

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER

PRUDHON

A silhouette of a person's head and shoulders, facing right, filled with a dense cloud of words related to liberty, order, and social thought. The words are in various sizes and orientations, creating a textured, word-filled portrait. Some prominent names and concepts include: Pierre Proudhon, William Morris, Benjamin R. Tucker, Charles W. Johnson, Matthew R. Phillips, Connor Pierce, Bruce Robbins, Gerard Casey, Craig Bolton, Stephan Kinsella, John Zube, Christopher D. Rhodes, Josiah T. E. Durka, Lysander Spooner, Adam Bagley, May, Auberon Herbert, F. T. Long, Joshua Warren, Lukas Nikodym, Ivan Burhanov, Oliver Westcott, power, deanevermuch, country can, study, Martin M. Pravcic, Benjamin Sosa, Agre, Voltaire, de Cleyre, Lawrence W. Reed, Guitreau, mind, place, man, received, up, little, called, part, Christian, practice, less, American, need, last, service, pay, law, whose, present, still, even, eyes, without, out, believe, national, possesion, president, unions, become, after, claim, well, Russes, wealth, old, Want, John, Just, Brown, sense, Set, the, before, think, religion, go, Society, Journal, oppose, rabble, etc.

Liberty

Not the Daughter But the Mother of Order

Volume One Issues 1–26

by Benjamin R. Tucker

Liberty

Not the Daughter But the Mother of Order

Volume One Issues 1–26

by

Benjamin R. Tucker

Illustrations by

Juan Osborne

Produced by

MiceEatCheese.co

Associate Producer

Stephan Kinsella

Published by

Benjamin Tucker Institute, z.s.

Version: 2.0.0

ReadLiberty.org



Liberty itself is in the public domain, meaning that everybody can use it freely. To the extent possible under law, Benjamin Tucker Institute, z.s. has waived all copyright and related or neighboring rights to this edition of the book.

Special Thanks to

Gerard Casey

We're grateful for your support during early days of ReadLiberty.org and hope you'll enjoy our latest publications that would never exist without you.

Thanks to

Craig Bolton

William Kiely

[Peace Requires Anarchy](#)

Connar Pierce

[rpm -q -changelog libnathan](#)

Stephan Kinsella

[The Libertarian Standard](#)

Oliver Westcott

[OllyAnCap - Anarchism, Individualism, Atheism, Objectivism, and Capitalism](#)

Gregory Morin

[Porcupine Musings](#)

Josiah D. E. Durtka

[The Seasteading Institute | Opening humanity's next frontier](#)

Bruce Hobbs

*"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.

“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.

Table of Contents

Liberty Vol. I. No. 1.....	1
1.1 On Picket Duty.....	2
1.2 Sophie Perovskaya,	4
1.3 Our Purpose.	7
1.4 No Substitutes for the Ghosts.	9
1.5 The Anatomy of Liberty.	11
1.6 “Who is the Somebody?”	14
1.7 Snippet I.....	16
1.8 Snippet II	17
1.9 Snippet III	18
1.10 Snippet IV	19
1.11 Snippet V	20
1.12 Snippet VI.....	21
1.13 Snippet VII	22
1.14 Snippet VIII	23
1.15 Et Tu, England!	24
1.16 Identity of Liberty and Justice.	25

1.17 Labor Cutting its Own Throat.....	26
1.18 Crumbs from Liberty's Table	28
1.19 The Liberty of Parents.	30
1.20 The Penalty of Treason to Liberty.....	31
1.21 Game for the Fool-Killer.....	32
Liberty Vol. I. No. 2.....	33
2.1 On Picket Duty.....	34
2.2 Vive l'Association Internationale!	37
2.3 Rise and Fall of "Free Religion."	39
2.4 The Root of Despotism.....	41
2.5 The Concord School.	43
2.6 Snippet I	45
2.7 Snippet II	46
2.8 Snippet III	47
2.9 Snippet IV.....	48
2.10 Snippet V.....	49
2.11 Snippet VI.....	50
2.12 Snippet VII	51

2.13 Snippet VIII	52
2.14 Snippet IX	53
2.15 Snippet X	54
2.16 The Revolutionary Congress.....	55
2.17 Crumbs from Liberty's Table	62
Liberty Vol. I. No. 3	63
3.1 On Picket Duty.....	64
3.2 Land and Liberty.....	67
3.3 A B-B-ird with W-W-W-One F-Feather	70
3.4 Shall We Tease Our Big Papa?	72
3.5 Two Kinds of Communism	74
3.6 Pity, but not Praise.....	75
3.7 Snippet I.....	77
3.8 Snippet II	78
3.9 Snippet III	79
3.10 Communism versus Commercialism.....	80
3.11 A Welcome and a Warning	81
3.12 Taking Courage	83

3.13 NAMES	84
3.14 Our European Letter.....	85
3.15 The Mistake of American Socialists.	88
3.16 Compliments from Liberty's Friends.....	89
3.17 Kicks and Cuffs from Liberty's Foes.....	92
Liberty Vol. I. No. 4.....	94
4.1 On Picket Duty.....	95
4.2 Doctrine of Assent.....	98
4.3 Reform Made Ridiculous	100
4.4 Religion a Disease.....	102
4.5 Liberty's Weapons	103
4.6 Snippet I	105
4.7 Snippet II	106
4.8 Snippet III	107
4.9 Snippet IV.....	108
4.10 Snippet V	109
4.11 The Poetry of Places.....	110
4.12 Enforced Education.....	114

4.13 Game for the Fool-Killer.....	115
4.14 To Walt Whitman.....	116
4.15 The Agriculture Crisis.....	117
4.16 The Farce of Popular Sovereignty.....	121
4.17 Switzerland's Double Shame.....	123
4.18 Snippet VI	124
Liberty Vol. I. No. 5.....	125
5.1 On Picket Duty.....	126
5.2 Sinister Sorrow.....	129
5.3 Capital's Claim to Increase.....	131
5.4 The Voltairean Warfare.....	134
5.5 Government and the State.....	137
5.6 Our European Letter.....	141
5.7 A Defence of Capital.....	143
5.8 "The Position of William.".....	144
5.9 Common-Sense Mourners.....	147
Liberty Vol. I. No. 6.....	148
6.1 On Picket Duty.....	149

6.2 Free Religion: Then, and Now	152
6.3 Authority.....	154
6.4 Who Should Hang Guiteau or God?	157
6.5 Preaching Played Out.....	158
6.6 A Baseless Charge	160
6.7 Bastiat's Fable.....	164
6.8 Snippet I	166
6.9 OH FIRE!.....	167
6.10 Our European Letter	168
6.11 Crumbs from Liberty's Table	171
Liberty Vol. I. No. 7	172
7.1 On Picket Duty.....	173
7.2 The Hour of Test	176
7.3 "Legitimate Mining."	178
7.4 The Philosophy of Right and Wrong.	179
7.5 Distressing Problems.	182
7.6 "Cool" Journalism.	184
7.7 Radicalism in Rhyme.....	185

7.8 A Proposal	189
7.9 Order and Anarchy	191
Liberty Vol. I. No. 8	196
8.1 On Picket Duty	197
8.2 Ireland's New Saviour	200
8.3 At Chicago	203
8.4 Mr. Chainey's Gospel	204
8.5 Guiteau Not a "Child of Liberty"	205
8.6 Capital: What It Is and What It Is Not	207
8.7 Another Answer to Mr. Babcock	211
8.8 Snippet I	212
8.9 The Chicago Congress	213
Liberty Vol. I. No. 9	219
9.1 Michael Bakounine	220
9.2 Play-House Philanthropy	224
9.3 Snippet I	228
9.4 Snippet II	229
9.5 Snippet III	230

9.6 Snippet IV.....	231
9.7 Snippet V.....	232
9.8 Snippet VI.....	233
9.9 Snippet VII.....	234
9.10 “Leaves of Grass.”	235
9.11 Attention, “Apex”!	240
9.12 Snippet VIII	241
9.13 Usury.....	242
9.14 Mr. Frothingham's Defection.....	244
Liberty Vol. I. No. 10	247
10.1 On Picket Duty	248
10.2 Honoring a Great Law-Breaker.....	250
10.3 Guiteau's “Malice”	254
10.4 Snippet I	257
10.5 Apex or Basis?.....	258
10.6 Capital: What It Is and What It Is Not.....	267
10.7 Snippet II	270
10.8 The Redemption of Money.....	271

Liberty Vol. I. No. 11.....	273
11.1 On Picket Duty.....	274
11.2 Guiteau's "Devilish Depravity."	277
11.3 Organization at Chicago	281
11.4 "The Land for the People."	283
11.5 Guiteau's Wit.....	286
11.6 Snippet I	288
11.7 Snippet II	289
11.8 Snippet III	290
11.9 Snippet IV.....	291
11.10 Invitation.....	292
11.11 The Evolution of Liberty	294
11.12 Mr. Babcock Once More.....	296
11.13 Harvard College	298
11.14 Congratulations from Europe.....	300
11.15 A Word to "Basis."	301
Liberty Vol. I. No. 12.....	302
12.1 On Picket Duty.....	303

12.2 Light-headed Socialists.....	306
12.3 Justice Gray.....	308
12.4 The Guiteau Experts.	310
12.5 A Statue to Proudhon.....	314
12.6 Right and Individual Rights.	315
12.7 Henry George's Errors.	318
12.8 An Unsatisfactory Reason.	319
12.9 Snippet I.....	320
12.10 Liberty.	321
12.11 To "Apex."	322
12.12 A Second Chapter on Usury.	323
12.13 Theology in the Light of Sculpture.	325
Liberty Vol. I. No. 13.....	326
13.1 On Picket Duty.....	327
13.2 Our European Letter.....	329
13.3 Appeal of the Nihilists.	331
13.4 A Precious Pair of Pious Politicians.....	333
13.5 Guiteau, the Fraud-Spoiler.....	338

13.6 In Memoriam.....	340
13.7 Whilhelm's Bouncing Boy.....	344
13.8 The "Affirmations" of Free Religion.....	345
13.9 Snippet I.....	349
13.10 Snippet II	350
Liberty Vol. I. No. 14.....	351
14.1 On Picket Duty	352
14.2 Do Liberals Know Themselves?.....	356
14.3 The "New" Morality of Free Religion.....	358
14.4 Capital the Chief of Criminals	362
14.5 Hard-pan Jurisperudence	364
14.6 Snippet I.....	365
14.7 Snippet II.....	366
14.8 Liberty Still Ahead.....	367
14.9 A New Method of Agitation	368
14.10 Timely Truth Tersely Told.	370
14.11 GARIBALDI.....	371
14.12 Mr. Colville Explains.	372

14.13 Liberty Against Defined	374
14.14 Our Bepuffed Litterateurs	376
Liberty Vol. I. No. 15	378
15.1 On Picket Duty	379
15.2 God's wicked Partners	383
15.3 A Glorious Meeting	385
15.4 A Game That Two Can Play At	387
15.5 A Review of German Socialism	389
15.6 The Weakness of Compulsory Credit	395
15.7 Snippet I	396
15.8 Thomas Paine's Monument	397
15.9 England and the Czardom	400
15.10 The Two Guiteaus	402
15.11 Light from the Laborers	403
15.12 St. James on Liberty	404
15.13 An Unexpected Compliment	405
Liberty Vol. I. No. 16	406
16.1 On Picket Duty	407

16.2 Liberty and Method	411
16.3 A Solution That Does Not Solve	413
16.4 The State Its Own Outlaw	414
16.5 Snippet I	415
16.6 Snippet II	416
16.7 Snippet III	417
16.8 Snippet IV	418
16.9 Snippet V	419
16.10 Snippet VI	420
16.11 Anarchy and Universal Suffrage	421
16.12 A Gentleman Who Objects to Liberty	427
16.13 Crumbs from Liberty's Table	428
16.14 A Fable	429
16.15 Nobodies	430
16.16 The End of a Religion	431
16.17 The Coming Revolution	433
Liberty Vol. I. No. 17	435
17.1 On Picket Duty	436

17.2 To The American People	439
17.3 Americans, Attention!.....	441
17.4 Samuel Johnson.....	444
17.5 Construction and Destruction.....	446
17.6 Snippet I.....	448
17.7 A Heroine of the Commune.....	449
17.8 The Andre Monument	453
17.9 Church and State	454
17.10 Legislation: Its Origin and Purpose.....	455
17.11 Another Ingwersoll in the Field.....	459
Liberty Vol. I. No. 18.....	461
18.1 On Picket Duty.....	462
18.2 The Red Cross Fund	465
18.3 Organization, False and True	467
18.4 Royal Rubbish.....	469
18.5 A Disgusted Politician.	470
18.6 Snippet I.....	471
18.7 Sixteen Deaths for One.....	472

18.8 The World for its Builders.....	479
18.9 The Perils of Prejudice.....	481
18.10 An Explanation Called For	483
Liberty Vol. I. No. 19.....	484
19.1 On Picket Duty.....	485
19.2 The Red Cross Fund.	489
19.3 The Priests Playing Trumps.	492
19.4 What we mean	493
19.5 The Guiteau Experts.....	495
19.6 The Arbitrary Limitation of Money.....	502
19.7 Referred to the “Irish World.”	503
19.8 Snippet I.....	504
19.9 The Poets’ Land.....	505
19.10 Amilcare Cipriani	506
Liberty Vol. I. No. 20.....	509
20.1 On Picket Duty.....	510
20.2 An Anarchistic Ideal.....	513
20.3 A Last Word.....	514

20.4 The Red Cross Fund.....	516
20.5 Ireland and Government	519
20.6 Andover Theological Seminary.	521
20.7 Emerson, the Reformer.....	523
20.8 The “Authorities.”	530
20.9 The Chicago Platform.....	531
20.10 Monopoly the Cause of Poverty.	532
Liberty Vol. I. No. 21.....	533
21.1 On Picket Duty.....	534
21.2 The Red Gross Fund.	538
21.3 Leadership and Drivership.....	539
21.4 Obscenity and the State.....	541
21.5 A Letter to Thomas F. Bayard:	543
21.6 Pornography.	550
21.7 Mortality.....	552
21.8 Love and the Law.....	553
21.9 An Earthly Valhalla.	555
21.10 The Folly of the “Grab Bag” System.	556

Liberty Vol. I. No. 22	558
22.1 On Picket Duty	559
22.2 The New-Born Soul	562
22.3 The Red Cross Fund	564
22.4 Boston's Mental Torpor.....	566
22.5 Cut-Downs and Cut-Ups	568
22.6 A Journal Rejuvenescent	569
22.7 Trades-Unionism.....	571
22.8 Law and Authority.....	573
22.9 Against Woman Suffrage.....	578
Liberty Vol. I. No. 23	582
23.1 On Picket Duty	583
23.2 The Red Cross Fund	587
23.3 Michael Davitt and his Seducer.....	588
23.4 "The Land for the People"	593
23.5 Snippet I.....	595
23.6 Snippet II	596
23.7 Law and Authority.....	597

23.8 John Swinton on Lawyers	601
23.9 Ill-Timed Mercy	603
23.10 A Meaningless Memorial.	605
Liberty Vol. I. No. 24.....	606
24.1 On Picket Duty.....	607
24.2 Anarchism in Court	610
24.3 The Red Cross Fund.	612
24.4 War upon Superstitious Women.....	613
24.5 Liberty and the People.....	617
24.6 “The Forms of Law.”	620
24.7 Gone to Parnell.....	625
24.8 Guiteau One of God's Own.	626
24.9 Nationalization Versus No-Rent.....	628
24.10 Snippet I	630
24.11 “Leaves of Grass.”	631
Liberty Vol. I. No. 25.	632
25.1 On Picket Duty.....	633
25.2 The Red Cross Fund.	637

25.3 Where We Stand	638
25.4 The Unholy Root of Despotism.....	642
25.5 All for Labor.....	645
25.6 What “Max” Thinks About Taxation.....	646
25.7 To the Vessel That Carries the Cash.....	648
25.8 Capital's Only Right	650
25.9 To Mrs. Lucy N. Colman.....	651
25.10 One Level Head Left in San Francisco	654
25.11 The Assassinated Guiteau	656
Liberty Vol. I. No. 26	658
26.1 On Picket Duty	659
26.2 Walt Whitman's “Fleshly Pieces.”	661
26.3 A War Catechetically Analyzed.....	664
26.4 Our First Volume and Our Next	666
26.5 A Critic Converted.....	667
26.6 The Ballot-Box Craze	675
26.7 Snippet I	677
26.8 Law and Authority	678

26.9 The George Theory of Taxation.....	683
---	-----

Chapter I

On Picket Duty.

Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, these three; but the greatest of these is Liberty.

Formerly the price of Liberty was eternal vigilance, but now it can be had for fifty cents a year.

Individuals on becoming adults gain their freedom. Are nations never to attain their majority?

The effect of one-half of our laws is to make criminals; the purpose of the other half is to punish them.

Holding a monopoly, the banker is the worst enemy of the human race, being its chief despoiler; without that monopoly, he is its best friend, being its greatest civilizer.

It is needless to call attention to the style of our head. It was designed by Mr. Ipsen, 18 Post Office1 Square, Boston, who, catching with artistic insight the true spirit of our purpose, has produced what every epicure in typography must pronounce a triumph of genius and a real work of art, remarkable for its originality, vigor simplicity, and strange grace.

Liberty takes pleasure and pride in its ability to present to the readers of its first issue the first authentic likeness published in America of the most famous and heroic of that little Russian band styled by the "Pall Mall Gazette" an "army of avenging angels," Sophie Perovskaya. We reproduce it from a photograph privately forwarded to us from a number distributed at London revolutionary congress, and can answer for its accuracy as a representation of the features of that noble girl. From time to time, as occasion offers, we shall print other portraits of various heroes and heroines of revolution and radicalism.

The arrival of Leo Hartmann in America is a notable event in the history of progress, his mission one with which all friends of Liberty must sympathize, and his self-introduction by a letter to the "New York Herald" giving a true and detailed account of the Moscow mine conspiracy, one of the most thrilling, absorbing, dramatic, and convincing newspaper articles ever printed. The latter shows him as a fine writer, an heroic worker, a grand man. Liberty extends to him its most cordial salutation and right hand of fellowship, and hopes, if he visits Boston, to welcome him in person, when it will do all in its power to aid him and his good cause.

It may be well to state at the outset that this journal will be edited to suit its editor, not its readers. He hopes that what suites him will suit them; but, if not, it will make no difference. No subscriber, or body of subscribers, will be allowed to govern his course, dictate his policy, or prescribe his methods. Liberty is published for the very definite purpose of spreading certain ideas, and no claim will be admitted, on any pretext of freedom of speech, to waste its limited space in hindering the attainment of that object. We are not afraid of discussion, and shall do what we can to make room for short, serious, and well-considered objections to our views. But propagandism through the press is an expensive luxury, and it costs us too much to strike the many blows we have to give to warrant us in furnishing our opponents the hard-earned facilities of returning them.

Sophie Perovskaya,
Liberty's Martyred Heroine.
Hanged April 15, 1881,
For Helping to Rid the World of a Tyrant.

Down from her high estate she stept,
A maiden gently born,
And by the icy Volga kept
Sad watch, and waited morn;
And peasants say that where she slept
The new moon dipped her horn.
Yet on and on, through shoreless snows
Stretched tow'rd the great north pole,
The foulest wrong the good God knows
Rolls as dark rivers roll.
While never once for all these woes
Upspeakes one human soul.
She toiled, she taught the peasant, taught
The dark-eyed Tartar. He,
Inspired with her lofty thought,
Rose up and sought to be,
What God at the creation wrought,
A man! God-like and free.
Yet e'er before him yawn the black
Siberian mines! And oh,
The knout upon the bare white back!
The blood upon the snow!

The gaunt wolves, close upon the track.
Fight o'er the fallen so!
And this that one might wear a crown
Snatched from a strangled sire!
And this that two might mock or frown,
From high thrones climbing higher,
To where the parricide looks down
With harlot in desire!
Yet on, beneath the great north star,
Like some lost, living thing,
That long line stretches black and far
Till buried by death's wing!
And great men praise the goodly czar —
But God site pitying.

.....

The storm burst forth! From out that storm
The clean, red lightning leapt!
And lo, a prostrate royal form!
Like any blood, his crept.
Down through the snow, all smoking warm,
And Alexander slept!
Yea, one lies dead, for millions dead!
One red spot in the snow
For one long damning line of red;
While exiles endless go —
The babe at breast, the mother's head
Bowed down, and dying so!
And did a woman do this deed?
Then build her scaffold high,

That all may on her forehead read
The martyr's right to die!
Ring Cossack round on royal steed!
Now lift her to the sky!
But see! From out the black hood shines
A light few look upon!
Poor exile, see! from dark deep mines,
Your star at burst of dawn!
A thud! a creak of hangman's lines —
A frail shape jerked and drawn!
The czar is dead; the woman dead.
About her neck a cord.
In God's house rests his royal head —
Hers in a place abhorred;
Yet I would rather have her bed
Than thine, most royal lord!
Yea, rather be that woman dead,
Than this new living czar,
To hide in dread, with both hands red,
Behind great bolt and bar —
While like the dead, still endless tread
Sad exiles tow'rd their star.

Joaquin Miller.

Our Purpose.

Liberty enters the field of journalism to speak for herself because she finds no one willing to speak for her. She hears no voice that always champions her; she knows no pen that always writes in her defence; she sees no hand that is always lifted to avenge her wrongs or vindicate her rights. Many claim to speak in her name, but few really understand her. Still fewer have the courage and the opportunity to consistently fight for her. Her battle, then, is her own to wage and win. She accepts it fearlessly, and with a determined spirit.

Her foe, Authority, takes many shapes, but, broadly speaking, her enemies divide themselves into three classes: first, those who abhor her both as a means and as an end of progress, opposing her openly, avowedly, sincerely, consistently, universally; second, those who profess to believe in her as a means of progress, but who accept her only so far as they think she will subserve their own selfish interests, denying her and her blessings to the rest of the world; third, those who distrust her as a means of progress, believing in her only as an end to be obtained by first trampling upon, violating, and, outraging her. These three phases of opposition to Liberty are met in almost every sphere of thought and human activity. Good representatives of the first are seen in the Catholic Church and the Russian autocracy; of the second, in the Protestant Church and the Manchester school of politics and political economy; of the third, in the atheism of Gambetta and the socialism of Karl Marx.

Through these forms of authority another line of demarcation runs transversely, separating the divine from the human; or, better still, the religious from the secular. Liberty's victory over the former is well-nigh achieved. Last century Voltaire brought the authority of the supernatural into disrepute. The Church has been declining ever since. Her teeth are drawn, and though she seems still to show here and there vigorous signs of life, she does so in the violence of the death-agony upon her, and soon her power will be felt no more. It is human authority that hereafter is to lie dreaded, and the State, its organ, that in the future is to be feared. Those who have lost their faith in gods only to put it in governments; those who have ceased to be Church-worshippers only to become State-worshippers; those who have abandoned pope for king or czar, and priest for president or parliament,—have indeed changed their battle-ground, but none the less are foes of Liberty still. The Church has become an object of derision; the State must be made equally so. The

State is said by some to be a “necessary evil;” it must be made unnecessary. This century’s battle, then, is with the State: the State, that debases man; the State, that prostitutes woman; the State, that corrupts children; the State, that trammels love; the State, that stifles thought; the State, that monopolizes land; the State, that limits credit; the State, that restricts exchange; the State, that gives idle capital the power of increase, and, through interest, rent, profit, and taxes, robs industrious labor of its products.

How the State does these things, and how it can be prevented from doing them, Liberty proposes to show in more detail hereafter in the prosecution of her purpose. Enough to say now that monopoly and privilege must be destroyed, opportunity afforded, and competition encouraged. This is Liberty’s work, and “Down with Authority” her war-cry.

No Substitutes for the Ghosts.

The wise “Boston Herald” thinks that Mr. Robert Ingersoll has little to offer in place of the Christian consolation which he assails, and that all sensible people have long ago abandoned the preposterous doctrines he is still laughing at. Thus we have two counts against the great infidel orator. Consider each of them.

1. “Nothing to offer.”

He walks through the heavens and finds no “ghosts.” He isn’t afraid, and tells other people not to be.

Nothing to offer in the place of the “ghosts”?

Well, who is to blame?

Robert, or the Universe?

No “ghosts;” no “god.”

That is, no monstrosities.

Only simple Nature manifesting itself in human souls.

No big soul, or universal “boss.”

Now, is that a gain, or a loss?

And, finally, no Christian “scheme of salvation” to illustrate the awful God’s predicament,—a world of immortal souls, all of whom he must eternally torment, unless he can become his own son, and go down among them, and be killed.

Tragedy or comedy, one hardly knows which; well, Robert says it is all foolishness, no particle of truth in it.

That is, people have been believing something that isn’t so, and he isn’t going to invent another story to put in its place.

No, he has nothing to offer as an offset.

We suppose the moral of his teaching might be summed up, say, in two aphorisms, thus:—

Don’t believe foolish things in order to be happy.

Stick to what you can know, and don’t go guessing.

One other occurs to us: —

God is good sense; if you have it, use it; if you have it not, strive for it.

2. “Ingersoll is fighting old beliefs almost universally abandoned.”

Is he?

Then why murmur, gentle “Herald,” because he offers nothing in their place?

— Let no one suppose we do not treat serious subjects reverently; but, just as “all is not gold that glitters,” so all is not serious when superstitious ignorance is solemn.

The Anatomy of Liberty.

Nine-tenths of life is spent in complaining of wrongs and trying to abolish them. The average man or woman goes to bed with some wrong hanging on the eyelids. He or she awakes, and generally the first thought is of some wrong. The bed is wrong; the breakfast is wrong; somebody's talk or treatment is wrong; some law or custom is wrong; two-thirds of everything is wrong.

The great field of reform deals negatively with nothing but wrongs. The whole of Ireland to-day is a sad theatre of wrongs. The laborer is complaining of wrongs. The woman suffragists are advertising wrongs all over the land. So is the prison reformer, the temperance advocate, the greenbacker, the infidel, and even the politician.

Yet summon the whole army of reformers together and ask them, individually, to define what a wrong is in its essence, and probably not one in a hundred would have an intelligent idea. Restricted suffrage, land monopoly, the wage system, and currency limitations, they say, are wrongs; but until they have analyzed the essential nature of a wrong, their efforts, as is practically the case, are as liable to be aimed against ultimate liberty as for it.

A re-former is one who proposes to construct a new form, or alter an old form, of social practice so as to make it better accord with the conditions of well-being. But the majority of reformers are utterly incapable of defining where the old form violates some immutable principle. The average standard of condemning a thing as wrong is that it works injustice to some class of individuals. But this is no valid scientific basis. For the class that is injured perhaps a much larger class is benefited by the social practice complained of. The bulk of reforms come to nothing simply because they represent nothing but wars of classes. It is selfishness in contact with itself. In Ireland they say: "Landlord rights mean tenant wrongs." So everywhere capitalist rights mean labor wrongs. The real thing which must yet be settled before there will ever be any logical and effectual basis of reform is this: What is a right and what is a wrong in human relations? There are no class rights and class wrongs. A thing is right, now and forever, because it accords with the immutable law of our being. It is wrong, now and forever, because it is opposed to that law. *What is that law as it pertains to human relations?* is the problem of Liberty.

But the lamentable inability of reformers to define wrongs is an infinitely less serious matter than their methods of abolishing them. Every wrong, as the reader who follows us in succeeding numbers will discover, is the result of some

violation of the law of true liberty, and can generally be directly traced to the said violation. The law of liberty is spontaneous association by natural selection. The first condition of its normal operation is that the basic factor of social existence, the individual, shall be left entirely and absolutely free to regulate his life as experimental contact with other equally free individuals may seem to direct.

Bear in mind that liberty does not preclude regulation. But regulation, under the law of liberty, comes of selection and voluntary assent. Under its operation, security of life and possession, that bogus pretext which is made the chief apology for so-called governments, is as much more firmly assured as are the normal processes of Nature more effectual than the artificial expedients of man.

The antipode of liberty is artificial, arbitrary, pro forma intervention between individuals who are seeking the best results of experimental association. Its concrete expression is Authority. Its organized exercise is known as Government. Now, the most lamentable spectacle to-day, next to rampant despotism itself, is the short-sighted reformer attempting to secure greater liberty by advocating the method of more authority, more intervention, more government. In the case of Irish landlordism, the greenback movement, suffrage reform, and socialism, the wrong protested against is, in every case, an actual one, and the motive of the protestants a noble one, but the method proposed in every case by which to abolish the wrong hinges upon the very despotic element which created that wrong and perpetuates it. Landlordism in Ireland, so far from being a voluntary regulation between the landlord and his victim is an artificial contrivance of despotism, created by the few magnates who style themselves the government. Left to its merits as a voluntary arrangement of associative life, it could not stand an hour. It is forced upon five millions of people by some two thousand absentee thieves. And yet the great bulk of Irish land reformers seem to expect that, by a change of engineers, the machine of the future will be run for different and better purposes than the present one.

What is true of the land reformers is equally true of the currency and suffrage reformers. And the worst spectacle of all is that of the socialists, who expect to mitigate the deadly power of the government machine by enlarging it and extending its capacity for despotism into the remotest concerns of life. All these misguided propagandists are yet blind to the main spring of the whole scheme of despotism. Curiously enough, the leaders, many of them, are aware of the mischief which that superstitions fiction, the "Government of God," has exercised

in stultifying rational progress, but forget that the State is simply the old fiction arranged to play upon men in the practical economies of life.

Theocracy is the original machine invented to enslave the race. It set up a king in the person of God. Two thousand years ago it took on an heir apparent in the form of Christ, a prince made more in conformity with the intelligence of the age. The powers were subsequently distributed into the hands of other agents, known as popes and graded ecclesiastics. The distributing, segregating process has gone on till we have the modern republic. But all forms of government are radiations from the parent trunk. The reformer who abolishes the fiction God as a factor of authority in human concerns can never stop, if he is logical, till the whole machine of government which grows out of it is also abolished. He then stands upon a clean, rational basis. The man who clings to that superstition known as the State, and boasts of having flung away the fetters of theology and priesthood, does not understand himself. The State is as much a theological superstition as the doctrine of the atonement. It is simply the human side of theology. It is only another application of the idea of authority, which is the central idea of theological despotism. All this we propose to illustrate and amplify, as Liberty goes out upon its mission of enlightenment, from issue to issue.

“Who is the Somebody?”

“Somebody gets the surplus wealth that Labor produces and does not consume. Who is the Somebody?” Such is the problem recently posited in the editorial columns of the “New York Truth.” Substantially the same question has been asked a great many times before, but, as might have been expected, this new form of putting it has created no small hub-bub. “Truth’s” columns are full of it; other journals are taking it up; clubs are organizing to discuss it; the people are thinking about it; students are pondering over it. For it is a most momentous question. A correct answer to it is unquestionably the first step in the settlement of the appalling problems of poverty, intemperance, ignorance, and crime. “Truth,” in selecting it as a subject on which to harp and hammer from day to day, shows itself a level-headed, far-sighted newspaper. But, important as it is, it is by no means a difficult question to one who really considers it before giving an answer, though the variety and absurdity of nearly all the replies thus far volunteered certainly tend to give an opposite impression.

What are the ways by which men gain possession of property? Not many. Let us name them: work, gift, discovery, gaming, the various forms of illegal robbery by force or fraud, usury. Can men obtain wealth by any other than one or more of these methods? Clearly, no. Whoever the Somebody may be, then, he must accumulate his riches in one of these ways. We will find him by the process of elimination.

Is the Somebody the laborer? No; at least not as laborer; otherwise the question were absurd. Its premises exclude him. He gains a bare subsistence by his work; no more. We are searching for his surplus product. He has it not.

Is the Somebody the beggar, the invalid, the cripple, the discoverer, the gambler, the highway robber, the burglar, the defaulter, the pickpocket or the common swindler. The aggregate of wealth absorbed by these classes of our population compared with the vast mass produced is a mere drop in the ocean, unworthy of consideration in studying a fundamental problem of political economy. These people get some wealth, it is true; enough, probably, for their own purposes: but labor can spare them the whole of it, and never know the difference.

Then we have found him. Only the usurer remaining, he must be the Somebody whom we are looking for; he, and none other. But who is the usurer, and whence comes his power? There are three forms of usury: interest on money, rent of land

and houses, and profit in exchange. Whoever is in receipt of any of these is a usurer. And who is not? Scarcely any one. The banker is a usurer; the manufacturer is a usurer; the merchant is a usurer; the landlord is a usurer; and the workingman who puts his savings, if he has any, out at interest, or takes rent for his house or lot, if he owns one, or exchanges his labor for more than an equivalent, — he, too, is a usurer. The sin of usury is one under which all are concluded and for which all are responsible. But all do not benefit by it. The vast majority suffer. Only the chief usurers accumulate: in agricultural and thickly-settled countries, the landlords; in industrial and commercial countries, the bankers. Those are the Somebodies who swallow up the surplus wealth.

And where do the Somebodies get their power? From monopoly. Here, as usual, the State is the chief of sinners. Usury rests on two great monopolies,— the monopoly of land and the monopoly of credit. Were it not for these, it would disappear. Ground-rent exists only because the State stands by to collect it and to protect land-titles rooted in force or fraud. Otherwise the land would be free to all, and no one could control more than he used. Interest and house-rent exist only because the State grants to a certain class of individuals and corporations the exclusive privilege of using its credit and theirs as a basis for the issuance of circulating currency. Otherwise credit would be free to all, and money, brought under the law of competition, would be issued at cost. Interest and rent gone, competition would leave little or no chance for profit in exchange except in business protected by tariff or patent laws. And there again the State has but to step aside to cause the last vestige of usury to disappear.

The usurer is the Somebody, and the State is his protector. Usury is the serpent gnawing at Labor's vitals, and only Liberty can detach and kill it. Give laborers their liberty, and they will keep their wealth; as for the Somebody, he, stripped of his power to steal, must either join their ranks or starve.

A portion of the report submitted to the public by a majority of the Westboro Reform School trustees concerning the recent investigation of the management of that institution, is indicative of the rapidity with which the sentiment of prudery is disappearing. We quote the passage referred to: "The trustees, with no less sincerity than the outside public, desire to avoid the necessity of corporal punishment, but they are satisfied that to boys of this character, addicted, as many of them are, to that secret vice which kills both body and soul, solitary confinement offers temptation and opportunity; and this consideration has induced many thoughtful persons to consent to the occasional use of this form of punishment, which they consider less harmful than confinement." These words are notable because the report containing them is signed by three men and two women, as follows: Samuel R. Heywood, George W. Johnson, Anne B. Richardson, Elizabeth C. Putnam, Lyman Belknap; and, in a less general but more amusing sense, because the first-named gentleman, Mr. Samuel R. Heywood, is an eminently pious and proper deacon in a leading Orthodox church of Worcester, Mass., and a brother of the author of that now famous pamphlet, "Cupid's Yokes," at whose plainness of speech on delicate topics in the past he has frequently expressed his disgust. Truly, the influence of the editor of the "Word" is making itself felt in an unexpected quarter.

What a wonderful achievement is the “Irish World” newspaper! Telling the most unpopular truths without reserve, it has, nevertheless, by the very energy of its earnestness, attained a circulation that places it high among the first journals of the world. Liberty is not always satisfied with it, and does not find it always consistent, but, all things considered, deems it the most potent agency for good now at work on this planet.

Who says there is no hope for humanity when no less a man than Judge E. R. Hoar of Concord, Hoar the haughty, Hoar the unbending, Hoar the stiff-necked, who was hitherto supposed to have lost all interest in his fellow-man, actually casts his eyes close enough to the ground to discover that a wretch in a Washington jail is being wronged, remembers that the most hated man in the world has rights that should be respected, and publicly protests against the official tyranny that is persecuting Guiteau, the assassin? The upstart district attorney of the District of Columbia, who issued the impudent order to the warden, directing Guiteau to be subjected to peculiar and unusual treatment while held to await the action of the grand jury, cannot feel altogether comfortable under the following rebuke from a former attorney-general of the United States: — “The warden is undoubtedly responsible for the safe custody of the prisoner, and should use all proper precautions against escape. But he has not yet been tried, or found guilty of any crime; and is, in view of the law, only held for trial. No man has a legal right to punish him until he has been tried and convicted, and then only by the punishment to which he is sentenced. To subject him to any privation or indignity not required for his safe-keeping is illegal, and should not escape condemnation because this poor wretch is the object of universal odium. If he has a friend or relative, or wishes to see a legal adviser, why should he not be allowed to see them? The district attorney is the officer who is to represent public justice in the prosecution of alleged criminals. What authority of law has he to ‘direct’ a jailer upon the subject of indulgences to be permitted to unconvicted prisoners?” Manly words, Judge Hoar! Liberty thanks you for them.

Governor O. M. Roberts of Texas is a man above his business. So high-minded a man ought not to be occupied in the contemptible employment of ruling others. In responding to the rather presumptuous request of Governor Foster of Ohio, that all the governors in the United States join in proclaiming a day of thanksgiving for the recovery of President Garfield, Governor Roberts said: "I do not deem it consistent with my position as governor to issue a proclamation directing religious services where the Church and State are, and ought to be, kept separate in their functions." We do not appreciate the governor's logic, there being no more reason for separating the Church from the State than for separating the post-office, the school, or the hospital from the State. Liberty requires that every institution be separated from the State until there shall be no State left. But, despite his inconsistency, the governor's position evinces a spirit of sincerity and conscientiousness very rare in officials, and commanding the warmest respect.

Citizen George Francis Train, from his stamping-ground in Madison Square, notifies Premier Gladstone that, if he attempts to Herr Most O'Donovan Rossa, or "Freiheit" the "United Irishman," or touch "my Irish boys," he (G. F. T.) shall put on a few additional turns of the psycho twist. When the Pagan Dictator resumes the Head Centreship, let Great Britain tremble! Dynamite is not a circumstance to psychology, and the peanut diet can see a glass bomb and go it several czars better, with an occasional Victoria thrown in.

The president has too many doctors, and the doctors have too many interviewers. The people wish to know the truth from day to day, and the president needs the best of care. Neither are possible while the doctors are on their stilts before the country and the newspapers are besieging them. Let the doctors have peace at Washington, and let the best doctor have sole charge, even though Dr. Bliss should disappear.

Among ordinary political journals west of the Mississippi, the "Virginia City Chronicle" generally takes the lead in liberality of spirit. With all the more sorrow, then, we chronicle the fact that its recent classification of John Brown with Booth and Guiteau as "America's three noted assassins" is as villainous an outrage as was ever heaped upon a sacred memory.

Gone from bad to worse, — the young woman of Chicago, who a fortnight ago left a house of ill fame to join the church.

Et Tu, England!

England's treachery to Liberty by stabbing her in Johann Most's person in an hour of trial, is thus fitly characterized by "Le Revolte": —

"Most is sentenced to sixteen months at hard labor."

Such is the news that has astounded the whole European press. Even the conservative journals of Switzerland regard this sentence as "too severe" for a press offence. For having dared to print what nine-tenths of Europe thought, what two-thirds of the English themselves have expressed in private conversation; for having had faith in the honesty of England, whose constitution was not designed as a trap, — Most is condemned to climb for months over the paddles of a wheel, or undergo some other physical or moral torture not less odious and degrading.

The scoundrels composing the governing classes of England, glad to find an opportunity of rendering a small service to Alexander or to William, to be paid for in ringing coin, have made haste to consign to prison the journalist who believed in their bottomless boasts of the liberty of the press. And those same hypocritical bigots, who but yesterday approved the execution of the Czar, or said that the proceedings against Most were without justification, will now bend before the judge's decree, will discover that Most is a convict, and will not dare, cowards that they are, to breathe a word in protest, will not dare to rouse public opinion to reverse the judgment.

Oh! if Most had opened the veins of a sultan hostile to England; if he had massacred, one after another, a few dozen of Afghan princes; if he had chopped off the heads of a few hundred Indians in revolt against England's yoke; if he had foundered in mid-ocean, with cargo and crew, a vessel insured in an American company, — oh! then these same radicals and liberals would have gone all lengths to set him at liberty. But he approved the execution of a tyrant whose son promises not to march his soldiers against Merv. That is enough; hue and cry against Most!

But wait! The day is not far off when revolutionary socialism shall plant itself in your midst, as well as everywhere else, and then, be sure, you will pay dearly for this sentence.

Identity of Liberty and Justice.

"Alceste," the brilliant French writer who, living in Paris, writes "Letters from Paris" to the newspapers of that city, said in a recent communication:

The administration, the army, the courts, the world of finance, the various professions learnedly defended at the Garden of the Hesperides where the dragon guards the golden fruit, all are combined to crush the multitude. And we see the laws on the press itself, through the complicity of governments and the treason of the people's elect to their trust, directed against Liberty.

For Liberty is the great enemy of the privileged classes. Liberty is Justice.

It took me many years to study and observation to discover this identity of Justice and Liberty. The idea of this new world came to me as a presentiment before I clearly saw it. Political economy first led me to put my finger on this truth that Liberty is equal to property, and that to attack the first was to attack the second. Those laws, then, professedly protective of social order were both criminal and unjust. The movement of the English Anti-Corn-Law League finished my enlightenment, and my belief in the complete identity was confirmed by Proudhon, who demonstrated that no Liberty can spring from the absolute and at the same time from it can emanate no Justice. Only by the elimination of the absolute, parent of the regime of authority, can Justice and Liberty be achieved. Denial of the latter is denial of the former.

Labor Cutting its Own Throat.

In the columns of "Le Revolte," an excellent Anarchistic journal published at Geneva, occur the following admirable comments on the late riots at Marseilles between French and Italian laborers, ostensibly because of the Tunisian troubles, but really because of the effect of Italian labor on wages, the situation at Marseilles being similar in kind to that produced by the Chinese at San Francisco; —

Our readers abroad already know from the daily journals the particulars of the recent sad occurrences at Marseilles. As the French troops, returning from Tunis, were entering the city, a few people, excited by the rascally opportunists who seek to awaken in France the spirit of exclusive patriotism, rushed upon the Italian club-house under the pretext that hisses for the troops had proceeded therefrom. We can hardly believe that the club-house was the source of the hisses, as there was no one in it at the time. But, even if it was, what right have French workingmen to do with the malice of the Italian *bourgeoisie* against the French *bourgeoisie* arising from the act of the latter in depriving the former of a field of exploitation in Tunis. Let the *bourgeoisie* quarrel among themselves; it is not for laborers to interfere.

But the altercations, succeeding one another, soon took on quite another character. French laborers rushed upon Italian laborers to drive them from Marseilles, where they come to work at cheap rates and reduce wages. Knife-thrusts, men thrown into the water, dozens severely wounded, a few killed, — those are the results of the sad days during which workingmen, allowing themselves to be excited by the dregs of the *bourgeoisie* press, cut one another's throats, instead of going in a body to demolish the presses of the journals that stirred up, by their false stories, a spirit of hatred between laborers of two nationalities.

The scoundrels who wish to achieve an autocratic reign in France desire war; they hope to stifle in a foreign war the revolution which they feel approaching, and which, bursting out in France, would embrace all Europe. That deputy tearing down the Italian escutcheon, does he not show clearly the aim of opportunism? A war in order to obtain the dictatorship, to drown in the blood and smoke of battle the socialistic movement, — such is their object. And we, workingmen, shall we be stupid enough to become the instruments of their machination, the accomplices of the aspirants for power?

No! It is not by hunting down the starving men that came from Italy that the French laborer will succeed in improving his condition. It is by establishing an

international alliance of the exploited of all countries in order to oppose to the international league of the famishers the international league of the famished. Let us not whet our knives for workingmen more wretched than ourselves. Let us whet them for the exploiters, the international *bourgeoisie*; and let us learn to strike hard that we may kill the venomous beast which feeds on our blood, sowing among us the seeds of hatred in order the better to rule us. Let us raise the flag which is the standard of all the oppressed, without distinction of race or nationality, the banished flag which makes our oppressors tremble, the flag of the International Working-People's Association.

Crumbs from Liberty's Table.

Bob Ingersoll is really logical, and has the best of the argument on the Protestant side. He is carrying out the Protestant principle to its legitimate deductions. If Protestants attack the Catholic Church, they use his principles; if they want to answer him, they fall back on ours. They are utterly irrational. They have started him on his course, and then tell him to halt midway. Why should he listen to them, or obey their dictation? Are they infallible guides of the human mind, after teaching their followers that neither Christ's Church nor any power on earth can prescribe limits to the liberty that Christ has left to his followers? Ingersoll only follows out their rule in explaining Scripture by his private spirit against Christianity or against the arbitrary limits these men have prescribed. — *Rev. James A. Corcoran.*

Roscoe Conkling suggests the propriety of attaching more severe penalties to the assassination, or attempts at assassination, of high public officers than are inflicted for a like crime against common people. The sentiment to which Mr. Conkling has given utterance is a sentiment that is unworthy of him as a man, and especially unworthy of him as a constitutional lawyer and a legislator. This last week has been prolific in conceptions and in utterances that might be natural and regular in Russia or Persia, but that are degrading to those who have inherited a lot and part in our American commonwealth, and disgusting to persons of sound minds. — *New York Sun.*

Rev. Dr. Newman of New York tells us that the crime of Guiteau shows three things; first, that ignorant men should not be allowed to vote; second, that foreigners should not be allowed to vote; and third, that there should not be so much religious liberty. It turns out, first, that Guiteau is not an ignorant man; second, that he is not a foreigner; and third, that he is a Christian. Now, because an intelligent American Christian tries to murder the president, this parson says that we ought to do something with ignorant foreigners and infidels! This is about the average pulpit logic. — *R. G. Ingersoll.*

The British aristocracy have decided that it is not at all inconsistent with the character of an English gentleman to commit a felonious assault upon an unprotected young lady in a railway carriage. The Congregationalist church of New York has declared that a convict, a torturer of helpless babes, may be a good Christian and pastor of a church, and that his trial and conviction are merely "rumors" that the church need take no cognizance of. Valentine Baker is a

high-toned English gentleman, and Shepherd Cowley is a good, pious New York clergyman. — *Boston Globe*.

The inability to think has always been a characteristic of tyrants, and any evidences given by them of the possession of reasoning faculties never fail, to astonish the world. But a certain amount of thinking must be done in this world, and, when a ruler fails to do his share, his subjects invariably do it for him. Then it is time for somebody to prepare for trouble. If the czar could only think, he would understand that, when the king will not use his head, it is right that the people should remove it from his shoulders; but the czar is exhibiting his pitiful inability to even learn the lessons of the past, and, after a few more warnings, the bang of another bomb will, in all human probability, gather Alexander to his imperial fathers. — *Boston Globe*.

Destruction is only a weapon in our hand, not by any means the aim and purpose of our struggle. — *Leo Hartmann, Nihilist*.

The Liberty of Parents.

In the following extracts from an editorial in "La Verite," a daily paper published in Paris, is a lesson for the large number of so-called radicals in America afflicted by the compulsory education craze:—

To make it allowable to render education absolutely compulsory, it is necessary in the first place that the education be useful to its recipient beyond all question, and in the second place that it be under the control of heads of families. The latter may be neither owners nor masters of their children, but, after all, they clearly have as many rights over them as the cabinet ministers and their agents.

Further, instruction in agriculture, stock-raising, carpentry, shoe-making, weaving and I know not what else, is education quite as truly as that in the rules of grammar, penmanship, and the imperfect chronology called history in the primary schools, though mingled with fabulous fictions and follies. Instruction of the former kind has at least this advantage over the other, — that it teaches the pupil a trade by which he may live, and which therefore he can not know too soon. Unless it allows pensions to all the children, or teaches them that practical knowledge of labor which they would acquire at home, the State has no right to waste their precious time as a sacrifice to the academical systems of the cabinet.

There are some radicals who can not tolerate the idea that the children of farmers, artisans, and shopkeepers should learn to read on the knees of their mothers, while aiding in farm and household tasks, instead of under the ferules of official instructors. Parents are entirely willing that others should teach their children to read in their own way and should give them religious instruction, provided they themselves are left free to give to theirs the instruction and especially the education that seems to them good, either by themselves or with the co-operation of such teachers as they may choose.

For my part, while regretting that others teach their children notions and ideas which I believe to be false, I yet prefer to leave them complete liberty in this respect in order to retain my own, not wishing the law to compel me to hand over my children to-day to the education of the present University and to-morrow perhaps to I know not what coterie or religious faction which may chance to step into power in the place of our present masters.

The Penalty of Treason to Liberty.

The spirit of liberty, says Elizabeth Cady Stanton, in whatever form it comes, whether as African, Chinese, Woman, Nihilist, Socialist, Communist, will assert itself and avenge its wrongs. Ariosto tells a pretty story of a fairy, who by some mysterious law of her nature was condemned to appear at certain seasons in the form of a foul and poisonous snake. Those who injured her in the period of her disguise were forever excluded from participation in the blessings which she bestowed in her power. But to those who, in spite of her loathsome aspect, pitied and protected her, she afterwards revealed herself in the beautiful and celestial form which was natural to her, accompanied their steps, granted all their wishes, tilled their homes with wealth, made them happy in love and victorious in war. Such a spirit is liberty. At times, she takes the form of a hateful reptile. She grovels, she hisses, she stings. But woe to those who in disgust shall venture to crush her. And happy are those who, having dared to receive her in her degraded and frightful shape, shall at length be rewarded by her in the time of her beauty and glory.

Game for the Fool-Killer.

The life of Queen Victoria has been more than once attempted, and so far, thank God! not a hair of her head has suffered harm. An unseen power has warded off the assassin's bullet, so that she has not even once been wounded. Why this preservation amid repeated danger? Because wherever the Church of England service is read, and also that of the Reformed Episcopal Church in its integrity, prayers are ever offered on behalf of the Queen and her Royal family. And why do we hope and believe to-day that the life of President Garfield will also be preserved, unless it be because Christians are praying for him everywhere, and because, furthermore, we trust that personally his life is hid with Christ in God. — *W. H. Cooper of St. John.*

Guiteau's crime was but the action of a demoniacal wretch, of a brute in human form, impersonating in himself the atheistic, the nihilistic, the communistic, the anarchic, the thuggish, the pistol and blood idea of the Old World. — *President Garfield's Pastor.*

When the life of the chief magistrate of a country is assailed there is not only the malice of murder in the act, but an attack upon authority — now the authority of God. Kings and magistrates hold from God. Their power is from God; not from the people, except indirectly. Hence any attack upon a magistrate, as a magistrate, is an attack upon God. There will be added for one month the prayer propuce in all masses, and in all the churches of this diocese will be recited for the same time and intention five "Our Fathers" and five "Hail Marys" immediately after all public services. — *Catholic Bishop Gilman of Ohio.*

Chapter II

On Picket Duty.

“Liberty is coming,” says the New York “Truth-Seeker.” A mistake; Liberty has come.

Hon Elizur Wright was among the callers at the “Index” office last week. — *Free Religious Index*. The time when this was an occurrence too common to be noted is not yet beyond the memory of man.

Ireland aside, but little is known in America, even among radicals, of the rapid strides and interesting phases of reform and revolution in Europe. As opportunity offers, Liberty’s crowded columns will be made a channel for the diffusion of this needed information.

“Bullion” thinks that “civilization consists in teaching men to govern themselves, and then letting them do it.” A very slight change suffices to make this stupid statement an entirely accurate one, after which it would read: “Civilization consists in touching men to govern themselves *by* letting them do it.”

Moneure D. Conway who has witnessed in Westminster Abbey the funerals of seven great men,— Palmerston, Faraday, Livingstone, Peabody, Lyell, Dickens, and Dean Stanley,— says they have all been painful to him by reason of the ceremony, representing ideas of death not believed by any one of those over whom he has heard it read.

The “land question” is too big for Ireland. America must take a turn at it. And she probably will before many decades. And that’s what’s the matter — with Capital. It prefers to run the country for itself. But the consolation is that, the more it succeeds, the tighter will be its *pinch of the people*. There’s an end — even for landlords.

The Freethinkers’ Association, which will meet at Hornellsville, beginning August 31, announces that any orthodox minister of good standing in his denomination and of sufficient ability to fairly represent the Christian Church, will be welcome to the platform of the convention and granted the same privileges and hospitalities as the other speakers, besides having hit actual expenses paid.

