real reason of its failure. The bank failed because it never got started, and it never got started (although its prospects were most flattering) because Napoleon III cast Proudhon, its manager, into prison, nominally for a political offence, but really for the express purpose of killing the bank.

A new subscriber in Melbourne, Australia, David A. Andrade, sends the following encouraging word: "I am well satisfied with your paper as far as I have seen it; and I intend diligently to read through the whole file as soon as I can find time, after which I may probably have something to say to you on the subject. I have not yet satisfied myself as to the correctness of your views regarding capital and profit and one or two minor subjects; and I do not feel justified in deciding upon the merits of all your principles until I have read and considered what you have to say on the subject. As regards laws and governments, however, I already safely that I am at one with you. A freethinker in theory, and as far as possible in practice, I heartily detest the tyrannies of priests and rulers and the contemptible servility of the religious and the loyal. Individualism is the principle which I cherish above all others; and humility I abhor, whether it be in the form of respect for monarchy, republic, aristocracy, democracy, majority rule, minority rule, or what not. Every law I regard as either oppressive or superfluous, every lawmaker either a rogue or a fool."

The most healthful sign recently exhibited by American daily journalism is the experimental innovation of the Boston "Globe" in adopting in its Sunday edition the French idea of signed editorials. The very first issue established the value of the system, and from it, if the idea is adhered to, may fairly date the advent of honesty into our metropolitan newspaper offices. The "Globe's" editorial page last Sunday breathed a spirit of fearless and untrammeled sincerity which made it at once superior to itself in the past and to its contemporaries in the present. Even the New York "Sun," which has achieved the highest degree of independence that impersonal journalism has yet shown itself capable of, must take second place to the "Sunday Globe" in this respect. The "Globe," however, should beware of the magazine policy of making its editorial page a receptacle for star papers by celebrated writers. Its opportunity for rivalling the magazines is to be found in its "special article" columns. The editorial columns should be filled exclusively by two or three forcible writers, broadly in sympathy on questions of principle and policy, who will discuss from day to day the issues of the hour in such weighty, bright, and vital fashion that their opinions will become, not exactly oracular, but as valuable and interesting to the people as if they were. That is the French idea in its fullness, and it combines the advantages of individuality, originality, and freedom with those of consistency, steady purpose, and cumulative power.

To the Czar of Russia is due the credit of applying practically to taxation the *reductio ad absurdum*. Heretofore all his subjects have enjoyed at least the highly estimable privilege of praying for their rights free of cost. Any morning any of them could put in as many petitions as they chose to Alexander himself or any of his ministers for relief from any grievance whatsoever. Now, however, this state of things is no more. The last liberty of the Russian has been taken from him. The right of petition has been made the subject of a tax. Before the aggrieved citizen can make his grievance officially known, he must pay sixty kopecks into the treasury of His Imperial Nibs for the purchase of a stamp to put upon his document. Other sovereigns have taxed every other right under the sun, but it was left for Alexander III. to tax the right to demand your rights. No citizen of Russia can now ask his "dear father" to let him alone without paying sixty kopecks an ask. This is the act of a notoriously cruel despot. See now how much wiser the policy of a reputedly benevolent one, Dom Pedro of Brazil. He also is the author of a novelty in taxation. No Brazilian husband, who, becoming suspicious of his wife, detects her and her lover *in flagrante delicto*, can hereafter legally establish such discovery until he has first poured into the State's coffers a sum slightly exceeding two dollars and a half. This is a use of tyranny that almost inclines me to wink at it. Bleeding domestic tyrants is better business than political tyrants are wont to engage in. If there must be a tax-gatherer, I shall vote for Dom Pedro.

The New York "Graphic" says: "A crank journal in Boston, which calls itself Liberty, takes sides with the Franco-Canadians who refuse to be vaccinated, and advises them to 'vaccinate the doctors with cold lead.' If that principle were carried to its logical outcome, it would be criminal to restrain a lunatic or shoot a mad dog." From the governmental standpoint the "Graphic" is perfectly correct. Governments are blind despots, unable to discriminate between reason and rabies, between liberty and lunacy. Thought is a function of which they know nothing, brains an article of which they cannot take cognizance. To governments and the "Graphic" there is no distinction between Alfred Russell Wallace, the scientist, refusing to be vaccinated, and a mad dog running through the streets. Both should be restrained or shot down. The "crank journal in Boston," however, sees a difference between them, and would treat them differently. If it is cranky or eccentric to possess this high degree of discriminative power, the fact is a sad one for ordinary people.

M. D. Conway's address on "Our Armageddon," delivered at the reception lately given him by the Boston Free Religionists, was the grandest thing that I have heard from one of that school in a long time. The remark of Colonel Higginson, the presiding officer, that Mr. Conway still professed theism seemed hardly borne out by the essayist's own statements. For although he declared the only article of his confession of faith to be, "God is good," he went on to explain that his god was not the author of all phenomena, for, since all phenomena are not lovable, no one can worship the author of all phenomena; that his god is not omnipotent, but sometimes almost helpless; that his god did not create the evil that exists, and is not responsible for it; that his god, in short, is simply the goodness to be found in the human heart, which is always doing battle with evil,—a battle which the essayist proceeded to discuss as "our Armageddon." Such a god is no god at all. Strip God of his omnipotence, his creatorship, and his ruling power, and you take away the divine essentials. Whatever words Mr. Conway may use, his position is that of the atheist. Michael Bakounine himself would not hesitate to stand by his side. And it is among the atheists and Anarchists that Mr. Conway will have chiefly to look for recruits for "our Armageddon." The Free Religionists whom he addressed listened to him almost without enthusiasm. His glowing words were unable to fuse their enamel of "respectability." With very rare exceptions these people are upholders of the chief social iniquities, of the worst political tyrannies. You seldom hear from them a direct and specific word against the monopolies that rob labor (save now and then a protest against the comparatively innocent protective tariff), and the men who do oppose such monopolies they regard as cranks and impracticables. The horrible institution of marriage, which Mr. Conway has dealt so many terrific blows, finds its strictest apologists in the Free Religionists. Colonel Higginson had words of honey for Mr. Conway for upholding old Mr. Truelove when imprisoned in England for his opinions, but Colonel Higginson's voice was silent when, in this country, E. H. Heywood and D. M. Bennett were imprisoned for their opinions. In fact, I am not sure that it was not lifted in favor of their imprisonment. Ah! Mr. Conway, you have mistaken your hosts.

IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

CHAPTER I.

Now Paddy Neill breathed freely again. He travelled no longer in the darkness, like a thief, passing the day crouched in the branches of trees, hid in the bottom of a ravine or in the caves of beasts to escape the English emissaries who were scouring the country.

Neither soldiers nor spies had yet pushed their *reconnaissances* in this direction, and he no longer dreaded being informed against, as a dangerous Irishman, on account of his run-away garb, his vest in tatters, his breeches spotted with mud, and, above all, his face, frightfully scarred, like the canvas of a torn portrait,—cruel stigmata of the torments which he had suffered the previous month, in the dungeons of Dublin.

He slept during the night, and walked from daybreak, taking the roads or footpaths at his fancy, tending, however, to the shorter, being in haste to reach again his village, in the region of Cork, left nearly a half year since, and to which he brought grave news and instructions.

Ireland fermented from one end to the other, perturbed at many points; already the people were rising in arms, announciug themselves "formidable." The poor old woman, as her children sadly called Ireland, lived yet, showing her teeth, and soon would set them in the pitiless heart of these cursed tyrants. The atrocity of the preventive repression did not dismay her.

In the name of George the Fourth, they had in vain multiplied tortures, the whip, the stake, summoning to the thresholds of their houses and shooting without warning peaceful citizens, putting caps of pitch on the heads of suspected persons: these savage proceedings succeeding only in kindling the spirit of the lukewarm, and in exasperating the more ardent.

The cap of pitch had been Paddy's fate, and he counted absolutely on the ignoble ravages of his face to revolutionize every man down there at Bunclody and in all the country where they knew him; he doubted only one thing,—the not being disfigured enough to excite sufficient wrath; so he was devoured by curiosity to get to his hut and see himself in the bit of looking-glass ornamented with the green Shamrock leaf and hung in the chimney corner under the colored image of Saint Patrick.

Since he had left the hands of the torturer, traversing no village in his flight, systematically avoiding habitations, he had seen neither glass nor window, and, having met no living soul whose degree of fright had informed him, he could not at all render to himself an account of his condition. The only cottage he had entered (being thirsty) was wholly without panes to the windows which shook in the wind; and, more than three-quarters blind, the old octogenarian who was mechanically knitting within, judging him by the mildness of his words, had experienced neither terror nor repulsion.

Feeling his scars with his hand, he fully realized that the pitch, in fusing, had corroded and shred his eyelids, cutting the skin of the forehead; his fingers penetrated into the sinuous furrows and pressed the swellings of the flesh; but he could not picture adequately to himself the whole of these horrors, and he deviated sometimes from his path in search of a spring or brook which would reflect his image.

He discovered none, the unusually hot summer having dried up the water as it had consumed the foliage of the trees and devoured the grass of the meadows, casting desolation over all the country.

Tired at last, Paddy leaned against the side of a knoll and looked on at scenes of real tragedies.

Miserable cows, in a pasture without a shadow of vegetation, turned towards the pale autumnal sun their noses parched with fever. Yawning with hunger, pushing back parched lips over their long, yellow, shaking teeth, they exhaled lamentable lowings like a doleful appeal for help, to which, at last, responded the far-away voice of a man. Aroused by the noise, one beast, more consumptive than the rest, made an heroic effort to rise, accompanied by a grievous lamentation, only to tremble and almost immediately drop down, exhausted, on the soil arid and naked as an empty sack.

The others, doubtless aware of this fall, redoubled their bellowing; and the man whose voice—gently encouraging in spite of the characteristic accent of sorrow—drew nearer, appeared behind the slashed hedge, where now not even the skeleton of a leaf remained. The animals ran to him at a panting trot of their feeble legs, the flabby hide flapping on their hollow flanks, but, immediately wearied, they slackened their speed, proceeding with a painful gait. They surrounded him affectionately, licking the hands which caressed their rough and withered hide.

A sharp sadness seized the countryman; by turns he contemplated the dull stretch of meadow, bare as a cloth that shows its thread, and the knotty spines and skeleton frames of the cows whose bones showed with such painful sharpness.

"Would it not be better to kill them at once?" murmured he, loud enough, however, for Neill, in the silence of this solitude, to understand.

He appeared himself emaciated by privations; and, very gloomy, powerless to alleviate this deplorable distress, he hastened the *dénouement*, exciting by some deceptive words the dying animal to stand on her feet, helping her with a supreme goodness; then slipped a leather strap under her belly, so supporting her in her unsteady step; and together they left the field.

Here also misery allied itself with the English. Paddy had hoped that it would be otherwise; but, since the evil existed, he believed that this complication would hasten the insurrection; the famine would come sooner, and the wolf more readily spring from the forest.

Having again set out on his way and passing by the side of the enclosure, the cows which were left, bellowing their desolation in a despairing rhythm, came towards him. Whether by chance or because he was a stranger to them, when they saw him at their side, they stopped suddenly as if stupefied. He attributed their attitude to horror, and went on his way, enchanted.

Decidedly, he would produce on his friends a strong impression, and, to enjoy as soon as possible this result, he lengthened his steps, regretting his pause and rest which had delayed him. By taking short cuts he calculated to reach the end of his journey in five good hours by wasting no time, never stopping to stare at the rooks which in black bands flew swiftly cawing toward the regions where the murderers strewed the pavements of the streets with corpses.

Barely four hours and a half sufficed, and he reached Bunclody as the setting sun encircled the top of the steeple from which the Angelus had just finished sounding.

The country nearer the sea, refreshed by its humid breath, had suffered less from the drought than most of the other regions: it preserved yet some green thickets, and an appearance of harvest, very incompletely ripened, waved in the breeze, balancing on the ears of corn a multitude of sparrows that were stuffing themselves, regardless of the innumerable gestures of human forms rigged upon poles.

These represented vague types of the English, and the timid attempts at rough caricature pleased Paddy Neill, who smiled.

They had not, since his departure, lost their hatred of the oppressor; quite the contrary, as he received proof some minutes later.

The last vibrations of the Angelus died away in an imperceptible hum as a murmuring, rumbling sound of voices reached him: voices of youths, delicate but positive, at intervals suddenly grave with solemn inflections, or as if stifled in their throats, breaking forth unexpectedly in irritated exclamations.

"The truant school of Treor!" said Paddy to himself, and in his heart surged spontaneously the memory of his forgotten childhood.

He ran over his twenty-seven years, and again it was Treor who, in the shade of the flowering hedges, on the cool river banks, had instructed himself and his comrades in rebellion against the law, the odious law which forbade the sons of Erin to read elsewhere than in the Anglican catechism.

Going by the side of the road, in the field within the thorny fence, they did not see him approach; the sound of his steps deadened by the fallow ground, he drew near without betraying his presence, and through the network of branches perceived a dozen young boys, the sons and brothers of his old schoolfellows, grouped by the side of a ditch around the proud old man; while a little farther on, his little girl Marian, a sweet and serene face, taught the younger ones, those of five or six years.

With eyes opened wide at the recitals of the master, the older ones read the lesson on his lips before hearing it, and, shuddering, their clear foreheads contracted, they seemed in the strong anger which swelled their breasts already like men.

Most assuredly, Treor was speaking to them of their country, of her ruins, her sufferings, her griefs, and her bondage, and in this way rousing their generous, exuberant emotion. Neill listened.

"Then," said the volunteer tutor, "Cromwell, having found in Drogheda a fierce resistance, burned the town relentlessly."

A pale little fellow, with the veined face of a sickly girl, cried out, in a hissing voice:

"At least, he is for all eternity in the flames of hell!"

"After which," continued the old man, "the Protector tried to sell the whole of Ireland, at auction, to the Jews!"

"The Judas!" exclaimed a patriot of thirteen years, with a blazing face.

And all the pupils, in a noisy uproar and confusion of questions, begged for enlightenment on points still obscure to them. Treor, probably for the hundredth time, retraced for them in a rapid *résumé* the whole history of the contest undertaken by the rapacious Albion: her lords joining in a scramble for the land, building their castles on the battle-fields still drenched with blood mixed with crushed flesh; at the least manifestation of discontent on the part of the conquered, depriving them of all chance of retaliation, all hope of an equitable restoration in the future, by exile *en masse*, transportation *en masse*, massacres, slaughter of inoffensive populations, veritable unclean butcheries with only incendiary fires everywhere to purify the air!

"At last," concluded Treor, who was growing enthusiastic amid the increasing tumult of hearts, "they soon drove all the natives from the right bank of the Shannon as if they were penning up a flock, and the fate of whoever ventured there was death, death without sentence, the unpunished, applauded death of game by the hunter! The adage with which you are familiar is borne out by experience and the height of the hecatombs: 'It is not a felony to kill an Irishman!'"

During this time, the teaching of the little ones, calmer but yet patriot like, was going on, and, to repay them for their sustained attention, the young teacher repeated to them the always applauded legend of Ireland surviving, like the ark, the deluge; and of her inhabitants, rescued from the waters, repeopling afterwards the neighboring islands.

And the marvellous legend provoked this logical reflection from an infant as chubby as the cherubs in church paintings:

"In that case, it is England that ought to belong to us."

Slow and melancholy, the speech of the young girl seemed to disengage itself from the midst of tears; her whole look breathed intense grief, restrained and forced back, and the oblique rays of the sun which was disappearing kindled a faint light in her wet eyes. Paddy Neill remarked at the same time, in the neighborhood, a castle window illuminated by the same sun, and this chance coincidence recalled to him what he believed to have discovered before his departure,—the love of Treor's little girl for the son of Newington, deceitful, fatal love, without issue, devoted to sorrow, reprobation, and despair.

Sir Richard Bradwell, who was its object, was as forbearing and humane, as his father was harsh and hateful to the Irish, but he belonged none the less to the odious race, and the sons of hangmen do not marry without profanation and sacrilege the daughters or sisters of their victims.

So Neill exulted once more in the thought of his mutilations; when Marian should see him, when he should explain to her in detail the torments, the refined atrocities, of the torturers, it would be impossible that she should keep for one single instant longer her heart's passion for a man speaking the same language as the wretches who commanded these tortures or the brutes who executed them.

To listen to the words, "I love you," pronounced with the accent of the beings who were guilty of such atrocities,—no, Paddy could not admit that Marian, so tender, so delicate, could tolerate even the thought.

He formulated his opinion to himself, but with such warmth that some words escaped him, and two or three children, turning their heads, saw him, and, uttering screams of fright, trembling, livid, took refuge in Marian's skirts. She sprang up, pale, haggard, horrified, and stood quite motionless, her lips half open, without articulation, no sound whatever issuing, her look riveted on the apparition by an unconquerable force,-the fascination of the hideous.

Repenting the trouble he had caused, which exceeded all his previsions and calculations, Paddy advanced in order to make himself known to her and to reassure her; but, at the first step, she threw herself backward, all at once, like a statue from its pedestal; and, as he sprang forward to support her or to lift her, the hand of Treor, who had run with his young pupils, grasped him nervously by the back of his neck, brutally hurled him to the earth, and sent him rolling away.

At the same time the most hot-headed of the old man's scholars flung themselves on him to secure him and bring him to justice. But, while struggling, he succeeded in announcing himself: "Paddy Neill, the cartwright, son of the dead Mat Neill," and he made a comic explanation of Marian's accident.

"The English have scalded me like a calf; the sight took her breath away, I beg pardon for it. I ought not to have shown myself without warning."

"It is his voice, let him go!" said Treor, who, encircling his daughter's waist with his arm, was supporting her inert body on his knee bent on the ground.

He pressed his cheek against her mouth, watching the faint breath that showed it to be a simple fainting fit. The children, gathered in a group, elbow to elbow, stared, petrified, at this monster who had suddenly risen up as if vomited by the soil; and he himself, as if he had seen Medusa's head, could not remove his gaze from this cranium of a skeleton, naked and dazzling; from this death-dance mask, where the new flesh of the forehead and nose displayed itself by repellent whitish

spots, like the juice of a poisonous herb; where, without lashes, the ball of the eye, streaked with blood, appeared a disgusting, living sore.

And, surely, the worst of all was in the contrast between such deformity and the strength of the face which now tried to correct its expression by mildness.

Marian gave sign of life; sighs mingled with feeble wails came from her breast, her jaws parted, she tried to draw breath, moving her hand from the painfully contracted heart to the swollen neck where the tension of the muscles gave her the feeling of strangling.

Paddy understood that, recovering her senses, she ought not to find herself *vis-a-vis* with the same phantasmagorical image, and he widened his mouth in a smile which, disclosing formidable rows of enormous teeth, became the summit of ghastliness: the nose of a dog, of a flayed wolf that laughs.

Faith, he should have taken himself off! His good sense told him that, but, stupefied by the incident he had occasioned, confused by the clamors of the countrymen who ran up, he had not the energy.

They shook spades, mattocks, and pitchforks at him, covering him with abuse, without knowing it; the women picked up stones to pelt him. Treor, calling out to them who he was, saved him from blows and mortal injury, and the unfortunate man inwardly exulted in the discomfiture of the chance comers.

Paddy Neill! this spectre, this vision from another world, was this Jesus possible? And most of them doubted, examined him with distrust, recognizing him not by any vestige of his features, but rather by some peculiarity of his clothes, in spite of their rags and the dirt that covered them. The women seemed shocked; then, letting their arms fall, they stiffened into tearful attitudes, standing straight as stumps, exclaiming, "My God! My God!" till satisfied. They rattled off harangues, certain ones adding a lamentation, "What a misfortune!" remembering the Paddy Neill of old, with skin fine and smooth as a girl's, laughing, sparkling eyes, and such a merry temper!

"Paddy! . . . Paddy!" . . . came in a stifled whisper from a pleasant, rosy-cheeked gossip of twenty years, Nelly Pernell.

Not long before she had been suspected of having deceived her husband, to Neill's advantage, a short time after her marriage; but by chance had escaped slander. Wan and bloodless, she stood there with folded hands, the fingers clenched so tightly that they cracked; with an admirable *naïveté* and exceeding candor of remorse seeking confusedly and stammeringly for words with which to ask of her lover a pardon she dared not hope. She had provoked Paddy to court her and had yielded readily, ardently desiring her fall. Heaven's punishment ought then rather to have fallen on her.

Now she reflected also on all the possible, dreadful consequences of her fault. Imagine that she had conceived a child of sin! Instantly, because of the shock which she had received, the scars of the father would be imprinted on the face of the little being! She kept herself on her feet by a miraculous effort, struck with a sort of mental paralysis, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, yet because of those present keeping herself from falling like Marian. Marian had the right to faint, being innocent.

Recovered from their first repulsion, the comrades of the disfigured man crowded around him affectionately, fraternally, and seized his hands, growling vehemently about the authors of these outrages, those damned Saxons. And they menacingly shook their fists in the direction of England, gradually lifting them higher and higher as they were made familiar with the history.

Having bound him, arms, thighs, and ankles, the ruffians, four or five in number, bent his head between the knees of the torturer, and shaved his hair nearly off. Then, the steel having surely and unceremoniously notched the skin, while he, blinded by the flow of blood, asphyxiated, snorted wildly, the cap filled with boiling pitch was clapped down over his ears. Ah! ah! the smart of the razor lasted no longer.

He was interrupted by vociferations and outcries; throbs like an inward rain of intolerable sufferings permeated the flesh of the women, who felt under their own hair the cold and cut of the steel. With widely dilated eyes, the children, even the little ones, with their extraordinary gift and power of imagination, discerned through space and time the living scene of torment.

Seeing them so violently moved, they wished to send them away. Paddy, to spare them, ceased his story, but they drew themselves back that they might not be led away and begged him to go on, calling out greedily:

"What then? what then? tell us. We must have vengeance!"

Neill hesitated, then answered negatively, promising the conclusion later when their excitement should be lessened; in a few days, perhaps tomorrow.

But, with a great tumult, they set themselves against all delay.

"No: immediately! Go on!"

"Then?" urged one, who was dying of impatience.

"Finish, then!" added another.

"Yes, finish!" said a voice, pressing and imperious, that rose above the general uproar.

They looked round: it was Marian, readjusting her unfastened dress, and coiling up her hair, which had fallen during her fainting fit.

Neither melancholy nor fright remained longer on her face, but in their place only determination, an inexorable will to know all.

She scrutinized without swooning and with increasing pity Paddy's poor grimacing face, the sores badly healed in places; and an immeasurable indignation took possession of her, body and soul, against the authors of this nameless crime!

"Finish!" she reiterated, in a voice doubly strong and peremptory.

Still Neill hesitated. He interrogated the silent Treor, who nodded assent.

"The end!" continued he then, "the end, heavens! it is very simple. The pitch, cooling, shaping itself to the skull, stuck well. Ugh! they took off the cap and the skin with it and the flesh with it; the bones would have followed if they had not been well fastened in."

The men swore, and, among the women, almost the whole village being collected there, arose a kind of howl, a prolonged rattle exhumed from the depths of their hearts; their commiseration doubling, as it had done before, in proportion to the physical sensation of the torments described.

Under their hair, from the neck to the eyebrows, they all experienced absolutely the atrocious impression of a brutal tearing off of their own skin, their own flesh. This personal agony calmed, they related to each other the sensations they had experienced, told of the cold sweat which still ran down their backs and over their skin parched as by a violent fever. Then they exchanged reflections on the event which had come to this unfortunate boy. Next followed their comments—analogous or contradictory, timid or angry, according to the temperament of each—on the results which would ensue.

The majority demanded instant retaliation, returning like for like, implacably; they would take it in hand, would show themselves more furious than the men. The timid foresaw the work of vengeance and that they would not be the stronger party. What would follow? They would expiate their revolt with unspeakable chastisements; cottages demolished, conflagrations everywhere, people basely killed, disemboweled, women, old people, children, without distinction, the whole history taught them by Treor, all that they had themselves seen these two years, all which had been practised in various sections of the country since the terrible year of '96.

But all these wasted their preaching; they were only interrupted and forbidden to reply.

Edith Arklow, a woman of fifty years, gloomy and restless, drying the tears she had been silently shedding, said a few plain things in favor of action.

"My son Michael is a little younger than Paddy Neill; not much, a few months. They have drafted him into the English army, and sent him to India. Being an Irishman, they molest him, torment him perhaps. Who knows if I shall ever see him again? He might cry out sometime: 'Long live Ireland!' in the presence of his general, before the gun-barrels levelled at him. When Paddy was telling of his tortures, it seemed to you that you suffered them yourselves. For me, I imagined that it was my child, my Michael, who endured. So my mind is for revenge."

Marian applauded her warmly; but a poor neighbor warned the mother of her imprudence; the enemy held him as hostage, this son whose memory she was invoking. And, disconcerted, struggling between her generosity and her dread, Edith grew silent, bathed in new tears, suddenly dried by the fire of this agonizing thought:

Michael, ordered out to be killed; a dozen balls in his breast, in his dear face, breaking his bones, all this because of the advice she had been giving.

Among the men, a similar debate was going on as to the course to be adopted; Treor, whom she called to the rescue, and Paddy were the only ones who counselled delay. The mass, with a unanimous voice, demanded that they act and that they should begin by an immediate march on the castle, talking of blazing the fir trees which shaded it, like a forest of wax-tapers around edifices transformed into cenotaphs.

"Not at all! not at all!" insisted Paddy Neill; and Treor argued that this would only be to incur inevitable defeat, a most disheartening failure, and compromise the general movement which was in preparation.

They refused to listen, molested them turbulently, and made objections, twenty at a time. They declared that, on the contrary, this daring example would drag the reluctant by its contagion, and that the initiative work of vengeance, of liberation, would constitute an eternal glory for the men of Bunclody.

In presence of this undisciplined blindness of courage, Paddy decided to disclose his mission, but, disliking to unfold it so publicly, he lowered his voice, saying:

"I have orders for us to wait."

To be continued.

A LETTER TO GROVER CLEVELAND.

ON

His False, Absurd, Self-Contradictory, and Ridiculous Inaugural Address.

By LYSANDER SPOONER.

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SECTION XIII.

In still another way, the government denies men's *natural* right to life. And that is by denying their *natural* right to make any of those contracts with each other, for buying and selling, borrowing and lending, giving and receiving, property, which are necessary, if men are to exist in any considerable numbers on the earth.

Even the few savages, who contrive to live, mostly or wholly, by hunting, fishing, and gathering wild fruits, without cultivating the earth, and almost wholly without the use of tools or machinery, are yet, *at times*, necessitated to buy and sell, borrow and lend, give and receive, articles of food, if no others, as their only means of preserving their lives. But, in civilized life, where but a small portion of men's labor is necessary for the production of food, and they employ themselves in an almost infinite variety of industries, and in the production of an almost infinite variety of commodities, it would be impossible for them to live, if they were wholly prohibited from buying and selling, borrowing and lending, giving and receiving, the products of each other's labor.

Yet the government of the United States—either acting separately, or jointly with the State governments—has heretofore constantly denied, and still constantly denies, the *natural* right of the people, *as individuals*, to make their own contracts, for such buying and selling, borrowing and lending, and giving and receiving, such commodities as they produce for each other's uses.

I repeat that both the national and State governments have constantly denied the *natural* right of individuals to make their own contracts. They have done this, sometimes by arbitrarily forbidding them to make particular contracts, and sometimes by arbitrarily qualifying the obligations of particular contracts, when the contracts themselves were naturally and intrinsically as just and lawful as any others that men ever enter into; and were, consequently, such as men have as perfect a *natural* right to make, as they have to make any of those contracts which they are permitted to make.

The laws arbitrarily prohibiting, or arbitrarily qualifying, certain contracts, that are naturally and intrinsically just and lawful, are so numerous, and so well known, that they need not all be enumerated here. But any and all such prohibitions, or qualifications, are a denial of men's *natural* right to make their own contracts. They are a denial of men's right to make any contracts whatever, except such as the governments shall see fit to permit them to make.

It is the *natural* right of any and all human beings, who are mentally competent to make reasonable contracts, to make any and every possible contract, that is naturally and intrinsically just and honest, for buying and selling, borrowing and lending, giving and receiving, any and all possible commodities, that are naturally vendible, loanable, and transferable, and that any two or more individuals may, at any time, without force or fraud, choose to buy and sell, borrow and lend, give and receive, of and to each other.

And it is plainly only by the untrammelled exercise of this *natural* right, that all the loanable capital, that is required by men's industries, can be lent and borrowed, or that all the money can be supplied for the purchase and sale of that almost infinite diversity and amount of commodities, that men are capable of producing, and that are to be transferred from the hands of the producers to those of the consumers.

But the government of the United States—and also the governments of the States—utterly deny the *natural* right of any individuals whatever to make any contracts whatever, for buying and selling, borrowing and lending, giving and receiving, any and all such commodities, as are naturally vendible, loanable, and

Continued on page 6.

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"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.

☞ *In this number of* LIBERTY *is begun the serial publication of a new and thrilling romance, entitled:*

IRELAND,

translated especially for this journal by SARAH E. HOLMES from the French of the great novelist,

Georges Sauton.

The author weaves into a drama of unusual poignancy and melancholy power the story of one of the heroic struggles of the sons of Erin to lift the accursed yoke of the English,—the English who have stolen their lands, burned such cities as resisted too vigorously, exterminated entire and inoffensive populations, and established as an axiom this monstrosity:

IT IS NOT A FELONY TO KILL AN IRISHMAN.

He also gives the bloody history of the repression of this noble attempt at deliverance, terrible, frightful, cowardly repression, by exile, banishment, and execution without trial.

Will Professor Sumner Choose?

Professor Sumner, who occupies the chair of political economy at Yale, addressed last Sunday the New Haven Equal Rights Debating Club, before which Henry Appleton recently spoke. He told the State Socialists and Communists of that city much wholesome truth. But, as far as I can learn from the newspaper reports, which may of course have left out, as usual, the most important things that the speaker said, he made no discrimination in his criticisms. He appears to have entirely ignored the fact that the Anarchistic Socialists are the most unflinching champions in existence of his own pet principle of *laissez faire*. He branded Socialism as the summit of absurdity, utterly failing to note that one great school of Socialism says "Amen" whenever he scolds government for invading the individual, and only regrets that he doesn't scold it oftener and more uniformly.

Referring to Karl Marx's position that the employee is forced to give up a part of his product to the employer (which, by the way, was Proudhon's position before it was Marx's, and Josiah Warren's before it was Proudhon's), Professor Sumner asked why the employee does not, then, go to work for himself, and answered the question very truthfully by saying that it is because he has no capital. But he did not proceed to tell why he has no capital and how he can get some. Yet this is the vital point in dispute between Anarchism and privilege, between Socialism and so-called political economy. He did indeed recommend the time-dishonored virtues of industry and economy as a means of getting capital, but every observing person knows that the most industrious and economical persons are precisely the ones who have no capital and can get none. Industry and economy will begin to accumulate capital when idleness and extravagance lose their power to steal it, and not before.

Professor Sumner also told Herr Most and his followers that their proposition to have the employee get capital by forcible seizure is the most short-sighted economic measure possible to conceive of. Here again he is entirely wise and sound. Not that there may not be circumstances when such seizure would be advisable as a political, war, or terroristic measure calculated to induce political changes that will give freedom to natural economic processes; but as a directly economic measure it must always and inevitably be, not only futile, but reactionary. In opposition to all arbitrary distribution I stand with Professor Sumner with all my heart and mind. And so does every logical Anarchist.

But, if the employee cannot at present get capital by industry and economy, and if it will do him no good to get it by force, how is he to get it with benefit to himself and injury to no other? Why don't you tell us that, Professor Sumner? You did, to be sure, send a stray shot somewhere near the mark when, in answer to a question why shoemakers have no shoes, you said that, where such a condition of things prevailed, it was due to some evil work of the government, said evil work being manifest at present in the currency and taxation. But what is the precise nature of the evils thus manifest? Tell me that definitely, and then I will tell you whether you are a consistent man.

I fancy that, if I should ask you what the great evil in our taxation is, you would answer that it is the protective tariff. Now, the protective tariff is an evil certainly, and an outrage, but so far as it affects the power of the laborer to accumulate capital it is a comparatively small one. In fact, its abolition, unaccompanied by the abolition of the banking monopoly, would take away from very large classes of laborers, not only what little chance they now have of getting capital, but also their power of sustaining the lives of themselves and their families. The amount abstracted from labor's pockets by the protective tariff and by all other methods of getting governmental revenue is simply one of the smaller drains on industry. The amount of capital which it is thus prevented from getting will hardly be worth considering until the larger drains are stopped. As far as taxation goes, the great evils involved in it are to be found, not in the material damage done to labor by a loss of earnings, but in the assumption of the right to take men's property without their consent, and in the use of this property to pay the salaries of the officials through whom, and the expenses of the machine through which, labor is oppressed and ground down. Are you heroic enough, Professor Sumner, to adopt this application of *laissez faire*? I summon you to it under penalty of conviction of an infidelity to logic which ought to oust you from your position as a teacher of youth.

If taxation, then (leaving out the enormous mischief that it does as an instrument of tyranny), is only one of the minor methods of keeping capital from labor, what evil is there in the currency that constitutes the major method? Your answer to this question, Professor Sumner, will again test your consistency. But I am not so sure what it will be in this case as I was in the other. If you answer it as most of your fellow-professors would, you will say that the great evil in the currency is the robbery of labor through a dishonest silver dollar. But this is a greater bugbear than the protective tariff. The silver dollar is just as honest and just as dishonest as the gold dollar, and neither of them are dishonest or robbers of labor except so far as they are monopoly dollars. But being monopoly dollars, and all our other dollars being monopoly dollars, labor is being robbed by them all to an extent perfectly appalling. And right here is to be found the real reason why labor cannot get capital. It is because its wages are kept low and its credit rendered next to valueless by a financial system that makes the issue of currency a monopoly and a privilege, the result of which is the maintenance of interest, rent, and profits at rates ruinous to labor and destructive to business. And the only way that labor can ever get capital is by striking down this monopoly and making the issue of money as free as the manufacture of shoes. To demonetize silver or gold will not help labor; WHAT LABOR NEEDS IS THE MONETIZATION OF ALL MARKETABLE WEALTH. Or, at least, the *opportunity* of such monetization. This can only be secured by absolutely free competition in banking. Again I ask you, Professor Sumner, does your anxiety lest the individual be interfered with cover the field of finance? Are you willing that the individual shall be "let alone" in the exercise of his right to make his own money and offer it in open market to be taken by those who choose? To this test I send you a second summons under the same penalty that I have already hung over your head in case you fail to respond to the first. The columns of Liberty are open for your answer.

Before you make it, let me urge you to consistency. The battle between free trade and protection is simply one phase of the battle between Anarchism and State Socialism. To be a consistent free trader is to be an Anarchist; to be a consistent protectionist is to be a State Socialist. You are assailing that form of State Socialism known as protection with a vigor equalled by no other man, but you are rendering your blows of little effect by maintaining, or encouraging the belief that you maintain, those forms of State Socialism known as compulsory taxation and the banking monopoly. You assail Marx and Most mercilessly, but fail to protest against the most dangerous manifestations of their philosophy. Why pursue this confusing course? In reason's name, be one thing or the other! Cease your indiscriminate railing at Socialism, for to be consistent you must be Socialist yourself, either of the Anarchistic or the governmental sort; either be a State Socialist, and denounce liberty everywhere and always, or be an Anarchist and denounce authority everywhere and always; else you must consent to be taken for what you will appear to be,—an impotent hybrid. T.

Anarchy and Peace.

During a recent brief sojourn in Philadelphia, where I had an engagement to lecture, I fell across an experience which greatly impressed me and was something akin to touching. I called upon a venerable old Quaker, who all his life had been identified with peace and is still one of the foremost figures of the Universal Peace Society.

During the fatherly remarks of this good old man he observed: "I have not cast a ballot for fourteen years, and never intend to cast another."

"And may I be permitted to ask you the grounds of your conduct?" said I.

"Yes, and I will answer you frankly," he replied: "*I refuse to vote, because in casting a ballot I am casting a bullet.* The whole framework of existing government rests on force, and as a consistent peace man I cannot recognize it."

To my surprise and intense gratification I subsequently found several leading peace men in the city of brotherly love who took substantially the same position. They were practically Anarchists. Here is food for reflection for some of these trembling, cultured, ethical creatures who will have it that Anarchism means the inauguration of murder, violence, and savagery. How is it that the leading peace men of the land always manifest a kindly disposition towards scientific Anarchism? Simply because they wish to substitute peace, consent, and arbitration in the place of existing civil war, compulsion, and the despotic authority of irresponsible power. They can see nothing in the purposes sought by the Anarchists as sociologists but what *they* are seeking as humanitarians. They see that the source of the existing war of classes lies largely with governments, who refuse to employ any other than their own methods of coercion, backed by bayonets and those incarnated orthodox hells called prisons. They rather choose to secede, and not soil their hands with what practically stands for bullets.

I met another man who was lately driven into Anarchism by pure disgust with the fraud that falsely stands for government among us. On going to the polls one day he took his little three-year-old boy in his arms, and, on approaching the ballot box, asked the balloting-clerk if the little one might drop in the ballot for him. "Certainly," replied that officer. At a subsequent election his wife was walking by his side, and he asked her if she would like to step up and put in his ballot. She was delighted at the idea, but, on approaching the box, she was forbidden to do so, even as an agent of her other half. In his indignation the man returned home, gathered a bull-pup in

his arms, and, on reaching the ballot-box, he asked the clerk if the dog might be permitted to drop in the ballot for him, which he had placed between his paws. "With pleasure," replied the clerk. "And with pleasure," responded the man, "I bid good bye forever to an infernal machine where my wife is denied the same recognition that is accorded her baby and my bull-pup." Here is again some food for reflection for the Woman Suffragists who are regularly bending the servile knee before thieves and rowdy politicians, asking "that your honorable body might be pleased to grant our humble prayers."

The tide is making rapidly for Liberty. I can see it at every step. That the Anarchist is destined to take the field in the near future is written in every sign of the times. The old order is disintegrating through its own audacity and rottenness. The wisest and brightest on every side are silently getting ready to depart from it. Nothing will eventually remain in the old rookery but the political rats and bats and owls, lurking after the last offerings of plunder. X.

The Order of Creation.

You apologize for your government with its majority tyranny. You patronize it as a necessary evil. Where, you ask, are your individuals with free minds to seek the truth, find the truth, and live the truth? A far greater tyranny is that which enslaves the mind than any that enslaves the body. To have free men capable of self-government, we must have the right of private judgment on all matters pertaining to all the concerns of life freely and persistently exercised.

You are right. Thomas Paine was as wise in the early days of the Republic. With his "Common Sense" he had severed the tie that bound the colonies to Great Britain. Then he turned to Jefferson and said: "The church with its superstitions, its authority, its zeal for other-worldliness, is now the foe in our path. We must begin the attack upon that. In other words, we must now carry the Revolution into religion."

"Don't," said Jefferson, "the church will grind you into dust."

"Let it," Paine replied, and produced his "Age of Reason," which threw the theological world into convulsions.

Jefferson was right. Paine was buried under a load of obloquy it will take ages to remove. But the Age of Reason he proclaimed was not buried with him. That has gone steadily on, until at length, science coming steadily to the support, intellectual liberty in affairs of religion is assured. More and more the religious world dares to think, and in church as everywhere else the words of Lucretia Mott, "Truth for authority, not authority for truth," lead the way.

Two evils are thus disappearing. The one pernicious and enslaving, the submission to authority of church or infallible book; the other the degrading of the life that now is, to enhance the value of the riches of a life to come.

All this is being left to the darkness of the past.

Ignorance is less and less esteemed as the necessary outfit for a religious life. The very words of the Lord, so abjectly worshipped, become a liberating message to the enslaved: "Why do ye not even of your own selves judge what is right?" No other thought of the Nazarene stirs a profounder depth in our modern life than this.

Again, the conflict science has waged with old-fashioned religion has resulted in turning the chief, the basic dogma of the Christian church end for end. No longer do we wrestle with the bewildering statement that the work of creation was ended in six days, the creator then taking a rest, congratulating himself that all was very good, including his crowning triumph, the perfect man and perfect woman; on whom, however, he had hardly turned his back, when, lo! into their Paradise stole the also very good serpent, to persuade them to forsake all their blessedness and follow him down to an everlasting perdition, and *so* bring sin into the world, with all our woe.

We of this generation are more fortunate. We open our eyes on the fact that the work of this world's creation began, as all work does and must, with modesty and patience. A vast big job, to quote Abraham Lincoln, not to be dismissed with six days of prestidigitorial labor. We are now enabled to perceive that the god of the world, the creative spirit in matter, could not so acquit itself and withdraw; for it is immanent and continuous in all life. As Tennyson sings: "Through the ages one *increasing* purpose runs." From smallest beginnings, from ovum of life, the evolution advances. The divine worker was not led astray by an ambition to do at the outset that which was only possible at the end. The work was to be fashioned and projected into time and space.

Thus has science reversed in our minds the order of creation. Instead of the perfect man at the dawn, we yet look for him at the meridian or in the far twilight. Instead of the race tumbling down when it first began into a state of evil, where it has ever since been floundering with an almost heart-breaking despair, we have the goodly encouragement of a progressive order of life,—the earth unfolding, transfigured, as Swedenborg declared, into the form of the perfect Man.

In plainer speech we have the idea of human progress placed upon a scientific basis, with its worst foe, the church, more than half conquered and submissive.

This, without going farther into the matter, is the phase of the religious evolution which I deem important, coming, as it does, to deliver us, in part, at least, from the dissatisfaction consequent upon the discovery that the Revolution ending with our political achievement can never have other than a lame and impotent conclusion.

This idea of human progress by the process of a natural evolution is an inspiration to every great and generous work. Man himself a participant in his own creation has all the incentive of an original creator.

H.

Max's Mirror.

I have clipped here and there from exchanges, without specially searching for such things, items of daily news which illustrate some of the falsities, injustices, and hypocrisies of the grotesque imbroglio of things called progress, or modern civilization.

The futility and dishonesty of politics and legislation are pictured unconsciously in one stroke of the reporter's pencil thus:

A New York lawyer tells a reporter that Vanderbilt spends one hundred thousand dollars every year in heading off hostile legislation at Albany, the money going to "poor, but appreciative men."

The rascality of business is hypocritically worshiped under the name of "success" in this obituary notice of William Jennings, recently deceased capitalist of Fall River:

He was a wise counselor, able manager, and shrewd business man, and his like will probably not be developed in the next generation. He was what might be styled a self-made man, and is an example of what may be accomplished by energy, economy, and ability, three traits of character rarely successfully united.

This man was notoriously the greatest scoundrel in Fall River, whose mill magnates are preëminently distinguished for their robberies and abuses of mill slaves. When Bill Jennings, as he was called, died, I did not hear one expression of regret from the mouth of man, woman, or child in Fall River. There was undisguised rejoicing at his untimely—because so long delayed—death. He was the most rapacious landlord, the hardest-hearted employer, the meanest, stingiest, and altogether the most despicable robber and oppressor of labor who ever cursed this capital-ridden, poverty-stricken city with his presence. It is not probable that his like will be developed in the next generation; one Bill Jennings is enough to exhaust the malevolent fecundity of a century.

But this wretch was rich, and a newspaper writer who knew his character and was well aware that every person in the city, outside of the bereaved family circle, said, "Thank God!" when Jennings died, hypocritically slobbered over his malodorous memory.

Next comes a sketch of a scene in the Rhode Island Supreme Court. "Shepherd Tom" of Vaucluse comes in before court is opened, and tells the three wise men on the bench that he has a little application to make. The newspaper report says:

The court expressed a willingness to hear what the aged citizen had to say, and Mr. Hazard proceeded to ask the court for an opinion as to what rights people had over his land for the purpose of digging sand. This was a surprise for the judges; but the chief justice was equal to the occasion, and promptly stated that it was impossible for the court to give an *ex parte* opinion, and that, if he desired to get at the true inwardness of the rights regarding the sand question, he must begin a suit. Then up spoke Shepherd Tom. He informed the court that he was well nigh ninety years of age, and he thought it was rather late in his life's day to begin a law suit. The court were of the same opinion, and Shepherd Tom bowed himself out.

Somebody is taking Shepherd Tom's sand, and he wants to know if that is right. Solemn old jackass on the bench says he must hire one of those hyenas of society, an attorney, to ask the question and snarl over it with another hyena, in order that, between the two, Shepherd Tom's bones may be picked clean. Three old stupidities, minded ass-wise and featured like owls, set up to administer justice, know nothing but attorneyisms; will give no honest opinion concerning a larceny. Poor, musty-brained old Chief Injustice and Associate Humbugs! Shepherd Tom is a better man than any one of you, and has more sense in the noddle of him than all three of you together. He knows better than to hire a lawyer.

Shepherd Tom, I think, never read the following extract from a report of a lawyers' banquet in New York, which was printed some time ago:

It is a favorite amusement of witty lawyers like Joseph H. Choate or Chauncey M. Depew to embellish their after-dinner speeches with sly jokes at the expense of clients in general, and Mr. Evarts adopted this practice last evening with excellent effect. "The glory of the American lawyer," he said, "is the poverty of himself and the wealth of his client;" and when the laughter had ceased, he went on to show how tenderly the lawyer watched over the interests of his client. The climax was reached when he explained that the lawyer might fleece his client, but he never flayed him; fleeces would grow again more abundantly under judicious clipping. There were many other touches of humor to which I have not time to allude, and which brightened up the literary exercises greatly. Mr. Evarts's address had, too, its serious side, full of thought and suggestion, and is well worth reading.

Truly, there are suggestions for serious thought in this. Mr. Evarts's sly jokes are founded upon frozen facts, also at the expense of clients. The sole object of the legal profession is to fleece fools,—a very humorous operation, no doubt. The solicitude of the attorney for his clients' interests is the tenderness of the sheep-shearer for the sheep; he is careful not to spoil the pelt, for the ultimate fate of the animal is to be flayed when dead. The attorney is the most noxious species of human vermin that infests this planet. He is the product and symbol of a system of falsities and incredibilities; he is the maggot that crawls slimily through the decayed boweling of civilization's corpse, feeding upon the corruption that generates him. Henry F. Durant, himself a lawyer, said: "Law is the most degrading and narrowing of all professions. There is not enough of thought or principle in our whole system of law to occupy a man of intellect for an hour; all the rest is mere chicanery and injustice." This is expert testimony; the fellow had guilty knowledge whereof he spoke. And Mr. Evarts, whose sentences are masterpieces of multiloquent bosh, adds his testimony that the lawyer lives by practices inferior in dignity and honesty to the picking of pockets; for that after-dinner speech was no joke.

Another old newspaper clipping relating to "justice":

Storekeepers will have to be careful in the future how they trust women of the town for silks and fine raiment. Judge Churchill of the Municipal Court decided, in the case of L. Frankelstein against a young woman by the name of Hunter, that a dealer could not recover for garments sold to such women for the purpose of ornamentation. He held that the clothes were used to fascinate and beguile men, and that such sales were accordingly against the public good, and therefore void.

This is simply grotesque idiocy. The wearing of clothes by prostitutes is "against the public good"; it is "immoral," and probably immodest. I have no doubt, knowing the man, that Judge Churchill would prefer to see them without clothes. MAX.

A LETTER TO GROVER CLEVELAND.

Continued from page 3.

transferable, and as the producers and consumers of such commodities may wish to buy and sell, borrow and lend, give and receive, of and to each other.

These governments (State and national) deny this *natural* right of buying and selling, etc., by arbitrarily prohibiting, or qualifying, all such, and so many, of these contracts, as they choose to prohibit, or qualify.

The prohibition, or qualification, of *any one* of these contracts—that are intrinsically just and lawful—is a denial of all individual *natural* right to make any of them. For the right to make any and all of them stands on the same grounds of *natural* law, natural justice, and men's natural rights. If a government has the right to prohibit, or qualify, any one of these contracts, it has the same right to prohibit, or qualify, all of them. Therefore the assertion, by the government, of a right to prohibit, or qualify, any one of them, is equivalent to a denial of all *natural* right, on the part of individuals, to make any of them.

The power that has been thus usurped by governments, to arbitrarily prohibit or qualify all contracts that are naturally and intrinsically just and lawful, has been the great, perhaps the greatest, of all the instrumentalities, by which, in this, as in other countries, nearly all the wealth, accumulated by the labor of the many, has been, and is now, transferred into the pockets of the few.

It is by this arbitrary power over contracts, that the monopoly of money is sustained. Few people have any real perception of the power, which this monopoly gives to the holders of it, over the industry and traffic of all other persons. And the one only purpose of the monopoly is to enable the holders of it to rob everybody else in the prices of their labor, and the products of their labor.

The theory, on which the advocates of this monopoly attempt to justify it, is simply this: *That it is not at all necessary that money should be a bona fide equivalent of the labor or property that is to be bought with it;* that if the government will but specially license a small amount of money, and prohibit all other money, the holders of the licensed money will then be able to buy with it the labor and property of all other persons for a half, a tenth, a hundredth, a thousandth, or a millionth, of what such labor and property are really and truly worth.

David A. Wells, one of the most prominent—perhaps at this time, the most prominent—advocate of the monopoly, in this country, states the theory thus:

> A three-cent piece, if it could be divided into a sufficient number of pieces, with each piece capable of being handled, would undoubtedly suffice for doing all the business of the country in the way of facilitating exchanges, if no other better instrumentality was available.—*New York Herald, February* 13, 1875.

He means here to say, that "a three-cent piece" contains *as much real, true, and natural market value*, as it would be necessary that all the money of the country should have, *if the government would but prohibit all other money;* that is, if the government, by its arbitrary legislative power, would but make all other and better money unavailable.

And this is the theory, on which John Locke, David Hume, Adam Smith, David Ricardo, J. R. McCulloch, and John Stuart Mill, in England, and Amasa Walker, Charles H. Carroll, Hugh McCulloch, in this country, and all the other conspicuous advocates of the monopoly, both in this country and in England, have attempted to justify it. They have all held that it was not necessary that money should be a *bona fide* equivalent of the labor or property to be bought with it; but that, by the prohibition of all other money, the holders of a comparatively worthless amount of licensed money would be enabled to buy, at their own prices, the labor and property of all other men.

And this is the theory on which the governments of England and the United States have always, with immaterial exceptions, acted, in prohibiting all but such small amounts of money as they (the governments) should specially license. *And it is the theory upon which they act now.* And it is so manifestly a theory of pure robbery, that scarce a word can be necessary to make it more evidently so than it now is.

But inasmuch as your mind seems to be filled with the wildest visions of the excellency of this government, and to be strangely ignorant of its wrongs; and inasmuch as this monopoly of money is, in its practical operation, one of the greatest—possibly the greatest—of all these wrongs, and the one that is most relied upon for robbing the great body of the people, and keeping them in poverty and servitude, it is plainly important that you should have your eyes opened on the subject. I therefore submit, for your consideration, the following self-evident propositions:

1. That to make all traffic just and equal, it is indispensable that, in each separate purchase and sale, the money paid should be a *bona fide* equivalent of the labor or property bought with it.

Dare you, or any other man, of common sense and common honesty, dispute the truth of that proposition? If not, let us consider that principle established. It will then serve as one of the necessary and infallible guides to the true settlement of all the other questions that remain to be settled.

2. That so long as no force or fraud is practised by either party, the parties themselves, to each separate contract, have the sole, absolute, and unqualified right to decide for themselves, *what money, and how much of it*, shall be considered a *bona fide* equivalent of the labor or property that is to be exchanged for it. All this is necessarily implied in the *natural* right of men to make their own contracts, for buying and selling their respective commodities.

Will you dispute the truth of that proposition?

3. That any one man, who has an honest dollar, of any kind whatsoever, has as perfect a right, as any other man can have, to offer it in the market, in competition with any and all other dollars, in exchange for such labor or property as may be in the market for sale.

Will you dispute the truth of that proposition?

4. That where no fraud is practised, every person, who is mentally competent to make reasonable contracts, must be presumed to be as competent to judge of the value of the money that is offered in the market, as he is to judge of the value of all the other commodities that are bought and sold for money.

Will you dispute the truth of that proposition?

5. That the free and open market, in which all honest money and all honest commodities are free to be given and received in exchange for each other, is the true, final, absolute, and only test of the true and natural market value of all money, as of all the other commodities that are bought and sold for money.

Will you dispute the truth of that proposition?

6. That any prohibition, by a government, of any such kind or amount of money—provided it be honest in itself—as the parties to contracts may voluntarily agree to give and receive in exchange for labor or property, is a palpable violation of their natural right to make their own contracts, and to buy and sell their labor and property on such terms as they may find to be necessary for the supply of their wants, or may think most beneficial to their interests.

Will you dispute the truth of that proposition?

7. That any government, that licenses a small amount of an article of such universal necessity as money, and that gives the control of it into a few hands, selected by itself, and then prohibits any and all other money—that is intrinsically honest and valuable—palpably violates all other men's natural right to make their own contracts, and infallibly proves its purpose to be to enable the few holders of the licensed money to rob all other persons in the prices of their labor and property.

Will you dispute the truth of that proposition?

Are not all these propositions so self-evident, or so easily demonstrated, that they cannot, with any reason, be disputed?

If you feel competent to show the falsehood of any one of them, I hope you will attempt the task.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

A ROMANCE.

By N. G. TCHERNYCHEWSKY.

Translated by Benj. R. Tucker.

Continued from No. 67.

X.

"Almost all the paths of civil life are formally closed to us, and those which are not closed by formal obstacles are by practical difficulties. Only the family is left us. What occupation can we engage in, outside of the family? That of a governess is almost the only one; perhaps we have one other resource,—that of giving lessons (such lessons as are left after the men have chosen). But we all rush into this single path and stifle there. We are too numerous to find independence in it. There are so many to choose from that no one needs us. Who would care to be a governess? When any one wants one, he is besieged by ten, a hundred, or even more applicants, each trying to get the place to the detriment of the others.

"No, until women launch out into a greater number of careers, they will not enjoy independence. It is difficult, to be sure, to open a new road. But I occupy an especially favorable position for doing it. I should be ashamed not to profit by it. We are not prepared for serious duties. For my part, I do not know how far a guide is indispensable to me in order to confront them. But I do know that every time I need him I shall find him, and that he will always take great pleasure in helping me.

"Public prejudice has closed to us such paths of independent activity as the law has not forbidden us to enter. But I can enter whichever of these paths I choose, provided I am willing to brave the usual gossip. Which shall I choose? My husband is a doctor; he devotes all his leisure time to me. With such a man it would be easy for me to attempt to follow the medical profession.

"Indeed, it is very important that there should be women-physicians. They would be very useful to persons of their own sex. It is much easier for a woman to talk to another woman than to a man. How much distress, suffering, and death would thus be averted! The experiment must be tried."

XI.

Véra Pavlovna finished the conversation with her husband by putting on her hat to follow him to the hospital, where she wished to try her nerves and see if she could stand the sight of blood and whether she would be capable of pursuing the study of anatomy. In view of Kirsanoff's position in the hospital, there certainly would be no obstacles in the way of this attempt.

I have already unconsciously compromised Véra Pavlovna several times from the poetical standpoint; I have not concealed the fact, for instance, that she dined every day, and generally with a good appetite, and that further she took tea twice a day. But I have now reached a point where, in spite of the depravity of my tastes, I am seized with scruples, and timidly I ask myself: Would it not be better to conceal this circumstance? What will be thought of a woman capable of studying medicine?

What coarse nerves, what a hard heart, she must have! She is not a woman, she is a butcher. Nevertheless, remembering that I do not set up my characters as ideal types, I calm myself: let them judge as they will of the coarseness of Véra Pavlovna's nature, how can that concern me? She is coarse? Well! be it so.

Consequently I say in the most cold-blooded way that she found it one thing to look at others do and quite another to do herself. And indeed whoever is at work has no time to be frightened and feel repugnance or disgust. So Véra Pavlovna studies medicine, and I number among my acquaintances one of those who introduced this novelty among us. She felt transformed by the study, and she said to herself: In a few years I shall get a foothold.

That is a great thought. There is no complete happiness without complete independence. Poor women that you are, how few of you enjoy this happiness!

XII.

One year, two years pass; yet another year will pass from the time of her marriage with Kirsanoff, and Véra Pavlovna's occupation will be the same as now; many years will pass, and her days will still be the same, unless something special happens. Who knows what the future will bring? Up to the time when I write these lines, nothing special has happened, and Véra Pavlovna's occupations have not changed. Now that the frank confession of Véra Pavlovna's bad taste in daring to study medicine and succeed in it has been made, it is easy for me to speak of anything; nothing else can harm her as much in the estimation of the public. So I will say that now, in the Rue Serguievskaia, Véra Pavlovna's day is divided into three parts,—by her morning cup of tea, her dinner, and her evening tea; yes, she has kept up the unpoetic habit of dining every day and taking tea twice a day: she finds it pleasant; in general, she has kept up all her habits of that sort.

Many other things have remained the same as before in this new and peaceful life.

The rooms are divided into the neutral and the non-neutral; all the rules regarding entrance into the non-neutral rooms are still the same. However, there are a few notable changes.

For instance, they no longer take tea in the neutral room; they take their evening tea in Kirsanoff's study and their morning tea in Véra Pavlovna's chamber.

On awaking in the morning she dozes and tosses about as of old, now sleeping, now meditating. She now has two new subjects of reflection, which in the third year of her marriage were followed by a third, the little Mitia,* so named in honor of her friend Dmitry; the two others are, first, the sweet thought of the independence that she is to acquire, and, second, the thought of Sacha; the latter cannot even be called a special thought, being mingled with all her thoughts, for her dear husband participates in her whole life.

After having taken a bath, she takes tea, or rather cream, with Sacha, after which she lounges again, not on her bed this time, but on her little divan, until ten or eleven o'clock, the time when Sacha is to go to the hospital, or the *clinique*, or else the academical lecture-room. But her mornings were not on that account devoted to idleness; as soon as Sacha, after drinking his last cup, had lit his cigar, one of the two said to the other: "Let's go to work," or else: "Enough! enough! now for work!" What work? you ask. The private lesson. Sacha is her private tutor in medicine; she is aided by him still further in mathematics, and in Latin, which is perhaps even more tiresome than mathematics, but for that matter the Academy of Medicine requires but very little. I should be very careful about asserting that Véra Pavlovna will ever know enough Latin to translate even two lines of Cornelius Nepos, but she already knew enough to decipher the Latin phrases which she met in medical books, and that was what she needed. This is the finishing touch; I see that I am compromising Véra Pavlovna enormously: probably the reader with the pen". . . . .

XIII.

A DIGRESSION CONCERNING BLUE-STOCKINGS.

"*A blue-stocking!* The last degree of *blue-stocking!* I cannot abide a blue-stocking. A blue-stocking is stupid and tiresome!" exclaims angrily, but not without dignity, the reader with the penetrating eye.

The reader with the penetrating eye and myself are considerably attached to each other. He has insulted me once, I have put him out doors twice, and, in spite of all, we cannot help exchanging cordial words; a mysterious inclination of hearts, is it not?

To be continued.

THEN AND NOW.

XXIII.

QUOTATION FROM THE ADDRESS OF A BARBARIAN OF 1885.

BOSTON, November 14, 2085.

My Dear Louise:

Mr. De Demain's old scrap-book furnished him with another text for a little lecture on a recent evening. The extract which he quoted was from an address delivered by some man, whose name time had obliterated, before a convention of bankers held in Chicago in 1885. It said:

> The capital of the day-laborer consists of his health, strength, experience, intelligence, and honesty; his stock in trade is so much of these as can be worked out of him in ten hours; his business consists in selling every day one day's worth of himself, and in replenishing by food, shelter, and warmth so much of his vital forces as have been either worked off or wasted. If they have been worked off for wages, these supply the means of replenishment; if they have run to waste, from want of profitable employment, they must be replenished at the expense of his savings, or remain either partially or wholly impaired.

"Do you wonder," said Mr. De Demain, "that I have frequently alluded to the age from which you come as an age of barbarism? Could anything better illustrate the feeling of the rich toward the poor in the Christian year 1885 than the words of this man? Could anything show better the true position of the laborers? The very same men who patted the workers on their backs and told them they were the foundation of civilization, the upholders of liberty, the backbone of the republic, whose power through the ballot was unlimited, told them also to their very faces that their whole stock in trade was so much of their health, strength, experience, intelligence, and honesty as could be worked out of them in ten hours!"

I must confess that this quotation staggered me. There was no doubt, however, but it was genuine, for extracts pasted above and below it on the same page contained in themselves evidence of having been printed in 1885.

"I have only this comment to make," said I: "the laboring men and women of two centuries ago were fools not to have denounced such sentiments by very decisive action. They should have taken the power of the ballot to have rid themselves of men who would act as this man talked. That they did not do it was their misery. If the rich could make the people believe that it was well for them to have their health, intelligence, and honesty squeezed out of them at so much per day, I do not see that the rich were so much to be blamed, after all."

"Allowing that the people were fools, is it any wonder, when they were expected to work the intelligence out of themselves at so much per ten hours? Allowing that they were vicious, is it to be wondered at when, to sustain life, they were expected to work out their honesty at so much per day?

"Here we have the acknowledgement of the rich that they considered the poor, the workers, as so many sponges which could be dipped into the springs of nature's wealth and then squeezed to the last drop into the dish of him who squeezed.

"You think the rich were not to blame if the workers, after they had been drained of their health, strength, experience, honesty, and intelligence by the rich, did not raise objections strong enough to overthrow the system? I am too well acquainted with you to believe that your heart will allow you to entertain such ideas. What could the laborers do after their "stock in trade"—including strength, intelligence, and virtue—had been worked out of them? Is it any wonder that they submitted to the robbery of profit for so many generations? Is it not a wonder that they were ever able to emancipate themselves from such serfdom as my quotation shows them to have been in? Is it any wonder that they are so happy and prosperous now, when their stock in trade is not worked out of them, so much every day? Is it any wonder that I state so positively that Anarchy will never give place to governments? Is it any wonder that I speak in such strong language against the rich men and the statesmen of your generation and of the generations before it? Is it any wonder that we of today call profit robbery?

"I think not."

"I presume," said I, "if a man were to use such expressions in an address today, he would be mobbed?"

"Nothing of the kind. I doubt if he would draw a large audience, but he certainly would be offered no violence. Fear is the main cause of violence always; such a man would be looked upon as a harmless lunatic. We do not in this age mob men who hold views contrary to those of the majority. We do not call them a dangerous class. We feel secure, perfectly, in our social system. We know that Anarchy is right. We fear no innovation. There is no wronged class crying for redress of society's evils. There are no subdued mutterings of discontent; there are no cries for vengeance; there are no cries for work; there are no cries for bread; there is no selling of health, strength, intelligence, and virtue at so much per ten hours. We are satisfied with Anarchy, yet always striving for better things under it."

Privately, I wish that you would tell some one to find out who made this address, referred to by Mr. De Demain, and have him informed that it would be better for him and for the social system of your time if he will be more guarded in his remarks in the future.

JOSEPHINE.

*Mitia is the diminutive of Dmitry.

The New Haven Meeting.

To the Editor of Liberty:

Our expectations were fully realized. Mr. H. Appleton complied with our request, and came to New Haven for the purpose of addressing the debating club on Anarchy. Every seat in the hall was occupied, and all were greatly interested in the meeting. We had a table on which were displayed the beautiful books and pamphlets of Liberty's Library. The editor of the New Haven "Working Men's Advocate," who is something of a State Socialist and much of a labor reformer, was, of course, opposed to our selling Anarchistic literature "in that hall of the Unions," as Anarchism is at war with organized labor and trades-unions. I am sure I don't know where he could have got that interesting piece of information. Certainly not in Anarchistic works. And that for two reasons. First, he never read them. Second, he would not find it, if he had. But he saw at a glance that we meant business and would not listen to any argument against free competition. Judging from the receipts, a great many were poisoned by that literature of yours!

Mr. Appleton's speech was short, but extraordinarily good. It was indeed refreshing, after the labor reform and socialistic commonplace that the club had got tired of listening to for a long time previous to the meeting, to hear a deeply philosophical, scientific, and brilliant address. I will not report his speech here, for the readers of Liberty are not unfamiliar with his logic. They will be interested to know, however, that he made a good job of it. After stating what Anarchism is, he showed that it is not a mere theory, but a direct and logical outcome of the progressive movement to simplify and popularize government. The patriarch giving way to absolute monarchy, absolute monarchy to limited, constitutional monarchy, which, in its turn, was succeeded by a republican form of government and then a democratic, we must now go a step farther and establish Anarchy, or self-government. What can be said, then, of that kind of insanity, which is getting hold of some advanced people, who want more and more government, and would set up a big machine, a big monopoly, and thus return to absolutism! He went on to show that those who devise means and plans to reform the world are profoundly ignorant, and have yet to learn that Sociology is a science, and that its laws must be gradually discovered. Set the masses free, and let them act according to their own reason, stimulated by their wants and needs, and we will soon see the good result. I must stop. Your space is limited, and I want to say something about the objections that were raised to the Anarchistic doctrine of abolishing all authority, government, and statute law.

One said that he would readily grant perfect liberty to the individual if he were worthy of it. While the people are ignorant, uneducated, and selfish, some authority must direct them, lead them, and make laws for their benefit. Just think of a man who would flog his children every day in order to teach them self-respect! While government exists, the people will be slaves. "To liberty through liberty" must be the motto of every progressive mind. Trust to human nature. Trust to common sense and self-interest. Abolish all written, man-made laws and regulations, and you will find a higher, unwritten law operating and working in the field of human relations.

Another gentleman wanted to know if the Anarchists recognize the fact that humanity is an organism. As the brain is the authority over the whole human body, so humanity as a whole must have some authority to control it. "And that authority is common sense, enlightened self-interest," replied Mr. Appleton.

The speech made a deep impression upon the audience. The novelty of the ideas, the force and clearness of thought, and the unanswerable logic of the speaker charmed them, and gave them food for reflection.

Right here I must make some exceptions. Among these entirely converted, half-converted, interested, and delighted men there are a few who have neither the ability nor the willingness to accept new ideas and seek the truth. These abuse us, ridicule our work, and do all they can to oppose it. But where are they *not* to be found? More bigotry, ignorance, impudence, and self-conceit can be found in the second-class labor reformers than in all the churches in the world. But Anarchism pities them and tries to instruct them. "With malice toward none, with charity toward all," should be the motto of all radicals.

Yours fraternally,

VICTOR YARROS.

BIRMINGHAM, CONN., November 5, 1885.

Let the Landlords Rot!

[Henry Labouchere in London Truth.]

The state of the case is this, and every resident Irish landlord knows it until he forgets himself in the golden day-dream of the "Times's" leading article. The Irish farmers can't sell their cattle. They are prepared to sell at a loss; to sell on almost any terms, if only to avoid the expense of winter keep; but they can't sell at all. The beasts are driven about from fair to fair, and no one even asks the price of them. This is the story that is coming in from all parts of Ireland. What folly, then, to "call upon the government to stand firm," and the landlords to "keep a stiff backbone." Stiff, indeed! If they are stiff now, they will be mighty limp in another six months. If they do not want to break, they had better bend. The choice is not between a little rent and much, but between a little rent and none. When the land act was passed, it was foreseen by all persons whose eyes were not at the back of their heads that it would not prove a final settlement. The most that was hoped for was that it would give a breathing space. But it has not even done that. The times have moved faster than one could have imagined. What was a "fair rent" four years ago is a "rack rent" now. Add to this that the commissioners, as a rule, took a sanguine rather than a despondent view of the prospects of Irish agriculture. The present situation is the result. As to remedies, one thing at least is plain. All the coercion in the world won't raise the price of farm produce. But with regard to the landlords, we may take one of two courses,—buy them up or let them rot where they are. As a taxpayer, I object to buying them up. My advice is to let them rot. I don't know what use they are, and, besides, it is their turn. All Ireland has rotted under their sway. But, by the way, if they don't like rotting, there is one thing they might do,—work for their living.

A Broadside into Grantolatry.

A brave official of the United States navy is sending the following to American editors. As no other paper is likely to have the courage to print it, it shall find a place here. There is more truth in it than good prose.

Had Grant's name not been short and crisp, and therefore adapted to being hysterically chirruped, it had not been so glibly sung by the emerald goslings of the land. He could not have had godly humility, or he would not have allowed fellow-beings to make themselves such condemned fools concerning him. Likely enough, pleaded for Paradise his own editor-created merits, instead of the only sesame, the Merits of Christ. A test of generalship is heavy adverse odds; but Grant's proportion in Virginia was six lusty, well-supplied Unionists to each ragged, starving foe; yet his loss more than half his forces, political influence replenishing him, as no predecessor was, with inexhaustible numbers; thus enabling him, destitute of strategy, or any other remarkable talent, except for puffing cigars, to slowly drown out Lee's army in the blood of his own. Such blundering was shame instead of glory, and only kept every true general out of the leadership. His presidency was a notorious saturnalia of jobbery, malfeasance, and illegalities; debauchery of Congress, the judiciary, and public service. The national fabric seemed then hopelessly rotting down. Devotee and minion of millionaire cads, monopolists, and land stealers. Caused Cuba's independence to fail, and her patriot blood to be shed in vain,—this to please Fish, whose son-in-law was Spanish advocate; altogether one of the basest crimes in history. Held the carpet-baggers up, and the Southern Legislatures down, by bayonets in time of peace, till his last executive day. Persecuted adverse witnesses wherever possible: thus Thomas, the victor of Nashville, was denied every favor; Custer, the prince of youthful heroes, was arbitrarily degraded in rank; and a New York firm had to put its eight ships under a foreign flag as the only escape. Wanted and expected to be President for life, and never forgave his party its withholding a third nomination. Did his utmost to exclude President Tilden, and bring in the impostor Hayes, when nothing but the amazing patriotism and self-sacrifice of Tilden averted another civil war, "Grant, the grim grabber" (Burdette's phrase) standing ready for a dictatorship, or anything else grabable. Travelled around the world, leaving the impression that we are a nation of hogs, by his carrying away costly courtesy offerings not intended for acceptance unless reciprocated. His bankership was characteristic: the same surrounding himself with the worst men obtainable; never known to listen to any warning or complaint against them; deeming nothing dishonest so it seemed to pay; and as wasteful of the dollars of his friends as of the lives of his soldiers. Toady editors proclaimed this illustrator of "the dignity of dulness," the perfection of all wisdom and knowledge; the infallible judge, gauger, and sizer-up of all men. But when he bilked, they had to make him out an ignoramus, or a gander, to try and save him from having to follow his partners to states-prison. Died just in time. A MAN IS KNOWN BY THE COMPANY HE CHOOSES. Monument fund (headed by Jay Gould) better be applied to the swindling debts of "Grant and Ward." As these editors now conspire to make a Jeroboam Calf, Diana of the Ephesians, or Chinese Joss of this Hiram (alias Ulysses) Grant, I feel it my duty (merely for Christianity *vs.* Paganism—that is all) to luff up and rake a broadside into their grantolatry, and to post this Grant, as, in his three capacities,—General, President, Banker,—never aught else than a blooming Humbug and a National Nuisance; which these facts sustain. His domestic virtues must not obscure the truth that, in public life, open to any man's reviewing, he was the most overrated and dangerous character that ever pestered the Republic which my family helped to found.

ROBERT RODNEY, U. S. N.

Landlordism's Dread.

[Michael Davitt.]

It is not an Irish Parliamentary Party in the House of Commons so much as a determined organization in Ireland which Landlordism dreads; and where this infamous system can be hit the hardest, there is where I deem it my duty to be.

Mental Lucidity.

A gentleman who prides himself on having renounced his allegiance to two despotisms, that of the Bible and that of King Alcohol, an ardent prohibitionist, who in his prayers changes the spelling of God to Government, has been reading Liberty and "Lucifer" a little, and says "he is free to admit that Anarchy thus far seems more attractive than State Socialism, but that the moral necessity for prohibition would remain the same after the establishment of Anarchy or of State Socialism." See how even sincere men can tinker with words, while absolutely blind to the principles for which they stand. This casuist, who wants legislation to help him keep sober, professes not to be a party man, and is scandalized at the idea that his majority-vote prohibitionism brings him into line with the "God-in-the-Constitutionists." He boasts of being a "Free Thinker," because he would not vote for St. John upon that party platform, nor uphold the authority of Moses, who does not happen to be the candidate for president or governor. But the majority vote to control individual conduct, and pass laws to make men good or to keep them out of temptation to do wrong,—oh, that is all right, when it happens to agree with his own notions. Personal liberty that does not square with them does not deserve a moment's consideration. Is there not here something like delirium tremens in the moral sphere?

EDGEWORTH.

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

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"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.

Germinal and the Censors.

BY ÉMILE ZOLA.

Ah! writers, my brothers, what a week I have just passed! I wish no one the misfortune of having a piece in distress at the office of the minister of public instruction. A week of vain agitation amid imbecile goings on! and cab drives through a beating rain in a filthy Paris swamped in mud! and the waits in the ante-chamber, the goings and comings from office to office! and the pity of the attendants, who begin to know you! and the shame of feeling one's self becoming stupid in the midst of all this administrative stupidity!

The heart beats; one would like to hit somebody. One feels lessened, diminished, in the attitude of a brave man who bends his spine, taken with anguish and glancing behind him to see if any one is looking at him. A thorough disgust rises in my throat, and I want to spit it out upon the ground.

Well, then, the Censure, which our poor Republic has had the shame to garland with the title of Examining Commission, had singled out "Germinal," the drama constructed from my romance by M. William Busnach, as a socialistic work, the representation of which would involve the greatest dangers from the standpoint of order. And right here I insist on the absolutely political character of the quarrel that has been raised with us. Nothing contrary to morals has been pointed out in the piece. We have been condemned solely because the piece is republican and socialistic. Let no one try to create a misunderstanding.

As for the Censure, it has performed its function, and one can only complain that its function is such a dirty one. These people are paid to strangle written thought: they strangle it; at least they earn their money. If they exist, the blame rests on those who vote them salaries. A question which I must put aside that I may not be too long, but which perhaps I shall consider some time, with the developments that it permits.

But, as far as we are concerned, the Censure disappears, retires into its muddy cellar to crawl; and here we are in presence of a high functionary, M. Edmond Turquet, undersecretary of fine arts. M. Busnach and myself enter upon the campaign hopefully, for it seems to us impossible for a republican government to prohibit a republican piece. The elections of the fourth of October had caused us a good deal of anxiety, which the second ballotings of the eighteenth had just happily dissipated.

First visit. M. Turquet receives us with an artist's *nonchalance*, an ingenuous air, and a sympathetic shake of the hand. We find him simply a little fatigued. Moreover, he has read nothing, he has just arrived; and he flames against the Censure more violently than ourselves, and asks us if we have not sufficient influence in the press to get this odious institution abolished. He has asked for the suppression of the censors, but has not been listened to. And every moment he lifts his hands to his head, crying: "My God! what a cruel position is mine! No, no, I prefer not to concern myself in the matter; it will be the misfortune of my life."

Finally, in an outburst of benevolence, he tramples upon administrative customs, and tries to read aloud the report of the Censure; but his emotion is too much for him, and he calls his secretary, who reads the document in our presence. A pretty document, I assure you; Jocrisse in the *rôle* of critic, the opinions of a janitor stated in the style of a constable: it is a shame to see our works in such hands. In short, the good M. Turquet, who seems to be on our side, promises to examine the piece; and we go away, certain that matters are going to be arranged.

Second visit. I had returned quietly to the country, and M. Busnach makes his appearance alone. This time he finds M. Turquet very much agitated, but still fraternal. New outcries against the Censure; but the Censure exists, and M. Turquet does not want to lose his place. He is still indefinite; some passages will have to be expunged, but he does not get so far as to specify these passages; and he requires my presence. Another meeting is arranged; M. Busnach sends me a dispatch, summoning me in all haste.

Third visit. M. Turquet is pained to see us, and I begin to pity him seriously, for it is evident that all this work that we are making him is tiring him more and more. Yet we try to discuss, to learn from his mouth what the objectionable passages are. But this *rôle* of the executioner upsets him, he hands us the manuscript twenty times over, and cries: "No, no, enough of this; I prefer to prohibit it!" It was becoming touching and trying. At last, after pressing questions, we gather from him that his fears are confined almost exclusively to the scene of the police.

Here I must say that our famous police, about whom there has been so much talk, simply crossed the stage amid the strikers, and that they fired only from the wings, where their guns went off of themselves in the hubbub. We had made all possible extenuations, substituting for the army a squad of policemen, explaining that neither the miners nor the police detested each other, but that both were the victims of fatality. The piece is a work of pity and not of revolution.

Never mind, M. Turquet would have no police. "But they can cross the stage?" No! "Then they shall not appear; only gun-shots shall be heard." No! "Not even gun-shots in the distance?" No! Thanks, at last we know what M. Turquet wants: the scene of the police modified, some passages too distinctly socialistic expunged, and the piece is restored to us. We arrange another meeting, again believing the affair settled.

But here another character enters upon the scene,—M. Goblet, minister of public instruction. In the course of our interviews with M. Turquet, we had asked to see him, and he had sent us word that he was in agreement with his undersecretary and left the matter entirely to him. I return to spend Sunday in the country, where I receive from the ministry a dispatch announcing that the minister expects us on Monday. At first, stupefaction at this jumble; then, satisfaction at the hope that at last we are to see a man who will settle the affair in five minutes.

In a cab, under a diluvian rain, I give M. Busnach such information as I have concerning M. Goblet.

A petty lawyer at Amiens, enjoying a certain reputation in his neighborhood; attorney-general on the Fourth of September; elected deputy in 1873, under the favor of Gambetta; an energetic republican, who has passed from a soft red to a brilliant red in company with events; a traitor to Gambetta's memory and at swords' points with the opportunists, who hate him; and, to finish with a stroke, it is whispered at the ministry that "he receives secret visits from Clémenceau."

"You see," said I, innocently, to M. Busnach, "this is our man."

Fourth visit. First, we fall into the midst of an agitated ministry. Ever since morning the minister has been raging in his private office; we see messengers running to and fro in consternation, and young secretaries passing with disconcerted faces. Again it is the good M. Turquet who has unchained this storm, for he has had the politeness, in one of his forgetful moments, to hand back to us the manuscript annotated by the Censure that we might expunge the objectionable passages. It seems that this was wrong. The minister is in a stew to get this manuscript, which he wanted to read before receiving us.

We enter. From the door I see my man: he is the enemy. A little man, dry, cold, and irritable,—one of those little men who are never resigned to their littleness. The sinister mouth of the lawyer, the hard eyes of the *bourgeois* whom ambition has made a republican under the Republic, and who takes his revenge when he can by satisfying the malice and prejudices of his race. Evidently this man does not know Paris; he does not know how to receive a writer or how to talk to him; all that he knows of our Parisian theatre he has learned from the provincial tours of Madame Sarah Bernhardt. Polite, however; he asked us to sit down.

And, before a single word had been exchanged, I felt his look fastened upon us. At last he held us both in his hands, and saw his opportunity of avenging Amiens. I will not say that he does not like my literature, for he has not read me; but I am greatly mistaken if there is not some one in his family who abominates me. Anxious, we cast furtive glances behind the draperies to see if officers were not stationed there to take us away. We were malefactors before a judge; and the frightful silence continued.

Nevertheless M. Busnach sacrificed himself by giving back the manuscript to M. Goblet, and what then followed stupefied me. The minister, who had not read the piece, could not speak of it; and yet he did speak of it, on the strength of what had been told him, but senselessly, accusing us, among other things, of winding up with a general massacre, when the scene of the police is the seventh out of twelve: undoubtedly, the good M. Turquet had confused them. Impossible to come to an understanding; in fact, a frightful mess.

And then, abruptly, M. Goblet starts off on a tirade against the press. Ah! M. Goblet does not like the press; for it he has the hatred of the provincial and the authoritarian. In his most disagreeable tone he says to me: "And this campaign that you have begun against me in the newspapers! It is impossible to govern, if my decisions are to be discussed before they are taken." I looked at him, amazed, and responded: "Monsieur, I have begun nothing at all; I cannot prevent the newspapers from speaking. If I take part in the discussion, I shall sign my name and you will see it."

Then he falls upon M. Edouard Lockroy. "My excellent friend, M. Lockroy, has written to me saying that he feels sure that we will restore the piece to you. I should like to see him in my place!" I greatly desired to answer that that might happen sooner than he wished; I wondered at the anger of this man floundering about in our Paris without knowing it. In fact, at the request of M. Busnach, his friend, M. Lockroy had written a letter, my profound gratitude for which I ought here to signify; and this letter was what it should have been, the letter of a child of Paris, of a literary man of great wit and talent, of a man, in short, who knows our dear city, who does not fear the effect upon it of theatrical battles, for he knows that it lives principally upon passion and that the finest days of our literature have been days of struggle. But make that intelligible, if you can, to a determined man who would like to see our theatres as calm as that of Amiens!

"Monsieur," I say to him, "I am not a party man, as you know; I am an artist. All opinions have the floor in 'Germinal.'" And he answers: "I do not like this eclecticism."

He turned over the leaves of the manuscript, wishing to know the climax. Then, after reading, he declares: "That might have been said differently, but it is not what they described to me."

From that moment we were lost. I had still one more feeble ray of hope, for the good M. Turquet came in, having been sent for by the minister, and it was agreed that he should read the piece again in order to give us a final answer. He shuts himself up in his private office, forbids any one to enter, and asks us for two hours with mournful gestures.

Fifth visit. Two hours later we return. M. Turquet had fled, leaving word that the manuscript had been returned to M. Goblet, and that the latter would give us a reply the next day.

Sixth visit. The rain again pouring in torrents. We are exactly on time, and they seem stupefied and embarrassed at seeing us. M. Goblet is not in, M. Turquet is not in; they finally explain to us that the minister decided to write us a letter, entirely with his own hand, like the emperor, to inform us that he regretted his inability to authorize the representation of our piece. They did not condescend to receive us; they sent us word that they were not in, as if we were beggars. We are only writers; it is safe to treat us with contempt. And we put on our hats, and went out into the rain again.

Now, what? Shall we laugh, or get angry? Evidently there is but one man to complain of in all this,—M. Goblet. He has gone through the farce of getting the approval of the Cabinet, which was easy, by bringing false quotations. But he certainly did not tell the Cabinet that we had taken out the police and offered to soften down all the passages that seemed to him disturbing in their tendency. And besides, it is inadmissible that the entire Cabinet could be capable of suppressing a work in this fashion. M. Goblet alone is responsible, and, when M. Goblet is turned out, "Germinal" will be played.

Would a single one of the deputies of Paris be against us? If I were to collect signatures for the abolition of the Censure,

Continued on page 7.

IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 69.

The circle again gathered round him, curious, palpitating, in the solemn and religious silence of mysterious initiations; but Neill moved his tongue only to say:

"Somewhere else than on the road."

"There are only brothers here," urged an impatient one, "brothers and the birds who have gone to sleep."

All were not asleep.

The heavy flight of a partridge gaining a neighboring thicket beat the air ten steps behind them, and at the same time the furious yelping of the dogs which were held chained broke forth, reinforced by redoubled blows of the whip and furious oaths of the valet, whom they pulled about, tugging at their collars.

"Hunter Gowan!" said Treor.

A brute, cruel as his master, Newington, and singled out for the righteous blows of popular vengeance at the day of reckoning; they could hear distinctly what he said to his beasts.

"If it is to set your fangs in the carcass of the party below, I'll let you loose; but no, you would die poisoned by such crow's meat."

Treor repressed the keen retorts with which they started to lash him, and advised them to treat him with silent scorn; but when Gowan, coming nearer, distinguished their attitudes of sovereign contempt, he railed at them directly:

"They will make you look at us from a higher point yet, presently,—from the top of the trees where they will hang you!"

Through a notch in the hill which hid the sun, a ray of light illuminated suddenly Paddy Neill, and the abusive and malicious pride of the valet turned into rough hilarity.

He coarsely reviled the Irishman.

"It is not near enough to the holidays to wear masks, and too far from the summer to have the head shaved."

"Ah! I see," he continued, "the fellow has had a quarrel with his lady-love, and she has pulled his ugly head of hair out by the roots."

The muttering which grew louder, precursor of an irrepressible explosion; the threatening attitude of all in the group,—did not intimidate him, but rather stimulated his stupid and silly wit, and he continued:

"Really, friend, I pity you; with such a muzzle, you will not soon find a woman who will consent to embrace you."

"You deceive yourself!". said Marian, in whom, in a moment, a tempest of feeling had risen; and advancing in the midst of the moved and respectful admiration of every one.

And while Gowan's surly dogs violently shook their leash in an effort to break it and throw themselves on Paddy Neill, Treor's little daughter kissed with her virgin lips the martyr's lacerated forehead and his eyes, through which a fountain of blood seemed to be coursing.

CHAPTER II.

As he saw, for the third time that evening, a gentle half-opening of the heavy tapestry curtain which covered one of the entrances to the hall where he was receiving the report of Hunter Gowan and that of Casper, the gelder, the Duke of Newington, quite beside himself, his furious voice filling the lofty room and making the suits of armor under the ancestral portraits resound, demanded: "Who is there? Who is there?"

Receiving no answer, he rose hastily, kicking his dog Myrrha, who lay curled in a ring near his chair, and hurried to the door in order to unmask the intruder, the inconsiderate man, perhaps the spy who had either been betrayed by his own stupidity or else defied him.

He grasped furiously in his fingers his hunting-whip, which never left him, and through the thickness of the carpet the floor groaned under his enormous weight that multiplied the fury of his gait. Woe to the man whom he in his apoplectic rage should strike a single blow of this whip or of his boxing-glove which broke in two the tavern tables.

But, half way to the curtain, it opened wide, and, in the angle of light cut off thereby, the white profile of the Duchess Ellen, smiling and mocking, framed itself.

"You!" said he, astonished, but reassured, amused, brightened up, this virulent giant having in regard to this extraordinary young woman, proud and feline, at once the mildness and rapture of a lion subdued and fawning.

"Me," said she, entering; "curious about what is going on, and waiting till you should be alone in order to find out."

"Are there, then, secrets from you, watchwords which do not fall when you present yourself?" demanded he, with reproach in his tone, in his attitude.

"Oh!" she answered, "I do not meddle with the affairs of State. My women have told me of trouble in the village, laughing to kill themselves at a scandalous and ridiculous scene of which Gowan was a witness; just tell me whether we are in any immediate danger."

She spoke without any emotion of irritation or fear; she inquired without the least real curiosity. With evident indifference to the facts which she related and to the possible peril, her mind wandered elsewhere.

Then, suddenly, the vermillion arch of her sensuous mouth stretched and became pallid, expressing ferocious vindictiveness; her bushy eyebrows met, crossing her disdainful face with a hard red line and shading the clearness of her eyes, as changeable as the sea; her sensitive nostrils quivered, and her high and prominent bosom lifted with hurried breaths the silvery brocade of her dress; so many phenomena indicating a vehement anxiety.

And suddenly, perceiving that the Duke was looking at her with solicitude, she resumed her former smile, like a closed flower which opens again, and, foreseeing embarrassing questions, drew away to retire, yielding prettily and with an amiable *abandon* her hand to Newington, who imprisoned it in his.

"I will return immediately," said she.

At the same time she lent a listening ear to steps along the middle corridor, the sound of which caused her nervous shocks, and she fretted at finding herself captive in the strong pressure of her husband's hands, who, finding her skin burning hot and her pulse abnormally accelerated, begged her not to alarm herself in this way.

"Yes, there are footsteps that way, but it is one of the servants, or perhaps Richard who is returning."

"No," interrupted she, briefly and ceasing to listen, weaker, more feverish, forcing Newington to relax his hold, "it is not Sir Richard."

"And you fear that it may be, saw it, what? an assassin?"

Dismissing Hunter Gowan, the Duke ordered him to go and see, and to make a minute patrol everywhere in order to prove that every door was well bolted and carefully barricaded.

Vainly the Duchess declared this luxury of precaution needless, and tried to keep from trembling with fear. What was she experiencing? Why this uneasiness, this fever, these irregular pulsations? And her confused features, this sentinel-like vigilance, this hearing as acute as a sentry's?

At last she admitted—with a bad grace, it is true, and as if to cut short all observations—that vague apprehensions haunted her; but they would disperse, quite of themselves, later, at daybreak.

The Duke comprehended them; in the heat of the first instant, the rioters had declared an intention of charging on the castle. But they would not venture; they were more brawlers than brave men, and well knew how they would be received.

With the end of his whip he pointed out conceitedly the overwhelming panoplies which decorated the walls, where glittered the steel of all imaginable weapons: sabres sharp enough to cut stones; lances pointed like fishbones; pistols of all sizes, muskets of all patterns, not to mention the pikes, the arrows, the spears, and boarding-axes newly ground and glittering like a gull's wings; clubs thicker than a man's thigh.

A complete orchestra, irresistible to make the Bunclodyans and their relatives and comrades living near dance with the frogs of the ditch!

Quite silent, the Duchess had turned to a window, and, leaning her forehead against the glass, the cold of which refreshed her, looked into the dark court and over the top of the trees which were dimly defined and through which the wind moaned, into the open country where the darkness was still more dense.

"You are bent on assuring yourself that the enemy is not preparing in the darkness to make an assault on us," said Newington; and, full of earnest solicitude for her, he proposed—it was very simple—that the servants should light the environs with torches, and, if they chanced to encounter tramps, wandering about instead of sleeping, they should cover them with rosin and light them like lanterns.

"Give the order, Casper!"

The gelder shook his head and, without moving, criticised the idea, calculated to frighten the parishioners, while it was desirable, on the contrary, to fill them with a mistaken sense of security while they were plotting their conspiracy; unless, indeed, it were better to capture the bird in the nest.

He convinced the Duke; but the young lady, who had appeared not to hear, suddenly thanked Newington for his perfectly ingenious proposition, and accepted it, save in that which concerned the living torches.

"Yes, yes, light in profusion," said she, with enthusiasm, "especially at the entrances of the village streets. The chief counsellor is Treor, they tell me; let them flood his house with light."

Opinionated and stubborn, Casper only looked grim, twisted viciously his cap of otter in his short, fat, hairy fingers, and did not stir, swearing that the Duchess was quite wrong in her anxiety, that she might sleep night after night as calm as the leopards in the coats-of-arms, carved on the sides of the towers and embroidered on the tapestries.

"The revolt is hardly born yet," concluded he; "it must grow, and, in any case, cannot bite till it is unmuzzled."

The Duchess not comprehending this metaphor, Casper went on to elucidate:

"The signal for the explosion will come from Dublin; at present, we are organizing ourselves."

"We!" This man belonged then to the conspirators. Ah! . . . good, this was a traitor. The Duchess Ellen scrutinized him. Dirty, sickening, in the blotched wrinkles of his unhealthy flesh lodged all manner of vile instincts, and on the pimply skin of this squint-eyed and sullen drunkard were traced the thousand infamies of an existence which was, doubtless, as criminal as intemperate. A man who followed the trade of a traitor was capable of no matter what crime! Up to this time her restless eyes had certainly been filled with some absent image; but now, softening the contempt which deluged her, she let her gaze hover about this miserable wretch.

"Move yourself, then, Casper, and obey," said Newington, irritated by the inertia of this block. "Torches in both hands: fifty through the fields and over Bunclody; let the cocks wake up and crow, believing that the sun has risen."

But Ellen had changed her mind, and hoped now to hear reports on what had already taken place, what was planned, and the names of the conspirators,—all, all, without exception; above all, be it well understood, above all if there were among the number friends, servants, or residents in the castle!

"Do you suspect any of our people?" questioned the Duke, suspiciously.

"Who knows?" she said.

And the gelder, now in his element as informer, narrated complaisantly and with all the details what he knew.

The emissary of the secret committee seated in the capital, Paddy Neill, the mutilated, had transmitted strict orders from the leaders. Far from acting hastily, the future rebels were to feign absolute calmness, indifference to injuries, pardon to outrages; opposing to all vexations, all direct provocations, only the resignation of the conquered, of Christians ready for martyrdom; but, by means of this appearance of peacefulness, to reunite clandestinely, in isolated places, at unseasonable hours of the night, in order to take account of their numbers, encourage each other, preserve the determination to demand their rights, and fan the flame of retaliation without mercy!

And the knave sneered at the thought of these illusory precautions, when he assisted at all their councils.

"They have commenced this evening their dark work," said the Duke; "with grand preparation, inviting their God to the ceremony, swearing solemnly, on the Bible, to unite for the deliverance of their country, though it should cost the property of those who have any, their liberty, their lives, and even the risk of infernal tortures."

"On the Bible!" repeated the Duchess, who was visibly interested in this news, and only simulated an indifference which she did not inwardly feel.

"Is it only the men who have bound themselves by oath, or the women also?" demanded she.

"The women also!" responded Casper; "imagine them in that atmosphere of nauseating fumes of gin."

"The women, faith!" commented the Duke in an outburst of frankness and humanity very unusual with him. "They are the ones who seem to me most in need of a change. Death would be, on the whole, better than their situation, and their torment is to devote themselves from daylight till dark, without rest, to hard and fruitless labor on the land, or to bleach out at the bottom of some hovel in the stench of housekeeping; for they always have a litter of children."

He caressed paternally, and like the head of an adored child, the silken neck and cool nose of Myrrha, who lolled at his feet, and felicitated her on not being one of those Irishwomen obliged to get their living by digging in the earth, or to mould with their litters in some filthy corner!

Meanwhile Casper enumerated all those who had taken the oath of deliverance,

had promised on the sacred book to sacrifice, in the common cause, their lives, their families, their hearts.

Lawrence Murphy of the tumbled-down hut near the pond where the cattle drank freely; the widow of Effy Padge, who lived in a veritable pig-sty opposite the tavern, and who idled the whole blessed day among the yellow books, preferring the scrawl of a printed leaf to a morsel of bread.

Lady Ellen, before a Venetian glass set on the shelf of an Italian credence, busied herself in re-arranging in coils a heavy tress that had fallen from her neck to her heels, and, unskilful, turned it indefinitely about the sheaves of fawn-colored hair upon which the light of the chandelier threw its sparkling reflections.

She wearied her arms with this work, but the impatience which she showed and which arched the curve of her imperial nose proceeded from the exasperating delay of Casper in pronouncing, instead of those which were indifferent or unknown, the one single name which signified anything to her, and which was on the end of her tongue.

He continued monotonously to file off his list in chronological order, as the oaths had succeeded each other.

Nathaly Durk, the wife of the peddler, whom the soldiers had thrown into the waters of Bann to drown books and French revolutionary journals which he refused to part with; Edith, who, in a pressing need of motherhood, had adopted Paddy Neill as a son while waiting the return of the real one, now in the service of the devil.

At this paroxysm of humor, the Duchess, unable to wait longer, inquired directly about the matter which tormented her unceasingly:

"And Marian, did she take the oath?" affecting a perfect indifference, but without success.

"Treor's little daughter?" demanded the gelder, "because there are several Marians."

"Yes, that one."

"She swore."

"How?"

"How? What do you mean? She extended her hand and repeated the same formula as her comrades:

"'Before God who sees our acts and who will judge us, I swear to consecrate myself, in thought, in word, in action, to the work of the United Irishmen. I swear, by God who has sacrificed himself for our redemption, to labor for the success of this work, without a complaint, without a regret, without faltering; having, until success is achieved, no other aim, no other passion, no other love.'"

To be continued.

THEN AND NOW.

XXIV.

SOMETHING IN WAY OF AN APOLOGY FOR THE PEOPLE OF TODAY.

BOSTON, November 28, 2085.

My Dear Louise:

On recommendation of Mr. De Demain I have been reading a book entitled "The Nineteenth Century in the Light of Today," written by one of the most popular authors of the present time. I have found the work intensely interesting, and, in order to give you an idea of what it contains, I will make a few extracts.

The author says in his introduction that the people of today are much too apt to criticise the people of two centuries ago for their methods of social life. "While," says he, "the methods were constructed, or suffered to remain, by the people, yet they should always be considered separately. The methods may be bad without qualification, but there is always something that palliates the offence of the people in using such methods. There is that in humanity, instilled by Nature, which makes it slow in adopting new methods of living. In every century there have been those—and not a few to a generation—who have cried: 'Try my remedy; I have the only genuine cure-all. You are sick unto death; my medicine will make you well and strong.' With scores of these nostrum-venders, each crying a different remedy, is it strange that the people for so long did not try the medicine that their ills needed?

"There were those with free trade, with unlimited coinage of money, with restricted coinage, with absolute freedom of suffrage for both sexes, with State Socialism in infinite variety of phases, and with other 'isms' unlimited. Each had honest men for advocates, and each had attractions of which much could be said.

"How were the people to distinguish between these and the true remedy for their social disorders? All these would-be reformers were constantly disputing among themselves and calling each other's schemes shams.

"When reformers disagree, who shall decide?"

Further on in the book the writer says: "The people of the nineteenth century knew that the methods governing society were unjust, unnatural, and they desired something better, but they were slow to accept any radical change. It is, perhaps, better that this was so. There were plenty of poisons with labels upon them which read 'panacea.' Humanity was sick. Had it been of more hasty action, it might have drunk of the poison and been made mad or have died. It found the cure at last; for that it is to be praised."

Under the title of "Free Trade" he says: "If 'free trade' had meant absolute freedom of trade, and not simply an absence of tariff on imported goods, we might well call the people fools for not adopting its principles. Tariff restrictions on trade were among the least. There was a feeling that trade was not so free as it should be. The people knew that something was wrong, but they were slow in accepting the assertion of a large class of reformers who said: 'Remove the duties from imported goods, and poverty, long hours of labor, and half a dozen other social ills will vanish.' The people had sense enough to see that there were many other and far greater restrictions on trade than a tariff on imported goods. They realized, to be sure, that many people were amassing vast fortunes because of the protection incident to a high tariff, but they were not in any great measure inclined, for the sake of cutting off the source of wealth of a few, to make themselves poorer.

"There were those who said the dissatisfied poor laborer was so dissatisfied simply because some one had more than he himself, and that the object of agitation was to make the rich poor. Not so. The poor laborer was dissatisfied because he did not have as much as others, and the object of his agitation was to make the poor rich. A vast difference in sentiment.

"What was a high tariff as a trade restriction compared to the protection, the monopoly, given inventors and the national banks? Where a high tariff robbed the laborer of a cent, the national banks robbed him of a dollar, and the inventor robbed him of seventy-five cents.

"There was nothing that had the power to interfere with trade that the national banks had. National banks were the offspring of the government. Directly to the government can be traced all manner of trade restrictions. The government was the prime source of poverty and of wealth. The people were not so blind that they could not see this, but what were they to do? We can say today: 'Why, they should have accepted Anarchy and abolished the State;' but, if we today realized that Anarchy was causing a hundred social evils, should we be hasty to accept any one of a dozen different remedies that might be offered us, never mind how grand it looked as pictured by its advocates? I think not. Human nature has not changed to that extent.

"We must not judge the people of 1885 too hastily. There were so many alluring traps set for them that they did not dare venture on the right path for fear of pitfalls and enemies waiting in ambush. Then, again, they were bound in service to the government, and, if they fled from their master, they well knew that his bloodhounds would be sent out to capture them.

"Let us put the curse where it belongs, not upon the people, but upon the State."

I think I have quoted enough to show you the drift of the book, but in order to make you appreciate how interesting it is, I should be obliged to transcribe pages, and that would make my letter too long.

JOSEPHINE.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

A ROMANCE.

By N. G. TCHERNYCHEWSKY.

Translated by Benj. R. Tucker.

Continued from No. 69.

"O reader with the penetrating eye!" I say to him, "you are quite right: the blue-stocking is stupid and tiresome, and it is impossible to endure him. That you have seen correctly; but you have not seen who the blue-stocking is. You shall see him, as in a mirror. The blue-stocking is the man who speaks with importance and stupid affectation of literary and scientific matters, of which he does not know the a-b-c, and who speaks of them, not because he is interested in them, but to make a show of brains (of which nature has been very niggardly to him), of his lofty aspirations (of which he has as many as the chair on which he sits), and of his learning (he has as much as a parrot). Do you know this coarse face, this carefully-brushed head? It is you, my dear sir. Yes, however long you let your beard grow, or however carefully you shave it off, in any case you are indubitably and incontestably a blue-stocking of the most authentic stamp. That is why I have twice put you out doors, simply because I cannot endure blue-stockings. Among us men there are ten times as many as among women.

"But any person, of whatever sex, who, with any sensible object in view, engages in something useful, is simply a human being engaged in business, and nothing else."

XIV.

The Kirsanoffs were now the intellectual centre of a large number of families in a condition similar to their own and sharing their ideas; these associations took half of their leisure time. But there is one thing of which unfortunately it is necessary to speak at too great length to many individuals in order to be understood. Whoever has not felt himself must at least have read that there is a great difference between a simple evening party and one where the object of your love is present. That is well known. But what very few have felt is that the charm which love gives to everything should not be a passing phenomenon in man's life, that this intense gleam of life should not light simply the period of desire, of aspiration, the period called courting, or seeking in marriage; no, this period should be only the ravishing dawn of a day more ravishing yet. Light and heat increase during the greater part of the day; so during the course of life ought love and its delights to increase. Among people of the old society such is not the case; the poetry of love does not survive satisfaction. The contrary is the rule among the people of the new generation whose life I am describing. The longer they live together, the more they are lighted and warmed by the poetry of love, until the time when the care of their growing children absorbs them. Then this care, sweeter than personal enjoyment, becomes uppermost; but until then love grows incessantly. That which the men of former times enjoyed only for a few short months the new men keep for many years.

And why so? It is a secret which I will unveil to you, if you wish. It is a fine secret, one worth having, and it is not difficult. One need have but a pure heart, an upright soul, and that new and just conception of the human being which prompts respect for the liberty of one's life companion. Look upon your wife as you looked upon your sweetheart; remember that she at any moment has the right to say to you: "I am dissatisfied with you; leave me." Do this, and ten years after your marriage she will inspire in you the same enthusiasm that she did when she was your sweetheart, and she will have as much charm for you as then and even more. Recognize her liberty as openly, as explicitly, and with as little reserve, as you recognize the liberty of your friends to be your friends or not, and ten years, twenty years, after marriage you will be as dear to her as when you were her sweetheart. This is the way in which the people of our new generation live. Their condition in this respect is very enviable. Among them husbands and wives are loyal, sincere, and love each other always more and more.

After ten years of marriage they do not exchange false kisses or false words. "A lie was never on his lips; there was no deception in his heart," was said of some one in a certain book. In reading these things we say: The author, when he wrote this book, said to himself that this was a man whom all must admire as one to be celebrated. This author did not foresee that new men would arise, who would not admit among their acquaintances people who had not attained the height of his unparalleled hero, and the readers of the aforesaid book will have difficulty in understanding what I have just said, especially if I add that my heroes do not consider their numerous friends as exceptions, but simply as estimable, though very ordinary, individuals of the new generation.

What a pity that at the present hour there are still more than ten antediluvians for every new man! It is very natural, however. An antediluvian world can have only an antediluvian population.

XV.

"See, we have been living together for three years already [formerly it was one year, then two, next it will be four, and so on], and we are still like lovers who see each other rarely and secretly. Where did the idea come from, Sacha, that

Continued on page 6.

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"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.

Institution-Ridden.

How utterly the heads of even professed thinkers are turned by the existing order strikes me with singular force in my walks among them. The most advanced thinkers are so buried in the idea of the *institution* that it seems almost impossible to extricate their minds from the idea that, when one is talking of Anarchy, he is talking of an institution. Quite unable to contemplate Anarchy, except as an instituted machine, they eternally want you to show your plans and specifications. They will know how every cog, screw, valve, and stop-cock is adjusted and handled, and how the whole machine will run under every imaginable condition.

Friend Putnam says he is an Anarchist, but has no sooner said it than he shrugs himself together anxiously, scratches his head thoughtfully, and in painful hesitation remarks: "But I don't quite see how your plan would work in the case of a man who insisted upon the individual right of standing his neighbor on his head and making a town pump of him. It is the difficulty I find in solving a few such problems as this under your institution of Anarchy that keeps me from coming out a full-fledged Anarchist."

McDonald, the valiant iconoclast of the "Truth Seeker," concedes cheerfully that he goes a long way with the Anarchists; "but what I want to know," he says, snappishly, "is how your institution of Anarchy proposes to deal with ruffians who go about breaking heads, flinging Greek fire and dynamite bombs into the faces of innocent pedestrians, and raising hell generally at other people's expense. I have stumped Tucker to solve these problems and answer my puzzles, but cannot get a word out of him. Your system is all head and no body,—impracticable bosh."

Young Dr. Foote, brave and progressive, says that his tendencies are all Anarchistic; "but what I want to know," he says, "is how the institution of Anarchy proposes to deal with a leper or small-pox victim who insists on the right as an individual sovereign of squatting in a healthy, thickly-settled neighborhood." He then proceeds to unroll quite a bundle of conundrums, and concludes by saying that, if he could satisfy his mind as to how the Anarchistic machine could successfully dispose of these knotty problems, he would ship for the whole voyage and stay on deck through thick and thin.

Now, all these timid doubting Thomases are simply institution-ridden. Anarchy is not an institution, but rather the sworn enemy of all institutions. Its essential mission is the disintegration of institutions, wherever found. An institution implies authority and force. Anarchy poises itself on consent. Every instituted machine denies Liberty. Liberty is the life principle of Anarchy; hence, Liberty and the institution are natural enemies. The Anarchist finds order (natural social combination) only in Liberty, just as the chemist in his laboratory only finds natural physical combination (chemical order) when the given elements are "set free." To view Anarchy, then, as an institution is to utterly distort it, and render a correct understanding of its aims and workings impossible. To attempt to study out the workings of Anarchism in given social problems involving good order by instituting correspondences with existing machines is to artificially make it the very thing which it starts out not to be, and nothing but confusion is obtainable.

Anarchists are not trying to set up a system. Nature has provided the system in the very integral order of things, if only the grip of authority can be loosened from human concerns and Liberty be allowed to awaken the responsive life of natural reciprocity in social commerce. As surely will the very best methods of social adjustment respond to given wants as fast as men are set free as do the laws of natural combination respond in the chemist's laboratory the moment he sets given elements free. Liberty is to the social laboratory what heat is to the chemical. It is the universal disintegrator,—the eternal promise of natural order.

Put away all childish puzzles, dear friends, into your intellectual toy-boxes. Stop your silly conundrum-making, and look deeply and soberly into natural law. If your first faith is not laid in that, you are still poor, institution-ridden children,—priest-ridden, when you think you are not. The institution-maker holds up his machine, and while you grasp his stately petticoats with one hand, you hold your toy puzzles in the other, refusing to let go of either and come over to Liberty. We have no institution to offer, but in that very fact lies the whole promise of order. When you get upon intellectual footing that will enable you to realize this, you will be ashamed of your toy puzzles and the ridiculous parade you are making with them. X.

Elizur Wright.

DIED NOVEMBER 21, 1885; AGED 81.

It is only the simplest truth to say that Mr. Wright was one of the earliest, most talented, most courageous, most indefatigable, most self-sacrificing, and most efficient of that little band of heroes who first compelled the people of this country to look in the face the great question of the abolition of slavery. Faithful and heroic at the outset, he was faithful and heroic to the end. Although it was very easy for him to make a short and pungent speech, he was not given to making long speeches; and therefore never acquired such a reputation for eloquence as did some of his associates. But I think it will be acknowledged that he could put more vim and fire into a paragraph than any of them.

In private life, he was one of the most unselfish, generous, sympathetic, and courageous of men. Ready to do his duty everywhere, as regardless of the smiles, as of the frowns, of what is called "society."

A moral and intellectual hero, he has laid down his arms only with his life. L. S.

Blind to Their Own Logic.

The Boston "Herald," as stupid as usual, says:

The declaration of the British Catholic bishops that 'free education is tantamount to a State monopoly' cannot be sustained,—at least in this country. Every one has a right to educate his children as he will, but, if he wishes to have them taught dogmas, he must pay for it. Those who don't like our institutions should go to some country that pleases them better.

Of course he must pay for it; he expects to. What he kicks at is having to pay for another school to which he does not wish to send his children. If "every one has a right to educate his children as he will," he has a right, if he thinks best, to have them taught dogmas and mathematics in the same school: but, if he is a poor man, he cannot afford to do this after paying his State school-tax, and therefore has to send his children to the public schools. Hence the Catholic bishops are right, and our system of "free education is tantamount to a State monopoly." Of course the rich man who prefers private schools can afford to send his children to them and still pay for the public schools, but this does not make the system any the less a monopoly, any more than the fact that the rich man who prefers foreign goods can afford to buy them and pay the duty on them makes the tariff less a monopoly.

The Boston "Investigator," a little more stupid than usual, indorses the Herald's position. Now, the "Investigator" makes a great fuss because Infidels, through the exemption of church property from taxation, are taxed to support churches. But suppose the Catholic "Pilot" should turn upon it and say: Every one has a right to worship as he will, or even not to worship at all; but, if, instead of going to the Cathedral Sundays, he wishes to attend the Paine Hall debates, he must pay for it. The "Investigator" would promptly answer: That's what we expect; we are willing to pay our own bills, but we are unwilling to pay yours too. When it comes to schools, however, instead of churches, the "Investigator" is blind to its own logic, and not a whit less orthodox and narrow than the "Pilot."

And suppose the "Pilot" should politely add: Those who don't like our institutions should go to some country that pleases them better. In that case I should expect to see Messrs. Seaver and Mendum of the "Investigator" and Messrs. Haskell and Pulsifer of the "Herald" emigrate about as promptly as George F. Hoar did when General Butler was elected governor. I suppose that Garrison and Phillips were told something less than five hundred thousand million times that, if they didn't like our institutions, they could pack their trunks and go. But those obstinate, pestilential fellows stayed right on. And, at last, the country, in order to stop their mouths, had to comply with their demands. We Anarchists remember that history repeats itself. T.

Max's Mirror.

The majority superstition makes the mind of man play mad pranks with logic. Not long ago the Boston "Advertiser" solemnly said:

Government in a republic cannot live, unless the lawful majority can consummate their intention without unreasonable impediment or hindrance. The most that the minority can rightly ask for is full opportunity of discussion, and full liberty of recording their judgment. When they take advantage of rules made to secure these rights, and abuse them to prevent the majority from exercising their fundamental right, they are trespassers and anarchists.

The divine right of numbers, according to this fantastic logician, is as absolute as the divine right of kings. The minority can talk, but it must not make any effective protest against the tyranny of the larger crowd. Their belief in a principle is of no consequence. They "owe a higher allegiance to the law of liberty and the principles of republican government than to their individual prejudices or their interested constituencies," says the "Advertiser." And then, to illustrate the enormity of refusing to permit the larger number to govern, it adds: "A denial of the right of the majority was the essential motive of the Rebellion." Wherefore, I say, the Rebellion was not only justifiable, but commendable. Slowly the Republican North is beginning to admit that the desire to perpetuate slavery was not the essential motive of the seceding States, and that the noble purpose of abolishing property in man was not the inspiring principle of those who fought against secession. The war was fought to perpetuate the tyranny of majority rule, which the poor old "Advertiser" thinks is the "law of liberty." What an imbroglio of ideas and no-ideas!

John D. Long talked to a convention of woman suffragists recently, arguing in favor of giving women the privilege of voting, and all unconsciously he struck the bed-rock of the whole subject. He said:

The whole logic lies in a nutshell. Either women should vote or men should not. Who will say that the women are not as intelligent as some of the men who will cast their ballot next November? Who can say that they cannot exercise equally good judgment in casting a ballot for prohibition, for civil service reform, etc.?

Not only are some women as intelligent as some of the men, but some of them are as ignorant as some of the men, and neither men nor women are competent to enact laws for the government of the world or any part thereof. The objection to giving woman the power of the ballot is precisely that she would vote for prohibition and for any kind of a tyrannical measure to interfere with individual rights and force compliance with her own notions. Woman mistakes her whims, prejudices, and emotions for laws of the universe, and would have them enacted into statutes if she had the power. She would make human legislation even more monstrous and invasive than men have made it. It is unquestionably true that woman should be on an equal footing with man, and that the latter

should exercise no privilege or power over her. The right way to equalize the conditions is to abolish the ballot. Mr. Long is right. Either women should vote or men should not, — and men should not.

This is what the New York "Herald" calls "the truth about socialism."

There are a few persons in the United States who seem to have persuaded themselves that a new order of aristocracy can be founded upon the single basis of incapacity to acquire property. Whoever is unable to make money shall be deemed entitled to whatever may be made by his neighbor. The fact that a man has nothing, if supplemented by the fact that he never had anything, shall be conclusive proof that he has been robbed, and of his right to take possession of the property of other people. Thus all stealing becomes "restoration," all murder becomes "vindication of justice," and war on industrious, frugal, and peaceful citizens becomes a "rectification of wrong."

The only comment necessary is that the "Herald" lies and knows it lies.

But here is another sentence from the "Herald": "Long essays have been written to show the fallacies of the theory which, under different names, holds that men who work for their living should support those who detest work for any purpose whatever." True enough. Proudhon's letters to Bastiat, for instance. The "Herald" holds to the theory that the men who work should support the idlers. It believes in interest.

PASSING GLIMPSES.

Illinois coal miners out of work six months and starving. Willing to work at any price, but corporations cannot profitably employ them, and they must starve. Better let miners run mines and profitably employ themselves. — Sky-pilot appointed professor of socialism at Harvard. He won't teach what Christ preached. — Pope denounces popular government, and insists upon obedience of subjects to their sovereigns, and upon sovereigns' obedience to Pope. Same old conspiracy of Church and State against Liberty. — Pope also urges Catholics to take part in all municipal political elections. Ballot is tyranny's most effective weapon. Self-locking manacle. — Tribe of Alaska Indians discovered who never heard of Christianity or civilization. Invasion of missionaries, enlightenment, rum, bibles, and social ruin imminent. — New York paper says: "Any crank who has sense enough to head an armed revolt has sense enough to be hanged when he does it twice." That is more sense than governments have. — Herbert Spencer: "If men's sympathies are left to work out naturally without legal instrumentality, I hold that the general result will be that the inferior will be sufficiently helped to alleviate their miseries, but will not be sufficiently helped to enable them to multiply; and that so the benefit will be achieved without the evil." Why not be logical, and leave men's perceptions of justice to work out naturally and without legal instrumentality? — Louis Riel murdered by government. Lieutenant Howard with his murdering machine still at large. MAX.

To lecture bureaus, liberal clubs, and all other organizations seeking the newest and best light on education, government, and true social growth generally, I earnestly recommend Henry Appleton, whose tongue is no less attractive than his pen in expounding the rich realm of thought involved in scientific Anarchism. Mr. Appleton, who is Liberty's contributor "X," has graced its columns in every number since its first issue. As "Honorius," formerly of the "Irish World," he is known in every city and hamlet of the United States, and as a champion of the rights of the common people has but few equals on this continent. His lectures on Anarchism have thus far proved astonishingly fascinating and thought-inspiring to his hearers, and elicited unstinted approbation everywhere. Those wishing to know just what Anarchism is and what it aims at from the lips of one of its most gifted and eloquent champions can address Mr. Appleton at this office, or at 150 Transit Street, Providence, R. I.

John McLaughlin, brave and true, has started a little paper at Scammonville, Kansas, called the "Radical Democrat." It is needless to say that he champions Anarchistic principles breezily and sturdily. But I do not like to see him dallying with politics. To advise, as he does, all anti-prohibitionists to "work for the Democratic party or none" is practically to advise them to work for the Democratic party. Every wavering man will so understand it. This is the voice of a man whose reason tells him to touch not the unclean thing, but in whom still lingers a hankering after the flesh-pots. It is a natural feeling, which I have often shared. But I always stifle it. Reminiscences of the political campaigns which I went through when in my teens still haunt me, — especially of my last one, the Greeley campaign, during which I became an Anarchist, — and every year, when a new campaign begins, like the war-horse who sniffs the battle from afar, I find myself beginning to prance. But then I remember that my war-horse days are over, that I no longer have any real desire to shoot men down or vote them down, and that for me, in common with all true men, there is deeper work, from the line of which we should not deviate. And so I warn my friend McLaughlin to be careful lest he wander.

George Schumm, formerly editor of the Chicago "Radical Review," is preparing a number of lectures on Freethought, social, and historical subjects, and proposes to take the field early in 1886. This is gratifying news, Mr. Schumm being one of the men who have been forced by their brains into an acceptance of Anarchy. Such are always to be relied upon. I wish him all possible success in his new line of work. Liberals who desire to engage him may address him at Watertown, Wisconsin.

John Swinton shows a characteristic stroke of enterprise in engaging the brilliant Donn Piatt to write for his "Paper" a series of "Tales of Labor," each to be given complete in one issue, beginning the first week in December. The first one is entitled: "The Sales Lady of the City." I don't always agree with Piatt and often disagree with Swinton, but I admire the genius and honor the manliness of both, and recognize the fact that they make a splendid journalistic team.

The "Irish World" calls William Morris selfish because he invites the Irish to abandon the struggle for "Nationalism" and join the English Socialists in an effort to overthrow "Capitalism." On the same page it glories in the revival of the No-Rent agitation in Ireland. Yet the No-Rent agitation is nothing more nor less than the substitution of a fight against "Capitalism" for a fight for "Nationalism." Consistency never was a virtue of the "Irish World."

The new work, "Social Wealth," by the veteran land reformer, J. K. Ingalls, the scope and purpose of which is announced in the advertisement in another column, is one of the most important of the year. It will receive further attention in Liberty hereafter at the hands of a competent reviewer. Meanwhile, I advise each of my readers to send me a dollar for a copy.

"Christian Socialism."

R. Heber Newton is appearing before the public in his grand act of equilibration of riding two horses. As a clergyman, he feels obliged to insist upon Christ; divine authority and an overruling providence are permanent factors in the problem to solve as presented to his mind. As a man, his feelings go out for the sufferings of his fellows; he sees the injustice of existing conditions, and would produce on earth the harmony he believes to exist in heaven. His heart protests against his head, and he would reconcile the two.

Can *authority* be accepted in principle into any form of logical socialism? We differ from Dr. Newton radically, though fully appreciating the kindness of heart which has called out his burning words. We object because authority is the tap-root of our social upas tree. Historically, Cæsar preceded Christ; Rome and political unity made monogamy and Christian unity possible. Our civilization is Cæsarian; God and Christ, Father and Anointed Son, instead of being the sources of civilization, are but its effect. They are branches from the Cæsarian trunk, and draw their vitality from its tap-root. Revealed truth may be diluted, — as in Dr. Newton's case, — but authority will reveal itself notwithstanding, like a drop of ink in water.

Authority, whether postulated on earth or in cloud-land, has no affinity with Liberty. Heretofore every advance of personal liberty has been accompanied by a decrease of divine authority. If progress is to continue, we can neither halt nor turn back. *A priori* argument that the two should not conflict does not alter the historical fact that they ever have. Dr. Newton, though unconsciously, is aiding the work of progress; for, as he brings Man more prominently forward, God recedes. He is less visible; dissolves into a met-empirical entity. Our struggle is against Cæsarism, and only against Christianism as a growth from it. We want neither the sanctified nor the unsanctified robber of human rights; neither Christ nor Barabbas.

So far, therefore, as Socialism is an advance toward Liberty, it cannot be Christian. We can imagine Christian Cæsarism, but not Cæsarian Socialism. The words are as devoid of meaning thus yoked as "Self-government" in modern politics. Behind the figure of the Christ we discern the leer of the imperial Cæsar. The shadow of the Cross cannot inclose the light of Liberty. Man and God are antipodal ideas. The divine and the human are the nadir and zenith of thought; whoever tries the dangerous experiment of looking both ways at once must suffer from intellectual strabismus. Eighteen hundred years have been passed in endeavoring to unite the two characters, — the divine and the human nature in Jesus Christ. But the divine Christ has ever trampled upon the human Jesus; the Fatherhood of God has dwarfed the Brotherhood of Man. The path of progress is away from Cæsarism and all of its offshoots. The hands of Time will not now turn backward.

DYER D. LUM.

PORT JERVIS, NEW YORK.

Sowing the Seed in Newark.

To the Editor of Liberty:

Henry Appleton of Providence lectured before the Newark Liberal League last Sunday. His subject was the "Logic and Method of True Anarchism." The growing spirit in favor of Anarchism in this section of the country is shown in the fact that this is the second lecture on this subject before this society in one month. Mr. Appleton dwelt on the fact that the position which the free thinkers have taken on the religious question forces them logically to take similar positions on all other social subjects; for, if you deny the right of private judgment in reference to education, art, association, etc., you also deny it in regard to religion; and let the free thinkers act as they may, and talk as they will, you cannot destroy God, you cannot remove the Jewish despot from his throne, as long as the State exists. The Church and the State must stand or fall together.

The tyranny of majority rule, or, as the speaker called it, "major force," was next very clearly shown. He showed how the same spirit that ruled in Russia, Germany, and France, also ruled in free America. In Russia the czar was the majority, or major force, for "one with God makes a majority," and the superstition of the Russian serfs was what voted to keep him in power. In America the mere majority of numbers, the most despicable force which has ever yet existed in the earth, was held to be able to regulate all social, moral, and religious questions, no matter how great their intricacy, and no matter what the sentiments of the minority might be.

The speaker next showed the evils of this rule of the majority, and what the ultimate effect on character and true culture must be, when no one dared to have an opinion of his own, or at any rate to express it, until perfectly sure that it was in accordance with the opinion of his neighbors, and that "respectability" approved of it.

He said what the Anarchists wanted was the return to the Individual as the source of all power, all movement, all growth, each individual to have perfect liberty at *his own cost*. The necessity for the right of secession, disintegration, individualization, with re-integration and segregation, was very clearly brought forth.

Every word of the lecture was eagerly listened to, and, as the discussion later brought out, the thought of the audience was mainly in accord with that of the speaker. The interest manifested in the subject was shown by the sale after the lecture of several copies of "God and the State," "Prohibition," "An Anarchist on Anarchy," "A Female Nihilist," and "A Politician in Sight of Haven." A special vote of thanks was accorded by acclamation to the speaker.

GERTRUDE B. KELLY.

NEWARK, N. J., Nov. 10, 1885.

"Political Liberalism."

In reading this article (Liberty, October 24) without having noted the remarks in the previous number to which it alludes, one would infer that I had been defending a political movement at Albany to which I am a stranger, and the idea of which had not occurred to me in excusing Macdonald from the imputation of hypocrisy, on account of inconsistency of principle; seeing that the dawn of ideas, as of the day, is very gradual at the equinox in New York. I regret that a gentleman who inspires the highest intellectual esteem should regard me as a fretful porcupine, and this when my sincere aim was to pour oil on the troubled waters. Were the truth known, I have more reason than "X" to deplore Macdonald's shortcomings, and the policy I defended was simply that of every specialist who has adopted a certain line of business and makes a living at it without interfering with others. Not the politician, but the editor, was in question.

EDGEWORTH.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

Continued from page 3.

love grows weaker when there is nothing to disturb possession? People who believe that have not known true love. They have known only self-love or erotic fancies. True love really begins with life in common."

"Am I not the inspiration of this remark?"

"You? You will in a few years forget medicine, unlearn to read, and lose all your intellectual faculties, and you will end by seeing nothing but me."

Such conversations are neither long nor frequent, but they sometimes occur.

Conversations like these are more frequent.

"Sacha, how your love sustains me! It inspires in me the power of independence even against you. Does my love give nothing to you?"

"To me. No less than to you. This continuous, strong, healthy excitement of the nerves necessarily develops the nervous system [gross materialism, let us note with the reader with the penetrating eye]; consequently my intellectual and moral forces grow in proportion to your love."

"Yes, Sacha, I understand what they say (I should not dare to believe it if I were the only one to see it, not being a disinterested witness); others see, as I do, that your eyes are becoming clearer and your expression more intense and powerful."

"There is no reason to praise me for that, even in your behalf, Vérotchka. We are one and the same being. But it is sure that, my thought having become much more active, it must be reflected in my eyes. When I come to draw inferences from my observations, I now do in an hour what formerly required several hours. I can hold in my mind many more facts than before, and my deductions are larger and more complete. If I had had any germ of genius in me, Vérotchka, with this sentiment I should have become a great genius. If I had been given a little of the creative power, with the sentiment which dominates me I could have acquired the strength to revolutionize science. But I was born to be only a drudge, an ordinary and obscure laborer able to handle special questions only. That is what I was without you. Now, you know, I am something else: much more is expected of me; it is believed that I will revolutionize an entire branch of science, the whole theory of the functions of the nervous system. And I feel that I shall meet this expectation. At the age of twenty-four man has a broader and bolder intellectual view than at the age of twenty-nine, or thirty, or thirty-two, and so on. I am as strong as I was at twenty-four. And I feel that I am still growing, which would not be so were it not for you. I did not grow during the two or three years preceding our union. You have restored to me the freshness of early youth and the strength to go much farther than I could have gone without your love."

Conversations like these are very frequent also.

"My dear friend, I am reading Boccaccio now [what immorality! let us note with the reader with the penetrating eye. Only we men may read that; but for my part I am going to make this remark: a woman will hear the reader with the penetrating eye give utterance to more conventional filth in five minutes than she will find in all Boccaccio, and she will not hear from the reader with the penetrating eye a single one of those luminous, fresh, and pure words in which Boccaccio abounds]: you are right in saying that he has very great talent. Some of his tales deserve to be placed beside the best dramas of Shakspere for depth and delicacy of psychological analysis."

"How do his humorous stories, where Boccaccio is so broad, please you?"

"Some of them are funny, but generally they are tiresome, like every farce, from being too coarse."

"But he must be pardoned; he lived five hundred years before our time. What now seems to us too filthy and too much like Billingsgate was not considered improper then."

"It is the same with many of our manners and customs; they will seem coarse and unclean in much less than five hundred years. But I pay no attention to the license of Boccaccio; I speak of those novels of his in which he describes an elevated and passionate love so well. It is there that his great talent appears. I come back to what I was going to say: he paints very well and very vividly. But, judging from his writings, we may say that they did not know in those days that delicacy of love which we know now; love was not felt so deeply, although it is said to have been the epoch when they enjoyed it most completely. No, the people of that day did not enjoy love so well. Their sentiments were too superficial and their intoxication too mild and transient."

XVI.

A year had passed; the new shop, thoroughly organized, was doing well. The two shops coöperated: when one was overworked, it sent orders to the other. They kept a running account with each other. Their means were already so large that they were able to open a store on the Perspective Nevsky: but they had to coöperate more closely, which embarrassed Véra Pavlovna and Madame Mertzaloff not a little. Although the two associations were friendly, met frequently, and often took walks together in the suburbs, the idea of complete coöperation between the two enterprises was new, and a great deal had to be done. Nevertheless the advantage of having their own store on the Perspective Nevsky was evident, and, after experimenting for some months, Véra Pavlovna and Madame Mertzaloff finally succeeded. A new sign appeared on the Perspective Nevsky in French: *Au bon travail. Magasin de Nouveautés.** With the opening of the store business began to improve rapidly, and was done to better and better advantage. Madame Mertzaloff and Véra Pavlovna cherished the dream of seeing the number of shops rise from two to five, ten, twenty.

Three months after the opening of the store Kirsanoff received a visit from one of his colleagues with whom he was somewhat acquainted. The latter talked to him a great deal of various medical applications, and especially of the astonishing efficacy of his method, which consisted in placing on the breast and belly two small bags, narrow and long, filled with pounded ice and each wrapped in four napkins. In conclusion, he said that one of his friends wished to make Kirsanoff's acquaintance.

Kirsanoff complied with this desire. The acquaintance was an agreeable one, and the conversation turned on many things,—among others the store. Kirsanoff explained that it had been opened for an exclusively commercial purpose. They talked a long time about the sign; was it well to have the sign bear the word *travail?* Kirsanoff said that *Au bon travail* meant in Russian a house that filled its orders well: then they discussed the question whether it would not be better to substitute for this motto the name of the manager. Kirsanoff objected that his wife's Russian name would drive away much custom.* At last he said that his wife's name was Véra, which, translated into French, was *foi*, and that it would be sufficient to put on the sign, instead of *Au bon travail, A la bonne foi.* This would have a most innocent meaning,—simply a house that was conscientious,—and besides the name of the manager would appear. After some discussion they decided that this was feasible. Kirsanoff led the conversation on such subjects with especial zeal, and, as a general thing, carried his point, so that he returned home well satisfied.

Madame Mertzaloff and Véra Pavlovna, however, had to abate their fine hopes, and think only of preserving what had been already achieved.

The founders of the establishment considered themselves fortunate in the *statu quo.* Kirsanoff's new acquaintance continued his visits and proved very interesting. Two years went by, and nothing of especial note happened.

XVII.

LETTER OF KATÉRINA VASSILIEVNA POLOSOFF.

St. Petersburg, August 17, 1860.

My dear Polina, I wish to tell you of something new which I have just discovered, which has pleased me greatly, and which I am now zealously concerned in. I am sure that it will interest you. But the most important point is that you perhaps will engage in something similar. It is so agreeable, my friend.

It is about a sewing-women's shop,—two shops, to speak more accurately, both based on the same principle, both founded by one woman, whose acquaintance I made only a fortnight ago and whose friend I have already become. I am now helping her on condition that she will help me to organize a similar shop. This lady's name is Véra Pavlovna Kirsanoff, still young, kind, gay, quite to my fancy; she resembles you, Polina, more than your Katia, who is so quiet. She is an energetic and fearless person.

To be continued.

A LETTER TO GROVER CLEVELAND.

ON

His False, Absurd, Self-Contradictory, and Ridiculous Inaugural Address.

By LYSANDER SPOONER.

SECTION XIV.

If, now, you wish to form some rational opinion of the extent of the robbery practised in this country, by the holders of this monopoly of money, you have only to look at the following facts.

There are, in this country, I think, at least twenty-five millions of persons, male and female, sixteen years old, and upwards, mentally and physically capable of running machinery, producing wealth, and supplying their own needs for an independent and comfortable subsistence.

To make their industry most effective, and to enable them, *individually*, to put into their own pockets as large a portion as possible of their own earnings, they need, *on an average*, one thousand dollars each of *money capital.* Some need one, two, three, or five hundred dollars, others one, two, three, or five thousand. These persons, then, need, *in the aggregate*, twenty-five thousand millions of dollars ($25,000,000,000), of money capital.

They need all this *money capital* to enable them to buy the raw materials upon which to bestow their labor, the implements and machinery with which to labor, and their means of subsistence while producing their goods for the market.

Unless they can get this capital, they must all either work at a disadvantage, or not work at all. A very large portion of them, to save themselves from starvation, have no alternative but to sell their labor to others, at just such prices as these others choose to pay. And these others choose to pay only such prices as are far below what the laborers could produce, if they themselves had the necessary capital to work with.

But this needed capital your lawmakers arbitrarily forbid them to have; and for no other reason than to reduce them to the condition of servants; and subject them to all such extortions as their employers—the holders of the privileged money—may choose to practise upon them.

If, now, you ask me where these twenty-five thousand millions of dollars of money capital, which these laborers need, are to come from, I answer:

Theoretically there are, in this country, fifty thousand millions of dollars of money capital ($50,000,000,000)—or twice as much as I have supposed these laborers to need—NOW LYING IDLE! *And it is lying idle, solely because the circulation of it, as money, is prohibited by the lawmakers.*

If you ask how this can be, I will tell you.

Theoretically, every dollar's worth of material property, that is capable of being taken by law, and applied to the payment of the owner's debts, is capable of being represented by a promissory note, that shall circulate as money.

But taking all this material property at *only half* its actual value, it is still capable of supplying the twenty-five thousand millions of dollars—or one thousand dollars each—which these laborers need.

Now, we know—because experience has taught us—that *solvent* promissory notes, made payable in coin on demand, are the best money that mankind have ever had; (although probably not the best they ever will have).

To make a note solvent, and suitable for circulation as money, it is only necessary that it should be made payable in coin on demand, and be issued by a person, or persons, who are known to have in their hands abundant material property, that can be taken by law, and applied to the payment of the note, with all costs and damages for non-payment on demand.

Theoretically, I repeat, all the material property in the country, that can be taken by law, and applied to the payment of debts, can be used as banking capital; and be represented by promissory notes, made payable in coin on demand. And, *practically*, so much of it can be used as banking capital as may be required for supplying all the notes that can be kept in circulation as money.

Although these notes are made legally payable in coin on demand, it is seldom

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*Good work. Linen-draper's store.

*The most famous and well-known dressmaking and millinery establishments in St. Petersburg are kept by Frenchwomen.

that such payment is demanded, *if only it be publicly known that the notes are solvent:* that is, if it be publicly known that they are issued by persons who have so much material property, that can be taken by law, and sold, as may be necessary to bring the coin that is needed to pay the notes. In such cases, the notes are preferred to the coin, because they are so much more safe and convenient for handling, counting, and transportation, than is the coin; and also because we can have so many times more of them.

These notes are also a legal tender, to the banks that issue them, in payment of the notes discounted; that is, in payment of the notes given by the borrowers to the banks. And, in the ordinary course of things, *all* the notes, issued by the banks for circulation, are wanted, and come back to the banks, in payment of the notes discounted; thus saving all necessity for redeeming them with coin, except in rare cases. For meeting these rare cases, the banks find it necessary to keep on hand small amounts of coin; probably not more than one per cent. of the amount of notes in circulation.

As the notes discounted have usually but a short time to run,—say three months on an average,—the bank notes issued for circulation will *all* come back, *on an average*, once in three months, and be redeemed by the bankers, by being accepted in payment of the notes discounted.

Then the bank notes will be re-issued, by discounting new notes, and will go into circulation again; to be again brought back, at the end of another three months, and redeemed, by being accepted in payment of the new notes discounted.

In this way the bank notes will be continually re-issued, and redeemed, in the greatest amounts that can be kept in circulation long enough to earn such an amount of interest as will make it an object for the bankers to issue them.

Each of these notes, issued for circulation, if known to be solvent, will always have the same value in the market, as the same nominal amount of coin. And this value is a just one, because the notes are in the nature of a lien, or mortgage, upon so much property of the bankers as is necessary to pay the notes, and as can be taken by law, and sold, and the proceeds applied to their payment.

There is no danger that any more of these notes will be issued than will be wanted for buying and selling property at its true and natural market value, relatively to coin; for as the notes are all made legally payable in coin on demand, if they should ever fall below the value of coin in the market, the holders of them will at once return them to the banks, and demand coin for them; *and thus take them out of circulation.*

The bankers, therefore, have no motive for issuing more of them than will remain long enough in circulation, to earn so much interest as will make it an object to issue them; the only motive for issuing them being to draw interest on them while they are in circulation.

The bankers readily find how many are wanted for circulation, by the time those issued remain in circulation, before coming back for redemption. If they come back immediately, or very quickly, after being issued, the bankers know that they have over-issued, and that they must therefore pay in coin—to their inconvenience, and perhaps loss—notes that would otherwise have remained in circulation long enough to earn so much interest as would have paid for issuing them; and would then have come back to them in payment of notes discounted, instead of coming back on a demand for redemption in coin.

Now, the best of all possible banking capital is real estate. It is the best, because it is visible, immovable, and indestructible. It cannot, like coin, be removed, concealed, or carried out of the country. And its aggregate value, in all civilized countries, is probably a hundred times greater than the amount of coin in circulation. It is therefore capable of furnishing a hundred times as much money as we can have in coin.

The owners of this real estate have the greatest inducements to use it as banking capital, because all the banking profit, over and above expenses, is a clear profit; inasmuch as the use of the real estate as banking capital does not interfere at all with its use for other purposes.

Farmers have a double, and much more than a double, inducement to use their lands as banking capital; because they not only get a direct profit from the loan of their notes, but, by loaning them, they furnish the necessary capital for the greatest variety of manufacturing purposes. They thus induce a much larger portion of the people, than otherwise would, to leave agriculture, and engage in mechanical employments; and thus become purchasers, instead of producers, of agricultural commodities. They thus get much higher prices for their agricultural products, and also a much greater variety and amount of manufactured commodities in exchange.

The amount of money, capable of being furnished by this system, is so great that every man, woman, and child, who is worthy of credit, could get it, and do business for himself, or herself—either singly, or in partnerships—and be under no necessity to act as a servant, or sell his or her labor to others. All the great establishments, of every kind, now in the hands of a few proprietors, but employing a great number of wage laborers, would be broken up; for few, or no persons, who could hire capital, and do business for themselves, would consent to labor for wages for another.

The credit furnished by this system would always be stable; for the system is probably capable of furnishing, *at all times*, all the credit, and all the money, that can be needed. It would also introduce a substantially universal system of cash payments. Everybody, who could get credit at all, would be able to get it at bank, *in money*. With the money, he would buy everything he needed for cash. He would also sell everything for cash; for when everybody buys for cash, everybody sells for cash; since buying for cash, and selling for cash, are necessarily one and the same thing.

We should, therefore, never have another crisis, panic, revulsion of credit, stagnation of industry, or fall of prices; for these are all caused by the lack of money, and the consequent necessity of buying and selling on credit; whereby the amount of indebtedness becomes so great, so enormous, in fact, in proportion to the amount of money extant, with which to meet it, that the whole system of credit breaks down; to the ruin of everybody, except the few holders of the monopoly of money, who reap a harvest in the fall of prices, and the consequent bankruptcy of everybody who is dependent on credit for his means of doing business.

It would be inadmissible for me, in this letter, to occupy the space that would be necessary, to expose all the false, absurd, and ridiculous pretences, by which the advocates of the monopoly of money have attempted to justify it. The only real argument they ever employed has been that, by means of the monopoly, the few holders of it were enabled to rob everybody else in the prices of their labor and property.

And our governments, State and national, have hitherto acted together in maintaining this monopoly, in flagrant violation of men's natural right to make their own contracts, and in flagrant violation of the self-evident truth, that, to make all traffic just and equal, it is indispensable that the money paid should be, in all cases, a *bona fide* equivalent of the labor or property that is bought with it.

The holders of this monopoly now rule and rob this nation; and the government, in all its branches, is simply their tool. And being their tool for this gigantic robbery, it is equally their tool for all the lesser robberies, to which it is supposed that the people at large can be made to submit.

Sanborn's John Brown.

Mr. Sanborn's book at first glance is disappointing. One feels as though Brown were here entombed in a mass of letters, the greater portion of them unimportant, if not wholly irrelevant. You ask why the attention of the reader should be arrested by so much that is purely of a private or domestic character. You could match it all in interest by most any man's life and letters. What you hoped to find was the story of that marvellous career in which for the time was personified the spirit of fearless justice. You wish to be reminded in what manner this one man, by his consecration to liberty for the slave, thereby redeemed and liberated the Republic of Washington and of Jefferson. But, if the reader does not permit this first glance to deter him, he will discover, on perusing the seventeen chapters, that Mr. Sanborn has done very much as he would have advised him to do. He has given us in simple detail the story of Brown's life as he lived it from the cradle to the gallows. You are led to confess that here at last is furnished a vindication complete and convincing of the anti-slavery career of that strange man who, as Victor Hugo wrote, "completed the sacrifice of a life consecrated to the most generous of aims." Brown's "Ancestry and Childhood"; his "Youth and Early Manhood"; his efforts as a "Business Man"; his "Pioneer Life in the Adirondacks,"—were all "Preparations for the Conflict." His "Family Councils and Home Life" prepare the way for that hearty belief and support rendered him by all the members of his household when the times of hardship, disaster, and defeat had overtaken him. "Verily a man's foes are (not always) they of his own household."

It would be impossible within the limits of my space to present the various and succeeding steps by which Mr. Sanborn portrays the sterling, abiding qualities of the hero's character. He shows him to have been in all his relations with family, friends, and foes even, a kind, humane, considerate man. Brown appears to have shared in common with all strong characters who have lent their names to history the belief in a special, peculiar, personal calling. "For this purpose was I sent," cried the man of Nazareth, and it is undoubtedly true that no man has ever devoted himself—taking in his hands his life—to a great cause, who has not felt either the stress of an imperative command laid upon him, or some inward prompting and persistent urging from which he could in nowise escape. He must do his work, follow his vision; be true and steadfast to that, cost what it may. All other considerations become subordinate. Peace, happiness, family ties, the good opinion of the time,—the time which he perchance has come to judge and condemn,—he must and will sacrifice, appealing only to that other time, that future, when his work shall be understood and justified. Brown was an Abolitionist from his youth up. In his letter of Autobiography, written to young Harry Stearns, he tells how he was affected at the age of ten by the treatment of a negro boy of about his own age, held in slavery by the family where he was visiting. From that time he brooded over the subject, until he was persuaded beyond a doubt that it was his *mission* to destroy the slave-system in the United States. By what various means he did not know; but by all means in his power that would accomplish the result. He was not, as was Garrison, a non-resistant. Indeed, Brown appears to have been from the beginning following along a quite independent line of thought and of action. When he came to Boston, his meeting with Garrison developed by no means a common sympathy in the choice of methods. Garrison's "moral suasion" had its good side, and produced certain strong and telling effects upon the North. But the South would never yield by persuasion. A "forcible separation of the connection between master and slave" he believed the inevitable, the only, solution of the problem possible. "I believe in the Golden Rule and the Declaration of Independence. I think they both mean the same thing; and it is better that a whole generation should pass off the earth—men, women, and children—by a violent death than that one jot of either should fail *in this country*. I mean exactly *so*, sir."

Perhaps the most instructive chapter in Mr. Sanborn's book is that entitled "Kansas and the Civil War." I have nowhere else met with so clear and exhaustive a statement of that early struggle between the respective forces of the free and slave states. The part Brown and his sons took in the conflict to save the territory to freedom is fully set forth in the three or four succeeding chapters. Here we have a fine illustration—paralleled in modern times only by the career of Garibaldi in Italy—of the superior moral power that resides in the indomitable spirit of one man, untrammelled by the State's authority,—setting it at defiance, despising its weak, vacillating, cowardly course. And the fate of Kansas drifted it to its final admission as a State. With no John Brown to cut the red tape of the Free State government clinging to rules of "law and order," there is little doubt but that the whole course of subsequent history would have been changed. Mr. Sanborn gives a chapter to "The Pottawatomie Executions." It will be necessary to read the full account of this transaction to form a just opinion in regard to the "bloody deed." Mr. Sanborn says: "Upon the swift and secret vengeance of John Brown in that midnight raid hinged the future of Kansas, as we can now see: and on that future again hinged the destinies of the whole country." That Brown himself so believed there is not the shadow of a doubt. But I cannot introduce the discussion here.

The final blow at Harper's Ferry; the failure; the hero's moral victories in jail and on the gallows,—are given by Mr. Sanborn in a most interesting manner.

It is a book for the rising generation to read and ponder. H.

Life and Letters of John Brown, Liberator of Kansas, Martyr of Virginia. By F. B. Sanborn. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1885.

Non-Interference.

Let me relate a reminiscence of my boyhood.

It was a cold winter afternoon. Released from the hated confinement of the red brick school-house, with all its tyrannies and stupidities, I was as wild as an unhaltered colt. There was a long walk home, and I was keen for my supper. Just the atmosphere for original sin to come to the surface. My companion was the butt of the school. Lean and lank as a greyhound; with pale eyes, straight, light hair, awkward joints, and a horrible stutter, he was certainly a tempting target. I was not usually guilty of bullying, but that time I was atrocious. I joked him, quizzed him, called him names, and pelted him with snow-balls, till, goaded to madness at last, he struck me with his little bony fist, and I struck back. Then he stopped, and quivering with an overwhelming consciousness of my injustice and his own impotence, he screamed out: "Now, J-J-John Lloyd, you-you-you l-l-leave m-m-me alone! I'm go-go-going 'long, pip-pip-peaceable 'nough!" It was the appeal of an Anarchist. It was irresistible. Smitten with a sudden sense of the shamefulness of my persecutions, I desisted, and the remainder of our homeward walk was harmonious.

That incident has often haunted my remorseful memory since; but not till the sun of Anarchy with its light of Justice and its warmth of Liberty and Fraternity rose upon my beclouded horizon, did I fully comprehend its moral, or the depth of solemn meaning in that poor boy's stuttered appeal. It contained in its few simple and broken words the whole pith and marrow of Anarchism, and proclaimed the eternal right of the inoffensive person to be unmolested, ungoverned, uncontrolled, by any other person or persons whatsoever.

J. Wm. Lloyd.

Germinal and the Censure.

Continued from page 1.

would not every one of them sign? Would the republican majority of the Chamber prohibit our piece, if I could ask it to pronounce upon it? Therefore, I am entirely tranquil. It is absurd to suppose that, when the question of the Censure comes up in the discussion of the next appropriation bill, it will not be abolished with one stroke by refusing it the twenty thousand francs which it costs and which alone maintain it; for when the money stops, the dirty work will stop; it lives only by the toleration of the Chamber; I even believe it to be illegal now. We have fallen upon a country lawyer, that is all. We will wait until we have a man of brains for minister of public instruction.

What a murder to entrust these ministries, where the heart of Paris beats, to politicians who do not know us and who hate us! Let M. Goblet be given prefects to manage, well and good! But artists, writers!

And, to conclude, there is one thing that M. Goblet does not suspect,—that he has become famous. The country lawyer, the attorney-general, the *protégé* of Gambetta, the minister, will pass away; but the man who prohibited "Germinal" will remain. M. Goblet will never be anything else than that man. It is fatal; every minister who prohibits a piece is consigned to eternal ridicule. Some day the piece gets played whether or no, people look at each other, and all Paris says: "Was it necessary to have been so stupid?" "Germinal" will kill M. Goblet.

Anti-Usury Roll-Call.

Believing that usury, or interest for the use of money, is wrong, the cause of immeasurable suffering, and one of the greatest hindrances to the advancement of civilization, we unite in asking an enrollment of all men and women of like opinion, to the end that we may know something of our numerical strength and be the better able to judge what action is the wisest in the premises.

All who are opposed to the taking of usury, or interest upon money, please report name and post office to C. C. Post, North Evanston, Ill.

You are invited to make suggestions regarding future organization or work.

The Same Old Fool Notion.

[Joseph A. Labadie in the Detroit Labor Leaf.]

A protectionist said the other day: "I believe in protection, but I am a consistent protectionist. I believe in putting a heavy duty on imported goods to protect our business men, and prohibiting the importation of foreign laborers altogether. We have too many foreigners coming here to cut down wages, and the workingmen should be protected as well as the business men." This is the same old fool notion the boy had that went to mill and put wheat in one end of the bag and stones in the other end so as to make it balance on the horse's back.

The Police and the Poor.

[Gramont in L'Intransigeant.]

Just as there is a priest spirit and a *bourgeois* spirit, so there is a police spirit. Everything relating to the police is animated by this peculiar instinct, by this special propensity. And whoever sets foot in the Police Department to fill no matter what position, though previously exempt from these professional tendencies, is filled with them the minute he gets there.

In what does this police spirit consist? One of its distinctive, idiosyncratic characteristics is a hatred of the poor. The police, in fact, were established especially for this purpose,—to see that the rich may sleep in peace. Its principal object, its great social function, is to protect those who possess, is to prevent those who have nothing from taking anything from those who have all.

Hence, the policeman must always look on the poor man as an enemy. A probable or possible, if not a certain enemy. The policeman is the born adversary of the poor man, because he is the adversary of the malefactor, and to the policeman every poor man is a malefactor in embryo.

Moreover, the police institution is essentially repressive, not at all preventive. Consequently, it does not aim to permit poor people to earn their living honestly or to enlarge their opportunities in the struggle for existence. It only tries to watch the poor, to hold them in its hand and in its power, and, at the first sign of weakness, to arrest them. That is why it will never hesitate—especially if it will please people of well-established position—to turn unfortunates out of their houses into the streets at the risk of transforming these unfortunates into criminals.

Besides, the police have no interest in the disappearance of crime. The existence of malefactors is exactly the excuse for their own existence. Now, just as the instinct of individuals is to last, so is it that of constituted bodies, collectivities: and you will always find them acting, often even realizing it, in such a way as to justify and therefore to prolong their existence.

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

Vol. III.—No. 19. **BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1885.** **Whole No. 71.**

"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.

Vanderbilt is dead. Another bad man gone right!

I hereby pledge myself to contribute the largest block of marble that I can find for the base of a monument to be erected in memory of William H. Vanderbilt, on the single condition that I may have carved upon its face, in the largest letters that it will accommodate, the bloated brute's most famous utterance: "The public be damned!"

The Montreal "Star" defends the murder of Louis Riel on the ground that he incited the Indians to revolt. "To raise the Indians," it says, "is regarded by every government which has them under its control as a crime which deserves death, for it is a crime against all the laws of humanity, Indian warfare being a war of extermination, without quarter, without mercy for defenceless people, for women and children. It is the greatest possible outrage on civilization, and a crime which falls outside the class of political offences." It would be interesting to know why it is worse to kill defenceless women and children than to kill men, even if they have weapons in their hands, who have been conscripted by government and made to fight against their will. The difference between the so-called crimes against civilization and the crimes of civilization lies principally in this,—that the latter are committed behind a veil of hypocrisy and pretence which enables their perpetrators to pass for virtuous men at the same time that they are more cruel than the barbarians.

It is difficult to believe in the honesty of "Zeno," the State Socialist, when he bases a two-column article in the Denver "Labor Enquirer" on the assumption that Bakounine in his "God and the State" favors the arbitrary closing of dram-shops and churches. "Zeno" quotes this sentence: "In substituting for the at once illusory and brutal enjoyments of bodily and spiritual licentiousness the enjoyments, as refined as they are abundant, of humanity developed in each and all, the social revolution alone will have the power to close at the same time all the dram-shops and all the churches." This shows, "Zeno" asserts, that Bakounine was not an opponent of the State as such, but only wanted to substitute a new State for the existing States. Now, the context of Bakounine's remarks on this point shows conclusively that the idea of closing dram-shops and churches *by authority* never entered his head. He explains that the working-people now have no escape from the dreariness of their lives, narrowed by poverty and drudgery, except by debauchery—of their bodies in the dram-shops and of their minds in the churches. But the social revolution, he claims, by abolishing poverty and creating a wide range of enjoyments for the people, will take away the patronage of the dram-shops and the churches, and thus result in their closing. This is his meaning, perfectly plain to any man who understands English. I venture to assert that no man in America, except "Zeno," got the idea from reading "God and the State" that its author favored the prohibition of dram-shops and churches. And I don't more than half believe that "Zeno" did. It looks very much as if "Zeno," fearing the effect of Bakounine's tremendous onslaught on State Socialism, felt the necessity of combatting him, and saw no other way to do it successfully than to attribute to him opinions which he never thought of championing.

Whenever Horace Seaver, editor of the "Investigator," has anything particularly stupid to say in answer to a contributor to Liberty,—something so stupid that he does not care to be held responsible for it, lest he may be forced into a hole similar to that in which I planted him a fortnight ago,—instead of printing it, man-fashion, in his editorial column, he writes a professed communication to himself, appends some *nom de plume* as a signature, dates it from some obscure village in a remote corner of the State, and prints it among the correspondence of his paper. Before he does it again, he should learn to disguise his style. Such a communication appeared in the last number of the "Investigator," signed "Anti-Anarchist" and dated from Swansea, in attempted answer to remarks made by Henry Appleton in a lecture at Newark. Mr. Seaver's stock phrases, hackneyed arguments, and stereotyped style are so manifest in this letter that they disclose at once its real authorship. In vain does the ostrich of Paine Hall hide his head in the sand, forgetting that he long since made every diligent reader of the "Investigator" familiar with other parts of his anatomy.

"The Brockton manufacturers and the Anarchist say the rule of the majority is interference. The labor reformer and the church say government is order." The man who made this remark in the Boston "Globe" last Sunday is the same George E. McNeill who, in company with his old-time crony, Ira Steward, Eleanor Rockwood, and other mischief-makers, once attempted to capture the New England Labor Reform League by force of numbers, and commit it as a body to the support of the eight-hour movement. The League was founded by a little body of earnest men and women interested in the labor movement, for the purpose of holding conventions for its public and free discussion. Most of them had definite convictions of their own, but no one in joining the League was committed to any belief. The purpose was not to vote principles or measures down or up, but to compare and study them in the interest of truth and justice. Here McNeill and his pals thought they saw their opportunity. So they planned and plotted and caucused, by day and by night, and entered the League convention ready for action. There was an all-day fight, and the founders of the League had to resort to all sorts of tactics to prevent the passage of the eight-hour resolution. But the invaders were successfully resisted, and a clause put in the Constitution that prevented any such attempts thereafter. It is easy to see now how these invaders excused themselves for thus attempting to enter an organization, divert it from its purpose, and compel its initiators to either leave it or accept doctrines which they did not believe. They acted in accordance with the view now enunciated by McNeill that government is order and that numbers have a divine right to rule. Their conduct then is an index to the greater enormities they will commit if they ever get control, as they hope to, of congress and the legislatures. McNeill is guilty of another wrong when he associates the Brockton manufacturers and the Anarchists. Manufacturers, as a class, in Brockton or elsewhere, are scheming knaves, who favor liberty wherever it is for their interest to do so and oppose it everywhere else. Anarchists are social philosophers, who favor liberty everywhere and always in the interest of the equal rights of all mankind. To class the two in the same category is an attempt to slur the Anarchists by artful insinuation.

"American," who does such admirable paragraphing for "Lucifer," calls me to account for classifying S. P. Putnam as an Anarchist, inasmuch as that gentleman, before the New York Liberal Club, spoke as follows of Colonel Ingersoll: "No one in the world had a deeper insight into the wrongs of labor; no one had more sympathy with the oppressed, and, when the workingmen were ready to vote and to act, they would find no grander leader than Robert G. Ingersoll." "American" adds that either I must be mistaken or Mr. Putnam is somewhat inclined to "slop over." The latter is the true explanation. I call Mr. Putnam an Anarchist, first, because he calls himself one, and, second, because in his best moments, when truest to his ideal and his convictions, all the positions that he takes are Anarchistic. But he is subject to frequent lapses, being unfortunately, not an uncompromising reformer, but a politician and a trimmer. Consequently he is wasting opportunities and powers that might be utilized to great advantage. I have labored with him, but in vain, to show him the error of his ways. He persists in lagging in the rear of the Liberal army when he ought to be in the advance-guard. But there is this to be said for him,—that his eyes are not in the back of his head; hence he knows the advance-guard from the rear, and is constantly reminding those around him of the necessity of accelerating their pace. It is too small business for a man of his calibre, but such as it is we must be thankful for it and give him the credit of being an Anarchist at heart.

On the Wrong Track.

[Dallas Morning News.]

The Ingersoll secularists are on the wrong track in wanting to tax church property. It is not by taxation that freedom is advanced.

SONNETS.

GOLD.

Why herald far and wide with loud acclaim
The empty boast that human souls are freed
From bondage to the mediæval creed,
That would our thoughts in narrow compass frame
To see no wrong in kingly acts, nor blame
The lusty monk who proved salvation's need
By acts of rapine, fraud, or bestial deed,
That would dark Moslem's cheek suffuse with shame,—
When liberty is but an idle dream
To those whose lives are in the market sold,
And woven into fabrics with such art
That every tear, and groan, and bursting heart,
New lustre gives to vie with jewels' gleam
To robe in splendor Christ's successor—Gold!

PROGRESS.

As mountaineers from crag to crag oft leap
Ascending nature's rough-hewn mountain sides,
And feel new life invoke still hardier strides
As nearer grows their goal; and as each heap
Of jutting rocks where wild winds fiercely sweep
Is passed with fearless step,—so Progress guides
The proletaires o'er rocky paths where danger hides
Behind each crag, till they who erst did creep
In fear, now feel their pulses quicker beat
As they drink in the freer mountain air,
And looking back see far beneath them lie
The vale wherein as slaves they thought to die,
Then serfdom's wastes, and wages' hard escheat,
And now the promised land of freedom fair.

Dyer D. Lum.

IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 70.

"Admirable!" said the Duchess, whose face lighted up a minute; "but what I am curious to know," added she, the dark look returning, "is in what way she recited this lesson. With warmth? volubility? the same passion that she showed in the scandalous scene just before? or very gravely, coldly? or perhaps juggling the words, with regret just when she was promising to feel none? Was she sad, and was her voice sure or trembling?"

She awaited in a profound perplexity Casper's response. He was in no haste, dallying purposely, maliciously, while a perverse joy gleamed from his eyes under the bloated lids.

He decided, however, to reply, excusing himself for his delay in furnishing the information requested by the necessity of recalling perfectly the scene which he now retraced as if it were still before him.

"Certainly the young lady did not seem joyous; in reality, she brooded rather as in a reverie and a sadness; but she conquered both, and said it all very fluently, only with a voice that was, at moments, a little husky. On the whole, she took her oath like one who sacrifices much, but who will not fail in keeping her promise."

He scrutinized the fixed eyes of Ellen persistently and with a very complex expression, into which entered an offer of unlimited connivances; but the Duchess did not analyze it; a wholesome relaxation took place in her mind, driving out all the feverishness which had accumulated. Now Newington applauded the metamorphosis which became outwardly apparent. The frown disappeared, and the whole face relaxed and blossomed into a smile.

She had quite recovered her serenity, manifesting the calm of one from whose breast an enormous weight had been lifted and whose lungs once more performed their function. A trace even of frolic appeared in the corners of her sly mouth and sparkled in the contracted pupils of her eyes, and her whole look seemed turned again to thoughts which made her gay.

Casper put on his cap and gained the door, which Newington indicated to him by a sign; she wished to detain him, would rather retire herself, having, without rhyme or reason, disturbed an interview which was, perhaps, important.

"No, no, let him go!" ordered the Duke, resolutely. "He remains at my discretion, but as for you I consider it a rare good fortune to have you near me."

"Really?"

Usually, when he proffered this complaint, she slipped away, never at a loss for pretexts, or repulsed him sharply; but this evening she did not run away when he testified—oh! sweetly, and with the accent of a prayer—the audacious desire to keep her alone with him. Her face did not even cloud when he went so far as to touch slightly with his leg the folds of her skirt and to possess himself anew of her perfumed hand, caressing with his fingers the soft flesh.

She even pushed her condescension so far as to excuse herself for having left him to take supper alone in the dulness and anguish of waiting; but they had ventured so far with Richard that the horses, covered with sweat, panting, worn out, would have returned foundered or even have died on the way.

And she gayly rehearsed the sequel of their Odyssey.

"Behold us quite out in the country, quite in the woods, dismounted, constrained to return on foot, tired, lame, bruised by the rough stones of the road, losing our way, and tempting the knife or bullet of the assassin. The horses rested themselves in the inn before a plentiful provender, and we profited by the occasion to eat, on a rickety table, the most infamous cookery."

"Which you did not touch . . . . . they shall bring you a lunch."

"Thank you; on the contrary, I ate ravenously."

"Accept: some delicate game, preserved fruits, and light cakes, ... and if you will not admit me to your table, I will serve you."

"Like a blonde and curly-haired page."

"Oh! cruel lady, to laugh at me for my white hairs when she gave them to me by her severity."

"Admit that the gift is in keeping with your age. Sixty years!"

"One would think me twenty more by the filial distance at which you hold me."

"I could grandly pass for your daughter."

Newington, sighing with sadness, touched to the heart by this remark so unceasingly revived by Ellen, would have liked, anticipating it, to escape its sound, and he lifted a fine steel hammer on the clear dome of a large bronze bell to summon a lackey. She stopped him.

She had need of nothing, absolutely, except a little rest; admitting that her adventure had left her with a certain lassitude.

"That is just it," said Newington, without too much concealing the vexation he felt. "It is for another to escort you with a party in which you shine, in the intoxication of the open air, of the ride which stirs your blood, of the obstacles which you overcome; and for me, you grant me on your return, bruised and slightly . . . cross, moments which you measure with parsimony."

Lady Ellen merited the reproach and avowed it; only, he would not deprive her of distractions when they were so few and so little varied?

"By no means," observed the Duke; "but why not associate me with them rather than Richard? Am I not worth as much as he for an attendant? He has never possessed my fearlessness, nor conquered savage horses, nor crossed Ireland at one stretch, nor kept in the saddle for weeks, dismounting only to change horses!"

"Yes, you accomplished all those feats, but formerly, at his age," insinuated the Duchess, not without malice.

"I defy him still," replied Newington, "and I suspect that you simply find more pleasure in his society than in mine."

"Well!"

"Really, if he was not my son, I should be actually jealous of him, and conceive a hatred for him."

"Seriously?" demanded the Duchess, who, doubtless to punish him for this blasphemy, added:

"See what inevitably happens to those old men who, having sons in a situation to establish themselves, commit the presumptuous imprudence of marrying all the young ladies themselves" . . .

Whether it was meant as a jest, or a lesson in which was mingled the bitterness of a regret, Newington took the remark amiss, and answered it sharply, as cutting in his turn:

"In any case, my dear, Sir Bradwell is even less suited to you than I am."

"For what reason?"

"Because he is younger than you, and with his twenty-five years he has a right to a *fiancée* of seventeen."

"Of seventeen! Marian's age," murmured (this was too much for her) Lady Ellen, biting her lip; and under her pointed teeth trickled the pearls of her blood.

"Pardon!" said, presently, the Duke; "let us stop this quarrel in which we mutually exasperate each other. It is quite in vain, since evidently, if you prefer Richard to me, you would not inform me!"

And he offered her his hand, he solicited peace; but she preserved an obstinate taciturnity, keeping her ear open, as at first, to the sounds from without and trembling every second.

"You are sulky with me?" interrogated Newington . . . . "No . . . . You are thinking of something else."

"I, nothing!"

The stifled tones of her contralto testified to the contrary, and the Duke insisted.

Then she pretended that it was the wind that howled *rinforzando* in the woods; she mistook it for outcries, and, as if incredulous of the belief which she professed, Newington shook his head.

"I assure you," said she; "and in your castle, moreover, perpetual terrors thus assail me. In summer, at night, if I lean out of my window to breathe the perfume of the flowers which are scattered through the garden, suddenly the aspect of a monster in the heavens, having the air of barking at the clouds or at the stars, draws from me a cry and chills my blood. These are chimeras, emerging from the battlements."

"We will dispel them tomorrow."

"No, for you would have to destroy the whole structure and its dependencies. Everything there causes me sudden frights,—the dancing shadows of the towers, the sound of steps on the flag-stones of the corridors, the resonance of voices under the arches of the cathedral, and suddenly, when one expects it the least, in the cold and dark winter evenings, the flapping of wings, the doleful outcry of a night bird which starts up beside one and flies away frightened by the lights."

"Oh! well! We will raze the stones of this terrible manor haunted with so much that is frightful," said Newington, deliberately, "and build in its place a comfortable and pleasant habitation; moreover, this plan will better suit your beauty and grace, and harmonize more with your tastes."

"And the insurgents would penetrate it as they would a mill. Does it not seem to you, then, more practicable to emigrate into some one of your properties in England?"

Lady Ellen, in propounding this question, which expressed the favorite idea that she had had steadily in view for months, used all her customary flatteries, but with no happier result than usual; the Duke responding, as always, with some dilatory plea.

Today, above all, when sedition was muttering, what cowardice! what disgrace to put the channel between one's self and the danger! This desertion before the enemy, he would not counsel even to her, a woman. Nevertheless, if her courage could not lift itself to the height of events; if she apprehended that her nerves would prove unequal, when the time came, to the thunder of battle, the sight of massacres, he would not force her in any way to remain, he would accede entirely to the proposition that she should go to England; she could remain there till the complete, definitive restoration of peace!

Such an accusation of cowardice, the scorn in which the Duke enveloped his authorization to run away from the quarrel, these lashes veined with purple the pallor of her skin under the powder, and, in the delirium of a rage which blinded her, she had a mad desire to reveal to him, brutally, impudently, the real reasons for which she abhorred this residence at Bunclody and why she spoke so unceasingly of exile.

The avowal, which would have avenged the injury of which the vivid redness of her face still bore token, lay close to her agitated lips that trembled like leaves in the wind; but she reflected in time on the thundering wrath it would unchain in Newington. She had never drawn it upon herself, but had often witnessed it, and violences without name signalized it. He would strike her surely, he would drag her by the hair, he would be in a frantic, wild rage over her aching, expiring body; he would kick her, he would pound her; he would kill her with the fiendish pleasure of a savage and a madman.

So, fretting inwardly, swallowing this dangerous confession, dissimulating as best she could a rancor that she inwardly promised herself to satisfy with usury later, she approved her husband's opinion, so thoroughly in accord with the laws of honor.

Then, pleading anew her fatigue, she bowed ceremoniously, and, pushing with her satin shoe the stiff train of her dress, she walked unsteadily toward the threshold of the room.

But the Duke stopped her, pleading, with his arms humbly extended.

No, she ought not to leave him without a reconciliation, without a proper explanation. Too long had she refused herself, insensible to his claims, to his timid requests, to the court of a timorous admirer who humbled his pride, to the sorrows of a bashful lover. Would it be eternally the same?

"However," sighed he, at the end, "I work with all my might to make myself endurable."

"Not at this instant, nevertheless," responded she, dryly, "since I plan to go to my apartments, and you prevent me."

"I will not prevent you if you permit me to accompany you."

"I know the way!"

"As for me, I forget it, and I insist on learning it again."

He grew excited; a trace of irritation rose in his prayer; the Duchess took offence at it.

"Oh! Oh! 'I insist,'" repeated she twice over, emphasizing the word which he had never used to her before.

By an attitude pleasantly repentant, in which passion played the part of submission, the Duke tried to extenuate the offence which had vexed Ellen,—justly, on the whole,—not being one of those wives who are driven to their sensual obligations as a slave stifled in a harem.

But she received too haughtily this apology, judging it a hypocritical and mocking comedy; she divested herself neither of her queenly stateliness, which was outraged, nor of her marble coldness, and still exaggerated the wounding of her forgotten dignity, promising in her incensed pride to harbor in herself eternal resentment.

Then the patient giant who had been gentle and self-restrained, became exasperated; the crouching lion kicked.

And, peevish, pushing her back regardlessly into the room, Newington let loose all the rancor he had been storing up.

He had respected her caprices, endured her whims, patiently—with an angel's patience—believing that she was passing through a crisis now that her thirtieth year was approaching; but condescension and duplicity had bounds; she had driven him to them. So much the worse for her! Hereafter, she would recognize in him a master!

Surprised, giddy, amazed by such invectives following such an explosion of physical violence, Lady Ellen questioned herself. Had she understood rightly? Did she comprehend the meaning of the phrases which succeeded each other, hurried, sharp, brutal? Was it to her, the Duchess, that Newington addressed them with this insolent authority, this voice of which the tumult drowned the fury of

the tempest roaring through the corridors, and which, overhead, on the roofs, threatened to demolish the chimneys?

Wounded in her vanity as a woman flattered, heretofore, by all,—the Duke as well as others,—touched in her glory of a queen abjectly courted, a revolt arose in her, covering her skin with quivering *papillæ*.

The last words, above all, sounded in her ears with all the resonance of a convent bell:

"A master!" she recognize in Newington a "master"!

A master in this man whom she had cordially detested already, and whom she hated with all her might now that he had treated her harshly. A master, and not only one who would demand an account of her time, but who would dictate to her how she should employ it, would order her to give up her rides over hill and valley where she escaped from him and principally in order to be alone, without annoyances, without witnesses, free from surprises, in the deserted country, in the depths of deaf woods, in a *tête-à-tête* with her lover!

Yes, her lover, Sir Richard, her lover for some months, notwithstanding the difference in their ages. Only five years, that is not an abyss? And never,—they said it to her daily, and she did not doubt it,—never had she possessed so many charms; never had her beauty, now at its height, been so enticing, so strong! Ah! the sarcasms of the Duke *àpropos* of her thirty years fell flat! Richard, on that account, had been averse to making her his wife!

He had taken her for a mistress while waiting, waiting to marry her later on the death of his father, very soon perhaps, for one dies easily after the sixtieth year, and when one is passionate and does not always confine one's self to strict sobriety! Now that the Irish had taken up the matter, tormented, like her, with haste for the disappearance of a tyrant, things would precipitate themselves, surely!

She hoped it at least, so intensely that it seemed to her that her wishes ought to constrain fate to obey. And it was at this moment, it was in the midst of this altitude of her mind, that the Duke, awkwardly, in the manner of a boor, of a drover speaking to his wife, to his female, notified her to consider him as her master!

Her master, this soldier rated as a horse-jockey, demanded of her marks of tenderness, and would, at a fixed time,—whenever a frenzy should stir his blood, by night, by day, on leaving his homeric repasts, with color brisk, ear crimson, and mouth moist with lust, force her to submit to his kiss, his entwinings, his embrace!

Never!

To be continued.

THEN AND NOW.

XXV.

MONEY-GETTING AND PLEASURE-GETTING.

BOSTON, December 12, 2085.

My Dear Louise:

You may judge from what I have written you, I think, that the people today are not great money-getters,—that their ambition does not lead them to desire immense wealth. I think a few quotations from Mr. De Demain may give you a better conception of the matter than you have yet had.

"Ambition is energy. It is something more than desire; it has in it the element of action. It is, besides, imitative. Those who, in any age, achieve a success which is called either great or glorious set the standard of ambition which is followed by the rank and file of humanity. In the time of Alexander every boy desired to become a conqueror; so in the days of Cæsar and Napoleon. In your own time, two hundred years ago, every boy desired to be a millionaire. Poor young men were encouraged by being told that Jay Gould was once a poor young man. Almost every man, until his hair was white and his steps faltering, cherished the hope that some morning he would awake and find himself possessed of a fortune. All looked upon money secured as the proof of success. Fame was desired simply as a means of gold-getting. Religion was affected because it gave an air of respectability which paved the way to wealth. Learning was sought for because through it money might be made. Wealth was the goal, and, no matter how miasmic the meadows, how high the hills, how rugged the roads, that lay between, the journey must be that way. There were pleasant paths in other directions, but there were no pots of gold at the end of the beautiful rainbows which lay in the direction of their termini.

"Ah, what terrible tracts those were over which men toiled for the sake of gasping with their last breath: 'I am rich'! Light burdens only could be carried across that dreary desert. Men, to lighten their load, threw away love, friendship, honor, health. Where one reached the journey's end, a thousand sank by the wayside. Perhaps a passer-by would say 'poor fellow,' as he saw an old-time friend sink exhausted, dying, but there was no time for more. To stop, with that mad, endless procession pushing on from behind, meant death.

"That path, marked with the whitened skulls of millions, is no longer travelled. There is no one thing today, except happiness, after which all are striving. There are little merry parties on all the pleasant paths. Those whose burdens are heavy loiter behind; those who are fleet are at the front. A weak or tired one may stop, and not fear being trampled to death by a madly-rushing herd.

"Ambition today is individual. The people's desires are for things that money will buy, and not for the money. The desire for money simply is unnatural. Whenever it shows itself today, we look upon it as a sure sign of lunacy. The desire for things which add to the comfort and convenience, and consequently the happiness, of the individual is natural. To satisfy such a desire is a healthy ambition, and the result is all sorts of labor-saving contrivances and all sorts of pleasant pastimes.

"It is not natural for man to be idle. Because humanity today is not struggling for money, it is not to be supposed that there is any less energy leavening human action. I must repeat what I have already told you,—and not only told you, but shown you by many examples,—that ambition is as strong as ever, but it is thrown, by means of the different and far superior conditions under which men and women live, into other paths.

"The chief aim of the people is to enjoy, and the inventive genius which is natural to humanity—I say natural, because in your time it was supposed to be an outgrowth of patent laws—works itself out in contrivances which add to this enjoyment. The question is not, 'Will this make me richer?' but, 'Will this make me more happy?' Happiness is surely a more worthy ambition than wealth, even if the struggle of humanity be not so feverish."

From what I have myself seen, I think that Mr. De Demain is right. I believe that the people of today do strive more for happiness than for wealth. They all appear prosperous, but there are none who are so very much richer than others. The contrivances for amusement which Mr. De Demain mentions are of countless number. I should much like to describe for you some of the most ingenious of them, but I can tell you better than I can write, and may possibly see you soon.

JOSEPHINE.

A LETTER TO GROVER CLEVELAND.

ON

His False, Absurd, Self-Contradictory, and Ridiculous Inaugural Address.

By LYSANDER SPOONER.

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SECTION XV.

But although the monopoly of money is one of the most glaring violations of men's natural right to make their own contracts, and one of the most effective—perhaps *the* most effective—for enabling a few men to rob everybody else, and for keeping the great body of the people in poverty and servitude, it is not the only one that our government practises, nor the only one that has the same robbery in view.

The so-called taxes or duties, which the government levies upon imports, are a practical violation both of men's natural right of property, and of their natural right to make their own contracts.

A man has the same *natural* right to traffic with another, who lives on the opposite side of the globe, as he has to traffic with his next-door neighbor. And any obstruction, price, or penalty, interposed by the government, to the exercise of that right, is a practical violation of the right itself.

The ten, twenty, or fifty per cent. of a man's property, which is taken from him, for the reason that he purchased it in a foreign country, must be considered either as the price he is required to pay for the *privilege* of buying property in that country, or else as a penalty for having exercised his *natural right* of buying it in that country. Whether it be considered as a price paid for a privilege, or a penalty for having exercised a natural right, it is a violation both of his natural right of property, and of his natural right to make a contract in that country.

In short, it is nothing but downright robbery.

And when a man seeks to avoid this robbery, by evading the government robbers who are lying in wait for him,—that is, the so-called revenue officers,—whom he has as perfect a right to evade, as he has to evade any other robbers, who may be lying in wait for him,—the seizure of his whole property,—instead of the ten, twenty, or fifty per cent. that would otherwise have been taken from him,—is not merely adding so much to the robbery itself, but is adding insult to the robbery. It is punishing a man as a criminal, for simply trying to save his property from robbers.

But it will be said that these taxes or duties are laid to raise revenue for the support of the government.

Be it so, for the sake of the argument. All taxes, levied upon a man's property for the support of government, without his consent, are mere robbery; a violation of his natural right of property. And when a government takes ten, twenty, or fifty per cent. of a man's property, for the reason that he bought it in a foreign country, such taking is as much a violation of his natural right of property, or of his natural right to purchase property, as is the taking of property which he has himself produced, or which he has bought in his own village.

A man's natural right of property, in a commodity he has bought in a foreign country, is intrinsically as sacred and inviolable as it is in a commodity produced at home. The foreign commodity is bought with the commodity produced at home; and therefore stands on the same footing as the commodity produced at home. And it is a plain violation of one's right, for a government to make any distinction between them.

Government assumes to exist for the impartial protection of all rights of property. If it really exists for that purpose, it is plainly bound to make each kind of property pay its proper proportion, and only its proper proportion, of the cost of protecting all kinds. To levy upon a few kinds the cost of protecting all, is a naked robbery of the holders of those few kinds, for the benefit of the holders of all other kinds.

But the pretence that heavy taxes are levied upon imports, solely, or mainly, for the support of government, while light taxes, or no taxes at all, are levied upon property at home, is an utterly false pretence. They are levied upon the imported commodity, mainly, if not solely, for the purpose of enabling the producers of competing home commodities to extort from consumers a higher price than the home commodities would bring in free and open market. And this additional price is sheer robbery, and is known to be so. And the amount of this robbery—which goes into the pockets of the home producers—is five, ten, twenty, or fifty times greater than the amount that goes into the treasury, for the support of the government, according as the amount of the home commodities is five, ten, twenty, or fifty times greater than the amount of the imported competing commodities.

Thus the amounts that go to the support of the government, and also the amounts that go into the pockets of the home producers, in the higher prices they get for their goods, are all sheer robberies; and nothing else.

But it will be said that the heavy taxes are levied upon the foreign commodity, not to put great wealth into a few pockets, but "*to protect the home laborer against the competition of the pauper labor of other countries.*"

This is the great argument that is relied on to justify the robbery.

This argument must have originated with the employers of home labor, and not with the home laborers themselves.

The home laborers themselves could never have originated it, because they must have seen that, so far as they were concerned, the object of the "protection," so-called, was, *at best*, only to benefit them, by robbing others who were as poor as themselves, and who had as good a right as themselves to live by their labor. That is, they must have seen that the object of the "protection" was to rob the foreign laborers, in whole, or in part, of the pittances on which they were already necessitated to live; and, secondly, to rob consumers at home,—in the increased prices of the protected commodities,—when many or most of these home consumers were also laborers as poor as themselves.

Even if any class of laborers would have been so selfish and dishonest as to wish to thus benefit themselves by injuring others, as poor as themselves, they could have had no hope of carrying through such a scheme, if they alone were to profit by it; because they could have had no such influence with governments, as would be necessary to enable them to carry it through, in opposition to the rights and interests of consumers, both rich and poor, and much more numerous than themselves.

For these reasons it is plain that the argument originated with the employers of home labor, and not with the home laborers themselves.

And why do the employers of home labor advocate this robbery? Certainly not because they have such an intense compassion for their own laborers, that they are willing to rob everybody else, rich and poor, for their benefit. Nobody will sus-

Continued on page 6.

Liberty.

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"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.

Patrick, Proceed.

A few weeks ago I sent advertisements of the story, "Ireland," now running in these columns to the most prominent Irish weeklies of the country through Dodd's advertising agency. In these advertisements the fact was casually and innocently mentioned that among the regular contributors to Liberty were "Honorius" and "Phillip," former staff-correspondents of the "Irish World," who write for Liberty over the signatures of "X" and "H" respectively. Knowing that these men had endeared themselves by their writings to the readers of the "Irish World" beyond any other men ever connected with that paper, my purpose (a perfectly legitimate one) was to inform these readers and Irish people generally where their writings can now be found. I supposed that I was honoring the "Irish World" by announcing that two such men had ever lent it their cooperation, little supposing that its editor, Patrick Ford, was ashamed of either of them.

Great was my mistake. The advertisement duly appeared in the other Irish weeklies, but not in the "Irish World." At first I supposed the omission was due to some failure of the mails or some oversight in the business office or composing room, and did not give it much thought. But after a reasonable time, no explanation arriving, the advertising agency was directed to inquire into the matter. It was like pulling teeth to get a reply. Days went by without any.

Meanwhile, however, I unexpectedly received an explanation of the mystery through another channel. "Honorius" himself sent me a copy of a letter which he had received from Austin E. Ford, whippersnapper-in-chief to the Great Light-Spreader. He also favored me with a copy of his reply. This interesting and instructive correspondence is herewith printed.

Friend Appleton:

I wish you would stop using the name of the "Irish World" in connection with your lectures and your newspaper articles. You know well that we do not agree with your ideas, and that it is unfair to make us a party to them as you do by the use of the "Irish World's" name. I hope you will stop it, for I should be sorry to see Patrick mentioning the matter in the papers, as he will most certainly, if the thing is continued.

There is no personal ill-feeling in this. The desire is simply that you speak for yourself, and let us do the same for ourselves.

Yours very truly,
AUSTIN E. FORD.

NEW YORK, November 21, 1885.

Friend Ford:

Your note is received. I do not know that I have ever tried to identify the "Irish World" with my propaganda, except that I may have occasionally mentioned the fact of my having been one of its staff correspondents,—*an unimpeachable right of mine, which I shall always exercise whenever it suits my convenience*, just as I sometimes mention the fact of my former connection with Brown University and other establishments. My right to publish my biography, or emphasize some of its experiences, even though they bear upon the "Irish World," is one that I do not propose to alienate, even by courtesy; for on that score I owe the "Irish World" nothing.

The men who have mentioned me in connection with the "Irish World" are such as have engaged me to lecture for them, and they have done it entirely on their own responsibility. You must therefore settle your scores with them. The editors of various labor and reform papers have also mentioned "Honorius" in connection with my views. It is with them you must settle rather than me; and, since you have put yourself into my hands, I will try your note over to them, if you desire it. The chief sinner in this regard is Benj. R. Tucker, who, I understand, is to boom me as a lecturer in the next number of Liberty, and may possibly refer to me as "Honorius" of the "Irish World." If he does, then Mr. Tucker is the man to tackle; and, if you will have the kindness to tread on the tail of his coat, I have no doubt he will accommodate you.

You kindly and patronizingly remark that "you should be sorry to see Patrick mentioning the matter in the papers, as he will most certainly, if the thing is continued." I sympathize with you in your anticipated sorrow, as such an advertisement would be a most coveted prize and recoil upon Patrick above all other men. I address you as a friend when I say that, in a public advertising scheme of Patrick *versus* "Honorius," Patrick has everything to lose and "Honorius" everything to gain. If you think otherwise, then proceed.

"The way of the transgressor is hard." The "Irish World," once the hope of the poor and lowly, has gone back on essentially all that endeared it to humanity's best hopes. It is morally ready to be carried out and buried. I have hoped and prayed that that kind Providence which always moved Patrick to act wiser than he knew would yet bring him back to his senses. If it does not, and his mission as an evangelist of the new light is closed, I cannot stop to bother with Patrick, but must go ahead about my business, though a thousand Patricks whine over their grave-clothes in my path.

With the same kindly feelings which you express, I am
Yours most truly,
HENRY APPLETON.

PROVIDENCE, November 24, 1885.

The foregoing reply of "Honorius" so effectually disposes of the ridiculous threats and dictatorial pretensions of his whilom employer that there is little need for me to add anything to it. But it will complete the history of the matter if I add that, after being repeatedly pressed by the advertising agency for a reply, the "Irish World" finally answered that the advertisement had been rejected as objectionable, that one of its employees had been directed at the time to say so by letter, and that he claims to have obeyed orders. Those can believe the last two clauses of this answer who choose to.

But think of it! These men, admiring the paper which at that time was doing battle for justice in such seemingly manful fashion, spent their best efforts for it and its cause at wretchedly low wages,—"Honorius" especially being employed in the office and doing for a weekly pittance a vast amount of journalistic drudgery in addition to writing his signed articles, and that, too, in the years when the paper, a splendid piece of property, was at the height of its prosperity,—and now Patrick Ford, jealous of their fame, tries to extinguish it by forbidding them to use, or even mention, the signatures over which they wrote in his columns. After driving them from his support by his own false and cowardly policy, and by mutilating some of their articles and rejecting others (although they alone were responsible for the opinions expressed), he now, with most magnificent assurance, assumes the right to prevent them from informing the world that they are not yet in their graves, and makes himself a laughing-stock by threats of public exposure and repudiation. O presumption, thy name is Patrick!

T.

A Familiar Type of Moral Coward.

There is always a certain set of panicy brains and cowardly hearts who live in eternal anxiety lest they should be "identified" with somebody or something that is off-color and of ill-repute among the mass of every-day fools who make up what is called "society."

A few weeks ago, as is widely known, a clique of politico-liberal braves met at Albany, but, upon the presence of a no greater scare than that of E. H. Heywood and Seward Mitchell with free-love pronunciamentos in their hands, were transformed into a circus scarcely less ridiculous than that presented when two hot chestnuts are thrown into a cage of monkeys. It was not enough that the speech of these aforesaid free-lovers was securely gagged at the start: it was held that their mere presence was a menace and an insult to the convention, since it "identified" it as a body with free-love. "Not that we have anything against free-love *per se*," argued they, knowing well that, whereas Heywood and Mitchell were "pure" in practice by the standards of society, most of them had been practising it for years in a nest-hiding sort of a way; oh, no! it was not this; they simply demanded that the convention should not be identified with such doctrines. Brave talk, this, from men who virtually *were* the convention.

A few years ago I was engaged to lecture before the Land League in New Bedford, and Ben Butler was announced on the same bill-board. A professor of Brown University, who unfortunately bore my name, was seized with the moral tremens upon hearing of it, and immediately telegraphed to all the New Bedford papers praying that his name might not be "identified" with socialistic and communistic theories. I can pardon the kind of intellectual baboon that fills a chair in Brown University while practising such antics, but have nothing but unmitigated contempt for such cowardly pranks among professing liberals.

The last panicy clown in the reform world to come before my notice is Patrick Ford, who does not want the "Irish World" "identified" with Anarchistic views, even to the extent of an Anarchist's mentioning the fact that he was ever connected with that paper. Well, Ford is excusable for much, too, but Courtlandt Palmer, way up in dialectics, ethical science, Comtism, and all the exquisite agonies of "culture," and a liberal too, is a rare bird of another stripe. How can such a lofty and polished figure, so sweetly gloved and booted, be seized with a fear lest anything could even remotely identify him with the unclean thing free-love? It is preposterous.

When Garrison was heroically storming the American conscience at the butt-end of the "Liberator," no one ever heard him whining lest he should be "identified" with some reputed unclean or tabooed thing. He had no time for such trifles. When John Brown was defying American law and custom and treading under foot the fiction of property as against the right of a man to himself, no cowardly fear ever touched him lest he should be "identified" with thieves and brigands. When Wilberforce herded with dirty and drunken sailors during twenty years in the forecastles of ships in London docks to gather knowledge of the slave trade, he had no time to write to the London papers protesting against being identified with the views entertained by sailor boarding houses. Men of this stamp are so wholly absorbed in grand moral purposes that they spurn to belittle themselves by whining over things that incidentally touch their skirts as they push forward.

But men of little moral purpose above self-inflation are naturally timid as to what they are "identified" with. Egotism is the chief plank in their platform. At bottom they are after prestige, fame, popularity, or some other personal phantom. Their anxiety over what they may possibly be identified with is a sure sign of moral disease and mental smallness. He in whom the love of truth, for the truth's own sake, is incarnate rides serenely above the distorted representations of malignant men, and cares little what he is identified with. The thousand and one canting humbugs who go about stickling for their identities are generally people who, when shaken up and sifted for all they are worth as moral forces, have really no identities worth quarreling over.

X.

Rent: Parting Words.

The terminology employed by me in the preceding numbers of Liberty needs no defence, as I have used common words in their usual sense without regard to the technicalities of schoolmen.

My admission that payments by a tenant beyond restoration of all values removed by crops, and during the years of culture, should justly be reckoned as purchase money, has nothing to do with terminology; it employs no words in an unusual sense. Therein consists, however, my radical accord with Proudhon and other modern socialists, and it cuts to the root of the tribute paid to idle landlords. The rent on real estate in cities has a compound basis, for, in addition to the equivalent for repairs and taxes common between it and agricultural rent, it includes an increment that may or may not have been earned by the owner and which is generally due to the concurrence of many individuals actuated by commercial and other social interests. A vortex, the site of which is determined by some local advantage, sucks in the population and resources of a large area.

The ethical title to the unearned increment of market values in real estate reverts to the municipal autonomy (1), but

its legal title is now vested with individuals, and is the unjust basis of fortunes, like that of the Astors in New York city. Such titles carry with them at least hygienic duties, and certain tenement blocks are fairly indictable under existing laws as public nuisances.

Market gardens near cities partake of this compound basis of values, but for agricultural lands generally labor is the only factor of value and title of rent. "Reduction to Procrustean codes of law of these relations between past and present labor which constitute capital in the soil" is an archonistic vice which I do not attribute to Mr. Tucker, but I perceive in his reply some twinges of conscience which accuse his semi-allegiance to "Pantarchate" doctrines. One of these he brings forward in the formula of exchange of labor, hour for hour; an arrangement the feasibility of which is narrowly limited in practice, and which, even when feasible, must be subordinate to personal contracts under individual sovereignty.(2) The pretension to generalize it is purely conventional and foreign to economic science.(3)

Aiming at equalitarian justice in labor exchange, Marx takes from statistical tables the average life of laborers in each department, including even the manipulation of poisons; then, if the span of life in these is reduced to, say five years, while in farm work it is sixty, he makes one hour of the latter exchange for twelve of the former.

Is it necessary to expose the puerility of such speculative views? With a despotic capitalism will cease the necessity for murderous industries. Honest labor owns no fealty to the royalty of gold; hence will abandon the quicksilver works of the Rothschilds, which have for their chief object the extraction of gold, to be kept in vaults as the basis of currency. The Labor and Produce Exchange Bank annihilates at one blow the industrial and the financial slavery.

Honest labor has no use for those paralyzing paints which are compounded with white lead. It will forge its plows as they were forged before capitalism dictated that sharpening process, to the dust of which so many lives are sacrificed by artificial phthisis. I make bold to declare that not a single murderous function will remain after the emancipation from the prejudice of government, for the political and the economic despotisms are Siamese twins. But that will not equalize exchanges, hour for hour, a system whose occasional feasibility cannot go behind personal contracts, and for Anarchists must be optional with individual sovereignty. It is a rickety child of the "Pantarchate," that needs to be bolstered with half a dozen ifs. Not only is it incalculable for exchanges between the simpler forms of labor and those requiring years of previous study, or a costly preparation; (4) but even in agriculture or mechanics, labor is little more than the 0 that gives value to judgment and skill, without which its intervention is not only worthless, but often detrimental.(5) A mere plowman in my orchard may ruin my fruit crop by a day's faithful work, or a surgeon cripple me for life by an operation however well intended, and, mechanically, well performed.(6)

The employer is naturally and ethically the appraiser of work, and what he wants to know is, not the cost in time or pains, but the probable value of the result, before proposing terms to labor.(7) Then the estimate of costs enters into the laborer's answer, but, as he must often accept work the unforeseen costs of which exceed the compensation, it is unjust to restrict him from indemnifying himself on other occasions, by computing the value of his work to the employer.(8)

The "cost limit of price" doctrine is another economic fantasy (9) that flouts practical expediency, and, while qualifying particular estimates, can never become a general law.