Mr. Gladstone undoubtedly desires to get his “bill” properly constructed. But he can never do so. He has got a problem in hand much like that puzzling one of perpetual motion. It is not possible to set aside or act in defiance of the complete

justice, if you wish your work to have a “perpetual motion.” Mr. Gladstone is not likely to prove himself an exception to the now long list of time-wasting inventors.

Jules Ferry, president of the French Cabinet, stated recently, in the chamber of deputies, that the government’s action in fixing so early a day as August 21 for the date of the elections was inspired by a desire to restrain electoral agitation as much as possible. It is a frank confession. In Germany, government, in order to maintain itself, suppresses electoral agitation by law; but Germany, as all know, is one of the “effete despotisms.” In France the same result is achieved by surprise. Free France is a republic, and her citizens govern themselves. O Liberty! how many people are bamboozled in thy name!

The elections for the German Reichstag are expected to begin early in October. The Conservative factions are uniting against the Progressists, who, notwithstanding their name, are not very far advanced. Still, they are so powerful in Berlin that the Social Democrats intend to contest but two seats for that city, where formerly the latter had great strength. We should feel a keener regret because of the socialists’ decline if their methods were those of Liberty. As it is, we are nearly as hostile to Bismarckian socialism as to Bismarck himself.

The crofters in the Isle of Skye (eleven families), who had been served with ejectment notices by their landlord for refusing to pay an increased rent, and to whom the Land League recently made a grant of fifty pounds, having declared their determination to “keep a firm grip of their homesteads,” and only to submit to eviction at the point of the bayonet, have had their ejectment notices withdrawn, and have received a reduction of 62 1/2 per cent, in their rents. The tenantry and peasantry of Ireland, if they choose, may profit more by the example of one such fact as this than by a century of electoral agitation, parliamentary struggle, home rule, and land legislation.

We see no further call for denominational activity or sectarian propagandists. Always expensive, they have now become useless. Souls can be saved without them. The disposition of the great and learned infidel recently deceased, M. Littré, appears to satisfy everybody. The Church is jubilant at having run him into the fold in season to train him for his celestial journey, while the infidels, at first not exactly reconciled to the capture, begin to appreciate the advantages of the situation, and are expressing their satisfaction in words like Rochefort’s: “Free-thinking France had his life, his brain, his thought, and his work. The Church will have only his body. No, not even his body,— his carcass.” Henceforth let us save our money. No more

Sunday schools; no more tract societies; no more home or foreign missions. Let us be infidels while we live, and we'll agree to be Christians when we come to die. Thus all parties will be suited, none will be out of pocket, the devil will be discomfited, and heaven will run short of harps. Blessed be Compromise!

The Social Democrats of Europe are having a hard time of it. Forbidden to hold their proposed congress In Zurich, they have carried the question up from one authority to another only to be snubbed more ignominiously after each new appeal. They have even begged and attempted a compromise. They have agreed to ventilate no revolutionary ideas, to be more moderate in their demands than they were ten years ago, and to do nothing whatever to disturb the peace of Switzerland. But all to no purpose. To their touching appeal the federal tribunal turned a deaf ear. Liberty is always sorry to see free speech denied, no matter where or to whom, but it must be confessed that this outrage has its amusing aspect. We view with considerable satisfaction the wry faces made by these lovers of the State at having to swallow so bitter a dose of their own medicine. You wish the State, gentlemen. Well, you've got it,— a plenty of it. Tell us when you've had enough. Room can always be made for fresh recruits in the ranks of the army of Liberty.

Vive l'Association Internationale!

The late Col. William B. Greene, than whom no keener philosopher has yet been produced by America, speaking in 1873, in a pamphlet, of the International Working-People's Association, of which he was a member, said: "No man can claim the merit of having made it; it came of itself. No man can destroy it. It may dissolve a hundred times; but, every time it dissolves, it will crystallize anew. Its soul is immortal, and its body can never be annihilated: it is fore-ordained that it shall live under a thousand successive names. Multitudes of labor-organizations which never heard of it, and of which it never heard, are natural, integral parts of it. It is vital in every member, and will live forever, or, at the least, until the wrongs of man upon this earth are righted."

The truth of those memorable words was proved afresh on the 16th of July of this year, when the Revolutionary Congress, then in session in London, revived the famous international, which had then for some years lain dormant. To this momentous event, which marks an epoch in the progress of the great labor movement, and to the proceedings of the body entitled to the credit of it, Liberty, in the present issue, devotes a large portion of her space. From the letter of our correspondent, who was a delegate to the Congress, and whom we have engaged to write regularly to Liberty from Europe, and from the additional information gleaned from "Le Revolte," a tolerably accurate idea may be formed of what was done at London. Beyond the meagre and unsatisfactory cable despatches received at the time, ours is the first report, we believe, to be published in America, and will be read with the more interest on that account.

A significant feature of this re-establishment of the International is the thorough accordance of its new plan of organization with strictly anarchistic principles. Every precaution has been taken to avoid even the show of authority and to secure the largest liberty to the component parts of the association. Good! In Liberty there is strength. Henceforth the International is secure against destruction from within by ambition or from without by malevolence.

Only the future can determine how far the Congress was wise in subordinating propagandism by voice and pen to what it calls "propagandism by fact." It will not do, as Wendell Phillips says, to judge the methods of reformers 3,000 miles away. And yet we must affirm our conviction that no question is ever finally settled until it is settled peaceably and by consent. A revolution, to be permanent, must

first be mental. Almost the only excuse for the use of force is the suppression of mental life, and its only legitimate function to remove, where absolutely necessary, the obstacles to peaceful agitation. That such a removal has become necessary in Russia, Germany, Austria, Spain, and Italy we have little or no doubt; that it may be avoided in France, Belgium, and Switzerland is still within the limits of possibility; that a comparatively peaceful solution will be effected without it in Great Britain and the United States is more than probable. But, however this may be, all friends of labor must rejoice at seeing the most effective instrumentality over in existence, for the advancement of labor's claims, once more in full operation, taking up its work of justice where it was compelled to drop it several years ago. We hail its revival with delight and renewed hope. We predict for it a future even more glorious than its past. We trust that it has experienced its last dissolution, and wish that Col. Greene were here to shout with us: *Vive l'Association Internationale!*

Rise and Fall of “Free Religion.”

“Free Religion” is some fourteen years old. It leaped full-grown from the brains of a few cultured people who could no longer submit to the tyranny of Jesus Christ. “Let us come together,” said this goodly number of emancipated souls, “and rejoice over our deliverance. Let us seek the universal religion, in which shall appear no Lord or Master.” There were choice spirits in this new movement, of either sex. Even Orthodoxy treated them with respect. The first meetings at Horticultural Hall were enthusiastic. Emerson graced them with his presence. Lucretia Mott stood in the midst of them like a benediction. John Weiss, Frothingham, Wasson, Bartol, Higginson, Abbot, were there, and spoke with effect. The hall was filled at every occasion. The people came from the west and the east, were caught up by the new enthusiasm, and the evening festivals were love feasts. Many things were said good to bear. The key-note was “freedom.” The question uppermost was this: What emancipates human beings into the freedom of intelligence and love?

It was a new story, and every one was fitted with it. The spontaneity of the movement was a seeming guarantee of its genuineness. That is, no design upon the future appeared in view. The future, like the present, was to be left open and free. In plainer terms, no *sect* was to be founded. “Organization” was a word but little emphasized. Thus the matter lay in the *popular* mind.

But the plotters were there in masks which not only “deceived the elect,” but even themselves: men with a touch of poetry, but, for the most part, gifted with talents for mechanics,—the kind of men that, in all ages, have built the other sects. They were soon restive in the presence of mere sentiment, even though it possessed that virtue which uplifts and ennobles mankind. “Free Religion?” they began to murmur: “what is it good for, if it cannot be put through the world? Organize! organize! ye free men and women; enlist for the crusade!”

Year by year these words have fallen on Free Religious ears, and the temper of the meetings has much changed. The early, fresh, invigorating life is dead. Of all the choice spirits then leading the joyous throng into pastures new, scarce one is now to be seen. The faithful secretary sticks to his post, bound in sober duty to keep up his yearly report of a decided progress. But the others, where are they? New faces; new voices; new topics. The poetry, the inspiration all gone. The dead-level at last reached, — that awful desert-place where all other sects and churches have been built!

Alas!

And yet, what do we hear?

It is the voice of the new president arguing against his own nature, — as we must think, — declaring that there has been a “new birth.”

“Birth?” cries the old voice heard at the beginning; “if this be *birth*, what is death?”

And it begins to appear plain to many eyes how there has been in reality only a slowly-dying cause.

“Lapse,” Dean Alcott might prefer to say. But his speech, like our own, would not be entirely accurate. There is neither lapse nor death. Little and great efforts have their day, raid cease to be; but the old spirit of freedom is from everlasting to everlasting, surviving all calamity, and will not succumb.

“Free Religion” is feebly trying to do over again much the same work that has so exercised the Unitarian brain for the last fifty years, and, curiously enough, even the name, which was thought to be original, if not consciously borrowed, is a Unitarian tradition. Fifty years ago, Mr Reed, announcing the platform of the “Christian Register,” declared that that then liberal movement was inspired by “free religious thought.”

But the mission of both movements is to die. Paralyzed already, demise is certain.

The future will compress the history of Free Religion into one short paragraph.

How do we know?

Can we gather grapes from thistles, or freedom from a machine?

Woe to all good souls whom the machine-spirit seizes!

The Root of Despotism.

The purpose of Liberty, boiled down to its ultimate essence, is the abolition of authority. But, until the reader has come into accord with our philosophy, he must not misunderstand what we mean by the abolition of authority. The reason of the writer of this article is (to him) authority; otherwise it would be foolishness for him to write.

But the writer of this article is an individual. He can set up whatever gods he chooses (for himself) as authority. Yea, he may offer whatever these gods dictate to him for the consideration of his fellow-men. If he makes a god of his reason, he may worship that god to his heart's content, and submit to the letter to the authority of that god. And he may give that god a tongue through the press, the pulpit, and the rostrum. He may set him up on every corner, and call him holy, infallible, and all-wise.

Thus far he has violated no man's liberty. He begins to be a despot and a public enemy only when he imposes that god upon others by force. See how it is under our advanced democratic institutions. A man starts out campaigning for his god. He convinces some, bribes others, and swindles enough more till he secures what he calls a majority. But, when he gets so far, he recollects that a certain fiction possesses the masses, viz., "the majority must rule." He thereupon drops the methods of peace and persuasion, and proceeds to saddle his god upon the minority by force.

Now, what Liberty proposes to abolish is all these gratuitous fictions by which any and all gods, theological, political, and social, are saddled by force upon unwilling shoulders. That toppling theological colossus who has straddled humanity for centuries had first to be "boycotted" and unseated from those who are tired of his weight. Now that he feels the pillars giving way and begins to quake, a swarm of ecclesiastical parasites and priestly dead-beats, from the pope down, are beginning to dress their wings and look for new roosts. Not that Liberty has anything against the Christian God per se. It simply asks that Jewish usurper to stand on his own merits, pay his own bills, and stop sitting down on people who do not want his company.

The dangerous fiction, crowned God, which makes an authority out of the Jewish usurper theologically, has its exact counterpart in that fiction which sets up the State as an authority politically. God is the supreme being for the plundering purposes of the ecclesiastic. The State is the supreme being for the plundering

purposes of the politician. The saving grace which perpetuates the whole swindle lies in the ability to keep the masses drugged with superstitious reverence for that fiction of authority which keeps the double-headed monster alive.

Liberty denies the authority of anybody's god to bind those who do not accept it through persuasion and natural selection. Liberty denies the authority of anybody's State to bind those who do not lend voluntary allegiance to it. Liberty denies the authority of anybody's "public opinion," "social custom," "consensus of the competent," and every other fashionable or scholarly despot, to step between the individual and his free option in all things. In short, it sets up the standard of uncompromising rebellion against authority, meaning by authority any coercive force not developed spontaneously and naturally out of the constitution of the individual himself or herself.

We of course believe in forces. Nature is made up of forces. But we want native, healthy, spontaneous forces in social life, not arbitrary, extraneous, usurping forces. And we believe in authority too, when authority is made to mean that which is sifted through reason and made welcome by choice. The thing that we have gone into defensive warfare with is that usurping aggressor which proposes to saddle its forms and fictions upon us without our consent, and make us its slaves under the many cunning guises which have made history a bloody record of the brutality practised by the few upon the ignorance and helplessness of the many.

The Concord School.

"To speak of mysteries and make them plain"

The Concord School of Philosophy is well reported by the press, and we judge its many professors have given some interesting and otherwise excellent essays. The celebration of the Kant centennial offered at least two such, one by Professor Hedge of Cambridge, the other by Professor Bascom of Michigan University. The paper by the latter, though upon that old and time-worn topic "the freedom of the will," was fresh and original, coaling with the question of liberty in a practical way. It referred to the relation that belongs to "truth and liberty," and we quote with pleasure the sentence which follows: "The movement of the mind toward truth must be flexible and spontaneous. Truth is the reward of this freedom wisely exercised." Again, "The one condition of freedom is to maintain unimpaired intellectual activity in all directions of action. The condition of intellectual freedom is virtue —feelings that subordinate themselves to truth. If the intellectual movement is not honest, it fails of thoroughness." Liberty, while asserting with even greater emphasis that the condition of virtue is freedom, takes the opportunity to add that this strata of philosophy from Concord is in perfect harmony with its own cherished thinking. To follow up and o'ertake truth, to know it and utilize it, is the very sum and purpose of its being.

Professor Bascom does well to consider as he does the limitations on man's freedom, and he is fully justified, as we believe, in the heroic expectations with which his essay is brought to a conclusion. The indefiniteness that shrouds a single word gives rise to a slight regret, but the philosophic spirit will readily dispose of it and understand that the term "archangel" as here used, means simply, man raised to his supremest power. With this brief explanatory sentence we trust our readers with the full text. "There is no reason, in any limitation of liberty, why, under the laws of inheritance, man should not, in time, walk the earth with the bounding life of an archangel, govern it with the strength of an archangel, and take home his thoughts and feelings to the pure and serene experience of an archangel."

And looking forward with Professor Bascom to the fulfilment of his high prophecy, Wordsworth's lines come to mind, and Liberty, heeding them, will

"Learn to make Time the father of wise Hope," trusting its cause to

"The light of Knowledge and the warmth of Love."

Judging by the storm it has raised about our ears, the innocent paragraph in our previous issue noting the downward career of a Chicago siren who lately made common cause with the Chicago "saints," was our trump editorial card. It seems to have given the nation at large, as well as some of our more sensitive friends, a very healthy shock. Saying nothing of the numerous newspapers that have quoted, attacked, and denounced it, we have been asked something less than a thousand times: "Would you rather see a sister of yours a prostitute than a church-member? "We are just beginning to appreciate the situation of the abolitionist, who used to be asked so often: "Would you like your daughter to marry a nigger?" Our answer has been: "Yes, if thereby she should escape becoming the embodiment of all the vices of the church; otherwise, no." Of course there are very many worthy persons in the church whom it would be an insult to compare with the inmates of a brothel. Our comparison was of institutions, not of individuals. So heavy is the fog of respectability hovering over the church that it has veiled from the eyes of our critics the fact that an institution whose patrons are ministered unto by men who sell their brains, hearts, and souls ought to stand much lower in the social scale than one whose patrons are ministered unto by girls who sell merely their bodies. Nine-tenths of the occupants of Christian pulpits are prostitutes of a far worse order than the unfortunate women whom social conditions force into the service of the lusts of their male parishioners. To be obliged to choose between syphilitic poison and the poison of hypocrisy is not a desirable situation, but, once confronted with so unenviable an alternative, we can conceive of no reason for hesitation.

The London correspondent of the "Philadelphia Telegraph" thinks that Baker Pasha's military exploits in Turkey largely compensate for the "grave indiscretion" of which, as Lieutenant Valentine Baker, he was guilty several years ago in endeavoring to violate the person of a young lady, his fellow-passenger in an English railway train. To this journalist we are indebted for the lesson that a man may retrieve a reputation lost in assaulting unarmed women by engaging in conflict with armed men. His reinstatement in the Army and Navy Club, says the same writer, shows that English gentlemen do not like to "kick a man when he'd down." Indeed! But is it, then, characteristic of English gentlemen to prefer as companions men who outrage defenceless women? We would not deprecate any attempt to shield even Baker Pasha from vindictive ostracism, but, if we knew how many of his associates in the Army and Navy Club would be willing to accept a public introduction to the lady whom he assaulted, we should be in a better position to accurately judge the quality of their mercy.

A German scientist has just invented a machine calculated to replace all our charming methods of applying the death penalty. This interesting invention and the manner of using it are described as follows: In the middle of a hall specially designed for executions is erected a large allegorical statue of Justice, holding in one hand a sword and in the other a balance. In front of the statue is an arm-chair for the criminal. After pronouncing the sentence, the judge (the machine dispenses with the hangman) throws the baton of justice, which he has previously broken into two pieces, into one of the scales of the balance held by the statue; the scale falls and — human justice is satisfied. For the condemned dies, struck by lightning from a powerful electric battery placed within the statue and started into action by the fall of the scale. Is it the intention of advancing civilization to temper justice by science and the arts rather than by mercy?

The “Rensselaer County Gazette,” published at Greenbush, N. Y., remarked the other day that “communism and nihilism embrace nothing but the recrement of the life-blood and the scoria of the industry of the countries they infest.” After that we were not surprised to find in the next column the following terse but superfluous editorial confession; “We haven’t got much brains.”

Liberty lost one of her most cruel enemies by the death of M. Dufaure, the French senator, a few weeks ago, in his eighty-fourth year. As Rochefort wittily said when he died, "Buffon failed to tell us that crocodiles could live so long." Though professedly progressive, he persistently fought every progressive measure, and in 1871 made himself conspicuous by the bitterness of his pursuit of the Paris Communists. He initiated also, we believe, the measure suppressive of the great International Working-People's Association. Rochefort's obituary of the deceased was entitled "One Less," and concluded with these words: "The idea of seeing suffering was the sole delight of this wild beast who never sought satisfaction except in the sorrow of another. To the four horses employed for the quartering of Damiens, he with pleasure would have added two. Had he died expressing regret at not having witnessed the tortures of Hessy Helfmann, we should have been but little surprised. He appears to have died of hunger, his stomach no longer being able to bear food. It was just the opposite with the exiles whom he sent to New Caledonia, and who died likewise, but because they had no food, not because they had no more stomach." We echo the wish of Paul Leconte, another French journalist: "May Liberty never meet upon her path any more such 'Liberals' as he!"

Has Boston at last found a successor to Theodore Parker? It really begins to look so. Not, however, in the hall that bears Parker's name, but next door, in the Paine Memorial Hall. There for six months now, every Sunday afternoon, has been heard by a steadily growing audience a discourse from George Chainey, the infidel preacher. Before us, by his courtesy, lies a beautiful volume of 132 pages containing the first eighteen of these discourses, which he publishes weekly in a pamphlet called "The Infidel Pulpit." Coming to Boston from the West full of enthusiasm for his work, he has imbued others with the same spirit, and has formed a society that is already a powerful and beneficent factor in the work of Liberalism. Each of these lectures shows vigor and breadth of intellect; each line of them breathes earnestness of purpose. They deserve to be read by all thinking people, who can order the volume and subscribe for subsequent issues by addressing Mr. Chainey at 51 Fort Avenue, Roxbury, Boston, Mass.

That staid London journal, the “Daily News,” was sadly upset by Hartmann’s letter to the “New York Herald.” It was actually forced to the conclusion that “it seems to be possible for an educated person to grow to man’s estate on the continent of Europe without the slightest notion that carefully prepared plans of murder, schemes which, if successful, must sacrifice the lives, not only of their objects, but of many other innocent people, are abhorrent to the vast majority of civilized men throughout the world.” The “News” did not lose its head entirely, however, but retained sufficient of its equanimity to “not undertake to account by any single fact or any simple explanation for this strange phenomenon of modern life and society.” This course speaks volumes for the editor’s prudence.

People taught to depend upon authority loss their self-reliance. To reassure a populace excited and bewildered by news of Lincoln's assassination, Gen. Garfield could find no more effective words than those now famous: "God reigns and the government still lives." Once satisfied that they still had masters in both worlds, their security seemed complete. To derive security from oppression is indeed to "pluck the flower, safety, from the nettle, danger."

The third annual convention of the Union Reform League will be held in the town hall at Princeton, Mass., on the last Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday of this month, and will be addressed by Stephen Pearl Andrews, Col. J. H. Blood, and numerous other speakers.

We suspect that Mrs. E. D. Cheney has hit upon the origin of “Me Too.” She writes in the “Free Religious Index:” “When Louis XIV. said, ‘*L’etat, c’est moi,*’ be obliged the *sans-culottes* of Paris to assert, ‘*Et moi aussi.*’”

The Revolutionary Congress

Held in London from July 14 to July 20.

[From Liberty's Special Correspondent.]

Amsterdam, Holland, July 28. — Though congresses are always a part of parliamentary traditions and therefore illogical as well as inconsistent with true revolutionary and anarchical principles, we may, by reviewing the work of the past International Revolutionary Congress, avow, with satisfaction and enthusiasm over the prospect of the future, that it had nothing in common with speech-congresses; that it was the manifestation of earnest men and women with earnest intentions; and that the one result attained,—the reconstitution of the International Association of Working People, which arose, like the Phoenix from its ashes, a thousand times stronger and better organized than before,—would alone have amply contested all expectations.

The Congress was opened on Thursday, July 14, at 2 p.m., in the exclusive presence of the fifty-four delegates, representing 320 federations of groups composed of 600,000 organized members. The countries represented were France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain, Switzerland, Russia, Serbia, Bulgaria, Roumania, Turkey, Egypt, England, Mexico, and the United States (America was comparatively well represented, having as many as five delegates).

No presidents, no vice-presidents, etc. Three secretaries officiated: one for taking note of the numbers of those wishing to speak; one for translating speeches from foreign languages; one for the preparation of the minutes.

The strictest secrecy was maintained throughout, and the delegates were designated only by numbers, though of course many already knew each other personally. After the close of the Congress, a public meeting was held at Cleveland Hall, and only then did the easily-frightened *bourgeoisie* of London learn what a disagreeable guest they had harbored.

All the principal decisions of the Congress were taken *unanimously*, though no votes, in the common sense of the word, were cast, it being agreed that, not recognizing the right of a majority, only adhesions should be recorded, giving the different factions an opportunity to announce their particular notions on each question. The first two days were spent in listening to the reports of the different

countries, giving their situations from the general and revolutionary standpoint, statistics of our forces and those of our adversary, etc. The third day was occupied in discussion of the principal object, the reconstitution of the old International, to which all, after a debate of fifteen consecutive hours (we worked each day from 10 a.m. to 1 a.m.), agreed on the new basis of the autonomy of the groups and individuals composing the association, each country forming at the same time a complete, autonomous sub-organization, the only general connection of the parts being by an international information and statistical office at _____, conducted by three members, thus disabling individuals, through any centralization whatever, from attaining any undue influence or authority in the association, and, further, relieving the International of the danger incurred under the former constitution of being beheaded and disorganized by the arrest of a central authority.

No group or individual is bound to recognize the general information office, all having the right to correspond and federate for certain purposes among themselves directly, without the intermediation of the office. The only and all-absorbing object of the International will henceforth be the Social Revolution.

The following days were occupied with particular considerations in reference to this object, the means to employ, the modes of action, etc., for the different countries. You will appreciate my reasons for keeping silence on these points. The Congress, at its close, adopted a series of resolutions elaborated by delegates No. 9, No. 13, and No. 22, and embodying the work of the Congress laying particular stress on the agitation among the peasantry (an agitation to be adapted to their particular needs and requirements), the recommendation of the study of chemistry, electricity, and all the sciences offering the means of defence and destruction, the establishment of clandestine periodicals and literature for those countries where open agitation is impossible, etc.

I am sure that the London Congress will in future history mark the beginning of a new period, the period of the solution of the social question, the only question worthy of the attention of *men*, the only question truly existing, which, like the Gordian knot, admits no other resolution than the sword. The London Congress means the beginning of the *Social Revolution*, of that inevitable, sublime-terrible hurricane, purifying the present heavy-laden atmosphere and dispersing the clouds from that divine picture: *Universal happiness and Universal freedom*.

Delegate No. 22.

[Condensed from "Le Revolte."]

The following is the federative compact prepared by the London Congress for submission to all socialistic-revolutionary organizations. It will be seen that it does not differ from that adopted by the Congresses of 1866 and 1873, except by some insignificant modifications of that portion of the statutes revised at the Congress of 1873, in consequence of the definitive abolition of the General Council. Whether to adopt or reject it the groups and federations will decide for themselves.

Whereas the emancipation of laborers must be the work of the laborers themselves, and

Whereas, the efforts of laborers to achieve their emancipation must not tend to the constitution of new privileges, but to establish for all the same rights and the same duties; and

Whereas, the subjection of the laborer to capital is the source of all political, moral, and material servitude; and

Whereas, for this reason, the economic emancipation of the working-people is the great object to which all political movements ought to be subordinated; and

Whereas, all previous efforts have failed for want of solidarity between workmen of different trades in the same country and of fraternal union between the working-people of different countries; and

Whereas, the emancipation of the working-people is not a mere local or national problem, but, on the contrary, one that interests all civilized nations, its solution being dependent necessarily on their co-operation in theory and practice; and

Whereas, the movement now in progress among the laborers of those countries farthest advanced industrially, in generating new hopes, gives a solemn warning against falling back into old errors, and advises a combination of all efforts still isolated;

For these reasons:

The Congress of the International Association of Working-People, held at Geneva, September 3, 1866, declares that this association recognizes Truth, Justice, Morality, as the proper rule of its own conduct, and that of all adherent societies or individuals, towards all human beings, without distinction of color, faith, or nationality.

The Congress considers it a duty to claim human and civil rights not only for its own members, but also for all persons who perform their duties. *No duties without rights; no rights without duties.*

The representatives of the revolutionary socialists of both worlds, assembled at London, July 14, 1881, unanimously favoring the total destruction, by force, of existing political and economic institutions, have accepted this declaration of principles.

They declare—in harmony, moreover, with the significance always given it by the International—that the word *morality* used in the preamble is not used in the sense, given it by the *bourgeoisie*, but in the sense that we can arrive at morality only by the abolition, by all methods, of the existing form of society, based on immorality.

Whereas, the time has arrived for passing from the period of affirmation to the period of action, and for adding to propagandism by voice and pen, which has been shown to be ineffective, propagandism by fact and insurrectional action.

They propose to adherent groups the following resolutions:

The International Association of Working-People declares itself an opponent of parliamentary politics.

Whoever adopts and defends the principles of the Association is eligible for membership.

Each adherent group shall have the right to correspond directly with all other groups and federations that may give it their addresses.

Nevertheless, to facilitate relations, an international bureau of information shall be established. This bureau shall be composed of three members.

General expenses shall be covered by voluntary assessments to be remitted to said bureau.

Adhesions shall be received at this bureau and communicated by it to all groups.

An international congress shall be held whenever adherent groups and federations may decide in favor thereof.

Of course the Congress could not declare publicly its full opinion regarding revolutionary methods of action, but in the following resolutions it expressed a few ideas on this point:

Whereas, the International Working-People's Association has recognized the necessity of supplementing propagandism by voice and pen with propagandism by fact; and

Whereas, further, a general revolution is not far off, when the revolutionary elements will be called upon to show the extent of their devotion to the proletarian cause and of their power of action,—

The Congress expresses the desire that the organizations adherent to the International Working-People's Association may consider carefully the following propositions:

It is strictly necessary to make all possible efforts to spread by action the revolutionary idea and spirit of revolt among that large portion of the popular masses which does not yet take an active part in the movement and cherishes illusions regarding the morality and effectiveness of legal methods.

In abandoning the legal ground on which we have generally stood hitherto to extend our action into the domain of illegality, which is the only road leading to revolution, it is necessary to resort to methods in conformity with this end.

The persecutions against which the revolutionary public press struggles in all countries make the organization of a clandestine press a necessity henceforth.

The great mass of laborers in the country still remaining outside of the socialistic-revolutionary movement, it is absolutely necessary to direct our efforts to that quarter, remembering that the simplest fact, aimed at existing institutions, speaks louder to the masses than thousands of printed papers an it floods of words, and that propagandism by fact in the country is of still more importance than in the cities.

The technical and chemical sciences having already done service in the revolutionary cause and being destined to do still greater service in the future, the Congress recommends organizations and individuals belonging to the International Working-People's Association to give great weight to the study and application of these sciences as a method of defence and attack.

To the foregoing resolutions another was added as follows:

The Congress, recognizing that it has no other right than to indicate a general outline of what it considers the best form of revolutionary socialistic organization, leaves the groups to initiate such organizations, secret or not, as may seem to them useful in effecting the triumph of the Social Revolution.

In the list of delegates were to be found the following from the United States: No. 5, representing the German socialistic-revolutionary clubs of New York and Philadelphia; No. 7, representing the German section of the socialistic labor party of New York; No. 80, representing the Icarian community in Iowa; and No. 36, representing the revolutionists of Boston. The following are abstracts of the more important of the sectional reports submitted by the delegates.

America.—The industrial situation is the same in the New World as in the Old: the same divisions of rich and poor, idle and industrious. In spite of all the obstacles in the shape of political prejudices met in the propagation of socialism, perhaps in the United States, after all, the revolution is furthest advanced. The organizations represented by the present delegate agree in favoring violent revolution. The revolutionary groups are not yet as strong as they should be. Opportunities for overturning the government at Washington have not been taken advantage of. The great strike and the events of Pittsburgh made a great impression in the East. The late strike of the brewers did not tell in our favor, the revolutionary workers not being able to penetrate their councils, which is the more regrettable because the opportunity for revolutionary propagandism was a very good one. It is our opinion that we should join all labor organizations. We do not deny the necessity of open propagandism, since that must attract the masses still outside of the movement; but we do not forget the necessity of secret organization.

The Lower Rhine.—The situation in Germany is well known, repression being almost as violent as in Russia; the tendency then is absolutely revolutionary. We wish to make not only a defensive, but an offensive struggle. Formerly the socialistic party was very strong. We had over 600,000 voters, but now our strength is very much reduced. Therefore we are organizing on a new basis. The capital is really revolutionary. In the cities, where the moderate party is the strongest, the socialists abstain from voting, as will be clearly seen at the approaching elections. In the Rhenish provinces the revolutionary spirit is very strong, and in Bavaria we can count on the peasants. There can be no longer any doubt that the social democrats of Austria are now inspired with our ideas.

Switzerland.—In so-called free Switzerland the situation is the same as in monarchical States. The liberty granted to socialists is quite as illusory as in other countries. The socialistic-revolutionary movement gains ground, while the parliamentary socialists continually lose, their best elements coming to join us.

France.—The socialistic-revolutionary party of Lyons is absolutely inspired with anarchistic ideas. It seeks to act on the great mass of laborers. Recently established, it has already obtained a firm footing in Lyons, and foresees an increased rate of growth after the Congress. It expends some of its efforts in neighboring towns, and there is reason to believe that a Lyonese federation, revolutionary in fact as well as words, will soon be definitively organized.

Spain.—In spite of the persecutions of the International in Spain, the organization has maintained itself intact since 1873. It is purely economic, being made up of trades organizations and miscellaneous sections. Strikes are instituted, not as an end, but a means, with a view to organizing laborers. We do not expect to accomplish the revolution by a stroke, but we are sure that, unless the workingmen have some powerful organization of their own, the revolution can be easily defeated by the *bourgeoisie*. We have no continuous functions. Any one charged with a special duty returns to the ranks as soon as he has fulfilled it. By this means we have avoided individual ascendancy and kept the ambitious aloof. The regional bureaus of the seven organized regions are used only as a medium for correspondence; likewise, the federal bureau, which has so little authority and is so powerless to assume any that the federations could get along perfectly well without it. Finally, we have a journal of our own, which, as far as means are concerned, is sure of a continued existence.

Reports of a similar tenor were submitted from Italy, Belgium, and other countries.

Crumbs from Liberty's Table.

Of all the cants that, are canted in this canting world, though the cant of piety may be the worst, the cant of Americans bewailing Russian Nihilism is the most disgusting. — *Wendell Phillips*.

You cannot get rid of the regicide by killing him. If the feeling against kings and presidents is strong enough, the individual murderer, actual or potential, will no sooner have been disposed of than a qualified successor will step into his place. — *London World*.

A minor French dramatist who had aided Scribe in many of the latter's unsuccessful plays, passing by the residence of his wealthy colleague, said to a friend who accompanied him: "There stands a house to which I contributed many a stone." "Yes, through the windows," replied Scribe, who happened to be entering at the time.

David O. Jones, a street preacher, was arrested in New York on a recent Sunday for exercising too much lung force in trying to save souls. Jones asked the police judge, who was about to fine him five dollars, what he proposed to do if three or four souls were lost through his wickedness in suppressing him. This conundrum was too much for a New York judge, and he let Jonen go. — *Providence Telegram*.

The need of our day seems to me to be an increase of the number of citizens who neither obey nor defy public sentiment, but illustrate a polarity in righteousness; like the mariner's needle—in tumult, darkness, and storm obeying its own mystic law, and by its silent fidelity to its pole enabling every observer to take knowledge of it, and by comparison name the winds and currents accurately. — *Thomas K. Beecher*

Chapter III

On Picket Duty.

Whatever is natural; therefore, there can be nothing supernatural.

Wages is not slavery. Wages is a form of voluntary exchange, and voluntary exchange is a form of Liberty.

Henry Maret, the bravest and most consistent writer for the daily press of Paris, has started a daily journal of his own, called the "Radical." Success to it.

Henry Ward Beecher says the great vices of politics are lying and whiskey. Judging by the Plymouth preacher, the great vices of religion are lying and "nest-hiding."

How grand a motto that inscribed upon the banner under which MM. Lacroix and Revillon fought against Gambetta for his seat in the chamber of deputies: "By Liberty towards Justice!"

The trembling tyrant, Alexander III., immured in his winter palaces and Moscow fortresses, is beginning to realize the force of Danton's remark before execution: "Better be a poor fisherman than meddle with the government of men."

"The Church pronounces a thing right (or wrong); therefore it *is* right (or wrong)," says the religious fanatic. "The State pronounces a thing wrong (or right); therefore it *is* wrong (or right)," says the political fanatic. Both agree in condemning as a blasphemer and enemy of order the atheist and anarchist who trusts in growing human reason and experience as the sole, though fallible, criteria of morality.

With that reformatory movement which calls for the abolition of the presidency and the senate we have no sympathy. German in its origin, we believe, it is at all events German in character. Its realization would be a long step in the centralization and strengthening of power. If there must be power, let us divide it; if there must be State, let us cripple it all we can. The agencies of tyranny often obstruct one another. Until Liberty induces the people to abolish the house of representatives, let the president and the senate be retained to keep it in check.

David Dudley Field, in the International Law Congress, offers a resolution that assassination of royal robbers and murderers shall not be included in political crimes, and that nations shall refuse asylum to those guilty of it; and it is passed by acclamation. A guilty conscience makes cowards of our national thieves. The Field family may well tremble in fear of that day when the swindled toilers shall have nothing more — not even a vote — of which to be robbed. Mr. Field, the Working-

People's International Association will have something to say, authoritatively, about the comity of nations. It may reverse your decision, and where will your band of brothers be then? One Field upon the supreme bench to promulgate decisions formulated by another Field at the bar in the interest of still a third Field in copartnership with the Republican swindlers who compose the rings and control the monopolies, is a very nice little family arrangement, certainly; but, when the great human family once fathoms the secret of its operation, the secret of its operation, the lesser will be speedily subordinated to the greater, and may thank its stars if it be not utterly crushed by the fall.

The shortest way to change a radical into a conservative, a liberal into a tyrant, a man into a beast, is to give him power over his fellows. Witness the recent vote in the British Commons on the abolition of the death penalty. Under the administration of the Tories every member of the present ministry voted against the gallows. Under Gladstone's rule John Bright alone remains true to his record; while Sir William Harcourt, whose name stands on the list of previous years in antagonism to capital punishment, went so far as to speak in its favor. Such is the effect of a little brief authority.

Our memory recalls no "give-away" so delightfully innocent as that of the Catholic bishop of Ohio, who, in a recent proclamation ordering a certain number of prayers per day in his diocese, for the recovery of President Garfield, gravely added that, "in case of the president's death, the prayers should be continued during the week following that event, for the welfare of the country." That it is to say, having prayed the president to death, his priests must next try to pray the country to death. It is impossible to caricature the Christian system, there being a point beyond which absurdity cannot go.

"There will be no perfect government until men grow from the one-man idea to the all-men idea," says that ablest of Greenback papers, the "Chicago Express." Precisely so; because, the best government being that which governs least, the perfection of government is none at all, a result involved in the all-men idea. But Republicans, Democrats, Prohibitionists, Greenbackers, Socialists, Eight-Hour men, and all governmental schools of reformers seem as yet to have got no further than the majority-of-men idea. The Woman-Suffragists, it is true, do a trifle better in standing for the majority-of-men-and-women idea; but up to the present time Liberty and the Anarchists possess a monopoly of the all-men, or better, all-people idea. *Possess*, we were careful to say; not *enjoy*: for, being in this, as in all things,

anti-monopolists, we should be only too glad to see it diffused throughout the world, to the achievement of which end we are doing our level best.

Europe is becoming thickly dotted with Anarchistic newspapers. Besides the appearance of the clandestine sheet, "Der Kampf," referred to by our foreign correspondent in another column, an announcement is made of a new Italian journal, "L'Insurrezione," to be published weekly in London by the well-known Italian revolutionist, Enrico Malatesta, Carlo Cafiero, and Vito Solieri. While holding communism in anarchy as the social ideal and the free action of the natural laws of man and society as the scientific method of its attainment, it looks upon the State as the supreme obstacle in the way of the application of this method, and therefore regards Insurrection (its name) as the first of duties. It will undoubtedly render valuable aid to the revolutionary cause, and every one who reads Italian should forward \$1.60, plus foreign postage, for a year's subscription, to Vito Solieri, 8 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road, London, W, England.

Land and Liberty

Within the past two years the above heading probably has decorated every public bulletin-board in this country and Great Britain. Yet probably it owes its prominence to the mere accidental alliteration, and has no rational significance to the average mind.

What has land to do with liberty, or liberty with land? Certainly, if political liberty is meant, the Land Leaguers are strangely adrift, for in the very country to-day where savage despotism reigns and liberty is almost unknown, the people possess, occupy, and enjoy the soil with a liberality equalled by no other, while in that country said to have the most liberal, popular, and truly representative constitution on earth, the people are practically cut-off from free and equitable enjoyment of the soil. Russia is as far ahead of Great Britain in the matter of popular enjoyment of the land as Great Britain is in advance of Russia in the matter of political liberty. Again, in Switzerland and the United States, both republics, we find in the former a most liberal and equitable distribution of the land, while in the latter land monopoly is scarcely less formidable, and vastly more threatening for the future, than in Great Britain.

The sense in which our friends are prompted to associate land with liberty probably arises from the very natural feeling that, were the land more widely distributed, the rent-tax now levied upon the mass of farmers in Ireland would be lifted from their shoulders, and they would attain to greater liberty in the sense that any other animal acquires greater liberty through a lessening or removal of its load. A very elementary idea of liberty this, but logical as far as it goes.

But since the rent-tax is only one form of profit-theft, why *land* and liberty any more than every other article of commerce, and liberty? For it is by no means certain that land-monopoly is the chief source of profit-theft. It is the original (temporal) source, and a very good basis upon which to attack profit-theft; but it is, after all, only one source. Behind the wide range of profit-plunder lies the concrete embodiment of the whole iniquity — usury.

The problem, then, upon closer analysis, reduces itself to this affirmation: Destroy usury, and you attain liberty. That greatest of all powers for good now working on this planet for the emancipation of oppressed humanity, the “Irish World,” has got so far with the problem. “Usury is theft!” it cries out to 100,000 profit-ridden slaves every week, and it means by usury every species of something-

for-nothing tribute, whether it be in the form of rent, interest, or ordinary profits in the realm of trade.

But the “Irish World,” glorious as is its work and mission, has yet one more stage in the problem to conquer. Who is responsible for usury? Who sustains it? Who backs it with artillery? Usury, left to its merits as a voluntary social arrangement, not stand for a day. As Patrick Ford well knows, the insignificant banditti known as landlords, who enslave Ireland, would run for their lives, or sink to their knees like curs whining for mercy, were not a police force of 100,000 men kept at their backs against the protest of 5,000,000 people.

The State, then, is the author and defender of usury, as it to-day holds its murderous grasp at the throat of Ireland. And who is the State? The landlords, as the “Irish World” has reiterated a hundred times. Why, then, not abolish the State, and get down to the hard-pan of the whole problem?

Ah! but here we touch delicate ground. The “Irish World” will never reach that third and last stage of the problem of liberty. It is with a feeling of deep regret that we now indulge in a little plain talk, but duty will not permit us to talk otherwise, if we talk at all, and silence would be a crime against liberty. The moment the “Irish World” attacks the State, it attacks the pope, the bishops, the priests, and the whole tribe of spiritual usurers, who knew their art well before the first temporal landlord was born.

Spiritual usurers! Yea, these are the worst abominations in the whole series. “The monopolizing of natural wealth,” cries the “Irish World,” “is the bottom crime!” But we have natural wealth spiritual and natural wealth temporal. We have landlords spiritual and landlords temporal. Yea, and the landlords spiritual are the creators, abettors, supporters, and defenders of the landlords temporal. The very Christian God to whom the “Irish World” appeals every week is the Father of usury, and his agents, the ecclesiastics, from the pope down to the pettiest priest who demands an admission-fee at the church-door for the supposed benefit of enjoying the sacraments, are spiritual landlords’ bailiffs. These so-called sacraments — what are they but spiritual natural wealth monopolized by these mitred and surpliced thieves, and rented out for profit? If there is any power for good in this world that it pains us to criticise, it is Patrick Ford’s great “Industrial Liberator.” But a more pitiable plight never fell to the lot of a beneficent organ of light and truth. It has reached the second stage of solution in the problem of liberty, but can never get any

further so long as it remains the “Irish World” with that phallic symbol, the cross, at the top.

The State is the immediate supporter and defender of usury. Behind the civil state is the spiritual state. Both have one common cause, the enslavement of the masses. Behind the whole is God, the author and finisher of usury and every other enslaving device that paves the way for man’s inhumanity to man. Liberty aims to abolish them all, and all superstitious reverence for their unholy offices. Liberty alone has mastered the third stage of the problem of emancipation, and proposes to stand upon the logic of it without fear or favor. Come with us, good friends, and then you will not only know what “Land and Liberty” means, but, in solving the whole problem of liberty, all those other good things will be added unto you.

A B-B-ird with W-W-W-One F-Feather.

Whether due to the appearance of Liberty, or to some other cause, certain it is that, for some reason or other, a tremendous hubbub has been kicked up in the columns of the "Free Religious Index" regarding the different varieties of Liberalism. The last number fairly swarms with frantic attempts at their classification. Its essayist of the week, Mr. Charles Ellis, analyzes them; its estimable editor *pro tem.*, Mr. B. F. Underwood, "differentiates" them; his equally estimable wife, Sara, discriminates between them; and last, though not least, Mr. H. Clay Neville of Missouri, who is an old hand at the game, reconstructs for the hundredth time his familiar but distinctive categories. As a result we find ourselves neatly divided off into convenient compartments, each with its appropriate label; and very nice labels some of them are. Had we found them in the pages of the "Congregationalist," we certainly should have expected to see Joseph Cook's signature beneath them. Beginning with "anarchists" (which is not offensive unless applied with a sneer), the list goes on through "vagarists," "iconoclasts," "stench-hunters," "superficial and erratic persons with crotches in their heads," "blind and foolish fanatics," "pirates upon the open sea of society," "dissonant hooters," "radical yawpers," "breeders of communism, free-love, and cancerous curses," and "libertines," till finally, after taking in "villains, thieves, prostitutes, liars, and murderers," it lumps all other Liberals than those of the "Index" school together under the general head of "the whole crew of social fiendism." The upshot of which is that Messrs Ellis, Underwood, *et al.*, have decided that they know it all, and, so deciding, have resolved upon their attitude toward other Liberals and Liberalism, namely, to "come out from among them, and be separate, and touch not the unclean thing." Such conduct as this on the part of the "Free Religious Index" entirely upsets the theory of association held by Lord Dundreary, which that unappreciated philosopher was wont to elaborate in the following unique fashion: "They say that b-b-b-birds of a f-f-feather f-flock tog-g-g-gether. Now, w-w-what d-damned nonsense that is! Th-th-think of a h-h-whole lot of birds w-w-with only w-w-w-one feather. Only w-w-one of those birds c-c-could have that feather, and h-h-h-he'd f-fly all on w-w-one side. Besides, n-no bird would be such a d-d-damned fool as to g-g-go off in a c-corner and f-f-flock all by himself." A great mistake, m'lud and philosopher! There are just such birds. And one of them, with its sorry and solitary feather of "Free Religion" feebly flapping in the breeze of Liberty, is flocking all by itself at No. 3 Tremont Place, Boston.

Shall We Tease Our Big Papa?

Before these lines are read, President Garfield possibly will die; but, though written while his life is hanging in the balance, their lesson will in no case be impertinent, and may not be lost. From this preliminary remark we proceed to say that, if our contemporaries think prayer for the recovery of the president will influence heavenly powers, we trust they will make them; but we should be more impressed were they to act squarely in the full consistency of their faith. Yet, of all the secular editorials that have fallen under our notice, not one has so much as given a hint of an expectation that the slightest notice will be taken of the universal church's praying by the supposed being to whom the prayer is addressed. On the contrary, we are as good as given to understand that it is not the *god*, but the *president*, whose mind is to be influenced. In other words, our editorial brothers do not calculate on moving the Christian God, but think the president will be greatly cheered and benefited. Let the always pious Boston "Advertiser" bear witness. After approving of the proposed day of prayer, it simply adds: "It will be an unspeakable consolation to the president and his family, and help to support them through whatever trial may be in store for them." We hope this may prove to be true; but, all the same, we are called upon, in the larger interest of fact and of truth, to press the circumstance into their service. How, then, does the case stand? Several questions rush forward to be answered. Two are sufficient for our present use.

Will the consolation of the patient sufferer at the White House be found in the knowledge that the god of heaven has been petitioned to come to his aid, or in the feeling that it is his countrymen who have been thus solicitous in his behalf? Or, will both considerations have their influence upon him? Our own view of the universe does not admit of what we must call such a besieging of divine will. God, if he exists at all, is not a being to be moved by human beseeching. To suppose that we are never effectually and tenderly cared for except when the god is aroused to special action by our supplications, is to suppose so ill of the god that we do ourselves, as we do the god, the grossest injustice. It is an injustice to the god to suppose that he sits unheedful, uncaring, awaiting united prayers; and it is an injustice to our own capacity for good tease and right behavior to forget, like little children in their impatience, so simple and reasonable a proposition as this — that, if there be a god, he can never need our besieging as a preliminary step to the doing of his duty. The old Bible text, "Wait on the Lord, and be still," is quite to our

mind, if we may take the last two words to mean, "Be still; do not tease, worry, or pray." And we should venture to hope that it is this view of the case that the president is disposed to take, but for the reflection that it would involve a keen regret on his part that his countrymen do not all share the same high thought. And especially if it be true, as the "Advertiser" has asserted, that he will derive "unspeakable consolation" from the prayers of the churches, do we restrain the hope that he has lost this popular superstition concerning prayer, as our editorial brethren appear to have done; for, in this hour, we look for a genuine foundation to all the president's hopes. If he is consoled by these offered prayers, we trust it will not be merely because his countrymen have offered them, but quite as certainly because he honestly believes the god is in need of them. What we seek is the truth, the fact; and meantime, before these blessings shall cover the earth as the waters the sea, we ask for consistency, for intellectual integrity, for sincerity.

Two Kinds of Communism.

We do not believe in communism in the economic sense of the word. To us it seems, for many reasons, an impossible and undesirable form of society. Proudhon described it accurately as well as epigrammatically when he called it the “religion of poverty.” But it is not our special business to antagonize the voluntary communism vigorously pictured by W. H. Riley in another column. He, and those of his friends who agree with him, may attempt any associative experiment they please; Liberty will look on with interest and report results.

It is compulsory communism of the Bismarckian stamp that we combat. It is the needle-gun socialism of Ferdinand Lassalle that we oppose. Statecraft is our enemy, whether it be that advocated by Jay Gould in the New York “Tribune,” or that advocated by our good friend, W. G. H. Smart, in a note printed elsewhere in this journal, — a note, by the way, so good-humored, so straightforward, so utterly void of the circumlocution too frequently characteristic of Mr. Smart’s newspaper articles, that we publish it with great pleasure. Space is lacking to meet his points now. Nevertheless, one misapprehension should be corrected immediately. We *do not* believe that any one can “stand alone.” We *do* wish “social ties and guarantees.” We wish all there are. We believe in human solidarity. We believe that the members of society are interdependent. We would preserve these interdependencies untrammelled and inviolate. But we have faith in the sufficiency of natural forces. Motives and good impulses aside, we have no sort of sympathy with these multitudinous groups of so-called socialists, of all colors, stripes, and propensities, with each its little scheme for bursting the bonds by which nature unites us and tying men and women together anew with artificial chains. None of them, whatever they may claim, believe in the unity of the race. All its members, in their opinion, need to be cemented into unity, and for this purpose each has his patent glue. They wish a manufactured solidarity; we are satisfied with the solidarity inherent in the universe. When Mr. Smart has whipped the Universe, “body, soul, and breeches,” Liberty too will throw up the sponge.

Pity, but not Praise.

Under ordinary circumstances a man's dying hours are no time to recall his errors. But the extravagant language used by press and people, especially the Democratic press and people, in connection with President Garfield's present danger, may excuse now what otherwise would be out of place. As to the act committed by Guiteau all sensible men agree. Nothing but its insanity saved it from being dastardly, bloodthirsty, and thoroughly devilish, without reason, proper motive, or excuse. No man regrets it more than we do, and no one would condemn it more strongly than we, had it been the work of a responsible mind. For the Guiteau style of assassination we have no apology. But how about the victim? Does the fact that a man has been shot change his moral character? One year ago four-fifths of the Democrats and no small percentage of the Republicans (journals and citizens alike) believed General Garfield to be a bribed man and a perjurer, and publicly branded him as such. Now nearly all who made those charges vie with the most ardent of his admirers in ascribing to him all the virtues in the calendar raised to their highest power. What has happened within twelve months to alter General Garfield's moral status? A few more people have voted for him for the office of the presidency than voted for his competitor, and he has been shot by a crazy man. Will any one soberly maintain that these facts are sufficient, not only to erase the memory of crime, but to lift the man guilty of it to a moral height rarely reached by the most stainless of his fellows? For ourselves we believed the gravest of the charges against the president from the first, and the fact that we sincerely hope for his recovery does not lighten the weight of the evidence that supported them; though we would not reassert them now, did not others retract them without reason.

And why this universal lamentation? The death of General Garfield before his nomination for the presidency would have caused no greater agitation of the nation's heart than would the death of Senator Edmunds or Senator Davis to-day. And yet whatever gratitude he is entitled to from his countrymen he earned before that event. The fact is that the people do not mourn for the man. A spirit of flunkiness still pervades the masses, and only the insignia of office call forth this inordinate sorrow and extravagant expression of grief. Let there be sympathy for the sufferer; let the desire for his recovery be that which every person with a heart would naturally feel; but let there be no bowing before his official station merely for its sake, and, above all, let none who have bitterly denounced him in

the past condemn, by eulogy to-day, their previous utterances as insincere and their utterances of the future as unworthy of the slightest confidence.

The Boston "Advertiser," relict, continues in deep mourning for her long-lost love, the whipping-post. Time cannot assuage her grief nor dry her tears. Sweet are the memories of her halcyon days, — the agonizing shrieks of denuded women in the marketplace, the hissing lash that stained their fair, white skin with blood. The leopard may change his spots, but his thirst for blood is insatiable. The wrinkled dame, to solace her declining days, would have us re-adorn our public squares, now graced with such mementos of man's growing sense of Liberty and love as the emancipation group, with the antique, chaste, and Christian whipping-post. But really we couldn't, you know. Liberty has too great a regard for the grandam's weak backbone to subject it to such a risk, seeing that those Socialists who are not Anarchists may yet get possession of the government and interpret freedom of the press for themselves, as the masters of the "Advertiser" now interpret it to suit their purposes. It is upon vandals such as mutilate the sentient plants in the Public Garden that she would use the lash, though horrified when crowned usurpers and assassins are hoist with their own petard. We suspect that the old lady would emigrate to St. Petersburg, chief city of the land of the knout, except for the danger of having to face the dreaded alternative of Siberia or dynamite.