The ethical validity of investment of past labor as the basis of rent does not need to lean upon the broken reed that Mr. Tucker supplies in his "*if* its result would remain intact, the field lying idle," etc. He knows it could not remain intact, for such field would grow up in grubs and the fences would decay during idleness, but it does not follow that the field would lie idle because not rented, nor would my loss in that case be a just reason why I should not share in the fructification of my past labor by another man's actual labor.(10) My illustration of the mechanism and conditions of the productivity of capital stands for itself and by itself; it is not a gloze or commentary upon Proudhon. His ideas and mine both harmonize with the facts of the case; that is our agreement, it is not an affair of mere verbiage.

The field in question owed its whole productivity to my previous labor. Other land contiguous was free to my tenant's occupation and use, but, though of equal original capacities, was rejected by him as a non-value. This is true of most agricultural land. Only by contiguity to cities, or in certain exceptional sites, has land any appreciable value independent of labor, in this country.

I stated that, in making a crop upon the basis of values accumulated in the soil by my previous labor, the tenant, paying one-fourth, profited three times as much by my previous labor as I did. This is the conventional award to his season's labor; it may be more or less than relative justice, but conventional rules or customs are infinitely preferable to arithmetical computations of a balance by the hours of labor. Farmers are not apt to be monomaniacs of book-keeping. Instead of *profited*, I might have written shared. The term profit touches a hyperæsthetic spot in the socialist brain, and makes thought fly off at a tangent.(11) Mr. Tucker's commentary here is to me a mere muddle of phrases which it does not appear profitable to analyze.

There is no squint in our use of the word Anarchy. There is a squint in employing it as a synonym with confusion.(12)
EDGEWORTH.

(1) This smacks of Henry George. If the municipality is an organization to which every person residing within a given territory must belong and pay tribute, it is not a bit more defensible than the State itself,—in fact, is nothing but a small State,—and to vest in it a title to any part of the value of real estate is simply land nationalization on a small scale, which no Anarchist can look upon with favor. If the municipality is a voluntary organization, it can have no titles except what it gets from the individuals composing it. If they choose to transfer their "unearned increments" to the municipality, well and good; but any individual not choosing to do so ought to be able to hold his "unearned increment" against the world. If it is unearned, certainly his neighbors did not earn it. The advent of Liberty will reduce all unearned increments to a harmless minimum.

(2) There it is again. After admitting that I do not want to impose this principle of exchange, why does Edgeworth remind me that it must be "subordinate," etc.? When forced to a direct answer, he allows that I am not in favor of legal regulation, but immediately he proceeds with his argument as if I were. Logic commands him for a moment; then he lapses back into his instinctive inability to distinguish between a scientific principle and statute law.

(3) Who pretends to generalize it? Certainly no Anarchist. The pretension is that it will generalize itself as soon as monopoly is struck down. This generalization, far from being conventional, depends upon the abolition of conventions. Instead of being narrowly limited in practice, the labor measure of exchange will become, through Liberty, an almost universal fact.

(4) Why incalculable? Suppose a boy begins farm labor at fifteen years of age with a prospect of fifty years of work before him at one thousand dollars a year. Suppose another boy of the same age spends ten years and ten thousand dollars in studying medicine, and begins practice at twenty-five years of age with a prospect of forty years of work before him. Is it such a difficult mathematical problem to find out how great a percentage the latter must add to his prices in order to get in forty years as much as the farmer gets in fifty, and ten thousand dollars besides? Any schoolboy could solve it. Of course, labor cannot be estimated with the same degree of accuracy under all circumstances, but with the cost principle as a guide a sufficient approximation to equity is secured, while without it there is nothing but hap-hazard, scramble, and extortion. Edgeworth is mistaken, by the way, regarding the paternity of this principle. It is not a child of the "Pantarchate," or at any rate only an adopted child, its real father having been Josiah Warren, who hated the "Pantarchate" most cordially.

(5) I have never maintained that judgment and skill are less important than labor; I have only maintained that neither judgment nor skill can be charged for in equity except so far as they have been acquired. Even then the payment is not for the judgment or skill, but for the labor of acquiring, and, in estimating the price, one hour of labor in acquiring judgment is to be considered equal—not, as now, to one day, or week, or perhaps year of manual toil—but to one hour of manual toil. The claim for judgment and skill is usually a mere pretext made to deceive the people into paying exorbitant prices, and will not bear analysis for a moment.

(6) What has this to do with the price of labor? Imagine Edgeworth or any other sensible man employing an incompetent surgeon because his services could be had for a dollar a day less than those of one more competent! The course for sensible and just men to follow is this: Employ the best workmen you can find; whomsoever you employ, pay them equitably; if they damage you, insist that they shall make the damage good, so far as possible; but do not dock their wages on the supposition that they *may* damage you.

(7) On the contrary, the employee, the one who does the work, is naturally and ethically the appraiser of work, and all that the employer has to say is whether he will pay the price or not. Into his answer enters the estimate of the value of the result. Under the present system he offers less than cost, and the employee is forced to accept. But Liberty and competition will create such an enormous market for labor that no workman will be forced by his incompetency to work for less than cost, as he will always be in a position to resort to some simpler work for which he is competent and can obtain adequate pay.

(8) The old excuse: to pay Paul I must rob Peter.

(9) No, not *another;* the same old fantasy, if it be a fantasy. The fact that Edgeworth supposes the exchange of labor for labor to be a different thing from the "cost limit of price" doctrine shows how little he understands it.

(10) Edgeworth admitted in his previous article that he could ask nothing more than that his field should be restored to him intact, and that anything his tenant might pay in addition should be regarded as purchase money; now he not only wants his field restored intact, but insists on sharing in the results of his tenant's labor. I can follow in no such devious path as this.

(11) It would have made no difference to me, had Edgeworth said "shared" instead of "profited." In that case I should simply have said that neither landlords nor tenants as such (where there is freedom of competition) *share* in the results of the extra fertility of soil due to preparatory labor, but that those results go to the consumers. And Edgeworth's reply would have been the same,—that my remarks were a "muddle of phrases." Such a reply admits of no discussion Only our readers can judge of its justice. One of the most intelligent of them does so judge in the brief communication following this article. In saying that "farmers are not apt to be monomaniacs of book-keeping," Edgeworth is probably not aware that he is calling Proudhon (with whom he so obstinately insists that he is in accord) hard names. The statement occurs over and over again in Proudhon's works that book-keeping is the final arbiter in all economical discussion. He never tires of sounding its praises. And this great writer, whose "radical accord" with Edgeworth "is not a matter of mere verbiage," was one of the most persistent champions of the cost principle and the exchange of labor hour for hour.

(12) I presume I am entirely safe in saying that the word Anarchy is used in the sense of confusion a thousand times where it is used once in the sense of Liberty. Therefore Edgeworth's closing assertion that "there is no squint in our use of the word Anarchy" and that "there is a squint in employing it as a synonym with confusion" shows how much reliance can be placed upon his opening assertion that in this discussion he has "used common words in their usual sense."

T.

A Southern Journalist's Opinion.

Dear Mr. Tucker:

I am delighted with every issue of your paper. Your reply to Edgeworth on the question of rent is very just.

J. L. WALKER.

GALVESTON, TEXAS, October 11, 1885.

An Error of the Monometallists.

[Galveston News.]

One of the questions which the gold monometallic money men do not appear to ask themselves is this: Is it necessary to have any money at all? It will always be found that they favor something along with gold, to wit, bank-notes on a semi-fiat basis. An insufficiency of money would be a great evil, however perfect the money might be. Future debts may be made payable in a money apparently fixed in value, but the debtor has first to get that money. How does he know what his wheat or cotton or labor will bring next year? As he can not know this, he can not know how much effort it will require to pay a debt. Gold is not really fixed in value. For example, if another nation demonetizes silver, gold gets a greater value by reason of greater demand. The present power of gold is largely the result of restrictive laws in many countries, and therefore not an economic truth. Gold has appreciated. Silver, like it and all other commodities, varies in value, but to measure silver by the gold standard is begging a question. Let silver and gold be compared with the average of commodities, and see which metal will most nearly purchase things on an average as ten years ago. It is silver. Therefore, the creditor is equitably paid in silver, for he can take the silver and buy the things he could have bought with his gold or silver or greenbacks ten years ago. But with gold he can now buy more.

A LETTER TO GROVER CLEVELAND.

Continued from page 3.

pect them of being influenced by any such compassion as that. But they advocate it solely because they put into their own pockets a very large portion certainly—probably three-fourths, I should judge—of the increased prices their commodities are thus made to bring in the market. The home laborers themselves probably get not more than one-fourth of these increased prices.

Thus the argument for "protection" is really an argument for robbing foreign laborers—as poor as our own—of their equal and rightful chances in our markets; and also for robbing all the home consumers of the protected article—the poor as well as the rich—in the prices they are made to pay for it. And all this is done at the instigation, and principally for the benefit, of the employers of home labor, and not for the benefit of the home laborers themselves.

Having now seen that this argument—of "protecting our home laborers against the competition of the pauper labor of other countries"—is, of itself, an utterly dishonest argument; that it is dishonest towards foreign laborers and home consumers; that it must have originated with the employers of home labor, and not with the home laborers themselves; and that the employers of home labor, and not the home laborers themselves, are to receive the principal profits of the robbery, let us now see how utterly false is the argument itself.

1. The pauper laborers (if there are any such) of other countries have just as good a right to live by their labor, and have an equal chance in our own markets, and in all the markets of the world, as have the pauper laborers, or any other laborers, of our own country.

Every human being has the same natural right to buy and sell, of and to, any and all other people in the world, as he has to buy and sell, of and to, the people of his own country. And none but tyrants and robbers deny that right. And they deny it for their own benefit solely, and not for the benefit of their laborers.

And if a man, in our own country—either from motives of profit to himself, or from motives of pity towards the pauper laborers of other countries—*chooses* to buy the products of the foreign pauper labor, rather than the products of the laborers of his own country, he has a perfect legal right to do so. And for any government to forbid him to do so, or to obstruct his doing so, or to punish him for doing so, is a violation of his natural right of purchasing property of whom he pleases, and from such motives as he pleases.

2. To forbid our own people to buy in the best markets, is equivalent to forbidding them to sell the products of their own labor in the best markets; for they can buy the products of foreign labor, only by giving the products of their own labor in exchange. Therefore to deny our right to buy in foreign markets, is to forbid us to sell in foreign markets. And this is a plain violation of men's natural rights.

If, when a producer of cotton, tobacco, grain, beef, pork, butter, cheese, or any other commodity, in our own country, has carried it abroad, and exchanged it for iron or woolen goods, and has brought these latter home, the government seizes one-half of them, because they were manufactured abroad, the robbery committed upon the owner is the same as if the government had seized one-half of his cotton, tobacco, or other commodity, before he exported it; because the iron or woolen goods, which he purchased abroad with the products of his own home labor, are as much his own property, as was the commodity with which he purchased them.

Therefore the tax laid upon foreign commodities, that have been bought with the products of our home labor, are as much a robbery of the home laborer, as the same tax would have been, if laid directly upon the products of our home labor. It is, at best, only a robbery of one home laborer—the producer of cotton, tobacco, grain, beef, pork, butter, or cheese—for the benefit of another home laborer—the producer of iron or woolen goods.

3. But this whole argument is a false one, for the further reason that our home laborers do not have to compete with "*the pauper labor*" of any country on earth; since the *actual paupers* of no country on earth are engaged in producing commodities for export to any other country. They produce few, or no, other commodities than those they themselves consume; and ordinarily not even those.

There are a great many millions of *actual paupers* in the world. In some of the large provinces of British India, for example, it is said that nearly half the population are paupers. But I think that the commodities they are producing for export to other countries than their own, have never been heard of.

The term, "pauper labor," is therefore a false one. And when these robbers—the employers of home labor—talk of protecting their laborers against the competition of "*the pauper labor*" of other countries, they do not mean that they are protecting them against the competition of *actual paupers;* but only against the competition of that immense body of laborers, in all parts of the world, *who are kept constantly on the verge of pauperism, or starvation;* who have little, or no, means of subsistence, except such as their employers see fit to give them,—which means are usually barely enough to keep them in a condition to labor.

These are the only "pauper laborers," from whose competition our own laborers are sought to be protected. They are quite as badly off as our own laborers; and are in equal need of "protection."

What, then, is to be done? This policy of excluding foreign commodities from our markets, is a game that all other governments can play at, as well as our own. And if it is the duty of our government to "protect" our laborers against the competition of "the pauper labor," so-called, of all other countries, it is equally the duty of every other government to "protect" its laborers against the competition of the so-called "pauper labor" of all other countries. So that, according to this theory, each nation must either shut out entirely from its markets the products of all other countries; or, at least, lay such heavy duties upon them, as will, *in some measure*, "protect" its own laborers from the competition of the "pauper labor" of all other countries.

This theory, then, is that, instead of permitting all mankind to supply each other's wants, by freely exchanging their respective products with each other, the government of each nation should rob the people of every other, by imposing heavy duties upon all commodities imported from them.

The natural effect of this scheme is to pit the so-called "pauper labor" of each country against the so-called "pauper labor" of every other country; and all for the benefit of their employers. And as it holds that so-called "pauper labor" is cheaper than free labor, it gives the employers in each country a constant motive for reducing their own laborers to the lowest condition of poverty, consistent with their ability to labor at all. In other words, the theory is, that the smaller the portion of the products of labor, that is given to the laborers, the larger will be the portion that will go into the pockets of the employers.

Now, it is not a very honorable proceeding for any government to pit its own so-called "pauper laborers"—or laborers that are on the verge of pauperism—against similar laborers in all other countries: and all for the sake of putting the principal proceeds of their labor into the pockets of a few employers.

To set two bodies of "pauper laborers"—or of laborers on the verge of pauperism—to robbing each other, for the profit of their employers, is the next thing, in point of atrocity, to setting them to killing each other, as governments have heretofore been in the habit of doing, for the benefit of their rulers.

The laborers, who are paupers, or on the verge of pauperism—who are destitute, or on the verge of destitution—comprise (with their families) doubtless nine-tenths, probably nineteen-twentieths, of all the people on the globe. They are not all wage laborers. Some of them are savages, living only as savages do. Others are barbarians, living only as barbarians do. But an immense number are mere wage laborers. Much the larger portion of these have been reduced to the condition of wage laborers, by the monopoly of land, which mere bands of robbers have succeeded in securing for themselves by military power. This is the condition of nearly all the Asiatics, and of probably one-half the Europeans. But in those portions of Europe and the United States, where manufactures have been most extensively introduced, and where, by science and machinery, great wealth has been created, the laborers have been kept in the condition of wage laborers, principally, if not wholly, by the monopoly of money. This monopoly, established in all these manufacturing countries, has made it impossible for the manufacturing laborers to hire the money capital that was necessary to enable them to do business for themselves; and has consequently compelled them to sell their labor to the monopolists of money, for just such prices as these latter should choose to give.

It is, then, by the monopoly of land, and the monopoly of money, that more than a thousand millions of the earth's inhabitants—as savages, barbarians, and wage laborers—are kept in a state of destitution, or on the verge of destitution. Hundreds of millions of them are receiving, for their labor, not more than three, five, or, at most, ten cents a day.

In western Europe, and in the United States, where, within the last hundred and fifty years, machinery has been introduced, and where alone any considerable wealth is now created, the wage laborers, although they get so small a portion of the wealth they create, are nevertheless in a vastly better condition than are the laboring classes in other parts of the world.

If, now, the employers of wage labor, in this country,—who are also the monopolists of money,—and who are ostensibly so distressed lest their own wage laborers should suffer from the competition of the pauper labor of other countries,—have really any of that humanity, of which they make such profession, they have before them a much wider field for the display of it, than they seem to desire. That is to say, they have it in their power, not only to elevate immensely the condition of the laboring classes in this country, but also to set an example that will be very rapidly followed in all other countries; and the result will be the elevation of all oppressed laborers throughout the world. This they can do, by simply abolishing the monopoly of money. The real producers of wealth, with few or no exceptions, will then be able to hire all the capital they need for their industries, and will do business for themselves. They will also be able to hire their capital at very low rates of interest; and will then put into their own pockets all the proceeds of their labor, except what they pay as interest on their capital. And this amount will be too small to obstruct materially their rise to independence and wealth.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

A ROMANCE.

By N. G. TCHERNYCHEWSKY.

Translated by Benj. R. Tucker.

Continued from No. 70.

Hearing of her shop by chance,—they told me of but one,—I came directly to her without recommendation or pretext, and simply told her that I was much interested in her shop. We became friends at our first interview, and the more easily because in her husband, Kirsanoff, I found again that Doctor Kirsanoff who rendered me so great a service, you remember, five years ago.

After talking with me for half an hour and seeing that I was really in sympathy with these things, Véra Pavlovna took me to her shop, the one which she personally superintends (the other shop is now in charge of one of her friends, also a very excellent person). I wish now to give you an account of the impression made upon me by this first visit. This impression was so vivid and new that I hastened to write it in my journal, long since abandoned, but now resumed in consequence of a peculiar circumstance which I perhaps will tell you about some time. I am very glad that I thus fixed my thoughts; otherwise I should now forget to mention many things which struck me at the time. Today, after two weeks, what astonished me so much seems ordinary. And, curiously enough, the more ordinary I find it all, the more I become attached to it.

Having said thus much, dear Polina, I now copy my journal, adding to it some later observations.

We then went to the shop. On entering, I saw a large room, well furnished and containing a grand piano, as if the room belonged to the residence of a family spending four or five thousand roubles a year. It was the reception room; the sewing-women also spent their evenings there. Then we visited the twenty other rooms occupied by the working-women. They are all very well furnished, although the furniture is not alike in all of them, having been bought as occasion required.

After seeing the rooms where the working-women slept, we went into the rooms where they worked. There I found young girls very well dressed in inexpensive silk or muslin. It was evident from their gentle and tender faces that they lived comfortably. You cannot imagine how I was struck by all this. I made the acquaintance of several of these young girls on the spot. All had not reached the same degree of intellectual development: some already used the language of educated people, had some acquaintance with literature, like our young ladies, and knew a little about history and foreign countries; two of them had even read a great deal. Others, who had been in the shop but a short time, were less developed, but still one could talk with any of them as with a young girl who has received a certain amount of education. Generally speaking, the degree of their development is proportional to the time that they have been in the shop.

We stayed there to dinner. The dinner consists of three dishes; that day they had rice soup, baked fish with sauce, and veal; after dinner tea and coffee were served. The dinner was so good that I ate with great relish; I should not consider it a privation to eat so always, and yet you know that my father has always had a very good cook.

When we returned to Véra Pavlovna's, she and her husband explained to me that there was nothing astonishing in this. All that I saw, they said, was due to two causes.

On the one hand a greater profit for the sewing-women, and on the other a greater economy in their expenses.

Do you understand why they earn more? They work on their own account, they are their own employers, and consequently they get the part which would

otherwise remain in their employer's pocket. But that is not all; in working for their own benefit and at their own cost, they save in provisions and time: their work goes on faster and with less expense.

It is evident that there is a great saving also in the cost of their maintenance. They buy everything at wholesale and for cash, and consequently get everything cheaper than if they bought on credit and at retail.

Besides this, many expenses are much diminished, and some become utterly useless.

According to the calculation made for me by Kirsanoff, the sewing-women, instead of the hundred roubles a year which they ordinarily earn, receive two hundred, but, by living in cooperation and buying everything at wholesale and in quantities not exceeding the wants of the association (for instance, the twenty-five working-women have only five umbrellas), they use these two hundred roubles twice as advantageously.

Such is the marvel that I have seen, dear Polina, the explanation of which is so simple. Now I am so accustomed to this marvel that it seems strange to me that I was ever astonished at it. Why did I not expect to find everything as I did find it?

Write me whether you can interest yourself in a shop of this sort. I am doing so, Polina, and find it very pleasant. Yours,

K. Polosoff.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

New Characters and the Conclusion.

I.

Mademoiselle Polosoff said in her letter to her friend that she was under obligations to Véra Pavlovna's husband. To understand this it is necessary to know who her father was.

Polosoff had been a captain or lieutenant, but had resigned his office. Following the custom of the good old days, he had led a dissipated life and devoured a large inheritance. After having spent all he had, he reformed and sent in his resignation, in order to make a new fortune. Gathering up the *debris* of his old fortune, he had left about ten thousand roubles in the paper money of that time.* With this sum he started as a small dealer in wheat: he began by taking all sorts of little contracts, availing himself of every advantageous opportunity when his means permitted, and in ten years he amassed a considerable capital. With the reputation of so positive and shrewd a man, and with his rank and name well known in the vicinity, he could select a bride from the daughters of the merchants in the two provinces in which he did business. He reasonably chose one with a dowry of half a million (likewise in paper). He was then fifty years old; that was twenty years before the time when his daughter and Véra Pavlovna became friends, as we have seen. With this new fortune added to his own, he was able to do business on a large scale, and ten years later he found himself a millionaire in the money then in circulation. His wife, accustomed to country life, had kept him away from the capital; but she died, and then he went to St. Petersburg to live. His business took a still better turn, and in another ten years he was reputed to be worth three or four millions. Young girls and widows set their caps for him, but he did not wish to marry again, partly through fidelity to his wife's memory, and still more because he did not wish to impose a step-mother upon his daughter Katia, of whom he was very fond.

Polosoff's operations grew larger and larger; he might already have been the possessor, not of three or four millions, but of a good ten, had he taken the liquor privilege; but he felt a certain repugnance to that business, which he did not consider as respectable as contracts and supplies. His millionaire colleagues made great fun of this casuistry, and they were not wrong; but he, though wrong, held to his opinion. "I am a merchant," said he, "and I do not wish to get rich by extortion." Nevertheless, about a year before his daughter made Véra Pavlovna's acquaintance, he was furnished with only too glaring a proof that his business at bottom was scarcely distinguishable from the liquor monopoly, although in his opinion it differed much.

To be continued.

"Culture" and Thought.

"They are but giants while we kneel."

Having heard all my life from those who claimed to know that the difference between the rich and the poor was due to the superior thinking powers of the former, I went to a meeting of the Newark Bureau of Associated Charities, where it was advertised that the Rev. Edward Everett Hale would speak on the "Abolition of Poverty." The meeting, which was a very large one, was held in a church, and there were none of those poor coats and bonnets which we have been taught to associate with lack of brains, but a grand array of costly over-coats, and seal-skin sacques, and Paris bonnets, which evidently denoted in their possessors an unusual amount of intelligence. Here, thought I, is a grand opportunity for hearing words of wisdom; now that the cultured classes are awakened to the fact that there is poverty, and that it is removable, the solution of the labor question will receive a wonderful impetus, and the only reason that this question has not received its solution before is that these powerful minds have been directing their attention elsewhere.

The meeting opened by the president stating that the object of the society was the Abolition of Poverty, surely a very large object, and one well worthy of our support, and that its methods of work consisted in Investigation, Cooperation, and Sympathy. The investigation was designed to discover the causes of poverty, but I noticed that the society, which has four paid superintendents who devote their whole time and energy to the work, and an executive committee of forty ladies who have nothing else to do, after four years' investigation, has not yet discovered that monopoly has any share in the production of poverty; strange, is it not, with such brains! The cooperation consisted in focussing the rays of the organization on any object considered "worthy of charity"; and the sympathy,—I have forgotten how the sympathy acted, probably a tear dropped now and then.

The annual report of the society was then read, showing that in this city of Newark 3147 families, representing 13,798 persons, had applied for relief. It certainly is time that the question of the abolition of poverty were taken into earnest consideration, when one in every eleven of the population of a small city like this, is so reduced as to have to solicit relief from a charitable society.

The first speaker, a Rev. Dr. Wilson, told us that poverty and riches were increasing simultaneously; that every day the rich were growing richer and the poor poorer; that the gulf between them was widening, etc.; and that the most touching sight in the world was that of the laboring man up with the lark [Do larks inhabit the tenement-house regions?] and away to work, but unable by the most unremitting toil to earn enough to keep body and soul together: it almost made him shed tears to witness it. But as it was a natural law that things tended to propagate themselves, he could see nothing through the ages but wealth multiplying on the one hand, and poverty and crime on the other, unless we took in the holy power of prayer. The reverend gentleman did not say to whom or how or how often the prayer should be administered, nor how its curative effects would manifest themselves.

Then appeared Monsignor Doane, a very much over-fed and sleek-looking man, with a very low brow, but who nevertheless represented abstinence and culture, who talked about the intemperance of the working-classes. A One higher than us had said, "the poor ye shall have always with you," but he thought there was a necessary and an unnecessary poverty, the unnecessary poverty being caused by drinking; for instance, he knew a mechanic who was earning fifteen dollars a week, and who lost twenty-two and one-half dollars by being idle ten days after a spree. There was a great deal of talk about abolishing poverty, as there was about abolishing landlordism, but poverty and landlordism were both legitimate, and could never be abolished. Perhaps they can, some day, Monsignor, and you and *your* intemperance with them!

Next was Mr. Lyman Abbott of the "Christian Union," who was the only man that showed any comprehension that there was a labor question, and who consequently did not at all appeal to the sympathies of the audience. He called attention to the fact that crime and intemperance were almost entirely dependent on poverty; that poverty could not be relieved by a soup-house here, or a dollar there, or a sewing-society somewhere else; that there was a broader, a deeper, and a greater question to be solved than the relief of the mere temporary needs of the people, when statistics showed that in Germany the wages of the skilled mechanics were only $105 a year, that in Italy and France and Austria things were very much the same, that in England many thousands were on the verge of starvation, and that in this country, which claimed, and claimed truly, twenty-five years ago, that no man able and willing to work, and no woman capable, strong, and well, but could find bread and butter too,—that this claim could no longer be made, for there were now at least five hundred thousand people in this rich country of ours who could find neither bread nor work, who were in what Carlyle called the Englishman's Hell, the hell of enforced idleness. This question of ill-paid, under-paid, or no labor, which soup-houses or organized charity will not solve, Mr. Abbott said, is making itself heard in St. Louis in dynamite under the cars, in Cleveland, Cincinnati, and Chicago in armed men patrolling the streets, and in New York in street processions advocating the hanging of Jay Gould. Unless the Church can produce its Savonarola, who will have purification at all hazards; unless the State can produce statesmen who are pledged to lessen the burdens of the poor, and put down the gambling in Wall Street,—society is doomed to a greater than the French Revolution. Mr. Abbott drew a very vivid picture of what it is to be a man face to face with the terrible question of finding bread for his wife and little ones, near and dear to him as the best-beloved darlings of the rich, and unable by the most strenuous exertion to keep the wolf from their door. Is it any wonder that such a man walking along one of the well-lighted avenues of an evening, and looking into the beautifully-curtained windows where everything seems so delightful, should harbor dangerous thoughts against society, and should ask himself why they should have so much and he so little, who is every bit as good as they are. Then he pictured the pure young girl with a mother and little sister looking to her for support, who sees on one side of her the false bad man with gold in his hand, and, on the other, a *respectable, virtuous* life for *sixty-five cents a day*. What wonder that she succumbs, and that a pure woman, with noble instincts and generous heart as ever beat in human bosom, is lost to herself and to society forever because she must take to the only means which will support life in her and her loved ones!

Then came the climax, culture shone forth resplendent, and the great question was illuminated in a manner truly wonderful. Mr. Hale proved that five hundred thousand out of work was not very much in such a large country as this (I hope the five hundred thousand will take this to heart; it may help to allay the pangs of hunger); that organized charity was capable of settling the whole question; that what was wanted was compulsory education in technical schools, ladies' societies in which working girls who earned only sixty-five cents a day should be taught to sew better so that *in time* they might earn seventy or *even* seventy-five cents; and that what paupers and criminals needed were personal friends—gentlemen, and especially ladies, who need not give up their society connections to do it—to go down to them in a spirit of friendliness, and with the Holy Spirit! I wonder how much Holy Spirit it would take to prevent Mr. Hale's descent into vice if he were earning sixty-five cents a day. Mr. Hale spoke against the old system of charity, the system of out-door relief, etc., under which men went from one distributing place to another to draw wood, coal, provisions, etc., much, my dear friends, as you go from place to place to draw your dividends. I wonder if the reverend gentleman saw how very apt his illustration was, how the cases were, in fact, identical, both the drawing of dividends and the drawing of wood, coal, and provisions signifying the taking something and giving nothing in return.

The only gleam of comfort to be derived from such an affair as the above-described, to a hater of the existing social order, is in the recognition of the fact that we are not governed by an aristocracy of intelligence; that, if there is any difference in intelligence between the governing and the working classes, it is in favor of the latter, despite all their disadvantages; that the power of original, independent thought amongst the cultured classes is very rare; and that their morality is at as low an ebb as their intelligence. It is a significant fact that the word *justice* never once occurred in their immense avalanche of language; perhaps it is too hard a word; it certainly is not so soft and pretty as *charity*, to be touched by those with soft hands.

It is comforting, on the whole, to reflect that true culture, true intelligence, and true morality can never be gained at the expense of our fellow-creatures, and that, if the exploiters succeed in dwarfing our growth, they none the less surely dwarf themselves, and inevitably tend to their own destruction.

Gertrude B. Kelly.

In Memory of Elizur Wright.

To the Editor of Liberty:

At a meeting of the National Defence Association held Wednesday evening, November 25, 1885, the following resolutions were adopted concerning the death of our late president, the Hon. Elizur Wright:

Resolved: That, in the death of the Hon. Elizur Wright, the president of this association, the cause of liberty has suffered an irreparable loss, being thereby deprived of the services of one of the staunchest advocates of freedom, who for more than half a century has devoted himself with unflagging courage to the cause of the oppressed and to the vindication of personal rights.

Resolved: That the example of this heroic officer of the defence association shall stimulate its members to still greater exertions in behalf of personal liberty, for which, to the hour of his death, our beloved leader was ready to sacrifice himself to the utmost.

Resolved: That we extend to his family our heartiest sympathy, and believe that in the hour of affliction they will find noble consolation in the memory of his years of devotion to the highest welfare of humanity.

Resolved: That a copy of these resolutions be sent by the secretary of this association to the family of our deceased president.

E. B. Foote, Jr., *Secretary.*

New York, November 27, 1885.

*A silver rouble, in the money of today, is worth three and one-half times as much as a paper rouble.

"The Dawning."

The thought of presenting new ideas in the form of a novel—that is, of embodying abstract principles in certain individuals—is an excellent one, for many persons who would never read a philosophical dissertation may, by the interest excited in these imaginary beings and their views of life, be led to examine the principles themselves, which otherwise would probably never have attracted their attention. The signal success which Tchernychewsky's novel has achieved in awaking thought on the marital relations has very clearly shown the value of this mode of presentation.

It is, therefore, with delight that we hail a new effort in a similar direction. The novel, "The Dawning," recently published by Lee & Shepard, will, we hope, find a large number of readers. It relates the history of a young Bostonian, moving in aristocratic circles, whose grandfather was an abolitionist, and whose mother was endowed with a very strict sense of justice. This young man, gifted with finer than the ordinary sensibilities, entered Harvard with the purpose of studying law, believing in his innocence law and justice to be identical, but found, long before his studies were completed, that law consisted merely of a mass of technicalities and precedents, with which justice had nothing whatsoever to do. Consequently he gave up the idea of devoting himself to it, but, on looking around to see to what to turn his attention, found that the church, literature, etc., were as corrupt as the law; that nothing was respectable but that which favored injustice. Though not by any means an agitator, he found himself, for simply stating his views of right when almost forced to do so, tabooed by cultured society as a "disturber" and upsetter of social order. Nobody argued with him except so far as to say, that things had always been so, and consequently must be right.

The extent to which the son's love of truth was due to the influence exerted over him by his mother is very beautifully depicted by the author: "If in his later years the lines of justice were distinctly drawn in his character, her hand was the first to trace them. If the idea of absolute right became the controlling guide of his life, she planted the seeds of it."

The character of the heroine, Grace Temple, for which the author vouches as being drawn from real life, is a type of noble and true womanhood. Let us hope that New England produces many such women, though it has not been our good fortune as yet to meet them. Her gradual awakening from being a mere butterfly of fashion to a sense of the injustice prevailing in society, her complete acceptance of the truth as soon as discovered, and her determination to work for its success, are admirably portrayed. Her remarks before the "Ladies' Mission for the Encouragement of Workingmen's Wives," where the orthodox cant in reference to idleness, extravagance, and intemperance being the causes of poverty is being aired, are extremely good; among others, this:—"It does not lie in our life to reproach them for their vices till we pay them their honest due." Her answer to her lover when he asked her in marriage is characteristic: "She who accepts the treasure of your affections should be one whose dearest aims and highest purposes can unite with yours." The lover is completely surprised. He had never thought of a cultivated woman's having any aim or purpose but that of presiding over her home gracefully.

The pride of the working-people who will accept no favors at any man's hands, and wish for nothing but what is theirs by right, is well pictured in the Bracketts and the Stearns. The grand nobility of the woman who is willing to work at "setting type" from six in the morning till seven at night, and do all her housework afterwards, in order that her children should never be disgraced by eating the bread of charity is very touchingly portrayed. How little the rich know what a pride poor people have in their independence! It would open the eyes of many besides Grace Temple to realize this fact, though Dickens long ago pointed it out in a still lower class in the character of Betty Higden. Stearns, the workingman-reader of Buckle, who turns to Buckle for consolation in his darkest hours, and spends his nights at the S. R. C. trying to discover the causes of social inequality, is a very good type of the thoughtful, earnest workman, who talks somewhat "like a book." We may remark, by the way, that those who understand and appreciate Buckle and Spencer are not the college-students who read so many chapters as a task, but the thoughtful mechanics who study them line by line, and page by page, after a long day's work, or in the intervals when no work is to be had, and starvation stares them in the face. This character of Stearns, with his comprehensive views, and in all its nobility, is by no means overdrawn.

The hero's (and we suppose the author's) ideas of justice and right are, in the main, partly clear, but there is one point to which we wish to draw attention, in order that it may not mislead the reader. He makes this statement (page 334): "After labor has received its dues, the natural profits of capital remain." There are no natural profits of capital. It is labor only that produces, and, if labor receive all its products, there is nothing left for capital. The author also derides the doctrine of self-interest, as if self-interest were incompatible with the highest hopes and aspirations of men, whereas true self-interest is incompatible with anything else, it being impossible to reach the highest development ourselves without bringing all the others up also.

But the book is, on the whole, so good, and breathes such pure sentiments, that we are convinced that no one can read it without being elevated thereby, and we especially recommend it to those young men and women who are just entering upon life, and have not yet decided what part to take in it. It may help them to see, in the words of the author, "that it is not what a man gains, but what he strives for, that indicates the tone and fibre of his character," and that true happiness lies not in the beaten paths of the world, but in the comparatively untried paths of justice and truth.

VERA.

The Order of Progress.

[C. L. James.]

I maintain that every recorded "improvement in the people" was preceded by an "improvement in the government," and that every such improvement consisted in having less government than before.

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

Vol. III.—No. 20. **BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1885.** **Whole No. 72.**

"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 writer for the Topeka "Daily Citizen" spoils an otherwise complimentary paragraph personal to myself by stating that I am a graduate of Harvard College. I am happy to say that I successfully combatted all attempts to bury me in that grave of healthy manhood, and that I hold no diploma from any of our so-called educational institutions.

In this issue Miss Josephine D'Aujourd'hui heralds her return from the Boston of 2085. The series of letters in which she tells of her sojourn there will soon appear in pamphlet form, and from them many a scoffer will learn that the advent of Anarchy is not as remote as the millennium. But, though this young lady will no longer address her "dear Louise" and the readers of Liberty from the future, she will be heard from regularly in the present, perhaps under a new name; and what she has to say will doubtless show the fruits of her journey, not to "Kingdom Come," but to Anarchy Come.

A new and rather imposing exchange comes from Little Elm, Texas, calling itself "McNiel's Polymathical Investigator." If its name doesn't kill it, nothing else ever will. The editor, however, probably scenting danger in this direction, has prudently concealed this appalling appellation in a typographical labyrinth to which nobody but a polymathical investigator could ever find the key. Still, it is only fair to add that the paper breathes a free spirit and seems animated by sincere and serious purposes, and therefore ought, with "the plenipotent aid of contributors of education and eminence from all parts of the United States," to exercise a healthy influence.

The New York "Truth Seeker" makes an effort to answer "X's" editorial, "Institution-Ridden." Doubtless "X" will give this effort due and satisfactory attention hereafter. Meantime I may remark the "Truth Seeker's" statement that, when the Anarchist proposes to imprison a thief without his consent, he proposes to set up an institution as really a government as any we now have. Now, it seems to me that just the opposite is the truth, and that the Anarchist, in proposing to imprison the thief without his consent, is fighting precisely on the line of no-government. Why? Because in the case supposed the thief is the government. A government is any power which seeks to impose its will upon others and steal away their rights. The very first act of nearly all governments is precisely that of which the thief is guilty,—the taking of property without the consent of the owner. They who resist the highway-robber are just as truly opposing government as they who resist the tax-collector. And when the compulsory State resists the highway-robber and imprisons him, the spectacle is furnished of one thief struggling with and punishing another. When a thief attempts to take the property of another, he undertakes to govern, to impose his will; and if the intended victim and those whom he can get to help him offer any resistance, they become rebels against government, and so far Anarchists. So, when the State attempts to collect a tax, or [illegible] imprisons D. M. Bennett in the Albany penitentiary for expressing his opinions, it undertakes to govern, to impose its will; and the victims of this thief and tyrant are likewise rebels, and so far Anarchists, if they resist. The Anarchist is opposed to all thieves and all governments because they are invaders, and against all of them he claims the right of self-defence. To call the exercise of this right government is to betray an entire misapprehension of the nature of government. Those who voluntarily associate to exercise this right are as far removed from the institutions called governments, which assume to control the conduct of everybody within their so-called jurisdictions and to make them pay the cost of this control, as the sun is from the earth. I have pointed this out before to Editor Macdonald in reply to substantially the same objection. And yet he complains that I do not answer him. Really it is he who refuses to answer me,—except, that is, by repeating himself. I cannot undertake to answer the same thing oftener than once in three months, as long as I can find more important matter with which to fill these columns.

Drawing the Lines in New Haven.

To the Editor of Liberty:

These are hard times for the New Haven patent remedy dealers and system inventors. The peddlers of State Socialistic goods gradually disappear with the abolition of protective institutions, and the fittest survive under free competition. The narrow authoritarian tendencies of the Equal Rights Debating Club are a matter of the past, and the logic of Liberty commends itself more and more to the minds of the thoughtful truth-seekers. Our friends are very active and do not miss an opportunity to spread the gospel of Anarchism and individual sovereignty.

But the result is not due to their efforts alone. It is the dead that bury the dead; it is those that are "morally ready to be carried out and buried" that dig their own graves. The policy and action of the anti-liberty elements of the Club all along have been such that no man of principle, common sense, and liberal mind could remain in their clique. Like true and consistent State-prohibition advocates, they voted to expel all reporters of the local newspapers. "Organized labor," it seems, is not fairly treated by the capitalistic press; the movement is ridiculed, misrepresented, and misreported, and expulsion of the reporters was found to be the remedy for it. Being in a minority, the friends of publicity, free press, and equal rights protested in vain.

But this is a mere trifle. They went farther. Alarmed at the progress the protestant elements were making, and seeing danger of Anarchy ahead, they made a last attempt to regain supremacy in the organization. They served notice that, *unless the Club declared itself a labor organization*, it would have to "get out" of that hall of the holy unions. The Equal Rights Debating Club indignantly refused to identify itself with the labor reform or trade monopoly movement.

These would-be dictators were distinctly given to understand that the Club knows no "our side," that it cordially and gladly welcomes capitalists, monopolists, laborers, and even—ye Gods!—*scabs*. Well, we had to find other quarters for the Club. The Good Samaritans kindly offered us their hall.

Are not these facts the best argument for Liberty *versus* Authority?

Professor Sumner was right. And his remark was far-reaching when, pointing to the photographs of Marx and Lassalle on the wall, he wondered why the State Socialists failed to honor the third of that interesting group. "Where is Bismarck?" he asked; "he, too, is a State Socialist, and a most consistent one." It is these facts that give us an idea of the "coming slavery" if these people are ever to have the power of legislating and *equalizing* the poor followers of Authority.

The first meeting in the new quarters was well attended. Dyer D. Lum addressed the Club. He took for his subject: "Civilization: whence, whither?" He showed that the whole history of Civilization presents a conflict between two forces,—Liberty and Authority. Rome founded the present State. For the tyranny of the personal ruler, for the will of the despotic monarch, it substituted statute law, civil laws and duties. Robbing the individual of his natural rights and liberty, the State granted him certain rights and privileges of citizenship. The *man*, the individual, disappeared. The citizen, the worshipper of majorities, codes of laws, and national patriotism, thus came into existence. It was the barbarians that invaded and destroyed the Roman Empire, the Teutonic spirit, the natural independence of the sons of the wild forests, that introduced the principle of individualism and personal liberty. Modern history is nothing but an advancing and triumphant march of Liberty, carrying everything before it and destroying the barriers one by one. We are now on the eve of the last battle. Liberty is fighting the last form of tyranny,—majority rule. When government of man by man will be abolished, humanity will be governed by the natural laws of attraction and repulsion. Only under Anarchy is voluntary cooperation and harmony made possible.

A debate followed. Fierce attacks were made on Anarchy by some, who succeeded . . . . in exposing their own ignorance. From remarks that others made, I see that, although not yet Anarchists, they are in sight of haven, and will be forced by their own logic to join our ranks. The subject for the next meeting is: "Anarchism: is it practicable?"

It's too bad! Evidently that rebellious and bold fellow, the Anarchist, who dares to oppose the sacred right of the majority and refuses to bow down before Carl Marx and his "Capital," has come to stay with us! V. YARROS.

BIRMINGHAM, CONN., December 7, 1885.

A CRITICISM AND REPLY.

LIBERTATIS SACRA FAMES.

Albeit nurtured in democracy,
And liking best that state republican
Where every man is Kinglike and no man
Is crowned above his fellows, yet I see,
Spite of this modern fret for Liberty,
Better the rule of One whom all obey,
Than to let clamorous demagogues betray
Our freedom with the kiss of anarchy.
Wherefore I love them not whose hands profane
Plant the red flag upon the piled-up street
For no right cause, beneath whose ignorant reign
Arts, Culture, Reverence, Honor, all things fade,
Save Treason and the dagger of her trade,
And Murder with his silent bloody feet.

Oscar Wilde.

THE SACRED THIRST FOR LIBERTY.

[Oscar Wilde re-*versed*.]

Albeit nurtured in democracy,
In this great State men call republican,
Where Presidents are Kinglike, and rich men
Are crowned above their fellows, yet I see,
New hope in this new fret for Liberty;
Better the rule of None,—where all are just,
No politicians to betray their trust,—
Than rule of One, or fickle blind Majority;
Wherefore I love them not whose acts profane
The sacred cause of Liberty complete,
These secret tyrants, 'neath whose gold-bought reign
Happiness, Manhood, Morals, all things fade,
Save Statecraft, Priestcraft, heartless lies of trade,
And War with bloody hands and ruthless feet.

Yea, there *is* hope in thirst for Liberty;
In hunger for the common goods of life,
In these great plots too deep for petty strife;
Wise steady hands have placed a lever in
The jaws of Greed (which are the gates of Sin),
And toil-worn hands, united, bearing down,
Shall set those jaws agape until out-flown
Are those our joys fed in by curs'd Monopoly;
Wealth,—labor-gathered,—Knowledge, Justice, Peace,
Nature, and sweet-faced smiling Liberty;
Wherefore, thou false-tongued poet, prithee cease
These slanders of the noblest cause on earth!
Shame not thy sacred calling! Hail the worth
And hope in Anarchy's deep prophecy!

J. Wm. Lloyd.

IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 71.

In the play, in the clouding of her face, and by an easy intuition, Newington divined both her aversion and her supreme resolution, and, seizing her rudely by the shoulders, drawing her close to him abruptly, he answered, with his hot breath in her face:

"Directly, if I took the fancy."

She struggled, throwing her hands forward, essaying an instinctive movement of recoil.

But she reassured herself at the same time; no lust was painted on the old man's face, filled only with wrath, and from his thick cracked lips, between which yawned numerous toothless cavities, she had to fear only another outburst of passion, and not an abasing kiss.

"These repulsions," he went on, actually without breathing, "these repulsions should have been manifested four years sooner, before binding yourself, when, in the paternal house, you were free to choose and to reserve yourself. But at that date you cared little about the old age or the youth of your husband, his beauty or his ugliness, or anything else except his rank and his fortune!

"Ambitious for a title, greedy for wealth, how you dismissed every suitor who was unable to take you out of your humble position, to offer you the grand, brilliant life of your dreams! The daughter of the poor minister, Thomas Wood, had become a legendary character, more difficult to win than a princess in an Oriental fairy-tale. They said she was waiting for the son of a king or the king himself."

"And, like the bird in the fable," interrupted Lady Ellen impertinently, after having too long played the disdainful, "at last, that I might not be an old maid, and die cross and crabbed . . . I accepted" . . . .

"A boor? . . . . . It is false! it is false! it is false!" exclaimed Newington, his voice breaking with the strain upon it, ceasing to hold Lady Ellen in the clutches of his two hands, but shaking his right forefinger before her face in a continual menace, or else crossing his arms and speaking into her eyes, the blast of his breathless utterance blowing the floating locks off the young woman's forehead.

"It is false! You welcomed me with enthusiasm, as the Messiah of your unpoetic ideal, as practical as that of a London merchant, and calculated the number of pleasures, of luxuries, which my millions would procure you; the prerogatives, the satisfactions of vanity which the title of Duchess would be worth to you! Well! It was give and take: in other words, I have made a dupe's bargain! I am robbed!"

A hoarse cry rattled in Ellen's throat. She felt suffocated, and her face suddenly became fiery red, only to change its color immediately afterwards to a livid, greenish, death-like hue.

He went on nevertheless:

"You always wear your crown; pay for it! You continue to draw from my coffers without stint. What do I get for my money, madam?"

Probably through fear of going so far as to use harsh measures, the Duke, lost in a stag's passion, wandered to and fro in the room, overturning chairs in his way, crushing, in the vice-like grip of his fingers, the delicate objects scattered about on the furniture, pounding the walls, kicking the stools which fell to pieces, or staving in the panels of chests. He reeled as if intoxicated by alcohol; and Myrrha, her nose in the air, anxious, followed him closely, barking plaintively at each of his steps.

She abandoned him for an instant to lick the hand of the Duchess; but Lady Ellen, overexcited and having an aversion to this caress, sent her away rather sharply, and Newington, quite beside himself, his brain congested, suddenly stopped tramping up and down like a caged tiger, and took his post opposite his wife.

There, stupid, grasping her skull behind the ears with his two hands, he shook it like a little bell, stammering through the splashing foam of his saliva an order not to touch his dog . . . . or if you do! . . . . .

"If you do, I will return the blow!"

He pushed her back rudely then; but the Duchess, erect, haughty, surveying him with an expression of unspeakable disgust, the epileptic bounded on her, with raised fist:

"Do not look at me like that," he stammered, turning red; "you understand: do not look at me like that, I beg you . . . . or else!"

He hesitated, then finished.

"Or else . . . . I will crush you!"

She held her own for some seconds, but her appearance of coolness concealed simply a confused countenance. She felt in her shoulders, near the collar-bones, in the muscles of her arms, about her wrists which grew blue, the increasing pain of the bruises he had given her, and, observing his convulsed features, growing black with extravasated bile, she was positively afraid. Afraid of his blows, of new contusions, and even afraid that he would knock her down.

"God damn me! do not look at me so!" repeated he, in the midst of his madness, dropping his fist.

Then, in the consciousness of her weakness, of her evident powerlessness, in her shame at being subdued, Lady Ellen hid in the hollow of her hands her face bathed in tears, tears of rage, and inwardly pitied herself, and violently reproached Bradwell Newington in the tumult of visions which assailed her with the rapidity of a dream.

Ah! why had she wished to penetrate into this den? The hope of meeting Richard whom his father wished to consult concerning passing events! Simpleton! Ought she not rather to imagine him in sorrow over his unfortunate Marian, and roaming about the approaches to the village, to spy her among the groups gliding about in the darkness.

Intoxicated by the sound of her steps, which he distinguishes among all the others, following in her wake, he draws in the air through which, a minute before, this creature had passed, and which preserves for him a sweetness, that of her cheek and the fragrance of her young body. She reenters with Treor, and before the closed door he sets himself, his ear fixed against the planks, drawing breath after her voice as after celestial music, and, the light extinguished and windows darkened, he does not move, piercing the walls of stone by the magic of his love and admiring her still in her repose, bending over her bed and murmuring passionate words in her ear!

The tempest lulled at intervals; in a calm, the creaking of a gate which opened and closed reached the Duchess's ears; she said to herself:

"There he is! He is tired; he has learned the oath which she has taken, and, in vexation, is returning.

"In vexation! ah! no matter, as long as he comes back . . . . Now is my opportunity to prevent his returning tomorrow, his ever returning, to make him stay with me. I call him: I denounce to him the shameful brutalities of Newington, his outrages which are worse, and I place myself under his protection. The Duke drives us both away; no more Newington, no more husband to claim his rights, and impose upon my flesh unjust duties; no more Marian, soiled by the kisses of the flayed man" . . . . .

But it was not Sir Bradwell, it was Gowan, inspecting the enclosures and scolding some one. Moreover, Richard would not have helped her, would have denied their relations. He trembled before Newington with remorse at his crime; perhaps he would have thrown himself on his knees in repentance, submissive to the punishment that the other would have imposed.

My God! In the presence of this cowardice of men, must Lady Ellen then drain, without complaining, her cup of wormwood to the dregs?

A sob escaped from her throat, but presently she lifted her face, calmed, placid, and almost smiling.

In the extended darkness produced by the bandage which her little hands formed, she had just seen, confused at first, then distinctly, the picture of her revenge:

Lord Newington, prostrate, with the death rattle in his throat, breathing his last in cruel agony; and this death, which she relished, her own work!

Astonished, nonplussed, the Duke looked at her.

"We are both very guilty," said she, without any rancor; "let us have the frankness to admit it; you, of an unworthy passion, I, of having, if not given birth to, at least preserved and exasperated it."

"No! no! It is I alone with my furies, my delirium of sickly wrath, who have caused all."

And, disarmed, humbled like a schoolboy at fault, he implored her to forgive and forget this unlucky evening.

"There will never be any more question of this between us?" asked the Duchess; but in vain he begged her to remain a little time with him that he might be quite sure that she did not carry away the least remembrance of this miserable scene.

"It is a necessity," objected she, gently, "that sleep may efface the memory as promptly as possible."

Agreeing to this, the Duke kissed her fingers gallantly, radiant, flattering himself perhaps — who knows? — in his own mind, on this victory due to his firmness.

On her side Lady Ellen went away triumphant, and, without a fibre trembling in all her being, without a shiver, she descended the dark steps of the long staircase which led to the park of the castle, and wandered for a long time in the darkness, notwithstanding the north wind, the screeching of the owls, the sinister roaring in the distance.

She was waiting for Casper, delayed in the kitchen, where he was drinking.

CHAPTER III.

"Rascal! robber! thief!"

These three dishonoring epithets, hurled one after another in a stentorian voice at a rider keeping pace with a puny pedestrian with whom he was talking, struck him in the back, but without moving him more than if they had been flies buzzing about his neck.

"Robber! thief!" cried the voice, twice as loud as before, coming from a man who, panting, blowing, emerged from a path through the fields, with shoes plastered over with mud. "Give me my horse, thief, or I will unsaddle you!"

The rider was robust; but the new-comer being a man of solid muscles and powerful limbs, a struggle between them was possible; and the countryman rushed forward to execute his threat, which had had the effect of hurrying the halting pace of the person on foot.

But a kick of the horse, furiously spurred between the thighs, struck him, and the hoofs, bruising and cutting him, broke his left leg above the knee and his right in the middle of the tibia.

He rolled on the ground; without ceasing, however, to demand his rights.

"Thief! thief! my horse!"

"Run after him!" noisily sneered the wretch to whom he appealed, and who barely favored him with a look over his shoulder.

"What a savage!" ejaculated the rider's pedestrian companion, and the former, looking at him with no amenity, growled, as amiable as a watch-dog:

"Who is the savage?"

"This individual, faith!" snuffled the cripple, who lifted his unequal and crooked arms to heaven to attest it.

Then, he added, in a reproachful way, and with a grimace of his hang-dog face:

"One does not put such questions between us, my dear Mr. Gowan. If I blamed you, it would be for magnanimity."

"Thief! thief! thief!" cried the other unceasingly, and still more vehemently, loud enough to be heard two miles away.

"He insults you!" continued the personage with the air of a fox; "my authority as a magistrate does not permit me to be gentle; his name! that I may indict him!"

"Sir Archibald Owens," yelled the wounded man, "I require and summon you to arrest Hunter Gowan, whom you are humbly escorting; it is to the gallows that you ought to take him and, more than that, refuse him the consolations of your ministry; but I cry in the wilderness, alas! you two are a pair of rascals and murderers."

"He insults my double function of judge and ecclesiastic," said the little man between his teeth, growing pale and red by turns, notwithstanding his sun-burnt skin, which gave him the look of a Southerner.

"I am called Emeric or Barl Barleitt," resumed painfully the poor wretch, whose suffering was now taxing his strength.

"Retrace your steps, Gowan," insisted the magistrate, "and take him on with you; when we reach the village, we will hang him with the reins."

"It is not worth the trouble or the pains."

"I authorize you, in that case, to finish him."

A feeble groaning from Barleitt, who was fainting, reaching them, Archibald Owens, grown suddenly quite bold, started backward, pulling the horse's bridle; but a suggestion from Gowan made the priest decide to abandon his design.

Was it not preferable that, first, the rascal should suffer hell torments with his broken bones, piercing the flesh like incandescent needles? Once cured, he could not scamper away immediately; they could catch him again and then see easily what torment to inflict on him.

"Perhaps by that time some punishment will have been invented as yet unknown."

"So be it," said the judge, who was pleased with this prospect, and, turning about, they resumed their way, talking constantly.

Naturally, the incident of the moment sufficed at first for their conversation as good travellers, going at an easy pace, digesting and getting an appetite, and killing time by exchanging impressions and news. And without any reluctance or the shadow of a scruple this keeper of the hounds admitted that the horse belonged, in reality, to Barleitt: Emeric Barleitt, of the farm of Niklosein, near the borough of Chamrand; only he, Gowan, had made requisition for it some nights before, about two o'clock, for the service of the king and of England.

About two weeks since, the keeper of Newington's dogs, resigning his low office, had set himself up as the leader of a body of men, in view of approaching hostilities. Of forty scoundrels of his kind, recruited from the mire of the city, in low places and on the threshold of jails, he had formed a company of police, and equipped and mounted it by means of pillage within a radius of twenty leagues.

Whoever did not comply with the requisition with docility received immediate punishment for his detestable insubordination, and the band was ravaging in this manner the country, although the latent insurrection had not yet discharged a pistol, or even, for that matter, uttered a seditious cry, or hummed a war-song.

"They have already christened us the 'Infernal Mob,'" said Hunter Gowan, conceitedly.

And, to justify the right of his gang to this ignominious appellation, he cited facts supporting it:

"Recently, in the suburbs of Dalton, meeting a young man who, having gotten out of a public carriage some distance off, was hurrying towards the centre of the city, my blood-hounds, full of zeal, scented some important emissary of the directing committee. "Stop there!" they called out. "Why?" "Because" . . . . A horseman leaps to the ground, seizes him; he struggles; they bind his wrists and fasten him to a tree; then, the platoon taking the field, each man, one after another, discharges his rifle at the prisoner. He was named Garett Fennell and carried no orders,—was not, it seemed, affiliated with the association: he was simply coming to embrace his father and his family on returning from a business journey."

"But, quite surely, he would have affiliated shortly," said the pastor with a conceited air; "you have done good work! . . . Only" . . .

"This was not the opinion of a neighbor. The volley had drawn him to his window; he closed it immediately with an exclamation of horror. Quickly, ten of my boys invaded the lodging. A woman, with five brawling, crying children who clung to their breeches, did not move them to pity; on the contrary. Rrran! My man flattened his nose on the floor, spurting blood through ten openings, made wiser by this blood-letting which took the exaltation out of him, and having now in his head the lead that he needed to make him circumspect."

"He survived?"

"O no, I was joking! Do you find fault with their killing him?"

"Far from it: to terrify is quite in accordance with my system; so I" . . . .

To be continued.

A LETTER TO GROVER CLEVELAND.

ON

His False, Absurd, Self-Contradictory, and Ridiculous Inaugural Address.

By LYSANDER SPOONER.

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SECTION XVI.

But will the monopolists of money give up their monopoly? Certainly not voluntarily. They will do it only upon compulsion. They will hold on to it as long as they own and control governments as they do now. And why will they do so? Because to give up their monopoly would be to give up their control of those great armies of servants—the wage laborers—from whom all their wealth is derived, and whom they can now coerce by the alternative of starvation, to labor for them at just such prices as they (the monopolists of money) shall choose to pay.

Now these monopolists of money have no plans whatever for making their "capital," as they call it—that is, their money capital—*their privileged money capital*—profitable to themselves, *otherwise than by using it to employ other men's labor.* And they can keep control of other men's labor only by depriving the laborers themselves of all other means of subsistence. And they can deprive them of all other means of subsistence only by putting it out of their power to hire the money that is necessary to enable them to do business for themselves. And they can put it out of their power to hire money, only by forbidding all other men to lend them their credit, in the shape of promissory notes, to be circulated as money.

If the twenty-five or fifty thousand millions of loanable capital—promissory notes—which, *in this country*, are now lying idle, were permitted to be loaned, these wage laborers would hire it, and do business for themselves, instead of laboring as servants for others; and would of course retain in their own hands all the wealth they should create, except what they should pay as interest for their capital.

And what is true of this country, is true of every other where civilization exists; for wherever civilization exists, land has value, and can be used as banking capital, and be made to furnish all the money that is necessary to enable the producers of wealth to hire the capital necessary for their industries, and thus relieve them from their present servitude to the few holders of privileged money.

Thus it is that the monopoly of money is the one great obstacle to the liberation of the laboring classes all over the world, and to their indefinite progress in wealth.

But we are now to show, more definitely, what relation this monopoly of money is made to bear to the freedom of international trade; and why it is that the holders of this monopoly, *in this country*, demand heavy tariffs on imports, on the lying pretence of protecting our home labor against the competition of the so-called pauper labor of other countries.

The explanation of the whole matter is as follows.

1. The holders of the monopoly of money, in each country,—more especially in the manufacturing countries like England, the United States, and some others,—assume that the present condition of poverty, for the great mass of mankind, all over the world, is to be perpetuated forever; or at least for an indefinite period. From this assumption they infer that, if free trade between all countries is to be allowed, the so-called pauper labor of each country is to be forever pitted against the so-called pauper labor of every other country. Hence they infer that it is the duty of each government—or certainly of our government—to protect the so-called pauper labor of our own country—that is, the class of laborers who are constantly on the verge of pauperism—against the competition of the so-called pauper labor of all other countries, by such duties on imports as will secure to our own laborers a monopoly of our own home market.

This is, on the face of it, the most plausible argument—and almost, if not really, the only argument—by which they now attempt to sustain their restrictions upon international trade.

If this argument is a false one, their whole case falls to the ground. That it is a false one, will be shown hereafter.

2. These monopolists of money assume that pauper labor, so-called, is the cheapest labor in the world; and that therefore each nation, in order to compete with the pauper labor of all other nations, must itself have "cheap labor." In fact, "cheap labor" is, with them, the great *sine qua non* of all national industry. To compete with "cheap labor," say they, we must have "cheap labor." This is, with them, a self-evident proposition. And this demand for "cheap labor" means, of course, that the laboring classes, in this country, must be kept, as nearly as possible, on a level with the so-called pauper labor of all other countries.

Thus their whole scheme of national industry is made to depend upon "cheap labor." And to secure "cheap labor," they hold it to be indispensable that the laborers shall be kept constantly either in actual pauperism, or on the verge of pauperism. And, in this country, they know of no way of keeping the laborers on the verge of pauperism, but by retaining in their (the monopolists') own hands such a monopoly of money as will put it out of the power of the laborers to hire money, and do business for themselves; and thus compel them, by the alternative of starvation, to sell their labor to the monopolists of money at such prices as will enable them (the monopolists) to manufacture goods in competition with the so-called pauper laborers of all other countries.

Let it be repeated—as a vital proposition—that the whole industrial programme of these monopolists rests upon, and implies, such a degree of poverty, on the part of the laboring classes, as will put their labor in direct competition with the so-called pauper labor of all other countries. So long as they (the monopolists) can perpetuate this extreme poverty of the laboring classes, in this country, they feel safe against all foreign competition; for, in all other things than "cheap labor," we have advantages equal to those of any other nation.

Furthermore, this extreme poverty, in which the laborers are to be kept, necessarily implies that they are to receive no larger share of the proceeds of their own labor, than is necessary to keep them in a condition to labor. It implies that their industry—which is really the national industry—is not to be carried on at all for their own benefit, but only for the benefit of their employers, the monopolists of money. It implies that the laborers are to be mere tools and machines in the hands of their employers; that they are to be kept simply in running order, like other machinery; but that, beyond this, they are to have no more rights, and no more interests, in the products of their labor, than have the wheels, spindles, and other machinery, with which the work is done.

In short, this whole programme implies that the laborers—the real producers of wealth—are not to be considered at all as human beings, having rights and interests of their own; but only as tools and machines, to be owned, used, and consumed in producing such wealth as their employers—the monopolists of money—may desire for their own subsistence and pleasure.

What, then, is the remedy? Plainly it is to abolish the monopoly of money. Liberate all this loanable capital—promissory notes—that is now lying idle, and we liberate all labor, and furnish to all laborers all the capital they need for their industries. We shall then have no longer, all over the earth, the competition of pauper labor with pauper labor, but only the competition of free labor with free labor. And from this competition of free labor with free labor, no people on earth have anything to fear, but all peoples have everything to hope.

And why have all peoples everything to hope from the competition of free labor with free labor? Because when every human being, who labors at all, has, as nearly as possible, all the fruits of his labor, and all the capital that is necessary to make his labor most effective, he has all needed inducements to the best use of both his brains and his muscles, his head and his hands. He applies both his head and his hands to his work. He not only acquires, as far as possible, for his own use, all the scientific discoveries and mechanical inventions, that are made by others, but he himself makes scientific discoveries and mechanical inventions. He thus multiplies indefinitely his powers of production. And the more each one produces of his own particular commodity, the more he can buy of every other man's products, and the more he can pay for them.

With freedom in money, the scientific discoveries and mechanical inventions, made in each country, will not only be used to the utmost in that country, but will be carried into all other countries. And these discoveries and inventions, given by each country to every other, and received by each country from every other, will be of infinitely more value than all the material commodities that will be exchanged between these countries.

In this way each country contributes to the wealth of every other, and the whole human race are enriched by the increased power and stimulus given to each man's labor of body and mind.

But it is to be kept constantly in mind, that there can be no such thing as free labor, unless there be freedom in money; that is, unless everybody, who can furnish money, shall be at liberty to do so. Plainly labor cannot be free, unless the laborers are free to hire all the money capital that is necessary for their industries. And they cannot be free to hire all this money capital, unless all who can lend it to them, shall be at liberty to do so.

In short, labor cannot be free, unless each laborer is free to hire all the capital—money capital, as well as all other capital—that he honestly can hire; free to buy, wherever he can buy, all the raw material he needs for his labor; and free to sell, wherever he can sell, all the products of his labor. Therefore labor cannot be free, unless we have freedom in money, and free trade with all mankind.

We can now understand the situation. In the most civilized nations—such as Western Europe and the United States—labor is utterly crippled, robbed, and enslaved by the monopoly of money; and also, in some of these countries, by the monopoly of land. In nearly or quite all the other countries of the world, labor is not only robbed and enslaved, but to a great extent paralyzed, by the monopoly of land, and by what may properly be called the utter absence of money. There is, consequently, in these latter countries, almost literally, no diversity of industry, no science, no skill, no invention, no machinery, no manufactures, no production, and no wealth; but everywhere miserable poverty, ignorance, servitude, and wretchedness.

In this country, and in Western Europe, where the uses of money are known, there is no excuse to be offered for the monopoly of money. It is maintained, in each of these countries, by a small knot of tyrants and robbers, who have got control of the governments, and use their power principally to maintain this monopoly; understanding, as they do, that this one monopoly of money gives them a substantially absolute control of all other men's property and labor.

But not satisfied with this substantially absolute control of all other men's property and labor, the monopolists of money, *in this country*,—feigning great pity for their laborers, but really seeking only to make their monopoly more profitable to themselves,—cry out for protection against the competition of the pauper labor of all other countries; when they alone, *and such as they*, are the direct cause of all the pauper labor in the world. But for them, and others like them, there would be neither poverty, ignorance, nor servitude on the face of the earth.

But to all that has now been said, the advocates of the monopoly of money will say that, if all the material property of the country were permitted to be represented by promissory notes, and these promissory notes were permitted to be lent, bought, and sold as money, the laborers would not be able to hire them, for the reason that they could not give the necessary security for repayment.

But let those who would say this, tell us why it is that, in order to prevent men

Continued on page 6.

Liberty.

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BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
A. P. KELLY, - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

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"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.

God and the State Hunting Mormons.

Verily we are a great people. We live under a covenant called the Constitution, by which sacred instrument we are told Church and State are forever divorced. To make this doubly sure the first article of amendment distinctly decrees that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." On the fourth of March last one Grover Cleveland, covered by the judicial mantle of the chief exponent of law in the land, took a solemn oath before the nation's God to be loyal to that constitution.

But in that last harlot's dirty linen called his annual message, this same Grover Cleveland informs us that we have living among us under the Constitution a people who believe that they are divinely ordained to live under plural marriages. After emphatically stating this in words, our national political loafer-in-chief then goes on to say that, as a Christian people, we are bound to stamp out the practice of a religion which he has just admitted is divinely enjoined upon the Mormons, and that he, the appointed defender of the Constitution, will leave no stone unturned to accomplish it.

The "law" has already filled the Utah penitentiary, and fresh prisons are being rapidly pushed forward to satisfy this hot crusade, while troops are being massed before the homes of the persecuted Mormons. Purity, headed by the national fornicator, who, admittedly such, was elected to execute the Constitution, is on the war-path. A Christian nation is asserting itself, and the Mormon must go.

But the poor saints, thinking that possibly there were some shame and virtue left in the Supreme Court of the land, and knowing that the indictment drawn against them was so lame and faulty that it would not stand before the vilest judicial den of New York city, took an appeal to this sublime constitutional tribunal. The big court of course insolently affirmed the judgment of the trial court and sent the victims below into prison cells. But, before they went down, their counsel humbly and imploringly asked the court to say what the conduct of a husband towards his excess of wives must be, in order that other possible victims, who had concluded to keep out of prison, might be able to comply with the law. This information the court refused to give. The trial courts wanted a chance to persecute the Mormons, and the Supreme Court was bound not to lay any constitutional bar in their way.

While this judicial brigandage had been going on, the courts, in sentencing the Mormon victims, had so concisely defined what would constitute criminal relations under the law that the latter hit upon the device of procuring indictments against several lecherous Gentiles who could be proved to be cohabiting with women under exactly the same definitions which sent them to prison. They were successful in procuring some indictments, but, when they were presented to the courts, they were insolently thrown out, the judges insulting the plaintiffs after the manner of Newgate Calender verbiage in some cases. Oh, no; these judicial blacklegs were after Mormon game and would have no other.

On top of all this inquisitorial infamy is the fact that by act of Congress the offspring of polygamous marriages born prior to January 1, 1883, are legitimatized. Thus marriages constitutionally legal are at the same time constitutionally criminal. Congress now requires the wives of these legitimatized children which it has created under the law to be abandoned, and makes no provision for the protection and support of its own creatures. It asks the legitimatized Mormon child to look up into the eyes of its mother and regard her as a criminal and a prostitute, and upon its father as an adulterer and rake. The Congress which made this child legitimate now makes it a bastard. And yet, what a great Christian nation we are!

Where are the so-called Liberal papers while this infamy is going on? From the newspapers, those professional public harlots, I expect nothing. But where are Wakeman, Palmer, Ingersoll, Underwood, and the rest? One man, Horace Seaver of the "Investigator," has indeed spoken, and says substantially: "Go for them, Grover!" Shame on you, Seaver, and all your hypocritical tribe! Your "free-thought" is a lie from top to bottom.

Reader, will you ask an honest man why he is an Anarchist, in the face of such things, practised in the freest republic on earth? Far better would it become you to ask every honest man why he *is not* an Anarchist. Our whole governmental machine is nothing less than a conspiracy for robbery, black-mail, and irresponsible power. Cast away forms, shows, names, and pretensions, and be a man. Turn your back away from the rotten spectre masquerading as "law and order." Either dynamite or regenerated moral sense will yet come to clear the judicial benches. Which shall it be?

X.

The Individual.

There has always been a good deal of talk among liberals about one's having the courage of his convictions. Of course it has been held that no one could be a true liberal at heart without having such courage, at least to a fair degree. He must cast fear aside, take not counsel of prudence, nor esteem his reputation in the eyes of the world of any worth; in short, he must be willing to lose his life here in the social world about him in order to find it in the realities of his own intelligence and character. He must gird on his armor and fear no foe. He must already have learned the lesson, "In self trust all the virtues are comprehended," ere an Emerson came to proclaim it. Free should he be,—"free and brave. Free even to the definition of freedom,—'without any hindrance that does not arise out of his own constitution.'" He must understand that "the world is his who can see through its pretension. What deafness, what stone-blind custom, what overgrown error you behold, is there only by sufferance,—by your sufferance. See it to be a lie, and you have already dealt it its mortal blow." Deal this blow, and "fear nothing but fear."

Such in spirit was the old-time admonition. The ingenuous youth, fired with a new ambition, dowered with a new faith in the world, believing the possibilities of its progress, even "vast and grand," caught the enthusiasm of a new era, and, hurrying to the feet of the teachers of the new dispensation, cried: "Are you in earnest? Then withhold not your sanction, and we will follow the shining line of your thought until it shall come full-circle for ourselves and for the world." And the answer came, clear and melodious:

> I call upon you, young men, to obey your heart. In every age of the world, there has been a leading nation, one of a more generous sentiment, whose eminent citizens were willing to stand for the interests of general justice and humanity, at the risk of being called by the men of the moment chimerical and fantastic. Which should be that nation but these States? Which should lead that movement if not New England? Who should lead the leaders but the Young American? The people, and the world, are now suffering from the want of religion and honor in the public mind. In America, out of doors all seems a market; in doors, an air-tight stove of conventionalism. Everybody who comes into our houses savors of these habits; the men, of the market; the women, of the custom. I find no expression in our State papers or legislative debate, in our lyceums or churches, especially in our newspapers, of a high national feeling, no lofty counsels that rightfully stir the blood. I speak of those organs which can be presumed to speak a popular sense. They recommend conventional virtues, whatever will earn and preserve property; always the capitalist; the college, the church, the hospital, the theatre, the hotel, the road, the ship, of the capitalist,—whatever goes to secure, adorn, enlarge these is good; what jeopardizes any of these is damnable. The "opposition" papers, so-called, are on the same side. They attack the great capitalist, but with the aim to make a capitalist of the poor man. The opposition is against those who have money from those who wish to have money. But who announces to us in journal or in pulpit, or in the street, the secret of heroism,—
>
> 'Man alone
> Can perform the impossible'?

There is need of a withdrawal from the crowd, and a resort to the fountain of right, by the brave. The timidity of our public opinion is our disease, or, shall I say, the publicness of opinion, the absence of private opinion. Good nature is plentiful, but we want justice with heart of steel to fight down the proud. The private mind has access to the totality of goodness and truth, that it may be a balance to a corrupt society; and to stand to the private verdict against popular clamor, is the office of the noble. If a humane measure is propounded in behalf of the slave, or of the Irishman, or the Catholic, or for the succor of the poor, that sentiment, that project will have the homage of the hero. That is his nobility, his oath of knighthood, to succor the helpless and oppressed; always to throw himself on the side of weakness, of youth, of hope; on the liberal, on the expansive side, never on the defensive, the conserving, the timorous, the lock and bolt system. It is for us to confide in the beneficent supreme power, and not to rely on our money, and on the State because it is the guardian of money. The wise and just man knows that he must stand on his own feet; that he imparts strength to the State, not receives security from it. Everything that tends to isolate the individual—to surround him with barriers of natural respect, so that each man shall feel the world as his, and man shall treat with man as a sovereign state with a sovereign state—tends to true union as well as greatness. Every great and memorable community has consisted of formidable individuals, each of whom, like the Roman or the Spartan, lent his own spirit to the State and made it great. Nothing is mightier than we when we are vehicles of a truth before which the State and the individual are alike ephemeral. Let us put away doubt. Let us live in America thankful for our want of feudal institutions. This land is as old as the Flood, and wants no ornament or privilege which nature could bestow. Here stars, here woods, here hills, here animals, here men abound, and the vast tendencies concur of a new order. If only the men are employed in conspiring with the designs of the Spirit who led us hither, and is leading us still, we shall quickly enough advance out of all hearing of others' censures, out of all regrets of our own, into a new and more excellent social state than history has recorded.

From counsel such as this the young man returned reenforced in his own thought and desire. He was ready to battle with contending flesh and blood, with the powers of the air. He was born to give the country he dwelt in, if not the world, the benefit of his new, living, beneficent convictions. Yes, he would obey his heart. He would be loyal to his own mind. Laws, customs, institutions, might all pass before him, pleading their right to be, but he would judge them, approve or condemn. Religions, morals, rites, and ceremonies, all that went to make up the daily routine of the society into which he had been summoned, should answer him and give the true reason for their continuance. Where he felt not respect, no respect would he show. He would see the truth, speak the truth, live the truth. Yes, he would be free. But not alone. He would be an apostle of freedom to all others. He would proclaim the high self-respect he honored in his own individuality as the right, if not the bounden duty, of all others.

To a youth thus minded in what state did the modern world lie before him?

In his ears rang the plaudits of liberty. His first lesson had been the Fourth of July. With bonfire and fire cracker he had celebrated with others. Now with wiser eyes he too sees "the men of the market, the women of custom." Society is revealed to him as a "mush of concession," hospital of fashion and conformity where opinions and convictions are cut and trimmed with the same dexterity that characterizes the manufacture of the clothes the men and women wear upon their backs. In opinion as in raiment he hears it declared, "one might as well be out of the world as out of fashion."

Now, it is not pride of opinion he wills to stand for. He resents the charge that he is beguiled by conceit or egotism. He does not applaud everybody who proclaims opinions and shouts for self-reliance until he is hoarse. But for all sincere effort on the part of individuals to reach individual convictions irrespective of the world's opinion, he has encouragement and nothing but encouragement, warm and glowing. He has that faith which is born of true insight in the constitution of the human mind, by which he knows that the free

human intellect must in all men work along the same line of truth and fact. To each the truth is revealed, and in concert they exclaim, "I have seen it." "And I." "And I." And thus out of equality of right to seek and find, out of a common nature which cannot but, in each and all, seek and find the truth, the common ground of a harmonious, self-respecting, neighbor-respecting brotherhood is discovered where freedom and peace reign in happiest accord. There is no error more prevalent than that which affirms that individual or private thought and judgment tend to set the world by the ears, and establish, instead of peace and harmony, a Babel of confusion and strife. The cry is for some authority, some common standard by which individuals may measure and determine if they have the truth or no. But there is no trouble about their seeing the sun in the heavens. Nobody disputes its presence. And in these times few, if any, doubt the relation science proclaims that the earth sustains to the sun. They who have seen that truth, can they not see other truths —all other truths possible to the human mind? But I can not see for you, nor you for me. We must each see for ourselves. And just to the extent that we and others do see for ourselves, the very possibility of dispute ceases; there is no longer strife or contention.

The young man who has mastered this all-important consideration finds himself out of sympathy with that outer "law and order" which society has proclaimed and forcibly established. The lesson of the teacher — "Let those fear and those fawn who will; stand thou by the unity of the universe, the inner heart of peace and order which freedom and self-respect alone can bring"—is his reassurance against all timid, time-serving counsel. H.

"Zeno," who is making himself numerous in Western labor and liberal papers as a champion of State Socialism, says in behalf of the government postal service: "It is a boon to society. It is equal to a million messengers of intelligence and enlightenment. It penetrates obscure cross roads where Wells, Fargo & Co. would not think of going." Indeed! I recommend "Zeno" to read the report upon the postal service of Wells, Fargo & Co. prepared by the special agent sent out by the postal department to investigate it. He will find that the said agent gave, as one of the reasons why Wells, Fargo & Co. were doing so well at carrying letters in competition with the government, the fact that that firm reached many out-of-the-way places to which the government did not penetrate. But "Zeno," having adopted a philosophy which belittles private enterprise, knew of course that Wells, Fargo & Co. could not go to these obscure places and would not think of trying to, and so he stated it as a fact. It appeared to the special agent of investigation and to the patrons of Wells, Fargo & Co. that that firm, after paying the government a tax on each letter equal to the government's charge for carrying such a letter, carried these letters with so much more promptness and security than the government, and covered its territory so much more thoroughly than the government, that it was thought worth while to patronize it liberally even at the extra expense which the tax necessitated. But these were only appearances, not facts. "Zeno's" philosophy tells him that private enterprise can't do business as promptly or safely or thoroughly as the State; and if it can't, it can't, and that settles it. "Zeno" is not the first State Socialist to come to grief through reliance on *à priori* reasoning.

The reason why the plutocrats hate the memory of Andrew Johnson and are now trying to disgrace his name and magnify that of his enemy and their tool, Ulysses S. Grant, is manifest in the following brave words uttered in 1871 by the only president of the United States who ever had the honor to be impeached by our rascally national legislature: "Slavery has disappeared south of Mason and Dixon's line only to reappear north of the line in the shape of a funded debt of two billions, the holders of which will hereafter prize the whole producing class, North and South, just in proportion to the docility they manifest under the crucial application of the thumb-screws, to make them bleed *golden* drops of blood from the finger-ends of labor in the shape of interest."

Cleveland's "Official" View of Polygamy.

The recent official profession of faith on the sanctity of legal marriage by the president, in his message, is a suggestive one. The solicitude of our bachelor president for the sanctity of our homes, the regard for the mothers of our land, each "secure and happy in the exclusive love of the father of her children" (or compensated in a legal equivalent therefor), and the pride with which he argues that our best citizens are "the fathers of our families" are really touching. Inferentially we are informed that the man who is not surrounded, in his single home, with his wife and children, has no "stake in the country, respect for its laws, (or) courage for its defence."

A new convert is always superzealous. Though we can hardly assume that this profession of faith is to be considered in a Pickwickian sense, we must certainly regard it as official only; and as he stated, when last visiting Buffalo to vote, that he had left the president at Washington, we are warranted by both present logic and ancient history in considering it as the official belief of the president, rather than that of the Buffalo bachelor.

On reading it, I recalled my last visit to Utah, somewhat over one year ago. I spent several weeks in Southern Utah, but will recall here only one town, Provo, the largest south of Salt Lake City. Making myself comfortable under the hospitable care of my Mormon host of the Excelsior House, I there, as in our Eastern villages, found the most enterprising of the citizens looked upon as the leading man, politically, morally, socially; leading and giving tone to "society." But there they called him Bishop instead of Squire. In Provo this individual was a Mr. S., who had lived there for years; been identified with its prosperity; had occupied high positions in the territorial legislature; had been one of a committee of three to codify the territorial statutes approved by congress; had contributed freely to its institutions; had erected a fine opera house for the Provo Dramatic Club and visiting theatrical companies; had been particularly active in securing a really fine race track, where racing was *not* masked as an "Agricultural and Cattle Show"; besides assistance in building up home industries, etc. Provo contained from five to six thousand inhabitants, and Mr. S. was the peer of the Squire of our towns in every respect.

But I found that on his lot were three fine residences, and in each of them was a family calling him father. I was in a community where Mrs. Grundy threw no stones at this state of things; where plural marriage brought added social importance, to say nothing of the increased social standing, so to speak, as a wife of a patriarch in the Heavenly Zion; where every additional marriage can only be performed with the consent and presence of the other wife, or wives; where children had grown to maturity, been tenderly and lovingly reared, their fathers and mothers respected, under a system where full as much loving care was bestowed on the guidance of youth as that displayed (officially) by Grover Cleveland.

One good old lady remarked to me: "Ah! it takes a sight of grace in a man to get on as harmoniously as they do with so many added cares." As I was a married man myself, I did not feel disposed to contest the point, for I knew I would be deficient in *grace*. "Parental care, authority, and love," to all appearance, seemed to be regnant there.

I found in Mormondom no huge tenement houses, filled with families of overworked fathers, mothers, and children; no locality exhibiting the Avenue B side of civilization; no growing sons and daughters living and sleeping in a common family room, where the instincts of modesty are trampled upon under economic necessities and vice proffers the bread which virtue denies. No, "these are not the homes of polygamy."

I found there no polygamous mothers willing to barter their daughters' happiness, or wink at moral delinquencies, for the sake of ease; no mothers toiling for bare subsistence at starvation rates; no mothers forsaking their children to seek bread in prostitution. No, "these cheerless, crushed, and unwomanly mothers" were not the mothers of Utah.

I found there no polygamous fathers who never see their children awake on week days; no fathers doomed to a treadmill round of unremunerative toil, to whom every added birth added wrinkles to his brow; no fathers to whom children bring the expense of "hush money"; no fathers who look on their children's coffins with that horrible complacency Christian civilization has instilled into the parental heart. No, "these are not the fathers of polygamous families."

Yet I presume Mr. S. is today an exile. Holding, as Mormons do, that cohabitation involves perpetual obligation, that the woman who gives her honor into a man's keeping has an endless claim upon him for support, and that plurality of wives, no more than plurality of children, requires a division of affection, they obstinately refuse to adopt the Eastern, and more civilized, plan in such cases made and provided by custom. Under the recent decision of Judge Zane a man may respect the law so far as to forego cohabitation, yet if he recognizes the obligation of support, if he refuses to disavow the relation, turn her adrift, and brand their children as bastards, he is criminal.

Let me cite an instance. George Q. Cannon had four wives, three of whom are still living. Since polygamy was made a crime (1862), he has not been "guilty" of marrying again with their consent. He believes that he cannot in honor disavow connections nor restrict parental love for the children they have borne him to those Congress in its wisdom may select as alone legitimate. Yet he is a fugitive for this "crime" under the recent interpretation of the law. Ex-Mayor Jennings of Salt Lake City once had two wives. The first died years ago: he remained contented with the *ci-devant* No. 2. Though living in the single family relation for which our bachelor president has such (officially) unbounded admiration, both of these men are disfranchised.

Judge Zane's opinion has just been officially promulgated by the United States Supreme Court, as henceforth the legally revised definition of "cohabitation." Thus, by a singular coincidence, Grover Cleveland becomes the official representative of the doctrine that "cohabitation" becomes "illicit" when you continue to support the mother of an "illegitimate" child under the alleged sanction of moral obligation. Consequently to repudiate the mother and rear the child as a bastard is now officially declared to be the straight and narrow way by which even a Mormon Elder may entertain reasonable hopes of entering into the gates of the White House.

In Utah, out of a population about three times greater than that of the State of Nevada enjoying home rule, there are twelve thousand disfranchised. But, as women are voters in Mormondom, the population of "polygamous fathers" cannot exceed four thousand. Yet their children, their neighbors and friends, have made their cause their own and returned a unanimous Mormon territorial legislature. The anti-Mormons are not shrieking for individual or "minority rights," but to force their views on nine-tenths of the people. To the Mormon, government is a central authority two thousand miles away, and known only in the character of the men sent there, who are now fighting to keep their places. In Provo, a prominent court official loudly bewailed to me the benumbing influence of Mormonism in depreciating the sanctity of law, yet evinces his own disregard for law by swelling his legitimate income from the sale of drugs by the illegitimate sale of spirituous liquors to Mormon youth.

But to conclude. The president winds up his (official) declaration of faith that the safety of the country lies with its legal fathers by adding these words:

> Since the people upholding polygamy in our territories are reinforced by immigration from other lands, I recommend that a law be passed to prevent the importation of Mormons into the country.

Shade of Jefferson! In view of these facts: 1, That every Mormon missionary goes out on his own expense, receiving no salary; 2, That plural marriage cannot be contracted till arrival in Utah; 3, That the converts are made in Christian lands, among peoples taught to believe in the old-time sanctity of polygamous marriages, and that, through their adherence to this creed, they rise from hopeless toil to independent farmers; 4, That polygamy is not obligatory, but a matter of mutual consent, the great majority not being polygamists, and the male population being always in excess in Utah,—in view of these facts, can a law be passed which does not aim at beliefs?

If we were going to embark into the preventing business and compel obedience to our views, we would modestly suggest that a law compelling fathers to marry the mothers of their children, rather than one offering a premium on disowning them, would be more creditable to the executive imagination.

But, some one asks, then you indorse polygamy? Not at all. I simply deny the moral right of law to enforce opinion, and, in this case, against the protest of a whole people. I deny the right of the sixty thousand surplus females in Massachusetts, animated with the virtuous indignation that ever inflames the elderly maiden heart on hearing that others enjoy "illicit cohabitation," to raise their shrill voices and demand the extinction of those who are more fortunate or unfortunate than they.

There is but one ray of hope which will meet the demands of Law and Gospel. Let them cast off the sense of obligation, or buy the mothers off; let them adopt the customs in vogue in New York, where fornication is not a "crime"; let them proclaim their children bastards in the sight of the Lord and the Law; let them abandon the women who trusted them to the operation of the almighty law of demand and supply,—and we warrant that the nation will hear no more recommendations from the president "for such further discreet legislation as will rid the country of this blot upon its fair fame." The same sentiment moved Louis XIV. when he repealed the Edict of Nantes to drive Protestants out from France, where they offended the Catholic majority. And yet a so-called representative of Jeffersonian Democracy, two centuries later, has not risen above the cry of the crowd-made conscience, and would pose as the (official) defender of the marriage relation. He would have a legal crusade in behalf of monogamy, because the crowd-made conscience holds it alone to be right. I also believe in monogamy, but I am not willing to enforce that belief on others, or indorse a new tyrannous edict to not only drive out, but keep out, Mormons from a country that has been poetically, not officially, called "the land of the free and the home of the brave!" D. D. L.

Port Jervis, New York.

A LETTER TO GROVER CLEVELAND.

Continued from page 3.

from loaning their promissory notes, for circulation as money, it has always been necessary for governments to prohibit it, either by penal enactments, or prohibitory taxation. These penal enactments and prohibitory taxation are acknowledgments that, but for them, the notes would be loaned to any extent that would be profitable to the lenders. What this extent would be, nothing but experience of freedom can determine. But freedom would doubtless give us ten, twenty, most likely fifty, times as much money as we have now, if so much could be kept in circulation. And laborers would at least have ten, twenty, or fifty times better chances for hiring capital, than they have now. And, furthermore, all labor and property would have ten, twenty, or fifty times better chances of bringing their full value in the market, than they have now.

But in the space that is allowable in this letter, it is impossible to say all, or nearly all, of what might be said, to show the justice, the utility, or the necessity, for perfect freedom in the matters of money and international trade. To pursue these topics further would exclude other matters of great importance, as showing how the government acts the part of robber and tyrant in all its legislation on contracts; and that the whole purpose of all its acts is that the earnings of the many may be put into the pockets of the few.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

A ROMANCE.

By N. G. TCHERNYCHEWSKY.

Translated by Benj. R. Tucker.

Continued from No. 71.

He had an enormous contract for a supply of cloth, or provisions, or shoe leather, or something or other,—I don't know exactly what; age, his steady success, and the growing esteem in which he was held rendering him every year more and more haughty and obstinate, he quarreled with a man who was necessary to him, flew into a passion, insulted him, and his luck turned.

A week afterwards he was told to submit.

"I will not."

"You will be ruined."

"What do I care? I will not."

A month later the same thing was repeated to him, he gave the same reply, and in fact he did not submit; but he was utterly ruined. His merchandise lay upon his hands; further, some evidences of neglect or sharp practice were found; and his three or four millions vanished. Polosoff, at the age of seventy, became a beggar,—that is, a beggar in comparison with what he had been; but, comparisons aside, he was comfortably well off. He still had an interest in a stearine factory, and, not in the least humiliated, he became manager of this factory at a very fair salary. Besides this, some tens of thousands of roubles had been saved by I know not what chance. With this money, had he been ten or fifteen years younger, he could have begun again to make his fortune, but at his age this was not to be thought of. And Polosoff's only plan, after due reflection, was to sell the factory, which did not pay. This was a good idea, and he succeeded in making the other stockholders see that a prompt sale was the only way to save the money invested in the enterprise. He thought also of finding a husband for his daughter. But his first care was to sell the factory, invest all his capital in five per cent. bonds,—which were then beginning to be fashionable,—and live quietly out the remainder of his days, dwelling sometimes on his past grandeur, the loss of which he had borne bravely, losing with it neither his gayety nor his firmness.

II.

Polosoff loved Katia and did not let ultra-aristocratic governesses hold his daughter too severely in check. "These are stupidities," said he of all efforts to correct her attitudes, manners, and other similar things. When Katia was fifteen, he agreed with her that she could dispense with the English governess as well as with the French one. Then Katia, having fully secured her leisure, was at perfect liberty in the house. To her liberty then meant liberty to read and dream. Friends she had but few, being intimate with only two or three; but her suitors were innumerable: she was the only daughter of Polosoff, possessor—immense!—of four millions! But Katia read and dreamed, and the suitors despaired. She was already seventeen, and she read and dreamed and did not fall in love. But suddenly she began to grow thin and pale, and at last fell seriously ill.

III.

Kirsanoff was not in active practice, but he did not consider that he had a right to refuse to attend consultations of physicians. And at about that time—a year after he had become a professor and a year before his marriage with Véra Pavlovna—the bigwigs of St. Petersburg practice began to invite him to their consultations often,—even oftener than he liked. These invitations had their motives. The first was that the existence of a certain Claude Bernard of Paris had been established; one of the aforesaid bigwigs, having—no one knows why—gone to Paris for a scientific purpose, had seen with his own eyes a real flesh-and-blood Claude Bernard; he had recommended himself to him by his rank, his profession, his decorations, and the high standing of his patients. After listening to him about half an hour, Claude Bernard had said to him: "It was quite useless for you to come to Paris to study medical progress; you did not need to leave St. Petersburg for that." The bigwig took that for an endorsement of his own labors, and, returning to St. Petersburg, pronounced the name of Claude Bernard at least ten times a day, adding at least five times, "my learned friend," or, "my illustrious companion in science." After that, then, how could they avoid inviting Kirsanoff to the consultations? It could not be otherwise. The other reason was still more important: all the bigwigs saw that Kirsanoff would not try to get away their practice, for he did not accept patients, even when begged to take them. It was well known that a great many of the bigwig practitioners followed this line of conduct: when the patient (in the bigwig's opinion) was approaching an inevitable death and ill-intentioned destiny had so arranged things that it was impossible to defeat it, either by sending the patient to the springs or by any other sort of exportation to foreign parts, it then became necessary to place him in the hands of another doctor, and in such cases the bigwig was even almost ready to pay money to have the patient taken off his hands. Kirsanoff rarely accepted offers of this sort, and to get rid of them generally recommended his friends in active practice, keeping for himself only such cases as were interesting from a scientific standpoint. Why should they not invite to consultations, then, a colleague known to Claude Bernard and not engaged in a race after patronage?

Polosoff, the millionaire, had one of these bigwigs for a doctor, and, when Katérina Vassilievna fell seriously ill, the medical consultations were always made up of bigwigs. Finally she became so weak that the bigwigs resolved to call in Kirsanoff. In fact, the problem was a very difficult one for them; the patient had no disease, and yet she was growing perceptibly weaker. But some disease must be found, and the doctor having her in charge invented *atrophia nervorum*, "suspension of nervous nutrition." Whether there is such a disease I do not know, but, if it exists, even I can see that it is incurable. But as nothing must be left undone to save the patient, however hopeless the case, the problem was one for Kirsanoff or some other bold young man.

So a new council was held, which Kirsanoff attended. They examined the patient and pressed her with questions; she answered willingly and very calmly; but Kirsanoff, after her first words, stood one side, doing nothing but watch the bigwigs examine and question; and when, after having worn themselves out and harassed her as much as the proprieties in such cases demand, they appealed to Kirsanoff with the question: "What do you think, Alexander Matvéitch?" he answered: "I have not examined the patient sufficiently. I will remain here. It is an interesting case. If there is need of another consultation, I will tell Carl Fœdorytch,"—that is, the patient's doctor, whom these words made radiant with happiness at thus escaping his *atrophia nervorum*. When they had gone, Kirsanoff sat down by the patient's bed. A mocking smile lighted up her face.

"It is a pity that we are not acquainted," he began; "a doctor needs confidence; perhaps I shall succeed in gaining yours. They do not understand your sickness; it requires a certain sagacity. To sound your chest and dose you with drugs would be quite useless. It is necessary to know but one thing,—your situation,—and then find some way to get you out of it. You will aid me."

The patient did not say a word.

"You do not wish to speak to me?"

The patient did not say a word.

"Probably you even want me to go away. I ask you only for ten minutes. If at the end of that time you consider my presence useless, as you do now, I will go away. You know that sorrow is the only thing that troubles you. You know that, if this mental state continues, in two or three weeks, perhaps even sooner, you will be past saving. Perhaps you have not even two weeks to live. Consumption has not yet set in, but it is near at hand, and in a person of your age and condition it would develop with extraordinary rapidity and might carry you off in a few days."

The patient did not say a word.

"You do not answer. You remain indifferent. That means that nothing that I have said is new to you. By your very silence you answer: 'Yes.' Do you know what any other doctor would do in my place? He would speak to your father. Perhaps, were I to have a talk with him, it would save you, but, if it would displease you to have me do so, I will not. And why? Because I make it a rule to undertake nothing in any one's behalf against his or her will; liberty is above everything, above life itself. Therefore, if you do not wish me to learn the cause of your very dangerous condition, I will not try to find it out. If you say that you wish to die, I will only ask you to give me your reasons for this desire; even if they should seem to me without foundation, I should still have no right to prevent you; if, on the contrary, they should seem to me well founded, it would be my duty to aid you in your purpose, and I am ready to do so. I am ready to give you poison. Under these circumstances I beg you to tell me the cause of your sickness."

The patient did not say a word.

"You do not deign to answer me? I have no right to question you further, but I may ask your permission to tell you something of myself, which may establish greater confidence between us. Yes? I thank you. You suffer. Well, I suffer too. I love a woman passionately, who does not even know that I love her and who must never find it out. Do you pity me?"

The patient did not say a word, but a sad smile appeared upon her face.

"You are silent, but yet you could not hide from me the fact that my last words impressed you more then any that preceded them. That is enough for me; I see that you suffer from the same cause as myself. You wish to die. That I clearly understand. But to die of consumption is too long, too painful a process. I can aid you to die, if you will not be aided to live; I say that I am ready to give you poison, poison that will kill instantly and painlessly. On this condition, will you furnish me with the means of finding out whether your situation is really as desperate as you believe it to be?"

"You will not deceive me?" said the patient.

"Look me steadily in the eyes, and you will see that I will not deceive you."

The patient hesitated a few moments: "No, I do not know you well enough."

"Anybody else in my place would have already told you that the feeling from which you suffer is a good one. I will not say so yet. Does your father know of it? I beg you not to forget that I shall say nothing to him without your permission."

"He knows nothing about it."

"Does he love you?"

"Yes."

"What shall I say to you now? What do you think yourself? You say that he loves you; I have heard that he is a man of good sense. Why, then, do you think that it would be useless to inform him of your feeling, and that he would refuse his consent? If the obstacle consisted only in the poverty of the man whom you love, that would not have prevented you from trying to induce your father to give his consent; at least, that is my opinion. So you believe that your father thinks ill of him; your silence towards your father cannot be otherwise explained. Am I not right?"

The patient did not say a word.

"I see that I am not mistaken. Do you know what I think now? Your father is an experienced man, who knows men well; you, on the contrary, are inexperienced; if any man should seem bad to him and good to you, in all probability you would be wrong, not he. You see that I am forced to think so. Do you want to know why I say so disagreeable a thing to you? I will tell you. Perhaps you will resent it, but nevertheless you will say to yourself: 'He says what he thinks: he does not dissimulate and does not wish to deceive me.' I shall gain your confidence. Do I not talk to you like an honest man?"

The patient answered, hesitating:

"You are a very strange man, doctor."

"Not at all; I am simply not like a hypocrite. I have spoken my thought frankly. But still it is only a supposition. I may be mistaken. Give me the means of finding out. Tell me the name of the man whom you love. Then—always with your permission—I will go and talk with your father."

"What will you say to him?"

"Does he know him well?"

"Yes."

"Then I will ask him to consent to your marriage on condition that the wedding shall take place, not tomorrow, but two or three months hence, in order that you may have time to reflect coolly and consider whether your father is not right."

"He will not consent."

"In all probability he will. If not, I will aid you, as I have already promised."

To be continued.

THEN AND NOW.

XXVI.

IN WHICH JOSEPHINE SAYS ADIEU.

BOSTON, December 28, 2085.

My Dear Louise:

This is my last letter to you from the twenty-first century. In a few days I shall journey backward through the many years that intervene between you and me, and —Mr. De Demain will come with me. You are to see him and talk with him. He will tell you in his own language and his own way of this wonderful age and of what Anarchy is. We—you and I and our friends—must try to convince him that Boston of 1886 is not so bad as he thinks it, even if we cannot prove to him that it is equal to Boston of 2086.

Mr. De Demain tells me that in 1885 a Dr. Brooks lectured on Socialism at Harvard, and he desires, while he is with me in Boston, to meet him in joint debate. I should much like to hear them. Mr. De Demain is, of course, an enthusiast in regard to Harvard College, being one of its professors. He says that Harvard showed herself to be at the head of educational institutions by giving lectures on the subject of Socialism at a time when its true aims were so little understood and when the men who held Socialistic views were classed as cranks or would-be robbers and murderers.

"I think," says Mr. De Demain, "I can convert Dr. Brooks to Anarchy in a very short time. At any rate, I can prove to him, with you for a witness, that Anarchy is a good thing for this century. You will certainly admit that, although you would say it is because the people are educated to it."

I do not deny this statement, and I often think that, when I am with you again, I may be considered an out-and-out Anarchist, so advanced have my views become since I have been here with Mr. De Demain for a tutor. I presume that during the rest of my life I shall constantly be defending Anarchy whenever anybody says anything against it. But I am not completely converted. I doubt if any one ever could be who had from childhood until near middle life been taught the advantages of power and wealth which come because of the State. There is such a pleasure in governing by authority and in possessing greater wealth than most any one else that we dislike to give it up even for such a beautiful conception as individual liberty. There are so many of us—in 1885—who feel that it is simply the power of the State that makes us better and greater and richer than our fellows that the justice and freedom of Anarchy cannot get a strong hold. It might—I think it would—be a good thing for the great mass of humanity, but we are not of that mass. Our word is taken as law, and we would be truer than human nature were we to tell the people that we were robbers and liars, that we were no better than they, with no more right to govern or enjoy the fruits of the earth.

While we can deceive the people and reap the harvest of their labor, living lives of pleasure and leisure, why should we not?

No man of wealth and a disposition to live on the labor of others, no man in authority over others, no man who believes in the right of majorities to rule, no man who believes that he has a right to preempt more land than he can use, has any sympathy with Anarchy.

But you have been told all this, in different ways, in many of my previous letters. I must now say farewell until I meet you. I will then try to answer all of the many questions that I know you must have ready for me.

JOSEPHINE.

The Chinese Question.

The force and truth of the following passage in George Eliot's "Romola" has been very clearly brought forth lately by the conduct of our "leaders": "No man ever sought to retain power over a mixed multitude without suffering vitiation: his standard must be their lower needs, and not his own best insight."

That the mass of the workingmen in their ignorance and in their despair should strike at the first object that presents itself in their way as being the cause of their misery, as a child strikes a chair against which it has fallen, though very sad, is explicable enough. They have not even time in their desperate struggle for bread to attempt to dive down beneath the surface of things, and find out for themselves what are the causes of their degradation, and consequently vent all their anger on the inoffensive results of an evil system, the Chinese, while the real causes, the capitalists, go unscathed. Our very feeling towards the workingmen in general is one of *pity*, because, if they understood their own best interests, they would act very differently.

But what excuse can we offer for a man who tells us in burning words that it was a glorious thing to free the *black* slave, that John Brown was one of the greatest of the world's heroes for having set this work in motion, that men are all brothers, no matter what the color of their skin, but who now, because the pigment chances to be yellow instead of black, flings away all ideas of brotherhood, and uses the largest type at his command in flaring headings in his paper every week to the effect that the "Chinese Must Go."

Another man, for whose head at least, up to the present time, we have had more respect than for that of Mr. Swinton,—a man who proclaims the *universal* brotherhood of man, that the sphere of operations of the labor-reformer is the globe,—Victor Drury, who has suffered much in labor's struggle for the right, now that he has a paper (the Eastern "Labor Journal") at his command, has joined the herd in calling out that the "Chinese Must Go."

Has the fear of losing power over the majority of the workingmen by opposing their prejudices anything to do with the sacrifice of principle manifested by these men? We are obliged to think that it has, for it does not seem possible that, after so many years of study as they have devoted to the labor problem, they could really think that the expulsion of the Chinese would aid in its solution. In our opinion it is nothing but a vile, low pandering to the prejudices of the masses, a desire to lead at all costs, even if, to do so, it were necessary to follow, that has determined the action of these men. But, remember, gentlemen, that the masses are fickle, and that some day they may wake up to the fact, or the supposed fact, that you have been leading them astray, and when you come to quit this life, you will neither have their applause, for which you have sacrificed so much, nor the approval of your own consciences, which is of infinitely greater importance. There is no true leadership, without the leader's living up to his own best insight; an attempt to lead in any other manner will land you in some such bog as that in which flounders the New York "Herald," and eventually expose you to the contempt or execration of all just men. The very popularity you seek can in the end only be attained by adhesion to principle.

Dropping our leaders in disgust, I have a few words to say to the workingmen themselves. Leaving out of the question all idea of justice to the Chinese as "men and brothers," you are making a great mistake for yourselves in supposing for a single instant that the driving out of the Chinese is going to help you in the least. With the present system of exploitation unchanged, with the power invested by the government in the capitalists to rob you at will, it is only a question of a very little time, whether the Chinese are here or not, till you are reduced to their condition. There is no more to be feared from Chinese pauper or slave labor now than there was from Irish pauper or slavelabor a very few years ago. How bitter you felt, my Irish brothers, when the American workingmen combined to keep you out! Yet that was every bit as just and as politic a movement as that you are now engaged in. You were just as much slave labor to the American workingmen then as the Chinese are to you now. A little remembrance of our late condition may help us to be somewhat charitable.

The capitalists are very glad to see all your energy directed against the Chinese; they are glad to see one slave fighting another slave on a question of a few cents, because it keeps your attention away from the main issue, as to who are your real enemies.

Your enemies are not the Chinese, who are your brothers, your brother-slaves, who are being robbed as you are being robbed, kept ignorant as you are kept ignorant, made vicious as you are made vicious; but your enemies are the capitalists who exploit both the Chinese and you, who "divide and govern" you, and your enemy is the government that gives to the capitalist the power of robbing the Chinese and you; and, if you must fight, if you must burn, if you must drive out somebody, do, for the sake of all that is good, fight the real oppressors, slay and burn the real enemy, and drive out the murderers of the Chinese and you, but leave the poor, harmless, defenceless Chinese alone.

GERTRUDE B. KELLY.

Right and Might.

That right is might few question; the axiom is admitted, though not very enthusiastically believed. With equal truth it might be said that few question the right of might. The majority submit to it like brutes to the lash; their feeble efforts to escape only furthering the purposes of their torturers. Among the few who do question, however, there is great controversy. This difference results mainly from the differing standpoints of view. Viewed from the standpoint of the entire universe, might is undoubtedly right. It is the only standard, the only law. Viewed from the standpoint of the lower evolution, it is the same; the stronger chemical force, the stronger vital force, gives law to the weaker. But, as intelligence develops, there comes in a doubt and a struggle; a feeling on the part of the weaker that it is wronged, on the part of the stronger that it is wronging. The germs of Conscience and Altruism appear. The struggle grows less between the sexes and between the procreators and the procreated. It is found that self-interest can be promoted by coöperation, and wolves hunt in packs and lions in bands and herbivores range in herds. The struggle grows less between the individuals of the species. Might is growing less right, and right more mighty. But this process seems to have its limits. There is now but little conflict among the carnivores; where found, it is mostly confined to the lower orders, —fishes, reptiles, etc.; and there is still less between the vegetarian animals; but between these two great divisions of the army of life there is ceaseless war. And, unavoidably it would seem, the Human wars with both.

And now comes in the question of right as related to us. For there are different standards of right, individual and collective. Right is relative; and the construction and plan of the universe is so faulty that absolute right—that is, absolute harmony—is impossible. To slay and eat the cow is a very right thing in tigerish ethics, but a very wrong thing in bovine ethics. The right thing for us is that which is beneficial to us. If murder is beneficial, murder is right; if theft is beneficial, theft is right; if tyranny is beneficial, tyranny is right. Humanity has abundantly tried these experiments in aggression and found them all non-beneficial and therefore wrong. But sometimes, temporarily, in a narrow circle and to the limited view, wrong is, or appears to be, right, and here all moral confusion begins and perpetuates itself. Greater intelligence, broader knowledge, is the only remedy.

In viewing questions of human right, we need to take the human standpoint; we have no justification for viewing them from the standpoint of the mineral, the vegetable, or the non-human animal. Nature has forbidden it. Nature, in making Man Viceroy of her Three Kingdoms, gave him full power to work his pleasure with them, provided only that he did nothing contrary to his own interest. The ultimate outcome of all this can only be the complete destruction of all the principal animals, of all injurious vegetables, and the enslavement of the chemical forces of the earth. But any violation of the proviso brings a sure penalty.

To conquer by force, industry, and ingenuity, avoiding only self-harm,—this is man's relationship of right to the universe.

But between man and man Nature has sternly forbidden all aggression and compulsion, unless protective, and this because such aggression or compulsion is a backward flame that burns chiefly the hand that carries it. And this question of human right must be studied from the standpoint of the individual, Nature having made no collective reason to attend to the needs of all humanity, but only individual reasons to attend to the needs of individuals. And this is the true standpoint from which to study the needs of humanity. Those reformers who have endeavored to legislate for the individual from the standpoint of humanity have usually only succeeded by their Jack O' Lanterns in leading him into deeper swamps, from which he must extricate himself as best he may. But no reformer ever secured justice for any single man without benefiting all men for all time. The simple truth is grander than the most glorious error. But there is no real conflict here. From a philosophical elevation the needs of the individual and of the race are seen to be identical. Why, then, is it not as well to take humanity for a starting point as to take the individual? Because the only way to adequately understand the needs of the whole is to understand the needs of the parts.

Nature says: Let each man work out his own salvation, and prevent him not, for this is social Justice and Liberty. Anarchy has heard this voice and obeys it, and rings it forth like a bugle note to all the world, inviting every man to shake off his fetters and be free. Understanding his position, then, no consistent Anarchist will use compulsion, not even the compulsion of over-persuasion, except defensively; and even then with the clear perception that compulsion is always an evil, only justifiable as a counter-check to other evils, and that to carry it one jot beyond the stern requirements of necessity is to render it an aggression without excuse. The grand distinction between Christianity and Anarchy on this point is this: Christianity says, "carry neither sword nor shield"; Anarchy says, "carry your sword only for protection, and use it only when your shield will not avail." In brief, the position of Anarchy is that in the relations of man with man there is no right in might except where might is right, and that might is only right when used in defence of Liberty.

J. WM. LLOYD.

GRAHAMVILLE, FLORIDA.

Economic Fallacies.

Mr. J. K. Ingalls, in the introduction to his "Social Wealth," deals a few socdologers to economic sophisms. He does the economists, whose proper title would be, the apologists of capitalism, the justice to consider that, in explaining how the producer is crushed under production, justice is nowise in question, they not being responsible for its absence from matters of fact. The title, "Social Ethics," would better characterize the aim of Mr. Ingalls's work. He exposes the hypocrisy of defending the actual business world by laws of tendency, as it were, in a vacuum; while ignoring the continual intervention of circumstances, and especially of government,—*i. e.*, of arbitrary wills,—to frustrate them. Warmly espousing the cause of oppressed labor, he shows how "opportunity is wanting for play of that *free competition*," which is with economists the excuse for every iniquity. What pretension, indeed, to the name of science can a system have which

Treats "values" indiscriminately, whether increased or diminished by supply and demand, or by the interference of executive or legislative *will*; by scarcity of a season, or the cornering of a market, or by any speculative conspiracy; by the natural laws of trade, or by the subjecting to the rule of the market "by act of parliament" and "force of arms," things foreign to its sway; and whether relating to the commodities which may be increased indefinitely, or to the buyer and seller, the *men* themselves, or to the land, of which no increased supply is possible.

The proper illustration of this single paragraph would make a useful book, although the potential suicide of liberty in free competition or in any other mode is complete, when government controls at once taxation and the currency; for a simple contraction of the one is equivalent to increase of the other, while enrolling as partisans, by the cohesive force of plunder, the whole creditor class, against labor. Later the author says:

Not only does this assumed law of supply and demand utterly fail in its salutary effect upon labor denied the use of the land while exerting to the full the baneful effects of a forced competition in its operation, but upon land treated as property or capital it has an opposite effect. Increased demand not only, as with commodities, begets a temporary rise of price, but a continuous rise. Demand does not, as with commodities, beget an increased, or any supply whatever, ... no protection [of land] being possible or conceivable, except in regard to lands transferred from a general to a specific use.

Let us analyze this paragraph, which in its spirit is a protest against injustice, but is faulty in its several propositions. There is no occasion here to pick a quarrel with the "law of supply and demand," which is the economic translation of "Ask and ye shall receive." Who shall ask, what shall they ask for? How shall they ask it, and of whom? Answer: The laborers unemployed shall ask for the soil; they shall ask corporately, through their organized unions (Knights of Labor, etc.); they shall ask it of the States or General Government, or of the railroad companies, to whom it has transferred the natural inheritance and sustenance of fifty millions.

But the labor corps must first prove, not only their need, but their ability to cultivate, and earnest intention, by devoting to farm settlements their union funds, hitherto wasted in strikes, which only provoke the hostility of their employers, and cause the importation of cheaper labor. No use talking about abstract rights and justice. We are dealing with selfish, greedy powers, and Labor is not prepared to right itself by force.

Mr. Ingalls sympathetically appreciates the fatality of forced competition upon laborers cut off from the use of the soil. But in the spheres of manufacturing labor, which have distracted them from agricultural ideas, aims, and habits, an ever-increasing competition for employment inevitably results from industrial progress with machinery. This machinery and the science which invents it and controls it is the property of capitalists. Laborers, unintelligent and demoralized, are bribed to guard it for capital, against their brothers in labor.

But suppose it were otherwise; suppose coöperation in joint stock partnership, supplanting hireling labor; still, with the aid of machinery, a small part of the number of artisans formerly employed, and even of the operatives now employed, fully suffice for all needed production. If the rest are to live by their own labor, it can only be by a return to agricultural habits. Otherwise, the giant Antæus, held aloof from the soil by the Hercules of capital, must be strangled. To induce the laborer to *demand* the use of the soil ought to be the aim of his friends. The real limitation in question is not, as Mr. Ingalls contends, that of the soil, but of the laborer's demand on the one side, and, on the other, of the manufacturer's demand for labor. Irrespective of the great tracts of alluvion redeemed by labor from the waters of irrigated deserts, or of that oceanica which the coral polyp builds on its pedestal atolls, land is being constantly reproduced, by manure, which is more than equivalent to extension of area, because a large crop on an acre does not cost, after manuring, much more than a small one. The difference is only in manipulating the harvest, and a big ear is gathered as easy as a small ear. All improvement of the soil, all increase of productivity, increases the possibilities of life. This can be averred of no other industry, comparatively.

Under the hireling system liberty is lost; but production may be increased and cheapened to meet the needs of any population known, even in China, and without the aid of machinery.

The fall of political governments would, in annulling monopolist tenures, restore the soil to labor; but Government, under the sense of danger, may render speculation in the immediate products of the soil a penitentiary crime, and tax unimproved tracts into use. EDGEWORTH.

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

Vol. III.—No. 21. **BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1886.** **Whole No. 73.**

"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 free labor reading room and circulating library was opened a few weeks ago in New York at the Central Labor Union Hall, at which free access may be had to all labor publications. Donations for this praiseworthy institution should be sent to the "New York Labor Library, 141 Eighth Street, New York, N. Y."

"La Presse" of Montreal has issued an illustrated pamphlet of nearly one hundred pages giving an interesting account of the life, trial, and execution of Louis Riel. It is the most intelligible and satisfactory exposition yet published of the causes which induced this brave man to lead his countrymen in insurrection against British tyranny, and of the fanaticism and duplicity which made him suffer a martyr's death upon the scaffold. Those who read French and admire human heroism will want this pamphlet, which the Mutual News Company of Boston supplies at ten cents. I must add my regret, however, that its very first page should be disfigured by a most outrageous lie. Comparing the treatment of Riel with the clemency shown by other nations to political offenders, it says: "France, after the horrors of the Commune, punished with death only the bandits who had personally committed acts of murder and pillage." In view of the now undeniable fact that in the famous Bloody Week of May, after the entrance of Thiers and his troops into Paris, men, women, and children were tied together indiscriminately and mowed down with the mitrailleuse until the streets became so many red rivers in which at least thirty thousand corpses almost floated, the man must be cynical indeed who can talk of France's mercy. There has been no such butchery since the days of the Inquisition in Spain.

Henry Appleton has become the editor of "The Newsman," the monthly organ of the newsdealers published by the Mutual News Company of Boston. In it he will wage steady and unrelenting war upon monopolies in general and the American News Company in particular. While in Liberty he will continue to do the same incomparable work that he has been doing ever since its start, his new capacity will greatly extend his sphere of usefulness. I wish him all success in it. Will he pardon me if I add that I look with grave doubts upon his advice to newsdealers to join the Knights of Labor? His own powerful pen has often clearly pointed out in these columns the evils of that organization and of all others similar to it. He has shown them to be the embodiment of "bossism." I hope he will not let the wide swath which the Knights of Labor are just now cutting unduly impress him. The seeming magnitude of immediate results should never induce a man of intellect to encourage principles and methods the ultimate evil consequences of which are sure to far outweigh all temporary benefits. A significant hint of what may be expected from the Knights of Labor is to be found in the address of Grand Master Powderly, the head and front of that body, before its latest national convention. He said in most emphatic terms that it would not do for the organization to simply frown upon the use of dynamite, but that *any member hereafter advocating the use of dynamite must be summarily expelled*. Can Mr. Appleton honestly recommend any newsdealer, or any other man, to join such an organization as that?

Economic Blessings: Taxation.

To be taxed with, carries the idea of having something bad imputed to us; but to pay taxes, whether in produce, in money, or in blood, constitutes the whole duty of man . . . considered as the subject of Government, which, as statesmen teach, is the chief object of his existence. This proves how much "more blessed it is to give than to receive," and is a touching accord between religion and political economy. And this serves to explain the efflorescence of philanthropy in taxation, with the original idea of counteracting landlordry by making it difficult for small farmers to occupy the soil. For are they not most apt to be rack renters? On the other hand, there is the Czar, who owns all the Russias; and is he not the Father of his people, the representative of God? What an excellent model for Uncle Sam!

Gathering the reins of empire in his hands, Pluribuster appreciates the principle of counterpoise between taxation and the currency, of which he is the common fountain head, and which are responsive; as in breathing, inhalation with exhalation.

From which composite reciprocity it results that by simply contracting the currency taxes may be virtually doubled or quadrupled without changing a figure, and the dollar which yesterday commanded but a peck may to-morrow command a bushel of the same produce. The difference is still greater between now and the palmy days of greenbacks. The swing of the financial pendulum from fiat paper to gold is the inhalation which swells the chest of Pluribuster with the fortunes of his bond-holders. The laurels that waved on the brow of Miltiades rustled in the dreams of Themistocles. The genius of finance whispers in the ear of the genius of taxation.

The beautiful simplicity with which the millions rise to gild the Olympian heights of speculation, unsullied by the grime of toil, affords fertile suggestions. Here are some thirteen hundred millions of rent flowing into the pockets of landlords; why not into the treasury of that great collective Being, the reservoir of Nature's bounty? But class legislation is invidious, and to strike at a class,—that makes enemies. Let us then take the whole soil at one tributary sweep; that is impartial. And we billionize. This idea was left out of the Georgics of Virgil, but the world gathers moss as it rolls.

In gathering moss, too, it must be considered that small properties naturally are assessed higher in proportion than large ones. Assessors are not insensible to the reverence which magnitude inspires, nor to the benefit of friends in power. To impregnate the ballot with my idea, a hue and cry against landlordry will suffice for them asses, while the landlords themselves and other capitalists do not need to be told that under heavier taxation their coupons and long purses will take the wind out of the sails of the small farmer collapsed, run in debt, and sent adrift.

But as all other production, as well as consumption, must draw its material from the soil, he who can hold on to it will only have to imitate the merchant who adds the revenue tax to the prices of his goods. It is always the consumer who really pays. But there are consumers and consumers. Some devour bread and meat grown upon the soil. Some sip foreign wines and rustle in foreign silks. Having secured the suffrage of the clodhoppers against the landlords, and of the landlords against the clodhoppers, let us set our cap for the free traders. Rich by taxes equivalent to the rental of a continent, why need Uncle Sam bother with custom houses? He can afford to take down fences and abolish toll gates. All the costs of our Government having been comfortably adjusted on the packsaddle of Labor, foreign luxuries may come in free to compensate for the cream of our soil, which goes out to fatten absentee landlords and English cattle kings. Abounding in this sense of liberality, we may also exempt from taxation the little improvements of our own millionaires. This courtesy will attach their capitals to the pillars of government. A noble conception of political architecture!

The majestic simplicity of a continent's "unearned increment" rising in one golden jet from the glebe to seek its destined level in Uncle Sam's pocket is a picturesque and statesmanlike idea.

Certain State Socialists felicitate the proletary on the promised exemption from revenue taxes. Their champagne will come cheaper along with other shams, all but the pain, in fact. But the hero of taxation is less in love than Marx with the ideal proletary. He contemplates complacently the equalization of the land tax by diffusion through the prices of produce over all consumers impartially.

This spontaneous permeation of the blessing by economic law gives a lively idea of "the bounty of Nature" and the genius of its author. (I don't mean the author of Nature, though I would not exclude Him from the honor of inspiring so sublime an idea as taxing the land out of landlordry. *A tout seigneur toute honneur*, including the august figure of the tax assessor which looms on our horizon.) Behold the pivot of the ideal State, the mediator between the soil and its spoilers, on whose absorbent and secretive virtue the whole fabric of government depends. With what aweful reverence must the landholder regard the arbiter of his industrial destinies! What conservative influence he must wield for his party, the party in power! What a political game flavor the lordly haunch of venison will have when he dines with the landed proprietor!

But we forbear to roast the goose that lays such golden eggs. *Satis*, George. Adieu. Your true admirer,
EDGEWORTH.

A Friend of Law and Religion.

To the Editor of Liberty:

DEAR SIR,—Specimen Copy of your paper received and *contents carefully read*, and will say I want *no paper* so *slimy* against any class of persons as your article on lawyers, no matter how many good things you may say, nor any paper that leaves *God* and the *teachings* of *Christ out* entirely and Ridicules Religion. H. C. VROOMAN.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, November 17, 1885.

AT VANDERBILT'S BURIAL.

[*Translated from the German.*]

On Staten Island stands a monument,
A mausoleum worthy of a hero,
Adorned with splendor that the Orient
Ne'er saw, still less the ancient Rome of Nero.
About it hangs today a loit'ring crowd,
Despite the threat'ning gale and cold so bitter,
Of curious gapers. There, within his shroud,
To rest a dead man's brought upon his litter.

What greatness did the dead achieve in life?
As statesman did he fame acquire, or honor?
As soldier did he wage a life-long strife
For freedom with the foes who trample on her?
As thinker did he guide, with wisdom's shield,
The minds of men through paths till then untrodden?
As artist did he so his pencil wield
That masters old seemed crude beside the modern?

Oh, no, my friend, it is not as you think:
By statesmanship he did not win his glory;
From fighting he was ever sure to shrink;
The death he met was anything but gory.
Nor yet as artist had he any skill;
He could not tell a painting from a chromo;
The world of thought gave him no place to fill;
His ignorance disgraced the *genus homo*.

I wrong him: he one branch of science knew
And understood: 'twas that of money-getting!
The famous art, known only to the few,
Of luring all the fools into his netting;
Of laughing when he other men displaced;
Of ruling thousands to their ruin going,—
Yes, that he understood; for sons to waste
He left behind two hundred millions growing.

"For others what care I?" he proudly said.
"Be damned the public!" he was wont to thunder.
The rich man now needs nothing but his bed;
To his new home he cannot take his plunder.
Today the public pays him back in kind;
It heaps no coals of fire, but loud rejoices.
The people 'round his monument we find,
But "Vanderbilt be damned!" cry all their voices.

IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 72.

"Wait, I have not finished. His name was James Farey. After some days I learn that they have carried the two bodies into the chapel and that the families of the friends are watching there in tears, in complaints, and in curses upon the assassins. Good! What do I do? I give orders to the comrades: 'To horse!' and we gallop across the country to Alton, where we set fire to the chapel! A real bonfire!"

"A deed absolutely meritorious and for which you will be recompensed on high, since you destroy the altars of superstition and the asylum where the Revolution is tempered for the struggle; for this death watch was at the same time, do not doubt, an armed watch. In your place, I should even have proceeded to the arrest of the participants in this manifestation."

"And it would have been better to surprise them at the foot of the coffins and to shoot them in a lump!"

"To shoot! always to shoot!"

Sir Archibald scowled disapprovingly.

"What then? Should we have shut the doors and burned them alive?"

The minister, without passing his judgment and without showing the least repugnance in regard to this monstrous proposition, explained himself.

He professed an invincible aversion to all execution in which human blood is shed; this sentiment, instinctive in him and which was a result of the wholly feminine delicacy of his nature, was all the stronger because it was a matter of religious conscientiousness with him. For the eternal torments, he thought that the dead ought to arrive at the tribunal of God in their integrity.

Quite recently, Mr. Cope, the pastor of Carnew, had presided at the execution of twenty-eight heads of families. They made vague charges of conspiracy against them: Gowan had surely heard it spoken of. No?

Among the number figured Pat Murphy of Knakbrandon and William Young, a Protestant, by the way; but many Protestants were already affiliated on the ground of patriotism. In short, Mr. Cope had them ranged in a file and shot till there was no longer an "Oh!" from the mass.

"Perfect!" said Gowan, smacking his tongue as if he were tasting a liquor.

"Oh, well! As for me, I would have hung them," concluded Sir Archibald Owens, "or strangled them, garroted them as in Spain, smothered them under mattresses, crucified them, or burned them, faith, as you said just now, because, in burning, they suffer on this earth the same torments for which they are destined in another world."

After some steps in silence, during which he seemed absorbed by the solution of a difficult problem, he added:

"And my personal judgment leads me to believe that their souls do not disengage themselves completely from the tunic of flames in which they are wrapped at the moment of death, so that" . . . .

But the chief of the "Infernal Mob" was not listening; along the road the amaranthine trunks of young ash trees were swaying, and Gowan remarked that over a long stretch they had lopped off the tops and branches; he indicated them with his finger to his companion, who understood:

"To furnish handles for the pikes!" said he, concisely.

"And the heads of the pikes imply blacksmiths," resumed Gowan. "Beginning with this afternoon, I shall make of these rebellious Vulcans who would bother us too much, a general sweep, including the workman with the work."

"Act most promptly, my friend; unfortunately, I cannot, with my limping leg, keep up with your horse, and it would make your load too heavy to take me on behind: but with a carriage I shall arrive in time to pronounce my sentence". . .

"Or ratify that which I shall have executed. Let me follow my own course."

"Then, do not shoot, I beg you! Respect my weakness and my principles!"

Suddenly Gowan brightened up.

From afar, in the silence of the country, came the vibrating echo, clear and piercing, of an anvil which they were beating.

Snuffing the air like a ravenous beast who scents his prey from afar, the exlackey of Newington rose in his stirrups to take his bearings, and scrutinized the gray road.

At the horizon a thick cloud of dust was rolling along with a roar of a breaking wave. It was the soldiers of his company, who, according to their orders, were advancing to meet the captain sent for the night before by Sir Archibald.

"Perfect!" said Gowan.

And, wishing Owens an excellent end of his journey, he applied both spurs, drawing blood from the flanks of his horse, that he might the sooner join his men and lead them, without delay, by a branch road, to smash the bellows of this forge which was working more actively every instant, and then the chest of the blacksmith.

"Do not shoot!" cried out vehemently the gentle and rigorous pastor . . . "I forbid it explicitly, ex-plic-it-ly, you understand?"

At first Gowan, disturbed by this prohibition, replied by muttering a filthy insult; then, mimicing Sir Archibald, he promised to conform, ex-plic-it-ly, ex-plic-it-ly, preferring that course!

An idea occurred to him which would command general approval and do honor to his imagination.

The proverb tells us it is a bad thing to put one's hand between the hammer and the anvil. So Gowan would take care not to put his hands there; but those of the blacksmith, that was quite another thing! Those, on the contrary, should be placed upon the anvil, and whoever liked might forge them for him, with all his might, to try his strength.

They should forge them slowly at first, to warm them; then more quickly, more briskly, to flatten them, and, once warm, to make them throb; then the fingers would separate like so many spear-heads, and they would keep on forging, mangling the joints and crushing the very marrow out of the little bones in the hand!

And imitating the vibrating sound of the steel which they were hammering: "Bing! bing! bing!" the captain of the "Infernal Mob," the noxious Hunter Gowan, accelerated the gait of his beast, in a hurry to gratify himself with this recreation, to hear his victim bellow like an ox at the slaughter-house, and to contemplate his twisted mouth. Comical! exhilarating!

He disappeared very soon in the cloud of dust which enveloped the band and which flew suddenly to the left in a dark whirlwind, and the melancholy magistrate also hastened his steps as much as his feeble resources would admit.

The isolation of the road extending as far as one could see between monotonous meadows weighed upon him like a burden fastened to his back, and, under the cold, dry sky, tormented him, at the same time, with sudden frights.

He pictured to himself Barlett simply bruised, getting up again, and attempting with great strides to overtake him and avenge himself on him for Gowan's cruelty and his personal failure in his duty as a judge.

And just then a hasty trot sounded behind him, approaching at a good pace, while, at the same time, the snuffing of a broken breath became more and more perceptible, and Sir Archibald said to himself that he should feel its warmth in his neck before long if he did not start upon a run himself.

Surely this was the angry farmer, ready to do anything; in a few minutes, he would stretch out his infinite arms, and, in a trice, my pastor's neck would be twisted, and he would be kicking about and biting the dust.

So, with the courage of fear, he began to hop like a wounded bird, which was his way of running, fretting at having forgotten his bill-headed dogberry cane with which to support himself.

But in vain did he exert himself, in vain did he feebly brace himself up to leap ahead, the trot now sounded as if it were within ten paces of him, and was supplemented by a rattling of iron and a rumbling of wheels.

Heavens! They had picked up Emeric, they had lifted him into a vehicle, and now he would have to face not only his wrath, but that of the people who were carrying him.

Sir Archibald stopped, pierced by an excessive pain in his side, his spleen distended, and inwardly regretting life, sighing, whining, a hideous, comical caricature: he recommended his soul to God; but a big, pleasant voice hailed him:

"Won't you have a seat in my carriage, reverend sir?"

The discomfited magistrate ventured a half turn of his head, gave a timid glance toward the questioner, and discerned, under the hood of the carriage, a large round face, ruddy, open, and bright, which at once inspired confidence.

He was about to accept the polite offer made him, when he perceived at the left of the vehicle the crescent-moon face of Sir Richmond, the parish priest of Bunclody, and he moved his lips to decline the invitation; the priest did not give him time.

"If it is my society which displeases you," said he, unctuously, to Sir Archibald, "I will get down; I am rested."

"You will remain," affirmed the owner of the vehicle,—who made a third occupant, his clerk, give up his seat,—"and if the pastor fears a theological dispute which may degenerate into a quarrel, I will seat myself between you two."

Sir Richmond protested.

No discussion would arise; he would promise on his part; the present hour was not for religious controversy; the political question unfortunately dominated all, and on this point he would much surprise the pastor by assuring him that he did not in the least approve the agitation which was spreading among the masses.

This declaration conquered the hesitation of Sir Archibald, and, William Grobb, the clerk, consenting, with as good grace as he could command, to take a seat in the back of the carriage, on a footstool, he prepared to get up; but first the patron, lifting his cap of knit wool, presented himself:

"Tom Lichfield, of Canterbury, merchant, member of the Philadelphian Society of Glasgow, of the temperance societies of Southampton, Merioneth, Dolgelly," etc., etc.

Sir Archibald saluted him, and then his colleague of the Catholic faith, who, introducing him, told off his titles and functions,—already previously announced by him to Lichfield, when, in the rear, he had recognized the pastor's profile. Clinging to the apron of the carriage and the hand that Tom held out to him, he installed himself on the seat, at the right of the driver, who judged it more prudent, all the same, to separate the two priests.

A precaution absolutely needless, as, barring some slight differences, they immediately fell into accord.

The priest of Bunclody was returning from administering the sacrament to a miserable victim of the civil discords, whose left breast had been almost entirely cut off by one of Gowan's agents, causing a fatal hemorrhage.

"I condemn always those who shed blood!" protested the pastor, quickly and in good faith; and, in exchange for this good word, which in no way pledged its author, the priest confessed that the barbarism had an excuse.

"They rebelled against the troop *à propos* of a harness which they seized; a requisition, however, which was rather abrupt and informal; but soldiers are not diplomats; these especially, of necessity, for one does not form a corps of police and desperadoes from the superior classes! They pushed on, a big devil drawing his sword:

"'Room! Room!' Ah! yes, they crowded still more; the stifled horses neighed, pawed furiously, and reared, with smoking nostrils. A demoniac, a certain Breigh, seized the horse of the big devil in question by the mane, the rider by the hip. The latter drew his sword, but Breigh's wife had seen the action, turned it aside from her husband, and received it herself" . . .

"Then," said Lichfield, "the soldier was not culpable."

"They pretend, indeed," resumed Sir Richmond, "that he let fall some unfortunate comments; he might have said, 'Now, you will nurse no more little rebels!' She carried at her breast a child which was miraculously saved! Really, it would have been wholly censurable if he had used such language. I maintain, in any case, that he had slandered the unfortunate woman; I knew her, she censures the exaltation of mind, the violence which they no longer always restrain."

"And the affiliations with the United Irishmen?" added Sir Archibald.

"Ah! an association!" faltered the priest, simulating surprise.

But the pastor-judge assured him that he made a mystery of facts which were a secret to no one, and the priest of Bunclody, convinced, admitted knowing, in truth, of this association, and combatted it with all his might by word and deed.

"Yes!" said he, "I preach submission, obedience; I reject pitilessly from the confessional whoever has joined in the work of emancipation, of which the only effect, finally, will be to fasten firmly the yoke on their necks; I will hereafter consecrate no union of members of the society, I will refuse baptism to their newly-born and the holy oil and the prayers of the sacred office to their dead."

"Very good! father," applauded the pastor, warmly.

And the priest of the Apostolic Church, Catholic and Roman, desirous of completely winning the approbation of his brother of the English Church, terminated by a profession of faith.

King George might practise a different religion from that of the Irish; he was none the less their sovereign, by the grace of God; and every individual who rebelled against his law revolted against celestial authority itself.

Tom Lichfield acquiesced; but he pleaded extenuating circumstances. Misery, a misery dark, odious, unspeakable, afflicted the population. These gentlemen were in a position, through their priesthood, to see it every day. He, Lichfield, did not suspect it before having set foot on the territory of the sister island, and penetrated, by right of his commission as member of the Philadelphian society, into the huts of these people, these wretches!

Just then, at the side of the road, a dark hut appeared, a ruin, a pile of rubbish, a mass of dirt, looking, in the distance, like a swelling of the ground. Built of branches and of a mortar made of mud and pebbles, it was exposed to all the blasts of the north wind and the showers of rain. The summer sun made crevices in it; the deluge of rain, during the winter, filled its walls, so much that at all sea-

sons those who took shelter there were exposed night and day to the risk of their falling in.

All three—the priest, the pastor, and the merchant—turned aside from this sorrowful picture with a movement of repulsion, their touched hearts rising to their lips.

"And to think," resumed the Englishman, snapping his whip briskly, "that they swarm about in there, some eight or ten of them, lying on the hard ground or in the mud when it has rained, smoked like herrings or pigs with their primitive fireplace (two rough stones laid together), fed, shall we say, on raw or half-cooked vegetables, and of what variety?"

"Usually turnips which they do not even pare, in order to lose nothing," said the priest, between two lines of his breviary, which he had begun to read with contrition. "They set the kettle on a bench, and each dips into the dish."

"Sometimes there are potatoes, but never bread except at Easter," added the pastor, who was devouring ginger lozenges to facilitate the work of his laborious digestion. "I have visited," continued he, "those who ate grass like the cattle, and on the sea-shore others who, not having strength enough to fish, ate sea-weeds thrown up by the tide."

"And the years of famine," said Lichfield, "neither potatoes, nor turnips, nor anything; the choice between unclean beasts, balls of clay to chew, or tough and spoiled meat,—that of relatives and friends succumbed to hunger."

"Horror!" exclaimed simultaneously the two priests, but faintly, in a minor voice, with the drawling, nasal tone in which they were accustomed to read their services, with no real emotion, in their certainty of never seeing themselves reduced to this extremity.

"So," resumed Lichfield with conviction, "let a demagogue summon them to rebellion, promising them a table set every day, with abundance of roast beef, fish, tarts, and each meal washed down with beer, wines, and liquors in plenty, and, with their hearts in their stomachs and rage in their teeth, they will rush upon society like hordes of barbarians, packs of ferocious hounds."

To be continued.

A LETTER TO GROVER CLEVELAND.

ON

His False, Absurd, Self-Contradictory, and Ridiculous Inaugural Address.

By LYSANDER SPOONER.

[The author reserves his copyright in this letter.]

SECTION XVII.

Although, as has already been said, the constitution is a paper that nobody ever signed, that few persons have ever read, and that the great body of the people never saw; and that has, consequently, no more claim to be the supreme law of the land, or to have any authority whatever, than has any other paper, that nobody ever signed, that few persons ever read, and that the great body of the people never saw; and although it purports to authorize a government, in which the lawmakers, judges, and executive officers are all to be secured against any responsibility whatever *to the people*, whose liberty and rights are at stake; and although this government is kept in operation only by votes given in secret (by secret ballot), and in a way to save the voters from all personal responsibility for the acts of their agents,—the lawmakers, judges, etc.; and although the whole affair is so audacious a fraud and usurpation, that no people could be expected to agree to it, or ought to submit to it, for a moment; yet, inasmuch as the constitution declares itself to have been ordained and established by the people of the United States, for the maintenance of liberty and justice for themselves and their posterity; and inasmuch as all its supporters—that is, the voters, lawmakers, judges, etc.—profess to derive all their authority from it; and inasmuch as all lawmakers, and all judicial and executive officers, both national and State, swear to support it; and inasmuch as they claim the right to kill, and are evidently determined to kill, and esteem it the highest glory to kill, all who do not submit to its authority; we might reasonably expect that, from motives of common decency, if from no other, those who profess to administer it, would pay some deference to its commands, *at least in those particular cases where it explicitly forbids any violation of the natural rights of the people.*

Especially might we expect that the judiciary—whose courts claim to be courts of justice—and who profess to be authorized and sworn to expose and condemn all such violations of individual rights as the constitution itself expressly forbids—would, in spite of all their official dependence on, and responsibility to, the lawmakers, have sufficient respect for their personal characters, and the opinions of the world, to induce them to pay some regard to all those parts of the constitution that expressly require any rights of the people to be held inviolable.

If the judicial tribunals cannot be expected to do justice, even in those cases where the constitution expressly commands them to do it, and where they have solemnly sworn to do it, it is plain that they have sunk to the lowest depths of servility and corruption, and can be expected to do nothing but serve the purposes of robbers and tyrants.

But how futile have been all expectations of justice from the judiciary, may be seen in the conduct of the courts—and especially in that of the so-called Supreme Court of the United States—in regard to men's natural right to make their own contracts.

Although the State lawmakers have, more frequently than the national lawmakers, made laws in violation of men's natural right to make their own contracts, yet all laws, State and national, having for their object the destruction of that right, have always, without a single exception, I think, received the sanction of the Supreme Court of the United States. And having been sanctioned by that court, they have been, as a matter of course, sanctioned by all the other courts, State and national. And this work has gone on, until, if these courts are to be believed, nothing at all is left of men's natural right to make their own contracts.

That such is the truth, I now propose to prove.

And, first, as to the State governments.

The constitution of the United States (*Art.* 1, *Sec.* 10) declares that:

> No State shall pass any law impairing the obligation of contracts.

This provision does not designate what contracts have, and what have not, an "obligation." But it clearly presupposes, implies, assumes, and asserts that there *are* contracts that *have* an "obligation." Any State law, therefore, which declares that such contracts shall have *no obligation*, is plainly in conflict with this provision of the constitution of the United States.

This provision, also, by implying that there *are* contracts, that *have* an "obligation," *necessarily implies that men have a right to enter into them;* for if men had no right to enter into the contracts, the contracts themselves could have no "obligation."

This provision, then, of the constitution of the United States, not only implies that there are contracts that *have* an obligation, *but it also implies that the people have the right to enter into all such contracts, and have the benefit of them.* And "*any*" State "*law*," conflicting with either of these implications, is necessarily unconstitutional and void.

Furthermore, the language of this provision of the constitution, to wit, "the obligation [singular] of contracts" [plural], implies *that there is one and the same "obligation" to all "contracts" whatsoever, that have any legal obligation at all.* And there obviously must be some one principle, that gives validity to all contracts alike, that have any validity.

The law, then, of this whole country, as established by the constitution of the United States, is, that all contracts whatsoever, in which this one principle of validity, or "obligation," is found, shall be held valid; and that the States shall impose no restraint whatever upon the people's entering into all such contracts.

All, therefore, that courts have to do, in order to determine whether any particular contract, or class of contracts, are valid, *and whether the people have a right to enter into them,* is simply to determine whether the contracts themselves have, or have not, this one principle of validity, or "obligation," which the constitution of the United States declares shall not be impaired.

State legislation can obviously have nothing to do with the solution of this question. It can neither create, nor destroy, that "obligation of contracts," which the constitution forbids it to impair. It can neither give, nor take away, the right to enter into any contract whatever, that has that "obligation."

On the supposition, then, that the constitution of the United States is, what it declares itself to be, *viz.*, "the supreme law of the land, ... anything in the constitutions or laws of the States to the contrary notwithstanding," this provision against "any" State "law impairing the obligation of contracts," is so explicit, and so authoritative, that the legislatures and courts of the States have no color of authority for violating it. And the Supreme Court of the United States has had no color of authority or justification for suffering it to be violated.

This provision is certainly one of the most important—perhaps *the* most important—of all the provisions of the constitution of the United States, *as protective of the natural rights of the people to make their own contracts, or provide for their own welfare.*

Yet it has been constantly trampled under foot, by the State legislatures, by all manner of laws, declaring who may, and who may not, make certain contracts; and what shall, and what shall not, be "the obligation" of particular contracts; thus setting at defiance all ideas of justice, of natural rights, and equal rights; conferring monopolies and privileges upon particular individuals, and imposing the most arbitrary and destructive restraints and penalties upon others; all with a view of putting, as far as possible, all wealth into the hands of the few, and imposing poverty and servitude upon the great body of the people.

And yet all these enormities have gone on for nearly a hundred years, and have been sanctioned, not only by all the State courts, but also by the Supreme Court of the United States.

And what color of excuse have any of these courts offered for thus upholding all these violations of justice, of men's natural rights, and even of that constitution which they had all sworn to support?

They have offered only this: *They have all said they did not know what "the obligation of contracts" was!*

Well, suppose, for the sake of the argument, that they have not known what "the obligation of contracts" was, what, then, was their duty? Plainly this, to neither enforce, nor annul, any contract whatever, until they should have discovered what "the obligation of contracts" was.

Clearly they could have no right to either enforce, or annul, any contract whatever, until they should have ascertained whether it had any "obligation," and, if any, what that "obligation" was.

If these courts really do not know—as perhaps they do not—what "the obligation of contracts" is, they deserve nothing but contempt for their ignorance. If they *do* know what "the obligation of contracts" is, and yet sanction the almost literally innumerable laws that violate it, they deserve nothing but detestation for their villainy.

And until they shall suspend all their judgments for either enforcing, or annulling, contracts, or, on the other hand, shall ascertain what "the obligation of contracts" is, and sweep away all State laws that impair it, they will deserve both contempt for their ignorance, and detestation for their crimes.

Individual Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States have, at least in one instance, in 1827 (*Ogden vs. Saunders*, 12 Wheaton 213), attempted to give a definition of "the obligation of contracts." But there was great disagreement among them; and no one definition secured the assent of the whole court, *or even of a majority.* Since then, so far as I know, that court has never attempted to give a definition. And, so far as the opinion of that court is concerned, the question is as unsettled now, as it was sixty years ago. And the opinions of the Supreme Courts of the States are equally unsettled with those of the Supreme Court of the United States. The consequence is, that "the obligation of contracts"—the principle on which the real validity, or invalidity, of all contracts whatsoever depends—is practically unknown, or at least unrecognized, by a single court, either of the States, or of the United States. And, as a result, every species of absurd, corrupt, and robber legislation goes on unrestrained, as it always has done.

What, now, is the reason why not one of these courts has ever so far given its attention to the subject as to have discovered what "the obligation of contracts" is? What that principle is, I repeat, which they have all sworn to sustain, and on which the real validity, or invalidity, of every contract on which they ever adjudicate, depends? Why is it that they have all gone on sanctioning and enforcing all the nakedly iniquitous laws, by which men's natural right to make their own contracts has been trampled under foot?

Surely it is not because they do not know that all men have a natural right to make their own contracts; for they know *that*, as well as they know that all men have a natural right to live, to breathe, to move, to speak, to hear, to see, or to do anything whatever for the support of their lives, or the promotion of their happiness.

Why, then, is it, that they strike down this right, without ceremony, and without compunction, whenever they are commanded to do so by the lawmakers? It is because, and solely because, they are so servile, slavish, degraded, and corrupt, as to act habitually on the principle, that justice and men's natural rights are matters of no importance, in comparison with the commands of the impudent and tyrannical lawmakers, on whom they are dependent for their offices and their salaries. It is because, and solely because, they, like the judges under all other irresponsible and tyrannical governments, are part and parcel of a conspiracy for robbing and enslaving the great body of the people, to gratify the luxury and pride of a few. It is because, and solely because, they do not recognize our gov-

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Liberty.

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BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
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"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.

Anarchy Necessarily Atheistic.

To the Editor of Liberty:

If Anarchy, as you advocate it, is the abolition of all law and authority except the laws of self-government and self-restraint, and you believe that with these laws of self no man would injure his neighbor, how would such a condition of things, realizing the highest ideals of Socialism and negating all authority, differ from a society governed by the laws, *"thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself,"* and affirming the authority of Christ? (1) If there is no real difference, what use in any negation?

But again: If Anarchy, as you advocate it, be the very highest ideal of Socialism, do you think it possible to make so great a transition as from the present condition of things to that ideal state, except by steps accomplished with more or less celerity? (2)

If not, why can not all men who desire to change the present condition of things for a better one form parts of one great army, and advance as rapidly as possible towards the end. If part of the army halt when certain changes are effected, you are advanced with it so far, and part of your work is accomplished any way, and you have less to do. (3)

The practical question is: what shall we attack first with that amount and kind of force necessary to effect our purposes? The present system must be destroyed in detail, and a new one be supplied in detail. The job is too large to accomplish suddenly and at once. Yours respectfully,

O. P. LEWIS.

527 MAIN STREET, BRIDGEPORT, CONN., December 3, 1885.

(1) A society negating all authority would differ from a society affirming the authority of Christ very much as white differs from black. Self-government is incompatible with government by the law, "thou shalt love the Lord thy God," for the reason that this law implies the existence of God, and God and Man are enemies. God, to be God, must be a governing power. His government cannot be administered directly by the individual, for the individual, and through the individual: if it could, it would at once obliterate individuality altogether. Hence the government of God, if administered at all, must be administered through his professed vicegerents on earth, the dignitaries of Church and State. How this hierarchy differs from Anarchy it is needless to point out.

(2) No.

(3) Because the great majority of the men whose hearts are filled with the "desire to change the present condition of things for a better one" are afflicted with an obscurity of mental vision which renders them incapable of distinguishing between advance and retrogression. Professing an aspiration for entire individual freedom, they aim to effect it by enlarging the sphere of government and restricting and restraining the individual through all sorts of new oppressions. No clear-sighted Anarchist can march with such an army. The farther he should go with it, the farther would he be from his goal, and, instead of having "less to do," he would have more to do, and more to undo. Whenever Liberty hears of any demand for a real increase of freedom, it is prompt to encourage and sustain it, no matter what its source. It marches with any wing of the army of freedom as far as that wing will go. But it sternly refuses to right about face. Liberty hates Catholicism and loves Free Thought; but, when it finds Catholicism advocating and Free Thought opposing the principle of voluntaryism in education, it sustains Catholicism against Free Thought. Likewise, when it finds Liberals and Socialists of all varieties favoring eight-hour laws, government monopoly of money, land nationalization, protection, prohibition, race proscription, State administration of railways, telegraphs, mines, and factories, woman suffrage, man suffrage, common schools, marriage laws, and compulsory taxation, it brands them one and all as false to the principle of freedom, refuses to follow them in their retrogressive course, and keeps its own eyes and steps carefully towards the front. It knows that the only way to achieve freedom is to begin to take it. It is an important question, as Mr. Lewis says, what we shall attack first. On this point Liberty has its opinion also. It believes that the first point of attack should be the power of legally privileged capital to increase without work. And as the monopoly of the issue of money is the chief bulwark of this power, it turns its heaviest guns upon that. But it is impossible to successfully attack the money monopoly or any other monopoly or privilege, unless the general principle of freedom be first established. That is the reason why Liberty makes this principle its own guide and its test of the course of others.

T.

Afflicted with Blind-Staggers.

The editor of the "Truth Seeker" is a great bouncing good fellow. He snuffs the air as though it belonged to him. There is not a mean spot in him, and he would spurn to descend to such dishonest tricks as a certain old fox in the free-thought line in Boston is capable of. Neither does he pretend to "culture," and puts on none of those dainty, mincing airs which certain Free Religious sepulchral high priests masquerade in, as forms hardly risen from the dead. For ordinary purposes he is a good, square, level-headed fellow, and publishes the best free-thought journal in America.

But he is, alas! no philosopher. Give him a good rounded philosophical statement, and he will prance around it like a monkey, chattering such disconnected and inchoate things that it is very hard to get a grip on him. Yet, if he is honest, he is worth saving; hence from time to time I have tried to show him how utterly illogical he is in fighting the Church while at the same time defending the State, when the two are simply different arms of one identical body.

In attempting to criticise my late article, "Institution-Ridden," he steps into a clam-hole and gets over his head. Then how he does flounder and splash! After calling my analysis of true social law a mere "bundle of assertions," he says that Anarchy is unfitted for anything short of the millennium, and makes Mr. Tucker say that it is "impossible of realization."

Mr. Macdonald does admit, then, that at the millennium, which occurs about a thousand years from now, Anarchy will be in order. This is certainly no mean compliment to Anarchy. If Anarchism were radically wrong, it could not live so long and capture the world just in proportion as progress moves. What progress have the old left-handed guns such as are still wielded in the "Truth Seeker" office made in the last four thousand years? Priests were never so numerous and so fat as they are today. And yet in one thousand years Anarchy is to take the field and priestcraft be no more. Friend Macdonald, you had better get on board our train, considering the slow progress of your old team through several millenniums.

When the editor of the "Truth Seeker" asserts that full voluntary individual coöperation would be an institution as fully as any, I pass such ignorance gently by with a recommendation to consult Webster's unabridged, if nothing better is at hand.

Our friend asserts that "the best of governments is a necessary evil, yet that it *is* necessary no man in his senses can deny." But why is this true of civil governments and not of theological? The vital point, which will not go into Friend Macdonald's brain, is that civil government and theological are one and the same thing. Upon this plain proposition the whole inconsistency of his position hinges. Both rest upon authority. Both are defended as conservators of good order. Each invokes the other when violence is threatened. Each advertises itself as a restraining force. Both assume to be instituted of God. Both levy compulsory taxes. Both have pains and penalties for disobedience. Neither concedes the right of private judgment, when expressed in acts. Both are monopolies of natural wealth and the means of well-being. There is, in short, not a single principle that applies to one that does not exactly fit the other. Why, in all consistency, then, condemn the one and defend the other? Why a theological Anarchist and a civil politician? Why skepticism here and cringing faith there? This is the one point that I cannot hold these free-thought people to. They dodge and splatter and hide everywhere. Macdonald in his silly and incoherent reply to me talks exactly like the editor of "Zion's Herald" when replying to him.

Editor Macdonald's greatest fear of Anarchy lies in his dread of thieves. What is a thief? Is it not he who takes your property without your consent? What power is chiefly engaged in this business? He knows it is the so-called government. Yet he sticks to it that the public welfare calls for these governmental thieves. In saying that the government is the people, he says that the people are thieves. What people? Does he mean everybody? Still more does he insult the people by saying that, if they do not want to be robbed, they can modify the thieving institution. Have the people, then, been engaged in setting up an institution to rob themselves?

According to Mr. Macdonald it is the "public welfare" that demands a government. Who is this individual, Public Welfare, and who gave him the right to demand anything? Individuals just as good and wise as Editor Macdonald declare that Public Welfare demands that we *should not* have a government. Public Welfare, then, seems to be talking both ways at once. He is on both sides of the fence. He demands of Macdonald that we have a government, and he demands of me that we *have not* a government. He seems to be about as irresponsible and uncertain a nonentity as that other incomprehensible thing, "the people." Cannot Editor Macdonald give us some accurate description of these two great potentates of his? Are their pictures to be found in any thieves' gallery, or their biographies in any known library?

Editor Macdonald's libel on Nature is about the blankest piece of pessimistic savagery that I have seen for many a day. He says that Nature is as vicious as God, which is equivalent to saying that the existing Christian God is as good an ideal as Nature is capable of producing. Hence he charges upon Nature all the crimes and cruelties executed by the God of the Spanish Inquisition. Could I believe that Friend Macdonald had sunken so hopelessly low as this, I should despair of him. The fact is that, when he gets tangled up in his own inconsistencies on this subject of Anarchism, he becomes mad. If there is no more virtue in natural law than in the God of scripture, where, then, are we to look for help? Nothing is left us, I fancy, but Macdonald's brain. It were indeed a hard outlook.

Try again, Brother Macdonald. I repeat that you are worth saving. The fact that you lose your head on this one subject of Anarchy alone shows that your conscience is ill at ease in your ridiculous position. There is no use of monkeying with this subject of individual liberty. You want to make liberty a sectarian thing. You cannot do it. Your arguments for full individual liberty on the theological side are pure Anarchism, and yet you say that Anarchism is nonsense when another takes them out of your mouth and applies them to civil affairs. In setting up this war with yourself and chasing your own tail, you get dizzy and lose your head. I do not know where it will end, but shall still labor and pray for your soul's conversion.

X.

A Truth Seeker! Pah!

If "X," before writing the foregoing editorial, had seen the "Truth Seeker" of January 2, he would not have done Editor Macdonald so much honor. Not seeing it, he has given him a certificate of character far beyond his deserts. The paper of the date mentioned contained the following:

AN ANSWER AT LAST.

From Liberty.

The New York "Truth Seeker" makes an effort to answer "X's" editorial, "Institution-Ridden." Doubtless "X" will give this effort due and satisfactory attention hereafter. Meantime I may remark the "Truth Seeker's" statement

that when the Anarchist proposes to imprison a thief without his consent, he proposes to set up an institution as really a government as any we now have. Now, it seems to me that just the opposite is the truth, and that the Anarchist, in proposing to imprison the thief without his consent, is fighting precisely on the line of no-government. Why? Because in the case supposed the thief is the government.

Mr. Tucker is developing remarkable powers as a humorist. He cannot mean this as a serious argument. It must be a joke.

Readers of Liberty will remember that the passage quoted by the "Truth Seeker" was the beginning of a paragraph the remainder of which was devoted to explaining the seemingly paradoxical statement that "the thief is the government," showing that he is such because he embodies the governing principle, invasion, and that those who resist him, either individually or in association, do not embody that principle at all, but the opposite one, self-defence. Of course, persons unfamiliar with Anarchistic thought, seeing the unexplained statement that the thief is a government, would set its author down for a fool, whereas, if they should see the explanation, they would recognize the idea as an intelligible one, whether it commanded their approval or not. This Macdonald knew; so, seeing a chance to play the pettifogger, he improved it. He did not want his readers to understand me, but snatched at the opportunity of causing them to misunderstand me, in order to avoid confessing his own error,—not being sufficiently ardent in his search for truth to pursue the latter course. Hence he descended to this despicable trick, such as "X," in the kindness of his heart, supposes him to be incapable of. The "Truth Seeker" begins the new year with new type. It needed a change of dress badly, but it needs a change of heart more. T.

The Senator and the Editor.

I.

SENATOR.

"One Little Squeak in One Corner."

The "esteemed Herald" sees in Senator Edmunds the "insight of a philosopher and the foresight of a statesman." We have known that the "Herald's" editor has for some time harbored a kindly appreciation of the Vermont senator in consequence, as we have believed, of his anti-Blaine, mugwumpian proclivities. We are glad now to note that the senator and the editor are travelling apace in a really important direction. The issues in the Blaine campaign were comparatively trivial. The protest of the mugwumps was well enough in itself, but it went not very far, and in no wise justified the claim of the 'wumps themselves that they were engaged in a "great reform." They were orating simply over a little detail of business that the barest common sense would settle easily enough when weightier matters of law, of righteousness, and judgment to come, were well canvassed and disposed of.

But, all things in their season.

The time for figs was not yet. But we are glad to see that nobody's cursing hath withered away what then seemed to mortal vision only a barren tree. Tiniest buds are now shooting forth from half alive twigs. We are rebuked and encouraged.

Without further ado let us announce that Senator Edmunds made a speech at the Merchants' Dinner the other evening that touched on "the conditions and jealousies and disorders that are disturbing society in almost every part of the civilized world."

Now we had read this speech before seeing our editorial friend's comments upon it. But the thing that more particularly impressed itself upon our thought was the peculiarly hilarious tone of it,—of, in fact, nearly all the speeches made by the distinguished gentlemen whom our Boston merchants had summoned from afar for their especial edification and instruction. The Vermont senator exhibited himself, to our eyes, certainly, in a new light. All that grave, sombre, heavy, intellectual cast of mind we had always associated with his name disappeared. The types, at any rate, caused the solemn senator to assume almost the character of the funny man. And yet there were, as we then noted, occasional relapses when sentences and periods took on the old dignity and seriousness. And knowing, too, that after-dinner speeches are *apt* to be jolly, we thought no more about it.

But now the "Sunday Herald" comes to hand to remind us of probably the one notable utterance of the evening. Senator Edmunds, "speaking still to the manufacturers and capitalists before him, said, with much seriousness: 'I wish to tell you that it is well worth your time to begin to study more closely how much we all owe it to that long future which is coming to secure a more careful adjustment of the relations between ourselves and those who furnish the muscle and toil that give vigor and success to our enterprises.'"

In the same serious strain the senator went on to say: "Nihilism, Communism, and every other kind of ism, wild and violent and wicked as much of it is, grow out of a fundamental sentiment, and instinctive and intrinsic discontent, showing that something is wrong at the bottom." Again, to give emphasis: "There is no general discontent in a considerable body of any part of society that does not have some small basis of truth and justice to start upon."

The editor remarks that, in saying this, the senator "left out of the question the small percentage of agitators who are knaves or lunatics."

One more quotation from the Vermont senator's speech, and our readers will have the case fairly before them. He said also: "If you men who have a hundred thousand spindles buzzing in your factory hear one little squeak in one corner, you know that the machinery is out of order; and if you let it go on, and if that unpleasant noise happens to be near the engine, you will probably have an explosion."

Thus we have stated the substance of the senator's "insight" and "foresight."

And we have the editor's comment to the effect that these qualities constitute statesmanship in contrast with the characteristics of the "average politician." "The average politician in office thinks of men only as voters, and directs his plans to carrying the election. The statesman, who answers to the definition of a 'philosopher in action,' thinks of them as human beings with needs and wants and aspirations, and shapes his course to secure for them the best and happiest conditions of living."

It is in this direction that the thoughts of Senator Edmunds are turning, and with particular reference to the "relation between capital and labor."

As a matter of common news the senator is informed of the existence of "Nihilism, Communism, and every other species of ism."

Other men—the average politician—allow such news free passage through one ear and out of another.

The "philosopher in action"—the statesman—arrests such news as it enters his mind, and ponders over it.

His *insight* tells him that something is wrong: "There is no general discontent that does not have some small basis of justice and truth to start upon." He knows that the machinery of society is out of order.

Then, his foresight assures him that, "if the unpleasant noise is allowed to go on, the end will probably be an explosion."

Hence, it is wisdom, at least,—it is also just and human,—to pay attention to the matter before it is too late.

For, as certainly as two and two are four, "the little squeak in one corner"—if allowed to go on—means—if too near the engine—explosion!

The statesman—eternally vigilant—will permit no such catastrophe.

He will study the social machine.

He will discover the cause of the "little squeak."

He will proclaim the cause of the "general discontent" and the remedy.

He will arouse the country.

He will *stop* the "little squeak."

The senator from Vermont has not gone quite so far as this.

He concedes that "something is wrong at the bottom"; and he urges "manufacturers and capitalists" to study more closely "to secure a more careful adjustment," etc.

But what that "careful adjustment" is, or should be, he has, so far as we are aware, refrained as yet from stating.

The editor has evidently noticed this. He has, therefore, proceeded, in a manner all his own, to clear up this later and by no means least important factor in the business in hand,—concerning which we shall have somewhat to say at another time.

Giving attention, on this occasion, principally to the senator, we are left to discover his probable opinions as to the method by which the "little squeak" is to be stopped, from the tenor of his remarks announcing it.

He was addressing merchants, manufacturers, capitalists. He says in substance: "Gentlemen, we [you] who employ those who furnish the muscle and toil that give vigor and success to our enterprises are not quite secure in our position. In fact, there is a great agitation against us. Of course much of it, most of it, is wild and violent and wicked. But still it must have at least a *small* basis of truth and justice to stand upon; else it could not exist. The discontent would not be so general. Now, we must *look* to it. This discontent must be allayed. Labor must be conciliated, or capital will go up in an explosion."

Thus, by iteration and reiteration, we have sought to impress upon the reader's mind the pith and scope of the statesmanlike utterances of the senator from Vermont.

If the reader still is left considerably in the fog, so are we.

Perhaps in our next, when we come to deal with the editorial utterances of the editor, we shall see some of this fog clearing itself away, and permitting a ray of light.

We do not forget that the senator says the discontent of labor is based on a "fundamental sentiment"; that it is "instinctive and intrinsic."

But, then—? H.

Random Comment.

To the Editor of Liberty:

Your correspondent, Gertrude B. Kelly, probes the social dry rot to the bottom when she says: "Both the drawing of dividends and the drawing of wood, coal, and provisions signifying the taking something and giving nothing in return."

Interest and dividends, rent and profits, by which the capitalist who neither toils or spins exploits labor, are never thought of as unjust by "Culture," "Charity," and "Sympathy"! If entire justice were observed in all the dealings of man with man, poverty would be associated only with idleness; for a justice-loving society would voluntarily insure all its members against misfortune or unavoidable loss by accident or forces of nature.

This is how I would abolish *forced* poverty, by which I mean unnatural poverty.

I wish to express my pleasure with the elucidation of the tariff question by Lysander Spooner in his "Letter to Grover Cleveland." It is refreshing to find such pure reasoning after reading such rot as the "Irish World" fills its columns with. To what desperate straits Protectionists are reduced when they are driven by sheer necessity to load their cause with such drivel and puerilities as that betrayer of labor weekly inflicts on its readers.

I am glad to identify and to find myself again in companionship with "Honorius" and "Phillip." I extend greetings. But where is "Elias Lee" of Kansas?

By the way, why is the term "Free Love" so persistently misunderstood? Is it because of its associations: or maltreatment by those believing it? To me it is the absolute equality of the sexes in marriage! Am I right?

Why does the "Galveston News" fall into such inexcusable confusion in speaking of "money" as to make the terms "money" and "metal" interchangeable? And why does the editor not see the wisdom—nay, the necessity—for abolishing all laws for the collection of debts, as *no money can be made* which will always purchase the same amount of products from year to year. E. H. Benton.

Geer, Nebraska.

FREEDOM.

In mental freedom I revel at will.
No voice my expression of thought can still.
Political freedom inheritance gives;
O'er actions, like thoughts, no master lives.
Industrial freedom—alas! I crave
The *right* to toil with the mien of a slave.

A right I have to command my thought,
A right that conflict and blood have bought.
The right to command my thought in deed
Our fathers' blood made liberty's creed.
The right to command the means of life
Is the standard of progress,—welcome the strife!

D. D. L.

A LETTER TO GROVER CLEVELAND.

Continued from page 3.

ernments, State or national, as institutions designed simply to maintain justice, or to protect all men in the enjoyment of all their natural rights; but only as institutions designed to accomplish such objects as irresponsible cabals of lawmakers may agree upon.

In proof of all this, I give the following.

Previous to 1824, two cases had come up from the State courts, to the Supreme Court of the United States, involving the question whether a State law, *invalidating some particular contract*, came within the constitutional prohibition of "any law impairing the obligation of contracts."

One of these cases was that of *Fletcher vs. Peck*, (6 *Cranch* 87), in the year 1810. In this case the court held simply that a grant of land, once made by the legislature of Georgia, could not be rescinded by a subsequent legislature.

But no general definition of "the obligation of contracts" was given.

Again, in the year 1819, in the case of *Dartmouth College vs. Woodward* (4 *Wheaton* 518), the court held that a charter, granted to Dartmouth College, by the king of England, before the Revolution, was a contract; and that a law of New Hampshire, annulling, or materially altering, the charter, without the consent of the trustees, was a "law impairing the obligation" of *that* contract.

But, in this case, as in that of *Fletcher vs. Peck*, the court gave no general definition of "the obligation of contracts."

But in the year 1824, and again in 1827, in the case of *Ogden vs. Saunders* (12 *Wheaton* 213) the question was, whether an insolvent law of the State of New York, which discharged a debtor from a debt, *contracted after the passage of the law*, or, as the courts would say, "*contracted under the law*"—on his giving up his property to be distributed among his creditors—was a "law impairing the obligation of contracts?"

To the correct decision of this case, it seemed indispensable that the court should give a comprehensive, precise, and *universal* definition of "the obligation of contracts"; one by which it might forever after be known what was, and what was not, that "obligation of contracts," which the State governments were forbidden to "impair" by "*any law*" whatever.

The cause was heard at two terms, that of 1824, and that of 1827.

It was argued by Webster, Wheaton, Wirt, Clay, Livingston, Ogden, Jones, Sampson, and Haines; nine in all. Their arguments were so voluminous that they could not be reported at length. Only summaries of them are given. But these summaries occupy thirty-eight pages in the reports.

The judges, at that time, were seven, *viz.*, Marshall, Washington, Johnson, Duvall, Story, Thompson, and Trimble.

The judges gave five different opinions; occupying one hundred pages of the reports.

But no one definition of "the obligation of contracts" could be agreed on; *not even by a majority.*

Here, then, sixteen lawyers and judges—many of them among the most eminent the country has ever had—were called upon to give their opinions upon a question of the highest importance to all men's natural rights, to all the interests of civilized society, and to the very existence of civilization itself; a question, upon the answer to which depended the real validity, or invalidity, of every contract that ever was made, or ever will be made, between man and man. And yet, by their disagreements, they all virtually acknowledged that they did not know what "the obligation of contracts" was!

But this was not all. Although they could not agree as to what "the obligation of contracts" was, they did all agree that it could be nothing which the State lawmakers could not prohibit and abolish, *by laws passed before the contracts were made.* That is to say, they all agreed that the State lawmakers had absolute power to prohibit all contracts whatsoever, for buying and selling, borrowing and lending, giving and receiving, property; and that, whenever they did prohibit any particular contract, or class of contracts, *all such contracts, thereafter made, could have no "obligation"!*

They said this, be it noted, not of contracts that were naturally and intrinsically criminal and void, but of contracts that were naturally and intrinsically as just, and lawful, and useful, and necessary, as any that men ever enter into; and that had as perfect a natural, intrinsic, inherent "obligation," as any of those contracts, by which the traffic of society is carried on, or by which men ever buy and sell, borrow and lend, give and receive, property, of and to each other.

Not one of these sixteen lawyers and judges took the ground that the constitution, in forbidding any State to "pass a law impairing the obligation of contracts," intended to protect, against the arbitrary legislation of the States, the only true, real, and natural "obligation of contracts," or the right of the people to enter into all really just, and naturally obligatory contracts.

Is it possible to conceive of a more shameful exhibition, or confession, of the servility, the baseness, or the utter degradation, of both bar and bench, than their refusal to say one word in favor of justice, liberty, men's natural rights, or the natural, and only real, "obligation" of their contracts?

And yet, from that day to this—a period of sixty years, save one—neither bar nor bench, so far as I know, have ever uttered one syllable in vindication of men's natural right to make their own contracts, or to have the only true, real, natural, inherent, intrinsic "obligation" of their contracts respected by lawmakers or courts.

Can any further proof be needed that all ideas of justice and men's natural rights are absolutely banished from the minds of lawmakers, and from so-called courts of justice? or that absolute and irresponsible lawmaking has usurped their place?

Or can any further proof be needed, of the utter worthlessness of all the constitutions, which these lawmakers and judges swear to support, and profess to be governed by?

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

A ROMANCE.

By N. G. TCHERNYCHEWSKY.

Translated by Benj. R. Tucker.

Continued from No. 72.

Kirsanoff talked a long time in this tone. And at last the patient told him the name of the man she loved, and gave him permission to speak to her father. Polosoff was greatly astonished to learn that the cause of his daughter's exhaustion was a desperate passion; he was still more astonished when he heard the name of the man whom she loved, and said firmly: "Let her die rather. Her death would be the lesser misfortune for her as well as for me."

The case was the more difficult from the fact that Kirsanoff, after hearing Polosoff's reasons, saw that the old man was right and not his daughter.

IV.

Suitors by hundreds paid court to the heiress of an immense fortune; but the society which thronged at Polosoff's dinners and parties was of that very doubtful sort and tone which ordinarily fills the parlors of the suddenly rich like Polosoff, who have neither relatives nor connections in the real aristocracy. Consequently these people ordinarily become the hosts of sharpers and coxcombs as destitute of external polish as of internal virtues. That is why Katérina Vassilievna was very much impressed when among her admirers appeared a real gallant of the best tone: his deportment was much more elegant, and his conversation much wiser and more interesting, than those of any of the others.

The father was quick to notice that she showed a preference for him, and, being a positive, resolute, and firm man, he instantly had an explanation with his daughter: "Dear Katia, Solovtzoff is paying you assiduous attention; look out for him; he is a very bad man, utterly heartless; you would be so unhappy with him that I would rather see you dead than married to him; it would not be so painful either for me or for you."

Katérina Vassilievna loved her father and was accustomed to heed his advice, for he never laid any restraint upon her, and she knew that he spoke solely from love of her; and, further, it was her nature to try rather to please those who loved her than to satisfy her own caprices; she was of those who love to say to their relatives: "You wish it; I will do it." She answered her father: "Solovtzoff pleases me, but, if you think it better that I should avoid his society, I will follow your advice." Certainly she would not have acted in this way, and, in conformity with her nature,—not to lie,—she would not have spoken in this way, if she had loved him; but at that time she had but a very slight attachment for Solovtzoff, almost none at all: he simply seemed to her a little more interesting than the others. She became cold towards him, and perhaps everything would have passed off quietly, had not her father in his ardor gone a little too far, just enough for the cunning Solovtzoff. He saw that he must play the *rôle* of a victim, but where should he find a pretext? One day Polosoff happened to indulge in a bitter jest at his expense. Solovtzoff, with an air of wounded dignity, took his leave and ceased his visits. A week later Katérina Vassilievna received from him a passionate, but extremely humble, letter. He had not hoped that she would love him; the happiness of sometimes seeing her, though even without speaking to her, had been enough for him. And yet he sacrificed this happiness to the peace of his divinity. After all, he was happy in loving her even hopelessly, and so on; but no prayers or desires. He did not even ask for a reply. Other letters of the same style arrived from time to time, and finally had an effect upon the young girl.

Not very quickly, however. After Solovtzoff's withdrawal Katérina Vassilievna was at first neither sad nor pensive, and before his withdrawal she had already become cold towards him; and, besides, she had accepted her father's counsel with the utmost calmness. Consequently, when, two months later, she grew sad, how could her father imagine that Solovtzoff, whom he had already forgotten, had anything to do with it?

"You seem sad, Katia."

"I? No, there is nothing the matter with me."

A week or two later the old man said to her:

"But are you not sick, Katia?"

"No, there is nothing the matter with me."

A fortnight later still:

"You must consult the doctor, Katia."

The doctor began to treat Katia, and the old man felt entirely easy again, for the doctor saw no danger, but only weakness and a little exhaustion. He pointed out, and correctly enough, that Katérina Vassilievna had led a very fatiguing life that winter,—every evening a party, which lasted till two, three, and often five o'clock in the morning. "This exhaustion will pass away." But, far from passing away, the exhaustion went on increasing.

Why, then, did not Katérina Vassilievna speak to her father? Because she was sure that it would have been in vain. He had signified his ideas in so firm a tone, and he never spoke lightly! Never would he consent to the marriage of his daughter to a man whom he considered wicked.

Katérina Vassilievna continued to dream, reading Solovtzoff's humble and despairing letters, and six months of such reading brought her within a step of consumption. And she did not drop a single word that could lead her father to think that he was responsible for her sickness. She was as tender with him as ever.

"You are discontented with something?"

"No, papa."

"Are you not in sorrow about something?"

"No, papa."

"It is easy to see that you are not; you are simply despondent, but that comes from weakness, from sickness. The doctor too said that it came from sickness."

But whence came the sickness? As long as the doctor considered the sickness trivial, he contented himself with attributing it to dancing and tight lacing; when he saw that it was growing dangerous, he discovered "the suspension of nervous nutrition," the *atrophia nervorum.*

V.

But, though the bigwig practitioners had agreed in the opinion that Mademoiselle Polosoff had *atrophia nervorum*, which had been developed by the fatiguing life that she led in spite of her natural inclinations towards reverie and melancholy, it did not take Kirsanoff long to see that the patient's weakness was due to some moral cause. Before the consultation of physicians the family doctor had explained to him all the relations of the patient: there were no family sorrows; the father and daughter were on very good terms. And yet the father did not know the cause of the sickness, for the family doctor did not know it; what did that mean? It was evident that the young girl had exercised her independence in concealing her illness so long even from her father, and in so acting through the whole of it that he could not divine its cause; the calmness of her replies at the medical consultation confirmed this opinion. She endured her lot with firmness and without any trace of exasperation. Kirsanoff saw that a person of such a character deserved attention and aid. His intervention seemed indispensable: to be sure, light some day might be thrown upon the matter in one way or another without him, but would it not then be too late? Consumption was about to set in, and soon all the care imaginable would be powerless. For two hours he had been striving to gain the patient's confidence; at last he had succeeded; now he had got

down to the heart of the matter, and had obtained permission to speak to her father.

The old man was very much astonished when he learned from Kirsanoff that it was love for Solovtzoff that was at the bottom of his daughter's sickness. How could that be? Katia had formerly accepted so coolly his advice to avoid Solovtzoff's society, and had been so indifferent when his visits ceased! How could she have begun to die of love on his account? Does any one ever die of love? Such exaltation did not seem at all probable to so calculating and practical a man. But he was made very anxious by what Kirsanoff said, and kept saying in reply: "It is a child's fancy and will pass away." Kirsanoff explained again and again, and at last made him understand that it was precisely because she was a child that Katia would not forget, but would die. Polosoff was convinced, but, instead of yielding, he struck the table with his fist and said with inflexible resolution: "Well, let her die! let her die! better that than be unhappy. For her as well as for me it will be less painful!" The same words that he had said to his daughter six months before. Katérina Vassilievna was right, therefore, in believing that it was useless to speak to her father.

"But why are you so tenacious on this point? I am willing to admit that the lover is bad, but is he as bad as death?"

"Yes! He has no heart. She is sweet and delicate; he is a base libertine."

And Polosoff painted Solovtzoff so black that Kirsanoff could say nothing in reply. In fact, how could he help agreeing with Polosoff? Solovtzoff was no other than the Jean whom we formerly saw at supper with Storechnikoff, Serge, and Julie. Hence it was evident that an honest young girl had better die than marry such a man. He would stifle and prey upon an honest woman. She had much better die.

Kirsanoff thought for a few minutes in silence, and then said:

"No, your arguments are not valid. There is no danger for the very reason that the individual is so bad. She will find it out, if you leave her to examine him coolly."

And Kirsanoff persisted in explaining his plan to Polosoff in more detail. Had he not himself said to his daughter that, if she should find out that the object of her love was unworthy, she would renounce him herself? Now he might be quite sure of such renunciation, the man loved being very unworthy.

"It will not do for me to tell you that marriage is not a thing of extreme importance if we view it without prejudice, though really, when a wife is unhappy, there is no reason why she should not separate from her husband. But you think that out of the question, and your daughter has been brought up with the same ideas; to you as well as to her marriage is an irrevocable contract, and, before she could get any other ideas into her head, life with such a man would kill her in much more painful fashion than consumption. Therefore we must consider the question from another standpoint. Why not rely on your daughter's good sense? She is not insane; far from it. Always rely on the good sense of any one whom you leave free. The fault in this matter is yours. You have put chains on your daughter's will; unchain her, and you will see her come to your view, if you are right. Passion is blind when it meets obstacles; remove the obstacles, and your daughter will become prudent. Give her the liberty to love or not to love, and she will see whether this man is worthy of love. Let him be her sweetheart, and in a short time she will dismiss him."

Such a way of viewing things was far too novel for Polosoff. He answered with some asperity that he did not believe in such twaddle, that he knew life too well, and that he saw too many instances of human folly to have any faith in humanity's good sense. Especially ridiculous would it be to trust to the good sense of a little girl of seventeen. In vain did Kirsanoff reply that follies are committed only in two cases,—either in a moment of impulse, or else when the individual is deprived of liberty and irritated by resistance. These ideas were Hebrew to Polosoff. "She is insane; it would be senseless to trust such a child with her own fate; rather let her die." He could not be swerved from his decision. But however firm an obstinate man may be in his ideas, if another man of more developed mind, knowing and understanding the circumstances better, labors constantly to free him of his error, the error will be overcome. Still, how long will the logical struggle last between the old father and the young doctor? Certainly today's conversation will not fail to have its effect on Polosoff, although it has not yet produced any; the old man will inevitably reflect upon Kirsanoff's words; and by renewing such conversations he may be recalled to his senses, although, proud of his experience, he deems himself infallible. In any case his conversion would be a long process, and delay was dangerous; a long delay would surely be fatal, and such delay was inevitable in view of all the circumstances. Therefore radical means must be resorted to. There was danger in so doing, it is true, but there was only danger, while any other course meant certain loss. The danger, though real, was not very grave: there was but one chance of loss against an infinity of chances of salvation. Kirsanoff saw in his patient a young girl of calm and silent firmness, and was sure of her. But had he a right to submit her to this danger? Yes, certainly.

"Very well," said Kirsanoff, "you will not cure her by the means within your power; I am going to treat her with my own. Tomorrow I will call another consultation."

Returning to his patient, he told her that her father was obstinate, more obstinate than he expected, and that it was necessary consequently to proceed energetically in opposition to him.

"No, nothing can be done," said the patient in a very sad tone.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"Are you ready to die?"

"Yes."

"And if I decide to submit you to the risk of death? I have already spoken of this to you, but only to gain your confidence and show you that I would consent to anything in order to be useful to you: now I speak positively. Suppose I were to give you poison?"

"I have long known that my death is inevitable; I have but a few days more to live."

"And suppose it were tomorrow morning?"

"So much the better."

She spoke quite calmly.

When there is but one resource left,—to fall back on the resolve to die,—success is almost sure. When any one says to us: "Yield, or I die," we almost always yield; but such a resort cannot be played with without loss of dignity; if there is no yielding, then death must be faced.

He explained his plan to her, although it really needed no further elucidation.

VI.

Certainly Kirsanoff would never have made it a rule in such cases to resort to such a risk. It would have been much simpler to carry the young girl away and let her marry any one she might choose; but in this case the question was made very complex by the young girl's ideas and the character of the man whom she loved. With her ideas of the indissolubility of marriage she would continue to live with this base man, even though her life with him should prove a hell. To unite her to him was worse than to kill her. Consequently there was but one way left,—to cause her death or give her the opportunity of coming back to her right mind.

The next day the medical council reassembled. It consisted of half a dozen very grave and celebrated personages; else how could it have had any effect on Polosoff? It was necessary that he should regard its decree as final. Kirsanoff spoke; they listened gravely to what he said, and endorsed his opinion no less gravely; it could not be otherwise, for, as you remember, there was in the world a certain Claude Bernard, who lived in Paris and had a high opinion of Kirsanoff. Besides, Kirsanoff said things that—the devil take these urchins!—they did not understand at all; how, then, could they refuse their approval? Kirsanoff said that he had watched the patient very carefully, and that he entirely agreed with Carl Fœdorytch that the disease was incurable; now, the agony being very painful, and each additional hour of the patient's life being but another hour of suffering, he believed it to be the duty of the council to decree, for the sake of humanity, that the patient's sufferings should be at once terminated by a dose of morphine, from the effects of which she would never awaken.

To be continued.

Mormon Immorality.

Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone.

He taught them to understand,
That the highest crimes may be written
In the highest law of the land.

Boyle O'Reilly on Wendell Phillips.

That the degrading position in which woman is placed by Mormonism has nothing to do with the crusade against it is shown by the decisions of Judge Zane under the Edmunds act that it is not cohabitation with several women that is illegal, but cohabitation with them under the form of marriage. The Mormon is superior to the Christian in this respect, as in many others; he is willing to recognize in society, and to treat as respectable the women who minister to his passions, while the Christian uses them, casts them aside, helps society to cover them with all possible odium, and crush out of them every vestige of womanhood,—aye, every vestige of humanity.

But the purity of our homes must be preserved, says Grover Cleveland; and, as Mormonism does not favor the love of one man for one woman, the laws in relation to it must be made more stringent. If the purity of our homes can be maintained, as St. Augustine affirms and as nearly all our statesmen admit, only through the existence of prostitution, is this boasted purity worth the cost? The strong arm of the Church and the State held over a man and woman *forcing* them to *love* each other eternally always reminds me of a picture I once saw in the comic paper, "Yankee Notions," in which a father was represented as taking his two boys out for a holiday, and holding a big stick over their heads, exclaiming: "Now, boys, I've brought you out to enjoy yourselves, and, if you don't enjoy yourselves, by Heavens, I'll cudgel you."

It is, to say the least, rather presumptuous of the president to pose as the defender of purity and of the respect due to woman with the record of his treatment of at least one woman known to the whole country.

If the degradation of woman were the subject that fired the enthusiasm of the crusaders against Mormonism, there would be no need to go to Utah to begin the stamping-out process. They might begin it here and now in New York and Boston, for we have here all the evils without any of the advantages of polygamy. The whole construction of society is such that women are obliged to sell themselves, some by the night and for bread, and some by the life-time for fine house, clothes, or a position in society. But no, the Mormons are immoral, and they must be purified, or wiped out of existence. Then they tell us, the Mormons are not only immoral, but are rebels against the laws of the land. This latter seems to be urged as a plea that is sufficient in itself to commend any action that may be taken against them. It certainly is a very strange plea to be put in by a nation that owes its very existence to rebellion against the laws of the land, and that has just seen a monstrous evil put down in blood that was once supported by the laws of the land.

That the evils of polygamy, as of any institution that recognizes property in woman, are great, we do not attempt to deny. But does monogamy as practised in the East imply any higher conception of the position of woman? Do not all the usages of society, do not the marriage-laws, the very words of the marriage-ceremony itself, look on woman as property, to be used or abused as may suit the caprice of her owner? Do not the lower wages paid to woman in all departments of work force her into accepting support at some man's hands, and as a consequence surrendering all right to herself? If property in one woman is legitimate, why not in ten or a hundred? If our system of marriage is so perfect, why are we so afraid of the influence of the Mormons? Is it because the women, who are now used by men, and crushed by them, may be induced to see a higher state in Mormonism than that in which they are now forced to live, may see in it a chance of becoming wives,—that is, respectable, labelled property,—instead of the disreputable commodities they are now considered to be? May not Mormonism be a better solution of the problem, after all, than our combined system of monogamy and prostitution, by which one portion of our women is kept pure, and the other condemned to dishonor, disease, and death, but which revenges itself on society by scattering broadcast this disease and death, and transmitting untold miseries to generations to come?

But whether the Mormons have a better or a worse system then ours is not the question, but whether they have a right to any system of marriage that suits them, that they maintain at their own cost, and that they do not force upon others. Here again the Mormon is superior to the Christian, as he is willing to rest his case on his powers to induce others to join him, while the Christian rushes to the ballot, and, if necessary, to the bullet, to force his system down the Mormon's throat.

It is not because we favor polygamy, but because we deny absolutely the right of the State to in any way interfere in these matters that our voice is raised in defence of the Mormons. We do believe in the eternal love of one man for one woman; but love, true love, can exist only between equals. Love and the sense of property cannot exist together. There can be neither true love nor true marriage until woman is industrially independent, until she is perfectly free to accept or reject the terms offered her. Then, and not till then, will true morality prevail; then, and not till then, will the union between man and woman be perfect, and all the degrading, revolting features of our present systems of monogamy and polygamy disappear from the face of the earth.

Then that sweet bondage, which is freedom's self,
And rivets with sensation's softest tie
The kindred sympathies of human souls,
Will need no fetters of tyrannic law.

GERTRUDE B. KELLY.

Is Anarchy Practicable?

The following address was recently delivered by M. Franklin before the New Haven Equal Rights Debating Club:

CHAIRMAN AND CITIZENS: If the resolution read: *Resolved, that Justice is practicable*, I am sure that nobody would speak on the negative, because every one of us holds that justice is not only a practicable virtue, but that it is the absolute foundation of a true human society. Why, then, speaking of the other resolution: *Anarchy is practicable*, which, as I will show you hereafter, is but another statement of the first one, has nobody volunteered to speak on the affirmative? Gentlemen, if there is no other reason, I simply say that it is because you neither understand what Anarchy is nor know what justice demands. Indeed, it would take too much time to state here all the erroneous definitions that have been given of these beautiful words. Many thousands of volumes of books could be written with the blood that has been and still continues to be wrongfully shed in the name of an imaginary justice. Gentlemen, the fact that from the earliest days of history up to our present day the greatest portion of the people has been groaning under the yoke of servitude and starvation, in spite of all changes of governments and in spite of all pretences of men to do justice,—I say that this fact proves more clearly than all the philosophies in the world that this word, justice, never was understood by those who claim to advocate it.

What is justice, then?

Gentlemen, if a man should ask me what to do in order to be just, and I should answer him with the plain and old adage: *Don't do unto others that which you would not that others should do unto you*, I am sure I would get the approval of every one of you (even of my State Socialistic friends). Now, let us see, what does man detest the most? Slavery, if I am not mistaken. Slavery, as Proudhon says, is the power to take from a man his will, his thought, his personality, and make him dependent upon others. It matters little whether he is dependent upon one or many persons; whether those persons represent a majority or a minority; whether such persons call themselves czars, priests, presidents, or lawyers; whether he is dependent for all his life or but for a part of it; whether he is absolutely dependent or in some certain respects only,—the man is in so much a slave as he is prohibited from using his own reason and faculties *practically;* and, as a matter of fact, nobody desires to be in such a position. Consequently, if we are to exercise justice, true justice, we must beware of making others dependent upon ourselves or upon our institutions, whether we call them States, Churches, or Legislatures. This is according to justice, and it is precisely *that* which Anarchy demands. The very name of such a state of society proves what I stated. Anarchy means the absence of *compulsory* rulership; hence, the absence of slavery,—Liberty.

But right here, I suppose my State Socialistic opponent will say: "Well, Liberty is a very good thing; in theory it is sublime, but how in practice? If bad men were not prohibited from committing crimes, they would steal, rob, and murder the honest ones. How would you treat, in the absence of government, the lunatics, lepers, etc.?" As an out-and-out Anarchist I answer that with the removal of the present slavery system we remove ninety-nine per cent. of all the existing crimes and evils; that when a man has free access to nature's gifts and equal opportunity to create wealth for himself, it is absolutely impossible for him to become a criminal, and consequently we have nothing to fear. But even from the standpoint of a more conservative Anarchist I should say that Anarchism is not at all antagonistic to voluntary associations for legitimate purposes. If the people are afraid of invasion, let them organize something like a mutual protective society; let them have, for instance, insurance companies like our fire insurance companies, etc. But in such a case they must certainly pay their own expenses and have no right to tax others who would not share their protective institutions. In short, we would never prohibit men from walking with sticks if they are afraid of dogs; but we would not compel people to walk with sticks who were not afraid of dogs.

In conclusion I would say that it would be foolish for slaves, as we are, to build up a system for the coming free generation. Our duty ought to be only to remove the obstacles to order, set men free, and create Liberty, and this *will* create order, because "Liberty is the *mother*, not the daughter, of order."

The Virgin and Her Children.

[Henri Rochefort in L'Intransigeant.]

Vereschagine is a well-known Russian painter, who recently took it into his head to exhibit his principal pictures at Vienna, among them being a a "Holy Family," a subject not altogether new. Only, being a faithful observer of the Gospels, which give Jesus Christ four brothers and as many sisters,—which transforms the pretended Virgin Mary into a sort of Mother Gigogne,—he has thought it his duty to represent this excellent matron surrounded by all her children.

If any one is guilty in the reproduction of this historical detail, it must be the Evangelists, Saints Luke and Matthew, who have enumerated for us all the members of Joseph's family. But with cunning trickery the Church, which in our early youth filled our ears with parables till we could not keep our eyes open and with puns which it attributed to God the Son, took good care not to entertain us with any account of this brood of children which makes the already problematical virginity of the aforesaid Mary a most vulgar joke.

In fact, even though she remained a virgin in spite of the coming into the world of her son Jesus, she evidently ceased to be one on giving birth to his brothers and sisters; and, supposing one of them to have been his elder, what becomes of her boasted purity at the time when the Holy Ghost conceived the idea of paying a little visit to the unfortunate woman of whom he made an adulterous wife.

Consequently Vereschagine's picture has stood the Austrian clergy on their heads. Cardinal Ganglbauer, archbishop of Vienna, perceived that the sight of this virgin ornamented with eight bantlings was an awkward thing for the doctrine the absolute truth of which he was proclaiming every day. With that ardor always to be noticed in officials whose salaries are threatened, he threw himself at the feet of the emperor to beg that this cup—that is, this painting—might be taken from him.

It is easy to understand His Majesty's embarrassment.

To declare that Mary never had any other offspring than Christ was to give Saint Luke and Saint Matthew the lie in a way which perhaps they would not tolerate, no one being more vindictive than the Saints, who, seated at the right of the Eternal Father, have him always at hand to help them in their vengeance.

On the other hand, to admit to the vile populace that this immaculate virgin, whom oil always exhibits as young and timid, was made to reproduce herself ten times by her proprietor was to terribly disturb the minds of the poor, and consequently to subtract from the profits which the priests and bishops have always made out of the credulity of fools.

So the schismatic Vereschagine was notified that he must put away his work in short order, unless he would consent to suppress the children which he had added to Joseph's family. The artist called attention to the fact that these children belonged to history quite as much as the other, and that they even had the advantage over the other of being legitimate, while he was essentially a child of adultery. But this demolished the whole Christian legend, for in the flight into Egypt they always represent the Virgin and her husband accompanied by an only son and an ass. What had become of the other little ones? Had their holy mother got rid of them by simply packing them off to the foundling hospital?

That is the reason why, when they saw that arguments would not be enough to convince the painter, they sent him policemen, who, since the abolition of the Inquisition, have taken the place of the stake. Such is the way in which the Catholicism of the Austrians and the French shows its respect for the family. The Virgin had a number of children; they suppress all but one, under the pretext that they are good for nothing but to bring discredit on their mamma, whereas the one that is left has been for more than fifteen centuries a source of wealth, power, and honor to those cunning enough to exploit him.