The Springfield “Republican” is nothing, if not inaccurate. A few weeks ago it announced Dr. Nathan-Ganz as still in jail, and not many days later it crammed three lies into three lines by describing the editor of Liberty as a resident of Princeton and editor of the “Word,” calling the latter a “recently-deceased journal.” Now, the facts about these matters are that Dr. Nathan-Ganz, in the absence of evidence against him, was discharged five months ago; that the editor of Liberty left Princeton five years ago; that he is not editor of the “Word;” and that the “Word” still lives. And yet the “Republican” prides itself on being a *news* paper. Perhaps it gets all its news now from that pseudo-nihilist, John Baker, who supplies its columns with irregular instalments of lies about the Russian revolution and revolutionists.

An omnipresent person necessarily would be shapeless and inert.

Communism versus Commercialism.

The only society in which the rights of individuals will be respected will be a communistic society, in which the partnership will always be voluntary. Where the right to secede is not recognized — in a family, a state, or a federation of states — *there exists subjection, slavery.*

All the frenzied babble about the rights of majorities to govern other than themselves must cease. Between kingcraft and communism there is no logical or permanent abiding-place. The rights of all individuals must be recognized as equal, or, sooner or later, we must submit to the “divine rights of kings” — supreme thieves.

Already, in these States, we have an upper ten and an upper ten thousand — virtually ten kings and ten thousand peers of the realm — whose wealth is stolen from the people by the vilest monopolies, usurpations, usuries; and this devilish aristocracy is not despised, but admired. To-day this aristocracy is more powerful and vicious than that of Britain, and the *vox populi* is now really less effective in the United States than it is in the United Kingdom.

Commercialism is organized discord. Communism is organized harmony. Commercialism is compulsory conflict. Communism is voluntary concert. *WM. Harrison Riley.*

A Welcome and a Warning.

Dear Mr. Tucker,— I am very much obliged for Liberty. I can give it no higher praise than to say that it is as good as, and no better than, I expected from you. Barring the doctrines it teaches,— some of them,— I have not a criticism to make nor an improvement to suggest. The “heading” — a point about which I claim to be a judge — is striking and artistic, and you are quite right in calling it “a real work of art.” I am glad you have chosen the word “Liberty” — *with every letter standing alone* — for your title; it is decidedly suggestive of “individual sovereignty.” By the way, one criticism: why have you connected the letters of the word at the head of the second page? You ought not to be inconsistent. You believe that every man — and woman too — can stand alone, and that he or she ought to be *let* to stand alone. You don’t want any social ties or guarantees. Though I should think that the very pronouns “he” and “she” ought to convince you that the two sexes cannot stand alone. And if the two sexes cannot be independent of each other, much less can they, individually or collectively, be independent of that large entity we call “society.”

I welcome your paper with congratulation and sincerity. At last we have a frank, honest, outspoken, and aggressive advocate of *egoistic liberty*. Now we shall know what “An-anarchism” (with or without the hyphen, and in the truest sense of the word) means. You have thrown down your gauntlet in the face of society, including Mrs. Grundy and Mr. Grundy and all the little Grundys. And you have thrown it down especially in the face of the Socialists. That is good. We shall not be slow in taking it up. Socialists of all kinds — and you know there are many kinds — will go for you. They will neither ask nor give quarter. It is true, we have a common enemy. Our great battle is not with each other, but with the gross tyranny called — falsely — “society” to-day. But I recognize that we have to whip you, “body, soul, and breeches,” before we shall be fairly ready to show an unbroken front to our and your more powerful enemy.

In your first number you have defined the *State*. You have made of it the great Tyrant. We will show you the *State* in another aspect. We will convince you that a part is not greater than the whole. We will show you an individual that is composed of *all* individuals; an individual that is indivisible, immortal, and supreme.

But I must stop. You have hoisted the banner of Egoistic Liberty. You spell the word with disconnected letters. It means An-archy.

We will meet you with the flag of “Freedom,” and we will write the word with a running hand. It will be Social Freedom — Society.

Au revoir.

W. G. H. Smart.

Mattapan, Mass., Aug. 9, 1881.

Taking Courage.

A pious lady of Providence, who had been a long sufferer from asthma, and had been taking faith as a remedy and calling upon divine aid as a sure cure, lately became discouraged, and sent for a physician. His remedies soon afforded relief, and one day, after a season of thought, as he was about to go, she exclaimed:

“Doctor, I have been calling on God for fifteen years. Finding no relief from that source, and concluding that he either did not mean to help me, or else was getting old and hard of hearing, I called on you. You have helped me, and in the future I shall bet on you every time”

“Ah, madam,” responded the doctor, “you labor under a misapprehension. God has become a homoeopath, and of late years answers no allopathic calls.”

“Hurrah!” shouted the happy lady, as the doctor closed the door; “even God himself begins to quicken under the impulses of modern progress. There is yet hope for afflicted humanity.”

NAMES.

Names are indeed but smoke that hide the glow
Of heaven, the poisonous breath of ages flown,
When neither earth nor heaven were truly known
 And roof'd fond man a godful sky-arch low.
Though that is gone, dull bigots still repeat
 The empty formulas of creeds outworn,
 As if to fixed ideas the race was born
 And Dulness o'er us held perpetual seat.
Blow, breath of Reason, with a cyclone's might,
 And sweep the rubbish of the past away!
While earthwide flashes thy meridian day,
 Purging of every tribe the mental sight,
 Cumber the earth too long a Church and State
 Which own no ties with things of current date.

a.

Our European Letter.

[From Liberty's Special Correspondent.]

Rotterdam, Holland, August 20. — How they turn and twist! How they try to laugh and ridicule in order to lissimulate their fright, whistling, like boy in a dark room, to keep up their courage, our good *bourgeois* souls!

In spite of all their noisy contempt, — too noisy to be sincere, — our Congress must have given them a very serious bellyache, for they trumpet through all their newspapers that “the English government is now making earnest inquiries about the numbers and names of the delegates to the late Revolutionary Congress, in order to commence a prosecution against them.” Well, up to to-day, the Dutch have never hanged any one before catching him; neither, I suppose, have the English.

The reconstitution of the “International” was, at all events, a splendid stroke. New sections and groups are sending in their adhesions with astonishing rapidity. We expect that the United States, so ably represented at the Congress, will soon show that the hopes now inspiring the whole proletarian world anew with confidence and courage find a hearty echo within their borders. I submit to you the idea of an American Congress for the constitution of a national organization on the basis of, and in harmony with, the ideas of the “International.” I consider this of vital importance and of little difficulty, the more so, as you have now in “Liberty” a new organ at your disposition.

By the way, curious news comes by cable over the big pond from your “free country.” Hartmann — misting? Vanishing before the brawling of a few stupid five-cents-a-columners? Indeed, I rated his courage higher; for, without doubt, there was and is no danger that *the United States would deliver a political refugee over to Russia*. And even should its government be so hypocritical, so infamous, so base, there is still something be- sides the government, namely, the people, who would never allow the perpetration of so monstrous a villany. Hartmann, by this inconsiderate act, made himself ridiculous, a very bad sequel to the seven columns of “revelations” in the “New York Herald,” which were not altogether to the taste of his friends in Europe. When the cruel and heartless war of European governments forces us to these *inevitable and only* means of resistance, we use them, considering them as a sacred right; but we use them always *with a deep regret* that they are the

only ones, and never try to achieve notoriety for courage or intrepidity by telling our story to *urbi et orbi*.

Germany and France are now in full electoral limitation. A curious phenomenon in the former country is the fact that, for the first time, the elections will have a purely economical background, and that the old political parties are decomposing to make room for a new, economical organization. The formation of an anti-Semitic party is based on reasons purely economical. The agitation is not directed against the Jewish religion, that having nothing to do with it. This stratagem, low and vile as it is, was one of Bismarck's master-strokes. The masses are always fond of seeking the cause of their misery in a positive being, in a visible, existing person, instead of in the system of exploitation itself. The misery and poverty which in some German provinces, by the ridiculous and disastrous financial schemes of Bismarck, have reached their highest point, must now find an object against which to direct their growing dissatisfaction. If they should find out the real cause, the State would be lost; therefore it must be the Jews. The Social Democrats, who, in the late parliament, had thirteen seats, will get this time only three or four, at the utmost, five. Some of their constituents have gone to the Progressist and liberal *bourgeois* party, but the larger part, appreciating at last the delusion of suffrage, will abstain from voting, and intend to store up their election tickets to serve at the proper time — which they await none too patiently — as wadding for their rifles.

I am able to give you the first announcement of an important piece of news. When you receive this letter, the first number of the clandestine German periodical, "Der Kampf" (The Fight), printed in Germany itself on the secret press of the Executive Committee, will have appeared. This is the first step in the line of the new tactics, political and economical terrorism, — the first sign of the life of a new element in German socialistic agitation, to be soon followed by a series of acts.

The high court of Berlin gave its decision this week in the famous "high treason" process against forty-four of our friends. About thirty were discharged after nine months of detention, some were sent down to lower courts, and eleven are spared for the final trial in October. There is another process for high treason against fourteen persons, the result of which will be awaited by them with all tranquillity of soul, for they had the impoliteness not to accept the invitation of the Prussian government to appear, preferring to remain at London and Paris. Bismarck's satisfaction will therefore be most platonic in its nature.

The Mistake of American Socialists.

A correspondent writing from this country to "Le Revolte," explains in a few words the true cause of the very slow progress of socialism in the United States. He says:

Socialistic propagandism in the United States is more difficult than elsewhere because of the extreme variety of nationalities composing the working class, each nationality coming here imbued with different aspirations, different culture, and wholly different social conceptions. In spite of this the labor movement is developing with considerable rapidity in the United States. Unfortunately it still allows itself to be directed by the so-called "Socialistic Party," which accustoms the workers to content themselves with the trifles which the well-fed are pleased to throw them from time to time, so that when a revolutionist ventures to demand all rights in their fullness, they get as scared as the devil.

Compliments from Liberty's Friends.

Yours is the best first number that I have ever seen. — *James Parton*.

Such an instance of *multum in parvo* in journalism I have never seen before. I read it all through, and have returned to it occasionally, as one takes a sip of ginger tonic. Intensity of conviction and conciseness and audacity of statement meet in it. — *B. W. Ball*.

The principles which Liberty advocates will do much to make society better. — *New Bedford News*.

Liberty is a twelve-column journal containing a great amount of radical news and excellent editorials on progressive themes. — *Fall River Herald*.

The first number is bright and snappy, abounding in clever hits and appropriate selections — *Boston Globe*.

It announces that it "will be edited to suit its editor, not its readers," and we have not the least doubt that this is precisely true. "Down with Authority" is the "war cry" of the journal, and this theory it steadfastly and strongly maintains. Those who have no sympathy with its views will enjoy the sharp, incisive manner in which they are presented. — *New Bedford Mercury*.

Liberty is one of the grandest words in the language, and of course it is a grand name for a paper, a radical or liberal one, we mean, such as Mr. Benj. R. Tucker's Liberty. . . . As Mr. Tucker has ability and industry, radicalism and independence, he will make an interesting and suggestive paper. — *Boston Investigator*.

We are not one of those who would have Liberty speak by the assassin's bullet or the thunder of bombs tossed at individuals. But this we will say, that Liberty has the most beautiful exposition in the typography of its heading that we have seen for many a day. — *Washington National View*.

Here comes another paper. Its name is Liberty and its birthplace is Boston. Of all the bold little sheets that reach our table, Liberty is the boldest and most daring. May Liberty never die. — *Indianapolis Sun*.

Liberty is intelligent and vigorous, has opinions, character, and will command attention from its first issue; a bright, smart, timely journal, which live people will find it unsafe not to subscribe for. — *Princeton Word*.

It is outspoken on all social questions, and affords spicy reading to those who are not troubled with orthodoxy. — *Nebraska City Press*.

A very newsy sheet. — *Galena Industrial Press*.

It is ably edited and neatly printed, and looks as though it had come to stay. — *Brooklyn Blade*.

“Who is the Somebody?” from Liberty, is far the most able article we have seen in reply to the inquiry put forth by “Truth.” — *Worcester Republic*.

More Liberty! I thought I had all I wanted, but your supply finds an unexpected demand. Many journals, new and old, are sent to me at this office, but yours is the only one I have read through from end to end. Couldn’t find any good place — no, I mean bad place — to let go. Your blazoning the demands and conditions of Liberty thus on paper must go far toward securing the real article for all the people in their daily lives. — *T. C. Lelund, Sectary of the National Liberal League*.

All hail to Liberty! “Not the daughter, but the mother of order.” That is the keynote of the new revolution. — *E. C. Walker, Secretary of the Iowa State Liberal League*.

Liberty, a new paper in the interest of any except existing interests, and edited on the principle that “whatever is wrong,” has just appeared. . . . For a thorough-going Nihilistic-Socialistic-Democratic sheet, Liberty takes first rank. Its editor, Mr. B. R. Tucker, has an advantage over many of his own way of thinking. He knows what he dislikes, and if the sheet is edited in a manner to shock conservative and pious people, it will at least be edited with brains and rare skill in the presentation of alleged facts. Extra-radical radios will find the sheet interesting; the pious and conservative folks will also find it of interest to read, on the same principle that Rowland Hill read play-bills — that “it is necessary to know what the devil is doing.” Mr. Tucker is a disciple of Proudhon, whose famous memoir, “What is Property?” he has “done” into good English — the only translation, at least this side of the Atlantic, of this remarkable work, the cardinal principle of which is that “Property is Robbery.” . . . In the present state of public feeling, it required a little pluck to publish a sheet which finds less fault with regicide than tyranny, and reserves scruples of compassion for the oppressed rather than the oppressor. But Mr. Tucker has the courage of his opinions, and those good people who are ready to see the cloven foot in this remarkable sheet will, like the poet Coleridge, be compelled to “admire the devil’s evident talents.” — *Boston Correspondent of the Fall River Advance.

Kicks and Cuffs from Liberty's Foes.

We do not know who supplies the reading matter, but if any one man does it all, he must be the embodiment of Philips, Ingersoll, Denis Kearney, Leo Hartmann, Joaquin Miller, and a great many other one-idea men, who amuse and vex the world. — *Lowell Times*.

There comes to this office the first number of a paper the proper title of which would be “Universal Anarchy,” though it bears a more respectable name. It denounces government. It lauds assassination. Its creed seems to be, No God, no law, no restraint. — *Boston Watchman*.

Liberty, a little fortnightly “organ” of the American admirers of Nihilism and Bob Ingersoll, makes its appearance in Boston, Benjamin R. Tucker, editor and publisher, who announces that he doesn’t write to please his readers, but himself, and, if they don’t like it, they can let it alone. No. 1 contains praises of Leo Hartmann (the Russian nihilist, now in America), Most, Ingersoll, Voltaire, Judge Hoar of Massachusetts, *et als.*; has a portrait of Sophie Perovskaya, “liberty’s martyred heroine, hanged April 15, 1881, for helping to rid the world of a tyrant,” and an alleged poem in praise of her, and written by Joaquin Miller, as arrant a fraud and humbug as “Citizen George Francis Train,” of whom some mention is also made. — *Hartford Times*.

Boston is blessed with a new paper which calls itself “Liberty,” and which one Benjamin R. Tucker edits. — *Boston Herald*.

The trinity it worships is Guiteau, Hartmann, and Sophie Perovskaya. — *New Haven Register*.

What but anarchy can be expected of a cause which boasts of such champions? — *Philadelphia News*.

A new paper with the somewhat suspicious title of “Liberty,” has been launched upon the uncertain sea of journalism. Its editor and publisher is Mr. B. R. Tucker, formerly editor of a more pretentious and much better publication, the “Radical Review.” When we see a man, and especially a young man, starting out with an honest purpose in an enterprise of this kind, it pains us to be unable to give him and it our approval and encouragement. But in the present instance we can give the new candidate for public favor no cordiality of greeting. We have respect for the editor’s sincerity; that as much as we can say in commendation of the work he has

undertaken. Not only is his paper not needed here, but it is worse than superfluous in any civilized community. The tendency of its doctrines is pernicious, and its influence, if it has any, is dangerous. Its name is a mockery of the thing. Its teaching is opposed to the necessary restraints of authority, and, that Rubicon passed so early, the end is chaos. Its contempt for religious institutions is in natural harmony with its opposition to social order. We trust folly has not obtained hold enough upon the people of Boston to give this paper even a sickly support. We certainly should not have taken so much space to speak of it, had we not hoped and thought that the editor was better than his work. We trust the latter will die speedily and that the former will live and learn better. — *Boston Post*.

Liberty is merely another little pimple on the skin of a social state temporarily made unhealthy by an overdone of foreigners. As soon as it has discharged the pus — “laudable” or otherwise — that is in it, this redness (and Mr. Tucker) will subside, and the church and the State will go on as before — only bettered, in so far as the common air will have been somewhat purified by the operation. — *Boston Congregationalist*.

It is safe to wager that the only thing it will succeed in destroying is its publisher's bank account. — *Norristown Herald*.

From progressive Boston comes the last foul birth of disordered thought. On August 6 there was published the first number of Liberty, a paper which might well be printed with the carmine which distinguishes the credentials of the committee of assassination. Parsing over the indecency and ostentatious impiety which embellish its pages, it is enough to remark that there is now published in the United States a paper which, however insignificant, has for its object the extinction of all rule, whether of “pope, king, or czar,” “priest, president, or parliament;” and which justifies, as means to this end, the dagger, the bullet, and the bomb. This is bringing one side of nihilism very near home to us indeed — *St. Paul Pioneer-Press*.

Chapter IV

On Picket Duty.

Society has no rights.

Morality is the science of mutual rights and duties of human beings.

Liberty attempts to promote unanimity by consent, and succeeds; authority attempts to promote it by compulsion, and succeeds — in retarding it.

“A Socialist,” who lately joined in the New York “Truth’s” hunt for the “Somebody,” is on the right scent when he says that the right of property as defined by Proudhon must be superseded by the right of possession.

Some political philosophers — D. A. Wasson for instance — are carried away with the idea that man’s only right is to do his duty. The contrary is the truth. In the political or civil sphere man’s only duty is to respect others’ rights.

In the Cramer murder trial now attracting so much attention at New Haven, a Mr. Bush, one of the prosecuting counsel, described himself as “the representative of a cruel monster — the State.” We are glad to know the State has one servant so well acquainted with his employer.

On the day appointed for public prayer for the president’s recovery an aged clergymen of Hingham, Mass., was stricken with paralysis while in the act of supplicating the deity, and died a few days later. Probably a just judgement of Providence on the insinuation that the Almighty does not know his own business.

Emerson has somewhere said: “If you wish to know what a boy will do, strip him naked, place him in a ten-acre lot, and set the dog on him.” We quote from memory, but give the pith of the advice. Liberty will translate it to striving mortals that stand about. *Don’t be so afraid something is going to happen that will bring you death and destruction. Strip for the contest, take all odds, defy the dog, and BE somebody.*

The indomitable Felix Pyat, dramatist, radical, and advocate of regicide, banished from France not many months ago for publishing a revolutionary daily newspaper, no sooner finishes his term of exile than he starts another in his beloved Paris. His former journal was called “La Commune.” The new one is “La Commune Libre” (The Free Commune). Being a graphic writer, his paper is sure to be interesting; being an earnest thinker, it is equally sure to be valuable.

Has coercion coerced? We fear it has in the case of Mr. John Dillon. Released from prison, he announced his intention of withdrawing for a time from the land agitation, giving as his reason therefor that the Irish people are determined to try the Land Bill, and that it is best to let them try it without interference. We add our protest to the "Irish World's" against this course. If Mr. Dillon is a true man he will not desert at the very crisis of battle, but his voice will be heard in the thick of it, up and down the Irish country, warning the Irish tenantry in unmistakable terms that they will deserve no sympathy if, having beheld the Sun of Justice, they shut their eyes to its splendid rays, and that they cannot too soon be deprived of *all* the benefits of the land they occupy if they consent any longer to periodically transfer any portion of them to the thieves and loafers who call themselves landlords.

The truly great thinker never shrinks from the consequences of his own thought, but accepts all its conclusions fearlessly. "If your ideas were to be realized," objected a timid soul to a seemingly startling proposition made by Colonel William B. Greene, the author of "Mutual Banking," "They would shiver the planet." "Well, what of it?" answered the colonel, nothing daunted; "there are other planets in plenty, I believe."

The "Magdeburger Zeitung" reports that a young man was recently sent to Bismark with a letter of recommendation for having successfully played the spy in a family where he had been engaged as private tutor, by stealing the contents of a certain threatening letters to majesty. Commenting on this young man, the "New York Volkzeitmug," in a paragraph which loses half its richness by translation, says: "This patent mutton-head is just the tool whom 'Bismarck, the old stud-horse' Willhelm, and the whole tribe of German Philistines need, to instruct them in the dangerous tendencies of social democracy, to the end of securing severer strictures on its propagandism."

Liberty is sent regularly to the Boston Public Library that it may be placed on file in the reading-room. We are informed that the trustees have voted not to place it in the reading-room, but to hide it away in the recesses of Bates Hall. Despotism is still at its old tricks. It knows that its only chance for continued existence lies in keeping the light from the people. "You shall not learn to read," said the slaveholder to his slaves. "You shall read nothing but lies," says capital and government to their victims. But their efforts are in vain. Light has a penetrating power that is irresistible, and is bound to make its way. Liberty will be seen and

read and understood more and more as time goes on, and will eventually force its way to a place of honor on the shelves of libraries everywhere.

The London "Truth" thinks that "the best use to which a woman can be put is to be made the honest wife of a good man, and the judicious mother of healthy children." It is high time that Editor Labouchere, who claims to be a radical, found out that woman is not here to "be put" to any use whatever. Like man, she has her capacities and her preferences, and, like him, she also has the right to *put herself* to the uses most in accordance with them. Propagation is an important function in which man and woman are factors equally necessary, but one whose usefulness is entirely incident and subordinate to the rest of life. Its vaine depends wholly on upon its power to produce human beings good for something more than the mere perpetuation of the race. The man who should be told that the best use to which he could be put would be to be made the honest husband of some good woman, and the judicious father of healthy children, would consider himself insulted, and with reason. Why should not woman, too, feel the insult of being degraded in others' estimation to the level of a mere sexual animal, with no brain to speak of above her cerebellum?

Doctrine of Assent.

At a recent convention of social philosophers the air, as is usual on such occasions, was full of protest and lamentation over the despotic manner in which majorities ride over the will of minorities. More especially, however, were the heated protestations directed against despotic minorities, who, armed with coercive legislation and artillery, contrive to enslave whole peoples without their consent, yea, against their universal *dissent* and protest. Russia was cited, where one irresponsible autocrat rides rough-shod over eighty millions of people without their assent. Ireland was especially quoted as a down-trodden country, where three million tenants are made virtual slaves comparative handful of land monopolists in the face of protest bordering on revolt. In short, all the prominent reforms were represented as hinging upon a state of things where people are being ruled without their assent.

Hearing this representation of the case constantly reiterated, one of the philosophers arose and expressed his utter astonishment that thinking people should suppose that any of these classes and peoples are ruled without their assent. On the contrary, these classes and peoples not only assent to despotism in every case, but they invite it, take off the hat to it, and make the most elaborate arrangements to receive and welcome it. For how, he maintained, could one man oppose eighty million without their consent and affectionate assent, and how could two though absentee landlords enslave three million of people unless the latter cordially assented to it?

It is not necessary to enter into a philosophical analysis of what is embodied in the term *assent* to see that the statement of this latter philosopher is perfectly true. With perhaps the exception of the Nihilists, the people of Russia assent to the domination of the czar. The convincing proof that the elephant really assents to being tormented by a troublesome and persistent flea on his eyelid is that he does not brush the flea off. If it be alleged that dissent would be of no avail, with his huge trunk chained to his legs, the question naturally suggests itself: How came he to allow a weak mortal biped to chain him, when one gentle sarge of his great body would have ground his master to jelly? Ah! The answer comes unbidden, — his ignorance and superstitious reverence for the office of his keeper makes him a slave. And that is what makes the people of Russia slaves, the people of Ireland slaves, the women slaves, and humanity in general servile.

The writer was once an eye-witness of an incident which bears very significantly on this matter of assent as it pertains to Ireland's degradation and oppression. A rude Irishman had been long pestered by a burly priest for not attending mass and contributing to the usury-box. One day, as he was swaggering along the street, half intoxicated, and savagely bidding for a knock-down fight, he was accosted by his priest, who berated him severely for his shortcomings. His answer not exactly suiting the ecclesiastical functionary, the latter suddenly lifted a huge cane which he carried and felled the man to the ground with one blow. Half stunned, and with blood streaming down his face, he arose to his feet, his fists clenched, and inwardly boiling with rage. He partly raised his arms to retort on his brutal antagonist, but one look from that priestly visage dearmed him, and, with a burning pang, he exclaimed: "Ah, yer riverence, I'll not strike ye; but, by the holy virgin, remimber it's only yer holy office that protcts yo!"

Yes, and it is this reverence for office, holy and unholy, that has kept Ireland in chains all these centuries, and still nurtures that foul ulcer, the czardom, on the face of humanity, which the Nihilists alone are ready to tear out by the root and bury it out of sight forever. Success to the Nihilists! They are the only men and women in Russia who do not assent. Liberty honors their deeds and their memories, without fear and without equivocation.

But we by no means would have it inferred that ecclesiastical office is the deadliest bane of progress. The whole tribe of priests are simply the left wing of despotism. They are adjuncts and co-partners in the game of social fraud, along with emperors, kings, presidents, diplomats, and other uniformed and titled operators who perpetuate all the studied tricks on the bill. *Behind all despotism, whatever it may be, there is some underlying superstition which inveigles the masses into passive assent.* This superstition find its expression in an office of some kind; the office perverts men's wits and consciences, and forestalls revolt.

It is the purpose of Liberty to get to the bottom of all things, except the bottom of its purse. Government is a machine invented by a few designing schemers to excite discord and war, and profit by the spoils. The main trick by which conspiracy is perpetuated lies in keeping up superstitious reverence for authority by cunningly decorating it with official insignia. This induces the masses to give practical assent to that which persecutes and enslaves them. Once get the lever of Liberty under the keystone of superstition, and the arch of despotism will tumble into ruins.

Reform Made Ridiculous.

One of the most noteworthy of Thomas Jefferson's sayings was that he "had rather live under newspapers without a government than a government without newspapers." The czar of Russia proposes to make this alternative unnecessary by establishing a national weekly journal to be distributed gratuitously in ever village, whose carefully concocted news paragraphs, severely sifted political items, and rose-tinted editorials shall be read aloud on Sundays by designated officials to the assembled multitudes. This absurd proposal is no more absurd than that of a delegate to the state convention of the Massachusetts Greenbackers, who desired that the government should add to its functions that of the collection of new to be furnished gratuitously to the daily journals. And this, again, is no more absurd than some of the proposals actually endorsed by a majority of the delegates to the same convention, nearly all of whose measures and methods, in fact, are quite of a piece with those of the aforesaid czar.

For instance, one of the resolutions adopted (and we grieve to say that it was introduced by no less a person than our excellent and earnest friend J. M. L. Babcock of Cambridge) asks the legislature to compel all corporations to distribute their profits in excess of six per cent. among their employees in the proportion of the scale of wages. Saying nothing of that fact that this resolution seriously offends Liberty by denying equitable distribution of property which the labor movement seeks must result, not from legislative enactment, but from the free play of natural laws, it also offends Equity by admitting that capital is entitled to a portion of labor's product, and that the producer is entitled to exact a profit from the consumer. Yet we are told that only one man in that whole convention had the brains and the courage to rise from his seat and proclaim the great truth that, if labor can claim anything, it can and should claim ALL. What wonder that this half-hearted, half-headed Greenback party excited among intelligent people no sentiment higher than that of a pity akin to contempt! Mr. Babcock's resolution would take the labor movement off of its basis of rights, and degenerate it into an unprincipled scramble for spoils by which the strongest would profit. Take the half-loaf who will; we shall never cease to reiterate that the whole loaf rightfully belongs to those who raise the wheat from the soil, grind it into flour, and bake it into bread, and not the smallest taste of it to the sharpers who deceive the unthinking masses into granting them a monopoly of the opportunities of performing these industrial

operations, which opportunities they in turn rent back to the people on condition of receiving the other half of the loaf.

Religion a Disease.

When one reads a religious journal, or even one which, like our own Boston "Herald," is only occasionally given to religiosity, he is pretty certain to be reminded of the sick-room, and Swedenborg's doctrine of correspondences gets new proof. That the religious atmosphere is the atmosphere of the hospital, full of sickness and of nursing, is painfully revealed to him. Low, suppressed speech, solemn wailing, and forms prostate or bending; awe-struck, blind, believing, fearing, prospecting, entreating, coddling, soul-nourishing with sip of wine and crumb of bread; priests, deacons, and pews, — ah, well, the reminders are too many, — everything but health! And therefore it is, when an old error, a bad superstition is assailed, the truly religious editor cries out: "Oh, spare the blow; leave it, leave it; touch not a single folly; they have sheltered, protected, comforted; the world will never give them up. Never! never! ever!" All of which may be set down to mean: "The world is sick; the world is in a hospital; it can not bear strong food; from the light it shrinks. Leave it there, shrouded in the 'dim religious light;' leave it to the divine mercy, to the providence that tempers the wind to the shorn lambs."

But with all due respect to whom it may concern we say: — Not so; the world isn't sick, — it's frightened. It is stupid and dull, but not sick, and is sadly in need of *exercise*. It requires good sense, wholesome truth, and the general breath of Liberty. Don't be afraid; the world will not die. You can't kill it. It is full of grit, has plenty of courage, and can face all the *Facts* of this universe with entire equanimity.

Ah! thou poor, religious, skulking world, awake! arouse! arise! Take up thy bed, cast it away, and *walk*!

Liberty's Weapons.

Our methods are methods of peace. Liberty is not the advocate of force. Speaking for itself, it hates murderous weapons of all descriptions. It enters into no planning, plotting, or dark and secret measure of assassination or revolution. The French were to call their statue in New York harbor, "Liberty enlightening the world." And that is Liberty's proper function. Compared with the light that is to come, the world sits in darkness. Liberty is the torch we bear aloft, convinced that Liberty's light is to lead the world to heights and into a fullness of life beyond the heart of man now to conceive.

With old, dead, and decaying ideas; with shows and shams; with half-heartedness, hypocrisy, and pious, moralistic, pharisaic pretension; with all the hindgers, cripples, dwarfs the human intellect and the robust heart of mankind, — Liberty fights; but with the ploughshare of thought and the lance of freest criticism, disbelieving in all other weapons — those that are death-dealing and not life-giving.

And yet Liberty finds words of approval for the Hartsmanns and the tyrant-slayers who in secrecy plot the revenges of fate. Why? Because Liberty is forced to choose between one class that slays to oppress and another that slays to free.

Is there not a difference?

You know there is, you editors who mouth about assassination, and, if you say there isn't, why, we take the Liberty to say the truth is not in you.

Some of our friends are in a great hurry for a full and systematic explanation of Liberty's philosophy and purposes. They are very anxious to know "just what we are driving at." Patience, good friend, patience! You will get it all in due season. But Liberty's philosophy is a comprehensive one, and cannot be compressed in a day or in a column. The contents of a little fortnightly journal like this, hastily put together as they are in a few spare moments of an otherwise busy life, must perforce present it in dribbles, a little here and a little there. Only follow it closely, in all its applications, and you will finally find that it fits everywhere and is deeply rooted. But to a certain extent Liberty, like the rest of the world, floats with the tide, and the development of her philosophy is governed by progress of affairs. Where we shall next branch out, we can no more tell than could John Ruskin, who answered a similar criticism for his "Fors Clavigera" in these words: "As well please with a birch-tree growing out of a crag to arrange its boughs beforehand. The winds and

floods will arrange them according to their wild liking; all that the tree has to do, or can do, is to grow gaily, if it may be; sadly, if gaiety be impossible; and let the black jags scar rend the rose-white of its trunk whee Fors shall choose." Meanwhile, we are scoring one point, and for the present the most important one, in arousing people to the fact that *we are driving at something*.

The Marquis of Waterford, foreseeing the inevitable, is endeavoring to stave it off by posing as a philanthropist and a reformer. He offers his tenants a permanent reduction of their rents, and to those whom he has evicted a reinstatement. If his tenants show themselves base enough to accept this bribe, they will become neither more nor less than compounders of felony, and will win the same disrespect from those who thoroughly understand the nature of theft that is now accorded by those who know only theft as defined by statute to the merchant who compromises with the burglar by whom his safe has been robbed. "Rent under any circumstances is an immoral tax," says Michael Davitt, boldly and truthfully. No compromise with it, then, is the only course for honest men to follow.

On the strength of the favorable symptoms in the president's case immediately following the so-called "nation's prayer," Dr. J. L. Withrow, who now fills old Dr. Beecher's pulpit at "Brimstone Corner," made the rash announcement last Sunday that the prayer has been heard in heaven and speedily answered, little know that, as the words were leaving his lips, the wires from Long Branch were saying to the newspapers that an abscess had formed on the president's right lung, greatly endangering his chances for recovery. Probably Dr. Withrow will hereafter maintain a judicious reserve until the final designs of Our Lord are manifested in a way that no longer leaves room for doubt.

Uncompromising Steven Foster, the old-time abolitionist who died the other day at his home in Worcester, was one of the most useful citizens that ever honored this country by living in it. Thoroughly honest, devoid of personal ambition, anxious only for the good of his fellows, fearless, logical, and persistent in his maintenance for their rights, he has left behind him a record that will grow whiter in the eyes of generations better able than this to contrast it with the blackness of the sins against which his life was one long battle. Liberty honors his memory as one of her truest soldiers.

Liberty knows no difference whatever between the rights of man, and the rights of woman. Therefore it is eternally opposed to woman suffrage.

A minister has preached an hour; then he remembered: "Another wide field opens from the subject in another direction." Just then an old colored saint ejaculated, "Please, Lord, put up de bars."

The Poetry of Places.

BY WILLOUGHBY WIGGIN.

“Places,” observes the dramatist Pythagoras, “are often poetical, and poetry is sometimes local.” Great hearts, like Spenser’s, are frequently attached by cords which they cannot sever to a garret, a cellar, or a hovel; but their furniture and other valuables have sometimes been separated from them by a still stronger attachment. Poets seldom go to law; the law generally goes to them.

The poetry of places if often very charming, sometimes even more so than the places themselves. It may be divided into two general classes, namely, I-am-bic and the You-dam-bic. We will omit the consideration of the first for the present, and proceed to examine the second. You-dam-bic poetry was almost unknown to the ancients; and, though it may be found in a rudimentary form in other countries, it has been chiefly cultivated in the United States, where it may be found in its highest perfection. The extreme delicacy of this species of poetic composition admirably fits it for a place in the literature of a free country. So frail and tender is its constitution that it has never been known to flourish among the rigors of despotic governments like Great Britain and France. It droops and fades beneath the blighting shadows of oppression, but blossoms out in all its beauty and glory when caressed by the atmosphere of freedom, and nourished by the encouraging rays of the sun of republican liberty. Here, where great cities spring up as if by magic, there is a true local rivalry, never before equaled in intensity, that fires the heart of enthusiasm and arouses a poetic frenzy in the breast of the humblest inhabitants. Take, for example, the following pathetic lines, which we recently found in the columns of a St. Louis newspaper, the able “Cube-Courtier:”

There was a Miss Blank in Chicawgah
Who started a courting, but maugre
She pleaded her cases
In satins and laces,
She couldn’t earn pretzels and lawyer.

Alfred Tennyson himself never gave us a verse like that, and we hazard the prediction that he never will. He has, perhaps, surpassed it in mere melodiousness;

but poetry is more than bare music: it is sentiment rhythmically expressed. And the exquisite perfection of the verse before us culminates in a refined and tender human sympathy, which, like an atmosphere, envelops and permeates the entire stanza, but whose efflorescent bloom is completed in the closing line. Take another example, which I find in an Eastern paper, accredited to the Chicago "Nadir-Zenith:"

There was a young man in St. Louis
Whose doctor confined him to brewis:
 He lived for a season,
 But soon lost his reason,
 And married a pawnbreaking Jewess.

This, though scarcely so delicate as the other verse, is remarkable for the intellectual grasp it displays, a grasp combined with subtle refinement of thought and unusual purity and depth of emotion. It evinces the classic serenity of Bryant united with the turbid grandeur of Bryon; the simplicity and repose of Longfellow with the abstruse profundity and even the inimitable punctuationality (there ought to be such a word) of Mrs. Piatt. The second line is, by far, the most affecting: the heartless decree of the unfeeling physician, and then, — the meagreness of the diet, and in such a country! But the logical necessity of the catastrophe and final denouement is not paralleled within the entire range of modern art. You can see the whole scene before you: the loan-office filled with all sorts of trumpery, the three gilded balls over the door, the anotely crowd hurrying by on the street, and, at the far extremity of establishment, the ghost-like figure, a mere shadow in the dim gloom of the apartment, leaning mysteriously forward over the anoque desk in the very act of making out a ticket! Or again, what could be more touching than this from the "Daily Diary"?

Folks in Chicago
Try to make hog go
For vension, rabit, and beef;
 But something they find
 It's nothing but rind, —
And then the poor cats come to grief.

Matthew Arnold says that Homer is noble, and, on the whole, perhaps he is right, with certain important qualifications; but genuine nobility was almost unknown to the ancients, and has been fully developed only by the lofty school of bards whom we are now considering. Has Mr. Arnold ever examined the poetry in question? The naivete with which he asserts that Homer is noble plainly indicates that he has not. He means, no doubt, — and so far he is correct, — that, if real nobility of style and thought had been known to the Greeks, Homer would probably have been noble. But just here we wish to caution Mr. Arnold, and the flippant English litterateurs who take him as a model, not to be rash in their assertions; for callow literary criticism is almost certain, sooner or later, like the unhappy felines of Chicago, to “come to grief.” A man like Mr. Arnold cannot afford to lose his reputation by a slip, a mere *lapsus pinguis* like the one to which we have just referred. But we digress. We quote the following from the “Weakly Weekly,” which, save in critiques, admits verse to its columns only in those rare cases where extraordinary merit absolutely forbids exclusion:

Down in St. Louis
All they can do is
Make shoes for their girls’ clumsy pedals;
Their feet are so large
As an updriven barge,
With ankles as slender as needles.

Note the temperate moderation of these lines. The true poet is always easy and natural. He never exaggerates, never strains a point. And observe how he condenses. A mere versifier would have thiaimed out the tropical luxuriance of this passage into fifty or a hundred lines. The most skillful chiropodist could not treat this delicate theme with more tenderness, and the description of the ankles is Spenscian, or rather, it is, by far, a finer simile than Spenser ever conceived. Spenser wrote tolerable English for his day, but he was too matter-of-fact for subtle and refined concepts. Still, he deserves our gratitude, for, like a true poet, he died of starvation in a garret. We sincerely hope the noble bards on whose writings we have been decanting may all speedily have an opportunity to imitate his example; and we will conclude by suggesting to all younge aspirants, like the poet of the “Weekly,” that

the female form divine is the best figure to begin with, for, in the words of the classic couplet of the gentle poet of Florence, Macchiavelli,—

“In the vast scope of lore, divine and human,
The noblest study of mankind is woman.”

* *Lapsus pinguis*, a slip, or want of fulness, that is, knowledge. See Kikero, “De Senectati,” MDCXL, 2, 3, 4, 5.

Enforced Education.

EDITOR LIBERTY: — Thanks for the copy of your most excellent first number. Count me as one subscriber, with hope of others. "The Anatomy of Liberty" is the best article on the subject that it has been my good fortune to read. The first four lines of the extract from "L. Verite" regarding liberty of parents are sufficient to convince any rationalist of the fallacy of *compulsory education*. We run no great risk of contradiction in saying that the public-school system is deficient, that the course of study is ill-advised and, in many respects, unwise, and that the teachers do not fully comprehend the scope of education and the field to cover. If it becomes compulsory, common schools become degraded to the level of educational jails. We lower the character of every pupil in her or her own estimation the moment they enter the schoolyard. We insult the spirit on intelligence and common sense in the American people. Children would not as readily learn if they felt they were driven to school by law. Incentive would be blighted, pride hurt, and ambition distorted. Compulsion in any form is antagonistic to the spirit of our institutions, and if a foothold is obtain in the public schools, it will establish an undesirable precedent.

With these premises we may assert that the *necessity* that compels parents to send their children to shops, stores, factories, etc., should be removed. If parents are to be *compelled* to send children to school, the community owes the parents two things: first, that the school be *fit* to send children to; second, that the father, by industry and thrift, be *enabled* to allow his children to go to school. Love of esteem; ambition; pride; the influence of good example; the advantages to be derived from education, — these and other influences combine to induce parents to send children to school without the aid of compulsory measures. In fact, the true business of the American legislature is to go behind the returns, and see to it that the conditions are such as to lead the people to accept *voluntarily* the benefits and advantages of common-school education. The question of compulsory education will be solved by the solution of deeper and broader questions behind it, present reference to which would intrench too far on our time and your space.

EL-D. L. Philadelphia, August, 1881.

Game for the Fool-Killer.

Though man, pricked by a stupid arrogance, strives often to break the reins of government, he never escapes having to obey someone! Very necessity compels, in every association of men, and in every community, that some shall be at the head. Without a head, or chief, by which it may be governed, any society, defrauded of the aim for which it was framed and formed, goes to pieces, and can never avail. — *Pope Leo XIII.*

The “Somebody” of the present hour is always a thrifty, lively, industrious, temperate, far-seeing individual, that is always looking for the main chance, and always ready and eager to seize and improve it when he finds it. It matters not whether he is a merchant, a mechanic, a professional character, or a corporation, he is invariably found the possessor of the same intellectual elements and capabilities. That ‘Somebody’ is a great financial, social, or political tyrant is utter nonsense. The door is open to every American citizen to be a “somebody” instead of a nobody. He has his choice and ought not to complain. — *V. W. B., in New York Truth.*

To Walt Whitman.

At last, O Walt, you are endorsed; no more
Your muse of the shadow of neglect will feel.
The “Atlantic Monthly” squirts have their seal
To your credentials: your probation ’a o’er
Be happy, then, O bard, and drink galore;
Your “yawp” is classic now, if ne’er before.
‘Tis true that long ago the great Reviews
Of Albion halled with joy your new-world muse
As native here and to the manor born.
The “satin-and-patchouly” bards their scorn.
Still vented on your long, unmeasured little,
Ruffled in wrath their borrowed feathers fine
At “Leaves of Grass” and mention of your name,
Though Tennyson, their master, owned your fame.

a.

The Agriculture Crisis.

The following article, written in France and for France by French journalist signing "D. G.," applied more or less appropriately to all civilized countries, and states truths especially important to students of the Irish land question:—

To exhaust industry under the pretext of cheapening products, to kill finance by stock-jobbing and agricultural by usury, rent, and expropriation, and then to shout, "Let us protect and encourage industry and agriculture, and improve our financial condition," — such is the economic programs of certain men who treat French labor as a simple stock-exchange value and speculate by turns on the prosperity and ruin of a great nation.

In that which concerns more particularly agriculture and the protection which it merits we know what complaints are made daily to the authorities by farmers and especially by land proprietors, who, to the exclusion of other country people, have a voice in the matter. Now phylloxera is the trouble, now American competition, now the bad crops. And the government promises a decrease of the land tax, agricultural instruction, agricultural credit, etc., which sound very well in electoral programme.

It is beyond question that agriculture to-day is passing through a crisis. What is its intensity and what is its cause? Generally, in judging these economic revolutions, we commit the error of consulting statistical tables alone and of considering only the quantity or value of products, without reflecting that it is not true that, in the present state of landed property with us, the progress of agriculture is a problem that cannot be solved.

It is known that out of twenty millions of people devoted to agriculture, seven or eight million are proprietors cultivating their own land; they are found generally on small or medium estates and live in comparative ease, provided they do not allow themselves to get entangled in a mesh work of mortgages. As to the other twelve millions they are composed, first, of farmers submitted to the pressing and extortionate conditions of a lease, and then of laborers whose pitiful conditions, sometimes worse than that of the workingmen of the cities, seems less glaring because not as familiar and because among this class of disinherited any cooperative union, any collective demand for justice is impossible.

Whatever they may do, these twelve millions of men will never become proprietors. Let agricultural schools be organized! Result: a decrease in the cost

of production, a larger product. But the inflexible theory of net product always confronts the farmer; they will sow, but the harvest will benefit the proprietors. Let the land tax be reduced! The reduction will not yield them a cent. Let the city tolls be abolished! The cities will offer to the products of the country a larger market, whence will result an increase in the value of the land for the proprietors and an increase of rent against the tenant. The advantage is then offset by the loss. Whatever reform may be attempted in the direction which it is now proposed to take, on whatever side the professed reformers and pseudo-philanthropists may turn, they invariably bring up against the theory of rent: the landlord proprietor always taking the excess of the gross product over the cost of production, in a word the whole net product, and the tenant scarcely recovers his investment. As for the farm-hands, servants, and other agricultural laborers, they only receive contemptible wages. The proprietor speculates on the farmer, the farmer on them, and often their situation is so precarious that they are forced to the factories to avoid starvation, as the emigration from the fields to the city forcibly proves

Let political economy strike up the usual straining about the benefits of economy. Its teachings and advice, always addressed to those who do not need them or cannot profit by them, seem like a cruel jest to those men, workers in city or country, who cannot economize.

Admirers of achievement, the economists have codified abuses and given the name of science to this collection of general principles which regulate the exploitation of man by man. No more on this question than on those of industrialism, free trade, taxation, have they been able to grasp the difference between demanded rights and existing facts.

It is said on all sides, and with reason, that, to develop agricultural forces of a country, it is necessary to make use of new processes and especially not to fear to devote large amounts of capital to the cultivation of land. But who will furnish this capital? The tenant, for land that does not belong to him? He will guard well against that, and, if he has saved something, he will consider rather the purchase of a bit of land. The Landlord? Better worth his while to invest his capital in manufacturing enterprise and to speculate; for — and there lies the evil — land is less profitable than the stock exchange. Instead of improving the soil and applying to it the best systems of cultivation, the landed proprietors, who generally does not even know his estates and who, and in any case, has no experience in farming, will content himself with receiving his rents which he will try to raise, little by little, so that at

last well-cultivated lands will be found only among those who themselves add to the value of the soil which they own.

And this observation comes to the support of the complaints of the economists against absenteeism, as if absenteeism was not the forced result of the present form of property in land, and as if every proprietor not a cultivator was not necessarily an absentee. Further, by the periodical demands of rent, the proprietor forces the tenant to exhaust the land, an event that generally occurs toward the expiration of the lease, hence an evident loss for society. There lies an evil which no legal remedy can alleviate and the cause of which must be sought for in the constitution of landed property itself.

It must be confessed that of the problem now before us the French Revolution has furnished no satisfactory solution. It has destroyed feudalism, but what has it put in its place? Another feudalism. "The land of France is free throughout its whole extent," says the law of September 28, 1791. But is the peasant free? Is he free when, in law and in fact, he can be evicted, without compensation, from an estate the value of which he has doubled? On this point, the Revolution did not complete its work. Its principles suffice to organize government, or rather on the ruins of government they build autonomy; but, to organize labor, they are insufficient. The Revolution abolished the personally inequality of rights; real inequality survived it, and it has been forgotten that privilege is organic in a society when some can rest and consume without working while others can labor without hope. "The liberty of the proletaïre," said Proudhon, "is the right to labor — that is, to be robbed — or not to labor — that is, to starve. Liberty now benefits none but the strong."

It is then outside of the Revolution itself, and by devoting itself to the study and accomplishment of what the Revolution did not study and accomplish, that social science must henceforth do its work. In the place of the feudalism of the nobility we see to-day an industrial and mercantile feudalism, more powerful than the other. Industry has led to industrialism; so agriculture inclines to become industrial; the machine will hunt the peasant from the field as it has hunted the workman from the shop. The proprietor, the capitalist, will alone remain. Everywhere will be effected a concentration of capital accompanied by a corresponding impoverishment of the masses; for, even when the total wealth of a country increases, the number of the poor may increase also. And that will last until the day when the antagonism in economic society shall have reached that degree of bitterness which, in 1789, made inevitable and fatal the overturning of political society. Excess of abuse leads to

reforms. But so rarely does society adopt means of prevention that in social progress it is necessary to exhaust each of the series composing it, and that it is never noticed that the bow is bent too far until it breaks.

The Farce of Popular Sovereignty.

The letter from the Paris correspondent of "Le Revolte" from which the following is an extract was written prior to the late French elections, but the facts to which it alludes have not lost their significance:—

A fresh act of absolutism on the part of the bourgeois Republic has just exhibited, even to the least clairvoyant, that hollowness of universal suffrage and the little heed that governing classes may with impunity pay to the pretended sovereignty of the people when they find it for their interest to do so.

In the fear, no doubt, that too long an electoral period, by raising on every hand political discussions and exciting public opinion, would shed too much light on the secret intrigues of the ministers, — intrigues likely to end in fatal catastrophe in Tunis, Algeria, or elsewhere, — the Ferry ministry has brusquely decided that the general election shall occur August 21, instead of September or October as was generally expected. And when this unexpected stroke provoked protests from the most moderate, and certain deputies, finding their own interests threatened and their little plans upset, demanded an explanation, the president of the cabinet answered, in tone admitting no rejoinder, that the malcontents were wasting their time and their complaints, and that the election would take place at the appointed date, "such being his good pleasure." Perhaps those were not the exact words of his declaration, but they certainly do not pervert his meaning. An absolute monarch would not have spoken otherwise. M. Jules Ferry, nevertheless, is a representative of the people, one of the elect of universal suffrage! Which proves that the origin of power does not modify its dangerous character, and that it is of small consequence to the people whether the masters who make laws to govern them are masters imposed upon them, or masters chosen by themselves.

French citizens, then, are to go to the polls without having had time for mutual consultation, adoption of platforms, or close scrutiny of the innumerable candidates who solicit their votes. All will be settled in a fortnight in a slovenly, blind, hap-hazard style. And it is this sorrowful farce that is called sovereignty of the people!

But the proletariat, it appears, is beginning to understand how they befool and befog it. Never, indeed, has an electoral period agitated opinion so little. Without doubt meetings are as numerous and exciting as ever; without doubt committees multiply, as well as candidates and professions of faith. But this agitation is wholly

superficial; They're not penetrated, as formerly, deep down among the masses and anonymous crowd; and were it not for the motley which covered, until they have become an eye-sore, with veritable rainbows of posters, no one would detect that the destiny of a great nation — the fate of people now depending of the cast of a die — is under discussion.

Has government absolutism produced this indifference, which may culminate in the near future in vengeful discontent and virile passion? Or is it not due rather to anarchistic reaching, which, thought it has hitherto done little more than speak without acting, pursues slowly and mysteriously its undetermined work, like the water which, falling drop by drop, finally wears away the hardest rock? Possibly the result is attributed to both causes, but certain it is that the Anarchistic ideas are gaining ground every day, more ground perhaps than its most ardent champions imagine. Take one example among a thousand. A few days ago Comrade Emile Gautier, being present at an electoral meeting in the Pantheon quarter at the hall of Vieux-Chene, took the floor to develop the revolutionary theories before the large audience attending. But one of the chief leaders of so-called radicalism in the quarter, the young Pichon, an editor of M. Clemencea's "Justice," broke out in violent protest, pretending that the Anarchists, from the moment that they preached abstention, has no right to attend electoral meetings, much less to speak at them. Unfortunate words for the young bourgeois! From all parts of the hall went up protests, and these cries, "Citizen Gautier is right, "Voting is a game of see-saw," were uttered by a large number of citizens whose faces were unfamiliar and who are not accustomed to frequent our circles or our groups. They were so many unknown friends. So numerous were they that, a few minutes later, the president having denied the floor to Comrade Gautier, and the latter having answered that he would take it in spite of him, as he did not recognize the president's authority (which led to the resignation of the officers of the meeting), Comrade Gautier, although an Anarchist, was chosen president by a large majority. He made haste, however, to decline the position, but the event none the less showed that the strike of the electors lends more favor with the people than the minimum radicals like to admit.