O human depravity, who will give us the exact measure of thy depth.

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

Vol. III.—No. 22. **BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1886.** **Whole No. 74.**

"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.

By the tardy act of the president of France Prince Kropotkine and Louise Michel are free. Doubtless they come out of prison intenser rebels than they went in, and will devote themselves to Anarchistic propagandism with more energy than ever.

Liberty is in receipt of the first number of the "Irish Echo," an eight-page monthly journal devoted to the worthy purpose of cultivating the Irish language and publishing its copious literature. P. J. O'Daly is the editor, and it is published at fifty cents a year by the Philo-Celtic Society, 176 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

I owe it to Henry Appleton to state that my paragraph in the last issue of Liberty quoting him as advising the newsdealers to join the Knights of Labor did not represent him accurately. He did not so advise the newsdealers. I was misled by the fact that, in advising the newsdealers to organize, he at the same time remarked upon the power that had been attained by the Knights of Labor. It was the easier for me to make this mistake because I knew that there was talk of the newsdealers joining the Knights. In his editorial in another column, "Whither are we Drifting?" Mr. Appleton speaks with no uncertain sound of such organizations as the Knights of Labor, and leaves no doubt as to his real opinion of their principles and methods.

The New York "Sun" professes to think it very funny that some of John Ruskin's admirers propose to honor him with a testimonial as a political economist instead of as a writer. Nevertheless the time is fast approaching when it will be recognized that Ruskin's economic teachings are as much more important than his work in art and literature, great as the latter has been, as the subject-matter of political economy is of more vital and fundamental interest to humanity than that of either art or literature. Mr. Dana is wise in contenting himself with ridiculing Mr. Ruskin. He is too shrewd to attempt to controvert him. Ruskin's analytical exposure of the thievery by which riches are now accumulated will stand the test of ages and prove the greatest of his many services to the world.

Dr. P. P. Field told the Manhattan Liberal Club recently that the Anarchist and the State Socialist must be reconciled in order to have a harmonious society, and that to this end "the State Socialist will have to recognize that the principle of freedom or individuality cannot be ignored, and the Anarchist will have to recognize that the principle of order or government, or superiorities, etc., etc., cannot be ignored." That is to say, today John Smith is a State Socialist and John Brown is an Anarchist, and consequently there is no harmony; tomorrow John Brown must become a State Socialist and John Smith must become an Anarchist, and then there will be harmony. What bosh this eclecticism is! If Dr. Field means by the principle of government the principle at the bottom of a social order in which the individual is made subordinate to no extraneous will, the Anarchist recognizes it already and always has recognized it. But that is not at all what the State Socialist means by government. If there is to be a reconciliation, the State Socialists have got to come over to the Anarchists, for the Anarchists will never go to the State Socialists, — no, not one step.

Anarchy and Pantarchy.

The article of J. Wm. Lloyd in Liberty of December 26 is so strikingly clear in its discrimination, so strong in its conclusions, and so fairly open to counter-statement when wrong, that I am tempted to say a word from my own point of view. The expressions that I wish to criticise are these:

> And this question of human right must be studied from the standpoint of the individual, Nature having made no collective reason to attend to the needs of all humanity, but only individual reasons to the needs of individuals. And this is the true standpoint from which to study the needs of humanity. Those reformers who have endeavored to legislate for the individual from the standpoint of humanity have usually only succeeded by their Jack O'Lanterns in leading him into deeper swamps, from which he must extricate himself as best he may. But no reformer ever secured justice for any single man without benefiting all men for all time. The simple truth is grander than the most glorious error. But there is no real conflict here. From a philosophical elevation the needs of the individual and of the race are seen to be identical. Why, then, is it not as well to take humanity for a starting point as to take the individual? Because the only way to adequately understand the needs of the whole is to understand the needs of the parts.

That Nature has made no collective reason to attend to the needs of all humanity, but only individual reasons to attend to the needs of individuals, is a statement that may be permitted to stand, in its first branch as to the absence of a collective reason, — although this may be and is questioned, — but that the individual reasons have no other function than to attend to the needs of individuals is demurred to. Our individual reasons have, on the contrary, two opposite things to attend to, — one the needs of individuals, and, second, the needs of the collective whole; and hence to study the needs of humanity from the point of view of individuals is no more the true standpoint than the other; and finally, there is, third, the point of intermediation and reconciliation between the other two.

When Mr. Lloyd appeals to the failure of legislative reforms in the past, from the standpoint of humanity, he ceases to be the philosophical thinker, and becomes only the commentator upon the bungling facts of an unscientific historical past. He returns to his character as a thinker when he says "no reformer ever secured justice for any single man without benefiting all men for all time." That is true, not literally, but ideally; but it is just as true that no reformer would ever attain to and promulgate a just system of the collective truths of humanity without ideally benefiting all the individuals of all time. But he adds: "There is no real conflict here. From a philosophical elevation the needs of the individual and of the race are seen to be identical." This is a radical mistake. It is precisely at this point that Mr. Lloyd and nearly every other approximately radical thinker slide away from the demands of vigorous logical analysis and fall into error. There *is* a *very real* conflict between the two things. From a *still higher* philosophical elevation the needs of the individual and the needs of the race are seen to be never identical, but always in opposition to each other. They are, however, *reconcilable*, and it belongs to social science to reconcile them. The first step in doing this is to recognize their separateness and oppositeness, to draw in a word rigorously the line of difference between identity and reconcilableness. They concern the same subject-matter as viewed from the two opposite ends of the stick; and can never be made one; although we, in our consideration of them, may harmoniously oscillate between the two. If two points approximate each other until they occupy the same position, they are *identified*, or become one, obliterating their difference. This is identity. But, if the two points remain distinct, they are ours, as antagonistic, each asserting its supremacy, as giving [illegible] to its [illegible] and endeavoring to subordinate the other. Anything *to be*, at all, must assert itself, as against the whole universe, and is therefore in essential antagonism with whatsoever it is contrasted. It is only, then, by inserting an intermediate point around which they shall oscillate, admitting *the element of time*, change of the point of view, or continuous alternation, which is the method of harmony — an immensely different thing from mere identity; and the comprehension of which makes the true or integral philosopher in the place of the partisan or mere social sectarian, — although this last is the more effective man for the special occasion. Whosoever fails to do this and gives a supreme emphasis to one or the other end of the stick or beam *cants* it, and himself is dealing in *cant*, however philosophical and discriminating he may seem to be. It is not with the compulsion of legislation that we are now to compare the freedom of Anarchy, but with the supreme compulsion of philosophical analysis, definition, and demonstration; to all which Mr. Lloyd should himself, with his order of mind, be eminently amenable. It is this oscillation of harmony between the principle of freedom and the principle of order, which Pantarchism contrasts with Anarchism, pure and simple.

It is not true that the only way to adequately understand the needs of the whole is to understand the needs of the parts. It is just as true that to adequately understand the needs of the parts it is indispensable to comprehend the needs of the whole, and to take always as one of our points of departure the Unities of the Race, in respect to Religion, Government, Social Constitution, Language, and the like; in a word, to be Pantarchical in our outlook no less than Anarchical.

The question may arise why is it necessary to make so much ado about an abstract discrimination like that between identification, which wipes out or slurs over differences, and harmony, which reconciles them. The reply is perhaps now obvious from the illustrations that have been made. But it should be added that, in matters of this kind, the least things are the greatest things; and the minutest lines of discrimination, the most important, from their consequences. In this case the mere failure to comprehend this difference between sameness and difference — with reconciliation — leaves Individualists insusceptible to the claims of the Higher Integration; while with it understood and adopted, they become at once amenable to the whole immense scope of Pantarchal philosophy. If, then, "Christianity says carry neither sword nor shield, and Anarchy says carry your sword for protection and use it only when your shield will not avail": then Pantarchism says do one or both according to exigency and adaptation; and, whenever the time has arrived, "beat your swords into ploughshares and your spears into pruning-hooks and learn war no more"; that is to say, become peaceful social reconstructionists, instead of either victims, or soldiers in revolt, and to that end study and avail yourselves of Universological Sociology.

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

[It seems to me that Mr. Andrews himself illustrates the insignificance of his distinction by the insignificance of its practical application in the matter of the sword and shield. His fancied distinction between Pantarchism's advice regarding their use and that of Anarchism is no distinction at all. Mr. Lloyd was distinguishing between Anarchy and Christianity. Christianity tells the world to beat its swords into ploughshares *at once*, without regard to seeming exigency. Of course, if this is done, Pantarchism's advice to use the sword or not according to exigency becomes vain words. But Mr. Lloyd repudiates Christianity's counsel, and adopts that of Anarchy, which, as he states it, is substantially the same as that of Pantarchism. Knowing his readers not to be infants, Mr. Lloyd did not feel it necessary to explain that Anarchy's advice does not involve carrying the sword after there is no longer any liability of need of it, or even carrying it at the side when the need is not imminent. Anarchy and Mr. Lloyd say that, as long as there is any liability of needing a sword, a sword shall be available, and that, when this liability disappears, the sword shall be beaten into a ploughshare. If Mr. Andrews does not understand this to be Anarchistic doctrine, he needs to study Anarchism much more than Mr. Lloyd needs to study Universological Sociology. — EDITOR LIBERTY.]

IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 73.

The two ministers nodded assent, and the florid Englishman resumed:

"That is the point to which I wish to come; the agitators, really the responsible ones in an insurrection, are the criminals whose capture is of most importance, that they may be chastised in an exemplary manner."

The priest and the pastor gave another sign of assent; Lichfield had expressed an indisputable truth; it admitted, however, one limitation; the torment inflicted on the instigators should not prevent the punishment of those who allowed themselves to be drawn in.

"They are not less guilty for listening to a disloyal voice," said Father Richmond, forgetting for an instant his breviary.

"When the voice of God by our mouths," interrupted Sir Archibald, filling his nostrils — not without staining his lips — with some perfumed Spanish snuff, which he took from a little gold box, "forbids them to seek here below the degrading satisfactions of base sensual appetites."

"When the sublime higher aspirations," concluded Sir Richmond, "the blessings of the soul and spiritual riches are largely reserved for them."

Well and good! The Englishman shared their opinion; he insisted, nevertheless, that they should make the punishment of the leaders a hundred times stronger. This was, moreover, the opinion of the governor; he did not waste his time by setting a price on the heads of small fry, and he offered large premiums for those of the leaders.

"Ah!" said the priest and the curate, both at once.

Lichfield, whose insignificant china-blue eyes glittered like gold, stealthily observed them both; he resumed:

"Yes, amounts sufficient to assure tranquillity, ease, and even luxuries for the rest of his days to whoever gets the chance to lay his hand on the neck of one of these disturbers.

"For Harvey, the royal treasury will pay twenty-five thousand pounds sterling to whoever delivers him up, dead or alive."

"Really!" said the priest.

The curate protested that he would willingly apprehend the individual in question, if they really attributed such high importance to his capture; but he would make it a duty and refuse the money, believing that to touch the price of blood, no matter whose, would dishonor him; but neither of the two priests knew this precious Harvey from Eve or Adam; they heard his name for the first time.

"You have perhaps seen him without suspecting his personality," said the merchant; "according to the latest news, in the region from which I come, and through which he had passed, they pretended that he was shaping his course in this direction."

At their request, he began to give in detail his description: "a high distinction and an extraordinary resolution, the glance of an eagle, a courage that overcomes all obstacles."

"Precisely; so far many persons would answer to this compromising description," said the priest, with a comical inquietude and thinking of himself.

But Tom changed his mind, pretending the need of evidence more ample and clear.

Secretly he added:

"Evidently these two soothsayers have not perceived the bird, and it is useless, it would be absurd, to excite the desire to hunt on the same scent as ourselves."

Tom Lichfield of Canterbury, member of divers societies, Philadelphian and temperance, united other titles with these: he was, for instance, something of a spy in the service of England. Leaving to Madame Lichfield the management of his bazaar in Glasgow, he ran through Ireland, buried in his camlet seat, with open eyes and attentive ears, informing the government of Great Britain on what he saw, foresaw, observed, heard, and conjectured.

But if he was numbered among the agents of the secret police of King George, it was in the character of a benevolent and sharp merchant.

One afternoon he had returned to his domicile with beaming countenance, rubbing his hands and kissing on her smooth forehead his tall wife, whose complexion was that of ivory grown yellow with years.

"Good business?" the lady had laconically asked, without removing the goose-quill which she held in her jaws, while with her dry fingers she refolded an invoice-bill.

"Excellent! I leave in four hours for green Erin."

"A pleasure trip?" interrogated the shopkeeper, in stern astonishment.

"I!" said the big man, with an air of saying: "For whom do you take me?" angry that this other self misconceived him to this extent.

And in order to lose no time, time being money, he informed his wife immediately of the matter which occasioned his satisfaction.

"Forty thousand pounds at one stroke!" said he.

"Ah! in what length of time?"

"Two months, three at most."

"A little long! Forty thousand net?"

"Surely."

"On the sugars, the oils, the old laced coats?"

"On the head of Harvey, on which a price has been set; I had neglected to tell you about it; I must deliver it at the latest under ninety days, or else it will be an ordinary operation."

"Good!"

"You must know who this Harvey is."

"What does that signify?"

"A rascal who intends to throw off from Ireland the yoke of the metropolis."

"Go on, go on. That is his affair . . . Talk about ours . . ."

"To lessen for myself the difficulties of the duty, I have addressed to the lord-lieutenant a petition, bearing most respectable and most eminent signatures, offering to go to watch the action of the conspirators and to keep him informed; he accepts."

"Perfect! the reward?"

"Adequate: three pounds daily for travelling expenses, and two for incidental outlays."

"Whew!"

"Patience! At the same time, I wrote to my societies of Southampton, of Merioneth, of Dolgelly; I offered myself to the committee of Philadelphians, proposing likewise to make a trip of two or three months across the afflicted sister island to carry her the consolations, exhortations, and assistance for which her desperate situation makes her clamorous; they have complied."

"And will pay your expenses and something besides."

"Almost as much as the government, for distributing their aid among the most worthy."

"Perfect!" said Madame Lichfield, whose epidermis reflected for an instant the beaming radiance of her husband's face.

"Wait," said her husband, who squared himself triumphantly with swelling abdomen and a cunning smile on his artful face; "wait, that is not the entire combination."

But she, having a sudden intuition of what he was preparing to reveal, imposed silence upon him by a gesture, and said volubly:

"We will pack up and make into a bundle all the shop-worn goods that have been banished to the garret: earthen-ware, broken china; threadbare, stained, and moth-eaten cloth; battered utensils, full of holes; and there you will get rid of these in exchange for the money of those who have any, taking, in the case of the poor, the relief money which you will have charitably poured out; giving with one hand, seizing again with the other."

"Agreed," said Lichfield, who, for the second time, kissed his intelligent companion and associate.

And since he had set foot on Irish soil, success had generously favored his undertaking, promising soon to crown it.

Long ago rid of his stock of shop-worn goods, he had several times renewed it, and always realized enormous profits. In the towns he bought up all the odd remnants that he could find, and converted them into gold. Taking down from their hooks in second-hand clothing stores the ghosts of old garments, he covered with them the shivering bodies of ragged beggars, and, in return for his generosity, which brought him benedictions accompanied by fast-flowing tears, he pocketed sums which would have paid for clothes from the shops of the best makers in London.

As for Harvey, he had at several times failed to nab him, to use his expression, missing him only by a few hours, devouring space with his unpretentious, snorting, and freaky steed, which still kept something of the rapidity which had formerly won him twenty prizes on the race-course, in addition to an extraordinary endurance.

Today he counted on surprising the agitator at Bunclody, or in the vicinity, and not missing him; he had even commenced a letter to Madame Lichfield, in which he announced to her the good news, in a handwriting whose characters danced madly up and down the pages, in his joy at having at last attained his object.

In approaching the village, they had now reached a point where the mud huts rose one above another, and forms of angular spectres, emaciated and cadaverous, outlined themselves timidly at the doors and windows, attracted by the noise of the vehicle, and held by the spectacle of the two priests flanking Tom Lichfield in shocking fraternity.

"Permit me, gentlemen," begged the merchant, several consecutive times, speaking to his fellow-travellers and stopping the vehicle. Then, a bundle under his arm, decanters in his pockets, he effected with these shadows one of his customary little transactions, selling at the most exorbitant prices a waistcoat, a pair of breeches, or a cap; then, selling them a drink of gin, he resumed his place, the copper, silver, or gold of his societies jingling clear and cheerfully in his pocket.

With the waiting at these stations, or lulled by the roll of the carriage, the ecclesiastic and the minister at last went to sleep, Sir Archibald's mouth still stretched in a yawn wide enough to break his jaws, Sir Richmond's lips closed in the pious kiss he had given his breviary, which now lay under his shoes.

They were suddenly wakened by a wild croaking, something like a chorus of frogs and crows in a quarrel, and they started up from their sleep, dishevelled, livid, rubbing their eyes, not knowing what peril assailed them.

It was only William Grobb, who, without warning, as they went through the street of Bunclody, cawed and croaked his clap-trap merchandise.

"Knives, scissors, thread, needles, kitchen utensils, forks, skillets, saucepans, brooms, dusters, stockings, skirts, cloaks, caps, head-dresses, shoes."

"Be quiet!" cried out his patron.

But, bewildered by his own uproar, he continued his enumeration, and went through the whole customary rigmarole:

"Men's coats, waistcoats, trowsers, coffee, whisky, brandy, smoking tobacco, and pipes of all shapes . . ."

"Silence there!" roared Lichfield, inwardly laughing at the piteous look of the priests, who were scandalized by this not exactly triumphal entry among their flocks, offended in their priestly dignity by this canticle of trumpery intoned without deference to their character before they had left the carriage!

"Knives, scissors, needles, kitchen utensils," began the clerk again. He had gone no farther, when Lichfield, springing from his seat, struck him a fearful blow with the strap across the calves of his legs.

But no public laughter greeted the representatives of the Most High here below, and, as they descended from the carriage with bulging backs that they might not have to face the scoffers, discreet though they were, their faces were suffused with blushes up to their ears, and even under the caps which they had pulled furiously down over their heads.

Notwithstanding the clap-trap of William Grobb, almost no one appeared at the doors or windows; only three or four women interrupted their preparations for supper to learn the cause of this unusual howling.

Tom Lichfield, who kept an eye on everything, remarked, at the first furtive examination, an abnormal anxiety on the faces, explicable only by the gravity of the moment, the imminence of the conflagration.

Freed from all constraint by the departure of the holy men, who took each his own way without thanking him, the ingrates, he pushed through the village, now inviting his clerk to recommence his song of "scissors, knives, needles," and mingling with the young fellow's deep baritone, which, however, was as thin as a clarionet, his own tenor, surprising in such a pumpkin.

Nevertheless, they modulated their couplets in the most enticing ways, setting them off with *appoggiature*, without rousing the inhabitants, for the peremptory reason that the inhabitants had almost entirely deserted their houses for their rendezvous in the woods with the agitator.

That morning Paddy Neill, visiting all the houses, less to stimulate their zeal than to exhort them to prudence, had appointed the meeting for nightfall; and, in little bands of three or four, by twos, or singly, the Bunclodyans, disarming dangerous suspicion by taking twenty different ways, directed their steps toward the appointed place, Dead Man's Quarry.

They reached there only by widening the paths followed by stags and deer, by almost tumbling down the steep inclines, clinging by the branches of shrubs and tufts of heath. The quarry, at its base, was hollowed out into caves accessible to [illegible] of individuals.

[illegible]ing the previous insurrections, after their defeat, the people of several hamlets and two villages had lived there, eluding all search; only to find, on the return of peace, their huts razed to the ground, and to be caught and exterminated *en masse*, in consequence of regaining confidence too soon. The rest had been transported or exiled.

As the agitator was not at liberty to choose his road, pa[illegible] he English regiments and, above all, of the terrible regiment of An[illegible] furrowing the

roads and running over the fields, rummaging through the underbrush, three Bunclodyans waited for him at three different points to lead him to this quarry: Paddy at Chanvrand, Treor at Fornclos, and Casper, the gelder, at the farm of Emeric Barleitt, the countryman whose legs Gowan had broken.

But it was several mortal hours past the time when they conjectured approximately that he might arrive, according to calculations which took account of a thousand possible delays.

The expanse of sky faded perceptibly; among the bushes the beasts began to move towards the meadows; rooks flew about before going to sleep, and, scenting this mass of men below, uttered cries of fear, filling the air with an ominous clamor.

With the twilight, anguish took possession of all hearts, and those who kept silence most obstinately in order not to demoralize the others decided to tell what apprehensions tortured them.

The blood-hounds of the "Infernal Mob" were very keen, always in the saddle, this evening here, tomorrow thirty leagues away, fantastic, demons! They did not sleep; they heard, at incommensurable distances, imperceptible noises; they had the eyes of birds of prey, and the cunning of sorcerers at divining a secret.

"Or inventing a torture!" said Arklow, Edith's husband.

"That is true!"

And Arklow, to support what he said, cited the case of the shepherd, Vill, whom they had tied to four horses, because he refused to indicate a hollow in a pasture where the patriots hid some ammunition.

"With Casper," growled Pat Burn, the ironmonger, "it will not be necessary, I am afraid, to tear him to pieces to make him blab."

When the lot fell upon Casper, among the three to go to meet Sir Harvey, Pat Burn had insinuated that the gelder smelt like a traitor.

And he now repeated his suspicions.

"He never looks you in the face," added he; "and, of all the United Irishmen, he is the only one who keeps on drinking; he swallows gin like a goat's skin, while the others, even those in most need of caution, have restricted themselves to a rigorous *régime* of water. And then where does he get the money that he spends in the taverns? He does not work!"

To be continued.

A LETTER TO GROVER CLEVELAND.

ON

His False, Absurd, Self-Contradictory, and Ridiculous Inaugural Address.

By LYSANDER SPOONER.

SECTION XVIII.

If, now, it be asked, what is this constitutional "obligation of contracts," which the States are forbidden to impair, the answer is, that it is, and necessarily must be, the *natural* obligation; or that obligation, which contracts have, on principles of natural law, and natural justice, as distinguished from any arbitrary or unjust obligation, which lawmakers may assume to create, and attach to contracts.

This natural obligation is the only *one* "obligation," which *all* obligatory contracts can be said to have. It is the only *inherent* "obligation," that any contract can be said to have. It is recognized all over the world — at least as far as it is known — as the one only *true* obligation, that any, or all, contracts can have. And, so far as it is known — it is held valid all over the world, except in those exceptional cases, where arbitrary and tyrannical governments have assumed to annul it, or substitute some other in its stead.

The constitution assumes that this *one* "obligation of contracts," which it designs to protect, is the natural one, because it assumes that it existed, *and was known*, at the time the constitution itself was established; and certainly no *one* "obligation," *other than the natural one*, can be said to have been known, as applicable to *all* obligatory contracts, at the time the constitution was established. Unless, therefore, the constitution be presumed to have intended the natural "obligation," it cannot be said to have intended any *one* "obligation" whatever; or, consequently, to have forbidden the violation of any *one* "obligation" whatever.

It cannot be said that "the obligation," which the constitution designed to protect, was any arbitrary "obligation," that was unknown at the time the constitution was established, but that was to be created, and made known afterward; for then this provision of the constitution could have had no effect, until such arbitrary "obligation" should have been created, and made known. And as it gives us no information as to how, or by whom, this arbitrary "obligation" was to be created, or what the obligation itself was to be, or how it could ever be known to be the one that was intended to be protected, the provision itself becomes a mere nullity, having no effect to protect any "obligation" at all.

It would be a manifest and utter absurdity to say that the constitution intended to protect any "obligation" whatever, unless it be presumed to have intended some particular "obligation," *that was known at the time;* for that would be equivalent to saying that the constitution intended to establish a law, of which no man could know the meaning.

But this is not all.

The right of property is a natural right. The only real right of property, that is known to mankind, is the natural right. Men have also a natural right to convey their natural rights of property from one person to another. And there is no means known to mankind, by which this *natural* right of property can be transferred, or conveyed, by one man to another, except by such contracts as are *naturally* obligatory; that is, naturally capable of conveying and binding the right of property.

All contracts whatsoever, that are naturally capable, competent, and sufficient to convey, transfer, and bind the natural right of property, are naturally obligatory; and really and truly do convey, transfer, and bind such rights of property as they purport to convey, transfer, and bind.

All the other modes, by which one man has ever attempted to acquire the property of another, have been thefts, robberies, and frauds. But these, of course, have never conveyed any real rights of property.

To make any contract binding, obligatory, and effectual for conveying and transferring rights of property, these three conditions only are essential, *viz.*, 1, That it be entered into by parties, who are mentally competent to make reasonable contracts. 2. That the contract be a purely voluntary one: that is, that it be entered into without either force or fraud on either side. 3. That the right of property, which the contract purports to convey, be such an one as is naturally capable of being conveyed, or transferred by one man to another.

Subject to these conditions, all contracts whatsoever, for conveying rights of property — that is, for buying and selling, borrowing and lending, giving and receiving property — are naturally obligatory, and bind such rights of property as they purport to convey.

Subject to these conditions, all contracts, for the conveyance of rights of property, are recognized as valid, all over the world, by both civilized and savage man, except in those particular cases where governments arbitrarily and tyrannically prohibit, alter, or invalidate them.

This *natural* "obligation of contracts" must necessarily be presumed to be the one, and the only one, which the constitution forbids to be impaired, by any State law whatever, if we are to presume that the constitution was intended for the maintenance of justice, or men's natural rights.

On the other hand, if the constitution be presumed not to protect this *natural* "obligation of contracts," we know not *what* other "obligation" it did intend to protect. It mentions no other, describes no other, gives us no hint of any other; and nobody can give us the least information as to what other "obligation of contracts" was intended.

It could not have been any "obligation" which the *State* lawmakers might arbitrarily create, and annex to *all* contracts; for this is what no lawmakers have ever attempted to do. And it would be the height of absurdity to suppose they ever will invent any *one* "obligation," and attach it to *all* contracts. They have only attempted either to annul, or impair, the natural "obligation" of *particular* contracts; or, *in particular cases*, to substitute other "obligations" of their own invention. And this is the most they will ever attempt to do.

SECTION XIX.

Assuming it now to be proved that the "obligation of contracts," which the States are forbidden to "impair," is the *natural* "obligation"; and that, *constitutionally speaking*, this provision secures, to all the people of the United States, the right to enter into, and have the benefit of, all contracts whatsoever, that have that *one natural* "obligation," let us look at some of the more important of those State laws that have either impaired that obligation, or prohibited the exercise of that right.

1. That law, in all the States, by which any, or all, the contracts of persons, under twenty-one years of age, are either invalidated, or forbidden to be entered into.

The mental capacity of a person to make reasonable contracts, is the only criterion, by which to determine his legal capacity to make obligatory contracts. And his mental capacity to make reasonable contracts is certainly not to be determined by the fact that he is, or is not, twenty-one years of age. There would be just as much sense in saying that it was to be determined by his height, or his weight, as there is in saying that it should be determined by his age.

Nearly all persons, male and female, are mentally competent to make reasonable contracts, long before they are twenty-one years of age. And as soon as they are mentally competent to make reasonable contracts, they have the same natural right to make them, that they ever can have. And their contracts have the same natural "obligation" that they ever can have.

If a person's mental capacity to make reasonable contracts be drawn in question, that is a question of fact, to be ascertained by the same tribunal that is to ascertain all the other facts involved in the case. It certainly is not to be determined by any arbitrary legislation, that shall deprive any one of his natural right to make contracts.

2. All the State laws, that do now forbid, or that have heretofore forbidden, married women to make any or all contracts, that they are, or were, mentally competent to make reasonably, are violations of their natural right to make their own contracts.

A married woman has the same natural right to acquire and hold property, and to make all contracts that she is mentally competent to make reasonably, as has a married man, or any other man. And any law invalidating her contracts, or forbidding her to enter into contracts, on the ground of her being married, are not only absurd and outrageous in themselves, but are also as plainly violations of that provision of the constitution, which forbids any State to pass any law impairing the natural obligation of contracts, as would be laws invalidating or prohibiting similar contracts by married men.

3. All those State laws, commonly called acts of incorporation, by which a certain number of persons are licensed to contract debts, without having their individual properties held liable to pay them, are laws impairing the natural obligation of their contracts.

On natural principles of law and reason, these persons are simply partners; and their private properties, like those of any other partners, should be held liable for their partnership debts. Like any other partners, they take the profits of their business, if there be any profits. And they are naturally bound to take all the risks of their business, as in the case of any other business. For a law to say that, if they make any profits, they may put them all into their own pockets, but that, if they make a loss, they may throw it upon their creditors, is an absurdity and an outrage. Such a law is plainly a law impairing the natural obligation of their contracts.

4. All State insolvent laws, so-called, that distribute a debtor's property equally among his creditors, are laws impairing the natural obligation of his contracts.

If the natural obligation of contracts were known, and recognized as law, we should have no need of insolvent or bankrupt laws.

The only force, function, or effect of a *legal* contract is to convey and bind rights of property. A contract that conveys and binds no right of property, has no *legal* force, effect, or obligation whatever.*

Consequently, the natural obligation of a contract of debt binds the debtor's property, and nothing more. That is, it gives the creditor a mortgage upon the debtor's property, and nothing more.

A first debt is a first mortgage; a second debt is a second mortgage; a third debt is a third mortgage; and so on indefinitely.

The first mortgage must be paid in full, before anything is paid on the second. The second must be paid in full, before anything is paid on the third; and so on indefinitely.

When the mortgaged property is exhausted, the debt is cancelled; there is no other property that the contract binds.

If, therefore, a debtor, at the time his debt becomes due, pays to the extent of his ability, and has been guilty of no fraud, fault, or neglect, during the time his debt had to run, he is thenceforth discharged from all legal obligation.

If this principle were acknowledged, we should have no occasion, and no use, for insolvent or bankrupt laws.

Of course, persons who have never asked themselves what the *natural* "obligation of contracts" is, will raise numerous objections to the principle, that a legal con-

Continued on page 6.

*It may have very weighty moral obligation; but it can have no legal obligation.

Liberty.

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"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 Question of Construction.

To the Editor of Liberty:

Instead of fearing the effect of Bakounine's "God and the State" on State Socialism, I said, in the review of which you took notice lately, that the work could not be regarded as refuting State Socialism. State Socialists advocate all the liberty Bakounine asks for. The passage which you say was the basis of my criticism was only a part of that basis. It is as though a jury should acquit a man by disregarding part of the evidence.

While one may infer from the passage that the power of the revolution would be in its effects, it is not so stated, and it contains as much despotism as anything in State Socialism upon which you base your charges of despotism. The strength of the objections to State Socialism lies in objecting to something else.

Another passage confirms my view, but that you omit. It reads: "Until then the people, taken as a whole, will believe; and if they have no reason to believe, they will at least have the right." This, in connection with the *power* of the revolution, and another sentence to the effect that churches *must* be turned into schools, is ample reason for my conclusions. Why should a man say that a right will be enjoyed until a certain time, unless it is implied that the right ceases when that time arrives? I will leave it to any of those who, in your opinion, understand English. I did not say Bakounine would have another State instead of the present one, but I wished to show that the Anarchist always falls into the inconsistency of advocating measures that can only be carried out by a combination of the people, in effect a State. This is because every reformer naturally concludes that whatever he himself regards as justice cannot be despotism if it prevailed. Bakounine says plainly that the rearing of youth should be done in the absence of liberty. The mass of men are as ignorant of true socialism as infants. In their ignorance they want churches. They will want them until taught better, but cannot be taught until the revolution changes the churches into schools. This is the only inference from Bakounine's words. Mere abolition of government will not close churches. State Socialism gives local option in churches and all things besides. ZENO.

CHICAGO, December 21, 1885.

Having impugned "Zeno's" honesty in these columns, I deem it fair to print the above, though it only confirms my belief that he is an artful dodger rather than an earnest seeker after truth. With such a man it is unprofitable to discuss. I simply reproduce the passage from Bakounine referred to, and leave it to the judgment of my readers whether Zeno's construction or mine is the proper one.

There is another reason which explains and in some sort justifies the absurd beliefs of the people,—namely, the wretched situation to which they find themselves fatally condemned by the economic organization of society in the most civilized countries of Europe. Reduced, intellectually and morally as well as materially, to the minimum of human existence, confined in their life like a prisoner in his prison, without horizon, without outlet, without even a future if we may believe the economists, the people would have the singularly narrow souls and blunted instincts of the *bourgeois* if they did not feel a desire to escape: but of escape there are but three methods,—two chimerical and a third real. The first two are the dram-shop and the church, debauchery of the body or debauchery of the mind; the third is social revolution. This last will be much more potent than all the theological propagandism of the freethinkers to destroy the religious beliefs and dissolute habits of the people, beliefs and habits much more intimately connected than is generally supposed. In substituting for the at once illusory and brutal enjoyments of bodily and spiritual licentiousness the enjoyments, as refined as they are abundant, of humanity developed in each and all, the social revolution alone will have the power to close at the same time all the dram-shops and all the churches. Till then the people, taken as a whole, will believe; and, if they have no reason to believe, they will have at least the right.

In explanation of the word "right," of which "Zeno" makes so much, it should be said that the French word *droit*, from which I translated it, has as many different meanings as its nearest English equivalent, "right," and that its use breeds even more confusion. Bakounine uses it here, not in the sense of prerogative, but in the sense of justification or excuse. He means to say that, until the social revolution comes, the people, though they will have no well-founded reason for believing in religion or in rum, will be (to use his own phrase in the opening sentence of the passage quoted) "in some sort justified" in believing in them,—that is, excusable in consequence of the necessity of seeking relief from their cramped condition. I reiterate my claim that the context shows to any man who understands English that Bakounine was not advocating the closing of dram-shops and churches by authority, but showing how the social revolution would lead to their disappearance through its influence on the lives of the people. It is so plain that I feel ashamed of any man who would compel me by his quibbles to waste so much space in correcting his misrepresentations. Equally misleading is "Zeno's" reference to Bakounine's "sentence to the effect that churches *must* be transformed into schools." The sentence is as follows: "Instruction must be spread among the masses without stint, transforming all the Churches, all those temples dedicated to the glory of God and to the slavery of men, into so many schools of human emancipation." The idea simply is that the people, when educated, will transform their churches into schools. The words do not carry the slightest hint that any who may still be foolish enough to want churches should not be allowed to have them. T.

Whither are we Drifting?

A sort of tidal wave in the direction of labor organization seems to be in motion at present. Even the "intelligent American mechanic" is caught up on the wave, and nightly are fresh thousands enrolled in the unions in various parts of the country.

Yet, when one reflects upon the underlying moral basis at bottom, it is doubtful whether anything of social significance is being accomplished, save a hastening of that condition of general demoralization which only the thunders and lightnings of revolution can clear up.

Capital, the creature of monopoly, in behalf of which the State has its being, represents in its administrative capacity pure force. Labor, its slave, never having had any other lesson but force before it, seeks to imitate its master by developing counter force. Hence labor organization; labor organization meaning nothing but a war of force against force. A strange comment, indeed, is it upon twenty centuries of Christianity that even the clergy are enlisting in this barbarous scheme, and have no higher conception of the true moral principles of the universe than to coach and flatter labor upon a basis which, when summed up, might well be called the gospel of brutality.

Already has this depraved drift borne such fruits as a demand for the expulsion of the Chinese and other human beings from American soil. Already has the device of the Boycott been carried to such a degree of invasion upon individual right as to resemble oriental despotism. That fresh forms of primeval barbarism will be set in motion as organized labor "shows its strength" is next to certain. But when the high-handed despotism of the slave, crazed with newly-acquired engines of coercion, becomes intolerable to those who hold personal rights sacred, what then? He has been drilled and encouraged in the exercise of brute force by the best classes. He has been taught that force is a valid moral principle. He will fight by the grace of God, and savage revolution must arbitrate.

True Anarchists, therefore, see nothing in the prevailing drift but the certain burial of moral and intellectual forces in society and the hastening of social chaos. We have now an era of lying, theft, and blackmail in trade. We are steeped in political corruption over the ears. Hypocrisy has become a legitimate trade, the compromise of intellectual and moral integrity a fine art.

Now added to all this come the hosts of labor into the field on no better moral basis than brute force. When this rotten pot will explode is uncertain, but that its doom is fixed is not uncertain. History will surely repeat itself among us, unless Anarchism gets sufficient hold upon society to infuse the new life which is alone potent to save. X.

The Senator and the Editor.

II.

EDITOR.

Lubricating the Bearings.

Introducing the senator to the reader in the last Liberty, we intimated that where the senator fell short in "alluding to the conditions and jealousies and disorders that are disturbing society in almost every part of the civilized world" the editor had persevered,—that is, he had gone forward in the same line of thinking until some semblance, at least, of *remedial measures* had been commended, if not advocated.

The reader will remember that the "little squeak in the corner" had fixed the editor's attention.

He had exclaimed: "Senator, *you* are no average politician in office. You are a *philosopher in action!* You think of men as human beings. You shape your course to secure for them the happiest conditions of living."

After which our editor—shall we say, "in action"?—proceeds with his effort to carry the senatorial utterance to some sort of a finish.

"That these conditions," he remarks, "are not *everywhere* fulfilled in this country, highly favored as we are, is painfully evident to those who give any attention to the subject. There *are* little squeaks in our social machinery which *do* call for attention, though they may not *yet* threaten an explosion.

[We venture to supply italics for emphasis, and to cut sentences for brevity; but our report shall remain a true one].

"Now, what is the *origin* of this friction in our social machinery? As the senator affirms, the origin is to be sought in some wrong or injustice.

"The bearings are too close.

"Or, they want lubricating."

We are now ready to suspect that the editor will proceed to show in respect to the relations between capital and labor where the injustice and wrong have crept in, and in what way the too close bearings are to be *lubricated*.

So we advance with some eagerness to the discovery.

"Capital is wrong when it insists that it shall have power to dictate the conditions upon which it will employ, direct, and pay labor.

"It has no right to say it will buy labor as it buys bales of hay.

"In a country where slavery has been abolished the laborer is entitled to a voice in fixing the terms on which he will work.

"But, labor has no right to assume to do this alone.

"For, capital is not a fund to enable labor to earn and receive wages of its own fixing.

"It is money employed by its rightful owners to earn more money. If it chooses to take the trouble and risk of earning more by active employment than by idly lying by at interest, it is certainly entitled to a *potential* voice in its own management."

What have we now obtained?

We have got labor emancipated—that is, we have laborers living in a country where *slavery* has been abolished.

Therefore, the laborer is "entitled to *a voice* in fixing the terms on which he will work."

We have capital "entitled to a *potential* voice in its own management."

The reader will probably pause here and ask himself: "What is *a* voice? And what is a *potential* voice?"

The editor has not told him.

He can not tell himself.

But, oh! go a little further:

"Equal rights are secured by the method of CONFERENCE and ARBITRATION. The friction between money

capital and labor capital will be greatly diminished by its employment.

"There is no *lubricator* like good feeling, but *justice* and *fair play* will prevent the ominous 'little squeak.'"

Are you satisfied, reader?

No?

No more are we.

Do you ask why?

We answer:

This that our editor applauds and heralds as the final adjustment, the lubricating feeling, the justice and fair play between capital and labor, appears to us none other than a cunningly devised makeshift.

There may indeed be a lubricating feeling playing through it.

Capital and labor may now, as formerly they did not, nod one to the other.

There may, in short, be established a *truce*.

But that which was "wrong at bottom" remains *wrong at bottom* still.

— We were on the eve of thrusting in here our own opinions, when what we really desire to do is first to get our editor well and fully reported.

Therefore, we quote again:

"The more careful adjustment of the relations between employer and employed, for which Senator Edmunds pleads, calls for something besides justice dictated by self-interest.

"It requires that every one of us must perforce look out for the welfare of each and every brother man, or we shall fail in trying to look out for our own . . . . . The thing that is 'wrong at bottom' in this country is that wealth is commonly used too selfishly. What is needed to ease the friction is an application of the Socialism of the golden rule."

Here now is a sound as of a coming revelation, — an intimation of editorial sanity.

But let us see the direction it takes. Our editor shall explain for himself what he means by the "Socialism of the golden rule." This he has done in the following words:

"The great and growing disparity between the gains of money and muscle, between the results of financiering skill and mental or manual labor, is producing the condition of 'instinctive and intrinsic discontent' of which Senator Edmunds spoke. And while no chimerical notions of a 'fair division' of property are likely to make headway in a country where the chances are theoretically and legally so equal as they are here, and where the majority of fortunes were made by their possessors, it is yet true that, as our society grows older and its conditions become more fixed, the fortunate possessors of wealth owe an obligation to their fellows which too few of them have yet shown that they acknowledge or appreciate."

In a preceding paragraph the editor has said:

"No man's welfare is properly considered who cannot, by the exercise of industry, temperance, and prudence, maintain himself in comfort, and make some provision, even though it be but a little, for the inevitable sickness or old age."

Now we have exhausted our editor's editorial. Its points are all before the reader.

Is the reader prepared to have us say, At length we have, if not a complete solution, then, the *key* of complete solution of the relation between capital and labor?

We put ourselves in the reader's place, and respond: "A little oil has been poured on the troubled waters, but the waters remain."

Then let us recapitulate, that the editor's views may, if possible, be shown in greater unity and clearness.

For removing the friction between capital and labor, the editor has advocated:

1. Conference and arbitration.
2. Wealth used less selfishly.

Under the first head we have capital reduced to a "*potential* voice," while labor is promoted to "*a* voice," in determining on what terms they will work together. When this "potential voice" and this "a voice" can not agree of themselves what is fair and just, they exercise equal right of appeal to a court of arbitration. Thus, it is assumed, an era of good feeling will be established, and "there is no lubricator like good feeling."

All of which is reassuring; but are we not left still in the dark? Could we have had just one ray of light to illumine the little query: To what principle of justice, to what idea of fair play, shall this court of arbitration make appeal in order to do no "wrong at bottom" to either party? we should have gone to our rest far better satisfied.

Or, does our editor think of this high court of pacification only as a court of compromise? (Of course *not*, for *justice* is what he is after.)

There is barely an intimation of the editor's idea of justice in the remark quoted: "No man's welfare is properly considered who cannot . . . . maintain himself in comfort," etc. But how many difficulties arise immediately? Not the least of them would be that of determining where "comfort" for the workingman ended and *luxury* began. His employer with a "potential voice" might speedily pronounce judgment, but the grand court of arbitration!

As to the growth of that "something besides justice dictated by self-interest," we are not exactly sceptical. In a sense there is not space here to define we think there is already much of that sort of thing, and that there is a likelihood of there being a vast deal more in the glorious future.

But a self-interest dictated by the charity of the enlightened rich man who says: "I must look out for the welfare of each and every brother man in order to look out for my own," is hardly the goal of the poor man's ambition.

As to the "communism of the golden rule," there may be somewhat in that.

But what?

Patient reader! As we left you in some uncertainty of mind in regard to our senator, so now we dismiss you once more, this time with a doubt in your mind as to the editor.

However, in another communication, we shall review the whole matter, and do our best at clearing it up.

H.

Let Them Fight.

One of my friends is president of a Boston banking institution. He knows that I believe in Anarchy, and often argues with me on the subject. "I appreciate the reasons," said he, in course of a recent conversation, "why you should be opposed to such governments as those of Russia, Turkey, Persia, and like despotic countries; but, where the will of the people is the law of the land, as it is here, I do not see what right you have to object."

I told him, as I had done twenty times before, why I objected to anything but individual rule, and finished by seeming to change the subject and asking him what he thought of silver coinage.

If he had been an infernal machine, specially contrived to blow up our great and glorious government, and I had touched a match to the fuse, the effect could not have been more startling.

"Folly, stupid, suicidal folly, on the part of the government, nothing less!" said he. "Why, a schoolboy can see the result. Everybody will be ruined if this thing is kept up much longer. The business man suffers and the laborer suffers, and nobody is benefited but the few silver-mine owners and the congressman in their employ."

By this time I was laughing heartily, and he stopped in his tirade to ask what I found so humorous.

"This is the government of the people," I said, "not like that of Russia. There is certainly no despotism in the rule of the people! If our government coins these silver dollars that you object to, you must be wrong in objecting, for the government cannot be wrong."

"Wrong? Why of course it's wrong! You know enough of business to see that it is ruining the country. The folly of congress in not stopping it at once is more than folly; it is asinine, it is criminal."

And in this strain he continued, as all the editors, bankers, business men, and many others have been doing for the past year.

I am delighted at this state of things, and every other Anarchist should be as much pleased. Let them fight. When they have slain each other, we will bury the carcasses so that they will fertilize the field which thereafter we will till.

C. M. H.

Clear-Sighted Emergency Men.

PETER O'NEIL CROWLEY BRANCH,
IRISH NATIONAL EMERGENCY ASSOCIATION,
176 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, JANUARY 13, 1886.

To the Editor of Liberty:

The O'Neil Crowley Branch of the Irish National Emergency Association instructs me to send you a complimentary ticket to an entertainment which we give on the seventeenth instant, as an indication of their appreciation of the inestimable service which you are rendering humanity through the columns of Liberty by enunciating and inculcating those grand, fundamental principles of social science, Anarchy (as its enemies and their parrot-dupes call it) or *Auto-archy*, which alone are destined by spontaneous, individual development, mental and physical, to emancipate man from the despotism, the ignorance, and the arrogant, aggressive orthodoxy of the Divine-Right-of-the-Majority absurdity organized as the STATE.

When mankind shall be rescued from, or, by the fruition of purely Anarchistic principles, shall develop out of, the present popular state of selfish savageism, which canonizes the hypocrite, immortalizes the *legal* robber, and pauperizes the honest, frugal, industrious child of Nature, then it will not be for the preservation of a nation, race, or creed that we shall be working. These are simply specimens of a "Kings' Evil," or the evil of an hierarchy, whereby humanity, or what *should* constitute humanity, is demonized into *sections*, and each individual is "civilized" by mutual antagonisms, not only into being the enemy of his brother neighbor, but into acting industriously the real, interested enemy of himself (paradoxical as it may seem), all becoming, by an ill-concealed strategy, the dupes, the subordinated, subservient slaves, of a democratic and a theocratic organization of federated parasites, *alias* "The Government," "The Authorities"!

Then, Mr. Editor, those *causes* of human degradation, impoverishment, and ignorance which now seem to prove a secret, intelligent perversion, if not a complete inversion, of the blessings of Nature as they are *permitted* to relate to us by those whom we were, in our simplicity, wont to look upon as our guides and protectors, will be eliminated. And a resultant, harmonized, universal fraternity, an Anarchistic Humanity, spontaneously evolved or formulated, will, under Liberty and Intelligence, be actualized. The Individual will be the Unit thereof, and Segregation the principle of its *immutable concordance*. Science will then demonstrate that the Individual Person is *The All* potentially, requiring only mental development for universal recognition.

P. K. O'LALLY, *Secretary*.

SONNETS.

CHURCH AND STATE.

Twin relics of a superstitious age
When man incarnates God in Church and State,
These foul abortions, spared as yet by fate,
With palsied limbs still swagger on the stage,
Mere shadows of what Time's historic page
Reveals, when o'er the prostrate soul they sate
And laughed to scorn the thought aught could abate
The arm of force, which shook with deadly rage
When Freedom raised her lowly head. And yet
In Freedom's brighter light their shadows wane,
Though armèd knights give place to trading souls
Who dream not that the wave of progress rolls
O'er planks worm-eaten, and will not forget
Within a common grave to end their reign.

OUR COUNTRY.

"For Fatherland 'tis sweet to die!" Ah! yes,
When Fatherland is freedom, hope, and peace,
We but defend our own, and leave the lease
Intact; but when we miss the soft caress
That freemen feel, nor find protection bless
Our efforts, dooming us for others' ease
By subtle laws unwritten ne'er to cease
To walk life's treadmill round, and fiercely press
For e'en that boon, we waken from the dream.
Yet, as we ope our eyes to meet our fates,
Within each comrade's glance we catch a gleam
Of hope, who stretch their hands from rival States
And cry: "Our country yet shall be the site
Of freedom. Workers of all lands, unite!"

REVOLUTION.

There is no pause. Still forward in the van
The standard flies for which our fathers bled,
The arming hosts are still by Progress led,
Who ne'er has ceased man's winding path to scan
Since first the cry for liberty began,
And with hot zeal from field to field has sped
Victorious, as e'er before him fled
Coercion's hordes, who strove to quench in man
The fire that burns within his ardent soul,
And leads him on to wider, freer life
Than Church or State would grant. 'Tis Progress calls
Her sons again to storm the dungeon walls
That hold the means of life, and beats the roll
That bids the proletaire forth to the strife.

Dyer D. Lum.

A LETTER TO GROVER CLEVELAND.

Continued from page 3.

tract binds nothing else than rights of property. But their objections are all shallow and fallacious.

I have not space here to go into all the arguments that may be necessary to prove that contracts can have no *legal* effect, except to bind rights of property; or to show the truth of that principle in its application to all contracts whatsoever. To do this would require a somewhat elaborate treatise. Such a treatise I hope sometime to publish. For the present, I only assert the principle; and assert that the ignorance of this truth is at least one of the reasons why courts and lawyers have never been able to agree as to what "the obligation of contracts" was.

In all the cases that have now been mentioned,—that is, of minors (so-called), married women, corporations, insolvents, and in all other like cases—the tricks, or pretences, by which the courts attempt to uphold the validity of all laws that forbid persons to exercise their natural right to make their own contracts, or that annul, or impair, the *natural* "obligation" of their contracts, are these:

1. They say that, if a law forbids any particular contract to be made, such contract, being then an illegal one, can have no "obligation." Consequently, say they, the law cannot be said to impair it; because the law cannot impair an "obligation," that has never had an existence.

They say this of all contracts, that are arbitrarily forbidden; although, naturally and intrinsically, they have as valid an obligation as any others that men ever enter into, or as any that courts enforce.

By such a naked trick as this, these courts not only strike down men's natural right to make their own contracts, but even seek to evade that provision of the constitution, which they are all sworn to support, and which commands them to hold valid the *natural* "obligation" of all men's contracts; "anything in the constitutions or laws of the States to the contrary notwithstanding."

They might as well have said that, if the constitution had declared that "no State shall pass any law impairing any man's natural right to life, liberty, or property"—(that is, his *natural* right to live, and do what he will with himself and his property, so long as he infringes the right of no other person)—this prohibition could be evaded by a State law declaring that, from and after such a date, no person should have any natural right to life, liberty, or property; and that, therefore, a law arbitrarily taking from a man his life, liberty, and property, could not be said to impair his right to them, because no law could impair a right that did not exist.

The answer to such an argument as this, would be, that it is a natural truth that every man, who ever has been, or ever will be, born into the world, *necessarily has been, and necessarily will be, born with an inherent right to life, liberty, and property;* and that, in forbidding this right to be impaired, *the constitution presupposes, implies, assumes, and asserts that every man has, and will have, such a right;* and that this *natural* right is the very right, which the constitution forbids any State law to impair.

Or the courts might as well have said that, if the constitution had declared that "no State shall pass any law impairing the obligation of contracts made for the purchase of food," that provision could have been evaded by a State law forbidding any contract to be made for the purchase of food; and then saying that such contract, being illegal, could have no "obligation," that could be impaired.

The answer to this argument would be that, by forbidding any State law impairing the obligation of contracts made for the purchase of food, the constitution presupposes, implies, assumes, and asserts that such contracts have, and always will have, a *natural* "obligation"; and that this *natural* "obligation" is the very "obligation," which the constitution forbids any State law to impair.

So in regard to all other contracts. The constitution presupposes, implies, assumes, and asserts the natural truth, that certain contracts have, *and always necessarily will have*, a *natural* "obligation." And this *natural* "obligation"—which is the only real obligation that any contract can have—is the very one that the constitution forbids any State law to impair, in the case of any contract whatever that has such obligation.

And yet all the courts hold the direct opposite of this. They hold that, if a State law forbids any contract to be made, such a contract can then have no obligation; and that, consequently, no State law can impair an obligation that never existed.

But if, by forbidding a contract to be made, a State law can prevent the contract's having any obligation, State laws, by forbidding any contracts at all to be made, can prevent all contracts, thereafter made, from having any obligation; and thus utterly destroy all men's natural rights to make any obligatory contracts at all.

2. A second pretence, by which the courts attempt to evade that provision of the constitution, which forbids any State to "pass any law impairing the obligation of contracts," is this: They say that the State law, that requires, or obliges, a man to fulfil his contracts, *is itself "the obligation,"* which the constitution forbids to be impaired; and that therefore the constitution only prohibits the impairing of any law for enforcing such contracts as shall be made under it.

But this pretence, it will be seen, utterly discards the idea that contracts have any *natural* obligation. It implies that contracts have no obligation, except the laws that are made for enforcing them. But if contracts have no *natural* obligation, they have no obligation at all, *that ought to be enforced;* and the State is a mere usurper, tyrant, and robber, in passing any law to enforce them.

Plainly a State cannot rightfully enforce any contracts at all, unless they have a *natural* obligation.

3. A third pretence, by which the courts attempt to evade this provision of the constitution, is this: They say that "the law is a part of the contract" itself; and therefore cannot impair its obligation.

By this they mean that, if a law is standing upon the statute book, prescribing what obligation certain contracts shall, or shall not, have, it must then be presumed that, whenever such a contract is made, the parties intended to make it according to that law; and really to make the law a part of their contract; *although they themselves say nothing of the kind.*

This pretence, that the law is a part of the contract, is a mere trick to cheat people out of their natural right to make their own contracts; and to compel them to make only such contracts as the lawmakers choose to permit them to make.

To say that it must be presumed that the parties intended to make their contracts according to such laws as may be prescribed to them—or, what is the same thing, to make the laws a part of their contracts—is equivalent to saying that the parties must be presumed to have given up all their natural right to make their own contracts; to have acknowledged themselves imbeciles, incompetent to make reasonable contracts, and to have authorized the lawmakers to make their contracts for them; for if the lawmakers can make any part of a man's contract, and presume his consent to it, they can make a whole one, and presume his consent to it.

If the lawmakers can make any part of men's contracts, they can make the whole of them; and can, therefore, buy and sell, borrow and lend, give and receive men's property of all kinds, according to their (the lawmakers') own will, pleasure, or discretion; without the consent of the real owners of the property, and even without their knowledge, until it is too late. In short, they may take any man's property, and give it, or sell it, to whom they please, and on such conditions, and at such prices, as they please; without any regard to the rights of the owner. They may, in fact, at their pleasure, strip any, or every, man of his property, and bestow it upon whom they will; and then justify the act upon the presumption that the owner consented to have his property thus taken from him and given to others.

This absurd, contemptible, and detestable trick has had a long lease of life, and has been used as a cover for some of the greatest of crimes. By means of it, the marriage contract has been perverted into a contract, on the part of the woman, to make herself a legal non-entity, or *non compos mentis;* to give up, to her husband, all her personal property, and the control of all her real estate; and to part with her natural, inherent, inalienable right, as a human being, to direct her own labor, control her own earnings, make her own contracts, and provide for the subsistence of herself and her children.

There would be just as much reason in saying that the lawmakers have a right to make the entire marriage contract; to marry any man and woman against their will; dispose of all their personal and property rights; declare them imbeciles, incapable of making a reasonable marriage contract; then presume the consent of both the parties; and finally treat them as criminals, and their children as outcasts, if they presume to make any contract of their own.

This same trick, of holding that the law is a part of the contract, has been made to protect the private property of stockholders from liability for the debts of the corporations, of which they were members; and to protect the private property of special partners, so-called, or limited partners, from liability for partnership debts.

This same trick has been employed to justify insolvent and bankrupt laws, so-called, whereby a first creditor's right to a first mortgage on the property of his debtor, has been taken from him, and he has been compelled to take his chances with as many subsequent creditors as the debtor may succeed in becoming indebted to.

All these absurdities and atrocities have been practiced by the lawmakers of the States, and sustained by the courts, under the pretence that they (the courts) did not know what the natural "obligation of contracts" was; or that, if they did know what it was, the constitution of the United States imposed no restraint upon its unlimited violation by the State lawmakers.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

A ROMANCE.

By N. G. TCHERNYCHEWSKY.

Translated by Benj. R. Tucker.

Continued from No. 73.

The council looked at the patient, sounded her chest once more to decide whether it ought to accept or reject this proposition, and, after a long examination, much blinking of the eyes, and stifled murmurs against Kirsanoff's unintelligible science, it came back to the room adjoining the sick chamber and pronounced this decree: The patient's sufferings must be terminated by a fatal dose of morphine. After this proclamation, Kirsanoff rang for the servant and asked her to call Polosoff into the council-chamber. Polosoff entered. The gravest of the sages, in a sad and solemn form and a majestic and sorrowful voice, announced to him the decree of the council.

Polosoff was thunderstruck. Between expecting an eventual death and hearing the words: "In half an hour your daughter will be no more," there is a difference. Kirsanoff looked at Polosoff with sustained attention; he was sure of the effect; nevertheless it was a matter calculated to excite the nerves; for two minutes the stupefied old man kept silent.

"It must not be! She is dying of my obstinacy! I consent to anything! Will she get well?"

"Certainly," said Kirsanoff.

The celebrities would have been seriously offended if they had had time to dart glances at each other signifying that all understood that this urchin had played with them as if they were puppets; but Kirsanoff did not leave them time enough for the development of these observations. He told the servant to take away the drooping Polosoff, and then congratulated them on the perspicacity with which they had divined his intention, understanding that the disease was due to moral suffering, and that it was necessary to frighten the opinionated old man, who else would really have caused his daughter's death. The celebrities separated each content at hearing his perspicacity and erudition thus attested before all the others.

After having given them this certificate, Kirsanoff went to tell the patient that the policy had succeeded. At his first words she seized his hand and tried to kiss it; he withdrew it with great difficulty.

"But I shall not let your father visit you immediately to make the same announcement to you: I have first to give him a lesson concerning the way in which he must conduct himself."

He told her what advice he was going to give her father, saying that he would not leave him until he should be completely prepared.

Disturbed by all that had happened, the old man was very much cast down; he no longer viewed Kirsanoff with the same eyes, but as Maria Alexevna had formerly viewed Lopoukhoff when, in a dream, she saw him in possession of the lucrative monopoly of the liquor business. But yesterday Polosoff naturally thought in this vein: "I am older and more experienced than you, and, besides, no one in the world can surpass me in brains; as for you, a beardless boy and a *sans-culotte,* I have the less reason to listen to you from the fact that I have amassed by my own wits two millions [there were really but two millions, and not four]: first amass as much yourself, and then we will talk." Now his thought took this turn: "What a bear! What a will he has shown in this affair! He understands how to make men bend." And the more he talked with Kirsanoff, the more and more vividly was painted upon his imagination this additional picture, an old and forgotten memory of hussar life: the horseman Zakhartchenko seated on the "Gromoboy"* (at that time Joukovsky's ballads were still fashionable among young ladies, and, through them, among civil and military cavaliers), the Gromoboy galloping fast under Zakhartchenko, with torn and bleeding lips.

Polosoff was seized with fright on hearing, in answer to his first question: "Would you really have given her a fatal dose?" this reply, given quite coldly by Kirsanoff: "Why, certainly."

* The name of a ballad by Joukovsky, a romantic poet of the beginning of this century.

"What a brigand!" said Polosoff to himself. "He talks like a cook wringing a hen's neck."

"And you would have had the courage?" continued he, aloud.

"Of course; do you take me for a wet rag?"

"You are a horrible man," said and repeated Polosoff.

"That only means that you have never seen horrible men," answered Kirsanoff, with an indulgent smile, at the same time saying to himself: "You ought to see Rakhmétoff."

"But how did you persuade all these physicians?"

"Is it, then, so difficult to persuade such people?" answered Kirsanoff, with a slight grimace.

Then Polosoff recalled Zakhartchenko saying to Lieutenant Volynoff: "Must I break in this long-eared jade, your highness? I am ashamed to sit upon her."

After having put a stop to Polosoff's interminable questions, Kirsanoff began his instructions.

"Do not forget that human beings reflect coolly only when not thwarted, that they get heated only when irritated, and that they set no value on their fantasies if no attempt is made to deprive them of them and they are left free to inquire whether they are good or bad. If Solovtzoff is as bad as you say,—and I fully believe you,—your daughter will see it for herself, but only when you stop thwarting her; a single word from you against him would set the matter back two weeks, several words forever; you must hold yourself quite aloof."

The instructions were spiced with arguments of this sort: "It is not easy to make yourself do what you do not wish to do. Still, I have succeeded in such attempts, and so I know how to treat these matters; believe me, what I say must be done. I know what I say; you have only to listen."

With people like Polosoff one can act effectively only with a high hand. Polosoff was subdued, and promised to do as he was told. But while convinced that Kirsanoff was right and must be obeyed, he could not understand him at all.

"You are on my side and at the same time on my daughter's side; you order me to submit to my daughter and you wish her to change her mind. How are these two things to be reconciled?"

"It is simple enough; I only wish you not to prevent her from becoming reasonable."

Polosoff wrote a note to Solovtzoff, begging him to be good enough to call upon him concerning an important matter; that evening Solovtzoff appeared, came to an amicable but very dignified understanding with the old man, and was accepted as the daughter's intended, on the condition that the marriage should not take place inside of three months.

VII.

Kirsanoff could not abandon this affair: it was necessary to come to Katérina Vassilievna's aid to get her out of her blindness as quickly as possible, and more necessary still to watch her father and see that he adhered to the policy of non-intervention. Nevertheless, for the first few days after the crisis, he abstained from visiting the Polosoffs: it was certain that Katérina Vassilievna's state of exaltation still continued; if he should find (as he expected) her sweetheart unworthy, the very fact of betraying his dislike of him—to say nothing of directly mentioning it—would be injurious and heighten the exaltation. Ten days later Kirsanoff came, and came in the morning expressly that he might not seem to be seeking an opportunity of meeting the sweetheart, for he wished Katérina Vassilievna to consent with a good grace. Katérina Vassilievna was already well advanced on the road to recovery; she was still very pale and thin, but felt quite well, although a great deal of medicine had been given her by her illustrious physician, into whose hands Kirsanoff had resigned her, saying to the young girl: "Let him attend you; all his drugs cannot harm you now." Katérina Vassilievna welcomed Kirsanoff enthusiastically, but she looked at him in amazement when he told her why he had come.

"You have saved my life, and yet need my permission to visit us?"

"But my visit in his presence might seem to you an attempt at interference in your relations without your consent. You know my rule,—to do nothing without the consent of the person in behalf of whom I wish to act."

Coming in the evening two or three days afterwards, Kirsanoff found the sweetheart as Polosoff had painted him, and Polosoff himself—behaving satisfactorily: the well-trained old man was placing no obstacles in his daughter's path. Kirsanoff spent the evening there, not showing in any way whatever his opinion of the sweetheart, and in taking leave of Katérina Vassilievna he made no allusion to him, one way or another.

This was just enough to excite her curiosity and doubt. The next day she said to herself repeatedly: "Kirsanoff did not say a word to me about him. If he had left a good impression on him, Kirsanoff would have told me so. Can it be that he does not please him? In what respect can he be displeasing to Kirsanoff?" When the sweetheart returned the following day, she examined his manners closely, and weighed his words. She asked herself why she did this: it was to prove to herself that Kirsanoff should not or could not have found any out about him. This was really her motive. But the necessity of proving to one's self that a person whom one loves has no outs puts one in the way to find some very soon.

A few days later Kirsanoff came again, and still said nothing of the sweetheart. This time she could not restrain herself, and towards the end of the evening she said to Kirsanoff:

"Your opinion? Why do you keep silence?"

"I do not know whether it would be agreeable to you to hear my opinion; I do not know whether you would think it impartial."

"He displeases you?"

Kirsanoff made no answer.

"He displeases you?"

"I have not said so."

"It is easy to see that he does. Why, then, does he displease you?"

"I will wait for others to see the why."

The next night Katérina Vassilievna examined Solovtzoff more attentively yet.

"Everything about him is all right; Kirsanoff is unjust; but why can I not see what it is in him that displeases Kirsanoff?"

Her pride was excited in a direction most dangerous to the sweetheart.

When Kirsanoff returned a few days afterwards, he saw that he was already in a position to act more positively. Hitherto he had avoided conversations with Solovtzoff in order not to alarm Katérina Vassilievna by premature intervention. Now he made one of the group surrounding the young girl and her sweetheart, and began to direct the conversation upon subjects calculated to unveil Solovtzoff's character by dragging him into the dialogue. The conversation turned upon wealth, and it seemed to Katérina Vassilievna that Solovtzoff was far too much occupied with thoughts about wealth; the conversation turned upon women, and it seemed to her that Solovtzoff spoke of them much too lightly; the conversation turned upon family life, and she tried in vain to drive away the impression that life with such a husband would be perhaps not very inspiring, but rather painful, to a woman.

The crisis had arrived. For a long time Katérina Vassilievna could not go to sleep; she wept in vexation with herself at having injured Solovtzoff by such thoughts regarding him. "No, he is not a heartless man; he does not despise women; he loves me, and not my money." If these replies had been in answer to another's words, she would have clung to them obstinately. But she was replying to herself; now, against a truth that you have discovered yourself it is impossible to struggle long; it is your own; there is no ground for suspicion of trickery. The next evening Katérina Vassilievna herself put Solovtzoff to the test, as Kirsanoff had done the evening before.

To be continued.

Death of a Notable Nihilist.

On November 11, 1885, at Nijnaïa Kara, Siberia, died Doctor Weïmar, who was banished on suspicion of indirect participation in Solovief's attempt upon the life of Alexander II. in 1879.

Solovief, it will be remembered, both at his preliminary examination and during his trial, refused to betray any of his companions. He steadily persisted in saying that he had made the attempt of his own volition, had received no orders, and had no accomplices. He was condemned to death on June 6. With heroic stoicism he listened to the death sentence, and, when conducted to the scaffold, his firmness did not abandon him. He died courageously, carrying with him to the grave his secret and the names of his accomplices and political fellow-workers.

As for Weïmar, all that they succeeded in proving against him during the trial was the not very important fact that he had accompanied and recommended an individual who bought the revolver which Solovief used. He was further charged with having frequented the society of Pierre Lavroff during a visit to Paris. On these charges alone he was banished to Siberia.

Now that Weïmar is dead, there is no further reason to conceal the fact that he took a prominent part in several other perilous enterprises of the Russian revolutionists. Notable among them was his participation in the miraculous escape of Kropotkine. It was Weïmar who furnished and drove the horse and carriage that took away the fugitive. It was his horse also that was used by those who executed General Mezentsof, chief of the secret police and an intimate friend of the czar.

It will be remembered that the general was killed on August 16, 1878, in broad daylight, on one of the principal streets of St. Petersburg. The chief of the secret police was in the habit of taking a walk every morning, in company with his friend, Lieutenant-Colonel Makaroff. On that morning, at nine o'clock, they were accosted by two well-dressed gentlemen, apparently from twenty-five to thirty years of age. One of them struck General Mezentsof with a dagger in the left side, a little below the heart; the other fired a pistol at Colonel Makaroff, but failed to hit him. The authors of these two attacks then got into a carriage drawn by a superb horse elegantly harnessed, which was waiting for them at a distance of a few steps; the horse, which is now known to have belonged to Weïmar, started off at the top of its speed. The chief of police died that afternoon at five o'clock. Since that time neither the horse nor the executors of justice have ever been discovered.

A Woman's Warning to Reformers.

Can man be free if woman be a slave?
Chain one who lives, and breathes this boundless air,
To the corruption of a closèd grave!
Can they whose mates are beasts condemned to bear
Scorn heavier far than toil or anguish dare
To trample their oppressors? In their home,
Among their babes, thou know'st a curse would wear
The shape of woman—hoary Crime would come
Behind, and Fraud rebuild Religion's tottering dome.

Another instance that no wrong can be done to any class in society without part at least of the evil reverting to the wrong-doers is furnished in the fact that women always have been, and still are, one of the most important factors in the counter-revolution.

Men, for some purpose of their own, which they probably best understand, have always denied to women the opportunity to think; and, if some women have had courage enough to dare public opinion, and insist on thinking for themselves, they have been so beaten by that most powerful weapon in society's arsenal, ridicule, that it has effectually prevented the great majority from making any attempt to come out of slavery. Woman, entirely deprived of all intellectual enjoyment, and of all opportunities for mental growth, has been forced back upon her emotions for all the pleasure that there is in her life, and it is in this that the church always has had, and always will have, its strongest support. If you men are so constituted that you are satisfied to meet daily in the most intimate relationship persons who have no sympathy with any thought, hope, or aspiration of yours; if you are satisfied that your own homes are just the places where you are least understood; if you have no interest in the emancipation of woman for her own sake,—you ought to have some for the sake of your sons, for the sake of the cause to which you profess to be attached.

Look around you, and see how many of the children of reformers enter the reform movement. Scarcely one in a hundred; and why? Because the influence of the mother has been acting in a contrary direction. The church is wiser than you; it knows the influence of the mother on her children; it knows what a great force is needed to shatter the ideas formed in early life; it knows that its power can never be broken as long as the women are within its folds, and consequently exerts all its influence to have the future mothers entirely under its control. Do you know that there is a large society of working-girls, directed by philanthropic ladies in New York, Yonkers, and Hoboken, and probably in other cities, in which the girls are given lessons in embroidery, art, science, etc., and are incidentally told of the evils of trades-unions, the immorality of strikes, and of the necessity of being "satisfied with the condition to which it has pleased God to call them"? Do you know that it is the very best and brightest of the working-girls that are being entrapped into these organizations, the girls with a yearning for higher culture, greater growth, than the narrow conditions of their life afford them?

How long are you going to be blind to the fact, which the backward Russian long ago recognized, that, unless you convert the women, you are engaged in but a Sisyphus labor, that what you gain in one generation is lost in the next, and all because women are supposed to have no intelligence to which you can appeal. You do not know whether they have intelligence or not, for you have never tried to find out. There are even Anarchists of my acquaintance who, when their wives or sisters enter the room, immediately change not only the serious topics of conversation, but change the very tones of their voices, in order to come down to the level of the supposed inferiority. Well, I give you warning of what persistence in this line of action will lead to; what you build up, the women will pull down. On your own heads be the penalty, if you fail to heed it.

GERTRUDE B. KELLY.

Land Nationalization.

In J. K. Ingalls's "Social Wealth," several passages leave the cursory reader in doubt of the author's definite aims. Among these, in the beginning of his criticism upon that unflinching defender of capitalism and land monopoly, Mr. Mallock, (p. 161), he writes: "Mr. Mallock thinks a *remedy like 'nationalization of the land,' or 'limitation of estates in land,'* would be like prohibiting the sale of knives, because they were sometimes used feloniously to take life." Here it would seem to be assumed by Mallock and allowed by Ingalls that nationalization of the soil is a process analogous to limitation of proprietorship, which is contrary to all our experience thus far, in the management of public lands, either by the United States or by particular States. Mr. Ingalls has also cited many historians to prove that the same betrayal of trust and privilege extended to monopolists, while disinheriting the mass of citizens, have ensued upon the national assumption of property in the soil of conquered countries in the Roman, the German, the English, and other traditions. Everywhere, with a fatal monotony to the slaves rescued from carnage by cupidity, the serfdom of the victors has succeeded, and both now stand upon the dreary level of an exploited proletariat. The Nation, the State, Government, has ever been an intermediary organ of spoliation, confiscating the soil from its cultivator and organizing landlordry.

Is Mr. Ingalls a State Socialist appealing to Government as a remedy for the evils it has caused? No; if nationalization is here quoted as a remedy against monopoly, it is only by deference to the reputation of Alfred Russell Wallace, who has artificially connected the limitation of proprietary land tenure with the revival of those feudal traditions which in the English land laws are still vivacious, and acknowledge the supreme title of the State as feudal chief.

Mr. Wallace pays homage to this in a *quit-rent* tax to be levied on the original value of the land distinguished from values added by labor, as in H. George's plan, though not, as in the latter, levied up to its full value. This distinction would of necessity be arbitrary, be left to somebody's discretion, or else really unequal by its assumption of equality; since between values and areas there is no parity.

For the rest, Mr. Wallace proposes occupancy as a principle of limitation, but no definite areas and no basis on which to compute them are stated. No British subject is to be excluded from occupancy, and sales freely allowed; but subletting prohibited,—a fantastic scheme of legislation. Mr. Ingalls relies exclusively on public opinion enlightened by science and the sense of justice for the restoration of the soil to the laborer; who on his side may help public opinion with a patent cyclone wire-fence cutter and a few bullet-headed arguments.

Mr. Wallace's prospective liberality is not to touch any living soul among the privileged, but he forgets to add that it begs the question of that posterity which, educated in privilege, will have its own say about the execution of the new legislation, when it comes to the scratch. This legislation for the exclusive benefit of future generations may be admirably conservative in its *intentions* to avoid revolutionary bloodshed; it recommends itself especially to the priests, from whose promised treasures in heaven it has taken the quiescent hint, and both systems require equal doses of faith. Mr. Wallace, be it remembered, is not merely a naturalist, which is positive, but an evolutionist, which is comparative, and a spiritualist, which is superlative, and may carry the endowment of prophecy. The feature of compulsory taxation, as applied to land *per se*, as an original value belonging to the State, representing the collective humanity, is a bit of political quackery common to Wallace and to George. The "Summary," quoted from Wallace, does not provide for the *limitation* to which it alludes, in the clause of *occupying ownership*, which, by the employment of machinery and hired labor, might legally cover any number of acres. Probably Mr. Wallace has not formulated his plan in a business way, but merely suggested its aims and directions.

As to the extension by that promising youth, Clark, in the "higher law of property," to "the bounty of Nature in the whole material universe outside of man," reverting to Humanity, alias Uncle Sam, by a two per cent. death rate, Ingalls, no longer restrained by his respect for popular reputations, fearlessly pricks the economic bubble.

He computes that two per cent. on all assets, including land, would amount to a double tithe, which State and Church may share, and he says of *Taxation*, that *its power is the very essence of despotism*. About this artifice for "correcting Nature's blunders," he remarks: "What neither George nor Clark seem capable of comprehending is that the civil power to collect rent, make compulsory exchanges, and enforce unequal contracts is the evil to be abated, and not the inability of Nature to bestow her bounty as she desires, or to effect the economy she intends."

How loose a thinker, and at the same time how besotted with the arrogance of despotic capitalism using government as its tool, is Henry George appears from a paragraph quoted by Ingalls, which begins with "All taxes must come from the produce of land and labor, since there is no other source of wealth than the union of *human exertion* with the material and forces of Nature," and ends with "We can tax land whether cultivated or uncultivated or left waste, wealth whether used productively or unproductively, and laborers whether they work or play." This metaphysical humbug about Nature as a preface to the most fantastic and arbitrary legislation, so fashionable with our demagogues, gives a pitiful idea of the public intelligence on which it can impose, and which mistakes for original genius of statemanship the rehash of a criticism upon patent abuses, now ventilated for the hundred thousandth time, and which St. Simon, Fourier, Owen, and Proudhon completed in the last generation.

Mr. Ingalls in several places flouts "the empiricism of political platforms," the petrifaction of legal enactments, speak of the multitude "fruitlessly following the *ignis fatuus* of legislating justice into human relations and rectifying wrong by use of the ballot," "organizing temperance by legal prohibition," etc.

He alludes here and there to Anarchy as if deferring to conventional prejudices; yet, to be a pronounced Anarchist, he lacks only the courage of his convictions.

EDGEWORTH.

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

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"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 "Liberal" Love of Government.

[Rejected by the New York Truth Seeker.]

To the Editor of the Truth Seeker:

DEAR SIR,—It is with great pleasure that I notice that Mr. Tucker and the "brainy but sophistical gentlemen who write editorials for his paper" are having an effect on the thoughts of the "Liberals." If they only succeed in awaking thought, all that they wish for will follow in due order. If the Liberals will stop but a moment to consider the position they have taken, they will find it very illogical. They tell us that they do not want to be taxed to support churches, or schools, almshouses, charitable institutions run in the interest of the established churches. Very good; neither do we; but we are more consistent, and we beg to be excused from being taxed to support any institutions whatsoever that we do not believe in. If the State has no right to say to what church we shall go, what religious doctrines we shall be taught, has it the right to say to what schools we shall go, what kind of science we shall be taught, what we shall drink, eat, or wear, what we shall read or look at, or how we shall amuse ourselves? You say the State has no right to enforce Sunday laws or to enforce Christian morality in any way; that is very good; that is in the right direction; we agree with you; just carry out your thought a little further, and you will arrive at Anarchy after all.

You seem, Mr. Editor, to be very much afraid of having government abolished, for we should then have nothing to protect us from thieves. No, but what have we now to protect us from the government, the biggest thief of all? If the real robber is the State, which originated in aggression, and whose only reason for existence is to support robbery in one form or another, must we keep it in existence to prevent the slight filchings of those whom the very conditions fostered by the State have made vicious?

If the crimes of individuals, as Quetelet, the great French statistician, says (*L'experience demontre en effet, avec toute l'evidence possible, cette opinion, que pourra sembler paradoxale au premier abord, que c'est la société qui prépare le crime, et que le coupable n'est que l'instrument qui l'exécute.*"—*Sur l'Homme*, Vol. II, p. 325), are only the results of society's own work, must we forever go on nourishing the cause of the crime? Governments were not instituted to promote justice, but to maintain and to foster injustice. There were no governments, until one tribe conquered another, and appropriated its persons and properties. It then set up a machine to keep itself in power, and to aid it in extorting from its subjects all that it could possibly take. (See Spencer, "*Political Institutions.*") As was its birth, so has its life been; it lives, acts, and grows only on extortion and injustice. If you, Mr. Editor, will look back through history, and show us a single instance where government has done good, we shall be extremely obliged to you, for it is more than we have ever been able to find out. It occasionally seems to do good, but then it simply ceases to do harm, or at best undoes a little of the evil which it itself created. It has passed some laws against the employment of children in factories, it has passed some Anti-Corn laws, etc., it has abolished slavery, but were not these evils at first fostered by the government, and allowed to grow to the monstrous size they did under government protection, and only cast aside by the government, when it found that it or they should go? If the government did not favor the monopoly of lands, money, etc., in the hands of the few, there would have been no necessity to pass laws preventing the working people from grinding their children to death in the factories; if it had not protected the slave-holders in their property, the slavery question could have been settled without bloodshed. No, no, Mr. Editor, if there is one thing more than all others that we need protection from, it is government. Every advance in the world has been made in opposition to government. It is you, not the Anarchists, that are talking "bosh," when you speak of the government as the protector of Liberty. When I was a child in the country, and saw the first telegraph lines, and asked what they were for, I was told "they were to tell if you touched them." This answer has often been called to my mind since by persons who tell us that government is a "necessary evil," a something to be watched, that "the people are oppressed by the natural tyranny of those they have chosen to enforce their rules." We set up a government to protect our liberties, and then set to work to watch it, to see that *it* does not steal our liberties. What a protector! Why not spend all the energy in minding our own affairs ourselves? What is the necessity of setting up something "to tell if we touch it"?

But the part of your argument that struck me as most curious, Mr. Editor, was that we need the government to protect us from the priests! This is news to me, and I am sure it will be to most of your readers, who find themselves subjected to the priests only through the power of the government. Strange, that all along we have thought that the governments and the priests acted together to crush out the movement towards freedom. But light breaks in upon us now; we have been reading history wrong; the Spanish government did not help the Inquisition; the English government did not help in the persecution of the Jews, Catholics, and Puritans by the Established Church; the American government has nothing to do now with the crushing of the Mormons by the Christians, with the Comstock laws, with the Sunday laws; no, oh! no, the government protects us from the priests!

We should feel sorry for you Liberals in your inconsistency, our hearts should go out to you in sincere pity, did we not know that the "logic of events" will force you step by step to give up adherence to the government, as it forced the Abolitionists before you, in order to maintain the position that you have taken in the Church question, or it will force you out of the reform movement altogether. That you recognize that Anarchy is the millennium is already something gained, and the sooner you join the ranks of those that are marching towards it, the better it will be for your cause. Sooner or later you will be forced to recognize that you cannot break the power of the Church, without breaking that of the State on which it is supported; but, until then, your work will be in a great measure wasted. All we can wish for you is "Light, more Light!" GERTRUDE B. KELLY.

Louise Michel's Release.

[L'Intransigeant, January 16.]

We announced yesterday the release of Louise Michel; our excellent friend will permit us to edify our readers concerning her whom they justly consider the heroine of the socialistic cause, which is also the cause of humanity.

On the death of her mother, whom she adored, Louise Michel was plunged in such deep despair that for a time fears were felt lest she might lose her health and life. Study and labor saved her.

Since that time she has occupied in the prison of Saint-Lazare a rather spacious square room, furnished with a table, a few chairs, and an earthenware stove. In one corner was her trunk, containing a little clothing.

Her table was covered with books and papers. She wrote almost all day, and composed during her imprisonment several works, which will doubtless soon be published.

We know, from persons confined in Saint-Lazare during the same period, how well she knew how to win the love of the entire *personnel*—singularly mixed—inhabiting that prison.

Did any one send her provisions, dainties, or other things? Quickly she hastened to distribute them secretly among the unfortunate who seemed to need them; especially among the children, for it is well known that, up to the age of three years, infants are allowed to share the fate of their imprisoned mothers.

It is a matter of public notoriety that Louise Michel is very fond of cats, of which she has several. She had them with her at Saint-Lazare.

Everybody knows the story of the spider tamed by Pélisson in the Bastile. The gentle patience of Louise Michel obtained a result still more surprising.

Her little chamber was located directly under the roof. A large number of gutter rats gnawing the walls and windows often ventured to show their noses in the apartment. Hunger is such an audacious counsellor! Louise Michel noticed this, and, subduing the race-instinct of her cats, she succeeded in enticing into her room these guests from the roof and in making the rats and cats eat together upon her floor, crumbling for them a little of her bread.

On Thursday, January 14, at two o'clock in the afternoon, while Louise Michel was at work on her last book, the director of the prison abruptly notified her that her pardon had just been signed by the president of the republic.

Our friend's first move was to protest, as she had already done once before. A pardon! Who, then, had taken the liberty to ask for it in her name?

Immediately she took her pen and began to write to M. Grévy and the prefect of police to refuse a measure which she regarded as an insult.

"I do not want at any price," said she to M. Gragnon, "a pardon or a partial amnesty, and I do not hesitate to declare that those who desire to act in this way are free to carry out their cowardice, but not to make others do likewise."

As for M. Grévy, she asked him if it was not his intention to restore the empire by acting in this way.

Two hours later a tall, dry, stiff individual appeared in Louise Michel's room.

It was the prefect's first subordinate, who came, on the part of his master, to tell the prisoner that, if she did not leave Saint-Lazare voluntarily, he would be obliged to use force.

"I saw," says Louise Michel, "that these people, having done everything they could that was odious, were now ready to render me ridiculous."

"Very well, monsieur," said she, in answer to M. Gragnon's messenger, "I will not play a farce, I will not make a spectacle of myself to furnish pasturage for your comic journals. But remember that I reserve the right not to consider myself as pardoned and to act as I please."

On leaving Saint-Lazare Thursday evening, about half past six, Louise Michel went directly, with a friend, Madame D——, notifying no one else, to the rooms which she is now occupying.

These rooms form a part of a house owned by Citizen Moïse, municipal councillor. When Louise lost her mother, her furniture was transferred from the Boulevard d'Ornano to this house, Citizen Moïse having declared his intention to reserve this part of his house for the prisoner to occupy as soon as she should be free and for as many years as she might like.

Many times Louise Michel had said to our friend Rouillon that she desired that the room destined for her might look like that occupied by her mother. It was in obedience to this sentiment that Citizen Rouillon arranged the furniture himself, disposing the various articles in the same order as at the Boulevard d'Ornano.

This house is in Levallois-Perret, 89 Rue d'Asnières, now named Rue Victor Hugo. It is at the back of a large garden enclosed by an iron railing. The garden wears a gloomy aspect at this season because of the absence of foliage, but must be very charming during the fine weather.

The rooms are on the second floor, front. Much light, a free horizon, and a view of sky and fields. A more agreeable retreat could not have been chosen.

One of the rooms is a large study, where Louise Michel found again her desk, her books, and a piano. Adjoining is a sleeping-room, modestly furnished with a bed, an old commode, and the armchair in which her mother almost always sat. The happiness of Louise Michel at sight of all these objects which remind her so directly of her who is no more cannot be described.

There she slept the first night after her liberation. She received no visit except that of Madame Ferré, with whom she passed the evening.

The next morning, immediately after rising, our friend visited the cemetery of Levallois to see the tomb of her mother, who is buried in the vault of Ferré, shot at Satory, and his admirable sister.

As may be supposed, we were not the last to go to shake hands with our good Louise, as she is called by all who love her.

Must it be said? Why not? It is to her credit. We found her still very much irritated over the measure taken in regard to her. Her generous soul overflowed with indignation and bitterness.

Continued on page 8.

IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 74.

Many protested, without going so far as to vouch for the gentleman, simply to avoid confessing that they must agree with their comrade's opinion, and also to keep from giving way to discouragement.

The contagious fear, nevertheless, attacked them, and enervated, one after another, the whole company. Before the evening was fairly set in, they resolved to send out scouts, and appointed for this object Arklow and five or six resolute young men.

They decided to distribute themselves in all directions where there was any chance, in consequence of forced retreats and *détours* necessitated by the course of the enemy, of meeting the chief and his escort, and, failing to find him, they would rally at Bunclody.

They shook hands; they might meet the English riflemen, or Gowan's wretches, and their fate in either case would be sealed. If a man was alone at this hour beyond the open roads, his business — especially since the last week — was clear.

Arklow clambered up a steep foot-path which led by the side of the farm of Nicklosein, where they had sent the gelder. An old sailor, used to climbing, he came out very soon on a plain which commanded a view of an immense stretch of country, and, in the darkness which reigned, he tried to distinguish some one.

He perceived no one any where; but flashes of light were tinting the horizon and tongues of fire were licking a curtain of smoke which grew in height at first, then in breadth, as the wind unrolled it. A conflagration? Where? Doubtless at Neyrandy. At least it was in that direction.

To better his view, he looked about for a tree to climb; there was none at hand; but the gigantic cross of a calvary rose, unfolding its arms; he hoisted himself up as if he were climbing the mast of a ship; as he passed over the Christ, the rust-eaten nails gave way, and it fell to the ground.

Vexed by this accident, he nevertheless finished his ascent, and took observations more at his ease. Neyrandy was not burning; the flames, more intense, more lofty every second, devoured, beyond, the hamlet of Tiffenhos.

"Probably on account of the blacksmith!" said Arklow, in sorrowful wrath.

And, still vigilant, he kept peering in every direction, endowed with a rare acuteness of vision acquired in his capacity of a sailor, who had been obliged to take observations in thick fogs and darkness.

The land everywhere — earth, grass, bushes — grew darker and darker, except the roads which remained pale and the great stones which still glistened in their whiteness; a man walking became difficult to distinguish from a tree swung by the wind; nevertheless, Arklow distinguished a moving human mass.

It went along by the side of the road with an uncertain gait, as if stumbling over the stones; at last it went heels over head, got up again, staggered, and fell again to rise no more.

"It is Casper!" said Edith's husband.

And he scrambled down from his observatory in order to run to the spot, and learn from the drunken fellow, whom he would shake, whether Harvey had joined him.

The road being winding on account of the hills, Arklow cut across lots, across meadows, across woods, leaping over trunks of uprooted trees which barred his way and over fences, jumping in the darkness from heights of fifteen or twenty feet. Often the earth fell in at the top under the weight of his spring, and below under the weight of his fall.

Once it seemed to him as if he were leaping into space, and would break his skull on fragments of rock, or bury his head in the sand up to his chest. But by an unprecedented exertion of strength, he fell on his feet like a cat, continued his course without a sprain, without dislocation, without a scratch, and went on in the darkness, the intensity of which constantly increased, like a phantom hunter, displacing, as would a water-spout, the vibrating air, startling the game squatted on the edge of its burrows, crushing under the soles of his boots the crackling branches, and now and then throwing out sparks under his feet.

In his haste he lost his way, but found it again very soon, settling upon a mark and setting out again more bravely, more swiftly, ah! yes! than a breathless horse, his elbows at his sides, in a wonderful way for an old sailor, not as familiar as other people with *terra firma*.

When he came out on the road, at the place where this beast of a Casper was working off his disgusting drunkenness, he did not see him anywhere; but the blackguard, though he had been able to regain his legs, had not been able to drag himself very far; he lay close by; Arklow listened; a snore which sounded like the noise of a flail guided him; the gelder, in the *scoria* of his drunkenness swept by his seal-like breath, short and oppressed, lay asleep, on his stomach, with clenched fists, at the side of a ditch, stuck in the mud, his head lower than his body.

Unquestionably, apoplexy awaited him; it swelled his arteries; he would die soon, giving up his unclean life in a hiccough or a repulsive vomiting. Arklow asked himself if he should help him, if he should not leave him to die so, if it would not be a beautiful death compared with that which he would suffer as a traitor if Burn's suspicions should be confirmed!

But humanity prevailed, as did also the desire to be enlightened, however incompletely, however stingily, on the subject of Harvey!

"Hello! hello! Casper! dirty pig . . . wake up."

But he saw upon reflection that these amiable appellations, even accompanied by a succession of blows on his shoulder-blades or the roughest sort of punches, would have no effect.

"Casper! Casper!" he cried in his ear, "here is a glass to drink; say, will you empty it? Where did you so fill yourself to overflowing?"

The tympanum of the drunken man, which no other summons would have reached, moved, and a growl testified that the stupefied brain of the deplorable personage had comprehended the invitation.

At the same time, he tried to rise; with much assistance he managed to get himself in a horizontal position on the road, and his head level with his heels; but this was the only result of his forced energy, though vainly lashed by Arklow, who whipped him, defied him in vain to drink, calling him a coward, an idler, a brat at the breast, who cared more for milk than for gin!

He turned him over on his back, tickled his face and nose with a wisp of grass moistened with dew, and grasped locks of his hair and pulled them hard; but no result! Nothing but the snoring, which began again, sonorous, guttural, hoarse, interrupted only by occasional snorts.

Arklow surely would not get a word out of him; so, charitably pushing him back into the ditch, that an improbable carriage might not drive its wheels into his flesh, he set out for the farm.

But a singular phenomenon arrested his attention, puzzling him. At the distance of perhaps a league fluttered in the black plain a saraband of lights. They advanced with very great speed, judging by their growing intensity, then ran right and left, fading away to glimmers, minute burning points, and then disappeared. Suddenly increasing, they appeared at a distance of perhaps only a mile, dancing about, and again disappearing, suddenly, like a fire which is blown out.

And this sport lasted, passing again through the same phases, the same alternations of appearance, growth, aberration, and disappearance.

Old women would have piously crossed themselves, imploring the Lord in behalf of these wandering and outcast souls; younger ones would have run away, their teeth chattering, or crouched down in some thicket, praying to heaven on their own account. Arklow believed neither in ghosts nor in will-o'-the-wisps, and for this reason, infinitely more perplexed, foreseeing the reality of a danger, he desired to solve the enigma, and directed his steps towards the mysterious vision.

It approached, and now to the luminous display was added a confusion of vociferations, blasphemies, a stamping of horses' hoofs, neighings interrupted by cries of anger, blows furiously applied, and clashings of drawn swords and scabbards rattling at the sides of the wearers in their mad haste.

"The Gowans, the Infernal Mob!" said Arklow.

He was not mistaken. It was really Gowan's band.

It whirled in a frenzy of furious madness, veritably possessed, not only morally, but physically, and the blows which rained more thickly and with excessive fury, the collisions between horsemen, and the exchange of challenges to temporary duels made the Bunclodyan hope that he might finally witness the fitting destruction of the bandits by themselves.

His illusion, alas! was not prolonged. Gowan, calling his men, each in turn by his name, threatening to blow their brains out or crack their skulls if they did not follow him without protest like faithful dogs, awed them, disciplined their madness, and led them at full speed.

Arklow had only time to take refuge behind the trunk of an enormous tree; the charge passed like a hurricane, the noise of the bushes breaking under it sounding like a succession of gunpowder explosions.

They tore up the stones, which flew as terrible as bullets. One of the soldiers bruised his thigh against the tree which shielded the old sailor, making a noise that sounded like the discharge of a piece of artillery.

"But they are drunk!" said Arklow.

And by the smoking light of the lanterns which certain ones carried fastened to the points of their sabres, by the glimmer of the lights fixed to the saddle-bows, attached to the stirrups, and hung to the breastplates and cruppers, he could see that not one could keep his equilibrium.

They rolled in their saddles, swayed on the backs of their beasts, oscillated forward and backward; movements too abrupt threw them back their whole length, and, as they did not slacken the reins, but, on the contrary, tightened them, the horses reared as if they would scale the heavens, scattering the light, increasing the shadows, and enlarging the profiles into gigantic proportions.

Five or six together were lying on the neck of their horse; he half relieved himself of them; some beat the air with both arms, as if about to fall; the others appeared to go quietly to sleep.

They did sleep in fact, their fingers set into the horses' manes, borne along in the general sweep of which Arklow perceived no longer anything but the confused mass and noise; a vague uproar of remarks and reflections communicated in an undertone.

One of the fellows wheeled about and went back. Gowan, who was watching him, denounced him in abusive language borrowed from the vocabulary of galley-slaves or prostitutes.

"We are still on the wrong road," said the man.

"Hold on! Take the road to Paradise!" answered sharply the ex-valet of Newington, pulling the trigger of his carbine.

The frightened rebel, scratched by the projectile, turned about, took his place in the file, and the gang henceforth continued to move on with no new incident, following always the track of the flames of the lanterns which were beginning to detach themselves, having burned their strings and cruelly bitten the horses, wounded also by the fragments of glass.

Arklow stood frozen to the spot, surprised, dazed; but he recovered himself promptly, pulled up his feet, and rushed in pursuit of the guerillas.

The discharge of the weapon lighting up still more the leader of this mob, Edith's husband had perceived a human body, extended like a mantle across the shoulders of Gowan's horse, and a sudden, intense foreboding said to him that it was the body or the corpse of Harvey, hung by Casper, and that the intoxication of the gelder and of all his acolytes was the result of the libations poured out in honor of this capital prize!

In his turn, he swore.

Why had he not seen and divined sooner, when the gang filed past him? He would have thrown himself between the horse's legs; he would have seized him by the nostrils, overthrown him, choked him, and, in the uproar produced by this unexpected attack, who knows? perhaps he would have saved the prisoner?