Switzerland's Double Shame.

Read the outspoken utterance of Henri Rouchefort's journal "L'Intiansigeant," on the Kropotkin expulsion:—

A letter from Berne informs us that our friend, Prince Kropotkin, one of the most distinguished men in the Russian revolutionary party, has just been expelled from Switzerland by a decree of the federal council.

They accuse Pierre Kropotkin of having called himself Levaschof, which, it will be admitted, is not highly criminal; of having been editorially connected with "Le Révolté," which was his indisputable right; of having expressed no regret at the death of Alexander II, who had robbed him of his property and banished him; of having remained resolutely true in his republican faith and socialistic convictions; of having maintained sympathy for Sophie Perovskaya, Ryssakoff, Mikhatloff, Jelaboff, and their heroic friends hung at St. Petersburg on the fifteenth of last April; and, finally, of having taken part in the London revolutionary congress, which, it would seem, is England's affair alone.

It is evident that the ridiculous reasons alleged by the federal council in justification of the expulsion of Citizen Pierre Kropotkin only the more clearly reveal the odious character of the measure of which our friend is the victim. Switzerland refuses its hospitality to this proud republican in order to court the favor of Russian authority.

As long ago as 1878 the Swiss republic expelled Paul Brousse for a few newspaper articles; to-day it expels Pierre Kropotkin for a few words spoken at London or Geneva, a double shame will rest upon its shoulders in the eyes of all free peoples.

Ministers, as a rule, know but little of public affairs, and they always account for the action of people they do not like or agree with by attributing to them the lowest and basest motives. This is the fruit of the pulpit, always has been, and probably always will be. — *R. G. Ingersoll.*

Chapter V

On Picket Duty.

Legislation is usurpation.

Those who would abolish poverty by reducing the hours of labor put the cart before the horse.

The people are poor, not because they receive low wages, but because they give their credit away and buy it back.

Liberty owes her readers an apology for the slight delay in the appearance of this number. Hereafter our mailing day will be Friday, one day later than heretofore.

One of our Greenback exchanges says that “every man who has a ballot and fails to use it in defence of American liberty is responsible if those liberties are abridged.” Every man who casts a ballot necessarily uses it in offence against American liberty, it being the chief instrument of American slavery.

“Bullion” speaks the truth in saying that “the benefit of credit is overbalanced by the disadvantage of debt.” But to a capable and honest person the only disadvantage of any debt that he is liable to contract consists in the steady drain of usury. Make credit gratuitous by organizing it, and its blessings will be unmixed.

The New Bedford “News” was the victim of the worst case of gush developed by the death of the president. Its words are not before us as we write, but our quotation of them does not differ materially from the literal, if at all. “The nation now has in heaven a holy trinity,— Washington, Lincoln, Garfield,— Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.” What rot!

The outcry against middlemen is senseless. As E. H. Heywood puts it, “middlemen are as important as end men.” And they are as truly producers. Distribution is a part of production. Nothing is wholly produced until it is ready for use, and nothing is ready for use until it has reached the place where it is to be used. Whoever brings it to that place is a producer, and as such entitled to charge for his work. The trouble with middlemen is that they charge consumers not only for their work, but for the use of their invested capital. As it is, they are useful members of society. Eliminate usury from their methods, and they will become respectable members also.

“The hanging of Guiteau is a pleasure and duty which belongs solely and exclusively to the people of the United States.” The brutal barbarian who says this is named S. F. Norton. He edits a paper in Chicago called “The Sentinel,” and desires

to entrust the rulers of this people of peculiar “pleasures” with the exclusive power to manufacture the tool by which all products are distributed. All the monopolies go together, of which we have fresh proof in this claim of the would-be monopolists of money to a monopoly of murder. This same editor has the shamelessness to admit that the tool referred to, i. e., the greenback, is a “forced loan,” and to attempt to justify it as such; yet he complains in the same column of the act of a band of robbers who recently contracted a forced loan with the passengers of a Western railway train by presenting pistols at their heads and commanding them to deliver. All these things are to be expected from a member of a party that relies on the law for the accomplishment of everything. Law is its God, and makes its morality. Robbery through the instrumentality of a legal tender note is right; robbery through the instrumentality of a revolver is wrong. Murder unsanctioned by statute finds no favor in this Greenbacker’s eyes, but murder done on the scaffold is to him, not only right, but sweet.

A faint idea of the state of things that engenders Nihilism is conveyed by the statement of the Russian delegates to the International Literary Congress at Vienna, who, in combating a motion of a French delegate to petition the czar for the pardon of the Russian novelist who has been in exile in Siberia for eight years for tinging his writings with socialism, declared that, if the petition should be adopted, it would be impossible for them to return to Russia. We commend this fact to D. A. Wasson and all other slanderers of the Nihilists. After hearing of it, he will doubtless be moved to write another article for the “Free Religious Index,” glorifying the Alexanders as apostles of liberty.

Liberty congratulates herself and Anarchists generally on the rapidity with which our principles are obtaining a foothold. An indication of their progress is seen in the following editorial comments of so prominent a newspaper as the Boston “Daily Globe” on the long-continued disability of the president: “The Republic is not a failure. The great governmental experiment of the new world has demonstrated that men do not need rulers; that they can govern themselves. It has passed through a crisis unforeseen by its founders and unprovided for in its Constitution,— and it still lives, the world’s grand beacon light on the road to Liberty. . . . The only real strength of government is the cohesive power of the masses and the confidence of the people in their ability to govern themselves in the absence of all official representatives of authority and power. This strength the Republic possesses, and it is a success. It shows to the world that a measure of self-government is a thousand times better than all the military power and

'divine right' that ever existed, and more powerful for good, for peace, for the maintenance of human rights. The attitude of the American people in the face of what would have been a crisis in any other country has advanced the cause of humanity, proved the expediency as well as the justice of popular government, and ought to silence those who have expressed the belief, fathered by the wish, that the great American experiment must ultimately fail through lack of strength. The American people have shown the grandeur of their power, the permanency of their principles, and their unwavering loyalty to liberty and justice in this period of doubt and uncertainty, and given hope and courage to oppressed humanity to struggle onward and upward toward the light, in the footsteps of the nation that has led the march of human progress, and *will be, a hundred years hence, as far in advance of the present as the present is in advance of the ideas of a hundred years ago, if it only remains true to 'government by the people'* and resists every effort to shackle it with a strong government of centralised power and exaggerated official authority." Well said, the "Daily Globe"!

Sinister Sorrow.

Dead or alive, all's one to me, with mischievous persons; but alas! how very grievously all's two to me, when they are helpful and noble ones. — *John Ruskin*.

No person of proper human feeling would insult a sincere mourner standing at a grave. Doubtless there are many mourners in this hour of what is called “the nation's sorrow” who, however mistaken, are honest in their grief. This article is not for them. Indeed, to a certain extent we share their sorrow. Garfield died manfully after many weeks of patient suffering, as many another man dies every day. With all of these victims we have sympathy in their suffering, for all of them respect in their fortitude; with and for Garfield as much as the rest, and no more. Nor to those deluded persons who are led to shed dutiful tears by an idolatrous worship of rulers and governments have we a word to say today. True, it is Liberty's main purpose to sooner or later convict them of their error; but, cherishing the error honestly, let them respect its forms.

Our indignant denunciation is of the heartless scoundrels whose tool Garfield has been, who, with sinister purpose, have put in operation all this machinery of woe, hoping thereby to intimidate or bribe the late president's successors into following his example. Garfield *died* manfully, we said above. Did he *live* manfully? That is the main question. He appears to have been an amiable friend, a good husband and father, and a hard though rather superficial student. But his was not the stuff of human grandeur. A man who, at twenty-five or thirty, writes sophomoric poetry, preaches, prays, and sings pennyroyal hymns in Christian conventicles, and who, in his maturer years, consorts largely and lovingly with priests and indulges in their religious gush, is not the kind of man that is apt to do much in helping the world onward. In the composition of such men putty is a large ingredient; and so it was with Garfield. All his later life he has been led by the nose by designing villains, schemers against the people's products. He has helped them, more or less innocently, more or less guiltily, yielding to their proffered temptations and sometimes betraying the people's trusts. A very convenient man for our purposes, think the schemers. His place must not be left vacant. Others must be tempted into it. So, taking advantage of the undue respect for the office which he chanced to hold, at their bidding the word goes forth.

Toll the bells! Fire the minute-guns! Bestow riches on his family! Bear his body through the country with funeral pomp and circumstance! Hang upon the outer

walls the gloomy trappings of woe! And all is promptly done. The commercial world responds in a spirit of rivalry, each member of it trying to advertise his interest by surpassing his neighbor in the ostentation of sorrow. Preachers till the air with lamentations, and poets sing the martyr's praises for a price. Messages of condolence and grief pass back and forth under the ocean between the crowned heads of Europe and the uncrowned despots of America, Victoria, William, and Alexander recognizing instinctively that, in the death of a president no less than in that of a king, a fellow-tyrant falls. The kindred of oppressors feel for each other. And by this manufactured manifestation a public sentiment is created to shield them a little longer in their grinding of the oppressed. How long shall this thing last? Let the victims abandon their prayers, wipe away the blinding tears, and look with undimmed eyes straight into the nature of these plots and plotters. A clear vision is all that's needed. The rest will follow.

Capital's Claim to Increase.

Liberty's strictures, in her last issue, upon the proposal of the Massachusetts Greenbackers, adopted at their Worcester convention, to ask the legislature to compel all corporations to distribute their profits in excess of six per cent, among the employees in proportion to their wages has stirred up Mr. J. M. L. Babcock, the author of that singular project, to a defence of it, which we gladly print in another column. And in defending it against Liberty, he is obliged to do so in behalf of capital. It seems a little odd to find this long time defender of the rights of labor in the role of champion of the claims of capital; but we remember that he is one who follows the lead of justice as he sees it, take him where it may.

Before proceeding to the main question, he gives us two minor points to settle. First, he very pertinently asks why we "grieve" at his course. We answer by taking it all back. As he says, Liberty should rejoice, rather than grieve, at the honest exercise of the right to differ. When we hastily said otherwise, we said a very foolish thing. Yes, worse than that; in so far, we were false to our own standard Mr. Babcock has Liberty's sincerest thanks for recalling her to her own position. May he and all never fail to sharply prod us, whenever they similarly catch us napping!

Second, he assumes that the profit idea cannot be ridiculous (as we pronounced it), since its converse is not well established or generally accepted. To say that the no-profit theory is not well established is to beg the principal question under discussion; to say that, because the theory is not generally accepted, the few friends that it has are not entitled to ridicule the position of its enemies is not in accordance with the nature of ideas or the custom of Mr. Babcock. How often have we listened with delight to his sarcastic dissection and merciless exposure to the light of common sense of some popular and well-nigh universal delusion in religion, politics, finance, or social life! He is in the habit of holding ridiculous all those things, whoever supports them, which his own reason pronounces absurd. And he is right in doing so, and wrong in saying that we ought not to follow his example. So, while it is clear that, on the first minor point, Mr. Babcock has the better of Liberty, on the second Liberty as decidedly has the better of Mr. Babcock.

Now to the question proper. Labor, says our friend, never gains anything by extravagant claims. True; and no claim is extravagant that does not exceed justice. But it is equally true that labor always loses by foolish concessions; and, in this industrial struggle, every concession is foolish that falls short of justice. It is to be

decided, then, not whether Liberty's claim for labor is extravagant, but whether it is just. "Whatever contributes to production is emitted to an equitable share in the distribution!" Wrong! *Whoever* contributes to production is alone so entitled. *What* has no rights that *Who* is bound to respect. *What* is a thing; *Who* is a person. Things have no claims; they exist only to be claimed. The possession of a right cannot be predicated of dead material, but only of a living person. "In the production of a loaf of bread, the plough performs an important service, and equitably comes in for a share of the loaf." Absurd! A plough cannot own bread, and, if it could, would be unable to eat it. A plough is a *What*, one of those things above mentioned, to which no rights are attributable. Oh! but we see. "Suppose one man spends his life in making ploughs to be used by others who sow and harvest wheat. If he furnishes his ploughs only on condition that they be returned to him in as good state as when taken away, how is he to get his bread?" It is the maker of the plough, then, and not the plough itself, that is entitled to a reward? *What* has given place to *Who*. Well, we'll not quarrel over that. The maker of the plough certainly is entitled to pay for his work. Full pay, paid once; no more. That pay is the plough itself, or its equivalent in other marketable products, said equivalent being measured by the amount of labor employed in their production. But if he lends his plough and gets only his plough back, how is he to get his bread? asks Mr. Babcock, much concerned. Ask us an easy one, if you please. We give this one up. But why should he lend his plough? Why does he not sell it to the farmer, and use the proceeds to buy bread of the baker? See, Mr. Babcock? If the lender of the plough "receives nothing more than his plough again, he receives nothing for the product of his own labor, and is on the way to starvation." Well, if the fool will not sell his plough, let him starve. Who cares? It's his own fault. How can he expect to receive anything for the product of his own labor, if he refuses to permanently part with it? Does Mr. Babcock propose to steadily add to this product at the expense of some laborer, and meanwhile allow this idler, who has only made a plough, to loaf on in luxury, for the balance of his life, on the strength of his one achievement? Certainly not, when our friend understands himself. And then he will say with us that the slice of bread which the plough-lender should receive can be neither large nor small, but must be nothing.

To that end we commend to Mr. Babcock the words of his own candidate for secretary of state, nominated at the Worcester convention, A. B. Brown, editor of "The Republic," who says: "The laborers of the world, instead of having only a small fraction of the wealth in the world, should have all the wealth. To effect

this, all monopolies must be terminated,— whether they be monopolies of single individuals or ‘majorities,’— and labor-cost must be recognized as the measure and limit of price.” If Mr. Brown sticks to these words and the Greenbackers to their platform, there’s going to be a collision, and Mr. Brown will keep the track. But, lest Mr. Brown’s authority should not prove sufficient, we refer Mr. Babcock further to one of his favorite authors, John Ruskin, who argues this very point on Mr. Babcock’s own ground, except that he illustrates his position by a plane instead of a plough. Mr. Babcock may find his words under the heading, “The Position of William,” immediately following his own letter to us. If he succeeds in showing Mr. Brown’s assertions to be baseless and Mr. Ruskin’s arguments to be illogical, he may then come to Liberty for other foes to conquer. Till then we shall be but an interested spectator of his contest.

The Voltairean Warfare.

Voltaire and Paine found themselves face to face with a world steeped in a degrading superstition called Christianity. It was proclaimed as religion. But the fact now appears that that which distinguished it from other so-called religions was not a special refinement of, or superior emphasis given to, the religious idea, but a dissimilarity in the catalogue of miraculous and superstitious dogmas. Humboldt asserted that “all possible religions contain three distinct parts: first, a code of morals, very fine and nearly the same in all; second, a geological dream; and third, a myth, or historical novelette, which last becomes the most important of all.” T. W. Higginson, quoting this paragraph, remarks: “The essential truth of this observation may be seen when we compare the different religions of the world, side by side. The main difference lies here,— that each fills some blank space in its creed with the name of a different teacher. For instance, the Oriental Parsee repeats the four main points of his creed as follows: ‘To believe in one god, and hope for mercy from him only; to believe in a future state of existence; to do as you would be done by.’ Thus far the Parsee keeps on the universal ground of religion; then he drops into the language of his sect, and adds,— ‘To believe in Zoroaster as lawgiver, and hold his writings sacred.’ The creed thus furnishes a formula for all religion. It might be printed in blank, like a circular, leaving one of the closing names to be filled in. For Zoroaster read Christ, and you have Christianity; read Buddha, and you have Buddhism; read Mohammed, and you have Mohammedanism.”

Mr. Higginson’s statement is supported by a long array of facts, which show how exactly alike are all the religions our earth has produced, each one of them deep-rooted in human ignorance, and supported from age to age by the authority of holy traditions, sacred books, and the lordship of a “divine person” whose supposed words stand as limits of all thought, reason, experience, world without end. In short, each religion is established by a “revelation” God (the imaginary) speaks, using the human voice, and that speech, good or bad, true or false, backed up by reputed miracles, is for all time, on the issues presented, to be received as the only “wisdom” mankind may entertain. It is the “revelation” made once and for all.

Now, in this respect Christianity stands precisely where all the other religions stand. It is called Christianity because its hero was the Christ, and not Buddha or Mohammed.

We do not speak here of its moral code. Be that better or worse than others, it has its basis, for most part, in reason, and not in "revelation." But as a religion it is the same superstitious structure which other peoples have reared, the Hebrews giving to theirs their own local coloring. Christianity is the shading off of the Hebraic idea. The Old Testament Jew looked for a temporal Messiah, king, deliverer, whom their God should send and establish on the throne of David. They were watching for the Christ, the God-appointed great man, believing such a person would come and restore their nationality. The Jesus of Nazareth claiming to be that Christ they rejected, for the good reason, it may be supposed, that he was unable to fulfil their expectation. In other words, as he advanced in his career, he outgrew the idea of the State, and set himself to found a more rational kingdom. The idea of Liberty had taken possession of him, and, with limitations, he became one of its apostles. Had he not been killed within two years or more of his entrance upon the proclamation of ideas so contrary to Jewish conservatism, his record in history as a defender of liberty might have been far less imperfect. But, as it was, he grasped the idea of *a world governed without force*, and yielded himself to be its martyr. Little, however, did his immediate followers enter into the great thought that had found lodgment in his mind. They seized on his mistakes and not on his truths, and built thereon a spiritual despotism called the Church, which no Statecraft had surpassed. The Jews would have had a Christ on a throne whom they could see, a man of wisdom and goodness, coercing his decrees by the authority of God. The Christian put the Christ on an invisible throne, called him the God, and bowed, mind and spirit, to his supposed dictation. Unable to conceive the sublime idea of Liberty that he conceived, they fastened upon all the absurdities of belief he had received by inheritance, and have proclaimed them ever since by fire and sword, and by every inhuman invention of torture their wit could devise,— a most damnable record.

It was against this system that Voltaire and Paine set themselves in battle array, and with an intensity of conviction and life-long persistence that would honor the Christ himself. With wit, reason, laugh, or sneer, they made a breach in the hitherto solid wall. They struck blows which made the old superstition reel. Christianity turned pale with rage, and spit venom, covering with its slime each of these two bravest of men. But to no purpose. The breach was made. It has grown larger and larger, until to-day thousands of men and women are pouring through into the free land of Canaan, where they undertake, by hard thinking and experience, by their own inward promptings, to live the life their natures proclaim — a life of Liberty.

What Liberty is may yet be a question; but to undertake, one and all, to solve that problem is a task magnificent, a spectacle eclipsing in grandeur all else humanity has essayed.

It is to be expected, however, that the old superstition will die hard. One thing is engraven on the world's memory: notwithstanding their Lord and Master was a non-resistant, a man of peace, *Christians know how to fight*. They are the fighters of the world. From the bigoted and most ignorant up to the so-called "liberal" and enlightened, they all retain (when they are actively Christians) the warrior's death-giving propensity. Hence, we are not surprised to find the modern liberal Christian giving his little stab into the hearts of such men as Voltaire and Paine. One of the latest of these thrusts that has come to our notice is an article by the Unitarian editor of the Boston "Sunday Herald" on "The Infidel Outlook." The one point is that Voltaire and Paine did only negative work, when they ought to have done positive work. As if to beat down the bars of the world's prison were not something quite as *positive* for that same world's everlasting good, as anything now visible as the result of our much-vaunted modern "scholarly criticism."

"We demand for mankind freedom to become intelligent," was what both Voltaire and Paine reiterated all their lives. Will that world of man not one day appreciate this great service? We think so. But only as it is freed from the Christian superstition.

Government and the State.

Probably, if four-fifths of those who subscribe for Liberty, and are asked to subscribe for it, could reach the ears of the editor, they would ask this question:—

If you abolish government, what do you propose to put in its place, in order to secure the blessings of life, liberty, and possession?

Of course such a question would never occur to a person trained to scientific habits of thought. It is akin to such questions as:— If you abolish slavery, what do you propose to do with four millions of ignorant niggers? If you abolish popes, priests, and organized religion, what do you propose to do with the rude and vicious masses? If you abolish marriage, what do you propose to do with the children? *etc., etc.*

Thinkers, drilled in scientific methods, of course pay no attention to such irrelevant questions. Their business is simply to pursue the truth, to find out the true law and the true facts. Whose pet machine is smashed, and whose superstitions are offended is not their business. The responsible parties must take care of that,— not they. When Darwin was reminded that his theory of the origin of species would overthrow the book of Genesis and undermine revelation, he treated the reminder with a contempt becoming the man of science. It was not his business to nurse and defend the book of Genesis, and he justly treated it as a piece of whining impudence to ask him to do so.

But unfortunately, the average man is not a thinker, and only here and there a man has sufficient mental training to abide by the canons of science and logic. We will attempt, therefore, to answer the above question with as much completeness as our space will permit in this issue.

And we answer, in the first place, that Liberty *does not* propose to abolish government, in so far as by government is meant any social arrangement looking to a regulated well-being of the parties concerned, provided, however (and this is the all-in-all of our philosophy), that the given arrangement shall hinge on choice, natural selection, and voluntary assent, and not on anticipated needs of constitution-making conspirators, backed by prearranged brute force, to coerce and crush dissenters.

We of course recognize government in nature. Turn twenty horned cattle into a field, and without much political goring they, by unconscious assent, select a leader

and protector. Every well-regulated family is a government. The little ones, feeling their weakness and inexperience, look up to father and mother, and, although the direction of the fond parent has the effect of a stern command, the government is one of love, assent, yea, pleasure. Wherever a company of people come together, in high life or low, there is government. Left to themselves, somebody will soon be recognized as the fittest in his sphere, and he will lead, direct, — yes, govern if you will, — through voluntary recognition of his fitness to do so. Against such arrangements Liberty has no war to wage. On the contrary, it is government in this sense that we wish to see take the place of the old despotic swindle. It is the *State* against which we have declared a war of extermination, and to those who will follow us from issue to issue we promise to show conclusively that the State has nothing in common with the above-cited arrangements.

Perhaps, however, for the present, the shortest way to illustrate, in the rough, what we mean, will be to state two cases briefly:—

Case I. A thousand persons meet in an open field. Their purpose is to secure life, liberty, and possession. As they stand there, ready to go to work, a latent feeling possesses them that some kind of regulated association would conduce to their best well-being. Suddenly a kind but resolute-looking individual, with noble brow and persuasive mien, plants himself on an elevation and addresses the gathering. "Men and women," says he; "having had large experience in the concerns of life, I volunteer a proposal to you. It is that you separate, in such groups as selection may direct, and go to the neighboring lands. Each of you can seize upon such lands as you can occupy and cultivate and there is enough for all. If any number of you, by experimental contact with me, should conclude that I would make a good leader, adviser, and director, I am at your service for such compensation as we can agree upon. Bear in mind, however, that I do not speak with authority, but only as an individual, like all the rest of you. I think my advice is good, and I invite those who assent to follow me; but those who may dissent are perfectly free to go their own way, and I can assure them that, should my party prove the strongest in numbers, no manner of molestation or coercion will be visited upon them, except they should so far forget themselves as to deny to us the same rights as individuals which we freely accord to them."

It is very probable that this individual would become the accepted leader (governor, if you will) of the new civilization. If any one believes that landlordism could exist in that civilization, let him go to the shores and watch a thousand

rude clam-diggers, who never usurp each other's territory or tread on each other's toes; or, let him go into a field where a thousand people, unschooled in political economy, are gathering berries. The facility with which even the rudest classes adjust their differences, distribute equitably natural opportunities, and behave themselves generally, if let alone, is wonderful. And it always comes through government, but not government after the manner of the State.

Case II. A thousand persons meet in an open field. Their purpose, as before, is to secure life, liberty, and possession. But, while they stand hesitating, half a dozen designing rogues meet in caucus. They there, in convention, concoct a so-called constitution for the government of the assemblage. The main provision of this constitution is that, if three-fourths of the assemblage vote for it, the remaining fourth shall be forcibly compelled to be governed by it, against their will. To this end executive officers are provided for, with artillery to coerce dissenters. The constitution recognises usury, land-grabbing, and all the deadly prerogatives of property. Then, fortifying themselves with the superstition that a majority has the sacred right of sovereignty over the minority, the spokesman of the conspirators presents his constitution to the assemblage. Three-fourths vote for it, and the other fourth dissent. This conspiracy, when put into practice, becomes the State. Now, when the people separate and go into the fields to seize land and build up their civilization, a different order of things is soon apparent. Certain greedy and shameless schemers get ahead of the rest, and stake off great tracts of land. When the unsuspecting multitude arrive, they find all the host lands gobbled up and monopolised. Not monopolised, however by occupation and cultivation, but monopolized and held on the fiction of the right of discovery, which the constitution recognizes. The disinherited dissent, but appeal is in vain. The militia stand at the backs of the land-grabbers, and defend their monopoly. There is nothing left for them to do but to pay rent to the land-grabbers, which is soon so gauged that the masses are made the virtual slaves of the landlords.

This is the State. It is not government in any sense worthy of respect. It is a conspiracy. It is usurpation made possible by the ignorance, credulity, and superstition of the victims. One of its chief prerogatives is the power to take life, instead of preserving it. It is the abnegation of Liberty, and the chief enemy of just possession Take it out of the way in Ireland, and landlordism dies without the shedding of a drop of blood. Take it out of the way in Russia, and the hand of progress will jump ahead five centuries on the dial of civilization. Take it out of the way in America, and a few scamps in Wall Street will not hold the legitimate

business world in financial bondage, nor a few monopolizing thieves stand between the masses and their daily bread.

Much as “a nation on its knees” and “fifty millions in mourning” may deplore it, there will be more assassination of political figure-heads before there is less, and for cause, as things are now drifting. Against the coming storm Liberty raises its voice as one crying in the wilderness. But we cry out, not against anything truly worthy the name of government, but against a monstrous conspiracy, born of stealth on the one hand and superstition on the other, and perpetuated by doing violence to the natural right of dissent in the individual. The State must die, if life is to be held sacred. The State must die, if Liberty would live. The State must die, if just possession is to unseat the murderous despot. Property.

Our European Letter.

[From Liberty's Special Correspondent.]

Amsterdam, Holland, September 2. —The Swiss provinces of the Russian empire have, by order of their most gracious monarch Alexander III, declared that Pierre Kropotkin is a man dangerous to orderly monarchical institutions, and therefore unworthy to remain longer within the boundary of the above dependency.

Very well so!

I am neither astonished, nor indignant, nor alarmed at the above act. It is a historical, inevitable, logical necessity that, in the same proportion that the revolutionary spirit spreads, the *bourgeoisie* has to rescind its so-called liberties!

It shows us, at the same time, that this class is everywhere the same,— that the political form of their exploiting organization is, and must be, entirely indifferent to us. It will completely open the eyes of those few among us, who still labor under some delusions in regard to the big sign, “Republic,” which some smart auctioneers have put over their shop.

The *bourgeoisie* will be forced, as fast as their safety is endangered, to throw one after another of their “liberal institutions” overboard, like an aeronaut who, sinking in his balloon, at last is forced even to throw off his own necessary clothes, showing himself in a state of nudity. And thus I like to see them. Away with your hypocrisy, your cant; show yourselves as you are. You will see them thus, in a short time, in the United States too.

The *bourgeoisie*, though adoring the republican form, because it enables them to reign supreme without sharing the profits of their exploitation with an always costly monarch, are doubting its capacity to protect them against aggression from beyond, and have therefore a growing inclination to put themselves under a military dictatorship, which they detest, since it humiliates them, but which, at least, offers them tranquility in the streets (so immensely dear to them) and so-called public order.

Your next will be Grant; and — “thou shallst be king hereafter, Macbeth.”

I would consider this realization of the imperial notions of your shoddy aristocracy as one of the most fortunate things that could happen to the American

people. It is very easy to overthrow an empire and to execute a king; it is ten thousand times more difficult to upset a republic.

I could not better close my letter than by giving you the first publication of an English translation of the article that leads the clandestine German paper, "The Fight," which will make its appearance in a few days:—

Yes, the fight!

A fight for life or death: to the knife, to the teeth.

You wished it; you may have it!

There was a time when it was still in your power to avoid it, your insatiability, your rapacity prevented you. Like a wild beast you hunt us — us who never had any other thought than the welfare of our brothers — from land to land, from abode to abode. The wild beast has developed itself. May the blood fall on your head!

You are boasting of your numerical strength, blind as you are. Do you not know, then, that the Revolutionist begins his work by abnegation of his life; that he considers the further continuance of the same as a mere accidental, irrelevant circumstance; that he looks with joy and tranquillity in the face of hourly-expected death; that we, who, at best, get an anonymous death on a heap of paving stones, are kept from ending this miserable existence only by the hope of witnessing the triumph of our ideas?

Yes, we are a thousand times stronger than you!

Then, on to the fight!

Out from their scabbards your swords!

No longer will Labor brook lords.

A Defence of Capital.

My Dear Mr. Tucker:— Why do you “grieve” at a difference of opinion between us? Am I to be bribed to agree with a valued friend by the fear that he will grieve if I do not? Liberty, I should say, imposes no such burden on freedom of thought, but, rather, rejoices in its fullest exercise.

I did not know that the “no-profit” theory had become so well established, or so generally accepted, as to render ridiculous any proposition not based upon it.

Yet that is the only point I understand you to urge against the measure I proposed. But I never could see that labor, in its unequal struggle for its rights, gained anything by extravagant claims. Whatever contributes to production is entitled to an equitable share in the distribution. In the production of a loaf of bread (the example which you set forth in a magnificent paragraph), the plough performs an important, if not indispensable service, and equitably comes in for a share of the loaf. Is that share to be a slice which compensates only for the wear and tear? It seems to me that it should be slightly thicker, even if no more than “the ninth part of a hair.” For suppose one man spends his life in making ploughs to be used by others who sow and harvest wheat. If he furnishes his ploughs only on condition that they be returned to him in as good state as when taken away, how is he to get his bread? Labor, empty-handed, proposes to raise wheat; but it can do nothing without a plough, and asks the loan of one from the man who made it. If this man receives nothing more than his plough again, he receives nothing for the product of his own labor, and is on the way to starvation. What proportion he ought to receive is another question, on which I do not enter here; it may be ever so small, but it should be something.

Capital, we will agree, has hitherto had the lion’s share; why condemn a measure which simply proposes to restore to labor a portion, at least, of what it is entitled to?

I say nothing on the theory of “natural laws,” because I understood you to suggest that point only to waive it.

Cordially yours,

J. M. L. Babcock.

“The Position of William.”

[From Ruskin's Letters to British Workmen.]

What you call “wages,” practically, is the quantity of food which the possessor of the land gives you, to work for him. There is, finally, no “capital” but that. If all the money of all the capitalists in the whole world were destroyed; the notes and bills burnt, the gold irrecoverably buried, and all the machines and apparatus of manufactures crushed, by a mistake in signals, in one catastrophe; and nothing remained but the land, with its animals and vegetables, and buildings for shelter,—the poorer population would be very little worse off than they are at this instant; and their labor, instead of being “limited” by the destruction, would be greatly stimulated. They would feed themselves from the animals and growing crop; heap here and there a few tons of ironstone together, build rough walls round them to get a blast, and in a fortnight they would have iron tools again, and be ploughing and fighting, just as usual. It is only we who had the capital who would suffer; we should not be able to live idle, as we do now, and many of us — I, for instance — should starve at once: but you, though little the worse, would none of you be the better eventually, for our loss — or starvation. The removal of superfluous mouths would indeed benefit you somewhat, for a time; but you would soon replace them with hungrier ones; and there are many of us who are quite worth our meat to you in different ways, which I will explain in due place: also I will show you that our money is really likely to be useful to you in its accumulated form, (besides that, in the instances when it has been won by work, it justly belongs to us,) so only that you are careful never to let us persuade you into borrowing it, and paying as interest for it. You will find a very amusing story, explaining your position in that case, at the one hundred and seventeenth page of the “Manual of Political Economy,” published this year at Cambridge, for your early instruction, in an almost devotionally catechetical form, by Messrs. Macmillian.

Perhaps I had better quote it to you entire: it is taken by the author “from the French.”

“There was once in a village a poor carpenter, who worked hard from morning till night. One day James thought to himself, ‘With my hatchet, saw, and hammer, I can only make coarse furniture and can only get the pay for such. If I had a plane, I should please my customers more, and they would pay me more. Yes, I am resolved,

I will make myself a plane.' At the end of ten days, James had in his possession an admirable plane, which he valued all the more for having made it himself. Whilst he was reckoning all the profits which he expected to derive from the use of it, he was interrupted by William, a carpenter in the neighboring village. William, having admired the plane, was struck with the advantages which might be gained from it. He said to James:

"You must do me a service; lend me the plane for a year.' As might be expected, James cried out, 'How can you think of such a thing, William? Well, if I do you this service, what will you do for me in return?'

"W. 'Nothing. Don't you know that a loan ought to be gratuitous?'

"J. 'I know nothing of the sort; but I do know that if I were to lend you my plane for a year, it would be giving it to you. To tell you the truth, that was not what I made it for.'

"W. 'Very well, then; I ask you to do me a service; what service do you ask me in return?'

"J. 'First, then, in a year the plane will be done for. You must therefore give me another exactly like it.'

"W. 'That is perfectly just. I submit to these conditions. I think you must be satisfied with this, and can require nothing further.'

"J. 'I think otherwise. I made the plane for myself, and not for you. I expected to gain some advantage from it. I have made the plane for the purpose of improving my work and my condition; if you merely return it to me in a year, it is you who will gain the profit of it during the whole of that time. I am not bound to do you such a service without receiving anything in return. Therefore, if you wish for my plane, besides the restoration already bargained for, you must give me a new plank as a compensation for the advantages of which I shall be deprived.'

"These terms were agreed to, but the singular part of it is that at the end of the year, when the plane came into James's possession, he lent it again; recovered it, and lent it a third and fourth time. It has passed into the hands of his son, who still lends it. Let us examine this little story. The plane is the symbol of all capital, and the plank is the symbol of all interest."

If this be an abridgment, what a graceful piece of highly wrought literature the original story must be! I take the liberty of abridging it a little more.

James makes a plane, lends it to William on 1st of January for a year. William gives him a plank for the loan of it, wears it out, and makes another for James, which he gives him on 31st December. On 1st January he again borrows the new one; and the arrangement is repeated continuously. The position of William therefore is, that he makes a plane every 31st of December; lends it to James till the next day, and pays James a plank annually for the privilege of lending it to him on that evening. This, in future investigations of capital and interest, we will call, if you please, "The Position of William."

You may not at the first glance see where the fallacy lies (the writer of the story evidently counts on your not seeing it at all).

If James did not lend the plane to William, he could only get his gain of a plank by working with it himself, and wearing it out himself. When he had worn it out at the end of the year, he would, therefore, have to make another for himself. William, working with it instead, gets the advantage instead, which, he must, therefore, pay James his plank for; and return to James, what James would, if he had not lent his plane, then have had;— not a new plane — but the worn-out one. James must make a new one for himself, as he would have had to do if no William had existed; and if William likes to borrow it again for another plank — all is fair.

That is to say, clearing the story of its nonsense, that James makes a plane annually, and sells it to William for as proper price, which, in kind, is a new plank. But this arrangement has nothing whatever to do with principal, or with interest. There are, indeed, many very subtle conditions involved in any sale; one among which is the value of ideas; I will explain that value to you in the course of time; (the article is not one which modern political economists have any familiarity with dealings in;) and I will tell you somewhat also of the real nature of interest; but if you will only get, for the present, a quite clear idea of "the Position of William," it is all I want of you.

Common-Sense Mourners.

As far as we have seen the socialists of Chicago are alone entitled to the credit of filling the cup of grief without "slopping over." They adopted the following well-considered resolutions last Sunday on motion of T. J. Morgan:

Resolved, That this body deeply regrets the suffering and death of the late James A. Garfield; we desire it also understood that, our regret and sympathy in this case differ in no respect from that which we feel at the suffering and death of the humblest worker who is stricken down in the performance of his duty; and,

Resolved, That we sympathize with his family in their bereavement, as we sympathize, but more keenly, with the poor worker's widow and family, who are left destitute to straggle for life, unnoticed and uncared for, with the human wolves who surround them.

Resolved, That as sincere grief is ever silent and undemonstrative, we cannot but protest against the present ostentatious demonstration of grief, as both insincere and unbecoming, and characteristic only of oriental and monarchical pageantry.

Chapter VI

On Picket Duty.

A law against blasphemy is its own violation; for, if there be a God, those who presume to add to his laws are the worst of blasphemers.

Those who would have the usurer rewarded for rendering a service always find it convenient to forget that the usurer's victims would not need his service were it not that the laws made at his bidding prevent them from serving themselves.

"The death of President Garfield has done more to kill the incipient poison that Col. Bob Ingersoll inoculated in the minds of the American people than the preaching of all ministers could do," writes a correspondent of the Boston "Herald." Presumably by its establishment of the efficacy of prayer.

Prince Napoleon, the only one of the Bonapartes ever suspected of liberal tendencies, was one day discussing with Proudhon the latter's theories. Astonished at their audacity, the prince exclaimed: "What kind of society, then, do you dream of, Monsieur Proudhon?" "Prince," answered the brave radical, in no wise abashed, "I dream of a society which I should be guillotined as a conservative."

What place so honored as the little city of Besançon in France! It has given birth to three men perhaps the greatest of modern times. Charles Fourier, Victor Hugo, Pierre Joseph Proudhon, parent, poet, and philosopher of the socialism to-day. A trinity of stars forming an unparalleled constellation. Happily Besançon is a city that honors its own prophets, being a stronghold of French radicalism. It might properly be the Mecca of radicalism of the world.

A new subscribing sends us the following definition of Liberty: "Perfect Liberty is perfect obedience to natural law." With the intent and meaning of the author of this sentence we believe ourselves to be in entire sympathy, but it strikes us that he excellently described the outcome and result of Liberty rather than defines Liberty itself. Is not the idea of choice, which is inseparable from Liberty, absent from his statement? Liberty knows but one definition for itself: LIBERTY IS LIBERTY. As Josiah Warren remarked, "Liberty defined and limited by others is slavery."

A National Socialistic-Revolutionary Congress is to be held in Chicago, beginning October 21, for the purpose of forming an American federation of the International Working-People's Association recently reorganized in London. The initiative in calling congress is taken by those groups which sent delegates from this country to the recent London congress. Socialistic groups and sections of all

shades, provided they are weary of compromise and desire to accomplish the social revolution by means other than political action, are invited to send delegates to Chicago. Applications should be sent as soon as possible to A. Spies, 87 Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. We trust that no pains will be spared to make the congress a success in every sense of the word. Nothing is more essential to the achievement of our ends than the mutual understanding and intercommunication of socialists in all parts of the world, and no instrumentality was ever so effective in establishing this as the International Working People's Association.

The fifth annual congress of the National Liberal League held at Chicago last week is said to have been more successful than any of its predecessors. T. B. Wakeman was chosen president, in place of Elizur Wright, who declined another term of office. Reports reach us of reconciliation of differences and restoration of harmony without any sacrifice of principle. We await with interest a statement of the basis on which these marvellous results have been effected.

A very acute thinker and one of Liberty's most devoted friends writes us, as if in criticism of something that we have said, that "the right to take usury must be defended on principle of Liberty." Will he favor us by pointing out where, as a legal or civil right, we have ever combated it? We continually oppose the claim that one has a moral right to take usury, but advocate no method of abolishing it save the removal of all restrictions preventing the free action of natural principles. To attempt to suppress action by statute is outrageous because tyrannical, and foolish because ineffectual.

The newspapers tell us that the American delegate to the Universal Socialistic Congress lately held at Chur, Switzerland, bemoaned the decline of socialism in the United States. His tears were wasted. There has been no decline of socialism in the country. There will be none. It is true that the part of State socialists whom he represents is fast dwindling into insignificance; but true socialism that means a further development of the idea of self-government, the socialism that is but another step in that path of progress whose freshest tracks are those of Jefferson and Paine, is growing every day. All other socialism is reactionary, and deserves its inevitable death.

The Detroit "National" Greenback organ, which wishes the government to run the railroads, manage the telegraph, and transact pretty much all business of life, says that "certainly no private company could conduct the postal service so cheaply and satisfactorily as is now done." Evidently the editor has never seen

the report of the special commissioner detailed by the department to examine the postal service of the Pacific coast. There he would find the statement that Wells, Fargo & Co. supply the inhabitants of that locality with mail facilities superior to government's in promptness, security, and universality, and at rates that would be lower than the government's except for the enormous tax (just equal to the government's rates) imposed upon the business. He would find, too, the further statement that, even with so tremendous an advantage as this tax gives it, the government cannot successfully compete with this private firm. And yet it is to this branch of the government's work that the believers in State administration point with pride. We should like few things better than to see some competent business man go thoroughly into the subject, and point out the outrages, absurdities, and inconveniences of the management of the postal service. In the whole list of monopolies there is no greater sham.

Free Religion: Then, and Now.

Our faith comes in moments, our vice is habitual. — Emerson

The editor of the “Free Religious Index,” returning to his post after a protracted vacation, has heard of a late criticism of the Free Religious Association, which is that said Association “retains so few of the speakers whom people were accustomed and delighted to hear at its early conventions.” He thinks this will “balance” the criticism that was made earlier in its history, “namely, that the same old stagers were brought out on the platform every year.” But, fearing lest it will not, he asks if the last critic does not “set up a standard altogether too severe.” He knows of “no society which holds the secret of remedy against the ravages of age, disease, and death among its speakers. Fourteen years have brought their inevitable changes on the platform of the Association.” An “especially encouraging feature in the Association is that younger men and women, with fresh zeal and ability, are coming forward to take the place of the departed and disabled.”

As Liberty has a suspicion that the “Index” editor has ventured to peruse its columns, and has therein discovered the criticism he refers to, we will say a word or two that we think will be to the point.

True, Liberty did speak of the absence from the Free Religion Association’s platform of the illustrious men who gave to “Free Religion,” as it was called, its early and only claim to recognition. But not without a due understanding of the fact that, in good part, “age, disease, and death” had been the causes. It was not alone this fact of their non-appearance in Free Religious assemblages at the present time that aroused our attention; it was the far more significant fact that their “successors” are men and women of a different mould. The short and the long of it is,— the Free Religious Association has run very quickly the race all organized religions run; it has dropped down from the high region of ideas to the low wheelbarrow plane of propagandism. It says to itself to-day, “Now, we have got OUR IDEA; let us get money and ‘younger men and women with fresh zeal and ability’ to put it through.” That is, it has thus early struck its limitation. Just like the old Unitarian movement out of whose loins it was born, it has lost its “moment of faith”, and lives now only to exemplify “vice,” which Emerson says is “habitual.” Doubtless it will trundle along with its wheelbarrow-load of “good works” for a certain season, but the world will not note the act, when here is that Corliss’ Engine of a Church, the

Roman Catholic, covering the earth with its vast array of god-like machinery, not to mention the “vice” vehicles of the whole Protestant world. But that early movement when *faith in ideas* had sway was all the contribution of human elevation it will ever get credit for. For out of it came inspiration, visions, and ideal strength, which, to the soul is, “meat and drink.” But to-day what do these “younger men and women” offer the unheeding world? How do they propose to arrest attention? Why, they are at the old miserable trick of formulating “*Catechisms* for the Young.” Heaven save the mark! — if it can; earth can’t. That, and similarly depraved work. The child shall no more itself be an “ideal voyager,” but shall sit down like a good little child in some Free Religion meeting-house, and be fed on these “younger men and women with zeal” have “formulated.” Yes, it is a fact; they are busy enough preparing Free Religion beans for the little ones: beans and bread; bread *they* themselves have browned, and there may be no mistake, and the little ones be saved Error’s indigestion. Ah! think of it. This is the “especially encouraging feature.”

From John Weiss to this!

From Faith to Vice.

Faith would believe in the child, and inspire it with its own Liberty to range in the upper region of ideas, ever looking with its own eyes into the vastness of its own being.

Vice prepares a dose, and gives it.

That is Free Religion’s mission to-day, as confessed by its “organizers.”

For our part, we confess that the “old stagers on its platform” were far more interesting.

It is the difference between spontaneity and humdrums; life and a slow-death; joyful health, and the “enthusiasm” of the religious disease; yea, between the world’s Faith, and the world’s Vice.

Authority.

The most deadly enemy of human progress is authority. It is incarnated in a millions forms in every sphere of social growth. It arms itself with position, with titles, with heraldic emblems, with superstitions, lies, tricks, and trappings of all sorts. Its source is human ignorance and credulity, and it is fed by the organized frauds who fatten on the spoils.

And yet authority, in itself, is not necessarily a dangerous principle. The great element of despotism lies in that false education which ignores the natural source of all true authority. The authority into which it is the purpose of Liberty to pour havoc and destruction is always an authority outside of the individual, never subject to his unconditional veto. To come to the point at once, the individual, and the individual alone, is the only true andinalienable source of authority, but can never assume to be authority to any one but himself without becoming a despot.

The first and foremost great fraud set up for purposes of plunder and slavery is God. Generally speaking, God is all things to all men, but locally speaking, he is the particular thing for the particular field where the masses are to be gulled, robbed, and enslaved. Once settled that he is authority,— that his word is from the beginning and infallible,— and the theological putty-workers easily mould him to suit the various natives.

Now, nothing permanent can ever be accomplished in reform until this central figurehead, posited beyond the veto power of the individual, is demolished. If any man wants a companion God for his entertainment and instruction, let him have one. It would be a denial of Liberty to interfere with him. But the moment he attempts to set that God up as unquestioned authority for others, he becomes a public enemy and a spiritual pirate.

God himself, being a pure fiction, is of course harmless in himself. But the practical power for despotism lies in the theological putty-workers who lobby around the throne for office. These fellows are something tangible. They can kick, bite, scratch, handle a rack, play sleight-of-hands tricks with wafers, and extort at wholesale. They become sacrament-grabbers (spiritual landlords), pew-rent sharks (spiritual rack-renters), and despotic foe-friends (spiritual “gombeen men”). The success of the great spiritual steal is due largely to the decoration of their names with titles. It is Father A., Rev. Mr. B., Rt. Rev. Mr. C., his Reverence Mr. D., the Rev. Dr. E., Rev. Mr. F., D.D., *etc., etc.*

Chiefly from the fact that the central figure, God, overshadows their ecclesiastical petticoats, but largely from the mysterious trappings and titles with which they endow themselves, the fellows become recognized as God's cabinet. The pope is the Almighty's secretary of state. He is prime minister of the spiritual kingdom. The Catholic clergy may be said to be religious stalwarts, and the Protestant pastors the half-breeds. Enough, these ecclesiastical office-holders become authority, but, nevertheless, a kind of authority that can be reached and made to earn an honest living, if their victims can be induced to abolish the bogus fiction, God, behind them.

But it is by no means in the theological field alone that authority suppresses progress. We have mental hierarchy in society scarcely less dangerous than the spiritual, and generally in alliance with it. This intellectual popery has its headquarters in the colleges, and illuminates its tricks to stultify with that professional whitewash known as scholarship. By a skillful use of titles, scholarly uniforming, and learned posing, mediocrity, narrowness, and hypocrisy manage to usurp the places of the world's truly great thinkers and broadly-educated men. The colleges, and the titles numskulls who run them, becomes authority, and the average man or woman who visits those public ignorance-nurseries called libraries must needs first consult the title-page of a book in order to gauge the depth of thought in it by the length of the author's titles and the standing of the college which endowed him with them.

Liberty is the sworn enemy of titles. It demands their immediate and unconditional surrender. Not that we deny the right of an individual (for himself) to carry as many titles to his name as he chooses; but no man who attaches Rev., D.D., LL.D., M.D., or any other heads and tails to his social kite has the right to ask anybody else to use them in addressing him. When the social heresy and mischief of such priestly and scholarly tricks become evident in the light of Liberty, these mental popes and priests will find it difficult to steal into the popular mind without paying Nature's required admission fee of merit.

Even outside of recognized orthodoxy in religion and education there is a numerous set of quasi liberals, who attempt to steal the livery of authority through what they choose to call "culture." Abbot of the "Index" became so puffed up with culture that he finally went up and drifted away. Many of the participants in the so-called Free Religious movement have culture on the brain, to an extent that renders them quite as worthless as, and vastly more contemptible than the learned dolts

whom Wendel Phillips called to order last summer at Harvard College. The spirit of popery among professing liberals is more insulting than in any other place. This eternal harping on culture which has been the key note of the "Free Religious Index" since its rise is simply a surreptitious attempt to make culture an authority in the place of the D.D.s, and LL.D.s, and other devices of orthodox Abbot's attempt to organize his culture into a "consensus of the competent" was proof plain and palpable that he simply served the papal system of authority in the livery of a liberal.

Liberty insists that the individual is an authority greater than gods, hierarchs, professionals, culturists, purists, and all the other pretenders who, under one guise or another, attempt to steal into the human mind and soul through some scheme independent of their true merit. Whoever attempts to make a petty God, even out of so great a sham as Abbot's "culture," is an ally of the pope and a follower of his methods. He who sets up a "consensus of the competent," defies purity, virtue, yea, Liberty itself, to the extent of making an authority of it, is an enemy of his kind. Purity, virtue, culture, — all these half-breed petty gods of the Free Religionists, — what are they more than somebody's undefined ideals, binding only upon themselves as individuals? This humbuggery of setting up ideals as authority was disposed of by Plato over two thousand years ago, and it is a poor comment on the "culture" of these theoretical purists that they have profited so little by his immortal dialoguers.

No, there is but one way to Liberty, and all the other shifts of "advanced culture" are sure to lead despotism in the end. That way is to accord to the individual full discretionary power in all matters of opinion, conscience, and the conduct of life. And that power is not accorded to him, when, by any means, fair or fool, he is asked to subscribe to any god, scheme, ideal, or fiction, with the implication that the given machine is in any sense authority. All we ask of God and all his hangers-on is to get out of our sunlight, mind their own business, pay their own bills, and save their own souls, so that we can save ourselves, — if we choose. But even the right to go to hell, at our own cost and on our own merits or demerits, is a sacred prerogative of Liberty.

Who Should Hang Guiteau or God?

Garfield was so shot that the wound was fatal from the beginning.

Hence, the skill of surgeons was unavailing.

Hence, no earthly visible power could save him.

Christians all over the country pray to an invisible power asking for “divine mercy,” that the course of nature may be stayed and a miracle be wrought.

Their prayer was no heeded.

Garfield died.

Then, they assemble in humiliation, and observe a day of “fasting.”

They say: “It has pleased Almighty God to remove him from our midst.”

Now, how does the case stand?

Garfield died because Guiteau shot him.

And Guiteau is to be hanged as a murderer of Garfield.

If God “removed him,” why hang Guiteau?

Was Guiteau an instrument in God’s hands?

He says that he did the “will of God.”

Christians confess as much: “Though, God, has humbled us for our sins, and taken him to thyself.”

But it was Guiteau’s bullet that sent him hither.

And Guiteau will be hanged.

And god will be praised, because, in his “inscrutable wisdom, he doeth all things rights.”

Or, Christians resign themselves to the will of God, with “broken hearts.”

And yet they know of no fate too harsh for the wretch whom their God employed.

Such is the muddle into which the world is ever getting because of its belief in the existence of personal gods, in whose hands are all the events of life.

Preaching Played Out.

Preachers are preachers,— that is, they must preach once every Sunday, at least. And what shall it be about? What are they hired *for*? What is their main and staple topic? Why, we all know full well that their sermons must be about “sin.” Sin, in some form or other, they must bewail, or be false to their mission. We once heard a preacher declare, with all the earnestness imaginable, “What, my brethren, is the one subject of our lives? It is the *exceeding sinfulness of sin.*” On ordinary occasions, it is the individual sinner whom they hold over the coals. On extraordinary ones, the nation is brought into their discourse, and receives its due allotment of “sins.” Take away this sin-business, and the preacher’s occupation, like Othello’s, would be gone. Once it was esteemed an occupation worthy of all ambition. Mothers prayed that all their sons might be preachers. Not to go to hear the preacher was the deadliest of sins. It was an offense to God. For was not the minister the anointed of God? Did he not, in an especial and well-nigh infallible manner, know the will of God? Was it not his business to read God’s word, and then “expound” it? If the original text was obscure, he could make it clear, like the noon-day. And the burden of all was, “Sin, sin, sin.” Sin and the “wrath of God,” from which sinners must flee.