In any case, he would have done his duty. They would have knocked him down, they would have killed him, no matter! remorse at having failed in sagacity, in initiative, in presence of mind, weighed upon him more than death under those conditions.

Now what presumption to keep his already diminishing and fading hope of overtaking the highway robbers! He could hear no longer the gallop or the voices; the last lights that they carried were successively extinguished. He put his hand to his forehead; a fever was mounting there; he set his nails in his temples; the thought occurred to him that, if he could kill himself, his self-reproaches would not torture him longer; but this weakness seemed to him unworthy; he began to run again.

The others, meanwhile, rushed straight on, without hesitation, without making a halt, or giving a breathing-spell to the tired horses, whose pasterns were stained with blood from contact with the briars and projecting stones; several, annoyed by pressure on the curb, ran away, and several fell down; but the unbridled course of the others went on none the less in the silence and torpor of the last stage of drunkenness. No more brawling, no more irritation, no more madness: a torpidity of mind and body! The memory of the day's events lived no longer in them, nor the consciousness of their actions. Inert, all rode on without knowing or asking why or toward what end. They would have continued indefinitely without troubling themselves, without complaining, about the length of their journey. Had there been an abyss under their feet, they would have fallen into it without feeling any impression of their descent, going to their death as peaceably as to the stable.

Gowan, however, in his capacity of leader, did not lose himself entirely. A misty instinct of his responsibility floated in his leaden brain. An obliteration of important facts which he tried to seize again rose before his eyes; but what facts? They related to this body which hit him in the knees and forced him to sit uncomfortably and insecurely on the extremity of his saddle; but the connection escaped him.

For what motive, then, had he burdened himself with this encumbrance?

The corpse of the blacksmith they had completely mangled on the anvil; after the hands they had forged the head, which, not being malleable, had broken under the first blows of the hammer.

He stooped down, stretching out his hand and passing it over the whole length of the body which he carried. The head hung intact; to whom did it belong?

A very dim recollection crossed his mind; the face of Casper outlined itself and then that of an elegant and fine gentleman,—Sir? Sir! Sir! Hov . . . Herv . . . Ber . . . . Harvey!

Harvey! Harvey! . . . . But the name signified nothing to him, nor the personage . . . . although he well knew, although he recalled in the mists, in the night, in the darkness of his drunkenness, that the name and that the individual had a significance of the first order! His horse suddenly stopped, frightened; he had just perceived, by the smoky light of the last lantern, the calvary and the cross where, an hour before, the sailor Arklow had hoisted himself.

"Oh! oh!" said Gowan, recognizing the instrument of execution, and struck with an idea,—one of those ideas which he never lacked,—"oh! oh! we will have some fun!"

To be continued.

A LETTER TO GROVER CLEVELAND.

ON

His False, Absurd, Self-Contradictory, and Ridiculous Inaugural Address.

By LYSANDER SPOONER.

[The author reserves his copyright in this letter.]

SECTION XX.

But, not content with having always sanctioned the unlimited power of the *State* lawmakers to abolish all men's natural right to make their own contracts, the Supreme Court of the United States has, within the last twenty years, taken pains to assert that congress also has the arbitrary power to abolish the same right.

1. It has asserted the arbitrary power of congress to abolish all men's right to make their own contracts, by asserting its power *to alter the meaning of all contracts, after they are made*, so as to make them widely, or wholly, different from what the parties had made them.

Thus the court has said that, after a man has made a contract to pay a certain number of dollars, at a future time,—*meaning such dollars as were current at the time the contract was made*,—congress has power to coin a dollar of less value than the one agreed on, and authorize the debtor to pay his debt with a dollar of less value than the one he had promised.

To cover up this infamous crime, the court asserts, over and over again,—what no one denies,—that congress has power (constitutionally speaking) to alter, at pleasure, the value of its coins. But it then asserts that congress has this additional, and wholly different, power, to wit, the power to declare that this alteration in the value of the coins *shall work a corresponding change in all existing contracts for the payment of money.*

In reality they say that a contract to pay money is not a contract to pay any particular amount, or value, of such money as was known and understood by the parties at the time the contract was made, *but only such, and so much, as congress shall afterwards choose to call by that name, when the debt shall become due.*

They assert that, by simply retaining the name, while altering the thing,—*or by simply giving an old name to a new thing*,—congress has power to utterly abolish the contract which the parties themselves entered into, and substitute for it any such new and different one, as they (congress) may choose to substitute.

Here are their own words:

The contract obligation . . . . was not a duty to pay gold or silver, or the kind of money recognized by law at the time when the contract was made, nor was it a duty to pay money of equal intrinsic value in the market. . . . But the obligation of a contract to pay money is to pay that which the law shall recognize as money when the payment is to be made.—*Legal Tender Cases*, 12 *Wallace* 548.

This is saying that the obligation of a contract to pay money is not an obligation to pay what both the law and the parties recognize as money, *at the time when the contract is made*, but only such substitute as congress shall afterwards prescribe, "*when the payment is to be made.*"

This opinion was given by a majority of the court in the year 1870.

In another opinion the court says:

Under the power to coin money, and to regulate its value, congress may issue coins of the same denomination [that is, bearing the same name] as those already current by law, but of less intrinsic value than those, by reason of containing a less weight of the precious metals, *and thereby enable debtors to discharge their debts by the payment of coins of the less real value.* A contract to pay a certain sum of money, without any stipulation as to the kind of money in which it shall be made, may always be satisfied by payment of that sum [that is, that *nominal* amount] *in any currency which is lawful money at the place and time at which payment is to be made.*—*Juilliard vs. Greenman*, 110 *U. S. Reports*, 449.

This opinion was given by the entire court—save one, Field—at the October term of 1883.

Both these opinions are distinct declarations of the power of congress to alter men's contracts, *after they are made*, by simply retaining the name, while altering the thing, that is agreed to be paid.

In both these cases, the court means distinctly to say that, *after the parties to a contract have agreed upon the number of dollars to be paid*, congress has power to reduce the value of the dollar, and authorize all debtors to pay the less valuable dollar, instead of the one agreed on.

In other words, the court means to say that, after a contract has been made for the payment of a certain number of dollars, *congress has power to alter the meaning of the word dollar*, and thus authorize the debtor to pay in something different from, and less valuable than, the thing he agreed to pay.

Well, if congress has power to alter men's contracts, *after they are made*, by altering the meaning of the word dollar, and thus reducing the value of the debt, it has a precisely equal power to *increase* the value of the dollar, and thus compel the debtor to pay *more* than he agreed to pay.

Congress has evidently just as much right to *increase* the value of the dollar, after a contract has been made, as it has to *reduce* its value. It has, therefore, just as much right to cheat debtors, by compelling them to pay *more* than they agreed to pay, as it has to cheat creditors, by compelling them to accept *less* than they agreed to accept.

All this talk of the court is equivalent to asserting that congress has the right to alter men's contracts at pleasure, *after they are made*, and make them over into something, or anything, wholly different from what the parties themselves had made them.

And this is equivalent to denying all men's right to make their own contracts, or to acquire any contract rights, which congress may not *afterward*, at pleasure, alter, or abolish.

It is equivalent to saying that the words of contracts are not to be taken in the sense in which they are used, by the parties themselves, at the time when the contracts are entered into, but only in such different senses as congress may choose to put upon them at any future time.

If this is not asserting the right of congress to abolish altogether men's natural right to make their own contracts, what is it?

Incredible as such audacious villainy may seem to those unsophisticated persons, who imagine that a court of law should be a court of justice, it is nevertheless true, that this court intended to declare the unlimited power of congress to alter, at pleasure, the contracts of parties, *after they have been made*, by altering the kind and amount of money by which the contracts may be fulfilled. That they intended all this, is proved, not only by the extracts already given from their opinions, but also by the whole tenor of their arguments—too long to be repeated here—and more explicitly by these quotations, *viz.:*

There is no well-founded distinction to be made between the constitutional validity of an act of congress declaring treasury notes a legal tender for the payment of debts contracted after its passage, and that of an act making them a legal tender for the discharge of *all* debts, *as well those incurred before, as those made after, its enactment.*—*Legal Tender Cases*, 12 *Wallace* 530 (1870).

Every contract for the payment of money, simply, is necessarily subject to the constitutional power of the government over the currency, whatever that power may be, *and the obligation of the parties is, therefore, assumed with reference to that power.*—12 *Wallace* 549.

Contracts for the payment of money are subject to the authority of congress, *at least so far as relates to the means of payment.*—12 *Wallace* 549.

The court means here to say that "every contract for the payment of money, simply," is necessarily made, by the parties, *subject to the power of congress to alter it afterward*—by altering the kind and value of the money with which it may be paid—*into anything, into which* they (congress) *may choose to alter it.*

And this is equivalent to saying that all such contracts are made, by the parties, *with the implied understanding that the contracts, as written and signed by themselves, do not bind either of the parties to anything;* but that they simply suggest, or initiate, some non-descript or other, which congress may afterward convert into a binding contract, *of such a sort, and only such a sort, as* they (congress) *may see fit to convert it into.*

Every one of these judges knew that no two men, having common honesty and common sense,—unless first deprived of all power to make their own contracts,—would ever enter into a contract to pay money, with any understanding that the government had any such arbitrary power as the court here ascribes to it, to alter their contract after it should be made. Such an absurd contract would, in reality, be no *legal* contract at all. It would be a mere gambling agreement, having, naturally and really, no *legal* "obligation" at all.

But further. A *solvent* contract to pay money is in reality—in law, and in equity—*a bona fide mortgage upon the debtor's property.* And this mortgage right is as veritable a right of property, as is any right of property, that is conveyed by a warranty deed. And congress has no more right to invalidate this mortgage, by a single iota, than it has to invalidate a warranty deed of land. And these judges will sometime find out that such is "the obligation of contracts," if they ever find out what "the obligation of contracts" is.

The justices of that court have had this question—what is "the obligation of contracts"?—before them for seventy years, and more. But they have never agreed among themselves—even by so many as a majority—as to what it is. And this disagreement is very good evidence that *none* of them have known what it is; for if any one of them had known what it is, he would doubtless have been able, long ago, to enlighten the rest.

Considering the vital importance of men's contracts, it would evidently be more to the credit of these judges, if they would give their attention to this question of "the obligation of contracts," until they shall have solved it, than it is to be telling fifty millions of people that they have no right to make any contracts at all, except such as congress has power to invalidate after they shall have been made. Such assertions as this, coming from a court that cannot even tell us what "the obligation of contracts" is, are not entitled to any serious consideration. On the contrary, they show us what farces and impostures these judicial opinions—or decisions, as they call them—are. They show that these judicial oracles, as men call them, are no better than some of the other so-called oracles, by whom mankind have been duped.

But these judges certainly never will find out what "the obligation of contracts" is, until they find out that men have the natural right to make their own contracts, and unalterably fix their "obligation"; and that governments can have no power whatever to make, unmake, alter, or invalidate that "obligation."

Still further. Congress has the same power over weights and measures that it has over coins. And the court has no more right or reason to say that congress has power to alter existing contracts, by altering the value of the coins, than it has to say that, after any or all men have, for value received, entered into contracts to deliver so many bushels of wheat or other grain, so many pounds of beef, pork, butter, cheese, cotton, wool, or iron, so many yards of cloth, or so many feet of lumber, congress has power, by altering these weights and measures, to alter all these existing contracts, so as to convert them into contracts to deliver only half as many, or to deliver twice as many, bushels, pounds, yards, or feet, as the parties agreed upon.

To add to the farce, as well as to the iniquity, of these judicial opinions, it must be kept in mind, that the court says that, after A has sold valuable property to B, and has taken in payment an honest and sufficient mortgage on B's property, congress has the power to compel him (A) to give up this mortgage, and to accept, in place of it, not anything of any real value whatever, but only the promissory note of a so-called government; and that government one which—if taxation without consent is robbery—never had an honest dollar in its treasury, with which to pay any of its debts, and is never likely to have one; but relies wholly on its future robberies for its means to pay them; and can give no guaranty, but its own interest at the time, that it will even make the payment out of its future robberies.

If a company of bandits were to seize a man's property for their own uses, and give him their note, promising to pay him out of their future robberies, the transaction would not be considered a very legitimate one. But it would be intrinsically just as legitimate as is the one which the Supreme Court sanctions on the part of congress.

Banditti have not usually kept supreme courts of their own, to legalize either their robberies, or their promises to pay for past robberies, out of the proceeds of their future ones. Perhaps they may now take a lesson from our Supreme Court, and establish courts of their own, that will hereafter legalize all their contracts of this kind.

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BOSTON, MASS., FEBRUARY 6, 1886.

"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.

Mr. Macdonald Once More.

The "Truth Seeker" devotes nearly three columns to answering "X" and myself. Upon the reply to "X" I shall have nothing to say, as I understand that Mr. Macdonald objects to the interposition of third parties in his controversies. Such, at any rate, was given by him as his reason for rejecting the article by Gertrude B. Kelly printed in another column. This, of course, goes still further to prove that his object in controversy is truth-seeking, and not display of skill in sophistry to achieve personal triumph. With his reply to me I am certainly at liberty to deal.

Mr. Tucker is evidently in a state of mental exacerbation. Without doubt he is angry.

Oh, no, not angry; simply disgusted with Mr. Macdonald's trickery.

Yet why should he be? In all our controversy he has never done more than jerk out from our criticisms of Anarchy a single sentence to belabor. We did not complain, because our statements are self-supporting.

Exactly. There is no ground for complaint where the statement quoted is self-supporting; and the statements which I have quoted from Mr. Macdonald have been self-supporting, so far as they have had any support at all. Pretty poor support, to be sure! But I had reason to complain precisely because the statement quoted from me was not self-supporting. I suppose it is legitimate for me to make such a statement provided I furnish accompanying statements to support and explain it. But it is entirely illegitimate for another to reprint it alone and unsupported. And that Mr. Macdonald knows this, and nevertheless did it in order to score a point, I do not doubt.

But when we give the whole substance of his remarks, the very kernel, he waxes indignant, and says we have made him out a fool. We can only reply, in the words of the Hindoo poet, "You say it, and not I." But we never intended to injure the fine sensibilities of our Boston friend, and to make amends we give herewith the props depended upon by him to support the assertion (which, standing alone, he admits is foolish) that "the thief is the government."

More pettifoggery. I have never admitted that this assertion, standing alone, is foolish. I have only admitted that, standing alone, it must *seem* foolish to those unfamiliar with Anarchistic thought. This is another distinction too plain to have been lost sight of by Mr. Macdonald. But it was necessary to cover it up in order to score another point.

Here Mr. Macdonald reprints the portion of my paragraph which he formerly omitted, and continues thus:

If this betters Mr. Tucker's position in the slightest degree, we are glad of it. We do not want to take an unfair advantage of him. But it would, we believe, be impossible to underrate the reasoning powers of a man who can see in "sneak-thief" or "highway robber" a synonym for "government."

And yet E. C. Walker, junior editor of "Lucifer," recently reprinted my argument on this point with apparent approval, and it was but a week or two before that Mr. Macdonald gave Mr. Walker a first-class certificate of his reasoning powers. I grieve over Mr. Walker's sudden loss of brains.

When a thief breaks into Mr. Tucker's hallway and takes his overcoat from the rack, is he seeking to govern Mr. Tucker?

Most decidedly. If appropriation of another's property by force or fraud is not an act of government, I should like to know what is.

Rather, is not the thief afraid Mr. Tucker will seek to govern him by shutting him up in jail, and controlling his actions for a term of years?

Such a course would not be governing. To use whatever measures may be necessary to vindicate your right to be let alone is not to govern others, but to prevent others from governing you.

We have been referred to Webster for definitions. Mr. Webster says Anarchy is a "state of society where individuals do what they please with impunity." Is not this thief a practical Anarchist? and in punishing him is not Mr. Tucker acting the part of government?

No, this thief is not a practical Anarchist, but a destroyer of Anarchy. It will be observed by all except Mr. Macdonald that Webster says *individuals* (plural). Now, the moment the thief begins his stealing, there is at least one person, his victim, who is prevented from doing as he pleases, and thus Anarchy disappears. The terms of Webster's definition imply an exclusion of such individual acts as are inconsistent with the liberty of *all* individuals to do as they please,—that is, an exclusion of all acts of invasion, interference, government.

Although Mr. Tucker is physically capable of coping with the strongest thief, yet suppose he were not, and should call to his aid the sinewy "X," would not their united efforts be a coöperation corresponding to the municipal government?

No; for "X" and I would constitute a voluntary partnership and pay our own bills, whereas a municipal government is a *compulsory* partnership of all persons living in a certain district, each one of whom is compelled to pay a portion of the expenses.

Carrying the simile further, suppose both "X" and Mr. Tucker disliked to engage in physical struggles, and out of their wealth hired their eminent townsman, Mr. John L. Sullivan, to grapple with the purloiner of goods, would they not be exactly in the position of the people of the State, and would not Mr. Sullivan be their executive officer, precisely as the police and the militia are the executives of the State and municipality?

The distinction made in the previous answer applies equally here.

Supposing, further, that it became their method or custom (we have been referred to Webster for definitions) to hire their police work done, would not they then have an institution, and is not the State an institution?

This question, hinging on the definition of the word "institution," is for "X." I have never said that institutions *per se* are objectionable. However, using the word as "X" evidently uses it, I think that he is right.

T.

The Senator and the Editor.

III.

QUITE ANOTHER AFFAIR.

"Thus Saith Our Own Report."

We ask the reader's pardon. We have done a very stupid thing. We have blundered.

We ask the senator's pardon.

We ask the editor's pardon.

We are without excuse.

We confess our fault.

There is no penalty so heavy we would not willingly accept it as our just due, our merited punishment.

Such is the fullness of our contrition.

But—

Let us hasten to make atonement.

The speediest thing is best.

So at once we say that by sheerest heedlessness we overlooked our *own* report of the "Merchants' Dinner," and relied upon that of a wicked contemporary.

And it was not the "Herald," after all!

That is the strangest part of it.

For excellent reasons we withhold the name of the vile sheet whose fabricated report and witless editorial we have expended so much labor upon.

What remains but that we now give the *true* report of what the senator said to the manufacturers and capitalists at Hotel Vendome?

And what a relief, too, to turn to the columns of the truly independent "Herald," and find, instead of the indecisive, misleading, meandering sentences we have been quoting, the words of the fearless statement, so wise, so inspiriting, that we now, escaping our contrition, with joy present!

Thus saith our *own* report:

Senator Edmunds, being presented to the company, offered felicitous remarks on a variety of topics. At length he turned upon the manufacturers and capitalists, who had greeted him with cheers when he arose and rapturously applauded his slightest period up to that moment, and overwhelmed them. Pharaoh and his hosts never floundered deeper in the Red Sea's mud than did these same solid men (merchants) of Boston in their own now hapless, utterly confused state of mind.

Cried the senator:

"Gentlemen! One subject has not been touched upon. Perhaps it has been reserved for my friend, the distinguished senator from New York, to deal with. His proverbial directness and terseness of speech, illumining and exhausting whatever subject he chooses to treat, would certainly carry to your ears words of wisdom and best of counsel. But I must forestall him. I cannot debar myself from the privilege of confiding to you, if in homeliest of phrase, certain sincere convictions at which I have arrived upon the one subject that should, in my judgment, in these perilous yet most auspicious times, engross your profoundest consideration.

"Gentlemen, the subject I suggest to you for your entirely serious reflection is the one that brings to the front the relations that you as manufacturers and capitalists sustain to those who supply the hard, and, I make bold to add, the unrequited labor that gives vigor and success to your enterprise.

"I ask you, gentlemen, you who are, or should be, watchmen on the walls, what the signs and omens are? That there is a wide-spread agitation among the toiling millions to secure a more equitable compensation for their service, you require no words of mine to apprise you of.

"This agitation is the outgrowth of a fundamental sentiment. Nihilism, Communism, Anarchism,—what are these isms, and kindred isms, but so many voices proclaiming the general discontent? Do not be deceived; do not deceive yourselves. Wild or irrational as some of these movements may be, they one and all have a substantial basis of truth and justice to start upon. Depend upon it, there is something wrong at bottom. I conjure you, study well this impending problem of industrial emancipation. You who have a hundred thousand spindles buzzing in your factory, when you hear even a little squeak in one corner, you know for a surety that some part of the machinery is out of order; that it must be attended to, especially when the unpleasant sound is near the engine, or there will probably be an explosion. The law holds equally in that vast and complicated machinery we call society. As regards principle, as regards prudence, I urge you to give the matter your soberest, most unbiased investigation. If I mistake not, in so doing you will discover that you are contemplating the advance of civilization; the expansion, the evolution, the culmination of the Republic. American independence should mean the independence of the humblest individual, an independence which his own labor should be entirely competent to create and sustain.

"Look about you.

"Contemplate the condition of your fellow-countrymen, as you behold them this day in their varied avocations. Consider the gulf that divides them class from class.

"To bridge, to close up, that chasm; to abolish poverty from the homes of industry! That, gentlemen, is the legacy of thought I this evening leave you."

The reader will observe that, while even our own report does not show the senator in the *rôle* of the practical statesman who points to the remedy while proclaiming the disease, it nevertheless must satisfy the expectation of any rational mind who has studied American politics even superficially, or much noted the public-festival-utterances of our public men. The senator has at least—if our report be the true one—

committed himself to the full sweep of the Industrial Revolution.

Evidently such is also the opinion of our esteemed editor, who, seizing the senator's text, has fearlessly improved upon it.

The reader cannot help being amazed, when he reads the following, to find how completely unlike it is in every respect to the quotations from the editorial we last presented. What gives us decided pleasure is the surprise we feel to find ourself forestalled (as the senator might say) in all the important criticisms of our editor with which our own mind was burthened.

We have but one more preliminary word. Should the curious reader, referring to the columns of the "Herald" the day after the Vendome festival, fail to find there set down the remarks below set forth, let him remember that we also experienced a like failure on the occasion of our first reading; nor only so: we read something entirely different, — the very opposite, indeed, of most that we now are prepared to vouch for.

But is it not a gratifying thing that our independent "Herald" is not the same yesterday, today, and forever?

Keep, gentle reader, keep up the search and the expectation. You will surely some day read in that thoroughly progressive sheet something precisely like this we now present:

SENATOR EDMUNDS AT THE VENDOME.

The great praise of Socrates is that he drew the wits of Greece by his instruction and example from the vain pursuit of natural philosophy to moral inquiries, and turned their thoughts from stars and tides, and matter and motion, upon the various modes of virtue and relations of life. — *Samuel Johnson, in "Rambler," June 9, 1750.*

"That comparison is not always odious was illustrated by Plutarch, many centuries ago in his lives of illustrious men. The praise bestowed by Dr. Johnson upon the world-renowned Socrates comes vividly to our mind as we are led to reflect upon the career of the eminent and gifted senator whom the people of Vermont are so fortunate as to secure as their chief representative in the councils of the nation. And again we say comparison is not odious. To lead the wits of any people from vain philosophies and pursuits and turn their thoughts upon modes of virtue and right relations of life, is always a *rôle* of honor in whatever age or country. Of those who are deserving of high praise in this respect Senator Edmunds stands, among his contemporaries, easily foremost. The brief remarks which we have the pleasure this morning to report strike no uncertain note in regard to the momentous problem, now moving steadily to the front, of labor and its just reward.

"It will be discovered, we believe, that the time-disregarded saying, that 'the love of money is the root of all evil,' covers much of the ground it has now become by almost universal consent a duty to explore. Dr. Johnson's remark, to quote his wise words once more, that 'riches are of no value in themselves, their use is discovered only in that which they procure,' adds the common sense interpretation to the saying of the Nazarene. The *love of money*, not the legitimate craving for what money will bring, is the evil to be cured. Nor is it a despairing thought. Already from the lives of the best and noblest of the human race in all ages has this 'root of all evil' been eliminated. Riches for what riches will procure, — the good sense of the world is sure one day to appropriate this dictum and reprobate any contrary thought.

"Already, indeed, do we thrust it forward to throw light upon the obscurity that has so long shrouded the problem of labor. For what shall men labor? For riches? Yes, truly. In this democratic age all mankind may rightly aspire to riches. Is it not in truth the commonest of boasts that the way is open for all? That there is an equality of opportunity in the pursuit of wealth?

"If, then, the desire of wealth is a natural desire, and the pursuit of it not only permissible, but incumbent on every human being competent in mind and body, — and this is our own cherished democratic doctrine, which we lose no opportunity to proclaim, — why, it behooves us, as the senator has advised, to study well the problem of capital and labor, and discover why the *inequality* in this world's wealth which we behold in the ranks of the industrious *continues*.

"Is it not time to cry a halt?

"The growing disparity between the gains of money and muscle, between the results of financiering skill and mental or manual labor, may well cause grave senators to sound the alarm.

"Forced to content ourselves with this brief word today, we shall resume the subject tomorrow."

And so, again, patient reader! H.

A Clever Trick.

The Knights of Labor is a great and rapidly-growing organization. It holds out glorious promises to the workers, — better wages, shorter hours of labor, and more constant employment, — and it certainly has within its power the control of legislation. This power is growing, and so fast, too, that all men who have political aspirations must soon join the Knights in order to satisfy their ambition, or avarice, in this direction. I know personally of several instances where this has been done already. Soon, at this rate, most everybody who can or cares to vote will be a member of the organization.

When that time comes, what will be the result?

The Knights of Labor will be a government within a government, and the wheel within the wheel will run the outer wheel.

The strong, the rich, the ambitious, the grasping, the unscrupulous, will do the same as they did before the Knights became a power, — make and execute the laws, — with this difference only, — they will act in the name of the Knights of Labor instead of the people as they have been doing so long.

A distinction without a difference, but a very clever trick, withal. C. M. H.

Methods of Constructive Anarchism.

We Anarchists are forever accused of having no practical methods of putting Liberty into a living fact. We are called mere theorists, dreamers, fantasts, brainy impracticables, *etc.* I never feel the indictment so keenly as when soliciting subscribers to renew. Most of them admit that we are right in theory, but they all want to know our practical way out.

I confess that to my mind Liberty has been a little thin on the constructive side. But it cannot do everything with limited space and means. Whenever plentiful subscriptions afford it more scope, it will not be wanting in that line. Foundations first, and details next, is the logical order of things. The essential promise of practical success for Anarchism lies in the concession that its foundation principles are correct.

The main problem before us is how to abolish the State; the State being the efficient cause of monopoly, and monopoly being the direct parent of usury. Usury in its entirety covers the whole field of social slavery, — mental, moral, and material. Usury is the system by which our persons and substance are used by others, through the lever of authority and monopoly, to the end of making one portion of society the slaves and subjects of the other.

Since every branch of usury is part of the whole structure, a successful attack upon one arm of the monster is sure to end in the ultimate disintegration of the whole. Friend Tucker says that an attack upon interest, through associative free banking, is the most practicable point of attack. Others think that land monopoly is the bottom curse to be struck at, and some affirm that the establishment of equity from the standpoint of labor, the source of all wealth, is the proper direction to work in.

I am strongly of the opinion that centralization inevitably pins us down to conditions which make the success of any attack upon the enemy problematical till a move is made to colonize the best intellect and conscience among us, under conditions that will make Liberty immediately safe and practicable. My mind drifts more and more in this direction the longer I study this immense problem. It is possibly a sign of retrogression, but I cannot help it. If such utterly anti-individualistic conditions are to remain as exist in our great cities, how long must the fight endure till natural order is hewn out of this chaos?

Friend Tucker proposes to stay in these great rotten pots of social disorder and diseased conditions, and battle the thing into shape by the competition of free money with interest-burdened money, by the competition of free banking with slave banking. He admits that the fight will be a hard and prolonged one, but that it makes no difference if it takes a thousand years.

The thought often occurs to me, however, whether competition is not, after all, a direct species of compulsory brute force, against which the whole philosophy of Anarchism is at war. Is not the peaceable rivalry of colonized little new worlds outside our great cities, inaugurated from the start on conditions that make Liberty immediately possible and practicable, the true Anarchistic method?

I raise this question, not that I am fully given over to the free township and colonization idea, but in order to provoke discussion. I know that friend Tucker will wholly disagree with me, but we have no infallible popes in this movement. Sooner or later this question as to the most efficient direction of constructive reform is sure to divide those of us who are thoroughly sound on foundation principles, — in fact, it does already divide us. As superb fighters, men having the temperament of Mr. Tucker may be able to do their best work in the camp of the enemy; but for those having less combativeness and destructiveness and more sociability and constructiveness in their make-up, — is not their proper place in the Liberty-conditioned colony, attracting the best forces of society away from these centralized hells known as our great cities? And would they not be doing the most consistent and morally-satisfying Anarchistic work? I pause for a reply. X.

COMMENTS ON THE FOREGOING.

My co-laborer, "X," has a most ingenious and convenient faculty, in private conversation, of taking a position in which he does not believe and devising all possible arguments in support of it simply to excite others to attack this position; after which, in some article from his pen, he presents the arguments advanced by them with all the added force of his own incomparable style. What need a mind so fertile as his in original thought should feel of resorting to this process I never could see, but that such is his habit I think he will not deny. It will not work, however, on this occasion. Although I must admit that he sometimes succeeds, in spite of my disinclination, in pumping me in private, the attempt to pump me in public will fail. Nor can I see why he should desire to. He already knows the objections that I have to offer to the colonization policy, and the readers of Liberty know them also. They were stated in these columns many months ago. With that statement I rest content, my "combativeness" not being sufficiently aroused as yet to make me desire to specifically attack any colonization scheme that does not violate individual sovereignty.

When, however, "X" has thoroughly made up his mind that he is in favor of colonization, and has stated his position positively in all its length and breadth and depth, I may try to save him from the error of his ways, and, in the event of failure, may have to use against him those "superb" fighting powers which he kindly attributes to me. But, until then, I must refuse to believe that he is really drifting away from the competition which he has so ably advocated in these columns into the communism which he has repeatedly pounced upon with a "combativeness" and "destructiveness" which I can never hope to equal. And I must also refuse to believe that my desire to stay and work in society indicates "combativeness and destructiveness," while his desire to go out of it indicates "sociability and constructiveness."

Meanwhile I like to go back to Liberty of November 8, 1884, and read "X's" article on "New Jerusalem Reformers," which concludes as follows:

This heaven and this earth are all the material we have out of which to construct the new. They cannot be rolled overboard by threats nor spirited away by Utopian dreams. Every true man must go to work upon them and transform them *here, now, and just where he stands.* My plain advice to the New Jerusalem reformer is to either go to work or

Continued on page 8.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

A ROMANCE.

By N. G. TCHERNYCHEWSKY.

Translated by Benj. R. Tucker.

Continued from No. 74.

She said to herself that she wished only to convince herself that she had injured him needlessly, but at the same time she felt that she had less confidence in him than before. And again she could not go to sleep, and this time it was with him that she was vexed: why had he spoken in such a way that, instead of quieting her doubts, he had strengthened them? She was vexed with herself too, and in this vexation could be seen clearly enough this motive: "How could I have been so blind?"

It is easy to understand that two days later she was completely absorbed by this thought: "It will soon be too late to repair my error, if I am mistaken."

When Kirsanoff returned for the first time after his conversation with Solovtzoff, he saw that he might speak to Katérina.

"Formerly you desired to know my opinion about him," said he: "it is not as important as yours. What do you think of him yourself?"

Now it was she who kept silent.

"I do not dare to press you for an answer," said he. He spoke of other things, and soon went away.

But half an hour afterwards she called on him herself.

"Give me your advice; you see that I am hesitating."

"Why, then, do you need the advice of another, when you know yourself what should be done in case of hesitation?"

"Wait till the hesitation is over?"

"You have said it."

"I could postpone the marriage."

"Why not do so, then, if you think it would be better?"

"But how would he take it?"

"When you see in what way he will take it, you can reflect further as to the better course to follow."

"But it would be painful to me to tell him."

"If that be the case, ask your father to do it for you; he will tell him."

"I do not wish to hide behind another. I will tell him myself."

"If you feel in a condition to tell him yourself, that is certainly much the better way."

It is evident that with other persons—with Véra Pavlovna, for instance—it would not have taken so long to bring the affair to a conclusion. But each temperament has its own particular requirements: if an ardent nature is irritated by delay, a gentle nature on the contrary rebels against abruptness.

The success of Katérina Vassilievna's explanation with her sweetheart surpassed the hopes of Kirsanoff, who believed that Solovtzoff would have wit enough to drag the matter along by his submission and soft beseechings. No; with all his reserve and tact Solovtzoff could not restrain himself at seeing an enormous fortune escape him, and he himself permitted the escape of the few chances that were left him. He launched out in bitter complaints against Polosoff, whom he called an intriguer, telling Katérina Vassilievna that she allowed her father to have too much power over her, that she feared him, and that in this matter she was acting in accordance with his orders. Now, Polosoff as yet knew nothing about this resolution of his daughter; she felt that she was entirely free. The reproaches heaped upon her father wounded her by their injustice, and outraged her in showing her that Solovtzoff considered her a being destitute of will and character.

"You seem to think me a plaything in the hands of others."

"Yes," he said, thoroughly irritated.

"I was ready to die without thinking of my father, and you do not understand it. From this moment all is over between us," said she, quickly leaving the room.

VIII.

For a long time Katérina Vassilievna was sad, but her sadness, which grew out of these events, soon turned to something else.

There are characters who feel but little interest in a special fact in itself and are only pushed by it in the direction of general ideas, which then act upon them with much greater intensity. If such people possess minds of remarkable vigor, they become reformers of general ideas, and in ancient times they became great philosophers: Kant, Fichte, Hegel, did not elaborate any single special question; such tasks they found wearisome. This refers only to men, be it understood; women, according to generally received opinion, never have strong minds; nature, you see, has denied them that, just as it has denied blacksmiths soft complexions, tailors fine figures, and shoemakers a pleasant odor. What do you expect? Nature is queer, and that is why there are so few great minds among women.

People of uncommonly small minds, with such a tendency of character, are generally phlegmatic and insusceptible; those having minds of ordinary calibre are prone to melancholy and reverie. Which does not mean that they let their imaginations run riot: many of them are deficient in imagination and very positive, only they love to plunge into quiet reverie.

Katérina Vassilievna's love of Solovtzoff had been inspired by his letters; she was dying of a love created by her imagination. It is evident from this that she had very romantic tendencies, although the noisy life of the commonplace society which filled the Polosoffs' house did not dispose her to exalted idealism. It was one of her traits, therefore. The stir and noise had long been a burden on her; she loved to read and dream. Now not only the stir, but the wealth itself, was a burden on her. It does not necessarily follow that she was an extraordinary person. This feeling is common to all rich women of gentle and modest natures. Only in her it had developed sooner than usual, the young girl having received a harsh lesson at an early age.

"In whom can I believe? In what can I believe?" she asked herself, after her rupture with Solovtzoff; and she was forced to conclude that she could believe in nobody and in nothing. Her father's fortune attracted avarice, strategy, and deception from all quarters of the city. She was surrounded by greedy, lying, flattering people; every word spoken to her was dictated by her father's millions.

Her inner thoughts became more and more serious. General questions—concerning wealth, which wearied her so much, and poverty, which tormented so many others—began to interest her. Her father allowed her a large amount of pin-money; she—in that respect like all charitable women—helped the poor. At the same time she read and reflected; she began to see that help of the kind which she lavished was much less efficacious than might have been expected. She was unworthily deceived by the bad or pretended poor; and, besides, even those who were worthy of aid and knew how to profit by the money given them could not get out of their poverty with the alms which they received. That made her reflect. Why so much wealth in the hands of some to spoil them, why so much poverty for others? And why did she see so many poor people who were as unreasonable and wicked as the rich?

She was dreamy, but her dreams were mild, like her character, and had as little brilliancy as herself. Her favorite poet was Georges Sand; but she represented herself neither as a Lélia, or an Indiana, or a Cavalcanti, or even a Consuelo; in her dreams she was a Jeanne, and oftener still a Geneviève. Geneviève was her favorite heroine. She saw her walking in the fields and gathering flowers to serve as models for her work; she saw her meeting André,—what sweet rendezvous! Then they find out that they love each other; those were dreams, she knew. But she loved also to dream of the enviable lot of Miss Nightingale, that sweet and modest young girl, of whom no one knows anything, of whom there is nothing to know, except that she is the beloved of all England. Was she young? Poor or rich? Was she happy in her private life or not? No one speaks of that, no one thinks of it, but all bless the consoling angel of the English hospitals of the Crimea and Scutari. Returning to her country after the war was over, she had continued to care for the sick. This was the dream that Katérina Vassilievna would have liked to realize for herself. Her fancy did not carry her beyond these reveries about Geneviève and Miss Nightingale. Can it be said that she is given to fantasy? Can she be called a dreamer?

Had Geneviève been surrounded by the noisy and commonplace society of the lowest rank of sharpers and coxcombs, had Miss Nightingale been plunged into a life of idle luxury, might they not have been sad and sorrowful? Therefore Katérina Vassilievna was perhaps more rejoiced than afflicted when her father was ruined. It affected her to see him grow old and weak, he who was once so strong; it weighed upon her also to have less means with which to do good. The sudden disdain of the crowd which had formerly fawned upon her and her father offended her somewhat; but this too had its consoling side,—the being abandoned by the trivial, wearisome, and vile crowd, the being no more disgusted by its baseness and treachery, the being no more embarrassed by it. Yes, now she was tranquil. She recovered hope.

"Now, if any one loves me, it will be for myself, and not for my father's millions."

IX.

Polosoff desired to arrange the sale of the stearine factory of which he was a stockholder and director. After six months of assiduous search, he finally found a purchaser. The purchaser's cards read: *Charles Beaumont*, but they did not give this name the French pronunciation, as persons unacquainted with the individual might have done, but the English; and it was very natural that they should so pronounce it, for the purchaser was the agent of the London house of Hodgson, Loter & Co. The factory could not prosper; everything about it was in bad condition,—its finances and its administration; but in more experienced hands it probably would yield large returns; an investment of five or six hundred thousand roubles might give an annual profit of a hundred thousand. The agent was conscientious: he carefully inspected the factory, and examined its books with the utmost minuteness before advising his house to purchase. Then began the discussions as to the condition of the business and how much it was worth; these dragged along almost interminably, from the very nature of our stock companies, with which the patient Greeks themselves, who for ten years did not weary of besieging the city of Troy, would have lost patience. During all this time Polosoff, in accordance with an old custom, was very attentive to the agent and always invited him to dinner. The agent kept himself at a respectful distance from the old man, and for a long time declined his invitations, but one day, feeling tired and hungry after an unusually long discussion with the directors, he consented to go to dinner with Polosoff, who lived on the same floor.

X.

Charles Beaumont, like every Charles, John, James, or William, was not fond of personal intimacies and effusions; but, when asked, he told his story in a few words, but very clearly. His family, he said, was of Canadian origin; in fact, in Canada a good half of the population consists of descendants of French colonists; to these descendants belonged his family; hence his French name. In his features he certainly resembled a Frenchman more than an Englishman or a Yankee. But, he continued, his grandfather left the suburbs of Quebec and went to New York to live; such things happen. Therefore his father went to New York when still a child and grew up there. When he became an adult (exactly at that time), a rich and progressive proprietor, living in the southern part of the Crimea, conceived the idea of replacing his vineyards with cotton plantations. So he despatched an agent to find an overseer for him in North America. The agent found James Beaumont, of Canadian origin and a resident of New York,—that is, an individual who had no more seen a cotton plantation than you or I, reader, have seen Mount Ararat from our St. Petersburg or Kursk; progressive people are always having such experiences. It is true that the experiment was in no wise spoiled by the American overseer's complete ignorance of this branch of production, since it would have been quite as wise to try to grow grapes at St. Petersburg as cotton at the Crimea. Nevertheless this impossibility resulted in the overseer's discharge, and by chance he became a distiller of brandy in the government of Tambov, where he passed almost all the rest of his life; there his son Charles was born, and there, shortly afterwards, he buried his wife. When nearly sixty-five years old, having laid by a little money for his old age, he began to think of returning to America, and finally did return. Charles was then about twenty years old. After his father's death Charles desired to return to Russia, where he was born and where, in the fields of the government of Tambov, he had spent his childhood and youth; he felt himself a Russian. At New York he was a bookkeeper in a commercial house; he soon left this situation for one in the London house of Hodgson, Loter & Co.: ascertaining that this house did business with St. Petersburg, he took the first opportunity to express a desire of obtaining a place in Russia, explaining that he knew Russia as if it were his own country. To have such an employee in Russia would evidently be of great advantage to the house: so it sent him from the London establishment on trial, and here he is in St. Petersburg, having been there six months, on a salary of five hundred pounds. It was not at all astonishing, then, that Beaumont spoke Russian like a Russian and pronounced English with a certain foreign accent.

XI.

Beaumont found himself a third at dinner with the old gentleman and his daughter, a very pretty blonde with a somewhat melancholy cast of countenance.

"Could I ever have thought," said Polosoff at dinner, "that my stock in this factory would some day be a matter of importance to me? It is very painful at my age to fall from so high a point. Fortunately Katia has endured with much indifference the loss of her fortune sacrificed by me. Even during my life this fortune belonged more to her than to me. Her mother had capital; as for me, I brought but little; it is true that I earned a great deal and that my labor did more than all the rest! What shrewdness I have had to show!"

The old man talked a long time in this boasting tone; it was by sweat and blood, and above all by brains, that he had gained his fortune; and in conclusion he repeated his preface that it was painful to fall from so high a point, and that, if Katia had been consumed with sorrow because of it, he probably would have gone mad, but that Katia, far from complaining, still encouraged and sustained him.

In accordance with the American habit of seeing nothing extraordinary in rapid fortune or sudden ruin, and in accordance also with his individual character, Beaumont was not inclined either to be delighted at the greatness of mind which had succeeded in acquiring three or four millions, or to be afflicted at a ruin which still permitted the employment of a good cook. But, as it was necessary to say a word of sympathy in answer to this long discourse, he remarked:

"Yes, it is a great relief when one's family bears up so well under reverses."

"But you seem to doubt it, Karl Iakovlitch. You think that, because Katia is melancholy, she mourns the loss of wealth? No, Karl Iakovlitch, you wrong her. We have experienced another misfortune: we have lost confidence in everybody," said Polosoff, in the half-serious, half-jocose tone used by experienced old men in speaking of the good but *naïve* thoughts of children.

Katérina Vassilievna blushed. It was distasteful to her to have her father turn the conversation upon the subject of her feelings. Besides paternal love there was another circumstance that went far to excuse her father's fault. When one has nothing to say and is in a room where there is a cat or a dog, he speaks of it, and, if there is no cat or dog, he speaks of children; not until these two subjects are exhausted does he talk about the rain and the fine weather.

"No, papa, you are wrong in attributing my melancholy to so lofty a motive. It is not my nature to be gay, and, besides, I am suffering from *ennui*."

"One may be gay or not, according to circumstances," said Beaumont; "but to suffer from *ennui* is, in my opinion, unpardonable. *Ennui* is the fashion among our brothers, the English, but we Americans know nothing about it. We have no time for it: we are too busy. I consider . . . . . It seems to me," he resumed, correcting his Americanism, "that the same should be true ot the Russian people also: in my opinion you have too much to do. But I notice in the Russians just the opposite characteristic: they are strongly disposed to spleen. Even the English are not to be compared with them in this respect. English society, looked upon by all Europe, including Russia, as the most tiresome in the world, is more talkative, lively, and gay than Russian society, just as it yields the palm to French society in this particular. Your travellers talk of English spleen; I do not know where their eyes are when they are in their own country."

"And the Russians have reason to feel *ennui*," said Katérina Vassilievna; "what can they busy themselves about? They have nothing to do. They must sit with folded arms. Name me an occupation, and my *ennui* probably will vanish."

"You wish to find an occupation? Oh! that is not so difficult; you see around you such ignorance,—pardon me for speaking in this way of your country, *of your native country*," he hastened to add in correction of his Anglicism; "but I was born here myself and grew up here, and I consider it as my own, and so I do not stand on ceremony,—you see here a Turkish ignorance, a Japanese indifference: I hate your native country, since I love it as my own country, may I say, in imitation of your poet. Why, there are many things to be done."

"Yes, but what can one man do, to say nothing of one woman?"

"Why, you are doing already, Katia," said Polosoff; "I will unveil her secret for you, Karl Iakovlitch. To drive away *ennui* she teaches little girls. Every day she receives her scholars, and she devotes three hours to them and sometimes even more."

Beaumont looked at the young girl with esteem: "That is American. By America I mean only the free States of the North; the Southern States are worse than all possible Mexicos, are almost as abominable as Brazil [Beaumont was a furious abolitionist]; it is like us to teach children; but then, why do you suffer from *ennui?*"

"Do you consider that a serious occupation, M. Beaumont? It is but a distraction; at least, so it seems to me; perhaps I am mistaken, and you will call me materialistic?"

"Do you expect such a reproach from a man belonging to a nation which everybody reproaches with having no other thought, no other ideal, than dollars?"

"You jest, but I am seriously afraid; I fear to state my opinions on this subject before you; my views might seem to you like those preached by the obscurantists concerning the uselessness of instruction."

"Bravo!" said Beaumont to himself: "is it possible that she can have arrived at this idea? This is getting interesting."

Then he continued aloud: "I am an obscurantist myself; I am for the unlettered blacks against their civilized proprietors in the Southern States. But pardon me; my American hatred has diverted me. It would be very agreeable to me to hear your opinion."

"It is very prosaic, M. Beaumont, but I have been led to it by life. It seems to me that the matter with which I occupy myself is but one side of the whole, and, moreover, not the side upon which the attention of those who wish to serve the people should be first fixed. This is what I think: give people bread, and they will learn to read themselves. It is necessary to begin with the bread; otherwise it will be time wasted."

To be continued.

Self-Interest or Love the Foundation of Justice?

This question was suggested to me recently by a lecture of Mr. Wakeman's of New York, in which he developed the Positivist idea of the Religion of Humanity.

As this very question lies at the foundation of all right thinking on equitable social relations, a little time spent in its consideration may not perhaps be amiss. To some the question may seem trivial, and not worth wasting time upon, but to me its importance seems extreme, and on the development of it depends the difference between Individualism and Positivism, between Anarchism and State Socialism. Upon its right solution depends whether we are to have freedom of mind and body, or whether we are to have the old machinery of the Church and State, reintroduced under a new form, which will teach us, guide us, govern us, tax us, regulate us, burn us if necessary, all for love of us.

As Bakounine says, "all development implies a negation of the point of departure." Now, if this grand idea of all-embracing brotherly love be the starting-point of our new ethics, the only road we can travel is that back to the most narrow and depraved selfishness. This has been already proven in the history of Christianity. What more grand and beautiful idea of brotherly love and charity can the Positivists furnish us with than the Christians have already supplied? And how much justice has Christianity succeeded in establishing in the world? Has not every possible crime been committed under the cloak of Christianity and its love? Has not all advance in freedom and justice been in opposition to Christianity? How can we love people whom we have never seen? Must not love be a spontaneous outgrowth, not an enforced condition of society? Could a society that originated in love end in anything but despotism?

Now, on the other hand, self-interest, starting out with the interests of each individual in society, originating in the most narrow egoism, ends in the most far-reaching altruism. But this altruism, unlike that of the Christian and Positivist, does not consist in the "suppression of self," but in the highest and greatest development of self. It is founded, not upon the emotions, but upon the intelligence of mankind, and hence has a far greater chance of survival. If we can appeal to the intelligence of men; if we can show them, as we can, that only by having regard to the interests of others can their own best be subserved; if we can show them, as we can, that, while a single member of society is treated unjustly, society cannot reach its highest perfection,—then we have something sure and solid to build upon, which the passions or impulses of a moment cannot wash away. It is not to the emotions, not to the moral sentiments of the people, but to their intelligence, to their self-interest, that we must appeal, if we wish to make any permanent improvement in society. As Buckle has shown in a masterly manner, all the great moral revolutions, all the changes for good in society have been due, not to advances in morality, but to a more general diffusion of knowledge.

It may be very delightful to imagine that the regeneration of humanity can be accomplished through love; but facts are facts, and the sooner we acknowledge them, the nearer we shall be to being able to make the best use of the materials at our command. The highest altruism is only the most enlightened egoism. No, justice is not dependent upon love, but love upon justice,—as true coöperation is founded only upon the most extreme individualism. As Proudhon expresses it: "In a word, as individualism is the primordial fact of humanity, association is its complementary term; but both are in incessant manifestation, and upon the earth justice is eternally the condition of love." GERTRUDE B. KELLY.

An Object Lesson.

Object teaching appears to be the coming method of popular education. To see is more impressive than to hear. To feel is more impressive than to imagine sensation; at least, the memory retains the impression longer.

Of a truth the high-priced lessons of experience often remain bright in the memory, when mere hearsay and once brilliant theories have faded to vagueness.

Object teaching is very effective in reform, too. If a drunkard knocks you down, you forcibly appreciate the evils of intemperance; if you "fight the tiger" till severely bled, you do not fail to see the sin of gambling. So the evil effects of all crime and vice appear nebulous until we are injured or some one dear to us, and then they suddenly become concrete.

I have lately had an object lesson on the criminal possibilities of government, which is something the average American can hardly comprehend, because trained to be too oblivious on the subject.

Being a new settler in Florida, I knew nothing of its road laws, but took it for granted that they bore a general resemblance to the road laws of the States of my previous residence. But it is safer to bet on the weather than on the law.

In due course of time I was "warned" to work on a certain road on a specified day. This I fully intended to comply with, but the fates forbade. On the appointed day I was sick and blind with the "Florida sore eyes," and "did not care whether school kept or not." I supposed (as had been the case in all places where I had previously lived) that I could, on my recovery, see the supervisor, pay my dollar, and be "free from the law." But here again I counted an unhatched brood. I had scarcely recovered, and had crawled out to try and do a little work on my new house, when my startled eyeballs beheld the apparition of the fat thief-taker approaching, his little grey eyes peering anxiously at me through the long ears of his red-haired mule, as though he feared I would explode with sudden invective or firearms. It was truly a "sicht for sair een." This portentous functionary, having tacked within grappling distance by the aid of sundry artful questions on the orange business, laid his hirsute paw on my shoulder, and solemnly informed me that he had a warrant for my arrest as a "defaulting road worker." *Nolens volens*, I must go, for Law and Death know no excuses. To do this man justice, he seemed ashamed of his errand, but, having undertaken a dirty task, felt that he must perform it.

Behold me then, haled by this awful and adipose presence (with rusty pistol in breast pocket) and the sad and rufous mule before the magistrate, also somewhat shamefaced and apologetic, who, after hearing my case, decided that I was guilty. Guilty, not of attempting to evade road duty, nor of evading it in fact (for he admitted that I, being sick and helpless, was, according to the laws of Florida, exempt from road-work), but of the heinous crime of not properly excusing myself according to the method by law duly made and provided for such cases, thereby putting the law to the grievous necessity of arresting me. Wherefore, having done so wickedly, I must pay a small fine and costs, unless I chose to appeal to a trial by jury. But he furthermore informed me that, even if found innocent, this would cost me some ten or twelve dollars. Sufficiently appalled by the expensiveness of innocence under these conditions, I did not inquire what it would cost me to be declared guilty by a jury of such sapient ignoramuses, but humbly paid my score and departed, a sadder, wiser, and, it must be added, more Anarchistic man.

O brother Anarchists! has it come to this complexion at last,—that a man who never smote his fellows in anger, never stole, or defrauded, or betrayed the innocent, or knowingly conspired against any man's liberty, can be ignominiously arrested and deprived of liberty and property, simply because he is ignorant of the requirements of an arbitrary law? Had I resisted this man who arrested me (and who had no rightful authority over me, because I had never given him permission to exercise such authority, nor had justified his using it by invasion of his own or others' rights), he could have chained, clubbed, or shot me, and the law would have been on his side.

This magistrate (horribly misnamed "Justice") could have fined me ten times what he did, and imprisoned me if too poor to pay it. All this for no crime, or intention to commit crime, nor even for any evasion of law or attempt to evade law, *but for failing to adequately protect myself against the invasion of the law* by the special machinery it had devised for that purpose. Faith! I am not sure but it was half right after all, for a man who will not resist the invasion of the law, if able, ought to suffer; though to use the lawful machinery for that purpose is usually to add to the suffering.

But how guilty would I have been if I had indeed refused to work on this road? I had never been consulted in the matter of its laying out. No one had ever asked my consent. No one had asked me if I was willing to contribute anything in work or money to its maintenance. Of course not! Why should I be consulted? "The word of command, sharp as the click of a trigger," that is the only argument fit for slaves. And let us never forget that the Government *is* Master and we *are* Slaves. I, at least, have had my lesson, and will not forget it. J. WM. LLOYD.

Methods of Constructive Anarchism.

Continued from page 5.

else get out of the way. There is plenty of work, and there are plenty of tools to work with, right where he stands.

In leaving "X" to ponder over these words of "Philip sober," I also commend to his attention the appended comments of one of the most clear-sighted of Liberty's champions, Charles T. Fowler, upon the policy of colonization. T.

"The Credit Foncier of Sinaloa."

[Lucifer.]

Mr. Editor:

I was asked the other day, by one to whom I showed "Integral Coöperation," why I did not join the colonization movement. I told him there were three reasons.

First, I do not believe in corporations, majority rule, or compulsory taxation. These I regard as crimes, and criminals are the very persons we do not want to encourage.

Second, the idea of running away from the present order of things because of its "competition" is a fallacy. It is privilege that we are against, which is to be throttled by competition. And as soon as the better is instituted in the midst of the old, the old will fall into our laps. This view of regarding the old as wholly wrong, to be antagonized, is the reason governmentalists do not see how to mend it.

Third, the new is to be grown, not made, as the paternal philosophy would indicate. And it must be grown in accordance with the constitution of man and the law of his natural relations in peaceable society. Such a society never will be perfect or infallible, or a New Jerusalem.

Fourth,—Conclusion. Therefore, while much educationally will be gained, and, through association, economy reached, the "Credit Foncier" will be disappointed in becoming the Exchange for the World, but will settle down into "our set" *a la* Godin, or be wrenched asunder by two parties representing liberty and authority, one of which will have their experience and the other will be left with the "machine," arbitrary power in the organism always surviving and determining the species. Mr. Owen's administrative faculties, as Harriet Martineau said of his namesake, Robert Owen, seem to have been developed at the expense of his reasoning ones. C. T. Fowler.

"All that I have of political science," said George E. McNeill, in opposing biennial elections a few days ago at a legislative committee hearing, "I have learned because the fathers of this Commonwealth gave me the opportunity to listen to political orators who have considered yearly the great questions that have come up before us." I do not think that any one who has ever had occasion to gauge the amount of political science which Mr. McNeill has will feel inclined to doubt his statement of its origin.

Henry Appleton is to address the New York Liberal Club on February 19 upon the subject of "Scientific Anarchism." Liberty's friends in the metropolis and vicinity should rally to hear him.

Louise Michel's Release.

Continued from page 1.

"Yes," said she, "congratulate me on the fact that they have selected me as the one to sully, because I am but a poor woman."

And when we reminded her that the indignity of the procedure could sully no one save those who had employed it, she answered:

"I had better have stayed in prison till I died. They throw eleven pardons to the people as they would throw a bone to a dog, hoping that they will be satisfied; for be sure that they will use this pretended clemency as a reason for refusing amnesty to the other condemned."

It is evident that the imprisonments and tortures of all sorts which Louise Michel has undergone have not been able to shake her courage or her devotion to the cause of the disinherited.

Whom to Kill?

D. D. Lum, in the "Alarm," indicates Jay Gould for assassination. He does not mention the reasons for this distinction among millionaires. Suppose his verses move a hand proper to the deed. The lesson would be nearly lost by public ignorance. The "Alarm" might very usefully give biographical sketches of the men most pernicious to the country's health, by whose taking-off in systematic succession some sensible good may be achieved. Now, in my ignorance, if I were ready and anxious to expose my life in killing somebody, I should be utterly at a loss where to strike. Merely to scatter a great fortune among greedy heirs does not appear to me a desideratum. It touches neither class nor system.

On the other hand, if, to obviate this objection, we were to blow up the Capitol during a session of congress, though the lesson would be plain enough, yet the number of innocents sacrificed might provoke a reaction unfavorable to Liberty. This is a delicate question. To kidnap some intelligent scoundrel, to indoctrinate him impressively with a cat o' nine tails, brand him, and then let him loose like a rat with a bell on his neck, might be more to the purpose than to kill either one or many. In a reign of terror the characters most pernicious to social welfare will probably gain the ascendant, as in the French Revolution. Let us have rather a reign of judgment. If revolutionists were united on the question of land limitation and forfeiture of the grants to railroads, foreigners, and speculators generally, it would be easier to distinguish men by their behavior with regard to such a measure. Edgeworth.

The Enemies of "Pauper Labor."

[Joseph A. Labadie in the Labor Leaf.]

So long as the idlers and rulers and robbers can keep the laborers contending with each other, just so long will they feel safe with their privileges and plunder, and be the loudest to cry out against the "pauper labor" of the old world.

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

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"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 Liberty's readers have given the attention that it deserves to the remarkably interesting letter from Australia that appears in this issue, they will be ready to forgive me for giving so much space to it, and even the valued contributors whom it crowds out will not feel disposed to chide. If the writer, Doctor Andrade, is a fair specimen of Australian Anarchists, they make up in quality whatever they may lack in numbers, and will prove indomitable. This appearance of Anarchy at the Antipodes is an encouraging sign.

Rev. John W. Chadwick, in reviewing for the "Index" Will Carleton's latest volume of poems, "City Ballads," quotes the following as the four best lines in the book:

> The Deacon lay on his first wife's bed,
> His second wife's pillow beneath his head,
> His third wife's coverlet o'er him wide,
> His fourth wife slumbering by his side.

I'm shocked that a Unitarian minister and contributor to the "Index" should thus compliment "promiscuity." Or is it really in accordance with the teachings of pure, undefiled, and Free Religion to have three wives in heaven, while it is the depth of immorality to have even two on earth?

The remarks of John Swinton, reprinted elsewhere, upon the recent strike of the New York car-drivers, indicate that he is opening his eyes to the real nature of the ballot. What he says, if he did but know it, amounts to a square acknowledgment of the superiority of Anarchistic to political methods. And yet, whenever he formulates his platform in detail, it is found that almost every measure proposed depends for its realization upon a majority vote. Perhaps this new utterance indicates that he is preparing to smash his old idols. I certainly hope so. If ever a man was built for an Anarchist, it is John Swinton. With his impetuosity and dash and fire he belongs on the side of spontaneity and liberty, instead of on that of rigidity, formalism, and authority. But in almost all his practical demands he has thus far stood with the formalists.

Importance of Individuality.

To the Editor of Liberty:

Your recognition and vindication of the fact that the individual, under Liberty and Intelligence, is the source and only possibility of humanity, divinity, and every other conceivable form of happiness that the Eternal Now can be enriched by should be a talismanic incentive to every person to emancipate himself from the present abominable state of legal, authoritative self-enslavement.

Every person should realize that he himself is his own God and his *only* God; that his body is the living temple of the lord; that *Now* is his eternity; that *here* is his heaven or his hell, as he himself makes it,—for those are states of existing happiness or unhappiness *here* and *now*, and *not* a location other than here, or a time other than now; that he himself is the truthful witness, the unerring judge, and the efficient executor of his own affairs; that his own brain is his sanctum of justice, or high court, and his Reason the presiding principle of omnipotent rectitude; that, to himself, when possessed of his natural inheritance, Liberty and Intelligence, there is no superior conceivable.

Man, or rather the imbecile slave ironically called man, needs a courageous intelligence with a human motive to take him, self-abjected slave, contented dupe, by the hand and bid him stand erect,—his full altitude in Nature,—and realize what he is, and contrast it with what he *ought* to be. Let him be *untaught*. Or, teach him to despise and actively trample under foot every form of man-imposed authority,—temporal and spiritual. Teach him that he is the centre of his individual sovereign sphere,—his own universe; that attraction, and *not* compulsion, *is* the constructive principle in humanity as in Nature; that the supreme option of the individual is the royal assent, to oppose which is to oppose the laws of human creation, is self-destruction; that the recognition of the *fact of equality* before Nature of all her children kills off at once all forms of privilege, injustice, authority, and the theologic farce called government, backed up and sanctified as it is by the popular delusion called majority rule. Facts such as those, in my opinion, will teach the people to know their rights and assert their manhood and not regard themselves, as too many of them now do, as some spurious bastard progeny, having no rights in Nature and merely privileged to drag out a menial existence by permission of some arrogant governmental thief, some divine authority. Let this usurpation called government and this sanctified farce called religion be put on trial for murder. Ghosts of the dead, the judicially murdered, and many of those called the living—those in process of being killed by government—will testify against them and a healthy humanity will cause an immediate execution of the twin monsters. This is a duty which the present age owes to the future, if those now living do not wish to remain slaves and be the fathers of a race of slaves. P. K. O'LALLY.

55 I Street, South Boston, August, 1885.

Modern Apostles.

China points with pride to her antique civilization, and looks down upon the parvenu nineteenth century of Christian civilization with the same ironical scorn ancient Egypt listened to the boastings of the Greeks. And signs are not wanting that our puny great men are heading the flock to jump the bars which yet distinguish occidental from oriental wisdom. With the advent of the fierce spectre of the *Sans-culotte* the old Gospel has paled. A transformation has taken place among the sons of Puritans as great as that recorded in the transition from Pagan to Christian Rome. The pagan gods faded away; not driven out, but absorbed; not replaced by the Jewish Yahveh, but concentrated into One, "angels and authorities and powers made subject unto him." The people still flocked to the same shrines; the temple of Romulus and Remus was now occupied by two Christian brothers; Janus left Peter his keys and robe; Isis became rechristened as Mary, and held the same babe, and a young pagan Bacchus tried to forget natural joy as a statute of Christian virtue!

So today the Gospel of Commonplace has well nigh overlaid the Gospel of the past. The Holy Sepulchre is deserted by pilgrims, who have turned off to rush headlong for Blessed Mediocrity. There is no God but Commonplace, and the State is his Prophet!

Have you talent? Better hide it in the napkin of the daily press then step out of the ruts so well-worn by the sainted dead. Do you talk in your sleep in society of sincerity? Let not your rash thought take you out of the highway into the untraveled common, or you will perish from want. Are you an editor? Shut up your books, consult the inspiration of passion and ignorance in the mob, and rail at the Mormon and the Heathen Chinee. Are you an incipient statesman? Dismiss all allusions to "patriotic sires" save in perorations, and confine your labors to primaries, and studies to parliamentary precedents. Are you a clergyman? Bow at once at the Shrine of the Commonplace, and proclaim your eternal faith in the creed that your mind is a slate wiped with the sponge of divine grace for the inscription of praises to Mrs. Grundy. Are you a lawyer? Ah! it is well with thee; no bill need be presented you for advice. Are you a capitalist or mechanic? The path for either is the same. Join the Union of your fellows, proclaim the rule of Might, run rampant over the defenceless, and fight for monopoly of privileges.

Be an Apostle of the Gospel of Commonplace, and thou shalt be saved! Success will wait upon you. Though all cannot belie their life by writing "Hon." before their names, you may attain to a corner-lot in the suburbs and a centre pew in the sanctuary to attest your reward.

Refuse obeisance to the shrine of the Commonplace, and lo! thou art a Crank! DYER D. LUM.

John Swinton Squints Anarchy-ward.

A short time ago the New York car-drivers struck for a reduction of their hours and got it in no time, upon which "John Swinton's Paper" remarks as follows:

We hear it every day that there are only two ways by which the working people can gain any of the things that they seek: they must either vote for them at the polls or fight for them in the field. Now the car-drivers neither fought in the field nor voted at the polls. They got no help either from the politicians or the Generalissimos. They managed the whole business in their own way. How they won was thus: they quietly organized themselves into a solid body; they unitedly determined that their hours of labor must be shortened; they fixed upon a direct course of action; they made an alliance with a very powerful Order which took them under its shield; they made full preparations for the decisive moment; they laid their demands before the parties of the other side, who resisted until they saw that further resistance would be vain;—in the darkness of the morning the blow was struck, and before noon the corporations succumbed. The hours were shortened with no corresponding reduction of wages. That is the whole story. We must say that it was by far the best managed piece of business ever done by any organization in New York city; and they were a new organization at that, and a class of men who are among the hardest to organize.

Destined to Die of Despotism.

[E. H. Heywood.]

Resolved, That, since the Knights of Labor adopt sex-equality and the mutual interest of all workers to unite for common defence,—two leading doctrines of this league,—we invite them to reject their despotic policies relative to land, money, and exchange; to fling overboard treacherous timber which tends to make their great order a pirate ship rather than an ark of safety for toiling millions; that, like the Labor Congress, the Grangers, the Sovereigns of Industry, and many other extinct organizations, life in Knights of Labor will be abortively short, unless they speedily turn from tyrannous ways and head towards liberty.

SONNETS.

ORDER.

"For Law and Order!" 'Tis the shout ascending
From traders' lips in every land and clime,
Who deem the hands upon the clock of time
Are motionless; and tyrants fiercely rending
The liberties from sire to son descending
Re-echo back the slavish cry with chime
Of steel on steel, and pontiffs bless the crime
In God's name, damning him who thinks of blending
With Order, Progress. Where the slave was kneeling
'Twas Order plied the lash till Progress raised
The slave to serf; again when human feeling
Redeemed the serf, 'twas Order wage appraised
At living's cost; but Anarchy, all else repealing,
Declares true Order is on Progress based.

THE CONSTITUTION.

The clout with which our fathers sought to bind
The growing limbs of Freedom's new-born child
Has with the country's growth been long defiled
In putrid stench; yet still the statesman, blind
To growth and progress, insanely hopes to find
Relief in patches on each other piled,
Or, turning to old methods still more wild,
Relies on force to limit growth. Mankind,
With sturdy limbs and rocked in freedom's air,
To stature grown, turns from his childish plays;
The ballot-box, his youthful rattle, fails
To ease the wants maturer age entails,
And manhood seeks with freedom's sons to share
A liberty unknown in simpler days.

Dyer D. Lum.

IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 75.

Sure enough, the gibbet was vacant; the horse kicked the falleh image. They would nail Sir Harvey in its place, and the devotees would lose nothing; they would rather gain by the change: the face of the Irishman, framed in an abundant head of hair and a fine red beard, like that of the Nazarene, was incomparably more prepossessing than the wooden face of the Christ, dark, flat-nosed, toothless, which was now lying prostrate in the dirt and whose worm-eaten frame was now crumbling under the horse's hoofs.

His beauty, to be sure, would pass away under the influence of the inclemency of the weather, and in the decomposition of death; but, for three or four days, perhaps one or two more on account of the sobriety of Irishmen of the upper classes, this picture would certainly edify travellers and ravens.

In imitation of Gowan's, all the other horses had stopped short, and two riders, thrown to the ground, picked themselves up bruised, one with his shoulder dislocated, and swearing.

The captain applied to each of them violent blows with the flat of his sabre, and, cutting the cords which bound the prisoner, he placed him in a sitting posture before him, like a child which one rocks in his arms and against his breast.

The feeble body could not support itself; Gowan shouted at him, shook him like a plum-tree or like a drunken man, as Arklow, an hour before, had done to Casper, as one shakes a decanter that is not transparent to discover whether it is empty or not.

"Thunder!" cried the brigand, disappointed, "there is nothing more in the bottle; life has drained away on the road from the drooping neck. We might have foreseen it!"

To crucify a corpse, a fine affair! He would not suffer; he would not experience the atrocious anguish of seeing the birds of prey swoop down to carve him alive; of hearing the howling pack of greedy wolves running to and fro in the darkness, and perceiving their flaming eyes, like burning coals, around the calvary; of feeling their fierce breath warm his feet, and, in miracles of ascension, these ravenous beasts, heaped one above the other, reach up to his legs and plant their fangs therein!

But from the lips of the patient a sigh exhaled, a feeble one, the sigh of an infant; a second succeeded it, others following, and the unfortunate man opened his eyes, trying to remember what had happened.

The infected breath of Gowan recalled it all immediately.

As he was preparing to leave the farm, at first the tumultuous invasion of these furies sweating with whiskey, cheeks on fire, speech thick and drivelling, laughing in their besottedness or vociferating in anger, staggering, and getting entangled in the sheaths of their sabres! . . . They had saluted him with an ironical deference, paying him military honors as to a general, and then asked:

"Your name?"

"Yours?"

"Insolent fellow!"

"Blackguards!"

"Your name is Harvey. You are the one who excites the people to revolt."

"And to the hanging of bandits like you!"

With their hands gloved with clotted blood, washed off only in those places where their potations had splashed upon them, they brutally seized him by the collar; he pushed them back, called them assassins, deserving an ignominious death, and striking them in the face with his whip, he tried to force a passage.

They rushed upon him, hemming him in, and knocked him down with blows of their fists and the pommels of their swords; overcome and bound fast, they threw him into a corner, penning him between the wall and a rampart of benches, where a dog gently licked him in silence.

He had then witnessed a revolting orgie of beer, gin, brandy, obscene songs, bluster, cynical confessions of abominable crimes, disputes, quarrels, scuffles degenerating into embraces and revivals of friendship which were renewed in alcohol.

That they might not forget him, they had picked him up again like a bundle and laid him on the end of the table, deafening him with their yells and flooding him with overturned liquor, which was flowing away in streams through several gutters.

Then, the table being suddenly overturned in one of their drunken transports, he remembered nothing more except the confusion of a mad ride in the darkness, a nightmare filled with bodily tortures and a succession of fainting fits.

Now he found himself again in the red hands of Hunter Gowan!

It was doubtless death this time, judging by the sneers of the sinister brute and the fury with which he shook him, almost turning his stomach.

Divining his anxiety, Harvey settled it.

"I am alive!" said he.

"Admirable!" exclaimed the ruffian, who, in his usual tone of mockery, congratulated him warmly.

To die in a swoon was abhorrent to a Christian; he would prefer to look death in the face and first purify his soul to appear rightly before God! Unfortunately, the company lacked chaplains; it was, moreover, of the English Church. Nevertheless, if Harvey would condescend to tell his sins, he, Gowan, would repeat them to the priest of Bunclody on his honor, and, meanwhile, he would absolve them.

"I belong to the Presbyterian church!" said the agitator, indignantly.

An apprehension took possession of him. He dreaded neither death, nor the sufferings of the death-agony, nor the terrors of execution; but the future of the insurrection troubled him. Would he not fail his brothers!

In his reverie he seemed cowardly, and the chief of the band insulted him, shaming him, and offering him his gourd to drink bumpers of gin in order to cheer him up.

"See if my hand trembles!" said the Irishman.

And the disgrace of a resounding blow fell on the face of the bully, who roared.

Foaming, stammering new insults and terrible threats, he seized Harvey, who, in his attempts to free himself, dealt him blows in the face with his clenched fist, and tried to grasp his throat.

But Harvey's muscles, enfeebled by his previous tortures, placed the combatants upon a flagrant inequality. He could not open his hands wide enough to grasp the bull-neck of the former keeper of the hounds, and his fists rebounded from the wretch's tanned skin without scratching him.

A rattle from Harvey's throat frightened him; he was afraid that it was the supreme rattle, and that he had lost his prize. Then, riding up against the calvary and ordering his dismounted comrades to hold his horse by the bit as motionless as a pedestal, he stood straight up on his saddle, lifting his prisoner by the joint of his left arm, and, with a skilful turn of the hand, bound him with what remained of the fetters to the upright part of the cross.

Cords which they handed up to him consolidated the ligatures, and, to finish his work, he ordered them to take out the nails from the hands and feet of the rusty Christ; these consisted, however, only of blunt fragments; what was to be done? Gowan thrust the blade of his sabre several times into a crack in the cross and broke it into as many pieces as would serve to pin the inert sufferer to the wood.

For a hammer he availed himself of the hilt of the weapon, and pounded gaily like a good workman; the warm blood which gushed out, filling his eyes, face, and even his mouth, did not hinder him.

He only spat it out, swearing at its insipidity, and, when he had finished, he rinsed his mouth with floods of gin.

To be continued.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

A ROMANCE.

By N. G. TCHERNYCHEWSKY.

Translated by Benj. R. Tucker.

Continued from No. 75.

"Then why don't you commence at the necessary point?" said Beaumont, already a little animated. "It is possible; I know examples, with us in America," he added.

"I have already told you why. What can I undertake alone? I do not know how to go to work; and, even if I knew, could I do it? A young girl is so hampered in every direction. I am free in my own room. But what can I do there? Put a book on the table and teach people to read it. Where can I go? What can I do alone?"

"Are you trying to make me out a despot, Katia?" said the father: "but it is not my fault, you having given me so severe a lesson."

"I blush at the thought, papa; I was then a child. No, you are good, you do not thwart me. It is society that thwarts me. Is it true, M. Beaumont, that in America a young girl is much less hampered?"

"Yes, we may be proud of it, although we are far from where we ought to be; but what a comparison with Europeans! All that you hear about the liberty of woman in our country is really the truth."

"Papa, let us go to America, after M. Beaumont has bought the factory," said Katérina Vassilievna, jokingly: "there I will do something. Ah! how happy I should be!"

"One may find an occupation at St. Petersburg also," said Beaumont.

"How?"

Beaumont hesitated two or three seconds. "But why, then, did I come here? And who could better inform me?" said he to himself.

"Have you not heard of it? There is an attempt in progress to apply the principles lately deduced by economic science: are you familiar with them?"

"Yes, I have read a little about them; that must be very interesting and very useful. And could I take part in it? Where shall I find it?"

"The shop was founded by Madame Kirsanoff."

"Is she the doctor's wife?"

"You know him? And has he said nothing to you about this matter?"

"A long time ago. Then he was not married. I was sick; he came several times, and saved me. Ah! what a man! Does she resemble him?"

But how make Madame Kirsanoff's acquaintance? Could Beaumont give Katérina Vassilievna a letter of introduction to Madame Kirsanoff? What was the use? The Kirsanoffs had never even heard his name; but no introduction was necessary: Madame Kirsanoff surely would be very glad to find so much sympathy. As for her address, it would have to be ascertained at the hospital or the Academy of Medicine.

XII.

Such was the way in which Mademoiselle Polosoff came to know Véra Pavlovna; she called upon the latter the following morning; and Beaumont was so interested in the matter that he came in the evening to inquire about her visit.

Katérina Vassilievna was very animated. There was no trace of her sorrow left; ecstasy had replaced melancholy. She described to Beaumont, with enthusiasm, what she had seen and heard; she had already told the story to her father, but it was impossible for her to weary of it; her heart was so full: she had found an attractive occupation. Beaumont listened attentively; but does one listen like that? And she said to him, almost angrily: "M. Beaumont, I am beginning to be disenchanted with you: is it possible that you can be so little impressed? One would suppose that you felt almost no interest."

"Do not forget, Katérina Vassilievna, that I have seen all this in America; I am interested in a few of the details; but as a whole I know it only too well. It is only in the persons who have taken this initiative here that I can be much interested. For instance, what can you tell me of Madame Kirsanoff?"

"Ah, my God! she certainly pleased me much. She explained everything to me with so much ardor."

"You have already said so."

"What more do you want? What else could I tell you? Could you expect me, indeed, to be thinking of her, when I had such a sight before my eyes?"

"I understand that one entirely forgets persons when interested in things; but nevertheless what else can you tell me of Madame Kirsanoff?"

Katérina Vassilievna called up her recollections of Véra Pavlovna, but found in them only the first impression that Véra Pavlovna had made upon her; she described very vividly her external appearance, her manner of speech, all that one sees at a glance when first meeting a stranger; but beyond this there was almost nothing in her memory relating to Véra Pavlovna: the shop, the shop, the shop,— and Véra Pavlovna's explanations. These explanations she understood thoroughly, but Véra Pavlovna herself she understood but very little.

"For this once, then, you have disappointed my hopes; I should have been very glad to learn something from you as to Madame Kirsanoff; nevertheless I do not release you; in a few days I will question you again on this subject."

"But why not make her acquaintance, if she interests you so much?"

"I should like to do so; perhaps I shall some day. But first I must learn more about her."

Beaumont was silent for a few moments.

"I am considering whether I should ask a favor of you. Yes, it is better that I should. This is it: if my name happens to be mentioned in your conversations

with them, do not say that I have questioned you about her, or that it is my intention to sometime make her acquaintance."

"But this is getting enigmatical, M. Beaumont," said Katérina Vassilievna, in a serious tone. "Through me as an intermediary you wish to obtain information about them, while you remain concealed yourself?"

"Yes, Katérina Vassilievna; how shall I explain it to you? I fear to make their acquaintance."

"All this is very strange, M. Beaumont."

"True. I will say more: I fear that it may be disagreeable to them. They have never heard my name. But I have had something to do with one of their relatives, and even with them. In short, I must first be sure that it would be agreeable to them to make my acquaintance."

"All this is strange, M. Beaumont."

"I am an honest man, Katérina Vassilievna; I venture to assure you that I shall never permit myself to compromise you; I see you now only for the second time, but already I esteem you."

"I see for myself, M. Beaumont, that you are an honest man; but" . . . . .

"If you think me an honest man, you will permit me to come to see you in order that, as soon as you shall feel entirely sure about me, I may ask you for details about the Kirsanoffs. Or rather, you shall break the silence yourself, whenever it may seem to you that you can satisfy the request which I have just made of you and which I shall not renew. Are you willing?"

"Certainly, M. Beaumont," said Katérina Vassilievna, slightly shrugging her shoulders. "But confess, then" . . . . .

This time she did not wish to finish.

"That I must now inspire you with some mistrust? True. But I will wait till that has disappeared."

XIII.

Beaumont visited the Polosoffs very often. "Why not?" thought the old man: "he is a good match. Certainly he is not such a husband as Katia might once have had. But then she was neither concerned nor ambitious. Now one could not ask a better."

In fact, Beaumont was a good match. He said that he thought of living in Russia for the rest of his days, as he regarded it as his native country. Here was a positive man; at thirty years, though born poor, he had a good position in life. If he had been a Russian, Polosoff would have liked it had he been a nobleman, but in the case of foreigners this is not an important consideration, especially when they are Frenchmen and still less when they are Americans. In America one may be today in the employ of a shoemaker or a farmer, tomorrow a general, the day after president, and then again a clerk or a lawyer. They are a people apart, judging individuals only by their wealth and their capacities. "And they are quite right," reflected Polosoff; "I am such a man myself. I began in commerce and married a merchant's daughter. Money is the most important thing; brains also, to be sure, for without brains one cannot get money: he has taken a good road. He will buy the factory and be its manager; then he will become a partner in the house. And their houses are not like ours. He, too, will control millions."

It was very probable that Polosoff's dreams concerning his future son-in-law were no more to be realized than the similar dreams of Maria Alexevna. But, however that may be, Beaumont was a good match for Katérina Vassilievna.

Was not Polosoff mistaken, nevertheless, in his prevision of a son-in-law in Beaumont? If the old man had had any doubts at first, these doubts would have disappeared when Beaumont, two weeks after he had begun to visit them, said that it was very probable that the purchase of the factory would be delayed a few days; at any rate he wished to defer the drawing-up of the contract, as he was waiting for Mr. Loter, who would soon arrive at St. Petersburg. "At first, when I was not personally acquainted with you," added Beaumont, "I wanted to conclude the matter myself. Now that we are so well acquainted, this would not be proper. And that later there may be no misunderstandings, I have written to my employers that, during the negotiations, I have made the acquaintance of the manager and principal stockholder, who has nearly his entire fortune invested in the factory, and have asked, in consequence, that the house should send some one to conclude the negotiations in my place; that is the reason, you see, why Mr. Loter is coming."

Prudence and wisdom,—these showed clearly an intention to marry Katia: a simple acquaintance would not have been enough to prompt such precaution.

XIV.

The next two or three visits of Beaumont were marked at first by a rather cold welcome on the part of Katérina Vassilievna. She began indeed to feel a little distrust of this comparative stranger, who had expressed an enigmatical desire for information concerning a family to whom, if he were to be believed, he was not known, and yet feared to make their acquaintance in the absence of knowledge that his acquaintance would be agreeable. But even during these first visits, though Katérina Vassilievna viewed him with distrust, she nevertheless was quickly drawn into lively conversation with him. In her past life, before making the acquaintance of Kirsanoff, she had never met such men. He sympathized so much with all that interested her, and understood her so well! Even with her dearest friends (for that matter, properly speaking, she had but a single friend, Polina, who had long been living at Moscow, after her marriage to a manufacturer of that city), even with Polina she did not converse so much at her ease as with him.

And he at first came, not, of course, to see her, but to inquire about the Kirsanoffs; nevertheless from the very first, from the moment when they began to talk of *ennui* and the means of escaping it, it was plain that he esteemed her and was in sympathy with her. At their second interview he was very much drawn to her by her enthusiasm at having found a useful occupation. Now at each new interview his good feeling toward her became more evident. Straightway a friendship of the simplest and most fervent sort was formed between them, so that a week later Katérina Vassilievna had already told him all that she knew about the Kirsanoffs: she was sure that this man was incapable of entertaining an evil design.

It is none the less true that, when she broached the subject of the Kirsanoffs, he stopped her.

"Why so soon? You know me too little."

"No, I know you enough, M. Beaumont; I see that your unwillingness to explain to me what seemed strange in your desire was probably due to the fact that you had no right to do so; there are secrets."

To which he answered:

"And, you see, I am no longer so impatient to know what I desired to learn about them."

XV.

Katérina Vassilievna's animation continued without weakening, but it changed into a perpetual playfulness full of luminous humor. It was precisely this animation which most drew Beaumont to her; that was very evident. After having listened two or three times to the stories that she told him regarding the Kirsanoffs, he said to her the fourth time: "Now I know all that I had to find out. I thank you."

"But what do you know, then? I have only told you so far that they love each other and are very happy."

"That is all that I had to find out; besides, I knew it."

And the subject of conversation changed.

The first thought of Katérina Vassilievna, on hearing Beaumont's first question about Madame Kirsanoff, had been that he was enamored of her. But now it was clear that such was not the case.

As well as Katérina Vassilievna now knew him, she even believed that Beaumont was not capable of becoming enamored. "Love he may. But if he loves anybody now, it is I," thought Katérina Vassilievna.

XVI.

But did they really love each other? Did she, for instance, love him? On one occasion she showed some feeling for Beaumont; but how it ended! Not at all as the beginning would have led one to expect.

Beaumont came to the Polosoffs' every day for longer or shorter calls, but every day; it was precisely on that fact that Polosoff based his assurance that Beaumont intended to ask for Katérina Vassilievna's hand; there were no other indications. One day the evening went by, and Beaumont did not come.

"You do not know what has become of him, papa?"

"I know nothing about it; probably he did not have time."

Another evening passed, and still Beaumont did not come. The next morning Katérina Vassilievna was getting ready to go out.

"Where are you going, Katia?"

"To attend to some affairs of mine."

She went to see Beaumont. He was sitting down, in an overcoat with large sleeves, and reading; he raised his eyes from his book when he saw the door open.

"Ah! it is you, Katérina Vassilievna? I am very glad, and I thank you very much."

This was said in the same tone in which he would have greeted her father, except that it was a little more affable.

"What is the matter with you, M. Beaumont? Why have you stayed away so long? You have made me anxious about you, and, besides, you have made time hang heavy on my hands."

"Nothing of importance, Katérina Vassilievna; I am well, as you see. Will you not take some tea? See, I am drinking some."

"Very well, but why is it so long since we have seen you?"

"Peter, bring a cup. You see, I am well; there is nothing the matter, then. Stop! I have been to the factory with Mr. Loter, and, in explaining it to him, I was careless and placed my arm on some gearing, which scratched it. And neither yesterday nor the day before could I put on my undercoat."

"Show me your arm; else I shall be anxious and believe that you are mutilated."

"Oh! no [Peter entered with a cup for Katérina Vassilievna], I really have my two hands. But then, if you insist [he pulled his sleeve up to his elbow]. Peter, empty this ash-receiver and give me my cigar-case; it is on the table in the study. You see that it is nothing; it needed nothing but some court-plaster."

"Nothing? It is swollen and very red."

"Yesterday it was much worse, tomorrow it will be well. [After emptying the ash-receiver and bringing the cigar-case, Peter withdrew.] I did not want to appear before you as a wounded hero."

"But why did you not write a word?"

"Oh! at first I thought that I should be able to wear my undercoat the next day,—that is, day before yesterday,—day before yesterday I thought that I should be able to wear it yesterday, and yesterday today. I thought it not worth while to trouble you."

"And you have troubled me much more. Your conduct was not good, M. Beaumont. When will this matter of the sale be finished?"

"One of these days, probably, but, you know, this delay is not my fault, or Mr. Loter's, but that of the corporation itself."

"What are you reading?"

"Thackeray's new novel. To have such talent and repeat the same thing everlastingly! It is because his stock of ideas is small."

"I have already read it; in fact," etc.

They lamented the fall of Thackeray, and talked for half an hour about other similar matters.

"But it is time to go to Véra Pavlovna's; and, by the way, when will you make their acquaintance? They are excellent people."

"Some day or other I will ask you to take me there. I thank you very much for your visit. Is that your horse?"

"Yes, that is mine."

"That is why your father never uses it. It is a fine horse."

"It seems to me so, but I know nothing about it."

"It is a very good horse, Monsieur, worth about three hundred and fifty roubles," said the coachman.

"How old is it?"

"Six years, Monsieur."

"Go on, Zakhar, I am ready. *Au revoir*, M. Beaumont; will you come today?"

"I doubt it . . . . no; tomorrow, surely."

XVII.

Do young girls who are in love make such visits as these? In the first place, no well-bred young girl would ever permit herself to do anything of the kind; but, if she should permit herself, evidently something very different would result from it. If Katérina Vassilievna's act is contrary to morality, the content of this immoral act, so to speak, is still more contrary to all received ideas. Is it not clear that Katérina Vassilievna and Beaumont were not human beings, but fishes, or, if they were human beings, that they at least had fishes' blood in their veins? And when she saw him at her home, she treated him in a manner quite in conformity with this interview.

"I am tired of talking, M. Beaumont," said she, when he stayed too long; "stay with papa; I am going to my room."

Continued on page 6

Liberty.

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BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
A. P. KELLY, - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

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"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.

☞ *In the next number of* LIBERTY *will begin the serial publication, to continue through three or four issues, of a new novelette, entitled*

THE WIFE OF NUMBER 4,237,

translated especially for this journal by SARAH E. HOLMES *from the French of*

The Princess Sophie Kropotkine.

It is the simple story of an unfortunate workingman who pays with his liberty and his life for an act of legitimate indignation provoked by the sight of monstrous social iniquities. This picturesque and dramatic tale, filled with personal memories and impressions, was written by the courageous companion of the prisoner of Clairvaux in the shadow of the walls within which, for three years, the governors of France, obligingly acting as jailers for the Czar, kept confined that ardent and devoted Anarchist and eminent savant, Pierre Kropotkine.

Do the Knights of Labor Love Liberty?

To the Editor of Liberty:

In Liberty of January 9 I see, in your notice of our friend, Henry Appleton, having become the editor of the "Newsman," this precautionary language, or mild censure, from you to him: "Will he pardon me if I add that I look with grave doubts upon his advice to newsdealers to join the Knights of Labor? His own powerful pen has often clearly pointed out in these columns the evils of that organization and of all others similar to it." And further on you say: "A significant hint of what may be expected from the Knights of Labor is to be found in the address of Grand Master Powderly, the head and front of that body, before its latest national convention. He said in most emphatic terms that it would not do for the organization to simply frown upon the use of dynamite, but that *any member hereafter advocating the use of dynamite must be summarily expelled.*"

Now, I do not know how much you know about the Knights of Labor, nor do I know how much our friend, Henry Appleton, knows about the Knights of Labor. But this much I am impelled to say after reading your reproving strictures,—that it is neither safe, prudent, or wise to condemn or censure any body of liberty-loving and earnestly truth-seeking people who are associated together to enlighten themselves as to what real Liberty is as well as to what are their most important and highest natural rights, duties, or privileges without a full knowledge of their objects, aims, and their methods to promote and achieve them. I can further confidently say that I have for more than forty years been an earnest seeker for these all-important natural scientific principles as taught or set forth by the most advanced individual thinkers or defenders of *Liberty*,—real *Anarchists*, if you please,—and I have found more persons holding said views and seeking the knowledge of these natural, inalienable laws or principles of scientific government among the members of this condemned association or school than I ever found outside of it. And I am confident that I can find more friends and earnest defenders of Liberty in its ranks than I can find outside of it. In fact, this school was founded to place Labor on a scientific basis and teach individual self-government at the expense of the individual without invading or infringing on the rights of others. Therefore, notwithstanding the opinions you have formed or the conclusions you may have arrived at in regard to this association or school, I fully indorse Friend Appleton's advice to the newsmen as well as all other useful workers who are in pursuit of Liberty, truth, justice, and a knowledge of their natural rights and highest duties. And although this association or school may be composed of a large majority of members who are laboring under the disadvantages of previous superstition, education, or training by the bossism of Church and State, nevertheless I esteem it the best opportunity, opening, or school in which to free them from said superstitions that I have ever met with, and for which the best minds in said school are constantly and earnestly laboring. And pardon me, Friend Tucker, for the suggestion that perhaps, if you knew more about their objects, aims, and methods, you might think better of them than you now do. FAIR PLAY.

Criticism from a man like "Fair Play," whom I know to be a real knight of labor, whether nominally one or not, is always welcome in these columns, and will always deserve and secure my attention. In attending to it in this special case my first business is to repeat what I have said already,—that I misquoted Henry Appleton, that he has never advised newsdealers to join the Knights of Labor, and that he is as much opposed to the principles and purposes of that order as I am.

I don't pretend to know very much about the Knights of Labor, but I know enough to make it needless to know more. I know, for instance, their "Declaration of Principles," and my fatal objections to these principles, or most of them, no additional knowledge of the order could possibly obviate or in any way invalidate or weaken. Of them the preamble itself says: "Most of the objects herein set forth can only be obtained through legislation, and it is the duty of all to assist in nominating and supporting with their votes only such candidates as will pledge their support to those measures, regardless of party." Does "Fair Play" mean to tell me that he knows of any "real Anarchist" who consents to stultify himself by belonging to a society founded on that proposition? If he does, I answer that that man either does not know what Anarchy means, or else is as false to his principles as would be an Infidel who should subscribe to the creed of John Calvin. Anarchy and this position are utterly irreconcilable, and no man who understands both of them (with the possible exception of Stephen Pearl Andrews) would ever attempt to reconcile them.

But what are these objects which these "liberty-loving" people expect to realize by that eminently Anarchistic weapon, the ballot? The "Declaration" goes on to state them. "We demand at the hands of the State" (think of an Anarchist demanding anything of the State except its death!):

"That all lands now held for speculative purposes be taxed to their full value." How long since taxation became an Anarchistic measure? It is my impression that Anarchists look upon taxation as the bottom tyranny of all.

"The enactment of laws to compel corporations to pay their employees weekly in lawful money." Anarchism practically rests upon freedom of contract. Does not this impair it? What party, outside of the makers of a contract, has any right to decide its conditions?

"The enactment of laws providing for arbitration between employers and employed, and to enforce the decision of the arbitrators." That is, the State must fix the rate of wages and the conditions of the performance of labor. The Anarchist who would indorse that must be a curiosity.

"The prohibition by law of the employment of children under fifteen years of age in workshops, mines, and factories." In other words, a boy of fourteen shall not be allowed to choose his occupation. What Anarchist takes this position?

"That a graduated income tax be levied." How this would lessen the sphere of government!

"The establishment of a national monetary system, in which a circulating medium in necessary quantity shall issue direct to the people without the intervention of banks; that all the national issue shall be full legal tender in payment of all debts, public and private; and that the government shall not guarantee or recognize private banks, or create any banking corporations." If "Fair Play" knows of any Anarchists who have subscribed to this, I wish he would furnish their addresses. I should like to send them Colonel Greene's "Mutual Banking" and the keen and powerful chapter of Lysander Spooner's "Letter to Grover Cleveland" which treats of the congressional crime of altering contracts by legal-tender laws. Perhaps they might thus be brought to their senses.

But need I, as I easily might, extend this list of tyrannical measures to convince Friend "Fair Play" that, however much I might know about the Knights of Labor, I could not think better of them than I now do?

The trouble is that "Fair Play" and reformers generally do not yet know what to make of such a phenomenon in journalism as a radical reform paper which, instead of offering the right hand of fellowship to everything *calling itself* radical and reformatory, adopts a principle for its compass and steers a straight course by it. They all like it first-rate until its course conflicts with theirs. Then they exclaim in horror. I am sorry to thus shock them, but I cannot help it; I must keep straight on. When I launched this little newspaper craft, I hoisted the flag of Liberty. I hoisted it not as a name merely, but as a vital principle, by which I mean to live and die. With the valued aid of "Fair Play" and others, added to my own efforts, it has been kept flying steadily at the masthead. It has not been lowered an inch, and, while I have strength to defend it, it never will be. And if any man attempts to pull it down, I care not who he may be, Knight of Capital or Knight of Labor, I propose, at least with mental and moral ammunition, to "shoot him on the spot." T.

Macdonald Shows His Heels Again.

What is the use of arguing with a man who is playing off, who will not stay put, and who is determined not to be convinced?

There is lots of use in it, where the man has his shingle out every week as a "liberal," and assumes to stand for truth. It keeps the man prancing, and every time he kicks up he gradually convinces the public that the mule end of him is the biggest side of him.

I have got Brother Macdonald of the "Truth Seeker" to prancing. He kicks up like a wild colt on this subject of Anarchism, and, if I can keep him kicking long enough, he will yet certainly convince his readers which end of him is talking. He knows that he and all his tribe of "freethinkers" are radically lame and inconsistent in standing for the State, while going for the Church, and it makes him "whee up" when his ribs are poked on the subject. His is a "whee up" argument all through, and I propose to keep poking him so long as he even dares to whee up. Some of the old nags in liberalism cannot do even as much as that.

Liberalism! Ye gods and little fishes! Macdonald says that, when I go from my house to my office and find a sidewalk intervening, it is my duty to either help pay for it, or walk in the slush of the street. Yet even after I take to the street, I am still a trespasser, for that has been paved for me. My plain duty is to get out of the town. But after I get out of the town, I am no better off, for somebody has built the roads for me. The thing very soon reduces itself to the plain proposition that, if I do not like to pay for the traps and trumpery that have been laid ahead of me in my path in life without my knowledge, request, and consent, it is my duty as a consistent man to get right off of this planet.

Now, Editor Macdonald, I have just as good a right on this planet as you have. Yet you want to drive me off because I demur from paying for things that I have not ordered. Do you like to pay for what you have not ordered? You say I should not take advantage of what other people have done, unless I am willing to pay my portion. I cannot help it, unless I commit suicide; but does this fact constitute any valid reason why I am morally bound to help pay for what I had no part in ordering? Upon your sublime reasoning every fat-bellied Catholic priest of whose ecclesiastical paunch you take advantage in getting up your "Truth Seeker" cartoons ought to tax you to pay for a portion of his big dinners.