The present time is unlike the past in this respect. It listens to the preacher, — when there is not a greater attraction elsewhere, — but little heeds hims, unless he really has somewhat to say; and that somewhat is taken for what it is worth, and not because the preacher says it. Now and then the *man* rises above the preacher, and, when this occurs, the problem of life may get treated with some breadth, and his words revive some earthly vital interest. But, for the most part, the preacher is allowed to make the burden of his discourse still of sin against deity, and go his way, so long as he keeps up the church establishment, and makes the requisite respectable showing. But, as a “man of God,” he is no more known. An ornament now, a figure-head, like Victoria; not a necessity, whose demise is unthinkable.

Our space is limited, so that we can only in a free way, voice the real sentiment of the sensible world. But this appears to be the noble fact: The world is weary of being preached at. It desires instruction, knowledge as to this present life. What is beyond it will wait for. Its sins it will slough off as it goes along, only let it have the higher aims of living clearly set fourth. What is true and beautiful and just it desires

to hear about. But the eternal ding-dong of “sin, sin sin,” and that by a fellow-*sinner* chanted, “wearies it,” as Goethe wrote, “out and out.”

All of which is submitted with the utmost personal good-will for the preachers, for whom we have no prayer for the world’s ears but this, — that they, one and all, may be speedily delivered into the unsanctimonious good sense which is the salvation of all human souls, that they may have a wholesome wrath for wrong-doing, and rise above the fear of the rich and the might who sit in the pews.

A Baseless Charge.

My Dear Mr. Tucker,— It is entirely immaterial in this discussion whether my position is “odd” or otherwise. The question at issue must be settled, if settled at all, on its own merits; and no prejudice either for or against capital can affect the argument. Let us burden it with no irrelevant matter.

My question was simply this: Is a man who loans a plough entitled in equity to compensation for its use; and if not, why not?

This question (I say it with all respect) you evade. But, until it is answered, no progress can be made in this inquiry. It is no answer to say, “Let him sell his plough.” He does not sell it; he loans it, as he has a natural right to do. Another borrows it, as he has a natural right to do. I repeat: Is it just to pay for its use?

You gain nothing when you say, “Let him sell;” for, if I followed you there, it would only be to present the same question substantially in another form. You might then suggest another alternative, until we “swung round the circle,” and came back to the first. So let us save time and meet it at once. If it cannot be met where I proposed it, I do not see that it can be answered anywhere. If your theory will not bear an application to the example I stated, what is it good for? I have never seen a good reason why the plough-maker is not entitled to pay for the use of his plough.

You refer me to certain “authorities,” — Brown and Ruskin. I do not bow to authorities on questions of this nature; and I supposed you did not. I ask for a reason, not a name. Brown’s proposition, which I affirm as stoutly as he does, does not answer my question. Ruskin is equally remote. He concludes that the case he examines is one of sale and purchase. That is not the case I stated at all. If there be an answer to my question, I am sure you are capable of stating it.

Yours cordially, J. M. L. Babcock

We have no wish to waste these columns in repetition; but this charge of evasion is a serious one, which can be thoroughly examined only by reviewing ground already traversed. One of the objections that we had in view in beginning the publication of this journal was the annihilation of usury. If in our first direct conflict with a supporter of usury we have been guilty of evasion, we are unfitted for our task, and ought to abandon it to hands more competent. But we unhesitatingly plead “not guilty.”

Mr. Babcock argued that the man who makes a plough and lend it is entitled to a portion of the loaf subsequently produced in addition to the return of his plough intact. He now asserts that we answered this by saying, "Let him sell his plow." No, we did not. On the principle that only labor can be an equitable basis of price, we argued in reply as follows: "The maker of the plough certainly is entitled to pay for his work. Full pay, paid once; no more. That pay is the plough itself, or its equivalent in other marketable products, said equivalent being measured by the amount of labor employed in their production." True or false, this answer is direct and tangible; in no sense is it evasive. Then Mr. Babcock asked this other and distinct question: "If he furnishes his ploughs only on condition that they be returned to him in as good a state as when taken away, how is he to get his bread?" We replied that we did not know, and that, if he was such a fool as to do so, we did not care. Nothing evasive here, either; on the contrary, utter frankness. Touched a little, however, by Mr. Babcock's sympathy with the usurer thus threatened with starvation, we ventured the suggestion that, instead of lending his plough to the farmer, he might sell it to him, and thus get money wherewith to buy bread of the baker. This advice was gratuitous, we know; possibly it was impertinent, also; but was it evasive? Not in the least.

Finally, thinking that Mr. Babcock might agree, as we do, with Novalis that a man's belief gains quite infinitely the moment another mind is convinced thereof, we called his attention to two other minds in harmony with ours on the point now in dispute, A. B. Brown and John Ruskin. But not as authorities, in Mr. Babcock's sense of the word. Still, Mr. Brown being Mr. Babcock's candidate for Secretary of State, and party candidates being supposedly *representative* in things fundamental, we deemed it not out of place to cite a proposition from Mr. Brown that seemed to us, *on its face*, directly contradictory of Mr. Babcock. To our astonishment Mr. Babcock accepts it as not inconsistent with his position, at the same time declaring it irrelevant. Argument ends here. If we hold up two objects, one of which, to our eyes, is red and the other blue, and Mr. Babcock declares that both are red, it is useless to discuss the matter. One of us is color-blind. The ultimate verdict of mankind will decide which. In quoting from Mr. Ruskin, however, we did not ask Mr. Babcock to accept him as an authority, but to point out the weakness of an argument drawn from an illustration similar to Mr. Babcock's. Mr. Babcock replies by denying the similarity, saying that Ruskin "concludes that the case he examines is one of sale and purchase." Let us see. Ruskin is examining a story told by Bastiat

in illustration and defence of usury. After printing Bastiat's version of it, he abridges it thus, stripping away all mystifying clauses:

James makes a plane, lends it to William on 1st of January for a year. William gives him a plank for the loan of it, wears it out, and makes another for James, which he gives him on 31st December. On 1st January he again borrows the new one; and the arrangement is repeated continuously. The position of William, therefore, is that he makes a plane every 31st of December; lends it to James till the next day, and pays James a plank annually for the privilege of lending it to him on that evening.

Substitute, in the foregoing "plough" for "plane," and "loaf" or "slice" for "plank," and the story differs in no essential point from Mr. Babcock's. How monstrously unjust the transaction is can be plainly seen. Ruskin next shows how this unjust transaction may be changed into a just one:

If James did not lend the plane to William, he could only get his gain of a plank by working with it himself and wearing it out himself. When he had worn it out at the end of the year, he would, therefore, have to make another for himself. William, working with it instead, gets the advantage instead, which he must, therefore, pay James his plank for; and return to James what James would, if he had not lent his plane, then have had — not a new plane, but the worn-out one. James must make a new one for himself, as he would have had to do if no William had existed; and if William likes to borrow it again for another plank, all is fair. That is to say, clearing the story of its nonsense, that James makes a plane annually and sells it to William for its proper price, which, in kind, is a new plank.

It is *this latter transaction*, wholly different from the former, that Ruskin pronounces a "sale," have "nothing whatever to do with principal or with interest." And yet, according to Mr. Babcock, "the case he examines [Bastiat's, of course] is one of sale and purchase." We understand now how it is that Mr. Babcock can charge us with evasion. He evidently considers his method of meeting a point to be straightforward. If it be so, certainly ours is evasive. If, on the other hand, our course has been straightforward, evasion is too mild a term for his. It is better described as flat misstatement; purely careless, of course, but scarcely less excusable than if wilful. Again we invite our friend to a *careful* examination (and refutation, if possible) of the arguments advanced, to which add another in printing a translation from the writings of the honored Auguste Blanqui, the scientist and revolutionist. Whose life was one long sacrifice and martyrdom for Liberty.

Bastiat's Fable.

[From Auguste Blanqui's "Capital and Labor"]

All the old economists neglected the question of the legitimacy of usury. This question is recent, dating in the public mind scarcely farther back than 1848.

Bastiat seized upon it and made it the text of his discussions with Proudhon, the socialistic champion of that period. The arguments of his fellow-writers, whatever their form, do not differ from his own. On this question of interest, then, may be refuted, in Bastiat's person, all political economy.

For the rest, the form of the fable that he devises to demonstrate the legitimacy of usury has been employed also by others. They use it with assurance,— one might say, with presumption. They seem to believe themselves irrefutable, and treat their adversaries after the manner of grand lords towards the common people. Bastiat notably assumes an air or overweening conceit thoroughly ridiculous. He seems to fear, in his argument, lest some one may accuse him of storming gates already open, so Jove-like is his style.

James first exchanges his plane for money. He lends the money to William, and William exchanges the money for a saw. The transaction is divided into two factors. But thereby its nature is not changed. It none the less contains all the elements of a direct loan.

There lies the sophistry and the delusion. The money ceases to be what it should be, a simple instrument of exchange. It abandons this beneficent rule to assume a harmful one. From a friend it becomes an enemy; from a benefit, a scourge. From an auxiliary it becomes an obstacle; from an aid, a barrier. This metamorphosis is effected during its passage through the hands of James, who uses the coin that he holds to fleece his neighbor. For he does not exchange it at par for a product of equal value, as was done for him in the substitution of the coin for his product. For he obtains at the end of a year either a portion of William's product equal in value to his own with a bonus in addition, or his money increased by one-twentieth. His duty was to buy with his coin a product equal in value to that which he had sold for the coin. He has wickedly retained the money which he should have restored to circulation by the complementary operation of the exchange,— namely, the barter of the coin for a product equal in value to the first. If he did not wish to proceed immediately to this barter, it was free to him to choose his hour, provided he should

ultimately fulfil the fair and just condition of exchange,— an equality of the two values exchanged through the mediation of the coin.

As for the pretended service of the loan, service deserving reward, that is a sham. If James had needed his tool, he would have used it. Apparently he did not remain idle during the year that William had possession of his plane. If he lent his plane, he did so because he could get along without it. To say that he has made a sacrifice, that he has deprived himself of a useful object for the benefit of his neighbor, is pure hypocrisy. He labored during the year of the loan, and received the price of his product. He has no claim on the product of William. Whether William used the plane or not, it is sufficient for him to return it to James in the condition that he received it. He owes him nothing further.

“But why should I lend,” says James, “if nothing is to come back to me” for the service that I render? “I will refuse, then.”

Refuse, if you like. But you cannot escape this dilemma. Either you need your plane, or you do not. If it is detrimental to your interests to part with it, keep it and use it. If you can dispense with it, if, without loss to yourself, you can do something else, to demand, as reward for a service that costs you nothing, one-twentieth of the price of your plane, besides a new plane, is simply a swindle.

To prohibitionist legislators:

Why would you make use coolly think? If you must govern, we must drink.

A just published anecdote of Chief Justice John Marshall and John C. Calhoun says that Marshall, once meeting Calhoun on the street of Washington, said, "You seem to be in profound thought; of what are you thinking?" Calhoun, replied, "I am thinking of the origin of government." "And on what does government depend?" "On the production and distribution of wealth." "And on what does the production and distribution of wealth depend?" "That is what I have not discovered," said Calhoun.

OH FIRE!

Oh! Fire no eyes beholdeth, Ere planets were begun Kindled within the
Inmost- Fierce, flaming, blazing sun!

Oh, Fire whost heat preserveth The Truth of truth alive! Then givest to
Being beauty; All souls by thee survive.

Oh, Fire aye melting heaven, And burning up the earth - 'Tis by thy fierce
endeavor Now, Liberty hath birth.

a.

Our European Letter.

[From Liberty's Special Correspondent.]

LONDON, September 19.—Last week two men desired to meet, perhaps in order to hatch some new scheme of wholesale slaughter. Their meeting would not have been extraordinary but for the fact that, in their whole vast empires, Mr. William and Mr. Alexander could not find a single spot, in spite of all their Mamelukes, soldiers, police agents, and spies, where to Prussia, in all Russia, there was not a single town, not a single village, not a single hamlet, where these two bandits considered themselves safe! They had to go on board of war ships, far away from land, on the Eastern sea, in the midst of waves that must have lashed their vessels' sides with fury at having to listen to the scoundrels' plots. This, at least, is one good result of the policy of Terrorism; and the day is not far off when no man will be found to prefer such a condition of perpetual fright and dread to a tranquil, unmolested life.

A so-called "Universal Socialistic Congress" will be held next month at Berne. [Cable dispatches announce that it has been held at Chur. -EDITOR] After having appealed in tones most pitiful to all existing and non-existing authorities in Switzerland, after having given solemn assurance that only "respectable," orderly, and lawful subjects shall be discussed on that occasion, and after promising that, if any black sheep shall find their way among the immaculate flock and have the impertinence to say anything about matters not on the schedule of "lawful" subjects, they will be summarily ejected into the fresh air, this conglomeration of eight-hour men, tobacco monopolists, and kindred reformers has obtained the gracious permission of the Swiss government to explain, within its territory, the merits of their different patent medicines. That the revolutionists of Europe have nothing to hope from this meeting and will utterly ignore the same, you may easily understand. This congress, therefore, in spite of all its trumpeting, is of inferior significance.

In Germany everything is quiet, the lull before the storm.

The government, in order not to lose the habit, expels every day its regular number of Socialists and the so-called Social Democrats shower daily on the government fresh acclamation as of the new "imperial socialists" policy of the iron chancellor.

All this will be changed in a few weeks, and the now formed Executive Committee of the German Revolutionists will very soon give to this glorious empire as much trouble as its Russian namesake gives to the czar.

The imitators in France of the strategy of the German Socialists made, at the last elections, a complete fiasco. In all France their whole party could master scarcely more than ten thousand votes.

The "respectable" newspapers are saying that things in Spain look very "gloomy." King Alfonso is suffering from a very severe "diarrhea," and has already packed his trunks. He considers it a very disagreeable phenomenon that in the last few months over a hundred manufactories have been burned down.

In Italy dissatisfaction is making its way in the guise of religious antipathies; for the keen observer the true cause of all the recent disturbances is easily found.

During the last few months I have made inquiries concerning an individual styling himself "John Baker," who from time to time cuts a rather pretentious figure in a few American papers. I am authorized by the Polish and Russian organizations at Geneva to declare that

"John Baker" never was, and is not now, a member of any socialistic or revolutionary organization within their cognizance; that

"John Baker" is entirely unknown to any of our partisans at Lemberg, Warschan, St. Petersburg, Geneva, or London; that

"John Baker" has never received information from any of our organizations or from any member thereof; that

"John Baker," though there is no positive proof showing him to be a spy in the service of the Russian government, is an individual against whom every revolutionist has reason to be on guard; and that, in short,

"John Baker" is a perfect humbug.

So much for the "special" correspondent of that "newsy," "highly intelligent" (please stop laughing!) journal, the Springfield "Republican."

Last week I visited our friend Most at Clerkwell prison. He wears prison garb, and in all respects is treated as a common thief. He has to repair old clothes, and is allowed to neither write nor read anything but the pious tracts showered upon him daily in his sell by some kind soul who does not yet despair of saving him from the devil's claws. All intercourse with the outer world is cut off, except that he has

permission, once in three months, to see one of his friends for five minutes behind iron bars and in the presence of a jailor. I will make no futile attempt to emphasize these facts by any comments of my own. Fortunately his health is good, and he hopes to be able ere long to repay with interest his debt to those who have deprived him of his liberty.

Kropotkin is staying, for the present at Thouon, a small village on French territory, five miles from Geneva. His wife will pass her examination in medicine sometime in October, after which he will proceed to London, where he will give a series of lectures on Russia and take up, probably, his permanent residence.

Crumbs from Liberty's Table.

An arbitrary increase of wages or an arbitrary decrease of the hours of labor, if any inequitable distribution of the product continues, is only a mitigation of the rigors of servitude, not a destruction of slavery in which the masses are held to those whom the New York "Times" aptly describes as "the small class whose occupation is the difficult one of entertaining themselves." — *New York Truth*.

The old truth that to suppress freedom of speech is to cause, stimulate, and protect recklessness of action is an old truth, but it is one which needs repetition in every crisis of the world's history. To create secrecy is to protect conspirators; the publicity of crime is the protection of honest men. — *Pall Mall Gazette*.

The spoils system will not be destroyed by changing the methods of dividing the spoils. — *Bullion*.

Chapter VII

On Picket Duty.

Ireland's disgrace: Cashel's Grace.

Ireland's lesson: Put not your trust in priests.

Ireland's Benedict Arnold: the infamous, traitorous, cowardly Croke.

Ireland's foremost man and real leader: Michael Davitt, the first of her sons at home to ask his countrymen to join with him in the abolition of that "immoral tax," rent.

Ireland's chief danger: the liability of her people — besotted with superstition; trampled on by tyranny; ground into the dust beneath the weight of two despotisms, one religious, the other political; victims, on the one hand, of as cruel a Church and, on the other, of as heartless a State as have ever blackened with ignorance or reddened with blood the records of civilized nations — to forget the wise advice of their cooler leaders, give full vent to the passions which their oppressors are aiming to foment, and rush headlong and blindly into riotous and ruinous revolution.

Ireland's true government: the wonderful Land League, the nearest approach, on a large scale, to perfect Anarchistic organization that the world has yet seen. An immense number of local groups, scattered over large sections of two continents separated by three thousand miles of ocean; each group autonomous, each free; each composed of varying numbers of individuals of all ages, sexes, races, equally autonomous and free; each inspired by a common, central purpose; each supported entirely by voluntary contributions; each obeying its own judgment; each guided in the formation of its judgment and the choice of its conduct by the advice of a central council of picked men, having no power to enforce its orders except that inherent in the convincing logic of the reasons on which the orders are based; all coordinated and federated, with a minimum of machinery and without sacrifice of spontaneity, into a vast working unit, whose unparalleled power makes tyrants tremble and armies of no avail.

Ireland's shortest road to success: no payment of rent now or *hereafter*; no payment of compulsory taxes now or *hereafter*; utter disregard of the British parliament and its so-called laws; entire abstention from the polls henceforth; rigorous, but non-invasive "boycotting" of deserters, cowards, traitors, and oppressors; vigorous, intelligent, fearless prosecution of the land agitation by voice

and pen; passive, but stubborn resistance to every offensive act of police or military: and, above all, universal readiness to go to prison, and promptness in filling the places made vacant by those who may be sent to prison. Open revolution, terrorism, and the policy above outlined, which is Liberty, are the three courses from which Ireland now must choose one. Open revolution on the battle-field leans sure defeat and another century of misery and oppression; terrorism, though preferable to revolution means years of demoralizing intrigue, bloody plot, base passion, and terrible revenues,— in short, all the horrors of a long-continued national vendetta, with a doubtful issue at the end; Liberty means certain, unhalting, and comparatively bloodless victory, the dawn of the sun of justice, and perpetual peace and prosperity in future for a hitherto blighted land.

The aim of true labor reform is not to abolish wages, but to universalize them. When all men become exclusively wage-workers, no man's wages will be eaten up by profit-mongers.

We trust that the friendly critic referred to in our last issue, who feared lest Liberty, in its battle against usury, might favor its suppression by statute and thereby stultify itself, will be relieved of all anxiety on this point by the detailed editorial statement, in another column, of our exact attitude toward that giant wrong. He has our thanks for giving us occasion to develop this line of thought more specifically than before.

There is a gentleman in New York whom we reverently admire for his intellectuality, learning, and breadth of spirit, but whom we are prevented from admiring for his modesty by his use, at least by implication, of the words Pantarch, Stephen Pearl Andrews, and God Almighty as interconvertible terms. He has been much disturbed of late — else his recent writings mislead us — about the Anarchists and their “dread of order,” seeming to delight in comparing them to burnt children who dread the fire. For his benefit, and that of a great many others who share his misapprehension and concern, we print elsewhere an admirable article translated from “Le Revolte,” describing the only kind of “order” that Anarchists dread or have ever felt the consuming heat of. After reading it, he will see that a repetition of this tiresome criticism can come only from the impertinence of stupidity or the wilfulness of perversity. Consequently, being a philosopher who finds his inspiration in neither of these sources, but exclusively in the sincerity of science, he will never repeat it.

The basis on which harmony in the Liberal League has been restored is announced. The majority made overturn by passing a resolution declaring its previously-adopted position in favor of the total repeal of the Comstock laws not binding on the minority. The minority accepted the advances, and wheeled into line. We know that this matter is none of our business; but for once we shall meddle far enough to say that this arrangement does not meet our approval. Not that a minority ought to be bound to anything against its will; only this,— that a body which does not care what its members think about the freedom of the press, but is exceedingly particular to have them endorse such paltry measures as the expulsion of chaplains from prisons and such objectionable ones as the extension of compulsory taxation and the enforcement by law of whatever scheme of morality it chooses to pronounce “natural,” ceases, in a measure, to be interesting to consistent believers in Liberty. These words are written in no spirit of hostility to the League. It contains some of our best and bravest men and women. Not a few of them we number among our valued friends. From its ranks Liberty’s soldiers are to be largely recruited, and through its agency much good liberal work is being accomplished. For these very reasons we dislike to see it take the back track, and hence our summons, “Come up higher!”

The Hour of Test.

Ireland has reached the crisis. She needs to-day some Thomas Paine to rise up among her people, warning them that "these are the times that try men's souls." "Souls" in a more exclusive sense than in 1776. For Ireland's warfare, to be successful, must be a moral one. The call for mere physical courage is less pressing within her shores than it was in these colonies one hundred years ago. What she needs is the moral courage and endurance to bear in silent protest injury, insult, indignity, following fast upon one another, until necessity shall drive, and the aroused moral sense of the civilized world shall shame, the authors of her outrages into lifting from her shoulders the iron hand of power.

Mr. Parnell's arrest and the suppression of the Land League were not unexpected happenings, but the logical results of this moral warfare that Ireland, for three years, has steadfastly and bravely waged. These events are Ireland's victory, if she knows how to make them such. The aim of the British government has been to drive the people into open revolution, and then, on the pretext that the people first resorted to force, shoot them down without mercy and mutilate them into submission.

But the policy has failed, Not only that,— it has retroacted, and possibly fatally, on its inventors. The government itself has been driven, in order to maintain its rule in Ireland, into a most shameless exhibition of force and tyranny, involving an entire abrogation of all the rights hitherto most sacred in the eyes of British subjects. It is not surprising. Only right knows law. Necessity, on which governments are based, knows none. But in reality, despite these despotic measures, the government is down. Ireland has the knee of moral pressure upon its chest, the grip of moral right upon its throat, and Gladstone and his gang are gasping spasmodically for breath. Will Ireland hold her advantage? Not unless she remembers principles, restrains her passions, acts upon conviction, obeys the advice of her true and tried leaders now in prison, and refuses to strike while refusing to submit.

The first duty to-day of every Irish tenant is to heed the manifesto of the League, and *pay no rent whatever*. Be that manifesto issued as a war measure, as some say, or, as other and profounder persons think it should be, in pursuance of deep-rooted conviction that "rent is an immoral tax upon industry," it is equally binding on every true Irish heart. "*Not one cent for tribute, but millions for*" passive resistance!

Irishmen, remember the words of Parnell and his colleagues: "Against the passive resistance of the entire population military power has no weapon." Disregard the

cowardly priests! Their aim is to relieve you of one despotism only to fasten their own more permanently upon you. The heaviest blow yet struck you comes from their ranks in your hour of sorest trial,— from that one among them all in whom perhaps you placed your trust most confidently, His Dis-Grace of Cashel. Remember him hereafter. Remember now only your duty to yourselves, to your imprisoned martyrs, to your beloved land, to the world at large, and, above all, to the cause of justice, *and stand firm!*

“Legitimate Mining.”

Some one has favored us with a copy of a very handsome paper called “The Conservative.” The principal tiling that it desires to “conserve” appears to be “legitimate mining.” We are by no means experts in mining, but, in our view, legitimate mining consists simply in digging minerals out of the earth and stilling them to those who desire them for products embodying an amount of labor equal to that which the minerals have cost the miner. If any such business as this is going on in any part of the world, and “The Conservative” is trying to “conserve” it, it is engaged in a very commendable work, in which we join, heart and hand.

But what is generally known as “legitimate mining” consists, as far as we have observed, in staking off a large tract of land in some abandoned region which nobody by any chance ever visits, paying some alleged mining expert to examine its contents and lie about them in terms sufficiently technical to hide the lie from the unlearned, vesting the ownership of the land in a stock company, electing the original holders as the officers, selling shares at prices corresponding in enormity to the lies that induce people to buy them, using most of the money thus received to pay princely salaries to the aforesaid officials, spending the balance in digging a mine, causing some “accident” to befall it, telling more lies about the wonderful results that the “accident” has prevented, assessing the stockholders to repair damages and keep up the salaries, selling the little mineral that may be brought to the surface at the highest possible prices regardless of the labor-cost, repeating these operations until they are no longer endurable and all the fools have been fleeced, and, finally, going into bankruptcy, and, perhaps, “skipping out” with the remaining funds. There is a plenty of such business as this going on in many parts of the world; but, if “The Conservative” is trying to “conserve” it, it is engaged in a very damnable work, which we fight, tooth and nail. Liberty’s attitude toward these and all other swindles is not at all conservative, but very *radical*. She would destroy them, root and branch. And their roots are land monopoly and money monopoly.

The Philosophy of Right and Wrong.

The most serious calamity attendant upon false premises in the realm of thought is that the avowed and conscientious enemies of despotism are made to be the persistent advocates and defenders of the pivotal agencies upon which it hinges. We do not make this assertion in a spirit of self-sufficiency and conceit, and are aware that those who differ from us will, of course, turn it against ourselves. Naturally, we feel very positive that the philosophy which shapes the teachings of Liberty is correct and unanswerable; but we are fallible, and, if the history of human opinions teaches anything, it is that nothing in this world is a finality.

But upon one thing all schools of sociology will agree,—namely, that the very first step in all reasoning looking to human well-being is to fix upon a correct scientific basis of *right* and *wrong*. These terms are upon everybody's lips, from the prattling stripling to the hoary theologian and moralist, and yet the average man has no fixed conception of what it is that constitutes an action as right or wrong. At every step we find people disputing and arguing over the right and wrong of a thing, but arrest them in any instance, and ask them what constitutes right and wrong in nature and practice, and they are totally unable to answer. And yet the whole argument in every case is useless and worthless until this point is settled.

The chief mischief attending this lamentable absence of a true scientific standard of right grows out of the universally accepted inference that, as soon as one is convinced that a practice is what he calls wrong, it is his next and imperative duty to set about to interdict that practice by force. For instance, there is a very large constituency among the thinkers of to-day who are convinced that usury is wrong. The “Irish World” is the most conspicuous reservoir in America of the protests growing out of that conviction. Yet the burden of the song of every protestant is that usury ought to lie crushed out of existence by force. It has no right to live, it should be forbidden and punished, because it is wrong.

Now, assuming that the vague standard of right and wrong adopted by these people is a sort of utilitarian one, based in this instance on the theory that lending on usury in every case works more harm than good (*i. e.*, more injury than benefit), they stand on untenable ground, and are liable to be dropped into a trap at any moment; for it would not be difficult to produce individual instances where the practice of lending on usury, so far from being an injury to anybody, is a practical benefit, not only to the individuals contracting, but to the community at large. By

their own standard, then, lending on usury, in such a case, would not be wrong. But, if it be answered that, although lending on usury may often prove a mutual benefit to individuals, its ultimate results upon society at large are disastrous, and that therefore society at large should prevent individuals from doing what they can mutually agree to, then Liberty must, of course, demand an unconditional halt! For that is the very essence of despotism against which we protest,—namely, the right of society at large to interdict individuals by force.

And to fall back, in order to justify such a course, upon the phrase, “moral right,” is both unscientific and pernicious. For moral right has no authoritative interpreter, and therefore should not be made, as it so easily can be, a weapon of tyranny. A thing must be right or wrong in accordance with some correct analysis of the natural domain of individual and associative action. To say “moral right,” in the sense above referred to, is to lumber up our conceptions with a mischievous term which has no scientific status.

We sometimes wish that the very terms themselves, right and wrong, were abolished; for, until they are made to have a true scientific meaning, they are a perpetual source of mischief and misdirection. But, until somebody shall give the world a correct scientific terminology, we must tolerate them as best we can, while endeavoring at every opportunity to so direct their application as to make them count for Liberty, instead of for despotism, as they generally do in society as at present governed.

Right and wrong are principles that must ever be defined, qualified, and circumscribed by the individual, in his associative capacity: defined, by a correct analysis of the natural domain of individual action; qualified, by the natural reflex action of other individuals; circumscribed, by the inflexible law that all action, individual and associative, shall be at the sole cost of the party or parties acting.

Under this law all individuals have a right to do anything and everything which they may choose voluntarily to do at their own cost. Make this law universal, and keep the hands of Church, State, and every other arbitrary, coercive despot away from it, and perfect Liberty will result as naturally as all other things find their level in nature. The practice of usury is a sacred and inviolable prerogative of individuals who choose to contract for its payment. If the cost, in practice, ultimately falls upon the innocent and toiling masses, it is because this prerogative is forbidden to these proscribed slaves by the machine known as the State. Proudhon demonstrates as clearly as any theorem in mathematics could be demonstrated that, if the power to

take usury were extended to all men, usury would devour itself, in its very nature. But this is exactly one of the chief purposes of the State,—namely, to cut off a great part of the race from the practice of usury, and confine it to the few, so that they may live in luxury on the toil of their artificially-created slaves.

The same is true of all the other prerogatives which attach to property. Whether property in land be, in itself, right or wrong, it is, in practice, a wrong only, because the State is designed chiefly to see to it that property in land shall be vested in a minority instead of all. If the State could be made to declare to-morrow that hereafter property in land should be extended to all, and that all landlords must, in future, secure their holdings on their own merits instead of by force, property in land would cease to be an evil. But the State that could be made to declare such a thing would cease to be the State.

We ask the reader to scrutinize carefully the law which we have italicized above, and then bear in mind the following melancholy facts which result from ignoring it, or not knowing it:—

1. Usury is practically wrong because the State creates and defends a monopoly in the practice of it.
2. Property in land is practically wrong because the State was created to defend a minority in the sole enjoyment of it.
3. Rent and interest (forms of usury) are practically wrong because the State necessarily confines the taking of rent and interest to the classes endowed with monopoly.

Finally, the whole range of transactions among individuals results in wrongs because the State assumes the right to stand despotically between individuals and their own mutual interests. *The State is the chief curse of humanity, the mother of human wrongs.*

Distressing Problems.

1. Is it worth while for fifty millions of people to prove themselves a nation of fools by hanging a fool for a homicide?
2. Could any one more effectually prove himself a fool than by committing a homicide in the expectation that the government would reward him for it by giving him an office?
3. How much mental capacity, how much power to judge of the moral character and probable results of an act, is it necessary that a man should have to save him from the charge of being a fool, and convict him of being a felon?
4. If a man who, having no malice to gratify and no prospect of gain, commits a homicide upon a peaceable citizen in open day and in the immediate presence of a hundred spectators has any other expectation than that his fate will be to end his days either on the gallows or in a lunatic asylum, can he be said to have sufficient power of judging of the nature and probable results of his act to save him from the charge of being a fool, and convict him of being a felon?
5. If a man who commits such a homicide under such circumstances is not to be considered a fool instead of a felon, what difference is there between him and a man who lays in wait for another, and kills him in cold blood for money?
6. If Guiteau should be hanged, will he be hanged because he is a fool? or because he is a political fool? or because, being a fool and a political fool, he committed a homicide?
7. If all the political fools in the country are to be hanged, or otherwise punished, for acts that are criminal when committed by men of sound minds,—such acts, for example, as advocating and voting for unjust and oppressive laws,—what percentage of the population are to go unpunished? And what is to become of our political parties, and of “our glorious republican institutions”?
8. If we have gained, in this country, no immunity for political fools, or if our government cannot survive the attacks of political fools of all possible grades, does not common sense decree that the sooner the fools put an end to it, the better?
9. Our government, like most other governments, is carried on mainly by two classes of men, knaves and dupes. It would scarcely be an exaggeration to call them felons and fools. If we must hang either of these classes, is it not cruel and indecent to begin with the fools?

10. We have two political parties in this country, and the two are of nearly equal numbers. They are tolerated, and even encouraged, because it is agreed, on both sides, that they are a necessity, in order that they may tell the truth of each other. And they do tell a great deal of truth, although by no means the whole truth of each other. And they are permitted to tell it in the presence of all the fools in the country. Is it to be expected that so much truth can be openly told without causing homicide? A few years ago we had a million of homicides, growing out of the wickedness of the government and the foolishness of the people; yet the government, unless in a single particular, was no worse then than it is now, and the people were perhaps no more foolish then than they are now. Do not these facts teach us that we should either change our government, or keep the truth out of the hands of the people? Can it be expected that a government as bad as ours, and a people as foolish as ours, can get on together without an occasional explosion?

“Cool” Journalism.

Suppose such tory newspapers as the Boston “Advertiser” and “Journal” should apply their Irish philosophy near home. If England knows so much better than Ireland how the latter should be governed, perhaps she is as all-knowing in regard to other nationalities, and could give her old colonies here on the American shore a few points in coercion. Undoubtedly she would relish doing so, and the opportunity would not be wanting if American public sentiment was controlled — as haply it is not in the least — by such journalistic “coolness” as the above-mentioned Boston dailies exhibit.

Our readers perchance need to be enlightened in regard to this “coolness.” Tho patrons of the “Advertiser” for some time past have been treated to little batches of what it was pleased to call “cool reason.” In a word, it has paraded itself as capable of perfectly unprejudiced opinions on all topics affecting, in the remotest degree, human well-being. And it has offered specimens of its “cool” and, as Joseph Cook would say, “absolutely luminous” judgments to the admiring public. It took up tho tribulations of Russia, and found that the Czar had “law on his side,” and hence Nihilism should fill the “cool” heart of the world with horror. It cast its “cold,” penetrating glance upon Ireland, and saw Grandfather Gladstone descending upon its perturbed and rebellious people with “law” good enough for them in one hand, and his flaming, annihilating sword in the other. “Ah, happy people!” it cried (or words to that effect); “why don’t they wilt, and give him three cheers with a *tiger*? ‘Tis simply incredible that they don’t. Parnell is a fool and so are all the Irish! But Gladstone,— he is immortal!”

Here is “coolness” for you, leader. Do you care for more.

The “cool” “Advertiser” sent a correspondent to Newport, who wrote an extended report of the services at the Channing Memorial Church. Trained, doubtless, ere he went, in the editorial “coolness,” he informs the reader that, in Channing’s lifetime, there were those who thought his name would fade out and be placed in the same limbo with Tom Paine’s and Voltaire’s. What we have to call the serious attention of our readers to is the “coolness” of the epithet “Tom.” Is there not something admirable in the “cold reason” which can so differentiate? Just think how Bill Channing would have sounded, and bless your stars for this “cool” discrimination.

Radicalism in Rhyme.

A Good Word for the Devil: Bible Musings by an Infidel. By Simeon Palmer. Boston 1881, pp. 136. See advertisement elsewhere.

Many attempts have been made by persons utterly unfitted for the task to paraphrase in rhyme the absurdities of the Bible, and to poetically satirize the dogmas of theology. But for the most part — yes, universally so far as we know — all these attempts have resulted in witless, vulgar, inharmonious jangles unworthy of the slightest attention. But none of these adjectives can be truthfully applied to “A Good Word for the Devil,” which, upon the whole, is one of the wittiest, cleverest, most skilful satires that we have seen for many a day. This becomes the more surprising when it is considered that the author is an aged man, entirely inexperienced in literature except as a student. The book is written in the difficult metre adopted by Byron in “Don Juan,” and contains here and there a stanza that would not discredit that master poet. The author

has a keen sense of the ridiculous, an extraordinary faculty for happily turning a phrase, und avast fund of information on all subjects connected with Biblical studies. More than this, he is a fearless thinker and outspoken writer. The work lacks method, and is marked at many points by crudities due to carelessness, both of author and printer. But it deals most effectively a rapid succession of keen thrusts and heavy blows at the Christian superstition, and deserves to be widely read. The treatment of the dogma of hell, introducing Joseph Cook I and his ingenious theory of Christ’s birth, fairly samples the faults and excellences of the work: therefore we append it.

I said that Hell had not then been invented.

We have the advantage over Bible times.

They burned or hacked the body, well contented

When death ensued; but when we’ve mocked the limbs

Or burned and buried those who have dissented,

Or won’t conform to our rehgloj whims,

We have the satisfaction of discerning,

With eye of faith, their Hell forever burning.

It would be joy to Jacob could he look
And see his brother Esan writhe in Hell,
Or Elisha see the boys the bruins shook
As a dog shakes a rat, all roasting well;
Or David, paired with Mrs. U., who took
A bath one evening, seeing him who fell
In battle by his act, show her Uriah,
Who feels that God is a consuming fire.
In this we have the advantage. Jon'than E.,
Who wrote the famous treatise on the Will,
Can look from Heaven's battlements and see
A delicate cinder that, on earth, was El,
Or Eliery Channing. who maintained that three
Were three times one, not one, and now, in Hell
Gets his deserts. And gentle Jon'than E.
Harps louder on his harp to the blest trinity.
And J. Iscariot Cook, who once applied
The microscope to Mary, and explained
The mystery of the birth of him who died
On Calvary; that she was not impregnated
By power the highest; and Old Gabriel lied
Or was mistaken; and that Mary feigned,
Or was deceived, when she broke forth in song,
Exultant that her offspring was the long
Foretold Messiah, through whose marvellous birth
All nations and all peoples should be blest,
And she should be proclaimed throughout the earth,
Happy above all mothers. Cook express,
Without the slightest tendency to mirth

Among his hearers, who all seemed imprest
With its importance, his belief that Jes-
Jesus was born as drones among the bees.
'Twas partheno genesis and nothing more.
So said the latest science. Then he quoted
Jaw-breaking German gutturals; — a score
Of men to physiology devoted;
And said the person we'd been taught t'adore,
As the original Grecian word denoted,
Was a subsistence, not a person: three
Subsistences, not persons, were the trinity,
Which was a substance. Now, I cannot see
How a subsistence, which itself was nought
And could do nought, when multiplied by three,
Became the infinite God, transcending thought;
How three noughts added made infinity;
How this subsistence lived on earth and taught,
And walked about, and ate and drank and died;
Died like a man; nay, like a thief, was crucified.
Still he is confident, this Joseph C.,
That in some future state, some post-existence,
Translated into heaven, he will see,
While sitting, cheek by jowl, with th' second subsistence,
The Devil, aided by a score of assistants,
Heaping the coals around poor Theodore P.,
While P., like Lazarus' friend, begs Joe for water,
And Joe will see him damned first, as he oughter.
Provided always Joe can find some screen
To hang between his past and God Almighty,

So that the damning record can't be seen.
The black and hideous record *sua vita*,
He hinted at, when lecturing yestreen,
In the "Old South," when Standing Bear and Bright-eye
And ghosts, as thick as leaves in Vallambrosa,
"Declared" he must have been damned fast, this Joe, sir.
Proviso 2, that Joseph ia sustained
In his queer notions of the trinity,
By his Triune: for Joseph would be pained
Should it turn out that the Divinity
Is not a triplet; and that he impregned
Miss M., and, proud of his paternity,
Resents the insult that the heir to the throne
Is not one whit superior to a drone.
But Joseph's dumb; that is, upon this theme.
He's dropped the subject, never mentions it.
He knocked the key-stone out from the grand scheme;
The brethren were disgusted with it, quite.
The clergy thought him, upon this point, lame.
'T would bring upon the sect a perfect blight.
Jesus no father? God no son? What next?
Then all religion was but a pretext.

A Proposal.

I.

The Britons were at Yorktown
Low humbled in the dust.
It was their hardest knock-down;
It knocked heir taxing lust.
Their power to roar oppression
On Columbia's free soil
The fathers put a stop to,
Their little game did spoil.
“Cornwallis, bring thy sword in
To Washington, the true!
Salute the Rebel's banner,
The red, white, and blue!”

II.

The Britishers still flourish
And flaunt their “Union Jack,”
While we, their natural offspring,
No Saxon virtue lack;
So, like the dear old mother
We trashed in olden time,
While she is threshing Ireland,—
Oh! impudence sublime! —
We gather up our garments,
Swear force is no more “brute,”
And at consecrated Yorktown

Her sullied flag salute.

III.

The “gracious Queen” doth send us
Condolence for our loss;
Our Arthur o’er the ocean
Love messages doth toss.
A widower our chieftain,
Victoria’s widowed long,—
Why not combine the household,
And make one people strong?
Oh! what a glorious Union!
Pure Saxon blood would flow,
And round the world together
A-conquering we’d go!

Order and Anarchy.

[Translated from “Le Revolte.”]

We are often reproached with having accepted as a motto the word *anarchy*, which so frightens many minds. “Your ideas are excellent,” they tell us, “but confess that your party’s name is unfortunately chosen. Anarchy, in the current tongue, is a synonym of disorder, chaos; it awakens in the mind the idea of clashing interests, of individuals at war with each other and unable to establish harmony.”

Let us begin by observing that a party of action, a party representing a new tendency, is rarely allowed to choose its own name. The *Gueux* (beggars) of Brabant did not invent that name, which afterward became so popular. But, at first a nickname,—and a very felicitous one, too,—it was taken up by the party, generally accepted, and soon became its motto. It will be agreed, moreover, that the word contained a complete idea.

And the *sans-culottes* of 1793? It was the enemies of the popular revolution that flung that name; but did it not contain a complete idea, that of the revolt of the people, in tatters and tiled of misery, against all those royalists, *soi-disant* patriots, and jacobins, dressed well and with scrupulous neatness, who, in spite of their pompons speeches and the incense burned before their statues by the *bourgeois* historians, were the real enemies of the people, since they profoundly despised the people for their poverty, their love of liberty and equality, and their revolutionary spirit?

And so with the name *Nihilists*, which so puzzled journalists and was the occasion of so many plays upon words, good and bad, until it became understood that it denoted, not a sect of semi-religious cranks, but a real revolutionary power. Launched by Tourguenoff in his novel, “Fathers and Sons,” it was taken up by the “fathers,” who by this nickname revenged themselves for the disobedience of the “sons.” The “sons” accepted it, and when, later, they saw that it was the source of misunderstandings and tried to disembarrass themselves of it, it was impossible to do so. The press and public were unwilling to designate the Russian revolutionists by any other name than this. Moreover, the name is by no means badly chosen, for it contains an idea. It expresses the negation of the sum total of the facts of the existing civilization, based on the oppression of one class by another: the negation of the present economic *regime*, the negation of governmentalism and power, of

bourgeois politics, of *bourgeois* morality, of routine science, of art placed at the service of exploiters, or the grotesque customs and usages, often detestable because of their hypocrisy, handed down from past centuries to existing society,— in short, the negation of all that the *bourgeois* civilization venerates to-day.

The same with the Anarchists. When there arose within the International a party denying authority in the bosom of the Association and revolting against authority in all its forms, that party first gave itself the name of Federalist, and later Anti-Stateist or *Anti-Autoritaire*. At that time it even avoided the name of Anarchists. The word *an-anarchy* (for so it was written then) seemed to connect the party too closely with the followers of Proudhon, to whose ideas of economic reform the International at that time was opposed. But for this very reason, in order to induce confusion, their enemies saw fit to use this name, saying, further, that the very name of the Anarchists proved that they desired only disorder and chaos, regardless of future results.

Then the Anarchistic party hastened to accept the name bestowed upon it. It insisted at first on the hyphen between *an* and *archy*, explaining that in this form the word *an-anarchy*, of Greek origin, signified *no government*, not “disorder;” but soon it accepted it just as it is, without giving useless trouble to proof-readers or a lesson in Greek to the people.

The word, then, has recovered its primitive, ordinary, common significance, expressed in 1816 in these words by an English philosopher, Bentham: “The philosopher who desires to reform a bad law does not preach insurrection against it. . . . The character of the Anarchist is very different. He denies the existence of the law, he rejects its validity, he excites men not to recognize it as law and to resist its execution.” To-day the meaning of the word has grown in breadth: the Anarchist denies not only existing laws, but all established power, all authority. Nevertheless, its essence remains the same: he revolts — and that is his starting-point — against power, authority, under whatever form it happens to exist.

But this word, they tell us, awakens in the mind the negation of order, and, consequently, the idea of disorder, chaos.

We will try, nevertheless, to understand each other. What *order* is in question? Is it the harmony that we Anarchists dream of? the harmony in human relations that will freely establish itself after humanity is no longer divided into two classes, one of which is sacrificed for the benefit of the other? the harmony that will spring spontaneously from the solidarity of interests, when all men shall form one and the

same family, when each will labor for the good of all and all for the good of each? Clearly, no! Those who reproach anarchy with being the negation of *order* do not mean the harmony of the future; they mean order, as it is conceived to-day, in our present society. Let us see, then, what this order is that anarchy wishes to destroy.

Order, to-day,— what they mean by order,— is nine-tenths of humanity laboring to maintain a handful of idlers in luxury, enjoyment, and the satisfaction of the most execrable passions.

Order is the deprivation of these nine-tenths of every necessary condition of healthy life and rational intellectual development. To reduce nine-tenths of humanity to the condition of beasts of burden living from day to day, without ever daring to think of the enjoyment which man finds in the study of science and the pursuit of art,— that is order!

Order is misery and famine become the normal state of society. It is the Irish peasant dying of hunger; it is the peasant of one-third of Russia dying of diphtheria, of typhoid fever, of hunger in consequence of scarcity, amid carloads of wheat on their way to foreign countries; it is the people of Italy compelled to abandon their luxuriant fields to roam through Europe seeking some tunnel to dig, where they may run the risk of being massacred after having existed a few additional months. It is the land taken from the peasant for the rearing of cattle to feed the rich; it is the land allowed to lie fallow rather than be restored to him who asks no more than to cultivate it.

Order is woman selling herself to support her children, is the child compelled to be confined in a factory or die of inanition, is the workingman reduced to the state of a machine. It is the phantom of hunger ever present at the doors of the laborer, the phantom of the insurgent laborer at the doors of the rich, the phantom of the insurgent people at the doors of their governors.

Order is a minority of a few, versed in governmental affairs, imposing themselves for that reason on the majority and bringing up their children to fill the same offices later, in order to maintain the same privileges, by stratagem, corruption, force, and wholesale murder.

Order is the continual war of man upon man, of trade upon trade, of class upon class, of nation upon nation. It is the unceasing roar of the cannon in Europe, the devastation of the country, the sacrifice of entire generations on the battle-field, the destruction in one year of wealth accumulated by centuries of hard labor.

Order is servitude, thought in chains, the degradation of the human race, maintained by blood and the sword. It is hundreds of miners buried annually in the mines through the avarice of the owners, and mitrailleused, shot down, and bayoneted, if they dare to protest against these massacres.

Order, finally, is the Commune of Paris drowned in blood. It is thirty thousand men, women, and children cut to pieces by shells, rained upon by the mitrailleuse, buried in quicklime beneath Parisian pavements. It is Young Russia within prison walls, buried in Siberian snows, its best, purest, most unselfish representatives strangling in the hangman's noose.

That is order!

And disorder,— that which they call disorder?

It is the people in revolt against this ignoble order, breaking their chains, tearing down barriers, and marching toward a better future. It is all that is most glorious in the history of humanity.

It is the revolt of thought on the eve of revolutions; it is the overturning of hypotheses sanctioned by the inertia of centuries past; it is the birth of a whole flood of new ideas, of bold inventions, of audacious solutions of scientific problems.

Disorder is the abolition of ancient slavery, the insurrection of the communes, the abolition of feudal serfdom, the attempts at abolition of economic servitude.

Disorder is the peasants risen against the priests and lords, burning castles to make room for cottages, leaving their dens in search of the sunlight. It is France abolishing royalty and dealing a mortal blow at serfdom throughout Western Europe.

Disorder is 1848 causing kings to tremble and proclaiming the right of labor. It is the people of Paris fighting for a new idea, and, though overpowered by massacre, bequeathing to humanity the idea of the free Commune and breaking the war for that revolution whose approach we now feel and which will be known as the Social Revolution.

Disorder — what they call disorder — is the epochs during which entire generations bear up in superhuman struggle and sacrifice themselves to prepare for humanity a better existence by relieving it of the chains of the past. It is the epochs during which the popular genius finds free scope, and in a few years takes those gigantic strides without which man would have remained in the state of ancient slavery, a servile being in abject misery.

Disorder is the flowering of the most beautiful passions and the grandest self-sacrifices; it is the epic history of the supreme love, the love of humanity.

The word *anarchy*, implying the negation of such an order and invoking the memory of the highest moments in humanity's life,— is it not well chosen for a party which marches onward to the conquest of a better future?

Chapter VIII

On Picket Duty.

Judge Black, in replying to Ingersoll, says: "The most perfect system of human government that ever was invented by the wit of man, and the holiest religion that has revealed to his creatures, when united together, form a monstrous compound highly injurious to the best interests of the human race." To be sure! What else could be expected? Is not the character of a compound determined by the character of its ingredients? Revealed religion is an evil; human government is an evil: how could a mixture of the two be anything but evil? Judge Black's remark strikes deeper than he intended. If the Liberal League is shrewd, it will hasten to seize upon this, the most forcible statement of its central doctrine ever framed, and make it the text of all its propagandism. Coming from the enemy, it will carry more weight.

Months ago Liberty instituted a vigorous search throughout Europe to discover an authentic picture of Michael Bakounine, the founder of Russian Nihilism, in order to reproduce his features for the benefit of her readers. The search has been in progress ever since, and has only just ended in success. We are now in possession of a photograph of the great revolutionist as excellent as it is rare, and a magnificent head and face it represents. It has been placed in the hands of the engraver, and subscribers to Liberty will have the pleasure of seeing an enlarged copy of it on the first page of our next issue, accompanied by an interesting biographical sketch. If they wish to reward our enterprise and effort, they best do so by helping to extend the circulation of the number. We will supply extra copies, for gratuitous distribution at one cent each. Let every subscriber send for as many as he or she can possibly afford to buy, and circulate them among friends. It is desirable that all orders should be in our hands prior to November 23.

At the dinner in honor of Henry George prior to his departure from Ireland he is reported by the "Irish World" to have pronounced himself in favor of the nationalization of land. So far Mr. Ford, editor of the "Irish World," has not only never stated his own position on this point, but has apparently studiously avoided so doing. In the article referred to, Mr. Ford expresses the opinion that that George's views of man's relation to soil are making such rapid progress as to make their adoption only a matter of time. Liberty is interested to learn what ground Mr. Ford occupies, if any, on this question, and, if he agrees with George that the land ought to be nationalized, what he means by this term. Mr. George's doctrine of land may be stated in three propositions: 1, that all human beings have an inalienable right

to the equal use of the soil, water, etc. and that no human being has the right to private property in them; 2, that the land of a country belongs to the people of the country,—the community; 3, that the revenue of the State ought to be derived from a land tax upon the basis of the margin of cultivation. He then affirms that the only title to property is rooted in labor. George, further, justifies interested, affirms the right of capital to a share of labor's products, and declares that this right rests upon the same thing as rent,—namely, the margin of cultivation, or the point in production where rent begins,—all of which is part of the land question and George's ideas of man's relation to soil. We affirm that these three points of George's land doctrine are irreconcilable with each other, that only the first is tenable, and that his law of rent, interest, and earnings of capital has no better basis than the law of wages and the Malthusian doctrine which he so ably refutes,—in a word, that it is fiction. Conceding the grand ability of the author of "Progress and Poverty," and confessing our great esteem for him as a man, writer, and reformer, we can not be so unjust to other eminent thinkers and writers as to assent to the statement of the "Irish World" that George's book is the most remarkable work of its kind written in this century and that really great minds have universally acknowledged the worth of his work (as unrivalled), since Proudhon has previously accomplished what George later attempted, and as we hold, failed to do,—namely, exhibit the relation of progress to poverty, though not under the title. The attempt made by George to identify the school of Proudhon with that of Lasalle only demonstrates his utter failure to understand either.

Wendell Phillips, urged by the Land League to visit Ireland and bring the power of his eloquence to the support of the no-rent gospel, declines on account of his health. It is a poor excuse. Imagine Mr. Phillips halting in his anti-slavery work, because of his health! He could give his glorious life a more glorious ending nowhere than on an Irish platform, expending his last breath in persuading the tenants to pay no more rent. So he might make his battle with slavery literally life-long. He sacrifices a grand opportunity. But, in view of a sentence in his letter of declaration, his decision is not to be regretted. He says: "Honest rent is the surplus left after the tenant has lived in comfort,—material, intellectual, personal, and social comfort." The man who says that can do Ireland no better service than to remain on this side of the ocean and keep his tongue in his head silver though it be. As if rightfulness of rent depends, in any sense, upon the condition of the tenant! On the contrary, it is the condition of the tenant that depends very largely upon the rightfulness of rent. The manner of an industrious man's life is not the

measure of his earnings, and does not constitute his title to them. He may live like a pauper, if he will, or like a prince, if he can; in either case the equitable reward of his labor remains the same. What he produces is his to consume, if he chooses to consume it; and, if he does not so choose, it is still his to keep. But Mr. Phillips says that the producer shall be allowed to consume enough of his product to make him comfortable, but must give the balance to men who produce nothing and whose sole function in the world is to consume and waste and destroy. Out upon such doctrine! It is that of a tender-hearted highwayman, neither more nor less. Ireland already has too many men within her shores who are influenced in this matter of sentiment rather than by principle to need to add another to their number.

Ireland's New Saviour.

We admit that the spectacle of reformers fighting each other is not a very flattering one. While the great army of oppressors remains as numerous and audacious that our limited space permits us hardly to touch the outposts in details, it is no very enviable duty to have to turn our scanty ammunition upon the thin ranks of reformers. Sentimentally speaking, the slender forces to which the poverty and ostracism of liberals restrict them ought all to be directed against the flanks of the enemy.

Yet, howsoever good the intentions of a fellow-reformer, he is liable to become a greater misfortune to progress, if his premises and methods are radically wrong, than a whole brigade of the enemy outside our camp. The author of "Progress and Poverty" is said to be a man of no airs,— quiet, plain, unpretending, modest, democratic,— a veritable man grown out of the common people. He has shown the title-labelled numskulls of colleges and other monopolizing haunts of authoritative wisdom that a workingman can write a book which, in spite of their contempt, excites the wonders and interest of thinkers all over the world.

Mr. George's pen-picture of the "persistence of poverty" amidst ever-increasing wealth and plenty does him immense credit as a literary giant, and his book, in demolishing the Malthusian humbug and setting the old school of economic quacks aright on many important points, is worthy of all the admiration which his friends have bestowed upon it.

Against Mr. George as a man, and against the many able and original points in his book, we have nought to say. But against Mr. George as a writer totally ignorant of the vital problems of Liberty, which overshadows all merely economic considerations, we have something very serious to say, and shall say it without stint. That he would willfully side with despotism it would be ungenerous to surmise, and that man of his acute powers of thinking should season his whole thought with the very essence of tyranny can only be accounted for on the score of absolute ignorance of the governmental problem.

Upon looking into the nature Mr. George discovers that she everywhere furnishes increase not measured by labor. Two men start in to cultivate soil. They have equal capacity, and devote exactly the same labor, each to hisfield. But one field, being by nature far less fertile than the other, simply furnishes the bare necessities of life to the cultivator, while the other furnishes a surplus. This margin,

represents the varying productiveness of different portions of soil, says Mr. George, makes rent possible and natural, and persons wishing to purchase opportunities to secure nature's will be willing to pay rent in proportion to the ratio of increase which the soil is furnishing to the existing holders. Rent, then, is natural and just.

By an analogous process of reasoning Mr. George justified interest, profits, and the whole range of usury, and proceeds to explain the laws which govern their adjustment. Had his work been confined solely to the chapters on usury, it would have simply been a poor rehash of sophistries which were demolished centuries ago and which the masterly hand of Proudhon scattered into everlasting chaos beyond the shadow of resurrection.

But the master strike of George is left for the last. Usury is just. Nature pays usury. Paraphrased into the "Irish World's" theological terminology: "Our beneficent Creator gave it to all His children as their inalienable inheritance." Since, then, nature gave usury to all men, and since rent represents land-usury, George would let landlordism execute its useful functions; but, when the landlords have gathered up the harvest of land-usury, he would send that sublime bully, the State, among them to confiscate it and distribute it among the whole people. There shall be no "hold the harvest" for them.

It is utterly astonishing, however, that Mr. George fails to see that, by the same reasoning, he is morally bound not to stop with rent, but to pursue the governmental raid into the banks, and confiscate their money-usury. Nor must he stop even there. He must go into the market-places, stores, and manufactories, and confiscate their surplus earnings. Yea, by the inevitable logic of his system the government is bound to seize upon the pay of all wage-laborers and confiscate the margin of increase corresponding to that which represents rent. In short, the enormity of the which Mr. George lays out is only exceeded by its ridiculousness and utter atrocity.

All this insane bosh has its source in ignorance of the rational domain of *yours and mine*, which is at the bottom of the economic problem. If a piece of land belongs to a man in natural equity because he personally cultivates and occupies it, then the increase which it affords through his labor *is his* as against all the world. If, on his own merits and independent of governmental coercion, his fellow-men choose to tolerate him in the ownership of land which he does not cultivate and occupy, the rent they may pay him is his, and no combination of men outside of him, under any pretext, have a right to confiscate what his fellow-men have

freely and voluntarily given him. The fact is, however, that, in natural equity, his fellow-men would not tolerate it, and rent would become impossible. The State alone creates rent by fortifying the landlord in his ownership of what he does not occupy and improve. Mr. George's State is a double damnation to Liberty, since it first justifies the theft and supplies its machinery and then confiscates the very increase which it has declared unnatural and just. The fact is that the writer is a governmental socialist, and, along with the rest of those deluded into dangerous foes of Liberty, has taken exactly the moral ground of the Dark Ages in assuming that the Socialistic State can do no wrong, even though it wantonly violate its own standard of justice as applied to individuals: for, with the Socialists, as with the old school Statocrats, individuals have no right which their despotic governmental bully, the Socialistic State, is bound to respect.

Twenty of editions of Liberty would not cover one-half of the ridiculous and abominable absurdities which gather at every step around the logic of Henry George's Book. That this dangerous craze should have seized upon so steadfast and sturdy a foe of usury as Patrick Ford should serve as a reminder to the friends of Liberty that, however gentle, modest, and devoted Mr. George may be as a man, it is their imperative duty to fight down his influence in dead earnest at every opportunity. If this insinuating craze is able to capture such papers as the "Irish World" and the New York "Sun" and "Truth," its power for evil is incalculable. The "Sun" and "Truth" are comparatively little consequence, but we earnestly hope that Patrick Ford will ponder long and well before fatally committing the "Irish World" to a system whose logic, carried for its natural outcome, would not only neutralize that journal's splendid work in the past, but would build up a despotism compared with which all that Ireland has ever suffered sinks into insignificance. We are curious to hear how George's New Ireland will look after his prescriptions are sent to the "Irish World," but more curious to know whether Patrick Ford can be seduced into throwing overboard his wits and trimmings his sails for this economic gulf of perdition.

At Chicago.

A large portion of Liberty's space is surrendered in this issue to a skeleton report of the proceeding National Socialist Congress at Chicago, submitted by our own delegate, Dr. Joseph H. Swain. The congress appears to have been highly successful and harmonious, and its results are, in the main, eminently satisfactory. Though not adopting the theme of the "International," it has practically made itself the American federation of that body by organizing in accordance with the action of the London congress, and will, if made the most of, contribute greatly to the progress of the world-wide Social Revolution. Dr. Swain made a strong and uncompromising fight for the principle of Liberty, and, though unsuccessful in getting them squarely adopted as the principles of the party, so influenced the action of the majority as to make it acceptable by us. Indeed, so good was the platform submitted by the majority, the he hesitated a little before proposing anything in its place.

The chief fault of the platform as it stands seems to us one of omission. So far as it attacks the monopoly of productive agencies, or what are ordinarily called such, it is splendid; but it ought also to have attacked with equal vigor the monopoly of distributive agencies. Free money is as important as free land; in this country, even more so. Besides this, we disapprove of nothing in the platform or resolution except the phrase "wage slavery" and the recommendation of armed organization. The discussions at the various session showed that the ballot craze has not yet been entirely uprooted, and the advocates of political action, though not carrying their point, succeeded in obtaining a comparatively unobjectionable concession recognizing the political independence of local groups. Liberty feels highly honored at being selected as the English organ of the movement, and accepts the position, but in no sense that impairs its entire independence or alters its editorial policy! Now let the good work go on! Local groups, which are to be the real strength of the movement, should be formed everywhere, until an Anarchistic organization is perfected that shall become even more truly the real government of the United States than the Land League is the government of Ireland.

Mr. Chainey's Gospel.

Liberty has already had occasion to refer approvingly to the excellent work that George Chainey is doing in Boston at Paine Hall, and throughout the country by his "Infidel Pulpit." That approval it is our desire to emphasize further. He is steadily widening his field, boldly stepping beyond the confines of theological discussion, and wisely identifying his religion (or irreligion) with the whole of human life. His efforts must not lack appreciation. Every Liberal should subscribe to the "Infidel Pulpit," which it is his purpose soon to enlarge and make more attractive than before. And now that we are about it, will Mr. Chainey forgive us if we couple this word of encouragement with a word of criticism? According to a report of his recent lecture on "Irish Liberty and Land," he used these words: "If the landlords of Ireland were Irish, I believe the tenant would be as dumb before them as the sheep before the shearers, because they are so dumb before priests." Does he not know that they are Irish? That they are absentees? In Ireland an English landlord is the exception, not the rule. Mr. Chainey should be more careful of his facts. Again, after expressing admiration of the motto, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," he continues thus: "When I speak of equality, I would not be understood as advocating under that name soul-murdering communism. While every man and woman should be free to enjoy the fruit of his or her labor, equality in the natural opportunities of life is the first principle on which life depends. Through equality alone can we reach liberty. Equality is the root and liberty the flower of existence. From the flowers of liberty comes the perfume of fraternity." Our Declaration says not so. "All men are born equal and free." Jefferson understood the French motto better than Mr. Chainey, who has unwittingly twisted it into the shape that suits Louis Blanc and other advocates of that "soul-murdering communism" which he rightfully deprecates. He would have it read: Equality, Liberty, Fraternity. As Proudhon wittily said, this is like the crucifixion of Christ between two thieves. For compulsory equality and forced fraternity are thieves, and between them there is no life for Liberty. In the face of Mr. Chainey Liberty still flies her flag, not as the daughter, but the *mother* of order.

Guiteau Not a “Child of Liberty.”

“The Guiteau Generation” is the title of a recent discourse by Dr. C. A. Bartol. The printed report is now before us, but a few sentences come readily to our lips, and furnish the suggestion of what we would here say, “Guiteau is our production, a child of Liberty.” This is an assumption, based on the fact that he was born in this country and raised under “our institutions.” Waiving a moment the rather important question whether “our institutions” do, in any real and effectual way, solve the problem of Liberty; or admitting, for the sake of argument, that “our institutions” and Liberty are in all respects synonymous,— does it, as a consequence, follow that Guiteau is a “child of Liberty.” Liberty, if it exists in America inherits the material on which it is at work. The appearance of a man like Guiteau in America has inherited as to what it is in and of itself. Put into one word, what is that inheritance? No one can doubt. It is *Force*. And Guiteau is a child of Force, Dr. Bartol, not of Liberty. Children, sir, are supposed to resemble and reproduce the character of their parents. They are, in a familiar phrase, “chips of the old block.” In what way can Liberty be said to be the sire of Garfield’s assassin? In this way only,— the way in which you have said it,— that he was self-prompted to the deed. But that certainly is a most unjust way accusing Liberty. Do you in the same breath call men as Napoleon, Cromwell, the czars of Russia children of Liberty? They were “self-prompted” men. And if to be thus self-moved constitutes a man an heir of Liberty, either of the tyrants named could claim the inheritance by a title more indisputable than Guiteau’s. But, of course, Dr. Bartol is ready with the qualifications that one must be *moved* by a *self* in harmony with the law of Liberty in order to be Liberty’s child. Very well, was Guiteau so moved? Ah, sir! *had* it been so, Garfield would have been living to-day. Liberty does not invade the right of life in any man. Liberty is without weapons of offense. Her devotees are bound hand and foot in her only law, which hold the Liberty of others as sacred as their own. To kill another is not to set forth the nature of Liberty. The slayer is not Liberty’s champion, but Tyranny’s. It is the resource of despotism, the triumph of Force.

Therefore do we affirm that Guiteau is no child of Liberty, though he is, as we now insist, a child of “our institution,” in so far as they rely, not upon voluntary support, but upon Force. Guiteau wished Garfield dead, and he compelled his death. Dead, he desired him, or made over to his idea of what he should be. He would have him dead *as he was*, and, if he had seen the way to have him so die and

yet live among men, we doubt not he would have kept the money that purchased the pistol in his pocket. But he had no such idea. He had the common, prevailing idea,— the idea of the supremacy of Force. He was the child of what you Dr. Bartol, you and the majority of your countrymen, exalt, Law *forced*— “en-forced,” you put it.

And that, sir, is what America has inherited; not what she has invented. No matter about our Fourth of July craze; we still live, not on our own *genius for Liberty*, but on our borrowed capital,— namely, the organization of despotism, whose weapon is Guiteau’s pistol.

Is it not so?

Capital: What It Is and What It Is Not.

Dear Mr. Tucker:— I have no desire whatsoever to obtrude myself into your controversy with Mr. Babcock, but I cannot help wishing to say a word or two about Bastiat's plane story, which you quote from Ruskin with his own remarks regarding it.

The story itself is, of course, nothing but an economical conundrum; and it would have no point whatever, were it not for the absurd property system which makes it necessary for our "William" to *borrow* planes and other instrumentalities of labor from our "Jameses." (1)

Mr. Ruskin himself only uses the illustration to ignore it as at all explanatory of the principle of interest (2); and, were it not for the first part of the article that you quote from him, I should derive some hope, from his last sentence, that he has a glimmering idea of the true nature of capital.

He says: "There are, indeed, very many subtle conditions involved in any sale; one among which is *the value of ideas*,... (the article is not one which modern political economists have any familiarity with dealings in;)" &c. (3)

The point I wish to make relates to his supposition of the, practically, total destruction of "capital" (4), in the passage in the beginning that I have referred to.

He says: "If all the money of all the capitalists in the whole world were destroyed; the notes and bills burnt, the gold irrecoverably buried, and all the machines and apparatus of manufacture crushed, by a mistake in signals, in one catastrophe; and nothing remained but the land, with its animals and vegetables, and buildings for shelter," — well, what then? Why, he says: "the poorer population would be very little worse off than they are this very instant... it is only we who *had the capital* who would suffer."

I must not ask for space to quote his description of the conditions of the two classes — laborer and capitalist — under the supposed — catastrophe. (The word *calamity* would not be appropriate to such an event, for, in my opinion, it would be anything but a calamity in its general results.)

Now, it is quite evident to me that Mr. Ruskin, when he wrote those words, has not a correct idea — and I doubt if he has to-day — of the misapplication he was making of the term "capital" And yet the very results which he was partially right in imagining would occur from the catastrophe ought to have taught him that, were

all these things which he erroneously called “capital” suddenly destroyed, capital, *real* capital, would still remain, comparatively unimpaired!

Things that perish almost as fast as they are produced *are not* capital.

The accumulated and developed thought and experience of the race alone *are* capital. (5)

It is this thought and experience embodied in material forms that are really that property of “wealth” which makes it an invaluable aid to labor, and which renders wealth, in any other than its *private* (6) use, a privilege as dangerous to society and to Liberty as we all see it to be.

But the value of capital, embodied in these material forms, is as nothing compared with its value in the form of knowledge stored up in men’s minds, and reaching to their fingers’ ends. This was the portion of capital that Mr. Ruskin left out of the account (7) in the above supposition, and it would exist in all classes of men in about the same proportions as it does to-day. So that, in the case supposed, Mr. Ruskin would not “starve,” for learned teachers like him would be wanted just as much, and, I may add, would be highly appreciated, and command greater influence. But I am encroaching.

Yours faithfully, W. G. H. SMART.

Boston, October 9, 1881

[For convenience of comment under Mr. Smart’s letter, we have inserted in it parenthetical figures at the points which it is our intention to consider.

(1.) We made practically the same statement in the following issue of *Liberty* in these words: “Those who would have the userer rewarded for rendering a service always find it convenient to forget that the userer’s victim would not need his service were it not that the laws made at his bidding prevent them from saving themselves.” “Apex,” one of our valued correspondents, elaborates the same important point in a litter printed in the present issue.

(2.) Not at all! Mr. Ruskin accepts the illustration as explanatory of the principle of interest, and alters only the language in which it is couched, so simplifying and abridging it as to bring the atrocity of that principle more clearly into view.

(3.) In our view Mr. Smart misconceived Mr. Ruskin’s meaning in using the phrase, “value of ideas;” though it must be confessed that his meaning seems rather vague. That he had clear meaning, however, need not be doubted.

(4.) Mr. Ruskin makes no such supposition. He supposed the destruction of what is *ordinarily called* capital — that is, money and machines,— and shows that in that event, the laborers would immediately by the exercise of their wits,— that is, the *really important* part of their capital,— manufacture new machines and proceed as before. In saying this he should have Mr. Smart's applause (he certainly has ours), for he calls attention to Mr. Smart's pet idea, that capitalistic nature of accumulated thought and experience.

(5.) We quite agree with Mr. Smart that “accumulated thought and experience *are capital*,” but we utterly fail to see why “things that perish almost as fast as they are produced are not capital.” *Any product that lasts any time at all and is capable of use as an aid to reproduction is capital.*

(6.) Mr. Smart's distinction between *social* and *private* wealth, calling the former capital to be held in common and the latter personal property to be held by individuals, lies well towards the bottom of his philosophy, but nevertheless is unmitigated bosh based on pure chimera. All wealth is social wealth; all wealth is private wealth. Capital is product, and product is capital. And to the producer belongs product and capital. In the words of Proudhon, “we produce to consume and consume to produce.” A man's coat is capital as truly as a steam-engine. The food that we eat is capital; the clothing that we wear is capital; the picture that we feast our eyes upon, provided they are well executed and teach ennobling lessons, are capital. And in just the same sense and for the same reason,— namely that they aid in reproduction,— the spade and the axe and lathe are capital. And any man may own one as well as the other, but neither unless he earns it. And wealth that is earned, whether by labor of brain or labor of muscle, is never a privilege, and cannot, *per se*, injure either society or Liberty. To be logical, Mr. Smart must either stand for unqualified communism and deny individual possession altogether, or stand for unqualified Liberty and claim for each and every individual the possession of his product or an equivalent of it. His so-called socialism is a hybrid philosophy, incoherent in its structure and unreal in its elements.

(7.) As we indicated above, Mr. Ruskin, instead of leaving this portion of capital out of account, wrote this paragraph in question expressly to emphasize the importance of taking it into account.

Mr. Smart's letter ought to have appeared more promptly, but the character of our reply will probably convince him that the delay was due to no disinclination to grapple with his criticisms. — Editor Liberty.]

Another Answer to Mr. Babcock.

Mr. Tucker:— In your issue of October 15 I notice a question by J. M. L. Babcock, and, although you have answered it, yet, I beg to give my answer. The question is this:— “Is a man who loans a plough entitled in equity to compensation for its use?” My answer is, “Yes!” Now then, what of it? Does that make something for nothing right? Let us see. We must take it for granted that the loaning of the plough was a good business transaction. Such being the case, the man who borrows the plough must give good security that he will return the plough and pay for what he wears out. He must have the wealth or the credit to make the owner of the plough whole in case he should break or lose the plough. Now, I claim that this man, having the wealth or credit to secure a borrowed plough, could transmute that same credit or security into money, *without cost*, and with the money buy a plough, were it not for a monopoly on money. For a monopoly of money implies a monopoly of everything that money will buy.

If people should give to landholders, as a right, what they now give to bondholders as a special privilege,— why, you might loan ploughs for a price, but the price would not include a money cost, as it is inevitable under our present monetary system.

Let us remember that an individual transaction under a system of monopoly does not represent nor illuminate the truth as it would under a natural or just system. Again, superficial ideas do not always harmonize with the central truth.

Briefly, but truly yours,

Apex.

Tony Revillion, who has shot into notice in Paris as a writer of workingmen's novels and a radical, began his literary career at the antipodes of Belleville life. One of his first efforts was an elegantly written volume of souvenirs of the Fanbourg Saint Germain.

The Chicago Congress.

[REPORTED FOR LIBERTY BY HER OWN DELEGATE.]

In accordance with the call initiated by the groups which sent delegates from the United States to the congress of the International Working People's Association recently held in London, for a National Socialistic Congress to meet at Chicago, Oct. 21, 22, 23, and in which socialistic groups and sections of all shades, weary of compromise and desirous of accomplishing the social revolution by other means than political action, were invited to participate, I was duly appointed to represent Liberty, and now offer the following report. I arrived at Chicago in time to be present at the afternoon session of Friday, the opening day. The convention had been called to order at 10 A.M., at the North Side Turner Hall, but, after appointing a committee on credentials reported the names of twenty delegates entitled to seats and representing New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Jersey City, Hoboken, St. Louis, Milwaukee and other socialistic strongholds. The following preamble and resolution was then offered by A. Spies of Chicago, and adopted.

Whereas, The British Government has most outrageously, and in opposition to the usage and customs of that country, as well as in opposition to the spirit of our age, incarcerated and persecuted men who were manly enough to expose the wrongs and robbery committed by that government upon the poor and destitute Irish people; and

Whereas, The British Government thereby sanctions and advocates the perpetuation of the wholesale robbery of the Irish people by unscrupulous and monstrous landlords, and recognize the monopoly and ownership of the resources of life, such as land and means of labor, in possession of a privileged few, while on the other hand depriving the masses of their houses, liberty, and bread; and

Whereas, the ownership of land and means of labor is legal theft, which causes serfdom, destitution, and misery, and which for the universal benefit of mankind should by all means be abolished; and

Whereas, By the recent steps of the British Government, free speech, the expression of deep-felt grievances of the people of Ireland has been suppressed; be it therefore

Resolved, That we, now assembled in congress, hereby condemn and denounce the British Government for the arrest of the Irish land agitators, and that we express our deep-felt sympathy with the Irish people who are now struggling against the oppressive and unnatural system of land ownership and capitalism.

A communication from radical socialists of Boston favoring reorganizing of the socialists of the United States, abandonment of political party methods, total destruction of existing economic institutions, non-use of force where no force is used to prevent free propagation of socialistic ideas, and objecting to the resolution of the London congress so far as they do not agree with the foregoing, but fully endorsing the resolution to make all possible efforts to spread the revolutionary idea and the spirit of revolt among the masses who do not yet take part in the movement, was, with others from various groups, read and placed on file. The roll was then called, in order to learn what instructions had been given to the delegates. One or two besides Liberty's representatives had none, but were entrusted with absolute freedom. After a brief discussion of various plans of organization, the congress went into executive session. During the session committees on platform, organizations, etc., were appointed, and at 7 o'clock a motion to adjourn until half-past 9 Saturday morning was agreed to.

In the evening the committees were able to finish their labor, and adjourned to 9 A.M. Saturday, at which time your delegate was on hand, but was obliged to wait until after 10 o'clock for all members to appear. The committees occupying the rest of the morning, no session of the congress was held until 3 o'clock P.M., when the committee on platform and principles, of which your delegate was a member, presented a majority report, signed by Justus H. Schwab, Aug. Spins, and A. R. Parsons. P. Peterson, not agreeing to the resolution on independent political action, did not join in the report, although others of the committee equally objected to this plank. Liberty's delegate, after aiding in the preparation of the majority report, drew up a partial report of his own (the limited time not allowing for its completion), which he offered to the congress. As section after section of the majority report was voted, he moved to substitute a section of his own, giving his reasons therefor. The majority platform, as finally adopted, reads as follows:

Whereas, We have certain desires and necessities, upon the satisfaction of which life and happiness depend, and that all means for such satisfaction exist in nature, to wit: air, land, water, and all else exists, as well as all benefits that grow out of nature; association of men: therefore, we declare that any seizure of these great

necessities by one or more persons excludes others from their equal use, and, though sanctioned by law and custom, is robbery - and invasion of the inalienable rights of man, resistance to which is the highest virtue.

Whereas, the natural resources and means of production have been and are being converted into private property, by which the working classes are held in dependence and wage slavery, it becomes the right and duty of the despoiled to recover their natural inheritance by every possible means.

The Congress of Socialists assembled at Chicago, Oct. 21 and 22, 1881, recommend:

1. The organization of workingmen and woman (being foremost interested in the solution of the social problem) into local, national, and international associations for the purpose of educating themselves as to the cause and circumstances which led to their enslavement, and to learn the remedies by which the evil may be abolished.

2. The organizations of the revolutionary propaganda and preparation for aggressive warfare to be waged against the system, supports and upholders of exploitation of man by man, and to introduce in its stead free social and industrial cooperation.

The rejected platform offered by Liberty's delegate, which was in my respects similar to the foregoing, read as follows:

Whereas, All humans being have desires and necessities upon the satisfaction of which their life and happiness depend and for the gratification of which the means are supplied in nature, viz., air, land, water, and all else not produced by man, including the natural forced by the discovery and utilization of which through associative effort progress has been and is along possible, we declare that free access to and free use of these means of life are the inalienable right of every human being, and that any seizure of these great necessities by one person, or by any class of persons, that excludes others from equal opportunities, though sanctioned by law and custom, is robbery,— an invasion of these inalienable rights of man, resistance to which is the highest virtue; and

Whereas, These great necessities have been and are being seized and held by some as to exclude others from equal participation in the use of them, it is the right and duty of the despoiled to gain their natural inheritance, from which they have hitherto been debarred, by every possible means: therefore

We recommend, as the most economic programme of resistance and revolution, the organization of the friends of human right into local, national, and international groups upon the following bases:

POLITICAL PRINCIPLES: individual sovereignty; no government of man by man; anarchy.

POLITICAL METHODS: organized abstention from polls; resistance to taxation; free speech.

SOCIAL PRINCIPLES: cost the limit of price, no exploitation of man by man; equity.

SOCIAL METHODS: organization of credit and exchange; creation of mutual banks; free trade.

A plank in the majority report recommending "independent political action wherever such may be deemed advisable for the purpose of demonstrating to the workingmen the utter wrongfulness and inefficiency of our political institutions and the so-called free-ballot remedy." gave right to a long contest between the Chicago delegates, who urged that its adoption was absolutely necessary to the preservation of the party in Chicago, and the visiting delegates, who, with few exceptions, strenuously opposed it. It was rejected, but at the last session a substitute recognizing independence of each group in politic was adopted. The considerations of the above occupied the afternoon and evening of Saturday.

Sunday forenoon the report of the committee on organizations and resolution, presented by the chairman, Adolph Herben of Jersey City, was adopted.

The name "International Working People's Association" was offered by P. Peterson as a substitute for the name reported by the committee, and was supported by Schwab and Swain. This was one of the hardest contests of the session, your delegate resisting the majority with all resources at his command. The full report on organization, as adopted, reads thus:

This party shall be called the Revolutionary Socialistic party.

It shall be composed of all organized groups recognizing the revolutionary principles adopted by this Congress.

Each groups shall enjoy entire autonomy, and shall judge for itself the right and proper way of propaganda suitable to its locality, provided it be consistent with the platform and resolution of the party.

Each group is advised to call itself after the name of the city in which it is located.

Five members shall be deemed sufficient to form a group.

A bureau of information shall be established in Chicago, composed of a secretary for each principle language spoken, and one for French correspondence; its duty shall be the recording of all existing groups, or organizations, and those hereafter organized; to keep up a correspondence with the secretaries of groups and exchange information; and to correspond with all organized groups of the Old West recognizing the revolutionary principles contained in our platform.

Groups wishing to be recorded must have the endorsement of an existing group near its locality, and must give its membership.

Ten groups shall have the right to call a National Convention.

Applicants for membership shall sign a pledge declaring their conviction in the party principles.

The following resolutions, reported by the same committee, were adopted also:

Resolved, That we hereby ratify the action of the Congress of the International Working People's Association, recently held in London, and, acting upon its advice, we have organized ourselves in the United States in conformity with the conditions and circumstances surrounding us.

Resolved, That we hereby extend, on behalf of the defenders of liberty everywhere, our heartfelt thanks to the Socialists of Russia for their unrelenting warfare upon the evils of Czarism, and they have our unqualified support in employing any and all means to extirpate such monsters from among men.

Resolved, That the Congress assembled recognize the armed organizations of workingmen who stand ready with the gun to resist the encroachment upon their rights, and recommend the forming of like organizations all over the States.

Resolved, That under no circumstances our members are allowed to vote for any person or with any party which does not absolutely approve our platform.

On motion, a committee was appointed to revise the proceeding and prepare them for publication in pamphlet form, after which President O'Meara made a few closing remarks, and at 4 P.M. declared the congress adjourned sine die.

A reception tendered the delegates in the evening at North Side Turner Hall was attended by about three hundred men, women, and children. After the

performances of the Socialist Mannerchor and the German Typographical Mannerchor, and a zither performance by Miss Dethmanu and Messrs. Krutse and Cobelli, Justus Shwab, read congratulatory messages from the socialists of New York and Philadelphia, and exhorted friends of the revolutionary cause to remain steadfast, working to their utmost to disseminate the "doctrines of Liberty." He congratulated the delegates that the labors of the congress had been successful enough to warrant all in entertaining the most sanguine ideas of the work in the near future. He further recited a poem in German, about a contest between King of Money and Hunger, in which the later managed to win the prize — Liberty. The formal programme closed with the "Marseillaise," after which dancing began, continuing till a late hour.

In writing this report your delegate has relied largely on his memory. Interesting matter has been omitted, and doubtless some inaccuracies will be made apparent by the revised report when issued. It was the general opinion that no congress of the kind was ever so harmonious, being unmarred by personalities or bitterness. Liberty's delegate, standing alone on the floor as the advocate of American socialism, Josiah Warren's Sovereignty of the Individual, and Proudhon's Anarchy, is glad to acknowledge his cordial reception by his brother socialists, and to testify to their uniform courtesy and patience during the sessions of congress, the time of which he used to no small degree in the presentation of his views. A strong disposition was shown to extend the circulation of Liberty, and it was selected as the English organ of the new party. Evidence was not wanting to show that the socialistic party has developed great strength in Chicago,— in fact, that it is a power not to be ignored or ridden over rough-shod by the industrial kings and barons of to-day.

J. H. Swain.

Chapter IX

Michael Bakounine.

As announced in our last number, we present on this page, for the first time in America, a faithful portrait of the founder of Nihilism,— the physical lineaments of an heroic reformer, of whom we are willing to hazard the judgment that coming history will yet place him in the very front ranks of the world's great social saviours. The grand head and face speak for themselves regarding the immense energy, lofty character, and innate nobility of the man. We should have esteemed it among the chief honors of our life to have known him personally, and should account it a great piece of good fortune to talk with one who was personally intimate with him and the essence and full meaning of his thought and aspiration. In the absence of any direct knowledge of the man and his own interpretation of his life-work we can do no more than publish a brief sketch of his career, gathered from various German and French writings, with such inferences as appear to us just and natural.

Michael Bakounine was born in 1814 of an ancient aristocratic Russian family. His father was a wealthy proprietor of Torchok in the governmental department of Twer. He was at an early age sent to the cadet school of St. Petersburg, and entered as ensign in the artillery. In that day the artillery branch of military service was one in which the most favored aristocracy were enrolled, and it had always been the traditional policy of the czars to permit greater freedom of thought and research in that branch of the service than in any other. The immunities and privileges there enjoyed corresponded with that license which the German monarchs have always suffered in the universities, and it was there that Bakounine first nurtured the germs of those great revolutionary ideas which were destined to make his life so eventful, so heroic, and so significant in the evolution of sociological drifts.

With a deep yearning to thoroughly master the leading philosophical thought of his time, and having been commissioned as commandant of an obscure and isolated district, he became restless and disgusted, and in 1841 quitted Russia, and took up his abode in Berlin in order to become master of the Hegelian philosophy, which had already seized upon the young students and thinkers of Germany with a bewitching fascination. Here he entered assiduously into the whole realm of philosophy, especially the Hegelian, which he characterized as the "Algebra of Revolution," and visited Dresden, Leipzig, and every other locality where he might exchange thought with the leading progressive spirits of the times. He published numerous philosophical writings over the name of Jules Elisard. In 1843 he visited

Paris. Here he became an enthusiastic admirer of Proudhon, who probably seasoned his thought with those anarchistic tendencies that in later days developed his logic into what constitutes the philosophical method of Nihilism, which now appals and confounds despotism and challenges the attention of the whole world.

From Paris he next went to Switzerland, where he remained from 1843 to 1847. Here he entered into the new social movement, being *en rapport* with the Polish exiles. But already he had excited the gravest suspicions on the part of the Russian government, and his *permis* to sojourn abroad was rescinded. Instead of obeying, he returned to Paris, and there delivered a public appeal to the Poles and Russians to unite in a grand Pan-Slavonic revolutionary confederation. At the demand of the czar he was expelled in 1848 from France, and ten thousand rubles were offered for his arrest and return to Russia. But the revolution of February soon brought him back to Paris, which he quitted again, however, for Prague to attend the Congress of Slavs. The following year he went to Dresden, and became one of the chiefs of the May revolution and a member of the insurrectionary government. Forced to fly from Dresden, he was captured, sent to prison, and condemned to be executed in May, 1850. His sentence, however, was commuted to imprisonment for life. Escaping into Austria, he was again captured and again sentenced to death,—this time for high treason. But again his sentence was commuted to perpetual imprisonment. Upon repeated threats and entreaties the Austrian government was constrained to deliver him up to Russia.

As if hardly knowing how to dispose of so dear a prize, he was kept for several years in a dungeon in the fortress of Neva, and finally deported to Siberia. He spent several years in a penal colony, suffering the most cruel hardships, but finally succeeded in escaping from Siberia, a feat which he alone, it is said, ever accomplished. After a journey of one thousand miles, under hardships which approach the miraculous, he reached the sea, and obtained passage to Japan. From there he sailed to California, thence to New York, and in 1860, as if descending from the clouds, Michael Bakounine alighted, like a thunderbolt, in London.

Experiences like those already suffered would have cooled the ardor of most men, but hardly had Bakounine stepped foot in London when he took up his revolutionary schemes with redoubled enthusiasm. He issued numerous addresses to the Poles and Russians to join in a grand revolutionary confederation of Slavs. Associated with Herzen and Ogareff he published a revolutionary sheet called "The Kolokol" (The Bell). But so grand and deep and searching was his philosophy that

he led all his co-laborers beyond their depth. The anarchistic philosophy which he had imbibed from Proudhon permeated all his schemes. He was now precipitated into an ever-deepening conflict with the revolutionary socialists of the Karl Marx school. At the great socialist congress in Geneva in 1870 he took direct and positive issue with the governmental wing of the party. He demanded the abolition of the State and all organized "machines" of social and religious administration. At the congress of the International at Hague in 1872 he was expelled, but succeeded in carrying thirty delegates with him, which body of anarchistic radicals finally waxed strong enough to overthrow the International Association, only to reorganize it later (as they did this last summer) under their own direction. Michael Bakounine now formulated his system of scientific anarchy as fully as his resources would permit. His hope was to crown his life-work by setting in motion a revolution throughout the world, looking to the abolition of the State and the substitution of that natural order which comes of justice, selection, and liberty. His ruling idea was: Given equality of conditions, and organized State and Church become unnecessary. The absence of equality of conditions is due to the existence of the State, and the State alone. Abolish the State! was the banner which he set up to conquer despotism, and erect upon its ruins a reign of true order and natural government. His philosophy and purposes he elaborated in several pamphlets, now very rare, principal among which was one entitled, "Dieu et l'Etat" (God and the State).

Russia, his native country, was the land in which he sought to inaugurate the grand revolution. The result is seen to-day in Nihilism, of which he is the father. Though the flippant, self-sufficient *literati* of the world may call Michael Bakounine a mad fanatic and visionary, there is one man who sees method in his madness, if not a wisdom akin to his sublime heroism. That man is the czar. Michael Bakounine has doomed the czardom, if not imperialism throughout Europe. His soul is marching on, and his ideas, baptized in living martyrdom, are a terror to all despots, though they may feign ignorance of him.

With hands and heart and brain full of revolutionary material, our hero died at Berne, Switzerland, in 1876. Even a tame sketch of his sufferings and adventures in the cause of liberty would make a tale alike touching and sublime. For several years of his life he was practically outlawed in every land on the planet he sought to redeem. No country would recognize him in a passport, even had he dared to ask for one. He was a refugee and an exile from every land. Despotism had standing rewards for his body. He was early disowned by his family, although his name figures among some of the chief officers near the Russian court to-day. The

executioner stood waiting for him in several countries. He was everywhere tracked by spies and detectives. He dared not expose his name on the continent outside of Switzerland. He has no biographer, no authoritative defender, and possibly no authenticated grave. But his thought lives after him, and to the new world of Liberty, Justice, Peace, and Love, to establish which he suffered and died, remains the honor of doing his memory the justice denied him while living. Liberty is not afraid to honor him, being assured that posterity will yet search out his lonely resting-place and bear him from it aloft among the great founders of the new heavens and the new earth.

Play-House Philanthropy.

Among the ablest and most interesting contributions to the columns of the "Irish World" are the sketches of one of its staff correspondents, "Honorius," in which that writer, week after week, with all the skill and strategy of a born general, marshals anecdote, illustration, history, biography, fact, logic, and the experiences of every-day life in impregnable line of battle, and precipitates them upon the cohorts of organized tyranny and theft, making irreparable breaches in their fortifications, and spreading havoc throughout their ranks. The ingenuity which he displays in utilizing his material and turning everything to the account of his cause is marvellous. Out of each new fact that falls under his notice, out of each new character with whom he comes in contact, he develops some fresh argument against the system of theft that underlies our so-called "civilization," some novel application of the principles that must underlie the coming true society.

Unless we are greatly mistaken, the latest of his assaults will not prove the least effective, since in it he has improved an excellent opportunity to turn his guns upon enemies nearer home, enemies in the guise of friends. He briefly tells the story of the career of a Yorkshire factory-lord, one Sir Titus Salt, who, through his fortunate discovery of the process of manufacturing alpaca cloth, accumulated an enormous fortune, which he expended in the establishment of institutions for the benefit of his employees and in deeds of general philanthropy. To this man he pays a tribute of praise for various virtues, which, for aught we know, is well deserved. But he supplements it by forcible insistence on the fact that Sir Titus was but a thief after all; that, however great his generosity of heart, it was exercised in the distribution of other people's earnings; and that his title to exemption from the condemnation of honest men was no better than that of the more merciful of the Southern slave-owners. The importance of this lesson it is impossible to overestimate. Gains are no less ill-gotten because well-given. Philanthropy cannot palliate plunder. Robbery, though it be not born of rapacity, is robbery still. This Sir Titus Salt but serves as a type of a large class of individuals who are ever winning the applause and admiration of a world too prone to accept benevolence and charity in the stead of justice and righteousness.

Perhaps the most conspicuous example of the class referred to now posing before the world is the man referred to by "Honorius" in connection and comparison with Sir Titus,— Godin of Guise, the famous founder of the *Familisterre*. "The

great Godin of Guise," "Honorius" styles him; and it is precisely because this clear-headed writer, misinformed as to the real facts, makes him the object of exaggerated and misplaced adulation that the present article is written. Of Sir Titus Salt we could not speak, but of the *Familisterre* and its founder we can say somewhat that may interest and enlighten their admirers. But first the words of "Honorius:"

Sir Tito Salt was the companion, as a noble-souled employer, to that fellow-philanthropist, the great Godin of Guise, who founded the famous social palace known as the *Familisterre*, although not so grand a character as the renowned Frenchman. Titus Salt was a sectarian. His \$80,000 church was for the "accommodation" of his own sect, and those who held to other creeds found no place of worship from his money. Godin was a grand, liberal soul. Though educated a Catholic, he made the most liberal provision for every shade of belief among his working people, and he despised every form of narrowness and bigotry. Godin, too, was too noble a soul to descend to the arts of the politician, and would have despised himself had he solicited a vote from any of his people. So wonderful was the success of his industrial experiment at Guise that Louis Napoleon became jealous of the possibilities for labor which he had demonstrated, and that despicable fraud and royal scoundrel, "Louis the Little," repeatedly went out of his way to hamper his business, and even sought to disfranchise him.

Let us see how much of this is true,— if this man is really great, or only a pretender and a sham. It was once our privilege to visit the *Familisterre*. The visit extended through the better part of a week, and occurred at a very favorable time, including one of the two annual fete days (celebrating Education and Labor) peculiar to the institution. But the impression left on our mind was by no means favorable. The establishment seemed pervaded throughout by an atmosphere of supervision and routine, tempered here and there by awkward attempts at the picturesque. The air of buoyant contentment which the glowing accounts given of the Social Palace would lead one to expect did not characterize the members of the large household to any great extent. The workmen seemed to feel themselves and their class still the victims of oppression. A very slight acquaintance with them was sufficient to reveal the fact that their "boss" and "benefactor" does not appear an godlike in their eyes as in those that view him at a distance. In the presence of the inquiring observer their faces assumed an expression that seemed to say: "Oh, you think it's all very pretty, no doubt; no rags here, no dirt; everything clean and orderly, and a moderate degree of external comfort among us all. But all this has to be paid for by somebody, and it is the outside world that foots the bills. Our master

has the reputation of being very kind and generous, but *he is our master*. We enjoy this material welfare at the expense of something of our independence. Besides, he's got a soft thing of it,— rolling up his millions year by year and excusing himself by distributing a certain proportion of his stealings among us; but he and the rest of us are living very largely on our fellow-laborers elsewhere, out of whose pockets these immense profits come."

And actual questioning proved that their faces told the truth. Inability to converse fluently in French prevented us from inquiring closely into details, but from an intelligent young Russian visiting the place at the same time and on much the same mission as ourselves, whose knowledge of French and English was excellent, we elicited information quite sufficient. The more intelligent of the workmen had told him confidentially just what we had read in their faces as stated above, not a few of them confessing that M. Godin, who at that time was a member of the National Chamber of Deputies, held his seat by a method strikingly similar to that which in Massachusetts the Boston "Herald" is wont to apologize for as "civilized bulldozing,"— that is, prior to election day he contrived to have it understood among his employees that a convenient opportunity would be found for the discharge of such of them as should fail to vote for him, no matter what their previous political affiliations or present political beliefs. And yet "Honorius" says (or seems to hint) that he is not ambitious, and "Honorius" is an honorable man. Hundreds and thousands of honorable men share the same delusion,— for a delusion it certainly is.

A strange sort of "philanthropist," this! A singular "nobility of soul" is M. Godin's! His religious liberality referred to by "Honorius" evidently does not extend into his business and politics. Here is a man, ingenious, shrewd, calculating, with large executive capacity and something of a taste for philosophy, who discovers an industrial process which, through a monopoly guaranteed by the patent laws, he is enabled to carry on at an enormous profit; he employs hundreds of operatives; for them and their families he builds a gigantic home, which he dignifies by the name of a palace, though it needs but a few bolts and bars to make it seem more like a prison, so cheerless, formal, and forbidding is its gloomy aspect; he distributes among them a portion of the profits, perhaps to quiet his conscience, perhaps to become noted for fair dealing and philanthropy; the balance — more than sufficient to satisfy the ordinary manufacturer subject to competition — he complacently pockets, putting forth, meanwhile, the ridiculous pretence that he holds this fund as a trustee; finally, knowing nothing of Liberty and Equity

and sneering at their defenders, he professes to think that he can regenerate the world by the fanciful and unsound schemes of education that he spends his leisure hours in devising and realizing, supporting them with wealth gained by theft, power gained by indirect bribery and bulldozing, and popularity gained by pretence and humbuggery. Nevertheless, for doing this the whole humanitarian world and not a few hard-headed reformers bow down and worship him. Even clear-sighted "Honorius" heaps honors on his head. But "Honorius" knows, and does not fail to emphasize, the true lesson of the man's life, which is that the impending social revolution has certain fixed principles behind it; that one of these principles is, "Thou shalt not steal;" that any scheme by which a single individual becomes inordinately rich, whether as proprietor or trustee (unless the trust be purely voluntary), is necessarily carried on in violation of that principle; and that whoever prosecutes it as in accordance with that principle thereby proves himself either too ignorant or too insincere to be allowed to serve, much less to lead, in the revolutionary movement. Such a man is of the plunderers, and should be with them. Idol-smashing is no enviable task; but to unmask the pretensions of piny-house philanthropists whose highest conception of distributive justice seemes to be the sharing with a fortunate few of goods stolen from the many is a service that, however disagreeable, is of prime necessity in the realization of that Equity which distributes to each the product of his labor and that Liberty which renders it impossible for one to reap the profit of another's toil.

Liberty had in type, and intended to publish in this issue, a communication from the central bureau of information at London reporting the progress and growth of the reorganized International Working- people's Association, and containing a complete list of the groups and sections that have forwarded their adhesions and accepted the platform; but facts have recently transpired that make it dangerous to reveal the existence and location of the French, Italian, and Spanish groups. Therefore, rather than print an incomplete list, we omit it altogether, simply stating that, apart from the numerous sections that prefer to correspond directly with each other, forty-six are in direct communication with the central bureau, working together for the social revolution the world over in harmony substantially complete. The United States is represented by groups located in New York, Jersey City, and Milwaukee. New sections are forming everywhere with great rapidity. The progress of anarchistic socialism in Europe is really wonderful. In Spain, where the working-people are beginning to see the futility of political methods, a recent workingmen's congress declared, by the voice of one hundred and twenty-eight out of one hundred and thirty-six delegates representing two hundred sections, squarely in favor of anarchy.

A valued contributor strongly defends in another column the attitude recently taken by O. B. Frothingham, viewing it from a transcendental standpoint. We are materialists of the most extreme sort, but do not find it necessary to discuss Mr. Frothingham's attitude toward revealed religion as if it were an issue between the experiential and intuitionist philosophies. The position of Mr. Frothingham seems to us something like this. Years ago he discovered that the Christian edifice, comfortable as it was, stood on a rotten foundation, and that its decaying walls were liable at any moment to tumble about his ears. He wisely hastened to abandon it, and proceeded, in company with others (we do not refer especially to the Free Religious Association), to lay the foundations for a more solid structure. They did their work well, and it is now going bravely on. But, as winter approaches, the cold north winds whistle through the bare framework of the Freethought temple, and Mr. Frothingham begins to shiver. So incomplete is the structure as yet that it is impossible to heat it or to furnish it with those comforts and decorations that make a house a home both for body and soul. So Mr. Frothingham leaves his fellow-workmen, brave builders that they are, to toil on in the cold, and goes off blowing his delicate fingers with the breath from his blue nose. He now sits hesitatingly in the sunniest spot that he can find in the open air, wondering whether he would not do better to return to the edifice which he originally abandoned. "I know it is crumbling," we can hear him murmur, "but there is a furnace there at least. Shall I not take the risk?" If he succeeds in withstanding the temptation, there is a bare possibility that, when the Liberal structure is completed, he will again seek admission to enjoy its comforts, or even, when summer comes, ask permission to take a band in finishing the work. Others may look upon such a course with what favor they can; but to us it seems weak, childish, petulant, cowardly, ignoble, and *faithless*.

A well-dressed, well-behaved woman in Providence was returning to her home at 3 o'clock a.m. The streets being empty, she lighted a cigar, and, as she sped along, watched the curling smoke dissolve in the moonbeams, very much after the manner of a free and independent citizen of the stronger sex. She was quiet and orderly, and went straight along about her business. Suddenly a policeman turned the corner and roughly confronted her. After some impertinent questions, he laid violent hands upon her, and marched her rudely to the station. There she received a second dose of blue-coated rudeness, and, after many insults, was suffered to go, with officious reprimands. The Woman Suffrage Association was sitting in Providence at that time. Its leaders must have seen the item in the papers, and we humbly suggest to Lucy Stone, Mrs. E. B. Chace, and the other disciples of woman's rights that this incident was worth more as a text than all that was offered in behalf of suffrage. No half-way decent man would have molested this lady with her cigar. The voting swindle created these police ruffians and their superiors. The State is the real loafer, and true woman will yet learn not to covet its company or keep it alive with votes.

Mr. W. G. H. Smart is about to issue in pamphlet form an address delivered by him, October 2, before the Transatlantic Land and Labor League of South Boston, entitled "The Social Economic System That Is, and That Is To Be." It will be printed on good paper and arranged in two parts. Dealers and labor organizations, from whom Mr. Smart requests early orders, can obtain the work, at the rate of twenty-five copies for one dollar, or one copy for ten cents, from E. M. Chamberlin, "Echo" Priming Office, Washington Street, Boston, to whom post-office money orders should be made payable. Liberty has little in common with Mr. Smart's fundamental thought, but has no hesitation in endorsing him as a good writer and sincere student, from whose works a discriminating mind may extract much that is valuable.

The congress of State socialists at Chur, Switzerland, which made so much noise, in advance, proved a complete fiasco. By the confession of P. J. McGuire, the American delegate, all that it did was to resolve to do better next time. A very commendable resolution!

The despatch from Washington announcing that twelve jurors had been drawn to try Guiteau added that they were "all Christians." Meanwhile Guiteau stoutly declares, as heretofore, that he is not insane, except in the "legal sense,"— that is, in the sense that the plea is simply a lawyer's trick for professional purposes. Now, if twelve Christians can convict Guiteau, they must be frauds. He says that God told him to do the deed, just as He told Abraham to offer up Isaac. The divine command was to him unmistakable. He obeyed it. If he dies at the hands of twelve Christian jurors, he will die a martyr to his faith, while they will go back on theirs. The "gospel train," however, probably will ignore this religious hot box, but the more thoughtful of the passengers are beginning to fear the consequences and may hasten to get off at the next station.

In the critical comments that appeared in our last number upon some recent utterances of George Chainey we were guilty of a misquotation in attributing the phrase "free and equal" to the Declaration of Independence. It occurs instead, as a kind friend has pointed out to us, in the Massachusetts Bill of Rights. We found fault with Mr. Chainey for carelessness concerning facts. Now we "know how it is ourselves," and make public apology for our own carelessness concerning quotations.

“Leaves of Grass.”

Liberty has received from the publishers (James R. Osgood & Co., Boston), and joyfully welcomes “Leaves of Grass,” the collective title of Walt Whitman’s poems. It is a convenient, compact, and tastefully “got up” volume of 382 pages, and contains a number of hitherto unpublished poems, besides those of the earlier editions. “Leaves of Grass” have lost nothing of their original native simplicity, freshness, and vigor from being more carefully arranged and placed in a more artistic, though it may be a more conventional vase. The book will be more readily purchased and read, at any rate; and that is the main point. The titles of some of the poems have been changed, and the table of contents newly arranged and made much more convenient for reference to special passages.

We have not discovered that the book has lost anything of its characteristic outspoken independence, nor that any concession has been made to Mrs. Grundy. It still retains all its naked truthfulness and purity, like its prototype in marble, the Greek Slave.

Walt Whitman is preeminently, above all and before all, the poet of innovation, the poet of change, the poet of growth, the poet of evolution. There is not a drop of stagnant blood in his veins. Every fibre of him quivers with life, energy, and fire. His spirit is at the same time the spirit of content and discontent. He is satisfied with whatever is and as it is — for *to-day*, but not for *to-morrow*, nor that for *any future to-morrow*.

Urge and urge and urge,
Always the procreant urge of the world.

That seems to him to be the key-note of the universe.

A study, “By Blue Ontario’s Shore,” affords a good idea of what he himself considers his mission, and shows how thoroughly one in purpose that mission is with Liberty’s. He shall speak for himself from that poem.

By blue Ontario’s shore,
As I mused of these warlike days and of peace return’d, and the dead that
return no more,

A Phantom gigantic superb, with stern visage accosted me,
Chant me the poem, it said, that comes from the soul of America,
Chant me the carol of victory, and strike up the marches of Libertad,
marches more powerful yet,
And sing me before you go the song of the throes of Democracy.