Pretty boy! How sweetly you talk! "Civil government," you say, "performs a thousand necessary acts which individuals cannot do."

How do you know what individuals can or cannot do, when civil government takes their business by force out of their hands?

"It protects us from outside invasion," you say.

Ask your tax-payers in New York about that.

"It gives us a stable currency."

A good body of your readers are Greenbackers. How they will smile at this joke of yours!

"It gives us schools, instead of having each family teach its own children."

Yes, and that is why your free-thought children are obliged to have the Bible pumped down them in the public schools, and you forced to pay for it when you do not believe in the book. It is rather extraordinary cheek, even in you, Macdonald, to present such an argument as this.

"It punishes domestic wrong-doers, cares for the poor, the insane," etc.

But first settle whether it is itself not the chief of wrong-doers. Does it ever punish itself? Is it not the fact of its own existence that primarily creates the poor and the insane? It is to this point that I cannot hold you, Brother Macdonald. You "whee up" every time.

But at last civil Deacon Macdonald wheels in his big gun. He says the people can change or abolish the government if they choose, and they are alone to blame if their servants steal from them.

It is, as it were, as if somebody should roll a big stone before my door. When I protest, the man says that I am to blame if I tolerate it, for there is a constitutional provision by which I can change or abolish this state of things whenever I will. But what is the stone before my door for? I insist. The man then has the effrontery to say that I helped roll it there.

This is just the position of Brother Macdonald. I ask him by what right this big stone (the State) is rolled before the door of my individual liberty in the first place, that I should be at the pains of abolishing it constitutionally? Macdonald says I helped roll it there. He knows better. But, finding no other way to get out of my house, I climb over it, and thus make use of it. For this forced use of the stone Macdonald says I ought in duty to pay, or else get off of the planet. O thou wonderful youth! thou rising Prince of Truth Seekers! thou dost indeed deserve a chromo.

Once again do I call Brother Macdonald back to the original question of his blank inconsistency. I expect that he will do little more than "whee up" again, but, as I say, if he continues to show the best end of himself long enough, he will furnish an argument stronger than my philosophy, which unfortunately he seems constitutionally incapable of assimilating. X.

The Senator and the Editor.

IV.

THE EDITOR.

The Bona Fide Editorial.

One word, reader patient,—reader interested, too, we hope,—one word to explain that, when we began giving the "Herald's" editorial we had discovered, in the previous number, we had quite forgotten that the remarks of our editor that were of real, absolute interest to us were contained in the second instalment of his views inspired by the Edmunds speech. This little fact set forth in order that you should understand our statement that the editorial utterance there furnished would constitute a full reply to the bogus editorial first introduced, we make way at once for

WORK AND WEALTH.

"In yesterday's brief comments on the remarks of Senator Edmunds at the Merchants' dinner, we alluded to the growing disparity between the gains of money and muscle; between financiering skill and mental or manual labor. It must be apparent to the dullest apprehension that this great and increasing difference in the results of different kinds of labor can not be accounted for except on the supposition of some lurking injustice. How is it that *money*, which of itself does nothing at all, can be manipulated so that it shall command a hundred and a thousandfold to the onefold of labor, and labor not be defrauded? Answer that, financiers, and you will go far to justify the present condition of things. In our judgment you can not answer. If you attempt, you will be confused by your own logic. For what is all your financiering but so much labor? And who are you that your labor is to your fellows, as a hundred to one?

"No, gentlemen, the complaint of labor is legitimate. Senator Edmunds spoke words of truth and soberness; *there is something wrong at bottom.* The world is for all and not for a few. In no other country has so much emphasis been laid on this fact. We have spent a century in vain efforts to establish the political significance of it. America has to learn now that *industrial equality* is the first step to a free civilization. All else follows.

"In what spirit, therefore, shall we approach this subject? Can any one offer a good reason why we should not regard the wide-spread discontent among the laboring classes sympathetically? It is common enough to denounce the agitators who are getting the ear of the public as 'knaves or fools,' and to decry all their various movements. Socialism, Nihilism, Communism, Anarchism are too apt to be regarded as only the wild and visionary outbreaks of ignorance and passion stirred into frantic life by demagogic appeals. But the wise and thoughtful will make no such mistake. Men like the Vermont senator understand too well the workings of human nature to harbor such a delusion. That a substantial claim for justice lies at the heart of all these outcries of reform only the ignorant will deny.

"What *is* that claim?

"Suppose in the investigation it shall appear that the 'criminal class' in every community, speaking with a due regard to the fact, goes dressed in broadcloth, lives on the bounty of the land, and moves in so-called highest social circles? If injustice is being done to labor, who is doing it? Who but the well-dressed manipulators of capital?

"We come to the discussion of the labor problem with the profoundest human sympathies. And with a courage, also, to be prepared for whatever startling result honest and patient research shall reveal.

"In considering the various propositions for the redress of the wrongs of labor, we encounter, first, the one rapidly coming into public approval,—that of conference and arbitration. The various labor organizations, for a long time inefficient, have grown so strong of late that capital has been forced into a more conciliatory mood. Suppose that it now consents to meet labor half way, and yield its claims with those of labor to arbitration. Are the demands of justice then met? We shall not question but that this mode of settlement may be an improvement on the past. To say, however, that it is at all satisfactory as a final adjustment of the relation between capital and labor, employer and employed, would be, in our judgment, to abandon the industrial problem as impossible of solution. It is not a little surprising that those who prate most of the 'harmony' that should exist between capital and labor in the same breath glorify arbitration? What opportunity for a third party as arbiter, unless capital and labor are belligerent? In one sentence, it may be said that arbitration is the equal rights of belligerents to be heard and have their claims adjusted in a court of compromise. This is not peace. It is only a truce. Matters are eased up, and work goes on until the next occasion when capital gets greedy or labor ambitious.

"When harmony, of which we hear so much, is really secured, it will not be by some patched-up compromise of conflicting claims, but by direct appeal to a recognized standard of equity. In other words, the labor question will be settled by principle, and not by the kindly offices of a court that has no known law of justice to guide it. Suppose the laborer can not live on his wages? By what principle is it known that he ought to have more, and how much more? Justice may be done, or injustice may be done, by this guess work of the arbiter. Equal rights, fair play in letting out to a third party a decision that ought easily to be made by the two parties directly interested, is only a shifting of responsibility, and to no other purpose than preventing an open fight and letting matters drift a while longer.

"It is said that the employer is wrong when he insists on dictating the terms on which he will employ labor. And the laborer is wrong when he assumes alone to say on what terms he will dispose of his labor. Is not this to confess again that capital and labor are at odds?

"But, aside from this fact, the statement needs clearing up. As between man and man every employer has an absolute right to say what he will pay an employee for his labor. And the right of a laborer to say what he will accept for his labor can not be gainsaid. Neither can dictate to the other. They are equals. The one may have the other at a disadvantage, and so force the other into submission. That is, the one can starve the other out. In this sense there may be dictation. It does not follow, however, that dictation of this sort is always wrong. If A wishes to employ B, and B refuses to be employed except at an exorbitant price, A by refusing to pay that much, or more than a specified sum, may be said to dictate terms to B, if B must yield or starve. But would there be any injustice in such dictation? So, on the other hand, B might dictate terms to A and do nothing unjust. It is when one party or the other getting the advantage forces or dictates terms that are unjust that the wrong is done. But, as we have before remarked, who knows when the terms *are* unjust? How is this matter of wages to be determined? 'We will not work on starvation wages.' You wish to live comfortably and lay by something for old age? 'Certainly; why not?' And so you consider that your labor is worth enough to allow you to do that? 'Certainly; it ought to be.' True,—it ought to be. But you and your neighbor differ widely in regard to living 'comfortably.' If you are both to determine your wrongs by that standard, though you may do precisely the same work, the amounts you will each receive in recompense therefor may vary widely. Thus the only standard of equity attained is each individual's caprice or whim. Or, it may be his honest conviction of what he *needs* in order to live properly. But the proposition stated any way can be reduced to an absurdity. If you are to claim reward according to your needs and not in accordance with the service you render, the highwayman can urge precisely the same claim. He may be as much in *need* as you or the best of men."

Reader, as we find after all that we shall have to divide this editorial and reserve a part for another time, this may be as good a place to stop as any. H.

An Honest Government a Miracle.

[Galveston News.]

Such a thing as an honest government, as a whole, is wellnigh impossible. If it were possible, the maxim would not have arisen, that is the best government which governs least. Honest men are, as a rule, content to govern themselves. Bold, grasping, or crafty men are in the majority among thoss who make a profession of the art of office-getting. It suits these men to be able to "govern." Honest government is looked upon as a miracle.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

Continued from page 3.

And she went out. Sometimes he answered:
"Stay fifteen minutes longer, Katérina Vassilievna."
"Very well," she then replied.
But generally he answered:
"*Au revoir*, then, Katérina Vassilievna."
What sort of people are these, I should like to know; and I should like to know also if they are not simply honest people, whom no one prevents from seeing each other in their own fashion, whom no one will prevent from marrying whenever the idea occurs to them, and who, consequently, have no reason to bear up against obstacles. Yet I am embarrassed by the coolness of their association, not so much on their account as on my own. Am I condemned, in my capacity of novelist, to compromise all my heroes and heroines in the eyes of well-bred people? Some eat and drink, others do not get excited without reason: what an uninteresting set!

XVIII.

And yet, in the opinion of the aged Polosoff, the affair meant marriage. Considering the nature of the relations between the supposed lovers, how could he imagine such a thing? Had he not heard their conversations? Not always, it is true; sometimes they stayed with him, but oftener went to sit or promenade in other rooms. It is true that this did not change at all the character of their conversation. These conversations were such that a *connoisseur* in matters of the human heart (a *human heart* which men really do not have) would have lost all hope of ever seeing Katérina Vassilievna and Beaumont married. Not that they did not talk of sentiments to each other; they talked of those as they did of everything else, but only a little and in what a tone! In a tone that was revolting, so calm was it and so horrible in the eccentricity of the thoughts expressed. Here is an example.

To be continued.

A LETTER TO GROVER CLEVELAND.

ON

His False, Absurd, Self-Contradictory, and Ridiculous Inaugural Address.

By LYSANDER SPOONER.

[The author reserves his copyright in this letter.]

SECTION XXI.

To justify its declaration, that congress has power to alter men's contracts after they are made, the court dwells upon the fact that, at the times when the legal-tender acts were passed, the government was in peril of its life; and asserts that it had therefore a right to do almost anything for its self-preservation, without much regard to its honesty, or dishonesty, towards private persons. Thus it says:

> A civil war was then raging, which seriously threatened the overthrow of the government, and the destruction of the constitution itself. It demanded the equipment and support of large armies and navies, and the employment of money to an extent beyond the capacity of all ordinary sources of supply. Meanwhile the public treasury was nearly empty, and the credit of the government, if not stretched to its utmost tension, had become nearly exhausted. Moneyed institutions had advanced largely of their means, and more could not be expected of them. They had been compelled to suspend specie payments. Taxation was inadequate to pay even the interest on the debt already incurred, and it was impossible to await the income of additional taxes. The necessity was immediate and pressing. The army was unpaid. There was then due to the soldiers in the field nearly a score of millions of dollars. The requisitions from the War and Navy departments for supplies, exceeded fifty millions, and the current expenditure was over one million per day. . . . . Foreign credit we had none. We say nothing of the overhanging paralysis of trade, and business generally, which threatened loss of confidence in the ability of the government to maintain its continued existence, and therewith the complete destruction of all remaining national credit.
>
> It was at such a time, and in such circumstances, that congress was called upon to devise means for maintaining the army and navy, for securing the large supplies of money needed, and indeed for the preservation of the government created by the constitution. It was at such a time, and in such an emergency, that the legal-tender acts were passed.—12 *Wallace* 540–1.

In the same case Bradley said:

> Can the poor man's cattle, and horses, and corn be thus taken by the government, when the public exigency requires it, and cannot the rich man's bonds and notes be in like manner taken to reach the same end?—*p.* 561.

He also said:

> It is absolutely essential to independent national existence that government should have a firm hold on the two great instrumentalities of the *sword* and the *purse, and the right to wield them without restriction, on occasions of national peril.* In certain emergencies government must have at its command, *not only the personal services—the bodies and lives—of its citizens*, but the lesser, though not less essential, power of absolute control over the resources of the country. Its armies must be filled, and its navies manned, by the citizens in person.—*p.* 563.

Also he said:

> *The conscription may deprive me of liberty, and destroy my life. . . . . All these are fundamental political conditions on which life, property, and money are respectively held and enjoyed under our system of government, nay, under any system of government.* There are times when the exigencies of the State rightly absorb all subordinate considerations of private interest, convenience, and feeling.—*p.* 565.

Such an attempt as this, to justify one crime, by taking for granted the justice of other and greater crimes, is a rather desperate mode of reasoning, for a court of law; to say nothing of a court of justice. The answer to it is, that no government, however good in other respects—any more than any other good institution—has any right to live otherwise than on purely voluntary support. It can have no right to take either "the poor man's cattle, and horses, and corn," or "the rich man's bonds and notes," or poor men's "bodies and lives," without their consent. And when a government resorts to such measures to save its life, we need no further proof that its time to die has come. A good government, no more than a bad one, has any right to live by robbery, murder, or any other crime.

But so think not the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. On the contrary, they hold that, in comparison with the preservation of the government, all the rights of the people to property, liberty, and life are worthless things, not to be regarded. So they hold that in such an exigency as they describe, congress had the right to commit any crime against private persons, by which the government could be saved. And among these lawful crimes, the court holds that congress had the right to issue money that should serve as a license to all holders of it, to cheat—or rather openly rob—their creditors.

The court might, with just as much reason, have said that, to preserve the life of the government, congress had the right to issue such money as would authorize all creditors to demand twice the amount of their honest dues from all debtors.

The court might, with just as much reason, have said that, to preserve the life of the government, congress had the right to sell indulgences for all manner of crimes; for theft, robbery, rape, murder, and all other crimes, for which indulgences would bring a price in the market.

Can any one imagine it possible that, if the government had always done nothing but that "equal and exact justice to all men"—which you say it is pledged to do,—but which you must know it has never done,—it could ever have been brought into any such peril of its life, as these judges describe? Could it ever have been necessitated to take either "the poor man's cattle, and horses, and corn," or "the rich man's bonds and notes," or poor men's "bodies and lives," without their consent? Could it ever have been necessitated to "conscript" the poor man—too poor to pay a ransom of three hundred dollars—made thus poor by the tyranny of the government itself—"deprive him of his liberty, and destroy his life"? Could it ever have been necessitated to sell indulgences for crime to either debtors, or creditors, or anybody else? To preserve "the constitution"—a constitution, I repeat, that authorized nothing but "equal and exact justice to all men"—could it ever have been necessitated to send into the field millions of ignorant young men, to cut the throats of other young men as ignorant as themselves—few of whom, on either side, had ever read the constitution, or had any real knowledge of its legal meaning; and not one of whom had ever signed it, or promised to support it, or was under the least obligation to support it?

It is, I think, perfectly safe to say, that not one in a thousand, probably not one in ten thousand, of these young men, who were sent out to butcher others, and be butchered themselves, had any real knowledge of the constitution they were professedly sent out to support; or any reasonable knowledge of the real character and motives of the congresses and courts that profess to administer the constitution. If they had possessed this knowledge, how many of them would have ever gone to the field?

But further. Is it really true that the right of the government to commit all these atrocities:

> *Are the fundamental political conditions on which life, property, and money are respectively held and enjoyed under our system of government?*

If such is the real character of the constitution, can any further proof be required of the necessity that it be buried out of sight at once and forever?

The truth was that the government was in peril, *solely because it was not fit to exist.* It, and the State governments—all but parts of one and the same system—were rotten with tyranny and crime. And being bound together by no honest tie, and existing for no honest purpose, destruction was the only honest doom to which any of them were entitled. And if we had spent the same money and blood to destroy them, that we did to preserve them, it would have been ten thousand times more creditable to our intelligence and character as a people.

Clearly the court has not strengthened its case at all by this picture of the peril in which the government was placed. It has only shown to what desperate straits a government, founded on usurpation and fraud, and devoted to robbery and oppression, may be brought, by the quarrels that are liable to arise between the different factions—that is, the different bands of robbers—of which it is composed. When such quarrels arise, it is not to be expected that either faction—having never had any regard to human rights, when acting in concert with the other—will hesitate at any new crimes that may be necessary to prolong its existence.

Here was a government that had never had any legitimate existence. It professedly rested all its authority on a certain paper called a constitution; a paper, I repeat, that nobody had ever signed, that few persons had ever read, that the great body of the people had never seen. This government had been imposed, by a few property holders, upon a people too poor, too scattered, and many of them too ignorant, to resist. It had been carried on, for some seventy years, by a mere cabal of irresponsible men, called lawmakers. In this cabal, the several local bands of robbers—the slaveholders of the South, the iron monopolists, the woollen monopolists, and the money monopolists, of the North—were represented. The whole purpose of its laws was to rob and enslave the many—both North and South—for the benefit of a few. But these robbers and tyrants quarreled—as lesser bands of robbers have done—over the division of their spoils. And hence the war. No such principle as justice to anybody—black or white—was the ruling motive on either side.

In this war, each faction—already steeped in crime—plunged into new, if not greater, crimes. In its desperation, it resolved to destroy men and money, without limit, and without mercy, for the preservation of its existence. The northern faction, having more men, money, and credit than the southern, survived the Kilkenny fight. Neither faction cared anything for human rights then, and neither of them has shown any regard for human rights since. "As a war measure," the northern faction found it necessary to put an end to the one great crime, from which the southern faction had drawn its wealth. But all other government crimes have been more rampant since the war, than they were before. Neither the conquerors, nor the conquered, have yet learned that no government can have any right to exist for any other purpose than the simple maintenance of justice between man and man.

And now, years after the fiendish butchery is over, and after men would seem to have had time to come to their senses, the Supreme Court of the United States, representing the victorious faction, comes forward with the declaration that one of the crimes—the violation of men's private contracts—resorted to by its faction, in the heat of conflict, as a means of preserving its power over the other, was not only justifiable and proper at the time, *but that it is also a legitimate and constitutional power, to be exercised forever hereafter in time of peace!*

Mark the knavery of these men. They first say that, because the government was in peril of its life, it had a right to license great crimes against private persons, if by so doing it could raise money for its own preservation. Next they say that, *although the government is no longer in peril of its life*, it may still go on forever licensing the same crimes as it was before necessitated to license!

They thus virtually say that the government may commit the same crimes in time of peace, that it is necessitated to do in time of war; and, that, consequently, it has the same right to "take the poor man's cattle, and horses, and corn," and "the rich man's bonds and notes," and poor men's "bodies and lives," in time of peace, *when no necessity whatever can be alleged*, as in time of war, when the government is in peril of its life.

In short, they virtually say, that this government exists for itself alone; and that all the natural rights of the people, to property, liberty, and life, are mere baubles, to be disposed of, at its pleasure, whether in time of peace, or in war.

Anarchy in Australia.

To the Editor of Liberty:

Australasian Anarchy is as yet in the womb. The distinguishing characteristic of these colonies at the present time is of an exactly opposite nature. We are the victims of what Herbert Spencer calls "over-legislation," the colony of Victoria generally taking the lead, and the other colonies apeing her with lamb-like humility. Anarchy is a cause not yet clearly represented, and neither understood nor advocated in Australia; though, on the other hand, its fundamental principles are sunk deep in the minds of some of our clearest thinkers, and the remarkable powers which the State has usurped have helped to force on the minds of reflective persons the innate evils of a powerful government, and the vital necessity of individual liberty as the only safeguard of the general welfare. Biblical research makes men infidels, philosophic reasoning makes them atheists, and political experience makes them Anarchists. And no better hot-bed for Anarchy could be wished for than State-ridden Victoria, except perhaps the likes of Asiatic despotisms or the unfortunate land of the Czars; where State tyranny has developed almost to its full. Well did Mr. Joseph Symes tell the jury recently that the present policy of the government would "drive people to form secret societies or to become Nihilists." If they do not do that, they will become helpless paupers if the present state of things is continued much longer. The prevailing impression is (and those styling themselves "free-thinkers" are amongst the strongest adherents to that impression) that the State is the most sacred and necessary institution in existence, and that it is the duty of every human being to not alone treat it with unquestioning respect, but to assist one and all in strengthening and fortifying its powers,—in short, making it omnipotent. To give you some idea of what I mean, let me briefly note some of the "laws" of Victoria, framed frequently by charlatans and office-seekers, and then forced by an ignorant majority on a weak-kneed and cowardly minority, who have not the manhood to stand up for their rights, but exclaim with knavish sycophancy: "Oh, it has now become the law, and it is the duty of every citizen to respect the law!"

And this is a specimen of what these respect-deserving laws are like. In the first place, every individual is dictated to by this bullying government as to where, in many instances, he shall purchase his necessities, and what price he shall pay for them. If he fails in attending to these mandates, he is amenable to "the law." In other words, the greater part of our imports have to pay that thieves' den, the custom-house, an exorbitant tariff on nearly every article imported, unless the importer chooses the alternative of purchasing an inferior article of a man possessing no other qualification than that his place of business is situated somewhere within the boundary line of what is called, "the colony of Victoria." So the unfortunate housekeeper has to frequently pay something like twenty-five per cent. and even fifty per cent. extra for the articles he requires in order to recoup the importers the amount paid to the custom-house *plus* the importers' profits on the outlay. And all this to give a few incompetent noodles an opportunity of running a trade when they lack sufficient *nous* to do it in competition with better workmen, who use better materials, but have committed the unpardonable sin of living the wrong side of our boundary line. The sound principle of buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest is rejected, and "encouragement of native industries" (irrespective of merit) takes its place. Sometimes an erring one tries to obtain a certain article from abroad without paying the officially-appointed thieves at the custom-house, and he has to pay still more for thus daring to assert his independence of the officers of "the law." Only the other day, four men (three of whom were foreigners) were charged with this grave offence. They had been caught smuggling eight boxes of cigars, on which about seventeen pounds (or about eighty dollars) duty should have been paid according to law; but, as they had attempted to evade it, one was fined one hundred pounds (four hundred and eighty dollars) and the other three were fined twenty-five pounds (one hundred and twenty dollars) each, the cigars being forfeited into the bargain.

But the unfortunate Victorian importer has more than that to suffer from. If he desires to bring into the colony for purposes of sale anything which the ignorant and arbitrary custom-house officers object to, they seize it and the rest of the importation too, if he is not too smart for them. In October last, Mr. Terry, a Melbourne bookseller, landed a case of the "Truth Seeker" publication from the United States; but the fool who is set to meddle in other people's business had his religious sensibilities rudely shocked when he came across Bennett's "Open Letter to Jesus Christ" and the report of the "Trial of D. M. Bennett" for sending objectionable matter through the mails. Could anything be more preposterous? The State officer of this country condemns as obscene a report of the official actions of another country similarly constituted! The whole case was seized, and would have been detained, had not Mr. Terry taken a firm stand against it. He threatened to institute legal proceedings against the authorities (which probably would have proved fruitless), but at all events they appeared to dread a public exposure, and restored the whole shipment *minus* the two books specially objected to by the officer.

And when a man gets his goods through the customs the State has not done with him. It is actually passing a bill at the present moment to prohibit men keeping their shops open after a certain hour each evening and to limit the hours of work in factories. Some years ago, private enterprise started an "eight-hours" movement in the colony. It grew; and it has effected a mighty influence throughout Victoria. Now, those who are reaping its benefits have forsaken the grand old institution which has won for them so much, and have induced that rotten old fossil, parliament, to introduce a Factories and Workshops Bill, making "eight-hours working" part of the law, and its non-observance a crime. Nearly all admit that only private enterprise could have inaugurated the movement, and yet, now that they have so influenced public opinion in its favor,—and even influenced the government too,—they have cast it aside as valueless; and the government, seeing "which way the cat jumps,"—and that cat is the majority,—has introduced and nearly passed a bill dictating the hours in which the minority shall work, whether it be to their advantage or their ruin.

Our grandmotherly government is also trying to reform our drinking habits, and make teetotallers of us all. The new Licensing Amendment Bill, which our Chief Secretary, Mr. Graham Berry, introduced some months ago, aimed at abolishing barmaids, creating a kind of "local-option," giving each district the right of granting licenses according to their own discretion, and other similar "reformatory" measures. The bill has since passed to and fro between the upper and lower houses, and has been beautifully mutilated in the operation, so much so that many of its admirers, who have watched it with a careful interest, are as uncertain as I am as to what it resembles in its present shape. I can only say that the "temperance" party, who rejoiced over it at its initiation, have utterly repudiated it since its transformations, and nobody seems willing to father it. Probably it will shortly be published in its new garments, when I may enlighten you (and myself too) as to its real nature.

It is a dangerous thing for a Victorian to become a parent, unless he is an Anarchist; for we have copied many of the evil institutions of "Mother England," and one of these is her Vaccination Act. Vaccination in this unfortunate colony is compulsory on every child born into it. Though a man may know, and be ready to prove, that vaccination is a terrible evil and far worse than the disease which it is wrongly supposed to be the preventative of, he is bound to have every child vaccinated before it is six months of age; or, in the event of refusal, he will be liable to a penalty of from ten to forty shillings as often as the police choose to bring him before the magistrates, unless he is wanting in the Anarchist spirit and "caves in" in the meantime by getting his child vaccinated and thereby running the risk of having its blood poisoned for life.

Neither should a man commit the unpardonable crime of being a Chinaman, in Victoria. There is nothing Australians more thoroughly detest than a Chinaman. They object to him because he works for lower wages than white men do; for they cannot see that his working cheaply is a gain to the society employing him, and that, if he worked for higher wages, they would have better cause to complain of him,—though, as a matter of fact, it would still be no business of theirs. They object to him because he feeds on little else than rice; and in this, likewise, they think they have a grievance; for they cannot see that the less he consumes of their food supply, the more they have left for themselves. They object to the Chinaman because he works harder and longer than the white servant does; and in this they fail to see that they are the gainers, as it simply means that the Chinaman is giving his employer better results for a less remuneration than a white servant would do. And for all these and a similar lot of "crimes" of which the Chinese are guilty, the Australian legislatures have passed enactments imposing "poll-taxes" on every Chinaman entering the colonies. A return recently laid on the table of the Victorian Legislative Assembly showed that during the three and one-half years ending September, 1885, the sum of £3,360 had been extorted from 336 Chinamen by our knavish poll-tax system in Victoria alone. Two days after this motion had been tabled, the same legislative body introduced a clause into the Factories and Workshops Bill (which I have already referred to) making it compulsory on every Chinaman manufacturing any kind of furniture to stamp all such goods with the name and address of the maker, failing in which he shall be liable to a fine of not less than five pounds and not more than fifty pounds for each such "offence." I need hardly tell you that this arbitrary law is being enacted to check the sale of all furniture of Chinese manufacture. This is a colony which has adopted the principle of "Protection," and these ridiculous principles (if they can be rationally designated as such) have permeated the minds and influenced the sentiments of the greater part of our society. And our trades unionists are no better than our legislators. At the Intercolonial Trades Conference held at Sydney (N. S. W.) a few weeks ago, it was decided that it is advisable to exclude the Chinese from these colonies by indiscriminately imposing a poll-tax on every one of them desirous of immigrating to our shores, and by imposing an annual tax on every employer of Chinese labor. They even went so far as to propose that it should be "compulsory upon Chinese to denationalize themselves by cutting off their pigtails and adopting the European clothing and customs." The latter clause, however, one of the party succeeded in getting struck out of the resolution. What ingenious busy-bodies our trades unionists and "workingmen's friends" are, to imagine that the cutting off of the Chinamen's pigtails would have any effect upon the law of supply and demand which is operating between us and themselves! But it is after all on a par with the rest of their ideas.

There are other functions of the local "State," which I might tell you of, but I have only time to enumerate some of them; at some future time I may tell you more about them. We have a State system of education, State railways, State laws against Sunday trading (and ludicrous they are!). The State possesses our public library, art galleries, and museums, and closes them on Sundays. It possesses our post-offices, and withholds their use from whom it likes, and also prohibits them from running an opposition one. I expect that when the post-office authorities discover that they are delivering to me Liberty and the London "Anarchist," my own name will be amongst the list of those who are deprived of the right of using that institution. I can merely allude to the new Administration of Justice Bill, which a politician named Kerferd has introduced in order to create a judgeship for himself, just after drawing public attention and sympathy towards himself by persecuting the freethinkers. The tax on bachelors, which one M. P. seriously proposed in the Legislative Assembly, I must also pass over with this brief allusion; as I must also the proposal to introduce "direct labor representation" into parliament, by giving individuals in the various trades the privilege of direct voting to send their representatives to parliament, in addition to the vote they exercise as ordinary citizens.

One piece of corruption which has just come to light I ought not to pass over in silence. In our Legislative Assembly last month it eked out that a lawn-tennis court was being fitted up at the rear of the parliament house for the convenience of M. P.'s, and that the government had paid the Church of England ten thousand pounds for the land. This is what our politicians tax us for, and yet nobody seems to pay any attention to this swindling, but cheerfully vote for the men who tax them the most.

It cannot be expected that a State which thus limits human actions at almost every turn would draw the line at the liberty of press and platform. If any one had thought otherwise, his mistake must have been rudely dispelled long before this. Mr. Thomas Walker has recently been prosecuted by the Sydney government for lecturing on Malthusianism and illustrating his remarks with diagrams of the human body from standard works on anatomy and physiology, which the State authorities considered "obscene"; through a technical inaccuracy in the summons, the case fell through, and he was discharged with a caution not to repeat the "offence." Mr. Walker, who has a mild touch of Anarchy in him, said he would "offend" at the first opportunity. It is to be hoped that the opportunity will soon occur, and the promise be fulfilled.

Mr. Joseph Symes, the able atheistic lecturer—but who clings to the republican superstition of "the right of the majority" to dictate modes of action to the minority, and the principle that a government should be as near omnipotence as it is possible to make it—has undergone a series of prosecutions by the government for daring to lecture on Sundays when a charge was made for admission in direct defiance of the law; though it is really a covert attempt to stop free-thought lectures,—no other law being applicable. Twice was Mr. Symes brought before the police court, three or four times before the supreme court (what irony there is in that name!), and twice have the cases come before a jury only to result in his acquittal and the reluctant acknowledgment of the government that they are unable to effect a conviction, and will consequently take no further action in the matter. A somewhat similar action has been instituted against Mr. Symes for daring to publish and edit a paper called the "Liberator" without finding sureties for five hundred pounds against the publication of "blasphemy" or "sedition" as required by our act of parliament. For neglecting to find these sureties, he made himself liable to a penalty of one hundred pounds. The case was brought before the law-courts, resulting in a resolution of the jury that he pay a penalty of twenty-five pounds in all,—the minimum penalty which they could inflict. There the verdict stands, and the debt too, for Mr. Symes has publicly stated over and over again that he would rot in jail before he would pay it. You would perhaps think from what I have just said that Mr. Symes is an avowed Anarchist. Far from it. He may be so in practice, but he is not in theory. He says he believes in respecting laws; freethinkers are the most law-abiding of the citizens; he only breaks bad laws. Strangely enough, Mr. Symes overlooks the fact that the badness or goodness of a law varies according to the opinions of the critic who inspects it, and that what he is really fighting for is the right of private judgment. The very laws he has been breaking are good in the eyes of the majority which he professes to respect and to be willing to submit to, and that same majority would spurn laws which he would consider good ones. Although I note this State-respect in Mr. Symes, I am bound to admit that it is fast leaving him, and Anarchist principles are following Anarchist actions, as I shall try to show. This brings me to the subject proper of this article, Anarchy in Australia.

If any one is spreading the seeds of Anarchy in this colony,

it is Mr. Joseph Symes. He came out here, comparatively speaking, fresh from the pulpit, preaching respect for the laws of the land; and though he had discarded the omnipotent god of theology and the throned monarch, he still retained substitutes in the form of an omnipotent house of parliament, and an occupant of the presidential chair; and although he had denied the divine right of a King to govern wrong, he still granted the right of a majority to do the same thing. But how little is he calculated to continue advocating that course. He came here preaching Individualism, contempt for gods, priests, monarchies, and aristocracies. He had been here but a few months when he adopted the Anarchical tactics of publishing the "Liberator" in his own way, in utter disregard of a law which he objected to,—the law calling for sureties. In the question of charging for admission on Sundays, he told the Melbourne Secularists from the first that he would fight it out; he would not surrender, if the Melbourne Secularists did not want him to fight it out, he would not work with them, but would leave them at once, and go and fight the battle of Liberty elsewhere. And what did he do with his "Liberator"? (For although it is nominally and financially the property of a company, it is virtually his.) He kept up such a constant tirade of "blasphemy" against the gods, jesuses, holy ghosts, spirits, and the rest of the craft, that it drove the majority which he so admired nearly frantic. And as to "sedition,"—he settled that point at the outset, by advocating republicanism for all these colonies, although they are part of the British Empire; and he severely attacked our ruling monarch, Queen Victoria,—that costly toy which the foolish laborers of our mother-country so liberally support; and he struck nearer home, and gave our chief secretary, our attorney general, and many other members of the Victorian parliament such a drubbing as probably few of them ever experienced before. Three months ago, when the law cases were impending against him, he held a religious satire, in which he dedicated the hall wherein he lectures to "the worship of Cant," and facetiously named it "The Church of St. Kerferd," (Kerferd being the name of the attorney general who was prosecuting him in accordance with the law). During the ceremony he delivered a sermon on the text: "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers, For there is no power but of God; the powers that be are ordained of God. Whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God: and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation." (Romans, XIII, 1, 2.) After satirically showing from the Bible that kings were divinely appointed, he went on to say: "Rulers cannot possibly rule alone, however great and able they may be. Subordinate rulers there must be of all grades from the king right down through bishops, and peers, and squires, and attorney generals, and governments, and oppositions, to the very lowest policeman, and even to the common informer and the spy. . . . It has been boldly and blasphemously said by the sons of Belial that, since God has taken so much pains to appoint rulers for us, it was much to be regretted that he did not pay them out of his own purse instead of taxing their subjects for that purpose. 'But God's ways are not our ways.' He does the work, and leaves us the duty of paying for it. . . . And it would be monstrous for us to refuse to pay our rulers, when God has appointed them to take care of us. Besides, Beloved, we must not forget that raising taxes and spending the money is really the principal work of a government, and how, I ask, could we obey rulers if we refused to pay the taxes they levy. To do so would be flat rebellion. . . . And furthermore, let us note how very rich the people might become if they had no rulers to support. . . . For the people would no doubt expend the money upon clothes and books and food, and other so-called necessaries of life, instead of paying it to the government; and thus poverty would cease, and people would be so rich and contented that they would so love the present world as to forget all about the blessed world to come. . . . It may be election time, and the people are about to select their rulers, as they vainly suppose; but the Lord does it all. . . . And, lo, when the votes are counted, God's own chosen rulers are in their proper places, and the people are contented, because they think the choice was their own. . . . Our duty is to obey those rulers whom God has ordained to govern mankind. . . . Martin Luther rebelled against the pope; and the result is that half of Europe has ever since been left to its own devices, boasting of freedom and having no infallible head to direct them. And the Lord has punished the Protestant countries by showering upon them more intelligence than upon any others. . . . And now behold the horrible condition of those that rebel against and disobey their ruler. . . . In such a state the rulers are checked and hampered; they are not half so rich as God intended, and the people are not half so poor. Newspapers and books abound, and the people read them in spite of gods and rulers both. They are independent, and openly boast of it. . . . Choose ye this day whom ye will serve? Will you take the rule of God's anointed priests, prophets, attorney general, and the police, along with poverty and ignorance, here, with all the glory of Paradise somewhere else? Or will you insist upon having your so-called rights here, with liberty, intelligence, and independence, and risk damnation in some other world? I cannot choose for you. If you prefer wealth, intelligence, liberty here to the bliss which only slavery and poverty can merit, take your choice." Such were the sentiments which Mr. Symes uttered in that sarcastic sermon not long since. A few weeks after, he delivered an excellent lecture upon "The Worship of Moloch, Past and Present." It was no satire, like the preceding, but a scathing denunciation of the principle of government. I shall not weary you with extracts, but shall merely quote the concluding paragraph, which is too good to overlook. Here it is: "And now, what is the cure for Moloch-worship? Independence. That is the independence I mean which grows from personal enlightenment. There is no other cure. You may alter the form of government, you may extend the franchise. But as long as men are fools enough to worship at all, the priests will fleece them. It is the superstition *within* that is the root of the evil. Destroy this, and the external embodiment must vanish. There is no cure for these evils except the rejection of the god-idea; he who worships is either hypocrite or slave. Be neither; and gods and kings and popes and priests and all fortune-tellers must cease their tyranny and impositions. I am not a Nihilist. I cannot see how the world can ever do without some sort of government. But it seems to me inconceivable that the world could ever suffer more from absolute Nihilism than it has suffered from governments. What is history? The record of the crimes of Moloch, the crimes of kings, queens, aristocrats, and priests, and of the senseless folly of their dupes and victims. Shall it be ever so? It is for the masses to say yes or no to that." Again, in his admirable lecture upon "Giordano Bruno: the Atheist Martyr," Mr. Symes said, when speaking of Bruno when facing his death: "He still stood up for the MAN. Yes, the MAN; I want no better word. And it is that I am fighting for. I want to see the MAN take the place of the gods. I want to see manhood and womanhood come to the front in its proper nature,—not looking up to the policeman or the father-confessor, or to any superior, to guide them. But I want to see a true manhood, which dares to think, dares to speak, dares to do, and dares to suffer." And, to crown all, Mr. Symes says in last week's "Liberator": "When I came to Victoria less than two years ago, I was not a lawyer; I am not a lawyer now, and never intend to be. I love neither law nor gospel; they have both far more authority than truth or common sense. Expensive luxuries they may be, but of little practical advantage." Such is the rebellious stratum which underlies Mr. Symes's recent utterances and writings; and I leave to my Anarchist friends to decide whether I am not right in terming him an Anarchist in practice and a good deal in theory also.

However this may be, there are two individuals in Melbourne, to my own knowledge, who have donned the appellation of Anarchists lately, and do not hesitate to defend its principles from the public platform; and they are Mr. F. P. Upham, late of Rhode Island (U. S. A.), and myself. Mr. Upham delivered an interesting address a few months ago entitled "What is Anarchy?" in which he advocated the rights of the individual against any majority or minority whatsoever, illustrating his remarks with many stubborn facts drawn from contemporary history. He warmly advocated the use of dynamite where other methods were futile to overthrow tyranny and demand the freedom of the individual. I warmly supported him, though taking up a somewhat different line of argument. Other speakers partially supported him, the majority of them opposing him vehemently. Another able exponent of Anarchist principles is Mr. James Donovan, a disciple of Herbert Spencer, whom he follows closely and unswervingly. He will show every fault in the systems of government that the most advanced Anarchist can; but at the same time he, like many others, falls back on the ungrounded hope that that essentially rotten and corrupt institution, the State, is the only one which we can trust to ensure justice in the dealings between man and man. Mr. Henley, an able exponent and student of Darwinism, read a paper a few weeks ago, entitled: "What is Man?" in which he showed that the law of evolution and scientific observation had taught us that, in the lower stages of life on the earth, the struggle between the species was keener and more destructive, but, as the type advanced towards perfection, interference gradually lessened till it reached the highest point in man, where liberty was more developed and progress therefore made more sure. Subsequent speakers said that *laissez faire* meant Anarchy, and that Anarchy meant disorder; whereupon I once more got on my legs and defended Anarchy from the imputations which had been cast upon it, and the false conception of it which prevailed. I have offered to read a paper before the same society, entitled: "What is Anarchy?" and I have no doubt it will lead to an instructive debate. I shall try and send a copy to Liberty, if it will be acceptable; and if I should make any misstatements in it, I should like you to correct them. But I do not fear any flagrant errors, for the more I study the literature of Anarchy, the more am I satisfied that it is chiefly the different use of words which divides us occasionally, and that your principles and my own are virtually the same, though yours may be somewhat more clearly defined and further worked out.

Such is briefly the relative position of State Socialism and Anarchy in these parts, as far as I can learn. There may be some Anarchists amongst us, but they keep it secret, and as there is no organization to bring them together, it is impossible to know them or to know their numbers. There is one thing, however, I do know,—and that is that the Australian colonies, and Victoria especially, want a good pronounced Anarchist lecturer to crush out the pauperizing spirit of State reliance which is destroying the health and vitality of the nation, and leaving us a helpless lot of cowards, dependent on the priests and politicians instead of upon ourselves. Sydney (N. S. W.) can run five or six freethought lecturers at a time; Melbourne has now two; and the sooner a staunch Anarchist lecturer, like your E. C. Walker, is added to the number, the better will it be for us law-ridden Australasians.

DAVID A. ANDRADE.

SOUTH YARRA, MELBOURNE, DECEMBER 20, 1885.

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Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

Vol. III.—No. 25. **BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1886.** **Whole No. 77.**

"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.

Society is not a person or a thing, but a relation, and a relation can have no rights.

The first number of a review of socialism, entitled "La Tribune des Peuples," recently appeared in Paris. The second number will appear in April, after which the publication will be monthly. The beginning number promises well. It contains Brucelaire on property by Elisée Reclus, another [illegible] Revolution in Medicine" by Cassius, and a review of the socialistic movement in all parts of the world. The annual subscription is six francs, including postage. Any one sending a request for a specimen copy to "La Tribune des Peuples, 17 Rue de Loos, Paris, France," will receive one free of cost.

I have just published a new edition of "What is Freedom, and When am I Free?" by Henry Appleton ("X"). This pamphlet of nearly thirty pages was written in 1878, some years before Anarchism as such had become a definite factor in the progressive movements of this country, but it is an admirable statement and defence, nevertheless, of the principle of Anarchism. It has been out of print for several years, and is now printed again in response to calls from various sections of the country. It should have a large sale. It is mailed, postpaid, at the rate of fifteen cents a copy, or twenty-five cents for two copies. New editions of "An Anarchist on Anarchy" by Reclus and "A Female Nihilist" by Stepniak have also just been issued.

Parker Pillsbury having very foolishly slandered atheism by pronouncing its advocates immoral and cited Robespierre as a bright and shining example of the morality of theism, Horace Seaver, editor of the "Investigator," repels the charge against atheism and frames a counter-indictment against Robespierre. I can never be moved to pity by any attack on Maximilien Robespierre, whom I hold in thorough detestation. But, when Mr. Seaver asserts that "he was the pious wretch who said, 'If God did not exist, it would behoove man to invent Him,'" my interest in historical accuracy prompts me to remark that the "pious wretch" who fathered that silly proposition was not Robespierre, but Mr. Seaver's own patron saint, Voltaire.

In another column Lysander Spooner, in his "Letter to Grover Cleveland," expresses the opinion that the ten per cent. tax levied by congress on other than national banks, which is really not a tax, but a penalty, was called a tax by congress to hide its real nature, that body not daring to make such a usurpation manifest by calling it by its real name. Are, then, our State legislatures so much more bold and brazen than congress? For nearly all of them have done the very thing which Mr. Spooner thinks congress did not dare to do,—that is, made it a criminal offence, punishable by fine, to issue and circulate promissory notes as currency. Mr. Spooner underrates congressional audacity. Our lawmakers have so befogged the popular mind as to the rights of the individual that the time is near at hand when they will dare to do anything. After that, it will only be a question of how much the people will dare.

Anarch and Pantarch.

To the Editor of Liberty:

Permit me a word in reply to the fair and kindly criticisms of the venerable Pantarch. I must needs love such an apostle of liberty, though he and I should war upon a thousand battlefields. I feel modest, indeed, in opposing the views of such a man,—one whose years of wise insight and oversight have made him deservedly famous; yet I gather courage from the thought that the newly opened and impartial eyes of the child often see more clearly the true aspect and relations of environing phenomena than the abstracted, theory-bound vision of the philosopher. That I know very little about Pantarchy or Universology is true. That I *should* know more of them is doubtless also true. And that I would be extremely glad to fully understand their merits and demerits is still more true. But that "demd state," poverty, at present prevents my purchasing the necessary works, and would probably prevent my finding time to properly study them were they within reach. I am certainly "fairly open to counter-statement when wrong." The man who proves me in error does me a favor only second—if indeed it be second—to the pointing out of a new truth.

This much prefaced, I come to the points of controversy. My denial of a collective reason Mr. Andrews permits to stand, and I think wisely, for, until the collective brain can be demonstrated, the collective reason had better remain in its true position as a mere hypothesis, had it not? A function without an organ is to my view an absurdity. My assertion that nature has only created individual reasons to attend to the needs of individuals, he meets with a counter-assertion. Assertions are but assertions, and two of them in opposition balance. That is a pleasant relation; let us not disturb it.

But he finds my chief logical slide and tumble in my identification of the needs of humanity and of individuals. I am not alone. My misery is rendered tolerable by the company of "nearly every other approximately radical thinker," but our comfort is much endangered by his brandishing before our eyes a certain metaphorical *stick* which is a magic wand in which he places great confidence. What is this stick? Obviously, humanity. What, then, is its "subject matter"? The individuals of which humanity is composed. Then there is no room to put the needs of humanity at one end of the stick (and thus *cant* it) and the needs of the individual at the other, for there are individuals at both ends and all through the middle. Like the town that could not be seen because of the houses, humanity is invisible because of individuals. In other words, the needs of the race cannot be separated from the needs of the individual. These two points are not distinct, as he says; are no more distinct than a dog is distinct from his tail. A dog without his tail is not a dog, but a deformity, and humanity, minus the humblest individual naturally belonging to it, is not humanity, but majority. The needs, or at least desires, of the majority may indeed be distinct from the needs or desires of the minority, but the needs of the race are the needs on which all individuals unite. If some, or even one, need one thing, and the rest need another thing, it is not a conflict between the race and one or more individuals, but a conflict between a majority and a minority. Therefore I say there is no real conflict between individuals and the race. How can there be, when every individual is a part of the race, and all individuals are the race?

Remember, it is the question of human right that is under discussion, and concerning which I claimed that the needs of individuals and the race were identical. If the great needs of individuals are Justice, Fraternity, Liberty, are not these also the great needs of the race, and are not, therefore, the needs of the individual and the race here one and the same, therefore identical? So it seems to me. Yet Mr. Andrews avers: "There is a *very real* conflict between the two things. From a *still higher* philosophical elevation the needs of the individual and the needs of the race are seen to be never identical, but always in opposition to each other." Methinks I hear a voice exclaim: "How is that for high?" But I can only sadly respond: It is too high. You are above the clouds, Mr. Andrews, and distance has thrown a strange enchantment between you and the actual facts of human relationship. You had better come down to a merely "philosophical elevation" and let the "still higher" points alone.

Again, Mr. Andrews asserts that "anything *to be*, at all, must assert itself, as against the whole universe," and, in order to remain distinct, must supremely emphasize itself, and endeavor to subordinate others, and is "in essential antagonism with whatsoever it is contrasted." Can this be true. I *am*; I have a friend who also *is*; we love each other as brothers; we are *not* antagonists; when together, we *do not* supremely emphasize ourselves and endeavor to subordinate each other. Are we therefore identical? Is our separateness at all endangered? Verily, no! Two freer-souled men never walked the green earth. Would a bitter argument, or a rough-and-tumble fight, help us *to be*, or increase our freedom? I trow not. My observation has led me to believe that the greater the harmony the greater the freedom (and this because the basis of harmony is *right relationship*, which necessarily includes liberty and justice, and because the "method of harmony" is *defensive non-aggression*), and the greater the conflict the greater the peril to separate existence and the more numerous the actual impediments to liberty.

What does Mr. Andrews mean by contrasting the "true or integral philosopher" with "the partizan or mere social sectarian"? Does he mean that Anarchists deserve the latter epithets? If Anarchists have not bravely, and with clear eyes, gone to the bottom facts of human mis-relation, then I know of none who have. If they, who know no race, nor color, nor nationality, nor flaunting flag of country, but only humanity,—the one man and the many men, his rights and their rights,—if they are partizans or sectarians, then my brain is indeed in a whirl, and the firm earth swims around me. If I suspected for one moment that Anarchy was partizan, I would run my sword through its midriff and quit the weltering carcass in disgust. For I am free. I strike hands with no man as against any man, but with any man for the rights of all men.

What does he mean by contrasting the principle of freedom with the principle of order? From the womb of the ideal freedom is born the ideal order, and Order and Freedom are of the same blood and cannot be antagonized. It *is* true that the only way to adequately understand the needs of the whole is to understand the needs of the parts,—peculiarly true of humanity. For, as I have shown, the needs of the whole are those in which all the parts are concerned; anything less than that will not be the needs of the whole, but of a part, and, unless the needs of *all* the parts are understood, we know nothing about the needs of the *whole*. Deductive reasoning on these points is the source of half our woes.

I might have noticed the "sword and shield" criticism, but you, Mr. Tucker, drew my sword so aptly and used it so deftly that I can only stand back and applaud: Well done, comrade! Struck home like an Anarchist!

J. WM. LLOYD.

The Redemption of Credit Money.

To the Editor of Liberty:

Lysander Spooner says: "To make a note solvent, and suitable for circulation as money, it is only necessary that it should be made payable in coin on demand," etc.

Edward Kellogg puzzled his brain on this point a long time, and finally came to the conclusion that a bond was the best thing to redeem paper money.

Now, it seems clear to me that swapping a note for something else—even gold—is not redemption.

But we do know for certain that when the issuer of a note receives the same at its full face value,—why, *it is redeemed*.

Gold may very well be taken for a standard of value; but so long as you permit a few rich rascals to get all the available gold into their hands and then demand coin, the result will be a commercial crash, a panic.

It is in the nature of things that, if you allow the holders of credit money to demand coin, the same coin will be hoarded and held for a premium.

APEX.

The Burden of an M. C.'s Song.

[Donn Piatt in John Swinton's Paper.]

The ordinary thing is for a member to rise solemnly and say: "Mr. Speaker, in the name of God, amen [illegible] somebody."

THE WIFE OF NUMBER 4,237.

By SOPHIE KROPOTKINE.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

I.

The train had just arrived at the station of N——, an out-of-the-way place on one of the branches of the South-Eastern system. The few travellers alighted—three men and a woman—and stood on the platform, waiting till the way was clear to cross to the other side and make their way out.

The men belonged in the vicinity and knew each other. They talked together, while the woman—a young brunette, thin and poorly dressed in black—stood apart, leaning on the railing. Her eyes roved over the surrounding country and seemed to seek the object of her journey.

On the right and the left she saw gently-sloping hills covered with forests; before her, a large plain, covered with meadows, clumps of trees, green fields which ran up the hillsides and outlined themselves in emerald green on the dark background of the forests of fir-trees. A rivulet wound through the plain. One would have said that it had imposed on itself the task of visiting each of the farm-houses whose roofs glistened in the sunlight, carrying to each the freshness of its limpid waters. Then it entered a shaded defile, between other hills, and disappeared in the bluish mists of the morning.

Meanwhile, the train had lazily moved on; the way was clear, and the travellers could leave. Once outside, they dispersed in various directions.

The new arrival gave them time to get away; then she approached a peasant in a blue blouse, who was lighting his pipe, and asked him the way to the central prison.

"Only keep to this road lined with lindens, you will not miss it," said the peasant, while he examined with a scrutinizing look the troubled features of the young woman. "As soon as you have passed the copse on the right, you will see a great wall: that is the external wall. Follow that, it will lead you to the entrance.

"You come to see some one in prison?" ventured he.

"Yes."

"A relative, doubtless?"

"Yes, sir."

And she hurried to gain the designated road, quickening her pace.

The peasant followed her with his look. He thought for a moment of overtaking her and talking a little as they walked together; but she was already far away. He shook his head, and went into the *café* at the station.

The woman walked very fast. Whether it was emotion or the sharpness of the morning air, she shivered under her woollen dress; but she did not think to put on a knit neck-handkerchief which she carried in her hand with a little wicker basket.

The wind brought her the perfumed air of meadows and trees which were hastening to profit by a late spring-time to expand their foliage. The copse on the right sent her by puffs the penetrating odor of young fir-trees.

"Oh! how good it is here!" she exclaimed, taking deep breaths of the pure air of the beautiful morning. She admired the fields, the meadows, the rapid waters of the stream which flowed by the side of the road. "What limpid water!" she thought; "all around endless forests; this is real country!"

And, full of admiration, she involuntarily slackened her steps. After the infectious air of the suffocating streets of the great city, after the dust of the work-shop, the country had so much more charm for her; and she breathed with all her lungs. In the face of nature, she forgot for a moment her troubles.

A gold-finch was pouring forth his morning song in the thicket, and the young woman had already taken a few steps to one side to discover the little singer, when she perceived behind the trees an immense gray wall which rose before her.

Formidable, sombre, this mass of stone extended quite beyond her view, running through the valley and climbing the hill. A whole world, speechless, stupefied, stagnated within its enclosure.

The flash of cheerfulness which had kindled for a moment in the large eyes of the poor woman was extinguished instantly at the sight of this mass of stone.

"He is there, behind this wall," she said to herself; "he never sees the water or the verdure; nothing of all this exists for him." And she rushed along the road, accelerating her steps, forcing herself by a rapid walk to stifle the sobs ready to shake her breast.

"He must not see me weep," she stammered; "it would trouble him too much: he could never bear my tears."

But the rebellious tears ran over her cheeks; they fell on her breast, slipping over her dress, dispersing in little drops. She hurried along to stifle them under a powerful effort of the will.

"How long it is, this wall!" She had been following it twenty minutes, and she could not see the end.

At last she saw the buttresses, an embrasure, and the vaulted door—the only egress of this formidable masonry. The young woman wiped her eyes, dried them with her handkerchief, and entered a vast court. However, she had not yet reached the prison, they told her. The prison! she could not see it, for there were two more walls to clear before reaching the prisoners' quarters. She must ring at a second door-way, and apply at the clerk's office.

Trembling, she crossed the threshold of the door which had just been indicated to her, and spoke at last to a guard.

"Would you be willing to tell me, sir, to whom I ought to apply to see my husband . . . Jean Tissot," added she, blushing and presenting her marriage certificate.

"To the director, madam. He is away today, but there is his substitute."

"Can I see him at once?"

"In a quarter of an hour he will return from the pretorium; I will give him your papers. Wait here on the bench."

The quarter hour, the half hour passed,—the wife of a prisoner is accustomed to waiting,—and seated on a bench in a sombre ante-room, the young woman tried to recall all that she had to say to her husband. So many things, and the interview is so short,—hardly a half hour!

How many times, lying in her attic, had she not repeated all that she would say to him; each word had engraved itself in her memory, and now she had forgotten everything . . .

"I shall tell him first how I love him,—infinitely, more now than before; if I still live, it is only for him.

"He must know nothing of all I have suffered during these eighteen months; I work, I am well . . . my rent is paid . . . what else? I have forgotten everything; why did I not write it all on a scrap of paper?"

The thread of her thought was broken; she asked herself in what condition she would find him.

cannot [illegible] months since I saw him! They say that they are poorly fed, that liberty here to the [illegible] too hard. He will be pale, he will have that cadaverous merit, take your choice." Such were [illegible] jail."

She shudders at this idea, but a moment after she sees already her Jean happy, the smile—that good smile—on his lips, when they have announced to him that his little Julie is there, that he is going to see her immediately; and she feels happy at the thought of having brought him a moment of happiness.

How he expected her for the New Year!

And she mentally reread this letter. She knew it by heart, this letter which he had written her on learning that he would not see her.

She had them, nevertheless,—the hundred francs necessary for the voyage. She had been saving for a whole year on her salary of forty-two sous a day. A whole year of privations, during which she refused herself everything, stinting herself in food and in fire which she lighted so rarely in winter. Yes, she had them in December, when that terrible sickness came to spoil all her plans.

"A simple gash, a finger cut with a silk thread, and what horrible suffering! I thought I should die; what is it that they put in this silk to make people suffer so much? More than a month lost, and how the money was eaten up! . . . It was all to begin over again!"

Meanwhile the director has returned: a man lean, dry, still young, who has not even condescended to give a look to the visitor, in going to his office. There is a going and coming of guards; they have gone to look for the head guard.

"A minute more," the poor woman thinks; and she resumes her place on the bench. Every time they open a door, she believes she will see her husband.

At least, the interview will not take place under the same conditions as at the jail. A shudder seizes her at the recollection of those men put in a cage like wild beasts.

"But the beasts have only one grating, and there they have two, more than a yard apart. No way of touching even a finger. Two gratings, a mesh of iron wire, and a guard between us! Perfect darkness: I could not even see his features. Five men in each cage, ten women and children before them! The women weeping, the men screaming as loud as they can to make themselves heard in the uproar of the calls of the guards, of raps on doors, of a hundred men and women talking at once under one vault,—what a hell!"

"Come this way, madam, the director wishes to speak with you," said a guard.

She enters the office.

A tall man, with hard features, glassy eyes and blonde mustache, receives her standing, speaking to the chief guard: [illegible]

"You are sure it is Number 4,237? in the [illegible] quarter? That is the one! Sick? Can he not go down to the *parloir?*"

"No, sir."

"Madam, your husband is sick, in the infirmary. You cannot see him for some days yet."

"Sick? What is the matter with him?" cries the poor woman. "But then I will go to the infirmary!"

She is almost content to escape this horrible *parloir.*

"Impossible. Absolutely impossible! It is contrary to the rules. The law is the same for all: a woman never enters the prisons. You will see him when he is well again."

"But I come from a long distance, sir; I can stay here only a few days."

"He need not have got into prison! This is the rule; I can do nothing about it. No interview till he can go down to the *parloir.*"

"I beg you, sir . . . . Is he seriously ill? What is the matter?"

"Inflammation of the chest, vomiting of blood,—or something or other of that sort."

"But if he could only see me, oh! you would see how that would give him strength . . . He is sick because he has not seen me for so long a time, . . . he will recover" . . .

"I have already told you, madam, that it is impossible. What do you want me to do about it? It is contrary to the rules."

"My Jean, my dear one! . . . If you only knew how he loves me; I am everything to him . . . What must I do, tell me, in order to get permission? But it is my husband, sir, and I, his wife, have not the right to see him? . . . . What have we done, then, that they should make us suffer so much?"

The sobs broke her voice; a cry of pain escaped from this feeble breast.

The director knew not what to say: he pulled his mustache impatiently. The head guard—a man with gray hair, hardened by a long service, but who rarely had business with women—fixed his eyes on the director's embroidered cap thrown on the table.

"The rules are opposed to it . . . the law . . . the law for all," stammered the director.

Then he took refuge in his office.

The woman remained alone with the head guard; she went toward him.

"Sir, you are a father, you ought to understand me . . . You have, perhaps, a daughter married . . . Who knows, if one day . . . Jean is also an honest man . . . I beg you, let me see my husband."

And she sank down on a chair. Her sobs choked her; she wrung her hands.

The old guard was put completely out of countenance. He twirled his whistle in his hands, but what could be done? Call the other guards? What was the use? His whole experience of thirty years did not help him in the least; he felt himself disarmed.

At last, an idea seemed to bring him light.

"Return tomorrow," said he, in a low voice, throwing a glance at the door of the office. "The director will return this evening; perhaps he will act on his own responsibility . . . This is an inspector, he would not dare . . . I will speak to the physician. Tomorrow morning, be here at nine o'clock, speak to the director . . . This way, this way," added he, aloud, pushing gently towards the door the tottering woman.

With haggard eyes, Julie let herself be led by the arm. She sobbed no more, she trembled in every limb, and her colorless lips launched this malediction:

"Be cursed, heartless men, with your rules and your laws, made to break hearts!"

II.

Julie Tissot had roamed all day in the vicinity of the prison. These words: "inflammation of the chest, vomiting of blood," rang in her ears; thoughts, scraps of incoherent thoughts, pursued each other in her head, without her being able to stop at any of them.

Sometimes she saw her husband dying, his eyes wide open, alone, abandoned in a great room, vainly calling his Julie to give him water, then falling back exhausted on his bed,—and a sombre despair took possession of the poor woman.

She walked, walked straight on, without knowing where she was going . . . A moment later she threw off her torpor, her brain refused to admit that Jean, so strong, so robust, so full of energy, was struck with this terrible sickness. He would get up again as soon as he should see her; she would give him courage, recall him to life. And dreams of happiness unfolded before her eyes, carrying her on their wings.

The mist was already settling on the valley, when the humidity of the evening and the frights of an empty stomach reminded her that she must seek a shelter for the night. She directed her steps towards the village, crossed it once, then again, before deciding to enter a little inn which she had perceived on entering the hamlet.

Timidly, noiselessly, she went into the low and dark *café* of the inn, and waited till the proprietress, occupied at the other end of the hall, should notice her.

Contrary to her expectations, she was well received by the *bourgeoise*, — a woman already old, who carried cheerfully the weight of her completed fifty years and her obesity. They see so much misery in the hamlet of the central prison, they witness so much suffering, that the friends of the prisoners are generally pretty well received.

To be continued.

IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 76.

CHAPTER IV.

That evening, after the sounds of the clarion and of military orders borne on the wind, cordons of fire were lighted on the hillsides of Chamrand, and, the next morning, from Bunclody, a festoon formed of the canvas tents of an encampment could be seen pointing to the sky.

On one of them, the highest and largest, floated the English flag, and officers and soldiers passed in and out incessantly, as if full of business.

The drums beat the call to fall in; squads came together, formed in line, received orders, buckled their knapsacks, unstacked their arms, which were flashing in the rays of the rising sun, and the mountain slopes were soon furrowed with red serpents winding in different directions.

"They are garrisoning the villages, the smallest hamlets," said Pat Burn; "they will give us a garrison, too; of course we must shut up our wives, our sisters, our daughters."

"Yes," said a young man, Brucelann, "the Ancient Britons are in no way less cruel than Gowan's 'Mob'; but, more than that, they have gallantries" . . .

"Of lustful beasts," added Arklow.

"The whole soldiery let loose by the government on Ireland is made up of the worst elements of the army," said a third.

"That is so true," confirmed a fourth, "that Sir Ralph Abercrombie, not desirous of sullying his military glory by sanctioning with his presence all the crimes which are committed in addition to the rigorous measures ordered from high places, has resigned the general command."

A noise came from the castle of Newington; creaking of iron gates, caracoles, snorting of horses, oaths, farewells; the Duke came out, escorted by regular soldiers, with their officers, and the squadron started at a gallop towards the stirring camp, ascending the hill at a trot, receiving military salutes from the bands of troops which they met, and arriving in front of the flag where the superior officer lodged in the high tent awaited them, his lieutenants ranged about him.

Numbers of birds suddenly fluttered over the camp, in confusion, a sort of incomprehensible fascination; but the drums which beat and the clarions which sounded, rending the air, furnished the explanation of the phenomenon, which in fact all the Bunclodyans did not remark. Newington alone occupied them, absorbed them. The report which had been circulating some days was confirmed; he was to take the command of military operations in that region, and up there, at this very moment, was being invested with his rank.

Ranged in narrow and dazzling files, the motionless battalions presented arms, and the Duke, followed by a gaudily decorated staff, rode the length of the ranks, which were as compact as if made by the soldering of wooden soldiers; then, on the orders of the superior officers which their subordinates sang out by turns, like roosters and in the same guttural voice, the troops wheeled, and, by rapid manœuvres, prepared for the final march of the review, which began to the sound of music of brass instruments, strident, martial, victorious.

And while the greater portion of the troops regained their tents, laying down their arms, taking off their uniforms, putting on their vests, and, at their ease, prepared carefully, on hearths skilfully improvised, the plentiful repast which they must have, — even on the eve of battle, — the Duke and his gold-laced staff redescended the hill, talking together, pointing to the village, and raising their sneering and sinister voices.

Though far away, all this uproar and parade had, little by little, roused the curiosity of the Bunclodyans. Grouped on the door-steps, they talked together, interpreting the gestures and words of Newington and his companions, and replying sharply by invectives which were lost in space like the remarks of the others.

"The scoundrel!" said Pat Burn, commenting upon their odious enemy's animated pantomime, "see how he acts: that bar which he traces horizontally — with what energy! — that signifies that he will level our huts without leaving a stone standing, smoothing the soil like the surface of one of our lakes; and the trees which he points out with his whip, — it is as clear as the waters of the Shannon, — they will hang us to the highest branch in order to show us the shores of England!"

"Let him first take care not to leave his skin for us to make drums out of, the old *coquin!*"

"You mean: the old *cocu*. Just because of that, he will have a chance to escape us."

The horsemen entered Cumslen Park, where the flourish of trumpets received them, giving them welcome, and, on the steps of the castle, appeared in a magnificent scarlet costume, enriched with gold like a bishop's cope, the Duchess, accompanied by Sir Richard Bradwell.

Pat Burn and Brucelann smiled and exchanged jokes; but they remarked the bearing and attitude of the young lord.

While Lady Ellen wore a costume of her guests' colors, and testified to them with an eager grace her joy at their presence, Sir Richard appeared very stiff and reserved, very chary of demonstration, hardly bowing, keeping his hand free from all contact with theirs, and his dark clothes contrasted with the brilliant dress coats of the guests, making a cutting protest.

"The Lord forgive me!" said Paddy Neill, who joined with the jokers, "one could swear that he is in green!"

What a wonderful lynx! At a distance of several miles to discern the shade of a garment! They laughed at him, and he himself was amused at his pretension, declaring nevertheless that he had no pitch in his eyes. And, in any case, he had the right to presume that the son of Newington wore the colors of Ireland. He had often seen them on him.

"This is a joke, or a blunder of his tailor!" observed some one.

"Perhaps a way of showing that he is at heart with us."

"Oh!"

At the sound of a trumpet call, breaking out suddenly on the spot, every one started; fifty soldiers suddenly appeared, before any one had seen them approach.

Almost all of great height, with crabbed, cruel faces, projecting jaws indicating ferocious passions, they differed for the moment from Gowan's Mob only in discipline, in the habit of order which one might read in their attitude; but, when commanded, they would commit the same atrocities, as phlegmatically and methodically as they drilled, and, once unchained, let loose by their officers on the people, they would no longer hold themselves in check, but would henceforth know no bounds, and, drunk, lascivious, savage, would merit in all its fulness their abominable reputation, which equalled that of the men of the "Infernal Mob."

One only, a sergeant, did not appear in harmony with the sentiments and instincts of the band, and his reflective and charmingly gentle face was out of place in their company. For this reason all eyes were fastened on him, surprised at his attractiveness, and pitying him for the fate which had mixed him up with such people.

His sympathetic eyes wandered over those present, who with one movement approached to find out what he intended to do. A puppy of an officer, polished, laced like a woman, with hair carefully powdered, and cheeks painted carmine, summoned him sharply, perching on his young spurs, and invited him to perform his duty.

Then, with a sigh, he drew from a tin tube suspended at his side a parchment which he unrolled, prepared to read, while the officer, with the end of his cane, ordered the two trumpets to be blown.

And when the clear, superb, imperial blast was finished, with a trembling voice he read, at first in the midst of a death-like silence, then of barely restrained mutterings, the following decree:

"We, George the Fourth, by the grace of God king of Great Britain, profoundly disturbed at the spirit of revolt which animates anew our island of Ireland" . . .

The murmuring commenced.

"His island!" cried some one.

"As he would say his horse!" added Paddy, by way of emphasis.

To be continued.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

A ROMANCE.

By N. G. TCHERNYCHEWSKY.

Translated by Benj. R. Tucker.

Continued from No. 76.

A week after the visit for which Beaumont had "very much thanked" Katérina Vassilievna, and two months after the beginning of their acquaintance, the sale of the factory was consummated; Mr. Loter was getting ready to start the next day (and he started; expect no catastrophe from his departure; after having completed the commercial transaction as a merchant should, he notified Beaumont that the house appointed him manager of the factory at a salary of a thousand pounds sterling; that is what need be expected, and that is all; what need he has of mingling in anything but commerce judge for yourself); the stockholders, including Polosoff, were to receive the very next day (and they did receive it; expect no catastrophe here either: the house of Hodgson, Loter & Co. is very solid) half of the sum in cash and half in bills of exchange payable in three months. Polosoff, perfectly satisfied, was seated at a table in the drawing-room, turning over his business papers, and half listening to his daughter's conversation with Beaumont as they passed through the drawing-room: they were promenading in the four apartments facing the street.

"If a woman, a young girl, is hampered by prejudices," said Beaumont, without further Anglicisms or Americanisms, "man too — I speak of honest men — suffers great annoyance thereby. How can one marry a young girl who has had no experience in the daily relations which will result from her consent to the proposition? She cannot judge whether daily life with a man of such a character as her sweetheart will please her or not."

"But, M. Beaumont, if her relations with this man have been daily, that surely gives her a certain guarantee of mutual happiness."

"A certain, — yes; nevertheless it would be much surer if the test were more thorough. The young girl, from the nature of the relations permitted her, does not know enough about marriage; consequently for her it is an enormous risk. It is the same with an honest man who marries. Only he can judge in a general way; he is well acquainted with women of various characters, and knows what character suits him best. She has no such experience."

"But she has had a chance to observe life and characters in her family and among her acquaintances; she has had excellent opportunities for reflection."

"All that is very fine, but it is not sufficient. There is no substitute for personal experience."

"You would have only widows marry," said Katérina Vassilievna, laughing.

"Your expression is a very happy one. Only widows. Young girls should be forbidden to marry."

"You are right," said Katérina Vassilievna, seriously.

At first it seemed very queer to Polosoff to hear such conversations or parts of conversations. But now he was somewhat accustomed to it, and said to himself: "I too am a man devoid of prejudices. I went into commerce and married a merchant's daughter."

The next day this part of the conversation, — the general conversation was usually devoted to other subjects, — this part of the conversation of the night before continued as follows:

"You have told me the story of your love for Solovtzoff. But what was this? It was" . . . . .

"We will sit down, if it is all the same to you. I am tired of walking."

"Very well. It was, I say, a childish sentiment, about which there was no security. It is a good subject for jest, when you look back to it, and also for grief, if you will, for it had a very sad side. You were saved only by a very unusual circumstance, because the matter fell into the hands of a man, like Alexander."

"Who?"

"Matvéitch Kirsanoff," he finished, as if he had not paused after the first name, Alexander; "but for Kirsanoff you would have died of consumption. You had an opportunity to deduce from this experience well-founded ideas as to the harmful character of the situation which you had occupied in society. And you deduced them. All that is very reasonable, but it by no means gave you the experience

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"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.

In Anarchism Abideth Much Fun.

The lot of the radical reformer is, in a worldly view, hard. He is misunderstood. He is ostracised. He is despised and rejected of "good society." The love and sunshine of many beautiful spirits among men and women who despise him because they know not what they do is cut off from him. He wears shoddy and sees the poorhouse ahead. Especially, if he be an Anarchist, is he out in the cold, for he has taken the veil and renounced all the honors, offices, fame, and emoluments of the State, so zealously coveted by the mass of men.

Strange, however, is this saving law of compensation in human affairs. The happiest and most jovial men I have ever met have been these radical reformers, and just in proportion to the intensity of their radicalism have they seemed to gather fun and infinite good humor out of life. For my own part, I never have had so much fun and been so happy as since I burned my ships behind me and became an Anarchist. As I say, there seems to be a sort of mysterious compensation in all these things, which probably constitutes the spiritual groundwork which has made religion so persistent a factor in all ages and among all tribes and conditions of men. Even Anarchism may in a certain sense become a sort of religion with a man.

The first batch of good solid horse-fun that I enjoyed after embracing Liberty was some two years ago, when Mr. W. S. Bell was seized with the novel whim of inviting me as a professed Anarchist to speak on the platform of the New England Freethinkers' convention, in such royal company as James Parton, T. B. Wakeman, and other great lights. A match thrown into a vat of camphene could not have produced greater spectacular results than did my humble and unassuming act of quietly and informally explaining the philosophical basis of Anarchism in a gentle, conversational manner. At the close of my remarks the learned Parton stepped excitedly into the aisle and declared my reasoning to be utterly false, though he was utterly unable to tell me why. A clatter of excited voices resounded all over the hall. Miss Susan H. Wixon of Fall River fluttered about like a startled partridge, scolding like a vixen. Wakeman left for New York, shouting, as he retreated: "I will meet thee at Philippi!" Seaver and Mendum, the Damon and Pythias of Freethought, were quickly on their feet in arms. Seaver bellowed like a bull, while Mendum held the gag over free discussion. In the afternoon one Mr. Schell, a Free Religious goody-goody from Albany, kindly prefaced his lecture with the remark that the one disgrace of the convention was the fact that an Anarchist had been permitted to speak on a New England Freethought platform. At this Dr. Stillman arose and shouted: "You are a bigot!" and with no little effort was the convention prevented from becoming a mob, simply because an Anarchist had quietly and peaceably stated the philosophical basis of a method in sociology. O Freethought! what antics are perpetrated in thy holy name!

Some two weeks ago it was my pleasure to lug this terrible demon of Anarchism upon the Freethought platform of New York, before the Manhattan Liberal Club, of which Mr. Wakeman, the man who was to meet me at Philippi, is president. I was told before the lecture that the heaviest broadswords in the Club had been whetted especially for my benefit, and expected to be annihilated without mercy. Mr. Wakeman came late, and, without waiting to even shake hands with me, dispensed with the minutes of the last meeting and thrust me before the audience almost before I had time to gather my wind, saying: "We will now listen to the strange notions of the speaker of the evening."

As upon the Boston occasion, it was at the close of my lecture that the fun opened. The giant who was to meet me at Philippi was dumb, and could neither be coaxed nor provoked into unsheathing his mighty sword. Mr. Langerfeld, a round-headed German, whose pate will roll in any direction that is given it, exclaimed that the individual had absolutely no rights, and that such as were accorded him were the kindly gifts of society. With this tremendous shot he collapsed.

Then came Mr. Putnam, whom I love and esteem as a man, but whom I pity as a professed thinker. After stating that he agreed with me perfectly in theory, he then went on to tear to pieces the very positions which he himself had emphatically endorsed. Such a ludicrous chasing of one's own tail is seldom witnessed, and, when the witty Mr. King depicted the laughable pantomime just witnessed of "Putnam *versus* Putnam," it brought down the house.

Mrs. Leonard conducted herself very handsomely, and put a quietus upon one or two frivolous objections to Anarchism, which showed her to be as finished a thinker as she is a lady. Quite in contrast with her bearing was that of Madame Delescluze, a fastidious Jesuit who goes picking about at liberal meetings, and who, after criticising my gestures as a professional elocutionist, left the hall in probable disgust.

Notable figures also were young Dr. Foote with his irrepressible small-pox man, the Macdonalds, and others, but none of them seemed to summon the courage to demolish me, and greatly to my astonishment I escaped without a scratch, and was made happy in the generous contribution by the audience of $10.39.

Thus endeth the last chapter of fun. That there is more ahead I am confident. And all this ridiculous circus-work comes of one's professing a method of sociology whose very groundwork is peace as against violence, whose very essence is love and attraction as against force, and whose body and soul is Liberty equipoised by cost.

Cast away your ridiculous fears, friends. We have not come to bring the sword, but peace. Act not so sillily before the truth, lest finally your vaunted Freethought dissolve in thin hypocrisy and leave you in pitiable disgust with yourselves. X.

Beware of Batterson!

Gertrude B. Kelly, who, by her articles in Liberty, has placed herself at a single bound among the foremost radical writers of this or any other country, exposes elsewhere in a masterful manner the unique scheme of one Batterson, an employer of labor in Westerly, R. I., which he calls coöperation. But there is one feature of this scheme, the most iniquitous of all, which needs still further emphasis. It is to be found in the provision which stipulates that no workman discharged for good cause or leaving the employ of the company without the written consent of the superintendent shall be allowed even that part of the annual dividend to labor to which he is entitled by such labor as he has already performed that year. In this lies cunningly hidden the whole motive of the plot. By promising to give labor at the end of the year the paltry sum of one-third of such profits as are left after the stockholders have gobbled six per cent. on their investment, and adding that not even a proportional part of this dividend shall be given to labor if it quits work before the end of the year, this Batterson deprives the laborers of the only weapon of self-defence now within their reach,—the strike,—and leaves them utterly defenceless until they shall become intelligent enough to know the value and learn the use of Anarchistic methods and weapons.

Having got his laborers thus thoroughly in his power, and after waiting long enough to establish their confidence in him and his scheme, Batterson's next step will probably be to gradually screw down the wages. The laborers will have to submit to each reduction as it comes, or lose their dividend; and for the average laborer there is such a charm in the word "dividend" that he will go to the verge of starvation before giving it up. Now, of every dollar which Batterson thus manages to squeeze out of labor, only forty cents or less will come back to labor in the shape of dividend, the balance going into capital's pockets. Hence it is obvious that the reducing process will have to be kept up but a short time before capital's income will be larger and labor's income less than before the adoption of this philanthropic scheme of "coöperation." And, moreover, capital will thereby secure the additional advantage of feeling entirely independent of labor and will not have to lie awake nights in anticipation of a strike, knowing that, however rigorously it may apply the lash, its slaves will still be dumb.

Additional evidence that this is Batterson's plan is to be found in the further stipulation that no dividend will be allowed to superintendents, overseers, bookkeepers, clerks, or any employees except the manual laborers. Why? *Because these never strike.* As it is not within their power to temporarily cripple his business, Batterson has no motive to offer them even a phantom dividend.

Altogether, this is one of the wiliest and foulest plots against industry ever hatched in the brain of a member of the robber class. But, though capital, by some such method as this, may succeed in suppressing strikes for a time, it will thereby only close the safety-valve; the great and final strike will be the more violent when it breaks out. If the laborers do not beware of Batterson now, the day will come when it will behoove Batterson to beware of them. T.

Macdonald's Blindness.

Editor Macdonald of the "Truthseeker," in his rejoinder to my last article upon his attitude toward Anarchy, says:

> Mr. Tucker now regards the man who votes as *particeps criminis* with the "government." Yet in a recent issue of Liberty he says that Anarchy justifies carrying a sword as long as there is any liability of needing it, and on more than one occasion has he spoken encouragingly to the dynamiters. But what kind of logic is this? If war and dynamite are to be justified, notwithstanding they are the extremest limitation upon personal freedom, and notwithstanding the tremendous and inevitable danger of inflicting destruction upon the innocent along with the guilty, why not accept the middle and less extreme danger of sacrificing some individual rights, while removing governmental abuses by legislation, instead of war? But no; Mr. Tucker would exalt to the pinnacle of fame the man who dynamites an emperor, while he scolds like a fish-wife anybody who uses his individuality by voting to restrain monopoly by the more quiet and more effective exercise of the power of voluntary coöperation, as we find it in a democratic form of government.

I never could have scolded any one who voted thus, because I never knew any one to vote for such a purpose. I never knew any one to vote except to either sustain old monopolies or create new ones. A voter's platform sometimes includes the abolition of one or two special tyrannies, but never the abolition of the government itself. And even to make his vote felt against any special tyranny, he must vote with a party upholding all the other tyrannies. If any one should arrive at the extraordinary conclusion that he could abolish the government, or help to abolish it, by the use of the ballot, I should be more likely to question his sanity than to condemn his intent. Any weapon is good for self-defence, provided it is effective,—the ballot equally with dynamite and the sword. It is precisely and only because the ballot is not at all effective for self-defence that no intelligent Anarchist will use it. But I condemn as *particeps criminis* with the government only those who use the ballot for purposes of offence. And, so far as I know, those are the only people who use it at all.

In a two-column article this is the only point made by Editor Macdonald worthy of a thinking man's attention. The rest is a compound of stupidities and quibbles. When a man gets so far as to d-ny that to

steal another's property is to restrain and govern the latter's conduct and life, he is past the reach of reason. In confessing that he cannot see any restraint in it, Mr. Macdonald asks to be "excused for our [his] mental blindness." I excuse him. But I do not excuse him, being blind, for attempting to lead the blind, or, as a friend suggests, for blindfolding others and then misleading them. T.

Just a Ray of Light.

Rev. M. J. Savage, in order to be in line with his brother ministers, including Rev. Joseph Cook, recently had something to say on the labor question. He said a great many things, but, if he had said but one of them, it would have been better. That thing was: "What we are after in this world is perfect freedom of contract, perfect liberty of the individual."

Does Mr. Savage know the meaning of "perfect liberty of the individual"? It seems not a very hard thing to understand, but that he does not understand it — to be charitable — is proved by an expression he used further on in the same sermon. "If I am a laborer," said he, "I cannot see what difference it makes to me, provided money be used properly, whether the ownership is in one hand or in forty. So long as it is used in the public service, it makes no difference who owns the title deeds."

And still Mr. Savage says he believes in the perfect liberty of the individual. If he does, he must certainly believe in individual ownership *and no other kind.*

Mr. Savage also said that he believes the people can better the general condition of affairs by means of the ballot. Does not Mr. Savage understand that it is the ballot beyond all things that swallows up the individual? The thing back of the ballot is majority rule, and a majority knows no individual.

I presume Mr. Savage would answer this, as I find many professed Anarchists do, by saying that the ballot, while it may be wrong in principle, can be made to give us temporary advantages while we are waiting for the grander things to come. Mr. Savage believes in, if not a personal god and a personal devil, at least a good influence and a bad influence. Being a reverend, he must. Would he admit that it is well to use the evil influence for temporary advantage? If he be an honest preacher, he would say: "Shun the devil." We Anarchists say: "Shun the ballot." It is the devil of individual liberty luring to damnation with sweet promises of power and gain. C. M. H.

The Senator and the Editor.

V.

THE EDITOR.

Editorial — Continued.

We hope the reader will agree with us when we remark that our newly emancipated editor, whose views we are to continue through this chapter, shows marked ability in the way he seizes the right points to be developed in the discussion of the labor question. He could not have done better than to clinch as he has done the point of arbitration. So much stress has been laid upon this supposed solution of the case between employers and the employed that it is quite time the subject was treated to an editorial airing after the fashion of this we reproduce from the "Herald." That arbitration is but a "lubricating" makeshift, and no real intervention of a conciliatory or peace-making principle, a brief act of reflection suffices to show. Some self-adjusting idea of equity is the desideratum.

But — we will not anticipate.

The editor continues:

"We are told that when 'money is employed by its rightful owners to earn more money,' etc.

"'That is,' says Deacon Rich to Jacob Poor, 'I have money; you have none. You have labor; I have none — or don't care to have. Now, you can't labor unless I bid my money to give you an opportunity. It must do this for you in order to earn more money for me. Well, Jacob, you shall work your ten or fourteen hours six days of the week. I will sit by and watch you and my money do the work. In due season I shall expect my money to return to me seven-eighths of the labor done.'

"Jacob responds with temper: 'No you don't! That is a hoggish game.'

"But the deacon is fat, or he can live on the fat of the land; he is defiant, and will wait till Jacob's stomach calls him to terms.

"But how does Jacob differ from the deacon? In no essential particular. Let the two swap places, and Jacob would be as obdurate and hoggish as Deacon Rich has been. He would then want *his* money to be making all the money. Of what, then, is he able to complain? Of bad luck, shall we call it? Of bad luck and that the deacon is too hoggish. But in the brain of neither himself nor the good Christian deacon has been lodged a single idea as to what ought to be the state of a true reciprocity between them. It may be argued that the deacon has gained his advantage over Jacob by his former thrift, by his diligent labor and economy; or by inheritance from some thrifty ancestor. Let Jacob but be thrifty and economical, and one day he may put himself in an advantageous situation also. But it seems to strike no one that there is an absolute denial of equity in this claim that money can in any sense have an advantage over labor. The old saying that 'the laborer is worthy of his hire' should mean precisely this, — that labor can in no way be defrauded of its full equivalent in whatever exchange it may make. We can not now devote the space to this thought we could wish. But in one brief sentence we say that the true economist of the future will devise for Deacon Rich but one method for the increase of his money, — he *must add thereto* by *his own labor* and *not by that of Jacob Poor.* If he puts his money into business and manages the business, for that labor he is 'worthy of his hire.' But for his money — what hire is it worthy of? Let Jacob Poor and himself continue to lie idle, and he will continue to discover. But, it is asked, — and with such assurance one understands that the question is believed to be unanswerable, — what shall compensate him for the risk he takes in putting his money into whatever sort of working establishment? Suppose he ventures and loses all? Small inducement one would have if there was not the incentive of some additional profit, — if he, in other words, must use his own capital and then work for bare wages like any other common workman!

"So ingrained is the prejudice in favor of this argument, so universally is it accepted as wholly sound and rational, a simple utterance of truth in regard to it, we are well aware, will pass for something very like nonsense. It is always so. The old error, mountain high and madly worshipped, dwarfs for a long time the modest, unpretending, but omnipotent little truth. And then, the truth, seen through the medium of long-cherished error, becomes itself distorted, if not hideous. As Swedenborg said with emphasis, "the truth let down into hell becomes a lie." But we will beseech our readers to put aside, if possible, for a little time at least, their, — we cannot say convictions, for conviction implies a result arrived at by a sustained course of reasoning, — so we must again say their prejudices, or prejudgments. Whosoever will stand outside of prejudice and supposed self-interest and seek the truth for the truth's own sake, the *same* shall see it and be saved.

"It is for *your* benefit, Deacon Rich, that the above paragraph has been written. We fear that it has as yet made but little impression on your mind, for all the while, — we venture our surmise, — you have been thinking: 'If Jacob Poor is to share my prosperity, why should he not also share in my adversity? Suppose I fail in business, does *he* fail with me?' And you have answered your queries as follows yourself: 'No, he doesn't, but he ought.' Now, Deacon, this train of thought has been exciting your mind simply because you have been unwilling first to face the truth of the matter for the *truth's* own sake. As a Christian deacon, you should long ago have learned the true significance of the text: 'Seek first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all things you deserve shall be added unto you.' You know that 'God is love.' God is also *truth.* Then be content to lie in the hands of this God — truth — as clay in the hands of the potter.

"The TRUTH is, good deacon, that, when you enter into business life, you do so primarily for your own benefit. Indirectly you may benefit others and be very glad to do so. It would be a sorry world in which it were impossible that our individual efforts to support and increase the worth of our individual selves should render also a helpful service to our fellow-men. And our losses! That our friends and neighbors must not in any sense bear them, — that would be, also, a most unsocial and grievous doctrine. For it would argue that we have no *common weal* in this earth-existence, but were cut off, isolated one from the other, the fleetest in no way concerned if the devil got the hindmost. But for all this it remains true that you should engage in no business, should invest your money in no enterprise, which you do not feel will be, after its kind, a gain and a blessing to yourself. Now, investing your money in a business you approve, and devoting your energies to carrying it on properly, you take your own risks. You can make no demand upon your neighbor *Smith,* in case you come to grief, but that of good will. You and he have dealt justly one by the other; the account is square between you. Why is not the same true as between yourself and Jacob Poor? What just claim have you on him for assistance? Why should you ask him to take a part of the risk you think you run in investing your capital? The wage you pay him has no more to do with your risk than has the price of the cow you bought of Farmer Smith. To each you have given precisely and only his due, — the equivalent, let us suppose, of what you have received. Ah! you exclaim, that sounds all well enough, but it is because we evade the real point at issue. You insist that you make on Mr. Jacob Poor no claim for which you or your money does *not* render an equivalent. You tell us that we forget that you have a legitimate right to a portion of Jacob Poor's labor as a return for the use of your capital. We reply that you have not. You have no more right to his labor than to Smith's. For, — please make a note of it, — it is not Jacob who is using your capital. You are using it yourself. Jacob is as innocent of any use of it as Smith is."

Reader, this editorial well is like that well of water spoken of in the New Testament as "springing up into everlasting life." Inevitably the conclusion of the draught must be deferred till another time. H.

Justus Schwab has broken away from Most and his methods, and the "Freiheit" accordingly warns Socialists against him. One by one the men of real character who have been deluded by it for a time are finding themselves unable to stomach that so-called Anarchism which simply aims to substitute one form of tyranny for another.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

Continued from page 3.

necessary to enable you to appreciate the character which it would be good for you to find in a husband. You do not want a rascal, but an honest man,—that is all that you have learned. Good. But should every honest woman be content, whatever the character of the man she may have chosen, provided he is honest? In such matters a better knowledge of characters and relationships is needed,—a wholly different experience. We decided yesterday that only widows should marry, to use your expression. What sort of a widow are you, then?"

Beaumont said all this with a sort of discontent, and in the last words there was almost a trace of spite.

"It is true," said Katérina Vassilievna, somewhat sadly, "but at any rate I have not deceived any one."

"And you would not have succeeded in doing so, for one cannot feign experience when one has it not."

"You are always talking of the insufficiency of the means afforded us, young girls, for making a well-grounded choice. As a general thing, that a choice may be well-grounded, no experience of this sort is necessary. If a young girl is not too young, she may know her own character very well. I, for instance, know mine, and it is evident that I shall not change. I am twenty-two years old. I know what I need in order to be happy: a tranquil life, with no one to disturb my peace, and that is all."

"Evidently you are right.

"Is it so difficult to tell whether these indispensable traits exist or not in the character of any given man? One can find it out from a few conversations."

"You are right. But you have said yourself that this is the exception and not the rule."

"Certainly it is not the rule, M. Beaumont; given our conditions of life, our ideas, and our customs, one cannot desire for a young girl this knowledge of everyday relations, this knowledge of which we say that, if it is lacking, the young girl runs a great risk of making a bad choice. Under her present conditions there is no way out of her situation. These conditions once given, whatever relations she may enter into, she cannot derive the necessary experience from them except in very rare cases; it would be useless to wait for it, and the danger is great. The young girl might, indeed, easily stoop and learn dissimulation. She would have to deceive her parents and the world, or hide herself from them, which is the next thing to deceit; and this would decidedly lower her character. It is very probable also that she would view life far too lightly. And if that did not happen, if she did not become bad, her heart would be broken. And yet she would gain almost no experience of actual life, because these relations, either so dangerous to her character or so painful to her heart, are never more than relations of appearance, not at all the relations of every-day life. You see that that would not be at all advisable, considering our present way of living."

"Certainly, Katérina Vassilievna; but that is just why our present way of living is bad."

"Surely; we are in accord on that point. What does it mean, in fact? Saying nothing of the confusion of general ideas, what is its significance in personal relations? The man says: 'I doubt whether you would make me a good wife.' And the young girl answers: 'No, I beg of you, make me a proposal.' Unheard-of insolence! Or perhaps that is not the way? Perhaps the man says: 'I have not so much as to consider whether I should be happy with you; but be prudent, even in choosing me. You have chosen me, but, I pray you, reflect, reflect again. It is much too serious a matter even in relation to me who love you much; do not give yourself up without a very rigid and systematic examination.' And perhaps the young girl answers: 'My friend, I see that you think, not of yourself, but of me. You are right in saying that we are pitiful beings; that men deceive us and lead us into error with bandaged eyes. But have no fear on my account: *I* am sure that *you* are not deceiving me. My happiness is sure. As tranquil as you are on your account, so tranquil am I on mine.'"

"I am astonished only at this," continued Beaumont the next day (they were again walking through the rooms, in one of which was Polosoff): "I am astonished only at this,—that under such conditions there are still some happy unions."

To be continued.

A LETTER TO GROVER CLEVELAND.

ON

His False, Absurd, Self-Contradictory, and Ridiculous Inaugural Address.

By LYSANDER SPOONER.

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SECTION XXII.

As if to place beyond controversy the fact, that the court may forever hereafter be relied on to sanction every usurpation and crime that congress will ever dare to put into the form of a statute, without the slightest color of authority from the constitution, necessity, utility, justice, or reason, it has, on three separate occasions, announced its sanction of the monopoly of money, as finally established by congress in 1866, and continued in force ever since.

This monopoly is established by a prohibitory tax—a tax of ten per cent.—on all notes issued for circulation as money, other than the notes of the United States and the national banks.

This ten per cent. is called a "tax," but is really a penalty, and is intended as such, and as nothing else. Its whole purpose is—*not to raise revenue*—but solely to establish a monopoly of money, by prohibiting the issue of all notes intended for circulation as money, except those issued, or specially licensed, by the government itself.

This prohibition upon the issue of all notes, except those issued, or specially licensed, by the government, is a prohibition upon all freedom of industry and traffic. It is a prohibition upon the exercise of men's natural right to lend and hire such money capital as all men need to enable them to create and distribute wealth, and supply their own wants, and provide for their own happiness. Its whole purpose is to reduce, as far as possible, the great body of the people to the condition of servants to a few—a condition but a single grade above that of chattel slavery—in which their labor, and the products of their labor, may be extorted from them at such prices only as the holders of the monopoly may choose to give.

This prohibitory tax—so-called—is therefore really a penalty imposed upon the exercise of men's natural right to create and distribute wealth, and provide for their own and each other's wants. And it is imposed solely for the purpose of establishing a practically omnipotent monopoly in the hands of a few.

Calling this penalty a "tax" is one of the dirty tricks, or rather downright lies—that of calling things by false names—to which congress and the courts resort, to hide their usurpations and crimes from the common eye.

Everybody—who believes in the government—says, of course, that congress has power to levy taxes; that it must do so to raise revenue for the support of the government. Therefore this lying congress call this penalty a "tax," instead of calling it by its true name, a penalty.

It certainly is no tax, because no revenue is raised, or intended to be raised, by it. It is not levied upon property, or persons, as such, but only upon a certain act, or upon persons for doing a certain act; an act that is not only perfectly innocent and lawful in itself, but that is naturally and intrinsically useful, and even indispensable for the prosperity and welfare of the whole people. Its whole object is simply to deter everybody—except those specially licensed—from performing this innocent, useful, and necessary act. And this it has succeeded in doing for the last twenty years; to the destruction of the rights, and the impoverishment and immeasurable injury of all the people, except the few holders of the monopoly.

If congress had passed an act, in this form, to wit:

No person, nor any association of persons, incorporated or unincorporated—*unless specially licensed by congress*—shall issue their promissory notes for circulation as money; and a *penalty* of ten per cent. upon the amount of all such notes shall be imposed upon the persons issuing them,

the act would have been the same, in effect and intention, as is this act, that imposes what it calls a "tax." The penalty would have been understood by everybody as a punishment for issuing the notes; and would have been applied to, and enforced against, those only who should have issued them. And it is the same with this so-called tax. It will never be collected, except for the same cause, and under the same circumstances, as the penalty would have been. It has no more to do with raising a revenue, than the penalty would have had. And all these lying lawmakers and courts know it.