The poet, in responding, commences with a striking bit of individual self-assertion, of which we can quote but a few lines:

A Nation announcing itself,
I myself make the only growth by which I can be appreciated,
I reject none, accept all, then reproduce all in my own forms.

We are powerful and tremendous in ourselves,
 We are executive in ourselves,
 We are sufficient in the variety of ourselves,
We are the most beautiful to ourselves and in on ourselves,
 Nothing is sinful to us outside of ourselves,
Whatever appears, whatever does not appear, we are beautiful or sinful in
 ourselves only.

(O mother — O sisters dear!
 If we are lost, no victory else has destroy'd us,
 It is by ourselves we go down to eternal night.)
Have you thought there could be but a single supreme?
 There can be any number of supremes . . .
 All is eligible to all,
 All is for individuals, all is for you.
 Produce great Persons, the rest follows.

Then comes this attack upon Authority and conservatism:

Piety and Conformity to them that like,

Peace, obesity, allegiance, to them that like,
I am he who tauntingly compels men, women, nations,
Crying, Leap from your seats and contend for your lives;
I am he who walks the States with a barbd tongue, questioning every one I
meet,
Who are you that wanted only to be told what you knew before?

Somewhat changing the theme:

I listened to the Phantom by Ontario's shore,
I heart the voice arising demanding bards,
By them all native and grand, by them alone can these States be fused into
the compact organism of a Nation.
To hold men together by paper and seal or by compulsion is no account,
That only holds men together which aggregates all in a living principle, as
the hold of the limbs of the body or the fibres of plants.
Of these States the Poet Is the equable man,
For the great Idea, the idea of perfect and free individuals,
For that the bard walks in advance, leader of leaders.
The attitude of him cheers up slaves and horrifies foreign despots.
Without extinction is Liberty, without retrograde is Equality,
They live in the feelings of young men and the best women,
(Not for nothing have the indomitable heads of the earth been always ready
to fall for Liberty.)
For the great Idea,
That, O my brethren, that is the mission of poets.

A few lines to show what he claims for himself:

Give me the pay I have served for,
Give me to sing the songs of the great Idea, take all the rest.

I have loved the earth, sun, animals, I have despised riches,
Claim'd nothing to myself which I have not carefully claim'd for others on
the same terms,
I am willing to wait to be understood by the growth of the taste o myself,
Rejecting none, permitting all.

We must find room for our poet's creed of Individualism, and close therewith
our quotations from this remarkable book:

I swear I begin to see the meaning of these things,
It is not the earth, it is not America who is so great,
It is I who am great or to be great, it is you up there, or any one,
It is to walk rapidly through civilizations, governments, theories,
Through poems, pageants, shows, to form individuals,
Underneath all, individuals,
I swear nothing is good to me that ignores individuals,
The only government is that which makes minute of individuals,
The whole theory of the universe is directed unerringly to one single
individual — namely to you,
(Talk as you like, he only suits these States whose manners favor the
audacity and sublime turbulence of the States,) Underneath the lessons of things, spirits, Nature, governments, ownerships,
I swear I perceive other lessons,
Underneath all to me in myself, to you yourself, (the same monotonous old
song.)
I am for those who have never been master'd,
For men and women whose tempers have never been master'd,
For those whom laws, theories, conventions, can never master.
I am for those who walk abreast the whole earth,
Who inaugurate one to inaugurate all.
I will not be out-faced by irrational things,

I will penetrate what it is in them that is sarcastic upon me,
I will make cities and civilizations defer to me,
This is what I have learn't from America — it is the amount, and it I teach
again.
(Democracy, while weapons were everywhere aim'd at your breast, I saw
you serenely give birth to immortal children, saw in dreams your dilating
form,
Saw you with spreading mantle covering the world.)
I will confront these shows of the day and night,
I will know if I am to be less than they,
I will see if I am not as majestic as they,
I will see if I am not as subtle and real as they,
I will see if I am to be less generous than they,
I will see if I have no meaning, while the houses and ships have meaning,
I will see if the fishes and birds are to be enough for themselves, and I am
not to be enough for myself.

Attention, "Apex"!

My dear Mr. Tucker,— Allow me just to say that "Apex" is in error in supposing he has answered my question. It appears by his own comment that his "Yes" means that the plough-lender is entitled to pay for the *wear and tear* of the plough. I asked: Is he entitled to pay for its *use*? I marvel that he should overlook the distinction, for I had been careful to mark it in my first statement. When the question as I put it is answered in the affirmative, I shall be ready to answer the other, "What of it?" But I am still left to the mournful impression that my question is not answered.

Yours cordially,

J. M. L. Babcock.

There is more saving grace in one sot shouting “Free rum!” from the gutter, than in acres of prohibitory priests, scholars, and scientists. — *Princeton Word.*

Usury.

Paying money for the use of money is a great and barbarous wrong. It is also a stupendous absurdity. No one man can use money. The use of money involves its transfer from one to another. Therefore, as no one man can use money, it cannot be right and proper for any man to pay for the use of that which he cannot use. The people do use money; consequently, they should pay whatever the money may cost.

Money is necessarily a thing which belongs to society. This is one of the great truths of civilization which has been generally overlooked. For this whole question of the rightfulness of interest turns on the question, "What is money?" So long as the people shall continue to consider money as a thing of itself objectively,— why, there is no hope for humanity.

All wealth is the product of labor, but no labor can produce money. There can be no money until some wealth has been produced, because money is a representative of wealth.

Money is a form of credit,— credit in circulation. It is not a thing of substance. The great object of money is to exchange values. Now value is an idea, and money is used to represent, count, and exchange values. The symbol or token of money is not the money itself. Therefore, as money is not a thing of substance, and cannot wear out, it is and ever must to a great wrong and an utter absurdity to give wealth for the use of an idea.

In equity compensation implies service or labor, and as money does not cost labor, why, labor cannot, justly be demanded for its use.

But let us look at it practically. The people use money; the people furnish the money; and, if the cost of issue is paid, there can be no other expense. The great difficulty touching this whole matter is a barbarous misconception of the nature of monoy and a more barbarous disposition to monopolize power and rob the weak. For — let us ask — who pays the great tax of interest? Not those who have and handle the money; not those who use the money; but the poor, the weak, the ignorant, the dupes of the ruling class. We can illustrate this by a fact of to-day. If five or more men having one hundred thousand dollars, and no more, organise and establish a national bank, just so soon as their bank is in operation they have the use and income of one hundred and ninety thousand dollars. Now, is it not clear that, this company having got ninety thousand dollars for nothing, somebody has

lost that amount? For, if one man gets a dollar that he has not earned, some other man has earned a dollar that he has not got. That is as certain as that two and two make four.

If all men could use their own credit in the form of money, there could be no such thing as interest. Yet, to put this idea into practice, there must be organization and consolidation of credit. Commercial credit, to be good, must be known to be good. A man's credit may be good to the extent of a thousand dollars, but, that fact not being generally known, he must, as things are, exchange his credit for that which is known to be good, and pay a monopoly price for the privilege of using his own credit in the form of money.

Let us remember that no man can borrow money, as a good business transaction, under any system, unless he has the required security to make the lender whole in case he should lose the money. What a stupendous wrong is this,— that a man having credit cannot use it, but must exchange it and pay a monopoly price, which is really for the privilege of using his own credit!

And again, he cannot pay this himself, but must compel the poor man to work out this tax; the latter must pay this interest in the enhanced price of goods. I wonder if the people will always be this blind and stupid!

So long as business men, as such, and laborers shall continue to permit the few shrewd moneyed men to monopolize commercial credit,— that is, money,— just so long will it be hard times for business and labor. What we want now is the organization of credit on a just and equal plan. William B. Greene solved this whole matter and summed it up in two words: "Mutual Banking." That is what we want.

Apex.

Mr. Frothingham's Defection.

[For Liberty.]

Free Religion may put on mourning now. Its ex-chef, if he has not fallen, has had his mind greatly shaken, and knows not but he must beat a retreat to the shades whence twenty years ago intellectually he emerged. "I do not want to give the impression," he is reported as saying, "that I recant anything. I simply stop denying, and wait for more light." I am not surprised to find Mr. Frothingham at this point of doubting, for, though I believe him always perfectly sincere, it has ever seemed to me that his natural frame of mind could be best imaged by a doubt. He *doubted* "revealed religion." He pleaded for the "Religion of Humanity." But his plea never leaped forth like an irresistible conviction. It sounded like what the old Christian writers called an "apology,"— an apology for his doubt. It was an argument: an intellectual stating, a lawyer-like presenting of his case,— his case against the old supernatural faith. Always well done; strong, classical, rhetorical, elegant; but not stirring one with more than a keen intellectual appreciation. "I always feel cold chills run down my back when ————— speaks," once said an acquaintance of mine; and when that happens, I know my soul is coming up to fever heat." But it was not Mr. Frothingham's discourse that produced in my friend's soul these responding fever heats. Yet, it can be truly said that few men have made clearer statements of what has been termed the Radical, or Liberal, position than has Mr. Frothingham. He has done great service, and there are hundreds, if not thousands, who would earnestly confess that he had been a real helper to them. He helped, as we have indicated, in resolving their doubts,— placing the weight of *argument* to the doubter's side. But to quicken the believer in his belief, clearing away the contentious intellectualism that intervene between the universe of spiritualities and the soul's vision by spontaneous spiritual affirmations which no soul could or would gainsay,— that function of the great teacher, or quickener, he did not, in any marked degree, possess. He was not, however, without that side of human nature. Especially in his private conversation, when controversy or advocacy did not come to the front, he would manifest a reserve transcendental power which not alone surprised the listener, but suggested that Mr. Frothingham was probably the "coming man." But this suggestion was not to be realized. The view of the intellectual doubter was too habitual with him. He must leave his own direct vision for the reconstruction of old visions or old beliefs. Not contented with what he

himself could believe, he must enter the arena of debate, and rid the world, by force of new arguments and profounder statements, of its errors. The "situation" had a charm he could not resist. How Free Religion stood; how much headway it made from year to year; how the old faith was affected by it, and what might be the next step,— all these considerations came up for him as for the others; he and they came consciously to regard themselves as a part of a movement in history, and were ever busy about the "logic" of it; unrestful with their ideas, unless they could also be making themselves felt as a power in the Republic, shaping events.

Finally, some two years ago, it came to pass that Mr. Frothingham felt the stress of a *new* departure so strongly that he retired from his old associations and sought to regain himself in the quiet of foreign travel. He did well; and, if the report of the result, as given by an interviewer to the press, be correct, he has, in our opinion, made a decided gain upon the free religious past which he had forsaken. What Mr. Frothingham now more clearly sees is the fact that there is something in human experience corresponding to what the Christian world has proclaimed as "revealed religion." He sees or feels that the materialistic religion coming to the front has only the intellectual basis which closes up the channels of the spirit whose in-coming into human experience is all that keeps human life fresh, progressive, and, in any true sense, alive. When he left New York two years ago, he announced that his ministrations from the transcendental, or individualistic, standpoint were at an end. He looked for no farther progress, save in the beneficent aids of social, scientific organization. It was his lapse into those materialistic moods which have more or less overtaken nearly all the liberal leaders. To-day he turns his face toward "revelation," which is simply a word that stands for the so-called orthodox interpretation of the soul's proclamation. As the Christian world has understood (or misunderstood) the great fact of the soul's revelation of itself, the world is limited to an individualism of a past age. Peter, Paul, and Jesus had revelations from the soul, but no individual to-day may assume any such importance. This limitation is the Christian's misapprehension, the truth being that all ages and all individuals may leave this open door for the soul's entrance. Undoubtedly Mr. Frothingham saw in the Catholic clergy a certain "power behind them which must mystify the philosophers," especially those whose life is led by speculations of the materialistic brain. These Catholics have at least some portions of the soul's revelation by inheritance. Had they that which might and would come to them separately as individuals were they disconnected from organised tyranny, the mysterious power Mr. Frothingham speaks of would not lessen, but increase.

Mr. Frothingham's purpose to stop denying and wait for more light is a good one. He can well afford now to let "Evangelical religion" alone: neither concern himself with its errors or its truths, nor be oppressed or elated by its strength or weakness. Its churches may or may not be filled,— what is that to a man who is conscious of his own spiritual health? For, though the light that is in him be at ebb, if he will in truth "wait," it will come again at flood. But, if he forsakes the Free Religious organization to run after other organizations, to hear their dissertations of "revealed religion," he will cease to be loyal to his purpose. There is a difference between *waiting* and *going after* light. In our judgment Mr. Frothingham's greatest failure in the twenty year of his ministry was his unsteady reliance on the revelations of his own soul. His waiting may restore his faith therein, and clothe him with power as from on High.

Chapter X

On Picket Duty.

Without unrestricted competition there can be no true cooperation.

The Boston "Investigator" offers itself to trial subscribers for one month for twenty-five cents. The paper has a glorious record, and all Liberals should unite in rewarding its valiant struggle against superstition by stanch support in its honorable and still vigorous old age.

Herbert Spencer, though he knows nothing of Proudhon's ideas and made a complete fool of himself on the only occasion when he ever undertook to criticise them, is as much of an anarchist, if he only knew it, as was Proudhon himself. For his theory of social evolution from militancy to industrialism means the eventual abolition of the State. Mr. Spencer is a philosopher who busies himself more with the past than the future, but the lesson of his teaching and the applications of his theories, though less emphatic on that account, are just as clear to thinking people.

At the recent celebration of John Bright's seventieth birthday at Rochdale the hero of the occasion, responding to the tributes of the admiring laboring population, briefly reviewed the progress made in England during his career. In the course of a glorification of free trade he said, jubilantly: "So far as selling to all the world, you are perfectly free with your labor as we are perfectly free with our capital." What a sorrowful satire upon the present system of industry and commerce that a prominent representative of a class which does next to no labor and therefore produces next to no capital should be able to stand before an audience made up from the class which does nearly all the labor and therefore produces nearly all the capital, and talk to them, unrebuted, of "*your* labor" and "*our* capital"!

The "Free Religious Index" has dropped the adjectives from its name, and wishes henceforth to be known, as of old, simply as the "Index." Whether the discarded title implied too much freedom to suit the old management, or too much religion to suit the new, or whether both old and new have become suddenly impressed by the profundity of a remark said to have been made by a near relative of the original manager, Mr. Abbot,—namely, that she did not like the term, "free religion," because it reminded her of "free love," —we are not informed. But, whatever the motives that inspired it, the change is a good one. A combination of circumstances that makes it expedient for a newspaper to abandon its original name is very rarely found. [George Chainey, please notice!] Certainly no such circumstances ever occurred in the history of the "Index." The old title is unquestionably simpler,

stronger, broader, and, in its present lettering, typographically neater than the one recently in use. Its readoption, therefore, is to be commended. Moreover, the paper itself is now much better "made up" than ever before. The new editor, Mr. Underwood, has reconstructed its anatomy to advantage. If, in addition, he will infuse some blood into its colorless veins, it will become a readable and valuable journal.

Honoring a Great Law-Breaker.

On the evening of Friday, December 2, the twenty-second anniversary of the execution of old John Brown of Ossawattomie at Harper's Ferry, a festival in honor of the hero's memory was held at New York in the theatre of Turn Hall. A large audience, made up in part of ladies, was present, including also not a few colored people. The hall was prettily and appropriately decorated with flowers and mottoes. The meeting was held under the auspices of workingmen, and, as was eminently fit, the tributes of the evening to the martyr of oppressed black labor came from the lips of men now among the foremost in championing oppressed white labor,—the speakers being Hugh McGregor, Victor Drury, and John Swinton. The latter made the principal speech of the evening, and nothing could be more appropriate to Liberty's columns than the following extract from the New York "Sun's" report:

It were hard to tell in what way we should properly estimate the depth and the scope of the influence of this man John Brown upon our country's history. We know that after ages of ascendancy for American slavery, he was the first man to enter its stronghold and smite it with the sword; and we know how quickly the sword that was struck from his hand brought destruction to American slavery. We know how slavery stood in safety before he delivered his blow; we know how it reeled to ruin under that blow. We know how the South was startled by Harper's Ferry, and how the North. It was the challenge to battle, the first shot in the war.

It was a new policy that John Brown brought into play against American slavery,—the policy of meeting it upon its own terms and its own field, confronting with force a system based upon force, and establishing human rights by the weapons that upheld public wrongs. In place of the old way of acquiescing in slavery, or compromising with it, or arguing over it, or resisting its extension, he adopted the way of assailing it by the only means that gave any hope of destroying it. John Brown's way was justified by the event — justified amid flame and smoke by Abraham Lincoln's proclamation of abolition.

I proclaim it here to-night ns my judgment that the man who goes highest in his estimate of the immediate, the far off, and the permanent efficacy of John Brown's influence, is most nearly right.

Now, then, in this view of his life and work, and from this vantage of the years, I acclaim as Prophet, Hero, Martyr, and Victor, the man John Brown — prophet for half a century, hero for five years, martyr for a day, victor forever — victorious

in Kansas with his rifle, victorious in Virginia on his scaffold, victor against slavery in the United States,— victor over the earth and through the ages — his name as a pillar of fire in the sky, guiding men to the Canaan which he himself saw not.

But hark! I hear the drool of Old Legality that John Brown was condemned and hanged under the authority of government and law. Ay, it is true. So we then hold that John Brown was guilty? Nay, nay, nay; but let our guilty system of government and law beware lest his condemnation be its doom.

What is this thing that arrogates to itself the title of law, the records of which are foul with wrong — the hands of which are red with the world's best blood — the administrators of which were so perfectly described by Zephaniah, the Hebrew prophet, who said “The Judges are wolves, gnawing the bones” — which has supported every powerful culprit and every incorporate monstrosity — which poisoned Socrates, slew the Gracchi, strangled Savonarola, beheaded Vane, burned Servetus, hanged John Brown — ay, crucified the young Galilean himself — the devices of which are the scourge, the rack, the wheel, the stake, the gibbet, the cross, and every invention of torture?

Who are these beloved felons at law arrayed in white, for they are worthy, their names effulgent in the sky, burnishing the dull world? How many of the apostles and prophets of the ages have fallen victims to the fraud misnamed law? The world is to-day as busily engaged as ever it was in sacrificing them. Look at the scaffolds of Russia, the dungeons of Germany. But, my hearers, this will not last forever. As Samson in his death brought down the temple of Dagon, as John Brown in his death shivered the bulwarks of chattel slavery, so every martyr hastens the end of the system under which he is sacrificed.

Well, now, my hearers of to-night, though chattel slavery has been abolished from our country, we have yet other wrongful and destructive things established among us which, in their turn, shall be brought to the judgment of justice. Take notice, then, of a few of the features of John Brown's revolutionary action:

1. John Brown acted under his own authority, or, as he himself said, “under the auspices of John Brown,” by the power of his own manhood, in behalf of right and man's rights. He took the responsibility, seeking no sanction other than that of his own conscience. He did not refrain from action because he was weak, nor wait till the majority was on his side. “I acknowledge no master in human form,” said John Brown.

2. John Brown did not hesitate to confront the government and all its menaces. He stood by himself against all the established shows of the day — political, ecclesiastical, and pecuniary.

3. John Brown violated law and the laws.

4. John Brown believed in destroying wrongful institutions by the sword, when no other way was available.

5. John Brown believed in fighting for others, in giving his life for the freedom of slaves.

6. John Brown took no heed of self-interest, obloquy, petty prudence, or the condemnation and vengeance of the times.

7. John Brown put his whole soul in his work, and gave it all he had, his own life and his four sons, three of whom fell by his side.

8. *Yet withal*, John Brown was a practical and sensible man, the attestation of which are his work and his success.

If it be not for us of to-day to imitate John Brown's action, well were it for us to possess the qualities of soul that underlay it.

Other times need other work and ways of other men. Man rises to each occasion. For every emergency, bountiful nature furnishes the man.

According to the song that swelled from our embattled hosts during the years of strife, John Brown was a body and a soul, which became a mouldering body and a marching soul. Behold John Brown in the body — erect, rugged and grim, battling for man and for freedom, closing his career on the gallows. Behold John Brown's soul, luminous and august, compassionate and benignant, enriching us all by its radiance, raising us all by its puissance, and softening us all by its tender grace, of which he made such sublime display during the closing scenes of his life.

A monument to John Brown here in our city! Would that my fiat could raise it aloft! There is already a monument to John Brown at North Elba, where he is buried; there is, I believe, another at Ossawatomie, on the plains of Kansas; his statue will stand in the Capitol at Washington; and in the quiet Massachusetts town of Concord, you may see, in the Summer School of Philosophy, besides the busts of Anaxagoras, Plato, Pestalozzi, and Emerson, the bust of John Brown. But I should like to see two other memorials or monuments to this man — one of them here in our city, at this gate of the continent; the other at Charlestown, in Virginia, on the site of his scaffold — so that the North and the South, and all the world, would

thus again have perpetual reminder that here was a man of our nineteenth century who, accounting his own life and home and treasures as naught, gave himself to battle and death that he might deliver those who were crushed and lost, even black slaves.

How hopeful were the times and the skies, had we among us but a few men — ay, or one man — of John Brown's conscience, judgment, valor, righteousness, and, above all, of his self-sacrificing life!

Now, as my last words for to-night, I exclaim: Great were John Brown's life and work and triumph! Worthy, thrice worthy, is John Brown!

In the course of the meeting Prof. Marquand played on the piano a funeral march by Beethoven, "John Brown's Body," "The Marseillaise," and "Marching Through Georgia."

Guiteau's "Malice."

When one man kills another, he is not a murderer, unless he kills him from some motive, which the law calls "malice." And this malice must be such as a *sane* man can entertain, and such as is naturally sufficient to induce a *sane* man to commit a murder. The violent passions, impulses, or delusions of an insane man are not such "malice" as the law requires to convert a homicide into a murder.

Now, what *sane* malice — such malice as could reasonably be expected to induce a *sane* man to commit a murder — has Guiteau ever exhibited, towards Garfield, either at the time of the homicide, or before, or since? None at all, unless it be this: Corkhill shows, or attempts to show, that Guiteau was a persistent and disappointed officeseeker; and he wishes it to be inferred that he (Guiteau) was indignant at his disappointment; and that this indignation amounted to legal malice; to such malice as might reasonably be expected to induce a *sane* man to commit murder. His whole case hangs upon this fact.

But Guiteau had little or no occasion to be indignant at Garfield personally, on account of his disappointment. If he was indignant at any body, on this account, he evidently had much more reason to be indignant at Blaine, than at Garfield; for he evidently understood that Blaine, rather than Garfield, was the one who stood in the way of his success.

But admit that Guiteau acted from malice — from such malice as a persistent, disappointed, indignant, and *sane* officeseeker might reasonably be expected to entertain, and act upon — what is the inference? Why, that all persistent, disappointed, indignant, and *sane* officeseekers are dangerous persons; that they go about with murder in their hearts, and pistols in their pockets; and may reasonably be expected to commit murder.

This being the case, who can tell the number of dangerous persons there are abroad in the community? What census could enumerate them? it is frightful to think of their number. And they are of all grades, from those who aspire to the presidency, down to those who aspire only to the humblest offices in the nation, or the States.

We are far from defying that this class of persons are dangerous. On the contrary, we have no doubt that all officeseekers, the successful ones as well as the disappointed ones, are dangerous. In fact, we think the successful ones are by

far the more dangerous. They kill men by the hundreds of thousands, when it is necessary to maintain their power. But we are now considering only the cases of the disappointed ones.

And here an important inquiry forces itself upon us, viz.: If all persistent, disappointed, indignant, and *sane* officeseekers are to be supposed capable of such legal malice as prompts men to commit murder, what shall we say of Blaine, and John Sherman, and Grant? They were publicly known to be persistent, disappointed, and indignant aspirants for the presidency, at the last election. And it is not likely that either of them has recovered, or ever will recover, from either his disappointment, or his indignation. They are, therefore, dangerous persons. Yet they are still at large; and who of us are safe from their malice?

But this is not all. The number of like characters — only of lower grades — is such that, on the principle laid down in Guiteau's case, they constitute a great public danger; a danger everywhere present, and that no one can guard against. The only remedy would seem to be, to abolish the government itself, on the principle that "the public safety is the supreme law." If, therefore, Guiteau shall be convicted, we shall expect to see the people rise *en masse*, and abolish the government, as their only means of saving themselves from the pistols of persistent, disappointed, indignant, and *sane* officeseekers.

And here we wish to protest against the examination of medical experts, as to Guiteau's insanity. The question is not, what will an *insane* man do? but what will a *sane* man do? a *sane* officeseeker? a persistent, disappointed, indignant, but still *sane*, officeseeker? That is the question. What do the superintendents of lunatic asylums know about such a case that? They never had such a case on their hands. Or who do know any thing about it, except officeseekers themselves, and their intimates? They are evidently the only ones who can tell us what crimes a persistent, disappointed, indignant, and *sane* officeseeker is capable of. These, then, are the only ones whom the government should summon.

We think those political editors, who are so anxious to have Guiteau hanged, should be first put upon the stand, and be required to tell what they know about themselves, and their office-seeking associates. We wish, for example, that Horace Greeley were still alive, and capable of testifying. He was himself a lifelong, persistent, disappointed, and indignant officeseeker. Whether he was *sane* may be questioned. He was subject to violent paroxysms of rage and profanity. We should

like to know whether he ever wished to kill any body, except Seward and Thurlow Weed.

Then there were Seward, and Chase, and Cass, and Webster, and Calhoun, and Clay, who were persistent, disappointed, and indignant officeseekers; seekers of the presidency. We wish they could be put upon the stand, and required to tell what they knew about officeseekers, high and low; and whether they themselves, in their disappointments, ever wished to kill anybody.

What revelations we might have, if all these political experts could be put upon the stand, and made to tell us all they knew about officeseekers!

But it is not necessary to call up these old and famous officeseekers. Let them rest, although they never suffered anybody else to rest. Without their oral testimony, we know enough of the nature of officeseekers, successful and unsuccessful, to know that, as such, they are all utterly dangerous, and thoroughly bad. We know that the successful ones will murder mankind by the wholesale, to maintain their power; and we know that the unsuccessful ones would do the same, if they could but get into power. But if, not getting into power, they feel indignant, and now and then kill a man, that is a small matter, compared with what they would have done, if they had been successful in their ambitions.

But whether these disappointed ones are sane or insane, it is time to have done with a system that breeds, in such numbers, these dangerous creatures.

Liberty has won praise from Sir Hubert. J. M. L. Babcock, the founder of "The New Age," writes that he "rejoices greatly in Liberty," which he describes as "a periodical in which the most radical thoughts are radically spoken." These words fitly describe also the paper which Mr. Babcock conducted. The career of "The New Age" was short, but of such a character that its editor may look back to it with unmixed pride and satisfaction. It was one of the few papers that have ever lived that was not afraid of its subscribers. In many more respects it was a model journal, and, typographically and otherwise, we feel that we owe much to it. We grieved greatly at its death, and are glad of this opportunity to acknowledge that we profited greatly by its life.

Apex or Basis?

"Apex" says that it is a barbarism to pay interest on money. That is another way of saying that a state of society in which wealth is not universalized is barbarous, since, in our present stage of evolution, those who have no capital of their own will be glad to borrow from those who have, and to pay interest for the use of the capital.

For it is really capital that is borrowed, and not money, the latter being only the means for obtaining the former, as money would be worthless if it could not be exchanged for the capital needed. We see already that as the loanable capital of a country increases the rate of interest diminishes, and when the accumulated wealth of the world becomes large enough, no one will pay interest.

But to denounce the payment of interest to-day, and (if it could be done) to forbid the man of ability, but lacking means, borrowing the capital he needs, or, in other words, using his credit, would not tend to universalize wealth and so destroy usury; but, on the other hand, it would discourage the production and accumulation of capital, since one of the principal incentives to that production is the use of capital to increase production and add to one's wealth. It is obvious that, unless the use of capital added to the productiveness of labor, no one would wish to borrow, and no usury could be had. It should not be forgotten, in considering this question, that, in the last analysis, reducing things to their simplest, individualized form, the possessor of capital has acquired it by a willingness to work harder than his fellows and to sacrifice his love of spending all he produces that he may have the aid of capital to increase his power of production. For example, two men work side by side; one consumes all he produces, the other saves part of his product; in time the latter has saved enough to enable him to build or buy a tool, by the aid of which he accomplishes four times as much work as before, and is able to go on adding to his accumulation. The one who has not saved, seeing the advantage of the use of capital, naturally desires to obtain the same benefit for himself, but, not liking to save and wait until he can create capital, he proposes to borrow a portion of the capital of the other. By means of this borrowed capital he can quadruple his product, and is very willing to give a part of his increased product to the neighbor who has befriended him. Would he not be a mean sneak if he were not glad to do so? By the use of the borrowed capital he is not only enabled to pay for the advantage gained, but, by his greater power to produce, he can, in a short time, buy his own tools and no longer be forced to borrow.

Although our present system of business is vastly complicated, and we sometimes seem to borrow money merely, the actual transaction being kept out of sight, yet the case supposed is the real basis of all just payment of interest. I believe there will be a state of society in which money will not be necessary, but that state cannot be built up by commencing at the top. We must build from the foundation, understanding things as they are as well as knowing how they ought to be.

The question is asked,— and it is a very important one, and, simple as it is at bottom, a complex one as it stands,— *what is money?* It would simplify this matter very much if all would agree to call coin, or money having value as merchandise, *money*, and paper or representative money, *currency*, or notes. It is plain that the representative money is that which must be and is principally used in this country and in all commercial countries. Coin money derives its real value in exchange, and as a measure for the exchangeable value of other products, from the fact that it costs labor to produce it, and, although government laws may foolishly try to make it pass for more than its cost value, they never succeed in doing so. No government ever has succeeded in over-riding natural law, though they may and often do obstruct the operations of Nature's laws to the great detriment of Nature's children.

The simplest form of representative money, or currency, is furnished by Josiah Warren's labor note, which was substantially as follows (I quote from memory):

For value received, I promise to pay bearer, on demand, one hour's labor, or ten pounds of corn.

Josiah Warren.

Modern Times, July 4, 1852.

So long as it was believed by his neighbors that the maker of such notes always had the corn on hand with which to redeem them (since their redemption in labor would rarely be practicable or desirable), they would pass current in that locality; and, in fact, such "labor notes" did pass to a limited extent at Modern Times. Interesting as that experiment was, and showing clearly as it does the principle at the basis of all good currency, it could not be extended so as to satisfy the needs of a great commercial country, or, safely, of a large neighborhood.

But a currency, to be good, must possess precisely the qualifications and qualities of that labor note, with the addition of a guaranty, universally recognisable, that the notes actually do represent solid wealth with which they will be redeemed on

demand. Now, there is one thing, and only one, that government can rightfully or usefully do in the way of interference with the currency, the ebb and flow of which is governed by natural laws altogether out of the reach of state or national governments; and that is to issue all the notes used for currency on such terms that it shall be universally known truly to represent actual, movable capital (not land, which is not property in the true sense, and which cannot be carried off by any one wishing a note redeemed), pledged for its redumption. There should be no monopoly, but any and every person complying with the terms should be furnished with the national note. Of course no one who had not the requisite capital could procure these notes, and rightly so because notes made by those who have no capital would swindle the people. And, as our government has no property or capital except the necessary tools for carrying on the affairs of the nation, and as government should have no debts and no gold and silver accumulated, it is obvious that it cannot properly make a good note beyond the amount which could be redeemed in payment of taxes. And, as taxes ought to be diminished and ultimately abolished, there is no valid basis for a government note to be used as currency. Neither will Mutual Banks answer any good purpose, if the notes are based on land.

Basis.

The remarks that follow are not intended to debar "Apex" from answering his opponent in these columns in his own time and way, but simply to combat, from Liberty's standpoint, such of the positions taken by "Basis" as seem to need refutation.

The first error into which "Basis" falls is his identification of money with capital. Representative money is not capital; it is only a title to capital. He who borrows a paper dollar from another simply borrows a title, and not at all that to which it is a title. Consequently he takes from the lender nothing which the lender wishes to use; unless, indeed, the lender desires to purchase capital with his dollar, in which case he will not lend it, or, if he does, will charge for the sacrifice of his opportunity,— a very different thing from usury, which is payment, not for the lender's sacrifice, but for the borrower's use; that is, not for a burden borne, but for a benefit conferred. Neither does the borrower of the dollar take from the person of whom he purchases capital with it anything which that person desires to use; for, in ordinary commerce, the seller is either a manufacturer or a dealer, who produces or buys his stock for no other purpose than to sell it. And thence this dollar goes on transferring products for which the holders thereof have no

use, until it reaches its issuer and final redeemer and is cancelled, depriving, in the course of its journey, no person of any opportunity, but, on the contrary, serving the needs of all through whose hands it passes. Hence, borrowing a title to capital is a very different thing from borrowing capital itself. But under the system of organized credit contemplated by "Apex," no capable and deserving person would borrow even a title to capital. The so-called borrower would simply so change the face of his own title as to make it recognizable by the world at large, and at no other expense than the mere cost of the alteration. That is to say, the man, having capital or good credit, who, under the system advocated by "Apex," should go to a credit-shop — in other words, a bank — and procure a certain amount of its notes by the ordinary processes of mortgaging property or getting endorsed commercial paper discounted, would only exchange his own personal credit — known only to his immediate friends and neighbors and the bank, and therefore useless in transactions with any other parties — for the bank's credit, known, and receivable for products delivered, throughout the state, or the nation, or, perhaps, the world. And for this convenience the bank would charge him only the labor-cost of its service in effecting the exchange of credits, instead of the ruinous rates of discount, by which, under the present system of monopoly, privileged banks tax the producers of unprivileged property out of house and home. So that "Apex" really would have no borrowing at all, except in certain individual cases not worth considering; and therefore, when "Basis," answering "Apex," says that "it is really capital that is borrowed, and not money," he makes a remark for which there is no audible call.

The second error committed by "Basis" he commits in common with the economists in assuming that an increase of capital decreases the rate of interest and that nothing else can materially decrease it. The facts are just the contrary. The rate of interest may, and often does, decrease, when the amount of capital has not increased; the amount of capital may increase without decreasing the rate of interest, which may, in fact, increase at the same time; and, so far from the universalization of wealth being the sole means of abolishing interest, the abolition of interest is the *sinc qua non* of the universalization of wealth.

Suppose, for instance, that the banking business of a nation is conducted by a system of banks chartered and regulated by the government, those banks issuing paper money based on specie, dollar for dollar. If, now, a certain number of these banks, by combining to buy up the national legislature, should secure the exclusive privilege of issuing two paper dollars for each specie dollar in their vaults,

could they not afford to, and would they not in fact, materially reduce their rate of discount? Would not the competing banks be forced to reduce their rate in consequence? And would not this reduction lower the rate of interest throughout the nation? Undoubtedly; and yet the amount of capital in the country remains the same as before.

Suppose, further, that during the following year, in consequence of the stimulus given to business and production by this decrease in the rate of interest and also because of unusually favorable natural conditions, a great increase of wealth occurs. If, then, the banks of the nation, holding from the government a monopoly of the power to issue money, should combine to contract the volume of the currency, could they not, and would they not, raise the rate of interest thereby? Undoubtedly; and yet the amount of capital in the country is greater than it ever was before.

But suppose, on the other hand, that all these banks, chartered and regulated by the government and issuing money dollar for dollar, had finally been allowed to issue paper beyond their capital based on the credit and guaranteed capital of their customers; that their circulation, thus doubly secured, had become so popular that people preferred to pay their debts in coin, instead of bank-notes, thus causing coin to flow into the vaults of the banks and add to their reserve; that this addition had enabled them to add further to their circulation, until, by a continuation of the process, it at last amounted to eight times their original capital; that by levying a high rate of interest on this they had bled the people nigh unto death; thus then the government had stepped in and said to the banks: "When you began, you received an annual interest of six per cent., on your capital; you now receive nearly that rate on a circulation eight times your capital based really on the people's credit; therefore at one-eighth of the original rate your annual profit would be as great as formerly; henceforth your rate of discount must not exceed three-fourths of one per cent.." Had all this happened (and with the exception of the last condition of the hypothesis similar cases have frequently happened), what would have been the result? Proudhon shall answer for us. In the eighth letter of his immortal discussion with Bastiat on the question of interest he exhausts the whole subject of the relation of interest to capital; and "Basis" cannot do better than read the whole of it. A brief extract, however, must suffice here. He is speaking of the Bank of France, which at that time (1849) was actually in almost the same situation as that described above. Supposing, as we have just done after him, a reduction of the rate of discount to three-fourths of one per cent., he then asks, as we do, what the result would be. These are his words in answer to Bastiat, the "Basis" of that discussion:

The fortune and destiny of the country are to-day in the hands of the Bank of France. If it would relieve industry and commerce by a decrease of its rate of discount proportional to the increase of its reserve; in other words, if it would reduce the price of its credit to three-fourths of one per cent., which it must do in order to quit stealing,— this reduction would instantly produce, throughout the Republic and all Europe, incalculable results. They could not be enumerated in a volume: I will confine myself to the indication of a few.

If, then, the credit of the Bank of France should be loaned at three-fourths of one per cent., ordinary bankers, notaries, capitalists, and even the stockholders of the bank itself would be immediately compelled by competition to reduce their interest, discount, and dividends, to at least one per cent., including incidental expenses and brokerage. What harm, think you, would this reduction do to borrowers on personal credit, or to commerce and industry, who are forced to pay by reason of this fact alone, an annual tax of at least two thousand millions?

If financial circulation could be effected at a rate of discount representing only the cost of administration, drafting, registration, etc., the interest charged on purchases and sales on credit would fall in its turn from six per cent., to zero,— that is to say, business would then be transacted on a cash basis; there would be no more debts. Again, to how great a degree, think you, would that diminish the shameful number of suspensions, failures, and bankruptcies?

But, as in society *net* product is undistinguishable from *raw* product, so in the light of the sum total of economic facts capital is undistinguishable from product. These two terms do not, in reality, stand for two distinct things; they designate relations only. Product is capital; capital is product: there is a difference between them only in private economy; none whatever in public economy. If, then, interest, after having fallen in the case of money to three-fourths of one per cent.,— that is, to zero, inasmuch as three-fourths of one per cent. represents only the service of the bank,— should fall to zero in the case of merchandise also, by analogy of principles and facts it would soon all to zero in the case of real estate: rent would disappear — becoming one with liquidation. Do you think, sir, that that would prevent people from living in houses and cultivating land?

If, thanks to this radical reform in the machinery of circulation, labor was compelled to pay to capital only as much interest as would be a just reward for the service rendered by the capitalist, specie and real estate being deprived of their reproductive properties and valued only as *products*,— as things that can

be consumed and replaced,— the favor with which specie and capital are now locked upon would be wholly transferred to products; each individual, instead of restricting his consumption, would strive only to increase it. Whereas, at present, thanks to the restriction laid upon consumable products by interest, the means of consumption are always very much limited, then, on the contrary, production would be insufficient: labor would then be secure in fact as well as in right.

The laboring class gaining at one stroke the five thousand millions, or thereabouts, now taken in the form of interest from the ten thousand millions which it produces, plus five thousand millions which this same interest deprives it of by destroying the demand for labor, plus five thousand millions which the parasites, cut off from a living, would then be compelled to produce, the national production would be doubled and the welfare of the laborer increased four-fold. And you, sir, whom the worship of interest does not prevent from lifting your thoughts to another world,— what say you to this improvement of affairs here below? Do you see now that it is not the multiplication of capital which decreases interest, but, on the contrary, that it is the decrease of interest which multiplies capital?

Now, this reduction of the rate of discount to the cost of the bank's service, and the results therefrom as above described, are precisely what would happen if the whole business of banking should be thrown open to free competition. It behooves "Basis" to examine this argument well; for, unless he can find a fatal flaw in it, he must stand convicted, in saying that "when the accumulated wealth of the world becomes large enough, no one will pay interest," of putting the cart before the horse.

"Basis" is in error a third time in assuming that "Apex" wishes to "forbid the man of ability, but lacking means, using his credit." It is precisely because such men are now virtually prohibited from using their credit that "Apex," and Liberty with him, complains. This singular misconception on the part of "Basis" indicates that he does not yet understand what he is fighting.

The fourth error for which "Basis" assumes responsibility is found in his statement that "in the last analysis the possessor of capital has acquired it by a willingness to work harder than his fellows and to sacrifice his love of spending all he produces that he may have the aid of capital to increase his power of production." A man who thoroughly means to toll the truth here reiterates one of the most devilish of the many infernal lies for which the economists have to answer. It is indeed true that the possessor of capital may, in rare cases, have acquired

it by the method stated, though even then he could not be excused for making the capital so acquired a leech upon his fellow-men. But ninety-nine times in a hundred the modern possessor of any large amount of capital has acquired it, not "by a willingness to work harder than his fellows," but by a shrewdness in getting possession of a monopoly which makes it needless for him to do any *real* work at all; not "by a willingness to sacrifice his love of spending all he produces," but by a cleverness in procuring from the government a privilege by which he is able to spend in wanton luxury half of what a large number of other men produce. The chief privilege to which we refer is that of selling the people's credit for a price.

"Basis" is guilty of several other errors which we have not space to discuss at length. He supposes that to confine the term *money* to coin and to call all other money *currency* would simplify matters, when in reality it is the insistence upon this false distinction that is the prevailing cause of mystification. If the idea of the royalty of gold and silver could be once knocked out of the people's heads, and they could once understand that no particular kind of merchandise is created by nature for monetary purposes, they would settle this question in a trice. Again, he seems to think that Josiah Warren based his notes on corn. Nothing of the kind. Warren simply took corn as his standard, but made *labor and all its products* his basis. His labor notes were rarely redeemed in corn. If he had made corn his exclusive basis, there would be no distinction in principle between him and the specie men. Perhaps the central point in his monetary theory was his denial of the idea that any one product of labor can properly be made the only basis of money. To quote him in this connection at all is the height of presumption on the part of "Basis." A charge that his system, which recognized cost as the only ground of price, ever contemplated a promise to pay anything "for *value* received," he would deem the climax of insult to his memory. "Basis," in donning the garments of Josiah Warren to defend the specie fraud, has "stolen the livery of heaven to serve the devil in." "Basis" is wrong, too, in thinking that land is not a good basis for currency. True, unimproved land, not having properly a market value, cannot properly give value to anything that represents it; but permanent improvements on land, which should have a market value and carry with them a title to possession, are an excellent basis for currency. It is not the raw material of any product that fits it for a basis, but the labor that has been expended in shaping the material. As for the immovability of land unfitting it for a basis, it has just the opposite effect. Here "Basis" is misled by the idea that currency can be redeemed only in that on which it is based.

But this fertile subject has taken us farther than we intended to follow it. So here, for the present, we will quit its company, meanwhile handing over "Basis" to the tender mercies of "Apex," and heartily endorsing almost all that "Basis" says at the close of his article concerning the true duty of government, as long as it shall exist, regarding the currency.

Capital: What It Is and What It Is Not.

Dear Mr. Tucker,— Your comments on my letter in a recent issue call for some response, as it is clear you have not yet got full possesion of the idea you characterise as “unmitigated bosh based on pure chimera.”

Let us pass over the first four and the seventh of your points, for a while, and consider the fifth and the sixth.

You say: “We quite agree with Mr. Smart that ‘accumulated thought and experience *are* capital,’ but we utterly fail to see why ‘things that perish almost as fast as they are produced are not* capital!’”

I am glad you admit that “accumulated thought and experience *are* capital.” You admit, then, that capital is not *necessarily* material. And you will admit, *consequently*, that thought and experience (knowledge) — being capital, and being productive — are a *force*; that, when combined with the simple action of brain and muscle (a purely natural force), they aid the latter, *labor*, in production. Good!

Now, let us suppose an untutored savage in the wilds of Africa or Australia, who knows just enough to break off a cudgel in the forest to defend himself with or to knock down an animal for food; suppose him carried into civilised lift and taught some useful art by which he can supply himself with previously undreamed-of comforts,— all his capacities developed. From being merely a natural element or organism, possessing dormant or undeveloped capacities and wants, he has now, combined with these, *capital*, and has become a civilized *Man*.

Thus far you will agree with me.

Now, let us suppose a piece of uncultivated land in the midst of a jungle, remote from civilization, possessing all kinds of capacity for animal, vegetable, and mineral production, but yielding nothing valuable; suppose a railroad taken in there, axes, ploughs,— in short, all the appliances of civilization. The land will be cleared and fenced and cultivated, and will soon be smiling with abundant crops. From being merely a natural element or organism, possessing dormant or undeveloped capacities and wants, it has now, combined with these, *capital*, and has become a civilized piece of land,— a farm, or a mine, or a garden.

Now, what difference is there between the two cases? In the one case we have a *human* savage converted into a civilized *man*; in the other a *land* savage converted into a civilized *farm*.

If the culture invested in the Man is *capital*, as you admit, why is not the culture invested in Land *capital* in just the same sense?

And is it not just as proper — or rather, just as improper — to call the material organism, *Man*, capital, as it is to call the material organism, *Land*, capital? or any other natural elementary substance, such as wood, stone, coal, or iron; or any animal creature?

Do you not see my meaning? That the productive property or potentiality possessed by any material substance — animate or inanimate — is invested in it, precisely as it is invested in a man's brain, and is of precisely the same kind. *It is capital* in the only correct sense of the word; it is stored-up *labor* in a higher sense than that of the political economists; and neither the man himself, nor the creatures he has civilized, nor the land or things he has civilized *are capital*.

Have I made this point clear?

As my letter is already long enough for your space, and as I do not wish to confuse this primary question with the other questions included in our discussion, I will leave them for the present.

We are discussing a vital principle,— the corner-stone of Socialism.

W. G. H. Smart.

[Nothing but the above letter was needed to clinch our statement that Mr. Smart's socialism is an incoherent structure. We print it because we do not wish to be in the least unfair, but we really have not the patience to follow the writer in his absurd hypotheses and indiscriminate analogies. For instance, his statement that “*the productive property or potentiality* possessed by any material substance” alone is capital, when he has previously supposed no capital to be contained in “a piece of uncultivated land *possessing all kinds of capacity for animal, vegetable, and mineral production;*” or, his identification of “productive property or potentiality with “stored-up labor,” as if there was no such thing an a natural productive force independent of labor; or, his confusion of man with capital, as if the word capital had not been set apart, in contradistinction to labor, to denote all productive forces and aids to productive forces outside of the laborer, man, and for the express purpose of affording a convenient terminology to be used in discussing the relation of man to wealth; or, finally, his starting out to explain to us why “things that perish almost as fast as they are produced *are not capital,*” and then making it the conclusion of his letter that capital is stored-up labor and that “neither man himself,

nor the creatures he has civilised, nor the land or things he has civilized are capital." Upon which Mr. Smart asks us if we see his meaning. Well, we frankly confess that we do not, unless he means that men and animals and land are "things that perish almost as fast as they are produced." But it is useless to ask you, Mr. Smart, what you mean. You probably think that you mean a great deal, but as a matter of fact you do not mean anything at all. You have not the faintest idea of the nature of capital. The A B C of political economy is unfamiliar to you. You have long been an earnest student of the industrial question; you have thoroughly acquainted yourself with many important phases of it; you are constantly saying many good and true and useful things about it; but you have never yet planted yourself upon an intelligible basis, and that is why nobody can ever understand Mr. Smart. — Editor Liberty.]

Authority, on the one hand, bolstered up by privilege, is the deadhead of the world. Liberty, on the other, claims her own by displaying self-reliance. — *Kansas City Industrial Liberator.*

The Redemption of Money.

If we can fully determine what redemption is, we shall accomplish a great work for human progress. A promise to pay, written on paper, is generally considered redeemed when it is exchanged for coin. This is not always true. If I take a banknote promising to pay one dollar, so far as I am concerned, the note is redeemed; but, if the note is yet outstanding against the bank, it is not redeemed.

If A gives B a note promising to pay one dollar, and B passes that note to C, and C returns it to A, just so soon as A receives it at its full face value, that note is fully redeemed. The great difficulty, in connection with the redemption of paper money, consists of this,— that the promise to pay implies a promise to pay coin; whereas, by right, it should be considered a promise to pay value equal to gold, or silver, whichever may be taken as the standard of value.

In commerce scarcely anybody wants gold, but everybody wants *value equal to gold*.

If a gold dollar will buy ten yards of cotton cloth, and a bushel of wheat will buy a gold dollar, can there be any difficulty in exchanging wheat for cotton cloth?

Let us remember that, although an absolute standard of value is impossible, a comparative standard is indispensable. We want *something of value* by which to compare, count, and exchange all other valuable things.

How much fog, mud, and moonshine has been waded through by the would-be teachers of political economy, just because the above truth has not been clearly seen!

Primitive people, as a rule, believe the false and do the wrong. And even when the true thing has been discovered, they are almost sure to start for it in the wrong direction. This is eminently true in regard to money.

Let me repeat,— everybody wants *value*. Now, if A, B, and C can exchange their goods on the base of a gold valuation, what is the necessity of the gold itself?

Gold always has a marketable value, which is well known. Now, let business men make their exchanges on the *value of gold*, and not on the gold itself. Then they can use their own credit as money, and redeem their promises to pay by receiving them, and thus, by mutually acting together, they can be independent of the money-lender. For, be it understood that borrowing money, as a good business transaction, is but an exchange of credits. Will the people ever get over the stupid and barbarous notion that money is something of itself?

Our paper money at the present time (November, 1881) is at par with gold because the government receives it. If A owes B \$1,000 and C holds all the gold, how can A pay his debt? If A has made the promise to pay the gold itself, he must go to C and give him a bonus for the gold. That is the nature of usury, or interest. But if A, being solvent, has promised to pay B \$1,000 in value equal to gold, the debt can be easily cancelled.

What a monstrous barbarism is the arbitrary limitation of money!

And yet money must be limited, to be good money, until people shall find a way to redeem their notes, other than by swapping them for coin.

Apex.

Chapter XI

On Picket Duty.

It is not surprising to hear that Henry George regards Liberty as “cranky.” *All* the defenders of despotism do.

Since European socialists began to circulate their revolutionary literature in hermetically-sealed cans of condensed milk, that heretofore mild and inoffensive commodity has become a greater terror to the “effete monarchies” than dynamics.

“Irish landlordism,” says Nasby, “is condensed villainy.” So it is. And landlordism of whatever nationality is villainy also, however diluted or rarefied or tempered. The land question is a universal question, and it is confusing to discuss universal questions from national standpoints.

What must the cultured editors who rave about Guiteau think of Walter Savage Landor, more highly cultured than they, who once told N. P. Willis that he had “a purse of five hundred sovereigns always ready to bestow on any one who will rid the earth of a tyrant — even an American president”?

A good illustration of the wantonness with which States spend their subjects money is seen in Queen Victoria’s expenditures of \$75,000 in sending special missions to Madrid and Dresden to invest the Kings of Spain and Saxony with the Garter. How long do working people intend to pay tribute to an institution which consumes their earnings thus?

The following is the number of socialists expelled from three important towns in Germany: Berlin, 155; Hamburg and environs, 195; Leipzig, 70; total, 420. Most of these have wives, children, and relations dependent upon them for bread. The majority have emigrated to England or America. Four had been previously members of parliament. Their names are Messrs, Fritzeche, Vahlteich, Reimer, and Hasselmann.

Stephen Pearl Andrews, after comparing us to a “drunken man,” complains of our courtesy in calling him God Almighty,—a title, by the way, which we never applied to him. As Dickens’s barber says, we must “draw the line somewhere.” Mr. Andrews, it would seem, in the matter of opprobrious epithets, draws the line beyond drunkard and this side of God. It is well to be given some idea, in advance, of the stand and of the courtesy to which members of the Pantarchy will be expected to conform.

Liberty, during its brief young life, has received many compliments, from sources high and low, of which it may well be proud; but nothing has pleased us more than the following simple, but significant words from the letter of a lady who has been procuring subscribers in the mines of Pennsylvania. Sending a fresh list of names, she adds: "More miners promise to subscribe, but they have not had steady work this month and are all poor. The paper is a *bomb* in the mines. Each fortnight for three months I have had the paper read aloud to the men, and it is beginning to tell, as it always will when it and its like reach the people for whom they are written." News like this is of the most cheery sort. When the common people, as our faithful co-worker truly says, begin to appreciate the principles which Liberty stands for, the welcome Social Revolution is at hand. The coming day, all hail!