But if congress had put this prohibition distinctly in the form of a *penalty*, the usurpation would have been so barefaced—so destitute of all color of constitutional authority—that congress dared not risk the consequences. And possibly the court might not have dared to sanction it; if, indeed, there be any crime or usurpation which the court dare not sanction. So these knavish lawmakers called this penalty a "tax"; and the court says that such a "tax" is clearly constitutional. And the monopoly has now been established for twenty years. And substantially all the industrial and financial troubles of that period have been the natural consequences of the monopoly.

If congress had laid a prohibitory tax upon all food—that is, had imposed a penalty upon the production and sale of all food—except such as it should have itself produced, or specially licensed; and should have reduced the amount of food, thus produced or licensed, to one tenth, twentieth, or fiftieth of what was really needed; the motive and the crime would have been the same, in character, if not in degree, as they are in this case, *viz.*, to enable the few holders of the licensed food to extort, from everybody else, by the fear of starvation, all their (the latter's) earnings and property, in exchange for this small quantity of privileged food.

Such a monopoly of food would have been no clearer violation of men's natural rights, than is the present monopoly of money. And yet this colossal crime—like every other crime that congress chooses to commit,—is sanctioned by its servile, rotten, and stinking court.

On what *constitutional* grounds—that is, on what provisions found in the constitution itself—does the court profess to give its sanction to such a crime?

On these three only:

1. On the power of congress to lay and collect taxes, etc.
2. On the power of congress to coin money.
3. On the power of congress to borrow money.

Out of these simple, and apparently harmless provisions, the court manufactures an authority to grant, to a few persons, a monopoly that is practically omnipotent over all the industry and traffic of the country; that is fatal to all other men's natural right to lend and hire capital for any or all their legitimate industries; and fatal absolutely to all their natural right to buy, sell, and exchange any, or all, the products of their labor at their true, just, and natural prices.

Let us look at these constitutional provisions, and see how much authority congress can really draw from them.

1. The constitution says:

The congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises, *to pay the debts, and provide for the common defence and general welfare of the United States.*

This provision plainly authorizes no taxation whatever, except for the raising of revenue to pay the debts and legitimate expenses of the government. It no more authorizes taxation for the purpose of establishing monopolies of any kind whatever, than it does for taking openly and boldly all the property of the many, and giving it outright to a few. And none but a congress of usurpers, robbers, and swindlers would ever think of using it for that purpose.

The court says, *in effect*, that this provision gives congress power to establish the present monopoly of money; that the power to tax all other money, is a power to prohibit all other money; and a power to prohibit all other money is a power to give the present money a monopoly.

How much is such an argument worth? Let us show by a parallel case, as follows.

Congress has the same power to tax all other property, that it has to tax money. And if the power to tax money is a power to prohibit money, then it follows that the power of congress to tax all other property than money, is a power to prohibit all other property than money; and a power to prohibit all other property than money, is a power to give monopolies to all such other property as congress may not choose to prohibit; or may choose to specially license.

On such reasoning as this, it would follow that the power of congress to tax money, and all other property, is a power to prohibit all money, and all other property; and thus to establish monopolies in favor of all such money, and all such other property, as it chooses not to prohibit; or chooses to specially license.

Thus, this reasoning would give congress power to establish all the monopolies it may choose to establish, not only in money, but in agriculture, manufactures, and commerce; and protect these monopolies against infringement, by imposing prohibitory taxes upon all money and other property, except such as it should choose not to prohibit; or should choose to specially license.

Because the constitution says that "congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes," etc., to raise the revenue necessary for paying the current expenses of the government, the court say that congress have power to levy prohibitory taxes—taxes that shall yield no revenue at all—but shall operate only as a penalty upon all industries and traffic, and upon the use of all the means of industry and traffic, that shall compete with such monopolies as congress shall choose to grant.

This is no more than an unvarnished statement of the argument, by which the court attempts to justify a prohibitory "tax" upon money; for the same reasoning would justify the levying of a prohibitory tax—that is, penalty—upon the use of any and all other means of industry and traffic, by which any other monopolies, granted by congress, might be infringed.

There is plainly no more connection between the "power to lay and collect taxes," etc., for the necessary expenses of the government, and the power to establish this monopoly of money, than there is between such a power of taxation, and a power to punish, as a crime, any or all industry and traffic whatsoever, except such as the government may specially license.

This whole cheat lies in the use of the word "tax," to describe what is really a penalty, upon the exercise of any or all men's natural rights of providing for their subsistence and well-being. And none but corrupt and rotten congresses and courts would ever think of practising such a cheat.

2. The second provision of the constitution, relied on by the court to justify the monopoly of money, is this:

> The congress shall have power to coin money, regulate the value thereof, and of foreign coins.

The only important part of this provision is that which says that "the congress shall have power to coin money, [and] regulate the value thereof."

That part about regulating the value of foreign coins—if any one can tell how congress can regulate it—is of no appreciable importance to anybody; for the coins will circulate, or not, as men may, or may not, choose to buy and sell them as money, and at such value as they will bear in free and open market,—that is, in competition with all other coins, and all other money. This is their only true and natural market value; and there is no occasion for congress to do anything in regard to them.

The only thing, therefore, that we need to look at, is simply the power of congress "to coin money."

So far as congress itself is authorized to coin money, this is simply a power to weigh and assay metals,—gold, silver, or any other,—stamp upon them marks indicating their weight and fineness, and then sell them to whomsoever may choose to buy them; and let them go in the market for whatever they may chance to bring, in competition with all other money that may chance to be offered there.

It is no power to impose any restrictions whatever upon any or all other honest money, that may be offered in the market, and bought and sold in competition with the coins weighed and assayed by the government.

The power itself is a frivolous one, of little or no utility; for the weighing and assaying of metals is a thing so easily done, and can be done by so many different persons, that there is certainly no *necessity* for its being done at all by a government. And it would undoubtedly have been far better if all coins—whether coined by governments or individuals—had all been made into pieces bearing simply the names of pounds, ounces, pennyweights, etc., and containing just the amounts of pure metal described by those weights. The coins would then have been regarded as only so much metal; and as having only the same value as the same amount of metal in any other form. Men would then have known exactly how much of certain metals they were buying, selling, and promising to pay. And all the jugglery, cheating, and robbery that governments have practised, and licensed individuals to practise—by coining pieces bearing the same names, but having different amounts of metal—would have been avoided.

And all excuses for establishing monopolies of money, by prohibiting all other money than the coins, would also have been avoided.

As it is, the constitution imposes no prohibition upon the coining of money by individuals, but only by State governments. Individuals are left perfectly free to coin it, except that they must not "*counterfeit* the securities and current coin of the United States."

For quite a number of years after the discovery of gold in California—that is, until the establishment of a government mint there—a large part of the gold that was taken out of the earth, was coined by private persons and companies; and this coinage was perfectly legal. And I do not remember to have ever heard any complaint, or accusation, that it was not honest and reliable.

The true and only value, which the coins have as money, is that value which they have as metals, for uses in the arts,—that is, for plate, watches, jewelry, and the like. This value they will retain, whether they circulate as money, or not. At this value, they are so utterly inadequate to serve as *bona fide* equivalents for such other property as is to be bought and sold for money; and, after being minted, are so quickly taken out of circulation, and worked up into articles of use—plate, watches, jewelry, etc.—that they are practically of almost no importance at all as money.

But they can be so easily and cheaply carried from one part of the world to another, that they have substantially the same market value all over the world. They are also, in but a small degree, liable to great or sudden changes in value. For these reasons, they serve well as standards—are perhaps the best standards we can have—by which to measure the value of all other money, as well as other property. But to give them any monopoly as money, is to deny the natural right of all men to make their own contracts, and buy and sell, borrow and lend, give and receive, all such money as the parties to bargains may mutually agree upon; and also to license the few holders of the coins to rob all other men in the prices of the latter's labor and property.

3. The third provision of the constitution, on which the court relies to justify the monopoly of money, is this:

> The congress shall have power to borrow money.

Can any one see any connection between the power of congress "to borrow money," and its power to establish a monopoly of money?

Certainly no such connection is visible to the legal eye. But it is distinctly visible to the political and financial eye; that is, to that class of men, for whom governments exist, and who own congresses and courts, and set in motion armies and navies, whenever they can promote their own interests by doing so.

To a government, whose usurpations and crimes have brought it to the verge of destruction, these men say:

> Make bonds bearing six per cent. interest; sell them to us at half their face value; then give us a monopoly of money based upon these bonds—such a monopoly as will subject the great body of the people to a dependence upon us for the necessaries of life, and compel them to sell their labor and property to us at our own prices; then, under pretence of raising revenue to pay the interest and principal of the bonds, impose such a tariff upon imported commodities as will enable us to get fifty per cent. more for our own goods than they are worth; in short, pledge to us all the power of the government to extort for us, in the future, everything that can be extorted from the producers of wealth, and we will lend you all the money you need to maintain your power.

And the government has no alternative but to comply with this infamous proposal, or give up its infamous life.

This is the only real connection there is between the power of congress "to borrow money," and its power to establish a monopoly of money. It was only by an outright sale of the rights of the whole people, for a long series of years, that the government could raise the money necessary to continue its villainous existence.

Congress had just as much constitutional power "to borrow money," by the sale of any and all the other natural rights of the people at large, as it had "to borrow money" by the sale of the people's natural rights to lend and hire money.

When the Supreme Court of the United States—assuming to be an oracle, empowered to define authoritatively the legal rights of every human being in the country—declares that congress has a constitutional power to prohibit the use of all that immense mass of money capital, in the shape of promissory notes, which the real property of the country is capable of supplying and sustaining, and which is sufficient to give to every laboring person, man or woman, the means of independence and wealth—when that court says that congress has power to prohibit the use of all this money capital, and grant to a few men a monopoly of money that shall condemn the great body of wealth-producers to hopeless poverty, dependence, and servitude—and when the court has the audacity to make these declarations on such nakedly false and senseless grounds as those that have now been stated, it is clearly time for the people of this country to inquire what constitutions and governments are good for, and whether they (the people) have any natural right, as human beings, to live for themselves, or only for a few conspirators, swindlers, usurpers, robbers, and tyrants, who employ lawmakers, judges, etc., to do their villainous work upon their fellow-men.

The court gave their sanction to the monopoly of money in these three separate cases, *viz.*: *Veazie Bank vs. Fenno*, 8 *Wallace*, 549 (1869). *National Bank vs. United States*, 101 *U. S. Reports*, 5 *and* 6 (1879). *Juilliard vs. Greenman*, 110 *U. S. Reports* 445–6 (1884).

Stemming the Tide With a Pitchfork.—A Sign of the Times.

Another grand scheme proposed! Another solution of the labor problem offered! Another proposition as to the feasibility of the lion and the lamb lying down together! Another proof that the interests of the capitalist and the laborer are one, that those of the robber and the robbed are identical! And yet, workingmen, my brothers, you are not satisfied. Will nothing satisfy you? When Mr. J. G. Batterson, president of the New England Granite Works, of Westerly, R. I., in his character of lion, animated with the most tender feelings of pity towards the lambs, comes forward and tells you that henceforth he will not take so big a bite as before, that he is willing to lessen its size by an infinitesimal fraction, are you still dissatisfied, do you still think that you ought not to be bitten at all? O lambs, lambs, how silly you are! I am afraid that there is no hope for you. With such limited intelligence, it is impossible that the capitalist in his philanthropy can ever enable you to see how good he is to you, how, in fact, it is indispensable to your welfare that you should be eaten.

For fear this grand scheme of Mr. Batterson's may not impress you as a scheme of such magnitude should, I will endeavor to explain it to you a little, that you may recognize the justice and wisdom which preside in the council-chambers of the capitalists, and what a tender interest in your welfare at all times animates their breasts.

In the first place Mr. Batterson tells us that the reason he has undertaken to be kind to you is that, if he goes on in the old way, he is afraid you will strike, and that capital can have no earnings at all. Ponder well on this, for it shows you two things,—first, that capital is entirely dependent upon you for any increase, and, second, that it is in your power, when you wish it and thoroughly understand your position, to cause capital to come on its knees to you, begging you to employ it, instead of, as heretofore, you begging of capital to employ you.

Now for the scheme. The net profits of the New England Granite Works—that is, what remains after deducting from the gross receipts the wages of the men employed as journeymen, the wages of superintendence, travelling expenses, clerk-hire, taxes, insurance, and the legal interest on capital—are to be divided into three parts, one, as a dividend to labor, one, as a dividend to capital, and one to be reserved as a guarantee fund to which shall be charged all losses on bad debts, etc. This system of sharing is somewhat after the manner of the small boy who divided an apple into two parts, ate one, and kept the other for himself. The amount of profit that goes to each laborer is to be graded by the wages that he receives, the laborer receiving the lowest wages receiving also the smallest dividend, as is perfectly fair and just; "to him who hath shall be given." Mr. Batterson has made the calculation that the laborer who gets $600 a year will receive a dividend of $39.96. Now, as the average wages in Massachusetts (and inferentially in Rhode Island), according to the statistics of 1883, are just a little more than half this sum, you can calculate for yourselves what your share of the profits is going to be. But, granting that the dividend would be much larger than is calculated, by a little thought you will see how much your position will be improved as soon as this method spreads to the other factories of Westerly. With land-monopoly existing as it does today,—and Mr. Batterson does not say anything about its destruction,—what you gain in wages will soon be swallowed up in rent, for rent is always proportional to what the "market will bear." There is also nothing to prevent your wages from going down through competition, and with the wages down go the dividends. Great is thy scheme, O Batterson, and great the head that conceived it!

This and similar schemes are significant only in so far as they betray the fear in the minds of the capitalists that the sea of revolt is surging in upon them; they are the pitchforks with which they hope to stem the on-coming flood.

GERTRUDE B. KELLY.

Liberty's Foresight and Rochefort's Hindsight.

In Liberty of November 14, 1885, appeared the following paragraph:

> At the recent French elections Henri Rochefort was elected a member of the chamber of deputies. It is a pity. Why should a man who has proved himself so powerful in guiding men by reason and wit descend to the business of governing them by arbitrary power? Rochefort, the parliamentarian, can only neutralize the efforts of Rochefort, the pamphleteer.

A few weeks after taking his seat, Rochefort introduced a bill granting amnesty to all political offenders now undergoing sentence. It was defeated by a trade between the Opportunists and the Right. Then Rochefort saw what Liberty saw for him in advance, and he sent the following letter to the president of the chamber:

Mr. President:

After the sort of absolution granted by Parliament to the speculators who organized the Tonquin expedition, I hoped that the amnesty would be extended to the unfortunates who are now suffering for the faults of others in the prisons and galleys of the Republic.

I promised amnesty to my electors. I am not allowed to give it to them. Unfortunately I am no longer at an age where I can afford to waste four years of my life in struggles in which I see myself destined to continual defeat.

I tender my resignation as deputy of the Seine.

Accept, Mr. President, the homage of my high consideration.

HENRI ROCHEFORT, *Deputy of the Seine.*

What is Justice?

It is an idea presupposing a power that lays down a rule or law to which the individual owes respect and obedience. God is presented as the supreme egoist. My wishes must yield to his. This is God's justice or law. Those who believe in God fear and obey,—not I. Then comes society's justice. "Society," the egoist, orders what it wills. I must sacrifice my wishes to the family, to the State, to humanity. If the power exists and knows how to subject me, I must,—not otherwise. Shall I waste my life in setting up and obeying an idea that I must treat all men alike? They are not alike,—not equally able or willing to sustain me in return. Society is the natural state of men, and holds each individual to "duties" so long as it can, or till he refuses to obey. When he comes to full consciousness, he sets up as his own master, and thereafter, if there is to be any use for the word justice, it must mean the rules of a union of egoists with benefits to at least balance duties; and these duties are simply matter of contract. The egoists will act as they see fit or prudent toward natural society. Can any infidel say why he directly enslaves horses and not men? Men are indirectly enslaved, and their deference to ideas keeps them enslaved. It is useless to urge that slavery is unjust. The chameleon changes color, but remains a chameleon. One form of slavery is abolished to give place to another so long as men consent to be held subject. The idea that slavery is "unjust" is the idea that there is a rule or law against it. The facts of nature are there. The mere idea that, if rulers would cease to oppress, all would be better, is not effective of improvement to the subject man. When, however, it comes to his consciousness that he is naturally a subject till he refuses, and realizes that power and will are the essential matters, he makes himself free so far as he can. It is "just" to enslave those willing to be enslaved,—that is, it is according to the rule, or law, or shortest line of nature. Those who believe that man has an immortal soul, and that a horse has not, may act from superstitious fear or reverence. The intelligent egoist will "respect" the "vicious" horse sooner than the tame, subservient man. Viciousness is the resistance to enslavement. There is more virtue in the criminal classes than in the tame slaves. Crime and virtue are the same under State tyranny, as sin and virtue are the same under theological tyranny. "Justice," as a generality, with reference to natural society, is a snare, or a transposition of the horse and cart. I recognize no duty toward the powers that control me instead of bargaining with me. I am indifferent to the annihilation of the serfs whose consent enslaves me along with themselves. I am at war with natural society, and "all's fair" in war, although all is not expedient. All was lawful, but not expedient, with the apostle. So it is with the individual come to self-consciousness, not for the Lord's sake or humanity's sake, but for himself. The assertion of himself will be as general and various as his faculties. To utterly dismiss the idea that there is any other justice in nature than force seeking the least line of resistance is to dismiss at the same time the idea that there is any injustice. This may save generations of complaining and begging. In short, we want to perceive the facts and processes of nature without colored glass before our eyes. No justice, no injustice, as between an individual and any other in nature? Why then no wrong in any method of becoming free! Startling thought to the halting slave! Nothing in crime but a fact? Nothing. See the complaining wife, not loving, but submitting and suffering. Nothing wrong in putting six inches of steel into the bosom of her liege lord? The egoist says, call it what you like, there is no hell. What the woman will do depends upon what are her thoughts. Therefore, my reader, as the laws of society, and the State, one of its forms, are tyrannies or disagreeable impediments to me (but I need not give any reason except to influence you), and I see no difficulty in discarding them but your respect for ideas such as "right," "wrong," "justice," etc., I would have you consider that these are merely words with vague, chimerical meanings, as there is no moral government of the world, but merely an evolutionary process, and it depends upon perception of this fact, and self-direction of our individual powers united as we shall agree, how we can succeed in obtaining and enjoying more or less of the things of this world. Do you feel fully conscious of this? Then you and I can perhaps join our forces, and I begin to have an appreciable interest in you. Nothing that I could do for you (without setting you in power over myself) could fail to be agreeable to me. I think we will not act very benevolently toward outsiders. They might take all we offered, as the ox takes the grass in his pasture. Disinterestedness is said to feed on unreciprocating self-indulgence in those upon whom it is spent. Do you not begin to think that by suiting only myself I am really doing far better toward others than by throwing myself away to serve them? If so, it is a lucky coincidence, for I only serve and amuse myself. And I really do not care if you call that unjust. I shall begin to work for you when I see you are able to work for me. But if you are afraid to be free,—stay in slavery. I must have the satisfaction of seeing that you do not wholly escape suffering, if you are so unfit to aid me when I would aid you. And if you are thus lacking in stamina or sense, it will be no harm if you do get overworked and your existence is shortened. But I hope better things from you. TAK KAK.

Killing Chinese.

I do not question that the willing white slaves of America are capable of multiplying till they can supply the labor market as cheaply as Chinese now do. But the slaves who know that they are slaves, and who are not superstitious about killing a man, may prefer that whites shall be here rather than Chinamen. The Chinaman is a sort of man more fitted by nature and heredity to remain a slave than the Caucasian. The Caucasian as yet acts in slavish submission to his master, but discovers the other side of his character when he meets the Chinese slave or Chinese master. This shocks Gertrude B. Kelly, who is a victim of the fixed idea that all men are brothers,—a poetical fragment dissociated from and surviving the idea of the fatherhood of God. For my part I do not think that any white working people in America will be worse off because there are some dead Chinamen where there were some living ones. When the whites come to understand things better, it is very probable that there will be some dead white men under similar circumstances. I shall not pretend to tell anybody what he ought to do, at least not until I am in some sort of association with him under a mutual agreement.

TAK KAK.

[It will be seen that "Tak Kak," in his two articles, defends or apologizes for the killing of Chinamen upon the ground that there are no obligations upon human beings in their relations with each other, except those that are made such by mutual agreement. Very well. But do all agreements, to be binding, have to be signed and sealed, or even written? Not at all. There is a tacit agreement or understanding between human beings, not as brothers,—and I do not think that Miss Kelly intended to use the word "brothers" in any sentimental sense,—but as individuals living in daily contact and dependent upon some sort of coöperation with each other for the satisfaction of their daily wants, not to trespass upon each other's individuality, the motive of this agreement being the purely egoistic desire of each for the peaceful preservation of his own individuality. Now it is true that, while almost all men recognize in the abstract the binding force of this agreement, the great majority of them either wilfully violate it, believing themselves strong enough to do so with impunity and with benefit to themselves, or ignorantly violate it through mistaken and superstitious ideas about religion, morality, and duty, and so commit trespass upon the individualities of others. All such men, I agree with "Tak Kak," whether their skins be yellow or white or black, may properly be forced, by those who are disposed to abide by this agreement, to pay whatever penalty the latter may deem it necessary or wise to inflict. Such men, be their names Jay Gould, Grover Cleveland, Alexander III., Bill Sykes, or Ah Sing, are outlaws, rebels not necessarily against statute law but against the true law of human relationships, and, being outlaws, may be treated as such. But to make these men pay the penalties of their trespasses is a very different thing from killing Chinamen who have done nothing more heinous than to make their own contracts. If it is a trespass on A's individuality for B to offer his labor in the market at a lower price than A sets on his, then indeed we are all trespassers, for every act of every one of us is liable to affect in some minute way the welfare of every other; and in that case there is no possibility of peaceful preservation of individualities, the alternative being a permanent state of internecine war or the absolutism of the Czar of Russia. So as many "dead white men," or dead yellow men, as you please, "Tak Kak," provided they have been trespassers; and neither Miss Kelly nor myself will shed any tears over their graves. But both of us, I think, will continue to do all we can to prevent the killing of any men, white or yellow, who propose to mind their own business.—EDITOR LIBERTY.]

Newark Liberals Alive.

To the Editor of Liberty:

The subject of Anarchy is receiving considerable attention in the Newark Liberal League.

Mr. Caleb Pink of Brooklyn lectured some time since on "True Wisdom—Justice." He showed that all compromises with truth were foolish, because they always failed in accomplishing the end sought.

Then Mr. Putnam lectured on what he called "The Ideal Republic," which is nothing but Anarchy pure and simple. The only fault to be found with Mr. Putnam's republic is that he puts it away off in the future, as something to be dreamt and sung of, but advises us in the meantime to engage in such "practical" work as spreading "The Nine Demands of Liberalism."

Mr. William Hanson of Brooklyn gave three lectures in succession, two on the "Industrial Problem," and one on "Taxation." The first two were mainly devoted to Henry Dunning Macleod's "Economics," showing the fallacies in his definition of wealth, value, etc. Mr. Hanson said the only measure of value was work, and that it was unjust, immoral, and uneconomic to demand pay for anything but for work done. He denounced in strong terms the injustice of the monopoly of raw materials. The last lecture, devoted to taxation, showed the injustice of compulsory taxation, because it invaded the rights of the individual to seek his own happiness in his own way at his own cost, and also that any service performed by the State was done at a much greater cost to the individual than that undertaken by private enterprise.

Mr. Appleton lectured last Sunday on "Anarchism: Its Ways and Means." He said that the Anarchists were continually being told that their theories were all right, their logic perfect, their conceptions just, but that they were impracticable. It betrays the utmost pessimism on the part of the objectors who thus maintain that it is only what is unjust that is practicable. He showed how Anarchy could be begun to be put into practice at once in all the different departments of life. He recommended in the education of children the substitution of the cultivation of individuality for the machine teaching of the public schools. He showed how individualism could be carried out in the home by securing to each member of the family some place which was sacred to him or her, by guaranteeing to the mother the sole possession of her children, etc. In all the questions now up before the public for solution, the land question, the currency question, etc., he said that self-help would be found on trial to be infinitely superior to appeals to legislatures, or the invocation of authority of any sort.

Mr. Pink and Mr. Hanson do not call themselves Anarchists, but I think we may justly claim them as such.

G. B. KELLY, *Secretary.*

NEWARK, FEBRUARY 23, 1886.

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

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"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 Beast of Communism.

Henri Rochefort is reported to have said to an interviewer the other day: "Anarchists are merely criminals. They are robbers. They want no government whatever, so that, when they meet you on the street, they can knock you down and rob you." This infamous and libelous charge is a very sweeping one; I only wish that I could honestly meet it with as sweeping a denial. And I can, if I restrict the word Anarchist as it always has been restricted in these columns, and as it ought to be restricted everywhere and always. Confining the word Anarchist so as to include none but those who deny all external authority over the individual, whether that of the present State or that of some industrial collectivity or commune which the future may produce, I can look Henri Rochefort in the face and say: "You lie!" For of all these men I do not recall even one who, in any ordinary sense of the term, can be justly styled a robber.

But unfortunately, in the minds of the people at large, this word Anarchist is not yet thus restricted in meaning. This is due principally to the fact that within a few years the word has been usurped, in the face of all logic and consistency, by a party of Communists who believe in a tyranny worse than any that now exists, who deny to the laborer the individual possession of his product, and who preach to their followers the following doctrine: "Private property is your enemy; it is the beast that is devouring you; all wealth belongs to everybody; take it wherever you can find it; have no scruples about the means of taking it; use dynamite, the dagger, or the torch, to take it; kill innocent people to take it; but, at all events, take it." This is the doctrine which they call Anarchy, and this policy they dignify with the name of "propagandism by deed."

Well, it has borne fruit with most horrible fecundity. To be sure, it has gained a large mass of adherents, especially in the Western cities, who are well-meaning men and women, not yet become base enough to practise the theories which they profess to have adopted. But it has also developed, and among its immediate and foremost supporters, a gang of criminals whose deeds for the past two years rival in "pure cussedness" any to be found in the history of crime. Were it not, therefore, that I have first, last, and always repudiated these pseudo-Anarchists and their theories, I should hang my head in shame before Rochefort's charge at having to confess that too many of them are not only robbers, but incendiaries and murderers. But, knowing as I do that no *real* Anarchist has any part or lot in these infamies, I do not confess the facts with shame, but reiterate them with righteous wrath and indignation, in the interest of my cause, for the protection of its friends, and to save the lives and possessions of any more weak and innocent persons from being wantonly destroyed or stolen by cold-blooded villains parading in the mask of reform.

Yes, the time has come to speak. It is even well-nigh too late. Within the past fortnight a young mother and her baby boy have been burned to death under circumstances which suggest to me the possibility that, had I made this statement sooner, their lives would have been saved; and, as I now write these lines, I fairly shudder at the thought that they may not reach the public and the interested parties before some new holocaust has added to the number of those who have already fallen victims. Others who know the facts, well-meaning editors of leading journals of so-called Communistic Anarchism, may, from a sense of mistaken party fealty, bear longer the fearful responsibility of silence, if they will; for one, I will not, cannot. I will take the other responsibility of exposure, which responsibility I personally and entirely assume, although the step is taken after conference upon its wisdom with some of the most trusted and active Anarchists in America.

Now, then, the facts. And they *are* facts, though I state them generally, without names, dates, or details.

The main fact is this,—that for nearly two years a large number of the most active members of the German Group of the International Working People's Association in New York City, and of the Social Revolutionary Club, another German organization in that city, have been persistently engaged in getting money by insuring their property for amounts far in excess of the real value thereof, secretly removing everything that they could, setting fire to the premises, swearing to heavy losses, and exacting corresponding sums from the insurance companies. Explosion of kerosene lamps is usually the device which they employ. Some seven or eight fires, at least, of this sort were set in New York and Brooklyn in 1884 by members of the gang, netting the beneficiaries an aggregate profit of thousands of dollars. In 1885 nearly twenty more were set, with equally profitable results. The record for 1886 has reached six already, if not more. The business has been carried on with the most astonishing audacity. One of these men had his premises insured, fired them, and presented his bill of loss to the company within twenty-four hours after getting his policy, and before the agent had reported the policy to the company. The bill was paid, and a few months later the same fellow, under another name, played the game over again, though not quite so speedily. In one of the fires set in 1885 a woman and two children were burned to death. The two guilty parties in this case were members of the Bohemian Group and are now serving life sentences in prison. Another of the fires was started in a six-story tenement house, endangering the lives of hundreds, but fortunately injuring no one but the incendiary. In one case in 1886 the firemen have saved two women whom they found clinging to their bed-posts in a half-suffocated condition. In another a man, woman, and baby lost their lives. Three members of the gang are now in jail awaiting trial for murdering and robbing an old woman in Jersey City. Two others are in jail under heavy bail and awaiting trial for carrying concealed weapons and assaulting an officer. They were walking arsenals, and were found under circumstances which lead to the suspicion that they were about to perpetrate a robbery, if not a murder.

The profits accruing from this "propagandism by deed" are not even used for the benefit of the movement to which the criminals belong, but go to fill their own empty pockets, and are often spent in reckless, riotous living. The guilty parties are growing bolder and bolder, and, anticipating detection ultimately, a dozen or so of them have agreed to commit perjury in order to involve the innocent as accomplices in their crimes. It is their boast that the active Anarchists shall all go to the gallows together.

It is only fair to John Most, editor of the "Freiheit," to say that he had nothing to do with originating the plots of these criminals and for a long time was unaware of what was going on; but it is none the less true that, after he was made aware of these acts, he not only refused to repudiate them, but persisted in retaining as his right-hand men some of the worst of the gang. The facts have been coming to light one by one for some time, and the knowledge of them has been a torture to all decent men who have had any connection with the Communists. Justus Schwab, who is an exceptionally honest man, sickened long ago. He abandoned the business management of the "Freiheit," summarily ejected all the criminals from his saloon with a warning not to visit it again, and served notice on his friend Most that he (Most) must entirely sever his connection with the villains or he (Schwab) would sever his connection with him. Thus called upon to choose, Most elected to lose Schwab and keep the criminals as his lieutenants. Perhaps he was too dependent on them to do otherwise. Now Schwab is posted in the "Freiheit" as a man with whom no Socialists should have anything to do. An erroneous conception of party duty has kept Schwab quiet so far as the public are concerned. I trust he will realize ere long that he cannot truly serve his party in any such way. It is high time that he threw off this yoke of party loyalty and spoke out like a man.

One of the most astonishing features of this abominable business has been the blindness of the police, the press, and the insurance companies. Although in a number of cases the criminals have been detected and arrested, the fact that these men all belong to one

Continued on page 8.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

A ROMANCE.

By N. G. TCHERNYCHEWSKY.

Translated by Benj. R. Tucker.

Continued from No. 77.

"You speak as if you were displeased that there are any," said Katérina Vassilievna, laughing. Now it became very evident that she laughed often, with a gay and gentle laugh.

"And indeed they may lead you to sad thoughts: if, with such inadequate means of judging of the needs and characteristics of men, young girls still know enough to make a tolerably happy choice, what lucidity and sagacity that argues in the feminine mind! With what clear, strong, and just mental vision woman is endowed by nature! And yet it remains useless to society, which rejects it, crushes it, stifles it; if this were not the case, if her mind were not compressed, if such a great quantity of moral power were not destroyed, humanity would progress ten times more rapidly."

"You are a panegyrist of women, M. Beaumont; may not all this be explained more simply by chance?"

"Chance! explain what you will by chance; when cases are numerous, they are the result of a general cause. No other explanation of this fact can be given than a well-weighed choice proportional in its wisdom to the mental intensity and perspicacity of the young girls."

"You reason on the question of women like Mrs. Beecher Stowe, M. Beaumont. She demonstrates that the negro race is endowed with greater intellect than the white race."

"You jest, but I am not jesting at all."

"You do not like it because I do not bow before woman? But consider at least as an extenuating circumstance the difficulty that there is in kneeling before one's self."

"You are jesting; it annoys me seriously."

"You are not annoyed with me, I hope? If women and young girls cannot do that which, in your opinion, is indispensable to them, it is not at all my fault. But I am going to give you my serious opinion, if you wish it, not, however, upon the woman question,—I do not care to be judge in my own cause,—but simply upon yourself, M. Beaumont. You, by nature, are a man of great self-control, and you get angry when you talk upon this question. What does this mean? That you probably have had some personal experience in connection with it. Probably you have been the victim of what you consider an inexperienced young girl's erroneous choice."

"Perhaps myself, or perhaps some relative of mine. Nevertheless, think about this, Katérina Vassilievna. I will tell you, after I have received your reply. In three days I will ask you to give me a reply."

"To a question which is not formulated? Do I know you so little that I need to reflect for three days?"

Katérina Vassilievna stopped, placed her hand upon Beaumont's neck, bent the young man's head towards her, and kissed him on the forehead.

According to all precedents, and even according to the demands of common politeness, Beaumont ought to have embraced her and kissed her lips; but he did not; he only pressed the hand which had been thrown around him. "Very well, Katérina Vassilievna, but think about it, nevertheless." And they began to walk again.

"But who told you, Charlie, that I have not been thinking about it for much more than three days?" she answered, still holding his hand.

"Of course I saw it clearly. So I will tell you all forthwith; it is a secret; let us go into the other room and sit down, that we may not be overheard."

They said these last words as they passed by the old man: he, seeing them walking arm in arm, which had never happened before, said to himself: "He has asked her hand, and she has given him her word. Good!"

"Tell your secret, Charlie; here papa will not hear us."

"It seems ridiculous, Katérina Vassilievna, to appear to have fears on your account; certainly there is nothing to fear. But you will understand why I put you on your guard in this matter when I tell you of the experience through which I have passed. Certainly we might both have lived together. But I pitied her. How much she suffered, and of how many years of the life that she needed was she deprived! It is very sad. It matters little where the thing occurred,—say New York, Boston, Philadelphia, or where you will. She was an excellent person and looked upon her husband as an excellent man. They were extremely attached to each other. And yet she must have suffered much. He was ready to give his head to procure for his wife the slightest additional happiness. And yet she could not be happy with him. Fortunately it ended as it did. But it was painful to her. You do not know this, and that is why I have not yet your final answer."

"Can I have heard this story from any one?"

"May be."

"From herself, perhaps?"

"May be."

"I have not yet given you an answer?"

"No."

"You know it."

"I know it," said Beaumont, and the ordinary scene that occurs between lovers began with ardent embraces.

XIX.

The next day at three o'clock Katérina Vassilievna called at Véra Pavlovna's.

"I am to marry day after tomorrow, Véra Pavlovna," said she, as she came in, "and tonight I will bring my sweetheart to see you."

"Undoubtedly it is Beaumont, over whom you have been mad so long."

"I? Mad? When all has happened so simply?"

"I am willing to believe that you have acted simply with him, but with me nothing of the sort."

"Really? That is curious. But here is something more curious still: he loves you much, both of you, but you, Véra Pavlovna, he loves even much more than Alexander Matvéitch."

"What is there curious about that? If you have spoken to him of me with a thousandth part of the enthusiasm with which you have spoken to me of him, it is needless to say" . . . .

"You think that he knows you through me? That's just the point; it is not through me, but through himself that he knows you, and much better than I do."

"That's news! How is that?"

"How? I will tell you at once. Since the first day of his arrival at St. Petersburg, he has wanted very much to see you, but it seemed to him that he would do better to postpone your acquaintance until he could come, not alone, but with his sweetheart or his wife. It seemed to him that it would be more agreeable to you to see him in this way. So you see that our marriage has arisen out of his desire to make your acquaintance."

"He marries you to make my acquaintance?"

"Marries me! Who said that he marries me for your sake? Oh, no, it is not for love of you that we are to marry. But when he came to St. Petersburg, did either of us know of the other's existence? And if he had not come, how could we have known each other? Now, he came to St. Petersburg on your account. Do you begin to see?"

"He speaks Russian better than English, you say?" asked Véra Pavlovna, with emotion.

"Russian as well as I do, and English as well as I do."

"Katennka, dear friend, how happy I am!"

Véra Pavlovna began to embrace her visitor.

"Sacha, come here! Quick! Quick!"

"What is the matter, Vérotchka? How do you do, Katérina Vass" . . . .

He had not time to pronounce her name before the visitor embraced him.

"It is Easter today, Sacha; so say to Katennka: 'He is risen indeed.'"*

"But what is the matter with you?"

"Sit down, and she will tell us; I myself know almost nothing as yet. It is enough to embrace you,—and in my presence, too! Say on, Katennka."

XX.

In the evening the excitement was certainly still greater. But, when order was restored, Beaumont, on the demand of his new acquaintances, told them the story of his life, beginning with his arrival in the United States. "As soon as I arrived," said he, "I was careful to do everything necessary to enable me to speedily become a citizen. To that end I had to connect myself with some party. With which one? The abolitionists, of course. I wrote some articles for the 'Tribune' on the influence of serfdom on the entire social organization of Russia. This was a new argument, of considerable value to the abolitionists, against slavery in the Southern States, and in consequence I became a citizen of Massachusetts.† Soon after my arrival, still through the influence of the abolitionists, I obtained a place in one of their few business houses in New York." Then came the story that we already know. This part of Beaumont's biography, then, is beyond doubt.

XXI.

It was agreed that the two families should look for two suites of rooms next to each other. Until convenient suites could be found and prepared, the Beaumonts lived in the factory, in which, in accordance with the orders of the house, a suite had been arranged for the manager. This retreat into the suburbs might be looked upon as corresponding to the trip which newly-married couples make, in accordance with an excellent English custom, which is now spreading throughout Europe.

When, six weeks later, two convenient suites next to each other had been found, the Kirsanoffs went to live in one, the Beaumonts in the other, and the old Polosoff preferred to remain in the factory suite, the extent of which reminded him, if only feebly, of his past grandeur. It was agreeable to him to remain there for the additional reason that he was the most important personage for two or three miles around: innumerable marks of consideration were shown him, not only by his own clerks and commissioners, but by those of the neighborhood and by the rest of the suburban population, some of whom were beneath and some slightly above the former in social position. And it was with immense pleasure that he received, after the manner of a patriarch, these marks of respectful consideration. The son-in-law came to the factory every morning, and almost every day Katia with him. In summer they went (as they still do) to live entirely in the factory, which thus serves as a country-house. During the rest of the year the old man, besides receiving every morning his daughter and his son-in-law (who does not cease to be a North American), has the pleasure of receiving once a week and oftener visitors coming to spend the evening with Katérina Vassilievna and her husband, or the Kirsanoffs with some other young people, or an even more numerous company: the factory is made the objective point of frequent suburban excursions by the acquaintances of the Kirsanoffs and the Beaumonts. Polosoff is made very contented by all these visits, and how could it be otherwise? To him belongs the *rôle* of host, the patriarchal *rôle*.

XXII.

Each of the two families lives after its own fashion, according to its own fancy. On ordinary days in one there is more stir, in the other more tranquillity. They visit each other like relatives; one day more than ten times, but for one or two minutes at a time; another day one of the suites is empty almost all day, its inhabitants being in the other. There is no rule about this. Nor is there any rule when a number of visitors happen to come: now the door between the two suites remains closed (the door between the two parlors is generally closed, only the door between Véra Pavlovna's room and Katérina Vassilievna's being always open)—now, when the company is not numerous, the door connecting the reception rooms remains closed; at another time, when the number is greater, this door is open, and then the visitors do not realize where they are, whether at Véra Pavlovna's or at Katérina Vassilievna's, and the latter hardly know themselves. This might perhaps be affirmed: when the young people wish to sit down, it is almost always at Katérina Vassilievna's; when their inclination is to the contrary, they are almost always at Véra Pavlovna's. But the young people cannot be looked upon as visitors: they are at home, and Véra Pavlovna drives them away without ceremony to Katérina Vassilievna's.

"You tire me, gentlemen; go and see Katennka; you never tire her. And why do you behave yourselves more quietly when with her than when with me? I am even a little the older."

"Do not worry yourself; we like her better than you."

* During the Easter festivities the Orthodox, when they meet, embrace each other three times, one of them saying at the same time, "Christ is risen," whereupon the other responds, "He is risen indeed."

† Tchernychewsky's ideas of the method by which foreigners acquire citizenship in America are novel. His error, however, probably will not be considered a vital one except by the reader with the penetrating eye. — *Translator.*

"Katennka, why do they like you better than me?"

"Katérina Vassilievna treats us like serious men, and that is why we are serious with her."

A device which was very effective was often made use of last winter in their narrow circle, when the young people and their most intimate friends came together: they placed the two pianos back to back: the young people, by drawing lots, divided themselves into two choruses, made their protectresses sit down one at each piano, opposite each other, and then each chorus placed itself behind its prima donna, and they sang at the same time, Véra Pavlovna and her forces *La donna è mobile* or some song from Béranger's *Lisette*, and Katérina Vassilievna and her forces *Depuis longtemps repoussé par toi* or *La chanson pour Iéræmouchka*.* But this winter another amusement was in fashion; the two women had reorganized in common, in conformity with their habits, "the discussion of the Greek philosophers concerning the beautiful"; it begins thus: Katérina Vassilievna, raising her eyes to heaven, says, with a languishing sigh: "Divine Schiller, intoxication of my soul!" Véra Pavlovna replies, with dignity: "But the prunella boots from Koroloff's store are beautiful also," and she advances her foot. Whichever of the young people laughs at this controversy is put in a corner. Towards the end of the controversy, of the ten or twelve individuals there remain but two or three who are not doing penance. But the gayety was at its height when they inveigled Beaumont into this play and sent him into a corner.

What else? The workshops continue to exist and to work in closer concert; now there are three of them; Katérina Vassilievna organized hers long ago, and now very often acts as a substitute for Véra Pavlovna in the latter's shop; soon she will take her place entirely, for in the course of this year Véra Pavlovna—forgive her for it—will pass her medical examination, and then she will have no more time to give to the shop. "It is a pity that the development of these shops is impossible; how they would grow!" sometimes said Véra Pavlovna. Katérina Vassilievna made no answer; only her eyes flashed with hatred.

"How headlong you are, Katia! You are worse than I am," said Véra Pavlovna. "It is fortunate that your father has something left."

"Yes, Vérotchka, one feels easier about her child." (Then she has a child.)

"But you have set me dreaming about I know not what. Our life will go on gently and tranquilly."

Katérina Vassilievna made no answer.

"Yes, why don't you say yes to me?"

Katérina Vassilievna smiled as she answered:

"It does not depend on my 'yes' or my 'no'; therefore to please you I will say: 'Yes, our life shall go on tranquilly.'"

And indeed they do live tranquilly. They live in harmony and amicably, in a gentle yet active fashion, in a joyous and reasonable fashion. But it does not at all follow from this that my story about them is finished; by no means. All four are still young and active, and, though their life is ordered as above described, it has not ceased on that account to be interesting; far from it. I still have much to tell you about them, and I guarantee that the sequel to my story will be much more interesting than anything that I have yet told you.

To be continued.

IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 77.

"And resolved," continued the sergeant, "to make an end of the hope upon which rebellious subjects live of shaking off our yoke, inform the people that we shall use the utmost severity towards every Irishman who shows the least disposition to rebel; that every insurgent will be hunted like a wild beast and shot as soon as taken; that whoever shall have previously concealed him, or, knowing his retreat, shall not have informed against him, will be hanged and have his house burned."

A shudder ran through the crowd, which increased and raged in spite of Treor and Paddy.

"Was it not understood that we would be patient and submit to everything?" they wore out their lungs in exclaiming.

"Success can be purchased only at that price."

Yes! No one denied it, and all had listened, as they had promised, to these provocations without replying; but this invitation to treason was too much for them. To hear it and not reply exceeded the stock of inertia which they laid in from day to day. Even Paddy and Treor with difficulty bridled their tongues.

"In order to show our utter abhorrence," continued the unfortunate sergeant, whose voice hesitated and whose cheek crimsoned with confusion,—"in order to show our utter abhorrence of the guilty and encourage in serving us those of our subjects who remain faithful to our government and our royal person, we promise the sum of twenty-five thousand pounds to whomever will bring us the head of Bagenel Harvey, the recognized chief of the insurrection!"

A thunder of indignant outcries punctuated this conclusion; a roar of formidable wrath crowned it, and Paddy, to divert it, tried to find, against his wish, some way of exciting laughter.

"Sergeant?" asked he, "is what they have been saying true, then?" . . .

And as the soldier looked at him questioningly, he added:

"That His Majesty has no longer a head of his own, since he wishes to buy that of another."

In truth, a general hilarity applauded this remark, extremes meeting in the simple souls of these people still frank and ingenuous and of a childlike susceptibility to impressions.

The young officer, Sir Edward Walpole, withdrew. Invited to breakfast at the castle, where the bell was summoning the guests to the table, he hurried away; though desiring to remain until the end of the royal proclamation had been reached, he disliked to appear at the Duchess's breathless, crimson, the snow of his powder covering his shoulders, and his boots spotted with mud.

Besides, the Bunclodyans were taking matters well enough; after some clamor not unexpected and without import, they were calming down and indulging in jests, impertinent perhaps, irreverent surely, but such as John Autrun could check himself, if they carried the thing too far.

The little sergeant was not pleased with his office; he condemned sometimes, often, always, in his inner conscience, the severity which his commanders or the laws obliged him to apply; and yet, a slave of passive obedience, he executed his orders, with death in his soul and tears filling his throat, but promptly nevertheless.

Between the two camps, his sympathies leaned towards the enemy, and he avowed it; he acknowledged the right, the claims of the sons of the "poor old woman." Still he never forgot what uniform he wore, and to the sarcasm of his comrades who invited him to throw it to the Shamrock, he replied laconically:

"The time has not come!"

Being a mystic, he is expecting some absurd, idiotic prophecy, in which he really believes, to be realized, thought Sir Walpole. But so far his loyalty and his scruples warranted reliance on him; so Sir Edward quietly set out for Cumslen Park, carefully picking his way, avoiding the pools of water, and, when dry ground released his attention, cleaning the rosy pointed finger-nails of his hands, as smooth and fair as a prelate's.

Less peaceful than their lieutenant, the Ancient Britons, though making sport of the monarch whom Paddy Neil had made the butt of his jests, were horrified by the muttering of the people, which excited their spleen, as bravado not properly punished. Such a fine opportunity to give themselves up to their appetite for slaughter, to thrust their bayonets into the breasts of men and the throats of women, to search for hearts and offer entrails for sale, as they said,—really they were wronged.

As well cut off their pay as deprive them of this perquisite of delicious satisfaction!

They grumbled, the gun-barrels rattled in their nervous hands, and one of the savages, indicating Paddy, muttered in his beard, as stiff as a wild boar's bristles:

"As for a head, we ought first to take his!"

"Faith," answered the mutilated man, amid the venomous growls of the soldiers and the laughs of the people, "I agree to it; it depends only on the price you offer for it. It is not pretty, like that of your baby officer,—a fresh April blossom under his flour-besprinkled wig; but the loss is due to the ardor of your comrades in Dublin; they kept my skin, you can ask it of them again!"

The flayed man was insulting their lieutenant now, and the sergeant tolerated it! A thrill of ill omen ran through the ranks, and some demanded the putting of the village "outside of the King's peace," that is to say, outside of the law, beyond the protection of any magistrate. All license being accorded to each, the property of the people, their liberty, their life, their honor would belong to whoever felt the desire to take possession thereof.

Plunder, conflagration, murder, rape, would become habitual; weariness alone would set the limit to these crimes.

"Yes, yes, outside of the King's peace!" began again in chorus several of the Britons, with great animation. They emphasized their clamors by striking the ground with their muskets, and the severe look of John Autrun did not intimidate them.

They had been drinking gin to excess, urged on by their leaders, and the fumes were now boiling in their brains; nevertheless, they submitted to the peremptory injunction of the sergeant, who avoided in this way an immediate collision.

The lust for women above all excited these satyrs of several weeks' abstinence, and their native impulses were exasperated still more by the food and drink with which they had gorged themselves.

Paddy, on his part, grown serious again, employed himself in calming the effervescence of his friends. Some soldiers unrolled a placard and inquired for a place to post it, in full sight; it reproduced in inch letters the offensive terms of the royal edict.

So the wind would not carry away the revolting phrases of this infamous document; they were displayed on the walls of the locality, with their constant invitation to treason, which implied, on the part of its authors, the hope that some day or other certain Bunclodyans would succumb to the temptation.

Well! they would consent to pass for cowards, by maintaining their tranquillity in face of the provocation emanating from the Britons; but that any one believed them capable of this Judas deed,—to sell one of their own . . .

"Would you rather sell him really?" said Marian suddenly, in a low voice, unexpectedly appearing and placing softly on the arm of the most excited one her little hand, one finger of which she then carried mysteriously to her pale lips.

They were amazed, and she entered into some vague explanations.

But yes, a brawl, and all would be lost. Sir Harvey would go out to join them; he would fight, and be killed at their side!

"What! he is in the village?"

Many repeating this question, she signified to them an affirmative answer by half closing her eyes and whispering, and then said no more, having noticed the suspected merchant, Tom Lichfield, who had arrived at the inn and installed himself there a week before.

But, in their perplexity, many lacked the prudence to wait for the information; they begged clandestinely of one and the other details which the few initiated gave them, describing the crucifixion of the agitator, and how, exhausted by the hemorrhages, dying, he owed his salvation to Arklow, who, sublimely, providentially inspired, had found his scent, taken him down from the calvary, and carried him under his own roof.

To be continued.

A LETTER TO GROVER CLEVELAND.

ON

His False, Absurd, Self-Contradictory, and Ridiculous Inaugural Address.

By LYSANDER SPOONER.

[The author reserves his copyright in this letter.]

SECTION XXIII.

If anything could add to the disgust and detestation which the monstrous falsifications of the constitution, already described, should excite towards the court that resorts to them, it would be the fact that the court, not content with falsifying to the utmost the constitution itself, *goes outside of the constitution, to the tyrannical practices of what it* calls the "*sovereign*" governments of "*other civilized nations*," to justify the same practices by our own.

It asserts, over and over again, the idea that our government is a "*sovereign*" government; that it has the same rights of "*sovereignty*," as the governments of "other civilized nations"; especially those in Europe.

What, then, is a "sovereign" government? It is a government that is "sovereign" over all the natural rights of the people. This is the only "sovereignty" that any government can be said to have. Under it, the people have no *rights*. They are simply "subjects,"—that is, slaves. They have but one law, and one duty, *viz.*, obedience, submission. They are not recognized as having any *rights*.

Continued on page 6.

*By Nekrassoff, the most famous Russian poet.

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"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.

Professor Sumner on Interest.

One of the cardinal principles of Anarchism is that it recognizes none of that numerous class of individuals whom the Germans characteristically call *Kleingötter* (little gods). These *Kleingötter* move in the world as authorities, not by virtue of their sense and superiority as men, but as erected objects of semi-worship, posited upon empty position. Their names are King, Pope, President, Professor, Doctor, Judge, etc. They are all ramifications of the Godhead, and those not oiled and petticoated for ecclesiastical service figure as a sort of secular priesthood.

Two of these ordained priests of science did me the honor to attend my late lecture on Anarchism in New Haven,—the one Professor William G. Sumner, and the other the professor of jurisprudence (I forget the name),—both members of the faculty of Yale College. How the learned and dignified law professor relished my peculiar sizing-up of the majesty of the Law and the State I do not know; for he did not let himself be heard. As for Professor Sumner, I was led to esteem him highly as a gentleman and a scholar; and the fact that he is manly and democratic enough to come among the people and take part in such a meeting is infinitely to his credit as a man and to his sagacity in wishing to keep abreast of all the new social drifts in the realm of ideas.

But to show how far accredited authorities in economics are in the rear, as compared with thousands of day-laborers who have mastered the usury problem through labor publications, I wish to state the position I took as regards the legitimacy of interest, and Professor Sumner's arguments in opposition. My proposition was this:

"*Interest has no existence in Nature, but is solely due to monopoly, whose parent the State alone is.*" It is a statement of exactly the same import as that valuable concession of Henry George: "Rent is the price of monopoly."

After I had finished, Professor Sumner rose in his seat and challenged the proposition emphatically. "Interest *does* exist in Nature," he replied, and he proceeded to illustrate his position as follows. Suppose a farmer has ten bushels of seed. If he planted it, the increase of Nature would return him, say one hundred dollars. But another farmer, who has no seed, wishes to borrow it. To lend the seed requires a sacrifice, varying with the circumstances. Should, then, the borrower not in equity make good this sacrifice? In other words, on the cost principle, should he not pay a just debt of value received?

In such a state of mental obscurity is it possible for a Yale professor to be,—and one, too, who is authority on economics. Because Nature yields increase, he calls this interest. Were this so, then the lender's sacrifice on the score of alienating Nature's increase could only be made good by returning to him the increase. Should the lender incur other sacrifices, such as forced idleness and many other items that could be mentioned, then Nature has provided no fund with which to pay the bill. The only reserve is the additional labor of one man in order to support another in idleness. This, as Proudhon has shown, ends in social suicide. Henry George, the un-colleged lamplighter, was keen enough to see that existing interest tribute could not sustain itself on the ground of natural increase alone, and hence ascribed interest to the varying fertility of soils and the wise adaptation of skill and means to production. This, however, does not create a fund in Nature with which to pay interest in general. None exists, and hence the forced exaction of what is called interest, as Proudhon mathematically demonstrated, is simply homicide.

No Anarchist or anti-usurer ever denied the right and duty of a borrower to make good the sacrifices of a lender. But the point at issue lies further back than this. The vital question that the Anarchist puts is this: *Are the sacrifices involved such as rest on their just merits under Liberty, or are they sacrifices artificially created through monopoly?* For instance, the sacrifices of the man who lends his ten bushels of seed to another depend upon his being able to replace it with more seed. Now, suppose that some monopolist, whose practices are legalized by the State, has gotten into his possession nearly all the seed in the country. Then the sacrifices of the lender will be measured by the exactions of this monopolist. When the borrower makes good this sacrifice, it is returned only medially to the lender, and the bulk of it goes to the man behind them both, who, rather than having made any sacrifice, is sacrificing *them*. In Nature, and under Liberty, the sacrifice of lenders in the aggregate is at its minimum,—the bare cost of the transference of values from one to another. In practice it is any amount which monopoly, created by the State and backed by repression and brute force, can exact.

The chief social monopolist is the landlord. Even Henry George, wild as are his social remedies, was wise enough to see that his form of usury, *rent*, was the price of monopoly. Shall I ever live to see George wise enough to declare that monopoly is the price of the State? The second social monopolist is he who monopolizes the currency. Who is his creator and defender but the State? The third type of monopolist is he who monopolizes the means of transportation. Who creates him but the State?

Now, the pressure of these combined monopolists makes the sacrifices of lenders not normal and natural ones, but purely artificial and forced ones. Lenders who make good sacrifices are therefore obliged to include in their returns the heaviest part of the bill, which goes, *not* to those who have made legitimate sacrifices, but to those who live by sacrificing all production to their greed, and forcing society to support them and their luxurious broods in idleness. This vast tribute is usury, or, if Professor Sumner chooses, *interest*. It utterly fails to justify itself on the ground of sacrifice. It is purely the creature of force. The State is its creator and defender, and is maintained for the purpose of supplying the brute force which alone makes its exaction possible. The combined prerogatives of monopolists are called "the rights of property." These rights mean simply the right of monopolists to be protected in their forced levy of tribute upon production. Behind all its hypocritical gammon about protecting life and liberty (property being the chief enemy of life and liberty), the bottom purpose of the State is to defend monopoly, without which property is stripped of its power to destroy, if, indeed, it be not stripped of any existence at all.

I do not wish to accuse Professor Sumner of dissimulation and cowardice; but to see a Yale professor, whose very occupation is study and thought, rising to defend interest as it now exists on grounds of legitimate sacrifice and cost is a pitiable spectacle of intellectual babyhood. I have in mind burly, ignorant fellows, daily sweating in coal-scuttles and factories, who have gone far deeper into the roots of these social iniquities than he. The one work of Edward Kellogg, if Professor Sumner will read it, is as final a demonstration of the fallacy of his arguments as any theorem in geometry which the Yale boys demonstrate in their class-room.

No wonder that laboring people and labor reformers are turning away from college professors and getting their own economic education from their own sources. The day is fast coming when the professors will come to them for instruction, if some of the most earnest of them, like Professor Sumner, are indeed not already doing it on a small scale. These pressing issues cannot await the slow motions of the *Kleingötter*. The age is moving ahead of the colleges, while dusty books and musty brains, embossed with empty titles, begin to pile up far in the rear on the road of progress.

X.

Free Money First.

J. M. M'Gregor, a writer for the Detroit "Labor Leaf," thinks free land the chief desideratum. And yet he acknowledges that the wage-worker can't go from any of our manufacturing centres to the western lands, because "such a move would involve a cash outlay of a thousand dollars, which he has not got nor can he get it." It would seem, then, that free land, though greatly to be desired, is not as sorely needed here and now as free capital. And this same need of capital would be equally embarrassing if the eastern lands were free, for, still, more capital would be required to stock and work a farm than the wage-worker can command. Under our present money system he could not even get capital by putting up his farm as collateral, unless he would agree to pay a rate of interest that would eat him up in a few years. Therefore, free land is of little value to labor without free capital, while free capital would be of inestimable benefit to labor even if land should not be freed for some time to come. For with it labor could go into other industries on the spot and achieve its independence. Not free land, then, but free money is the chief desideratum. It is in the perception of this prime importance of the money question that the greenbackers, despite their utterly erroneous solution of it, show their marked superiority to the State socialists and the land nationalizationists.

The craze to get people upon the land is one of the insanities that has dominated social reformers ever since social reform was first thought of. It is a great mistake. Of agriculture it is as true as of every other industry that there should be as few people engaged in it as possible,—that is, just enough to supply the world with all the agricultural products which it wants. The fewer farmers there are, after this point of necessary supply is reached, the more useful people there are to engage in other industries which have not yet reached this point, and to devise and work at new industries hitherto unthought of. It is altogether likely that we have too many farmers now. It is not best that any more of us should become farmers, even if every homestead could be made an Arcadia. The plough is very well in its way, and Arcadia was very well in its day. But the way of the plough is not as wide as the world, and the world has outgrown the day of Arcadia. Human life henceforth is to be, not a simple, but a complex thing. The wants and aspirations of mankind are daily multiplying. They can be satisfied only by the diversification of industry, which is the method of progress and the record of civilization. This is one of the great truths which Lysander Spooner has so long been shouting into unwilling ears. But the further diversification of industry in such a way as to benefit, no longer the few and the idle, but the many and the industrious, depends upon the control of capital by labor. And this, as Proudhon, Warren, Greene, and Spooner have shown, can be secured only by a free money system.

T.

Out of His Own Mouth.

So Mr. Powderly calls a halt in forming new assemblies of the Knights of Labor!

Cheap, dissatisfied laborers must not be taken in; the order must be kept small, comparatively, and select, if it would win the esteem of society.

Society! how everybody does worship it! Its good opinion is more desired than bread,—than life even.

Mr. Powderly's idea evidently is to make the Knights of Labor an aristocracy, dependent for its power, like all aristocracies, not so much upon its numbers, as upon the awe with which the outsider regards it.

Can the great body of workingmen and workingwomen expect anything from such an organization?

Mr. Powderly says members of the Knights of Labor make a great mistake in inaugurating strikes. Take away the strike, and what weapon is left to labor?

Arbitration, says Mr. Powderly.

Arbitration? words.

There is a state of warfare between labor and capital, and this state will exist so long as it is recognized and fostered by the State,—or, in other words, so long as the State exists; and in warfare words are not weapons.

Of what effect would arbitration be without the strike back of it?

Anarchists, Mr. Powderly has told you himself just what the writers in Liberty have been telling you,—that the Knights of Labor as an organization is as bad as the State, and in a way to become even worse.

C. M. H.

The Senator and the Editor.

VI.

THE EDITOR.

Editorial — Concluded.

We wish to finish with our editorial from the "Herald" in this number, but, in order to do so, we are obliged to omit a few paragraphs that should properly continue from our last. They are an amplification and rounding-out of the argument against the claim that Deacon Rich had made for compensation against the supposed risk he would run in putting his money-capital into business. We think we can better omit this part than that that follows. The statements of the new truth that property has no power of increase and that nothing can be claimed in its behalf already given are we think sufficient to lead those who follow them in the spirit of truth into all truth. One thought, unnoticed or not presented by our editor, we will venture here to supply. To the Deacon's query whether, if no inducement was offered in the shape of interest or profit on moneys invested as a security against losses, capitalists would be found in any great numbers to embark in business enterprises, one pertinent response might be the following: Is it so bad a thing to contemplate the possibility of a check being placed upon these multitudinous wild-cat enterprises and speculations? Deacon Rich and his co-conspirators will act with more circumspection when they come to feel that they have to shoulder their own risks. But in any legitimate business, under the sway of better ideas of equity, the risks, so-called, will greatly diminish, if they do not wholly disappear.

But, to conclude with the editorial of the "Herald":

"If what we have said in regard to the accumulation of wealth can be accepted as truth,—and we challenge any contrary showing,—then there remains—having dismissed the popular remedial measures as only tentative or approximating efforts—to consider what course lies within the power of the well-disposed by which to reach some solvent principle that shall touch that 'something wrong at bottom,' removing and destroying it forever.

"For ourselves, we are quite ready to enter upon the work of the great Reform. Why shall we not, then, at once present our demands?

"We will do so—and beg that no reader will turn away from or neglect them, unless he can say: 'I have considered them, and I am able to declare that they are without a practical value.'

"1. We demand a new civilization, because we demand a *true* civilization. This civilization shall be *ultra-democratic*. It shall omit no individual, however humble or of whatever race, from its constant, nourishing, saving, ennobling care. It shall be the guardian of the Human Race.

"2. We demand—in summing up the characteristics of the new civilization—perfect freedom for the individual in all concerns in which he is the necessary responsible agent,—that is, in all that pertains to his own welfare: which proposition defends each individual from invasion of his personal rights against the world.

"3. The invasion of the State in all its multitudinous forms must cease. Let it be understood that invasion is invasion. Popular sanction by ballot or otherwise in no way changes its character. The methods of the highwayman in his attack upon individuals are simpler, but what added right does the State secure by its multiplication of forms and ceremonies? Right is right, and wrong is wrong; no added pomp and show can change the character of either.

"4. The invasions of capital would practically cease, if they were not backed up and supported by the State. How completely is the individual cornered and defrauded by this invader's monopoly of the business of issuing money? The right of banking should be inalienable: the individual's necessity in operating his capital. If this has been sometime an enigma, the new civilization will demonstrate it. Then, it will be self-evident—even to the blind.

"5. We demand all these clearings out of the survivals of the old invasive civilization in order that Liberty, in whose eyes 'shines that high light whereby the world is saved,' may have her opportunity. We need to return to the more natural and trustful ways of the earlier races, aided and abetted by all the newly discovered laws and agencies that give the earth into the hands of man, dedicating it to his service.

"6. Left thus unprotected in their schemes of self-aggrandizement against individuals as rightfully here and as rightfully heirs to freedom and power as themselves, the moneyed despoilers of the race will lose their grip. There will be no basis for their operations either in the might of governments, or in un-moral instincts of the populace: for it shall not be said, then, that every poor man is a money despot in embryo. The tyranny of money, the devastations and enslavements of capital, will have no lodging in the popular ambition. The new civilization we demand, coming not by force and outward display, but in the intelligence and good-will of the race, shall put an end forever to the despotic idea.

"7. We demand of all labor organizations everywhere marching to the front, as if the decisive battle of man's industrial enfranchisement was to be fought with a foreign foe, that they halt where they are and examine well their own declared cause. Let them set forth their principles in the light of liberty, and consider well the forceful methods they are pledging themselves to adopt. We assure them that the foe they seek is yet lodged in their own camp. It is of their own household. Let them not persist in fighting fire with fire. The water of life, the flowing force of right, the flooding light of liberty, are far more powerful and successful agencies.

"8. Finally, we demand discussion. If there are any who think that we are astray in all this, let them come forward and speak their mind. Our columns are open, our welcome shall be cordial. Knights of Labor! To you especially we address our challenge. For you have proclaimed yourselves chief and foremost in the cause of industrial reform, as 'liberty-loving and earnestly truth-seeking.' We do not doubt for an instant your sincerity of feeling. But we do suggest that there is also such a thing as intellectual sincerity,—the following of truth for truth's own sake. If you swerve from this latter following, no sincerity of any other sort will avail you. 'Tis a common failing. But to be delivered from it, is the beginning of wisdom.

"Now, we have put our hand to the plough; we shall not turn back.

"The 'Herald' declares for the new civilization!"

Reader, our task is done.

H.

Burnette G. Haskell of San Francisco, who once called frantically and in vain for a Brutus to plunge his dagger into the Anarchistic Cæsar who sits on the editorial throne of Liberty, now sends the said Cæsar what he calls "an account of the FACTS of the recent Seattle (W. T.) horror," and urges him to "give it, in the interest of American Liberty, the widest possible publicity." As Haskell's signature is the only evidence that he has that this document states *facts*, and as his past experience with Haskell warrants him in presuming that anything appearing over his signature is a lie until proved to be the truth, Cæsar, in the exercise of his sovereign will and with the fear of another summons to a possible Brutus haunting him, declines to give the document any publicity at all.

The Haverhill "Laborer" discusses the merits of the new novel, "The Dawning," by assailing the personal character of its author with the charge that he is unwilling to sacrifice anything in the cause of labor. The author of "The Dawning" has reached an age which forbids him to expect many more years of life, while the editor of the "Laborer" is still a stripling who may be favored in the matter of existence beyond his deserts; but, however long may prove the career of the latter, he has neither the ability nor the will to make for himself a record of devotion equal to that which will stand justly credited to the man whom he thus wantonly assaults, and who has sunk nearly all that he possessed in efforts to secure justice to labor.

Thank You, Brother Swinton.

[John Swinton's Paper.]

Now that the railway kings are "itching for an empire," we again suggest that Boston Liberty would be an excellent paper for free circulation in the regular army. If every private soldier of the infantry, cavalry, and artillery were supplied with a copy of Brother Tucker's Liberty weekly, there would be no danger of anybody ever using our army as a foundation for an empire,—no matter how he "itched" for it.

A LETTER TO GROVER CLEVELAND.

Continued from page 3.

They can claim nothing as their own. They can only accept what the government chooses to give them. The government owns them and their property; and disposes of them and their property, at its pleasure, or discretion; without regard to any consent, or dissent, on their part.

Such was the "sovereignty" claimed and exercised by the governments of those, so-called, "civilized nations of Europe," that were in power in 1787, 1788, and 1789, when our constitution was framed and adopted, and the government put in operation under it. And the court now says, virtually, that the constitution intended to give to our government the same "sovereignty" over the natural rights of the people, that those governments had then.

But how did the "civilized governments of Europe" become possessed of such "sovereignty"? Had the people ever granted it to them? Not at all. The governments spurned the idea that they were dependent on the will or consent of their people for their political power. On the contrary, they claimed to have derived it from the only source, from which such "sovereignty" could have been derived; that is, from God Himself.

In 1787, 1788, and 1789, all the great governments of Europe, except England, claimed to exist by what was called "Divine Right." That is, they claimed to have received authority from God Himself, to rule over their people. And they taught, and a servile and corrupt priesthood taught, that it was a religious duty of the people to obey them. And they kept great standing armies, and hordes of pimps, spies, and ruffians, to keep the people in subjection.

And when, soon afterwards, the revolutionists of France dethroned the king then existing—the Legitimist king, so-called—and asserted the right of the people to choose their own government, these other governments carried on a twenty years' war against her, to reëstablish the principle of "sovereignty" by "Divine Right." And in this war, the government of England, although not itself claiming to exist by Divine Right,—but really existing by brute force,—furnished men and money without limit, to reëstablish that principle in France, and to maintain it wherever else, in Europe, it was endangered by the idea of popular rights.

The principle, then, of "Sovereignty by Divine Right"—sustained by brute force—was the principle on which the governments of Europe then rested; and most of them rest on that principle today. And now the Supreme Court of the United States virtually says that our constitution intended to give to our government the same "sovereignty"—the same absolutism—the same supremacy over all the natural rights of the people—as was claimed and exercised by those "Divine Right" governments of Europe, a hundred years ago!

That I may not be suspected of misrepresenting these men, I give some of their own words as follows:

It is not doubted that the power to establish a standard of value, by which all other values may be measured, or, in other words, to determine what shall be lawful money and a legal tender, is in its nature, and of necessity, a governmental power. *It is in all countries exercised by the government.*—*Hepburn vs. Griswold*, 8 *Wallace* 615.

The court call a power,

To make treasury notes a legal tender for the payment of *all* debts [private as well as public] *a power confessedly possessed by every independent sovereignty other than the United States.*—*Legal Tender Cases*, 12 *Wallace*, *p.* 529.

Also, in the same case, it speaks of:

That general power over the currency, *which has always been an acknowledged attribute of sovereignty in every other civilized nation than our own.*—*p.* 545.

In this same case, by way of asserting the power of congress to do any dishonest thing that any so-called "sovereign government" ever did, the court say:

Has any one, in good faith, avowed his belief that even a law debasing the current coin, by increasing the alloy [and then making these debased coins a legal tender in payment of debts previously contracted], would be taking private property? It might be impolitic, and unjust, but could its constitutionality be doubted?—*p.* 552.

In the same case, Bradley said:

As a government, it [the government of the United States] was invested with *all the attributes of sovereignty.*—*p.* 555.

Also he said:

Such being the character of the General Government, it seems to be a self-evident proposition *that it is invested with all those inherent and implied powers, which, at the time of adopting the constitution, were generally considered to belong to every government, as such,* and as being essential to the exercise of its functions.—*p.* 556.

Also he said:

Another proposition equally clear is, *that at the time the constitution was adopted, it was, and for a long time had been, the practice of most, if not all, civilized governments,* to employ the public credit as a means of anticipating the national revenues for the purpose of enabling them to exercise their governmental functions.—*p.* 556.

Also he said:

It is our duty to construe the instrument [the constitution] by its words, *in the light of history, of the general nature of government, and the incidents of sovereignty.*—*p.* 55.

Also he said:

The government simply demands that its credit shall be accepted and received by public and private creditors during the pending exigency. *Every government has a right to demand this, when its existence is at stake.*—*p.* 560.

Also he said:

These views are exhibited . . . . for the purpose of showing that it [the power to make its notes a legal tender in payment of private debts] *is one of those vital and essential powers inhering in every national sovereignty,* and necessary to its self-preservation.—*p.* 564.

In still another legal tender case, the court said:

The people of the United States, by the constitution, established a national government, *with sovereign powers, legislative, executive,* and judicial.—*Juilliard vs. Greenman*, 110 *U. S. Reports*, *p.* 438.

Also it calls the constitution:

A constitution, establishing a form of government, declaring fundamental principles, *and creating a national sovereignty,* intended to endure for ages.—*p.* 439.

Also the court speaks of the government of the United States:

As a sovereign government.—*p.* 446.

Also it said:

It appears to us to follow, as a logical and necessary consequence, that congress has the power to issue the obligations of the United States in such form, and to impress upon them such qualities as currency, for the purchase of merchandise and the payment of debts, *as accord with the usage of other sovereign governments.* The power, as incident to the power of borrowing money, and issuing bills or notes of the government for money borrowed, of impressing upon those bills or notes the quality of being a legal tender for the payment of private debts, *was a power universally understood to belong to sovereignty, in Europe and America, at the time of the framing and adoption of the constitution of the United States.* The governments of Europe, acting through the monarch, or the legislature, according to the distribution of powers *under their respective constitutions,* had, and have, as *sovereign* a power of issuing paper money as of stamping coin. This power has been distinctly recognized in an important modern case, ably argued and fully considered, in which the Emperor of Austria, as King of Hungary, obtained from the English Court of Chancery an injunction against the issue, in England, without his license, of notes purporting to be public paper money of Hungary.—*p.* 447.

Also it speaks of:

Congress, as the legislature of a *sovereign* nation.—*p.* 449.

Also it said:

The power to make the notes of the government a legal tender in payment of private debts, *being one of the powers belonging to sovereignty in other civilized nations,* . . . we are irresistibly impelled to the conclusion that the impressing upon the treasury notes of the United States the quality of being a legal tender in payment of private debts, is an appropriate means, conducive and plainly adapted to the execution of the undoubted powers of congress, consistent with the letter and spirit of the constitution, etc.—*p.* 450.

On reading these astonishing ideas about "sovereignty"—"sovereignty" over all the natural rights of mankind—"sovereignty," as it prevailed in Europe "at the time of the framing and adoption of the constitution of the United States"—we are compelled to see that these judges obtained their constitutional law, not from the constitution itself, but from the example of the "Divine Right" governments existing in Europe a hundred years ago. These judges seem never to have heard of the American Revolution, or the French Revolution, or even of the English Revolutions of the seventeenth century—revolutions fought and accomplished to overthrow these very ideas of "sovereignty," which these judges now proclaim, as the supreme law of this country. They seem never to have heard of the Declaration of Independence, nor of any other declaration of the natural rights of human beings. To their minds, "the sovereignty of governments" is everything; human rights nothing. They apparently cannot conceive of such a thing as a people's establishing a government as a means of preserving their personal liberty and rights. They can only see what fearful calamities "sovereign governments" would be liable to, if they could not compel their "subjects"—the people—to support them against their will, and at every cost of their property, liberty, and lives. They are utterly blind to the fact, that it is this very assumption of "sovereignty" over all the natural rights of men, that brings governments into all their difficulties, and all their perils. They do not see that it is this very assumption of "sovereignty" over all men's natural rights, that makes it necessary for the "Divine Right" governments of Europe to maintain not only great standing armies, but also a vile purchased priesthood, that shall impose upon, and help to crush, the ignorant and superstitious people.

These judges talk of "the *constitutions*" of these "sovereign governments" of Europe, as they existed "at the time of the framing and adoption of the constitution of the United States." They apparently do not know that those governments had no constitutions at all, except the Will of God, their standing armies, and the judges, lawyers, priests, pimps, spies, and ruffians they kept in their service.

If these judges had lived in Russia, a hundred years ago, and had chanced to be visited with a momentary spasm of manhood—a fact hardly to be supposed of such creatures—and had been sentenced therefor to the knout, a dungeon, or Siberia, would we ever afterward have seen them, as judges of our Supreme Court, declaring that government to be the model after which ours was formed?

These judges will probably be surprised when I tell them that the constitution of the United States contains no such word as "sovereign," or "sovereignty": that it contains no such word as "subjects"; nor any word that implies that the government is "sovereign," or that the people are "subjects." At most, it contains only the mistaken idea that a power of making laws—by lawmakers chosen by the people—was consistent with, and necessary to, the maintenance of liberty and justice for the people themselves. This mistaken idea was, in some measure, excusable in that day, when reason and experience had not demonstrated, to their minds, the utter incompatibility of all lawmaking whatsoever with men's natural rights.

The only other provision of the constitution, that can be interpreted as a declaration of "sovereignty" in the government, is this:

This constitution, and the laws of the United States *which shall be made in pursuance thereof,* and all treaties made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States, *shall be the supreme law of the land,* and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, *anything in the constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding.*—*Art.* VI.

This provision I interpret to mean simply that the constitution, laws, and treaties of the United States, shall be "the supreme law of the land"—*not anything in the natural rights of the people to liberty and justice, to the contrary notwithstanding*—but only that they shall be "the supreme law of the land," "*anything in the constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding,*"—that is, whenever the two may chance to conflict with each other.

If this is its true interpretation, the provision contains no declaration of "sovereignty" over the natural rights of the people.

Justice is "the supreme law" of this, and all other lands; anything in the constitutions or laws of any nation to the contrary notwithstanding. And if the constitution of the United States intended to assert the contrary, it was simply an audacious lie—a lie as foolish as it was audacious—that should have covered with infamy every man who helped to frame the constitution, or afterward sanctioned it, or that should ever attempt to administer it.

Inasmuch as the constitution declares itself to have been "ordained and established" by

We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity,

everybody who attempts to administer it, is bound to give it such an interpretation, and only such an interpretation, as is consistent with, and promotive of, those objects, if its language will admit of such an interpretation.

To suppose that "the people of the United States" intended to declare that the constitution and laws of the United States should be "the supreme law of the land," *anything in their own natural rights, or in the natural rights of the rest of man-*

kind, to the contrary notwithstanding, would be to suppose that they intended, not only to authorize every injustice, and arouse universal violence, among themselves, but that they intended also to avow themselves the open enemies of the rights of all the rest of mankind. Certainly no such folly, madness, or criminality as this can be attributed to them by any rational man—always excepting the justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, the lawmakers, and the believers in the "Divine Right" of the cunning and the strong, to establish governments that shall deceive, plunder, enslave, and murder the ignorant and the weak.

Many men, still living, can well remember how, some fifty years ago, those famous champions of "sovereignty," of arbitrary power, Webster and Calhoun, debated the question, whether, in this country, "sovereignty" resided in the general or State governments. But they never settled the question, for the very good reason that no such thing as "sovereignty" resided in either.

And the question was never settled, until it was settled at the cost of a million of lives, and some ten thousand millions of money. And then it was settled only as the same question had so often been settled before, to wit, that "the heaviest battalions" are "sovereign" over the lighter.

The only real "sovereignty," or right of "sovereignty," in this or any other country, is that right of sovereignty which each and every human being has over his or her own person and property, so long as he or she obeys the one law of justice towards the person and property of every other human being. This is the only *natural* right of sovereignty, that was ever known among men. All other so-called rights of sovereignty are simply the usurpations of impostors, conspirators, robbers, tyrants, and murderers.

It is not strange that we are in such high favor with the tyrants of Europe, when our Supreme Court tells them that our government, although a little different in form, stands on the same essential basis as theirs of a hundred years ago; that it is as absolute and irresponsible as theirs were then; that it will spend more money, and shed more blood, to maintain its power, than they have ever been able to do; that the people have no more rights here than there; and that the government is doing all it can to keep the producing classes as poor here as they are there.

THE WIFE OF NUMBER 4,237.

By SOPHIE KROPOTKINE.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 77.

"But you too, poor girl, you are sick; you need rest very much," she said to her, when Julie explained that she had come to see her husband, but, he being sick, she might perhaps remain eight or ten days.

While talking with her customers, the old woman tried to make her swallow some spoonfuls of soup and a few drops of wine. But Julie could take nothing: after twenty-two hours of travelling, of expectation and blasted hopes, the bread seemed bitter, the wine sharp. She hurried up to her room, hoping to find a moment of repose in her bed. But, when she entered the room, she went to the open window and stood there motionless.

A shapeless mass of buildings, added during the centuries one after another, work-shops blackened with smoke and crowned by high chimneys, a whole city, but a city dead, hushed, without the least sign of life, rose before her. Beyond the exterior wall, which sent here and there steely reflections in the moonlight, she saw endless rows of grated windows, strongly lighted. One would have said they might be palaces illuminated for a festival; they were the dormitories of a thousand prisoners. Julie tried to guess which was Jean's window. She pressed her burning forehead against the window; her eyes tried to penetrate space, to pierce the walls, to discover the sick man's bed.

He is there; a single wall separates them. She might take care of him, bring a ray of light into his sad existence, whisper in his ear one of those sweet words which he has not heard in so long a time and which would encourage the man bowed down under the weight of this sad life. But the barbarous law is there,—putting between them impenetrable walls, bristling with soldiers ready to fire.

Oh, yes, the law! It does not fail, poor Julie, to destroy the happiness of a family, under the pretext of correcting men.

"Jean, Jean, my love!" she calls in the silence of the night. For sole answer, the cry of "Sentinel, attention!" rises every quarter hour, dying away in the distance and then returning, always so menacing.

"If he should die," thought Julie, "I shall not survive him. I have no one in the world, not a single heart to whom I am dear. With him gone, the last hope vanished, what would be left to me? The poor pity of a few neighbors?—No! he alone attaches me to life!"

Julie was of an impressionable, loving nature. Up to the present time, she had always loved, she had always been loved, and life without affection seemed to her harder than death. In her childhood she had been cared for and petted as much as the poverty of her parents would permit.

Her father, a miner in one of the pits of a great company, serious, often grave, had always a caressing word for his little Julie,—as gay and full of life as a bird.

Her mother, until the sickness which kept her to her bed for long years, had been able to provide for the household out of the meagre wages of her husband. Julie always had her little neat apron and some dainties in her basket, when she ran to school.

She was fifteen years old when her mother fell sick, a sickness from which she never recovered. This first serious sorrow transformed Julie. From a girl, gay and rebellious, she became serious and industrious. Her great black eyes acquired then an expression of pensive gravity.

The task now fell upon her of conducting the little household, of doing her best to fill her mother's place by her father's side. You should have seen how grateful he was to her in consequence, with what tenderness he caressed his child's pretty head. They were more than a father and daughter: they were two friends.

From time to time, on Sundays, the young people of the village held a little *fête* in the large hall of the inn.

They danced to the music of the violin, and some ribbon-weavers in the vicinity were invited to these *fêtes*. There Julie made the acquaintance of Jean Tissot, a fine boy, with a sprightly face, expressive eyes, and a black mustache. They finished by loving each other.

The young people were happy. Only one thing threw a shadow over their happiness,—the military service which Jean had still before him. But everything seemed to smile on them, and the day when the lots were drawn, Jean came to announce that he had a good number; he had only one year to serve. How happy that evening was at the miner's. It was the occasion of a little *fête*. Julie, beaming with happiness, was still more beautiful than ever.

It was decided that the marriage should take place on Jean's return.

They would not leave her father's house. It would be a little far for Jean; he certainly could not come to breakfast; but Julie would fix his basket for him every morning, she would go to meet him, and in the evening they would all reunite about this same table. All a dream of happiness—a dream!

This was at the beginning of the autumn. A heavy heat weighed on the village: not a breath to refresh the stifling air. The evening before, the father had returned more serious than usual. He had seen the old miners shake their heads on leaving the pits. "It smells bad in the mine," they said. Foreseeing an explosion of fire-damp, they looked anxiously at the sky, longing for a gust of wind from the east.

But the east wind did not come the next day. Not a breath of air in the morning, when the anxious father left the house, giving his wife and child a longer and more tender embrace than usual.

At four o'clock, a rumbling noise was heard. In less than a quarter of an hour, the women, pale, with haggard eyes, were already around the shaft, striving to read their destinies in the black depths of the abyss. Preparations were being made for the work of rescue.

Two hours passed before they had news from below, brought by men blackened with smoke, bruised, who could hardly believe in the happiness of seeing again the blue sky. They said that about thirty men must have been buried by the explosion: Julie's father was among the number.

Three days, three times twenty-four hours, passed before they succeeded in opening a way. The women were beside themselves.

During these three days, Julie remained there, seated on a heap of that mineral, every cartful of which is stained with human blood. Neither the rain which began to fall in torrents nor the entreaties of Jean could make her quit her post. She had even forgotten her mother.

When the basket began to bring up the corpses, the distracted women broke the chain of sentries and rushed towards the abyss, uttering heart-rending cries when they saw again, disfigured, calcined, these same faces which, three days before, had smiled at them on leaving. Certain bodies were recognizable only by the clothes: among others Julie's father, whose head had been crushed by a mass of rock.

"Dear father, my love," she cried, covering with kisses his icy-cold breast. Jean drew her away by force: he feared lest he might see her also grow rigid on the corpse.

With her head pressed against the window, Julie saw all these horrible scenes pass again before her eyes.

She resumed the thread of her memories.

A month passed before she could return to her occupations. Misery menaced the fireside. Then Jean left for military service. To support her mother it became necessary to seek work.

To be continued.

Treating Symptoms.

The social disease of which Insurrection, as Carlyle says, is the "mere announcement, is visible now even to Sons of Night." Fifty thousand starving workingmen rioting in London streets, breaking aristocratic windows and raiding hotels and bakeshops, is a very alarming symptom. Miners shooting and burning each other in Pennsylvania, workingmen in Washington Territory expelling brother workingmen from the soil, militia composed of the sons and brothers of workingmen shooting down the expellers at the bidding of the capitalist exploiters of all, and their tool, the government, proclaim that the crisis is near at hand, and all the doctors are summoned to decide what must be done for the patient. Many are the doctors, many are the remedies proposed, many are the plasters applied to sore places, with the hope that by covering them up they may heal of themselves. Great is the delusion! When the plaster is removed, or falls off, owing to the rottenness beneath, the sore is found to have extended in breadth and depth, and to have invaded parts which would have been entirely free from it, had no attempt been made to conceal it from public view. Yes, society is sick, sick nigh unto death, and still the doctors cannot agree on the remedies; what is still more reprehensible, the majority have not even attempted to make a diagnosis. The quacks have at present the upper hand, they are in the majority, and the voices of the scientific brethren are lost in the great hubbub of quack jargon. The quacks are in the ascendant, the symptoms are to be modified, transformed, crushed out, their existence denied; the "Sun" would crush out the symptom of street-rioting, if it occurred in New York, by a well-disciplined and well-armed police, the Women's Christian Temperance Union would treat the symptom of intemperance by a prohibitory liquor and tobacco law, the white workingmen would expel the Chinese, the unionists would starve the non-unionists, the Rev. Hale would "lend a hand" to overworked and underfed working girls, Gladstone would give Home Rule to Ireland, Collings would give three acres and a cow, Chamberlain would house the poor, Burns and Hyndman would have the State supply labor and food, Bismarck would expropriate the Poles for the benefit(?) of the German proletariat,—in short, all would treat symptoms in the most approved Middle Ages style. But nineteenth century medicine, and the doctors who really belong to the nineteenth century, and not to the Middle Ages, will not be satisfied with treating symptoms, will not be satisfied till they have really discovered the *cause* of the disease, and applied the remedy, be it never so heroic, that is necessary to the restoration to health, of the body social, or more truly, the production in it of health for the first time. The scientific physician will seek out the pathological conditions and apply his remedies to those, will relieve whatever suffering may arise during the process as far as in his power lies, but will use no palliatives that would ultimately tend to the patient's detriment, no matter how great the temptation, no matter how large the reward of popular approval that may be held up to his view.

But even those who agree with us as to the cause of the social disease,—the exploitation of man by man,—still insist that we must treat symptoms; otherwise we are not practical, we are mere theorists. No, my friends, it is you that are not practical, it is your work that is useless, it is you that should be sued for malpractice, for it is you that are dallying with the patient's life. You may, with your palliatives of eight hours a day, union labels, increased wages, coöperative or rather joint-stock associations, cause some of the symptoms to diminish or even disappear for a time, only to reappear with all the greater force later, when the patient's powers of recuperation are lessened by the longer duration of his sickness. It is not those who see only the symptoms, but those who see the cause and still confine themselves to treating symptoms that the world will some day most severely condemn. It is the leaders of the people, the false leaders who lead only to destruction, that the people themselves will some day most heartily curse.

Nothing is possible, nothing is practical, nothing is practicable, but what is right and just. To quote again the great seer of the nineteenth century: "If you do not know eternal Justice from momentary Expediency and understand in your heart of hearts how Justice, radiant, beneficent, as the all-victorious Light element, is also in essence, if need be, an all-victorious *Fire*-element, and melts all manner of vested interests, and the hardest cannon as if they were soft wax, and does ever in the long-run rule and reign, and allows nothing else to rule and reign—you also would talk of impossibility! But it is only difficult, it is not impossible. Possible? It is, with whatever difficulty, clearly inevitable."

GERTRUDE B. KELLY.

The Beast of Communism.

Continued from page 1.

or two organizations and are acting in accordance with a course agreed upon has not dawned upon the mind of any detective or reporter, although it is an open secret among the German-speaking Socialists of New York. So far as the authorities or the newspapers have hitherto suspected, each of these offences is simply an isolated case of crime. How vigilantly our lives and possessions are protected by this government of ours! One would think that the interests of the insurance companies would prompt them at least to greater vigilance. But they have been as blind as the rest, and paid this extraordinary series of losses seemingly without a question.

The attempt will doubtless be made in some quarters to vindicate these horrors as so many revolutionary acts. It will fail. Private greed and popular vengeance have nothing in common. Even so rigid a Communistic journal as "Le Révolté" pointed out some time ago that the Revolution can have no solidarity with thieves. It was one thing to kill the Czar of Russia, it is quite another to kill and rob an innocent old woman; it was one thing for the striking miners of Decazeville to take the life of the superintendent who had entered into a conspiracy with the corporation to reduce the miners' wages in consideration of a percentage, it is a far different thing for lazy, selfish, cowardly brutes to set fire to a tenement house containing hundreds of human beings. There are certain things which circumstances justify, there are certain others which all lofty human instincts condemn. To the latter class belong these deeds of John Most's followers.

John Most has had a great deal to say about the "beast of property." Property as it now exists, backed by legal privilege, is unquestionably a horrible monster, causing untold and universal suffering; but I doubt if it can equal in essential cruelty the act of a father who will insure the lives of his wife and boy and conspire to cause their death that he may fill his pockets with a few paltry dollars. Of such acts as that the Beast of Communism seems to have a monopoly.

In conclusion, I appeal to every honorable newspaper in America to lay these facts before its readers, placing the blame where it belongs and distinguishing the innocent from the guilty. And especially do I address the Anarchistic press. Every Anarchistic journal ought to copy this exposure and send it forth with the stamp of its approval. The cause is entering upon a serious crisis. The malicious and the ignorant will do their utmost to damage it. Much will depend upon the promptness with which good men and true separate themselves from common criminals. *He who is not against their crimes is for them.*

BENJ. R. TUCKER.

Is Professor Sumner an Anarchist?

To the Editor of Liberty:

The Equal Rights Debating Club had engaged Henry Appleton of Boston to lecture before them on Sunday, February 28, on "Labor Organization." Mr. Appleton has the reputation of a philosopher, radical reformer, and devoted friend of the oppressed toilers. It has got abroad somehow that he does not favor the workings and practical methods of the various trade and labor organizations in the country large and small. The Club has great confidence in Mr. Appleton, and wanted to know why, being in accord with their ultimate aims and ideals, he is so uncompromisingly opposed to the ways and means chosen by them for the achievement of those aims. Besides, there was certainly a chance for a very lively and instructive debate. Through some misunderstanding, Mr. Appleton failed to fulfil his engagement, and the Club was left without a speaker. Among those who came to have the pleasure of listening to Mr. Appleton was Professor William G. Sumner. We considered him not a bad substitute, and, being invited to speak, he offered to discuss the question of "Free Trade."

He spoke long and admirably well. It was, in fact, one of the most sweeping, radical, and unanswerable arguments I ever listened to. He did not confine his remarks to the free trade question. He spoke about taxation generally, denounced governmental supervision and interference, and ably advocated the *laissez-faire* principle in trade and industry.

It is safe to say, began the professor, that scarcely one in a thousand among the people knows anything about the tariff,—what it is, and what it costs us. The government lays import duties on about four thousand commodities. This is not tariff for revenue, as we pay the same tax to our own manufacturers when we buy the commodities here. We can buy pig iron or coal cheaper outside of the country than it costs to produce it here, but the advantage is lost to us. The government puts a heavy tax on these commodities, thus compelling us to patronize our native manufacturers. All prices are enhanced. I am prepared to prove that, putting it low, these taxes amount to thirty cents on every dollar. Why do we submit to it? Because, we are told, we want to protect our native industries, encourage enterprise, and look out for our interest and prosperity *at home*. But I claim the right of a free American citizen *to buy wherever and whatever I please*, and any attempt to restrict and abridge this right is a tyrannical invasion. Well, we are told again, there is really no use of making so much noise about it; practically it does not hurt us. Everybody being a producer as well as a consumer, the burden falls on everybody alike, and we come out *even*. We are all more or less protected. The thing then reduces itself simply to this alternative: either we are taxing ourselves and others, and are being taxed by others, who tax themselves,—and in this case we are engaged in a ridiculous, absurd, and foolish play, that gives neither gain, nor loss; or we rob and plunder each other in the dark, with great gains to some and proportionate loss to others. We cannot avoid this conclusion. It is either folly or crime. And if anybody does suffer, who is it but the wage-worker? He pays these heavy taxes, although the protected manufacturer does not pay more to his laborers than the unprotected. There is always a market rate of wages, and the competition among the laborers is constantly decreasing this market rate. The capitalist reaps all the benefit of the protective taxes. Those that contribute most to the election campaign funds get the most protection from their congressmen, who, with a view to the next election, try to give full satisfaction. But the other members get there on exactly the same conditions. So this everlasting grab.

This system of protection tends to kill competition and restrict trade. How is it possible for our industries to develop and grow up naturally when we are compelled to support unprofitable undertakings by chipping in so much every time to keep it alive? A thing that does not pay, that cannot stand on its own merits and compete with the natural rivals, must perish and make room for such as are self-supporting and self-maintaining. The sooner it is out of existence, the better. Now, think of these people in Washington controlling and regulating the industries of this country! Do they want to make us better off than we would be if let alone? Time brings changes, new inventions, improvements. When unrestricted and uncontrolled, the people easily and naturally adapt themselves to the circumstances. But who is so wise, so well informed, and so powerful that he pretends to be able to foresee and "fix" everything in the best possible way? The truth is that all these "regulators" are completely and hopelessly ignorant, have no information whatever, and care too little about others to try and enlighten themselves on these points. There is not a single page in the history of the legislation on the tariff that is decent or respectable! They talk about our national prosperity, about our high wages, and want to make us believe that we owe all this to their protection. But the opposite is the true explanation. It is because we are as yet better off than other nations that we can stand the tariff. And if there is anything in the world that can reduce our wages to the "European basis" and dwarf our growth, it is heavy taxation. Of course, not only these protective taxes; there is the currency question to be looked into; but we will leave that for some other time. (It occurred to me that Professor Sumner had your criticism in mind.) Taxation is the bottom invasion of government.

We demand the removal of all restrictions and boundary lines. Trade must be free. There is no need of any protection, artificial stimulation, or driving. Give us freedom to regulate our own affairs, and we are well able to take care of ourselves. Our soil is rich and fertile, our population small, and our people energetic and ambitious. Give us our chances, and we will get all we can and keep all we get.

Our Anarchistic friend, Mr. Franklin, asked the professor if he thinks these doctrines of unrestricted private enterprise and non-interference hold good in other branches of industrial and commercial activity. The professor seemed to take in the full meaning of the question, when he smilingly said: "Yes."

The debate that followed was very interesting. One gentleman, who is a strong individualist, paid his compliments to the State Socialists, and made them feel uncomfortable by stating that the mischief resulting from protection, which is certainly a State Socialistic policy, is simply a trifle in comparison with the evils that the "cooperative commonwealth" would inevitably produce. Another gentleman told Professor Sumner that there is not a single page in the history of legislation generally, not that of tariff only, that is decent or respectable. He hoped the professor would open his eyes to the real nature of our legislation, and squarely come out against it in the interests of labor.

Is Professor Sumner an Anarchist? I will leave it to the reader to judge. V. YARROS.

NEW HAVEN, FEBRUARY 28, 1886.