Force is seldom justifiable as a method of reform, but the impetuous revolutionists who believe in and uses it is much less vitally in error than the wicked hypocrite who pretends to see no distinction between force used in vindication of rights and force used in their violation.

Only one daily paper within our knowledge, the Virginia City "Chronicle," has told the plain truth about the recent Irish convention. These are its words: "The Irish national convention at Chicago did but one thing worthy of notice, or of benefit to Ireland. It subscribed several thousands dollars for the Irish Land League. The resolutions adopted were tame, commonplace, and — not to put to fine a point on it — cowardly. Designedly silent, as the press of the country is, as a whole, on the subject, and timid as was the Chicago convention, the world will soon have to recognize that fact that Ireland is engaged in a struggle to do away with private ownership of the soil."

The mountebank Talmage, preaching against profanity, soberly told his congregation last Sunday of a man who indulged in it while walking on a railroad track. Suddenly a train came along and killed him. The body, when picked up, exhibited neither bruise or scar, death having resulted solely from the cutting out of the man's tongue by the locomotive. How many members of Talmage's church believe this yarn? How many of them believe that Talmage believes it himself? If any, are they not fools? Are not the others hypocrites? On this showing, is not the Tabernacle congregation made up solely of knaves and idiots? Does its moral and intellectual quality differ from those of other Orthodox congregations otherwise than in degree?

It will be remembered that our discussion with Mr. Babcock on the rightfulness of usury led a friend to suspect that Liberty was willing to deny herself by advocating anti-usury law. A subsequent editorial distinguishing between usury as a *civil* right and usury as a *moral* right quieted his fears. The same editorial, however, has led another critic to accuse us of abandoning our anti-usury ground and making legality the standard of morality. Strangely enough, the ideas entertained by this critic on political and economic questions are substantially identical with Liberty's. The sole trouble with him is that, having accustomed himself to write the English language viciously, he is no longer able to understand it when written well. But may we say to him, once for all, that a man has a *civil* right to take usury from another, provided he can get it with the other's consent in the face of free competition, but that he has no *moral* right to take it as a commercial transaction in which he pretends to be governed by the true principles of commercial equity; and, consequently, that wealth acquired by usury under a voluntary *regime* IS the holder's in the sense that no one is entitled to dispossess him of it, but IS NOT the holder's in the sense that he has acquired it, as the usurer now pretends, by giving him an equivalent for it. It is to be hoped that this language will prove intelligible to our critics, but, if it does not, he may continue his criticism without further attention from us.

Guiteau's "Devilish Depravity."

Some of those sainted spirits, those God-anointed souls, who edit our political papers, and who evidently came down from a higher sphere, to shed the light of their holiness, for a brief period, upon this dark and wicked world; and who know, by their spiritual intuitions, that there is nothing, this side of heaven, so sacred in itself, or so important to mankind, as the government of the United States, have apparently exhausted their illuminating powers, in the effort to make us see and realize the indescribable wickedness of killing a president. To their minds, there has not been, on this planet, another crime so atrocious, or at least eighteen hundred years. The horror, which men anciently felt at the killing of a king, a God-anointed king, was hardly exceeded, or even equaled, by that which these angelic spirits feel at the killing of a president. To describe the act by the simple name of murder, as in the case of common mortals, conveys no idea of its intense wickedness. To speak of it simply as the act of an insane man, exasperates them to fury. It seems to make maniacs of them. That anybody has a right to be so insane as to kill a president, is what they cannot comprehend, and will not listen to. Their ethereal natures seem to realize that if, after they have come down from heaven to earth, to assist and guide in the election of a president, and have succeeded in converting a piece of common clay into a sort of earthly god, and given him power to reward the righteous, who voted for him, and punish the wicked, who voted against him, he can be killed like any common mortal, all their labor in electing him is lost, their plans for governing the world frustrated, their sacred system of rewards and punishment unceremoniously demolished, their own vocation on earth at an end, and they themselves necessitated to return, in disappointment and disgust, to that higher sphere, from which they ought never to have descended.

It does not assuage, but only aggravate, their sorrow, to assure them that presidents are not only mortal, but vulnerable; that nature made them so, and there is no help for it; that the system of rewards and punishments, which they are appointed to administer, is likely to make enemies of friends; that kings — the immediate predecessors of the presidents, and whose duties and powers, with little qualification, have been devolved upon the presidents — have, as a rule, been a very bad set — the robbers, oppressors, and destroyers of mankind; that the presidents have not yet proved, beyond controversy, that they are very much better than the kings; or that they hold their power by a tenure less bloody than did the kings;

or that, whether good or bad, they are necessity to the well-being of the world. It serves no purpose to assure them that presidents are neither the fathers nor mothers of the people whom they attempt to govern; that, whether this one, or that one, lives or dies, the sun will still rise and set; that summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, will succeed each other as before; and that we shall, no doubt, have very much left to enjoy, and, if pious, to be thankful for.

All such philosophy as this is wasted upon these consolable editors; and, in fact, upon all others who had expected offices or rewards at the hands of the late president.

One would think that, like reasonable beings, finding that neither their sorrow, nor their anger, could avail to bring back their idol, they would be content, like the ancients, to simply deify him, or demi-deify him; to place him in their political pantheon, and tell their posterity what he was, and what he did.

One might even think that the experience of the last twenty years, and even the last ninety years, with all the blood, and poverty, and misery, with which they have been filled, might lead these serene and philosophic souls to enquire whether our system of governing men by editors, congresses, and presidents, does not cause ten thousand times as much bloodshed and misery as it prevents; and whether something better cannot be devised.

And, finally, one might imagine these angelic spirits, would try to be at least reasonable and just, if they could not be merciful, to the one who took the late president's life; that they would not call so frantically for vengeance, until it was proved that he was a fit subject for it.

But of all this moderation and reason, they seem to be incapable. In the cases of the ordinary homicides, of which they inform their readers, they do not indulge in any violent demonstration of surprise, grief, or anger. They evidently consider them merely common human occurrences, such as are to be expected of weak, or wicked human nature. And they wait very patiently and coolly until courts and juries shall have given their verdicts as to the moral responsibility of the actors.

But, for Guiteau, they have none of this mercy or justice. They have apparently exhausted their vocabularies in the vain attempt to describe the moral nature of the man, who could kill a president. To call him a madman, fanatic, a man mentally diseased, or congenitally malformed, does not satisfy, or even soften their rage. They are not content with describing him by such terms as wretch, monster, assassin; for they see that neither wretch, monster, nor assassin fitly describes a man, who, in

open day, before a hundred people, kills another, towards whom he had no personal ill will, and from whose death he could reasonably expect to derive no benefit from whatever.

Puzzled to account for an act, for which they can assign no rational motive, they seem at last to have hit upon a term that describes their general sentiments, by attributing Guiteau's act to his "*devilish depravity*."

We confess that we may not fully understand the *legal* meaning of this term. It is associated, in our minds, with certain theological ideas, that are now somewhat stale, if not entirely obsolete. It seems to imply that there is, somewhere in the universe, such a being as a devil, and that he has power to deprave weak human beings, who, but for him, might have been quite innocent, and worthy persons.

If this solution of the mystery is to be accepted as the true one — that is, if there really be a devil, and if he has succeeded in "depraving" Guiteau to the extent supposed — it is evident that Guiteau is one of the most unfortunate and pitiable of the human race; and that all this rage against him is misdirected. We believe that the most dreadful of all theologians, who have believed in a devil, ad in his power to "deprave" mortals, have had some pity on those, upon whom he has laid his spell. We believe that, at least, Edwards and Hopkins, and perhaps John Calvin himself, would have been gratified to know that a man, depraved by the power of the devil, would not be held to the sole responsibility of his acts. But our divinely appointed political editors seems to have less mercy for sins committed, under the instigation of the devil, against a successful political, than Edwards, or Hopkins, or Calvin had for sins committed, under similar instigation, against God.

We would mercifully advise these heaven-sent editors, before they return to their celestial abodes, to recall their senses, if they have any, and listen to reason; to reflect that even though their special mission on earth may have proved a failure, the world may, perhaps, get on without them; that if presidents should occasionally be killed by lunatics or others, we have plenty of material of which to make more; that even the government of the United States may continue to stand for quite as much as it is worth and quite as long as it ought to, in spite of all the Guiteaus by whom it may be assailed. A government that is afraid of Guiteau, is not long for this world.

And, finally, let us whisper, in the ears of these editors, that they themselves, and such as they, are doing more to destroy this government and to prove that it ought to be destroyed, than all the Guiteaus they will ever see.

But this is no new occupation with them. Ever since they came on the earth, they have been trying to prove that the government of the United States ought to be destroyed; and, with the aid of presidents, congress, etc., they will doubtless succeed, unless they can be induced to go back to the skies.

Organization at Chicago.

The late Irish National Convention at Chicago was an assemblage of something like one thousand delegates, who had come together to transact a little plain business. All that was accomplished could have been accomplished in less than two hours on business principles. But the convention lasted three days, and two days out of the three were consumed in effecting what is called "permanent organization,"— that is, in appointing a committee on credentials, a committee on rule of order, and a committee on permanent organization. We propose to indulge in a little plain talk on what this "permanent organization" business meant, which may possibly open the eyes of the Irishmen as to what the whole swindle known as organization is intended to effect.

In the first place, a large number of credentials were bogus. The New York delegation — the largest present — was chiefly recruited from the war clubs of New York city, and its members were sent to serve the vile purpose of Tammany Hall. the boon allies of John Kelly's gang were a clique of Chicago politicians, who also cooked up a good supply of bogus credentials. Now, in order to cover up this fraud, it was necessary to so "fix" the committee on credentials as to make the job a success. And it was a sucess, even to the extent of "firing out" almost the only honest organization in Chicago, the "Spread the Light Club," consisting of active workingmen whose only crime was that they could not be bought up and bullied by the Chicago political ring.

The committee on rules of order also wasted a whole day, but the Reverend chairmen knew the main rule of order well, without the assistance of the committee. It was simply to recognize the political bosses, and to feed the machine as had been previously arranged by the leading rogues who were so scrupulous about organization. A most unblushing outrage was committed in the face of these rules of order,— that of ignoring point blank such as had decency enough to protest against the exclusion of the "Spread the Light" men.

To sum up the whole swindle, the purpose of organization at the Chicago convention was in keeping with its purpose almost everywhere. It was to cheat the bulk of honest men who had come there out of fulfilling the very purpose for which they had come. So near did John Kelly's gang come to gobbling up the whole Land League business and making it the property of Tammany Hall that the escape was

only due to an accidental and unanticipated alliance of the Ford and Collins parties, aided by the co-operation of the priests.

The organization craze is the chief enemy of progress. It is made the instrument of a conspiracy of the few against the many. The State is simply an organization on a large scale. The professional politician is always great on organization. Organization debauched the Chicago convention, and it will debauch Irish liberty if the Irishmen do not sometime learn that political anarchy is the only road to any national independence that is worth recognizing or laboring for.

"The Land for the People."

The natural wealth of the earth belongs to all the people. The land, the coal, the minerals, the water courses,— all that furnishes the basis of the prime opportunities for human well-being should be the common possession of all.

The above proposition is practically accepted by the leading thinkers and agitators of the world. The socialists declare it as the bottom plank of their system. The communists of course avow it. The "Irish World" cries it aloud from week to week. John Stuart Mill affirmed it almost in so many words. Herbert Spencer reiterates it constantly, and even Froude and John Bright have repeatedly accepted it by inference. Liberty affirms it too; so one main and vital proposition is generally admitted by all shades of advanced reformers.

But at the point where this proposition is accepted begins the great socialistic controversy in which we find ourselves at uncompromising war with social democrats, the communists, and the whole rank and file of government regulationists. "By what method do you propose to give every man a fair opportunity to enjoy all these 'natural gifts'?" "How can you best secure this natural wealth to all the people?" These questions which tower in importance above all others which now confront thinking men.

Now, Liberty's way of getting all these good things to the people is to put every man on his own merits. The very purpose of that machine called the State is to set an artificial patent man-trap, by which the intended servile classes shall be crippled in the race for natural wealth and natural opportunities.

Years ago the natural wealth of the public waters was not interfered with by legislation. Go to the shores of our bays and rivers, and the poor fishermen, if not already starved out or forced into the service of big operators, will recall with a sigh the good old days when all poor men fared alike and could make a living out of the public waters. But since politics have become a thieving trade, legislation has so "put a job" on natural water privileges that the poor are practically evicted and choked off, while the big concerns who dictate the legislation scoop up the fisherman in their politico-industrial nets under the current despotic wage system.

Cease to protect landlords in their monopoly of the land through the State, and the land will readily revert to the people. It will revert, too, speedily, with little expense, and with less violence, injustice, and dissatisfaction than under our

boasted law-and-order arrangements. The island of Ireland belongs to the people, as Bishop Nulty and the "Irish World" assert. But why do the people not enjoy it? Simply because their wits are not awakened to their real enemy, the State. Acting better than it knows, the Land League, as a power for Liberty, is only strong in the fact that it has been this expression of practical revolt against the British State. The London "Times," more sagacious than the blind leaders of the League, foresees that a successful strike against that tax known as rent is only a step, which needs to be followed by a strike against that other tax which needs to be followed by a strike against that other tax which is levied to support the State in order that the tap-root of the whole scheme of landlordism may be reached.

And yet the mass of Irishmen are so swallowed up in the delusion that society is impossible without a State that the craze of Irish national independence came near capturing the recent convention at Chicago, and threatens to yet the beneficent work of the Land League movement. The prospective Irish State will be the same machine, under another banner, that now has the Irish tenant by the throat. The American republic is to-day more favorable to landlords than is the government of England. A late editorial in the New York "Tribune" produced unanswerable proof that the laws of this country are vastly more favorable to the landlord and more sever to the tenant than the laws which hold sway in Ireland. Unless Irish human nature is the one exception of the world, the coming Irish republic will be simply a reproduction of the machine which inevitably provides that the land *shall not* come into the hands of the people. The very purpose of the State is to make the mass of the people the slaves of the privileged classes. The State, in its very nature, cannot be of the people and by the people. It is of the few and by the few by virtue of its organic structure.

Until these bottom facts of despotism can be gotten into the heads of the Irish leaders, the land war will flounder along blindly. The leaders of the movement are to-day ignorant of the only saving grace there is "no rent." When the London "Times" says that "no rent" is but the stepping-stone to "no taxes," it shows a far keener insight into the situation than Parnell and his infatuated companions who cry for Irish national independence. Stop feeding the infernal machine which alone protects the landlord in his piracy, and the game is up with one stroke. To institute another machine in its place is simply to invite the Irish to practice upon their own race what the hated Saxon has been practicing all these centuries, and to substitute the Irish swindle for the English is about the extent of the average Irishman's aspiration. Nothing better can be expected till the agitation shall call

forth somebody who has the sense and courage to supplement Michael Davitt's "no rent" with "no taxes" and "no State." Then this now useless cry of "the land for the people" will begin to mean something for Ireland and the whole human race. A sort of blind Providence has driven Ireland into the "no rent" resolve, but her vaunted leaders are ignorant of its real significance. They are mere children besides such men as Michael Bakounine, the founder of Nihilism, and are entitled only to the credit of blindly acting better than they know.

Guiteau's Wit.

Guiteau is proving himself so bright and sharp, that his enemies infer that he is not insane now, and probably was not on the second of July. They appear to have forgotten that,

Great wit to madness near is allied
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.

Yet such is, no doubt, very often the fact. A great many men, of extraordinary brilliance of mind, have been insane on some one or more subjects, while rational on others. In regard to other men, of this class, the question has been a doubtful one, whether they were insane, or not. The famous John Randolph, of Virginia, was one of these. His will was contested on the ground that he was insane. And although, if we remember rightly, it was sustained upon the ground that he was sane *when he made it*, yet it was quite a general opinion that, during the latter part of his life, his mind was not sound; that if he was not absolutely and unquestionably insane, he was so plainly on the verge of insanity, that any clearly irrational act would have been accepted as proof of insanity.

And the same has been true of so many persons, of high nervous temperaments, and brilliant intellects, that if they had committed any clearly irrational or heinous acts, it would have been set down to insanity as a matter of course. And the more heinous, or irrational, the act, the stronger would have been considered the proof that it was committed under an insane impulse or delusion.

It is contrary to nature that sane men, of brilliant minds, should do grossly absurd and irrational acts. The more proof, therefore, that is brought now, to show that Guiteau was ever a sane and rational man, the more proof we have that, when he did a thoroughly irrational act, he was not in possession of his ordinary reason.

If an insane act--an act for which no rational motive can be discovered — be not, *of itself*, the best proof of insanity, what better proof can we have?

Guiteau is proving, every day, and every hour — apparently to the satisfaction of every body — that he has a very high nervous temperament, and a badly balanced, or rather unbalanced, mind; and that, if he is not absolutely insane, he is on the very verge of insanity; that he is in that condition where any great and unusual

excitement would, for the time, upset him. When, therefore, he had done an utterly irrational act, the only rational interpretation of it is that he was insane.

Mr. W. G. H. Smart desires to make a correction. Referring to his last issue, he writes: "After 'Do you not see my meaning?' I should have said, and meant to say, 'That,' *besides its natural inherent productivity*, 'the productive property or potentially possessed by any material substances,' &c., 'is invested in it precisely as it is invested in a man's brain, and is of precisely the same kind. *It is capital*,' &c." Mr. Smart gently chides us for not noticing and repairing his omission of the first of the foregoing italicized phrases; from which it appears that he expects us, who confess the we cannot understand even what he does say, to understand also all that he does not say. His correction disposes of but one of several errors which we pointed out and which still stand as such. His present communication we have not space to print in full, but, lest he may attribute our failure to do so to a disinclination to see his withering words in print, we give the following precious bit: "I might take exception to the closing part of your letter on the ground of some degree of courtesy, but perhaps dogmatism and — may I say conceit — are among the sacred prerogatives of Liberty. At all events I forbear. I can well afford to be pronounced ignorant on the same place of paper and by the same man that calls Herbert Spencer a fool." We forbear, too, except to add that we have never called Herbert Spencer a fool. Our words were that on one occasion he "made a complete fool of himself." There is an important distinction between a man who is, or is made a fool, and one who temporarily makes a fool of himself. This distinction Mr. Smart forcibly illustrates in his own person. He is no fool, but he frequently makes a fool of himself; for instance, when he tried to show the other day in the Boston "Herald" that Bismark is a socialist bent on accomplishing the ends of socialism. Comparatively few persons are fools, but nearly all sometimes make fools of themselves. The editor of Liberty has not "conceit" enough to claim exemption from this rule.

Another priest has lifted his voice against the Land League, Bishop McQuaid of Rochester, who virtually prohibits Catholics under his care from connection with that organization. The advice of Bishop McQuaid, like that of any other man, should be carefully weighed, and taken at its intrinsic value; but, when this would-be mental slave-driver gives his advice in the tone of command, he should be met with contemptuous defiance. If Ireland would cast off the chains that bind her industrially and politically, the first insurrection of her people must be against the spiritual bondage of the Roman Catholic church,— an insurrection which many begin, as well as anywhere, with the throttling of the tyrannical overseer who rules the Rochester plantation with the double-thonged lash of excommunication in this world and damnation in the next.

The interpreters of Mr. Frothingham are becoming bewilderingly numerous. The latest addition to the list is M. J. Savage, who claims to speak under Mr. Frothingham's sanction; but, his interpretation of the latter's views widely differing from the original "Evening Post" interview, which Mr. Frothingham has pronounced substantially correct, those interested are getting pretty well mixed and Mr. Frothingham pretty well advertised. Indeed, the cynical might fairly be pardoned a suspicion that the whole affair is but a shrewd scheme to increase the sales of the forthcoming "Life of George Ripley." Mr. Frothingham, presumably, is incapable of entertaining such a design, but he could not have carried it out more successfully had he deliberately set about it.

There is no better definition of anarchy than Proudhon's: "The dissolution of government in the economic organism."

Invitation.

Over the waves doth hear
The martial bugle-blast?
Coercive threats in Freedom's name,
Blinding the world at last?
Now shall the "evil" fear,
Their "virtues" all reclaim,—
Viola of wrath for them uncork
Who wield old Satan's three-pronged fork.
Curing ills is thy sole right?
Ah! hear the demonic laughter!
Oh! where shall end this war of might,
And what is the promise hereafter?
Come away! Come away!
Come to the halls of peace!
In patience there seek the eternal;
They ways, be they fair and fraternal;
Truth wins, but doth no sceptre hold:
Her voice, forever free and bold
To tell thee plainly to thy face
If thou'rt unwelcome to thy race,
Still waits upon thy sluggard pace.
For men must grow,
And men must know,
Ere they consent to yielding,
Be that yielding sane and true.
By growing, not by slaughter,
The worlds are made anew.

M.

The Evolution of Liberty.

For centuries there has been a ceaseless struggle for freedom. In the strife for individual sovereignty against subservience to aristocracy, kings, and nations the proudest empires of time have been rocked to their foundations and the scepters of demised monarchs shaken from their grasp and trampled in the dust at their feet.

From the ancient idea of freedom, when the interest of the State was supreme and that of the individual secondary, has grown, or unfolded, an enlarged conception of Liberty, which has energized its champions to acts of exalted heroism and sublime self-endurance, immortalizing a long catalog of heroes who have lived, suffered, and died for Liberty.

Look to-day in whichever direction you will, there is strife, ambition, aspiration, struggle, discontent, and disorder. The soul cries out from it's enslavement of past ages for broader, higher, greater Liberty, for complete moral, physical, and political freedom, not only in its aspirations, but in its limitless capabilities of thought and power. In every direction the force which is to break down the barriers of the past is gathering.

The impending change is not superficial, but affects the very foundations of social and political systems. The German government sees the danger of cheap grain to its landed interests,— the effect of American prosperity. England's ten thousand landlords think more of theft and opulence than they do of the property, independence, and happiness of five million Irishmen. Russia rejoices in exercising brute force against intelligence and skill. Lamartine has said: "It is the destiny of every government which outrages humanity to fall." Watch, and await the issue! Which will win?

The growth of individual Liberty is encroaching on the domain of law. Law-books filled with new laws by the thousand may be made and multiplied by the million, and so may courts of justice (?), but the doom of both is sealed.

In the evolution of Liberty man's old, barbaric, inefficient laws are driven back as effectually as steam drivers out hand-power. The principle which will prevail in the determination of law in the future will be the Preponderance of Right. Justice will be Justice, the unchanging, everlasting will to give each man his right. Precedent will lose its grip, and Reason be enthroned. Wealth which entralls and powers which debases will give place to wealth which ennobles and power which subdues.

Decisions will not then be made in conformity to a law which declares its authority to be above and independent of the people, but with the thought in mind that law is but an agent, a servant, and that the good of the people is first.

Mighty agencies are at work all about us. Chaos, disorder, call it what you will,— it means but one thing, *Revolution!* And then comes Liberty! the talismanic word is echoed from shore to shore throughout the world. For all ages the impress of freedom has been irrevocably stamped upon humanity from its birth. It is the star of hope which guides us onward and upward, never forsaking us while life lasts. It is the uncharted prerogative of humankind. Deprived of freedom, man is not man. A soul *fails* to be a soul in proportion as it is lacking in intelligence and freedom. Liberty! the one great universal idea of every soul!

Easier were it
To hurl the rooted mountain from its base
Than force the yoke of slavery upon men
Determined to be free.

Above the din of conflict and the tread of war-horses of despotism is borne in clarion notes the cry for freedom. From the distant snow-clad hills of Russia we hear its echoes, coming as a wall of anguish from the chained gangs of Russian serfs toiling in Siberian mines. From the bogs of Ireland, from the homeless peasants of Italy, from the starving and suffering everywhere the same appeal goes up. All nature takes up the refrain, giving ever-swelling voice to the people's cry for Liberty.

El-D. Louie.

Mr. Babcock Once More.

Friend Tucker:— I am inclined to think that I did not see Mr. Babcock's "first statement;" else I should not have misunderstood him. No matter,— I see the point now.

"Is the plough-lender entitled to pay for the use of the plough?"

Now then, understanding that said pay for the use of the plough means something for the privilege of its use over and above the just cost of the plough, I answer most emphatically, No!

"If not, why not?"

First, the sale of a privilege is the taking of *some thing of value for no thing of value*.

This truth does not appear at first glance, I grant; nevertheless, it is a truth.

All men may have hats, and all hat yet be valuable; but, if all men have the same privilege, that privilege is not a thing of value. You cannot sell it.

Again,— all honest trade implies an exchange of labor. Therefore, the plough-maker is entitled to full and just compensation for his labor, and nothing more.

The loaning of anything for an increase — increase without labor — is usury. And usury is the great source of avarice. The history, the philosophy, and the arithmetic of usury prove that its first cause is monopoly and its final cause robbery.

Lending money or goods for increase is impossible of perpetuity. The debts of the world can never be paid. The sale of privilege is the highwayman's method of getting a living without work. You may change the form, but the same vile characteristics remain. The plough-maker may sell his plough in one trade or ten, but he shall take no advantage of the farmer's necessity. The advantages of labor-saving tools belong to all men. That there is a profit or advantage in trade, I grant, but it belongs to no one nor to a class.

Under a condition of freedom — that is, a condition where free competition prevails — that profit will be distributed among all classes.

As things are now, all advantages of trade, and also the advantages of improved machinery, go to the idle class,— the money-lenders, the land-renters, the plough-lenders, etc.

And the result is, as J. S. Mill puts it: more machinery, more profit, less wages; until the *lenders* have bought all the goods they want. The workers are destitute and cannot buy. So trade stops, the factories stop, and the would-be producers produce no more,— are out of work and compelled to take the streets as tramps. Is the picture correct? Does Mr. Babcock like it?

Yours for honest trade, goods for goods, labor for labor, but not one cent for privilege.

Apex.

Harvard College.

[For Liberty.]

Colleges and universities where necessities in the middle ages in the absence of the printing press to diffuse ideas broadcast as the sun diffuses light. Now, however, it is not necessary to go to Harvard College in order to become intelligent in any language, art, science, or system of reflective thought. Harvard College is a resort of the sons of wealthy people,— speculators in mining stocks, railroad stocks, oil stocks, iron, wheat, hay, cotton, etc.,— of the songs of mill-owners, railroad managers, and manufacturing bosses. The final cause of Harvard college now seems to be boating and athletics. Its students are largely snobs, over-dressed, over-fed, over-wined, over-heered, over-theatred, and in the state of animalism and sensualism which a life of luxury and needless wealth means. A real student, who means business, can acquire a better literature, scientific, and philosophic education in a remote rural abode well stocked with books than he can at Harvard University. a university like Harvard is a case of atrophy, of useless survival. Ideas, thoughts, knowledge now sow the very winds, so that we almost inhale them with the very atmosphere. A college of university now is not only useless,— is, in the case of such centers of gifted youth and snobbish rowdyism as Harvard, positively pernicious. All our American colleges are run in the interest of defunct theologies and orthodoxies. To be a president of professor one must be a conformist to some list of articles or faith,— in other words, must have his brain locked and battened down under hatches, away from the light and air of current though, truth, and knowledge. The only college which New Hampshire has within its limits — vis., Dartmouth — is ran under the supervision of a sort of Calvinistic inquisitor, who hates science and modern thought, to use a vulgar illustration, worse than an elephant hates tobacco. An attempt was recently made to oust him by some New York friends and patrons of the college in the interest of the institution, but piety was victorious. This college, like the railroads of New Hampshire, is supported by the people of other States. Meantime, its theological incubus still broods over it, diffusing such a pungent odor of Calvinism that students are beginning to give it a wide berth. Before closing, let me say that one of the pleasures of European travel for a dweller in these parts is due to the fact that a foreign trip takes him beyond the sight, sound, and smell of Harvard College and the “Atlantic Monthly” with its editorial and contributational clique of literary confectioners and syllabub fictionists,

who occasionally pose at the Brunswick Hotel as the Shabs and Grand Moguls of the American mind.

B.

Congratulations from Europe.

Liberty is in receipt of the following hearty letters of congratulation, fro European co-workers, on the action of the Chicago socialistic-revolutionary congress:

Fellow Comrades:— The fact that we have just now for the first time received information of the holding of your Congress, which took place in Chicago, is the cause of this delayed communication on our part.

Our comrades in America have given evidence that they are conscious not only of their own unhappy class antagonisms and their causes,— the existing social institutions,— but also of the means and methods for the liberation of the enslaved proletariat.

They have further shown that they are determined to continue as formerly, with energy and zeal, in the only way toward liberation of the laboring classes which is possible to-day,— that of social revolution.

The refusal to participate in elections and the recommendation of armed organizations are clear signs of intelligent advance of our American comrades, to whom we hereby express our warmest sympathy and recognition.

The Congress held in Chicago indicates, moreover,a further mighty step forward in the labor movement in America: and, if our comrades there march bravely on in the direction which they have taken, the day of liberation from the yoke of capital, of social and political slavery, is for the working people no longer distant.

Hail to the Social Revolution!

In behalf of the Communistischen Arbeiter-Bildungs-Verein, 6 Rose Street,
Soho Square.

Per Order.

London, W., England, November 28, 1881.

A Word to “Basis.”

My Dear Sir:— I cannot consider what you say, for you ignore about everything I say.

Your statements are superficial, and, as I see them, false. We must have facts for a basis. You talk of personal economy; I am consider public economy,— quite another thing.

I will give one statement of fact that proves about all you say to be other than correct.

In the State of Indiana, in one year, ending May, 1880, the farmers' mortgage debts increases over *fourteen millions* of dollars.

Please consider this, and you will be forced to give up your primitive notions.

My dear sir, the sun does not go around the earth every twenty-four hours, although all primitive people think it does.

Apex.

Chapter XII

On Picket Duty.

Macaulay was right. Liberty is her own physician, and cures her own ills.

A king once said: "I require a prudent and able man, who is capable of managing the State affairs of my kingdom." An ex-minister replied: "The criterion, O Sire! of a wise and competent man is that he will not meddle with such matters."

The sonnet to Liberty in another column was sent to us by that Veteran reformer, John M. Spear, of Philadelphia. Speaking spiritualistically, he tells us that Garrison wrote it. We prefer to attribute it to Mr. Spear himself. In either case it is a credit to its author.

Henry George has been the subject of our severe criticism, and is likely to be again. It gives us the more pleasure, therefore, to be able to say that, as correspondent of the "Irish World" from Ireland, Mr. George, so far as at present appears, is the right man in the right place. His letters give a better idea of the situation in that unhappy country than any that we have seen. Liberty's compliments to the Ford brothers on so valuable an addition to their staff!

Mr. W. S. Bell has issued new editions of his own "Outline of the French Revolution" and the Bradlaugh-Besant edition of Dr. Knowlton's "Fruits of Philosophy." The latter is interesting from having served as a test of the question of a free press in England, and the former valuable as a convenient and succinct compendium of the events that led up to, through, and away from the memorable era which marked a turning-point in human progress. These and other liberal works may be obtained by addressing Mr. Bell at 38 Upton street, Boston.

George W. Smalley, in support of a recent attempt on his part to belittle the influence of women in public life, cites the alleged fact that "the Irish cause has not perceptibly gained in popularity since Miss Anna Parnell and Miss Helen Taylor took to scolding Mr. Gladstone on the platform." This suggests the inquiry whether any perceptible loss of popularity has been suffered by the Irish cause since Mr. Smalley "took to scolding" Mr. Parnell through the press. Will the flunkey who writes London letters to the New York "Tribune" measure his own influence by his own rule?

One more reformer who keeps a level head! Samuel Leavitt of New York has uttered his protest against the Henry George craze. In a recent lecture before the New York Somebody Club on the "Sense and Nonsense of Henry George's

Book" he poured some very hot shot into the theories of this suddenly popular philosopher, thus concisely summing up and thereby demolishing his defence of usury: "Lo and behold! because bees gather honey, and cattle increase, and corn grows while we sleep — because bountiful Mother Nature gives us something for nothing — therefore we are justified in extorting something for nothing from those of our fellow mortals who have not the same access to her fertile bosom that we have! And this from the great champion of free land!" Mr. George has gone up like a rocket; he will come down like the stick.

Among the Japanese there is nothing of the nature of a legal oath. Witnesses in courts are requested to tell all the particulars; but all the sanctions and penalties, divine and human, which among us are supposed to render an oath sacred, are totally wanting. There is no punishment whatever for bearing false witness. Sensible people, the Japanese! It would be interesting to know how much oftener they lie than we do.

The Land League appears to be spreading to the very ends of the earth. The native journals in India are beginning to republish Land League speeches, and in several of them in the Mahratta district a full translation of the "no rent", manifesto is given. Extracts from Mr. Parnell's addresses are quoted approvingly, and there is a prospect of a Land League being started in Hindostan. Mr. Gladstone had best keep his eyes open. Otherwise, as in the case of Ireland, the coercion screws will be applied too late.

A subscriber wishes to know why Liberty uses the word *usury* instead of *interest*. We do so for two reasons. First, *usury* includes all forms of unearned increase, except that which comes by gift or fortune, while *interest* represents only that increase which is obtained by lending money. Second, the etymology of the word *usury* brings out more prominently the essential characteristic of the thing it stands for,— namely, payment for *use*. The word *interest* has been adopted by modern usurers and their apologists to hide the true nature of their extortionate trade and to make that which is but theft appear as a righteous act of commerce. It is Liberty's purpose to tear off their mask and show them for the thieves that they are.

The worst act of the socialistic convention at New York was its best. In expelling Justus H. Schwab and his associates it dissociated itself from its most intelligent and only thoroughly honest and earnest element. That element, however, is now shaping its own course, and will do much more effective work by itself than when hampered by the timidity and policy and double-dealing of time-servers and self-

seekers. Mr. Schwab Was a good deal of an anarchist prior to his expulsion; we anticipate that his recent experience will transform his tendencies into firmly-settled principles. The road to social salvation leads directly away from politics. We hope to travel it to the end in the companionship of Mr. Schwab and his faithful co-workers.

That paragon of journalism pure and undefiled, the Boston "Herald," says that "there is a growing feeling in every healthy community against the journals which make it their special object to minister to perverted taste by seeking out and serving up in a seductive form disgusting scandal and licentious revelations." While the lamp holds out to burn, the vilest sinner may return. But words alone are not meet for repentance. The fruits must be brought forth also. The columns of the "Herald" seem to be as nasty as ever they were. It must begin to inculcate purity and sweetness by example; else its fine precepts are likely to go for naught. Meanwhile, if the above quotation be true, are we to infer that there is a growing feeling against the "Herald," or that Boston is an unhealthy community?

Light-headed Socialists.

The platform adopted by the convention of socialists which met in New York last week is as singular a heap of sociological *bric a brac* as could be well jumbled together. Such a ridiculous confusion of ideas easily sifts itself to no ideas at all. The key note of this remarkable *pot-pourri* is compulsion. This is not, however, very singular, since the socialistic machine, like every other which does not propose to stand on its own merits by voluntary assent, can only be run by extraneous force.

It is, indeed, astonishing that a convention of otherwise intelligent and well-meaning men should meet to denounce the present machine, and yet, in the same breath, set up another, with exactly the same despotic element in it that damns the first,— compulsion. Compulsory factory legislation today makes the protest of the pillaged operative nugatory. Compulsory legislation makes the great railways the deadly suckers of farm labor. Compulsory education makes the Colleges, the pulpits, and the newspapers the lick-spittles of capital. Yet, after denouncing these institutions as the agents of robbery and oppression, the socialists immediately set to work, not alohne to imitate their methods, but to revive them in infinitely more atrocious forms.

Take, for instance, compulsory education. Of course the new education under the socialistic *regime* will be socialistic education. The taxes to support it must be levied by force. The writer of this article does not believe such to be education, but worse than ignorance. He would consider that he was insulting and degrading his children to send them to school under such a system. Now, do the socialists propose to have the audacity to compel him to pay for this education, whether he wants it or not? If so, then their denunciation of the present order is mockery, and they are worse enemies to progress than those whom they call to account.

This absurd craze of “nationalizing” things is the most impertinent lunacy that could make reform ridiculous. In last week’s “Irish World” William Howard comes out with a scheme for “free travel.” The government, which to-day alone puts travelers at the mercy of usurious corporations, is asked to buy up the railroads and thereby exterminate the only element, competition, which keeps the price of a ride from Boston to Chicago from being one hundred dollars instead of ten dollars. “But the government must run the roads at cost!” cries Mr. Howard. Whose cost? The government’s cost, of course; and yet, if Mr. Howard would only be at the pains to consult the facts, he would know beyond all cavil that the cost of running things

by government is almost always above that of the most extortionate corporations. Thieving as are the great railroad monopolies to-day, this government, even though it should set to work in dead earnest to run the roads at cost, could not do it at the cost which is imposed upon the travelling public by the corporations. The most expensive public service of its kind is the national postal service, so often cited by the Socialists and Greenbackers as a guiding “star route” to perfection. A corporation now stands ready to do that service, under the most substantial guarantees and even in governmental handcuffs, at far less cost and more efficiently, whenever it shall be permitted to do so.

We are not generally supposed to be remarkably wanting in the virtue of patience, but patience with this over-repeated idiocy of “nationalization” is one of the things that puts us most severely to the test. Guiteau’s attempt to popularize the taking-off of governmental figure-heads by “theocratizing” murder is ridiculous enough, but has the whole weight of inspiration and religious logic on its side, and his arguments challenge the respect of the learned, the wise, and the pious. The socialists, more absurd than he, are in a fair way to yet demand the “nationalization” of love, lunacy, and common sense, backed by compulsory taxation. As yet we have got no farther into their logic than to concede that “free travel” to the lunatic asylums would not be altogether objectionable.

Justice Gray.

The appointment of Horace Gray, as a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, adds more weight than light to that bench. He weighs, we suppose, about two hundred and seventy-five pounds. But his light is not at all proportionate to his weight. We might as well expect to get light out of two hundred and seventy-five pounds of rump steak. Nevertheless, all this is just as it should be; for it is weight, and not light, that is wanted in Supreme Courts.

All governments, that assume to control their subjects arbitrarily, find it necessary to keep in their service some authority, or some tribunal, that shall be reverenced by the people, and that shall tell them that the acts of the government are all right, and obligatory; and that it is the moral duty of the people to obey and submit; that resistance or disobedience, on their part, is a great crime; a heinous sin against God and man.

In despotic governments, so-called, this service is performed by a State Church. The government gives great privileges, honors, and revenues to the Church, upon the condition that the Church will teach the people that the government is ordained of God; and that to disobey or resist it would be a great sin against God. In this way, the ignorant and, superstitions people are kept in subjection to an arbitrary power that robs, enslaves, and murders them at its pleasure.

We, in this country, have got rid of this superstition about the Church; and the consequence is that our government must have a substitute. And this substitute it finds in its Supreme Court. It sets up a court of its own; selects its own judges, pays them as long as they sanction all its doings; but impeaches and removes them, if they fail to sanction them.

These judges, of course, do sanction all its doings; they are appointed, and paid, and sustained for that purpose, and no other. They understand perfectly the tenure, by which they hold their places, and govern themselves accordingly. And the government, whenever its tyranny or usurpations become atrocious, and cause an outcry, points to the decisions of its Supreme Court, as if that settled the matter.

In this way, the judges of a Supreme Court, in this country, serve the same purpose as do the dignitaries of a State Church in other countries. And the judges can be as safely relied upon, by the government, in this country, to sanction all its doings, as the dignitaries of a State Church can be to sanction all the doings of the

government, on which they depend for their privileges and revenues. The judges are an much part and parcel of the conspiracy, in the one case, as the priests are in the other.

In either case, the judges and priests are simply tools and confederates, employed by the government, to overawe ignorant and superstitious people, and keep them in subjection. They are simply weights, which the governments throw upon the people, to prevent their rising in rebellion against the oppressions which the governments practice upon them.

Now, Gray is just the man for a service of this kind. He has no doubt that the government is entitled to arbitrary, irresponsible power over the people; or that it is the duty of the people to submit blindly to every thing the government does. If, in any particular case, any question should be raised, as to the right or justice of any act of the government, he can tell you that, for hundreds of years back, governments have been doing the same things, or other things equally outrageous; but that the people had no alternative but to submit; and that, therefore, they have no other alternative now.

Now, this is exactly what is wanted of a judge of a Supreme Court. And that is why we say that Gray is the right man for the place. And it is the only thing he is fit for. And it is the only use that he will ever be put to, as long as he remains a member of the court.

His associates on the bench will, of course, welcome him as a brother. And they will all enjoy their dignities, and salaries, as long as they sanction all the usurpations and crimes which the government practices upon the people, and no longer.

It is to be hoped that a machine, to be called Supreme Court, will sometime be invented, to be run by foot or horse power, and made to do the work now done by Supreme Courts — that is, to grind out opinions sanctioning every thing the government does. Then the services of such men as Gray and his associates will be no longer needed.

The Guiteau Experts.

The government experts, in Guiteau's case, seem to be having things very much their own way; and will probably succeed in getting him hanged, provided they succeed in getting the jury to accept their opinions as to his sanity, or insanity. But will they do this? Are we to hang a man simply because a certain number of superintendents of lunatic asylums believe him sane? Are we to hang a man, upon mere opinions, the truth or reason of which cannot be judged of by common men? Do the lives of men, in this country, legally depend upon the mere judgments of any twenty, fifty, or a hundred men, who claim to know more than other men, as to what diseases, delusions, or impulses that strange thing, the human mind, is liable to, but who cannot so communicate the grounds of their opinions, as to enable other men to judge of their truth or error?

These men never saw, handled, or examined human mind. They can only observe its manifestations through the body; and can only *guess*, like other people, at the causes of its mysterious and erratic operations. Are men to be hanged on the strength of their guesses?

There are, we suppose, in this country, three, or perhaps five, hundred men, physicians, so called, who make a specialty of treating diseases of the human *body*, where there is but one who makes a specialty of treating diseases of the human *mind*. But although diseases of the human *body* are so much more extensively studied, and treated, and so much easier to be ascertained and judged of, than are diseases of the *mind*, we have very little confidence in the knowledge of these many physicians, as to the nature or causes of our *bodily* diseases. These physicians differ so much among themselves, as to the nature and causes of these diseases of the body, that we would not think of hanging a man on the judgments of any number of them, where the grounds of their judgments were so obscure that they could not be communicated to, or comprehended by, the minds of unprofessional men. In other words, we will not hang men, in this country, on any grounds whatever, that cannot be shown, *to the common mind, the unprofessional mind* to be true and sound, beyond a reasonable doubt. We will not hang a man upon the mere secret, incomprehensible, or incommunicable reasonings of any number, or body of men whatever. Yet this is just what the government is attempting to do in Guiteau's case. And it is attempting to do it on the mere opinions, or guesses of a few men

only; these few having confessedly very little knowledge, except what is common to mankind in general, of the causes, or the phenomena of mental diseases.

But this is not all. So far as these experts succeed in communicating the grounds of their opinions, these grounds appear not merely fallacious, but preposterous. For example. They have each spent a months' time, more or less, in the court room, and in the jail, examining Guiteau, to get the data, the facts, the symptoms, by which to judge whether he is, or is not, insane *now*. They thus impliedly confess that the question is, at least, an obscure and difficult one to themselves. And when they attempt to communicate their reasons to others, they utterly fail to show any valid ones for their conclusions; that is, *any reasons that are intelligible and conclusive to common minds*. Common minds know almost absolutely nothing as to the validity, or invalidity, of the reasons which these experts give for holding that he is sane *now*, or that he has been sane at any time since he has been under their own eyes. If, then, Guiteau is to be hanged, on the testimony of these experts, he is to be hanged on faith, and not on reason; on faith in the simple opinions or conjectures of these experts, and not on reasons brought home to the comprehension and the understandings of the jurors themselves.

But even this is not all. These experts not only give their opinions that Guiteau is sane *now*, but also that he was sane on the second of July; five or six months ago.

Even if he is sane now, what do they know, or what are their opinions worth, as to whether he was, or was not, sane six months ago?

They apparently have no reason for thinking that he was sane in July, *except that they think he is sane in January*.

Would it not be just as sensible for them to say that, because he has no fever, or delirium tremens, on him to-day, therefore he could have had none on him six months ago?

This kind of reasoning implies that they hold that if a man was insane in July, he would undoubtedly have continued to be insane until January; or, what is substantially the same thing, *that if a man is once insane, he will always remain so*.

Now, this, we think, is very likely to be the rule in the asylums under their own control; that they seldom or never cure any body that comes under their care. And we ought to be thankful for this information; for it enables us to know where *not* to send our insane friends if we wish to have them cured.

On this theory of theirs, that once insane, always insane, the cases, in which they report the patients as “discharged cured,” must be presumed to be cases, in which the victims never were insane; but were simply sent to them on “the certificate of two physicians,” who knew just so much about insanity as it was necessary for them to know, or as they cared to know, in order to earn two or three dollars for certifying their opinions.

If these experts have really any reliable knowledge — beyond that of other men — as to the operations of minds diseased, or not diseased, why do they not give us some reasonable explanation of the conduct of Guiteau, in killing a man in open day, and before a multitude of people, and making no attempt to escape; and all this, when he had no personal malice towards his victim, and no rational prospect of gaining any thing by his death? Are such acts as this common to human experience? So common as to imply no disorder in the mind of the actor? Do all the experiences of all the Bedlams on earth explain such a phenomenon as this, consistently with the sanity of the agent?

When these experts are confronted with this question, they are confounded. Instead of telling us how a *sane* man could do such an act, they stammer out “wickedness,” “depravity,” “evil passions.”

But what “evil passion?” Was it the evil passion of avarice, or jealousy, or revenge, or any other particular “evil passion,” that is known to men to commit murder? No. It was evidently none of these. But it was (as thede experts would have us believe) simple “wickedness,” “depravity,” “evil passions.” They can give no answer more definite than that.

Such answers as these might perhaps pass in some schools of theology, which hold that a *virus* of simple “wickedness,” “depravity,” or “evil passions” was incorporated into the very nature of our first parents, and by them transmitted to all their posterity. But when they are offered in a court of justice, where a man’s life is at stake, they are not merely shameful, they are infamous. Men are not to be hanged, in this country, upon any theory that theologians or others may hold as to an ancient transaction between Adam, Eve, and the devil.

These experts have had thousands of insane persons under their care. Many of these persons have committed homicides, or other violent assaults. All of them, or nearly all of them, were supposed to be liable to commit acts dangerous to themselves, or others. The insanity of no two of them showed itself in the same way. But they were all saying and doing things, daily, that were just as absurd and

irrational as was the act of Guiteau. And because their acts, whether violent or not, were so absurd and irrational, these experts have no doubt that the actors were insane. But when Guiteau does an absurd and irrational act, they hold that he is not insane, but simply “wicked,” “depraved,” under the control of his “evil passions.” And yet they can give no reasons — *that are capable of being comprehended, end judged of, by common minds* — why Guiteau’s absurd and irrational act is not as good proof of his insanity, as the absurd and irrational acts of others are of theirs.

Even the witches were not hanged on such absurd testimony as this.

The testimony of these experts tends to show how much science and reason are to be found among the keepers of our asylums for the insane. It tends to show that these men are either blockheads outright, and do not know that they are making fools of themselves, or that they are capable of committing, for money, or to advertise themselves as physicians for the insane, almost any possible crime against justice and reason. It tends to show that many of them, at least, are capable of all the crimes, against both the sane and the insane, with which so many of them have been charged, and of which some of them have no doubt been guilty.

A Statue to Proudhon.

A movement is on foot in France for the erection of a statue to Proudhon. It may surprise our readers to hear that Liberty questions the advisability of the project, and asks its initiators to reflect a little before going farther with it. That a journal brought into existence almost as a direct consequence of the teachings of Proudhon, and which lives principally to emphasize and spread them, should hesitate to give its sanction to the perpetuation of his memory by a public monument may be phenomenal, but is not, we think, unreasonable. There are men who make their own monuments. Of these Proudhon was one. He made his of stuff more enduring than bronze or marble,—namely, ideas. It is to be found inside the half-hundred and more marvellous volumes which demonstrate his loftiness of character, his mastery of philosophy, metaphysics, and social and political science, and his intelligent and profound acquaintance with literature, art, and history. These are capable of indefinite multiplication, and, if so multiplied, would do more than statues innumerable to enshrine the author's memory in the popular heart. The first duty of his faithful disciples is to open these books to the eyes of the world. After that, build your monument, if you will. But we anticipate that the readers of his works will pronounce all other monuments superfluous, and will think twice before subscribing toward the erection of a statue in memory of him who wrote these words:

What is a great man? Are there great men? Do the principles of the French Revolution and of a Republic founded on the right of man admit of such? Together with the right of man we have recognized progress as a principle of the new society. Now, one of the effects of progress in a homogeneous society democratically organized is the continual lessening of the distance between man and man in proportion as the mass of mankind advances on the road of science, art, and right. In the thought of the Revolution and in the perspective of the Republic the idea of great men is nonsense; their disappearance is one of the guarantees of our deliverance. "Those members of the Constituent who voted for the Pantheon, and those members of the Convention who carried thither Le Peletier and Marat, were arrant aristocrats, unless it was tacitly understood among them that one day the entire people should be gathered there; in which case it would have been simpler to have left us under the starry vault of heaven."

Right and Individual Rights.

Until somebody shall have formulated and demonstrated a correct science of justice, the way is ever open to constant confusion as regards the subject of right and rights. The columns of a newspaper are not the place to develop such a science; nevertheless, the matter is so important that we have determined, reconsidering our previously-announced purpose to drop it, to once more re-state our position. On several occasions our editorials have been sharply criticised by parties who are supposed to know something of the principles of Liberty; not that they would differ from us, if they carried in mind the distinction that must necessarily be kept in view in discussing the bearings of Liberty upon human acts, but simply that they have got into the habit of carelessly defining acts without reference to the sphere of the individuals acting.

The right to do a thing and the abstract right of a thing involve two essentially different principles. For instance, we have defended the right of individuals to make contracts stipulating the payment of usury, and should strike at the very essence of Liberty if we did not; but this defence of individual right by no means carries with it the defence of usury as an equitable transaction *per se*. In defending the right to take usury, we do not defend the right of usury. He who cannot see this has not managed the A B C of social analysis. One of our critics, who has twice challenged our defence of individuals who voluntarily choose to be parties to usury, strenuously defends "free rum." Would he like to be accused of saying thereby that it is right, as a matter of principle, to drink rum inordinately? No, he is a severe believer in the wrongfulness of excessive rum-drinking. But he believes that the rum-drinker and the rum-seller have the right to execute a contract involving a practice wrong in itself, and that no third party has the right to step between them by force and dictate the terms of their mutual and voluntary transactions. This is exactly, and no more than, what Liberty affirms with regard to usury. Wherein, then, have we so grievously sinned?

To say that it is absolutely right to do a thing is to say that, to do it is to do that which will administer to the greatest possible good, when every possible element involved in the transaction is seen and weighed. But who possesses that sublime omniscience which can see and weigh every element, past, present, and future, that enters into a transaction? And even if one could, who is to vouch authoritatively that his weights, measures, and balances are correct? In this dilemma

the theologians, of course, find an easy way out by setting up a pure fiction labelled "God" and stamped infallible. This trick, however, being "played out" with our critics, how do they propose to get at the absolute right of a thing? Is there, indeed, in practice, any absolute right?

Nor does it solve the matter at all to bring in the cost principle, and say that that is absolutely right which is done solely at the cost of the individuals who act. There is no mentionable act, not even the dropping of a pin in the middle of the Desert of Sahara, of which it can infallibly be said that it is done solely at the cost of the individuals acting. The loss of that pin as a necessary surgical instrument to treat the disabled camel may cost its life, and with it the lives of the whole party. We believe in the cost principle as a standard, and the best at our service, but its observance can never result in the universality of absolute right, since no man or set of men can ever attain to the omniscience of foreseeing the entire bill of costs, or on which side of the scales all the consequents will range themselves. In short, with our human limitations, absolute right practically has no existence.

The only way even to approximately solve the right and wrong of human acts is to leave every individual free to make such contracts with his fellows as to them seem good. The fact of how far given transactions are executed at the cost of others will soon be made evident in every case by the protest of those on whom the cost unjustly falls. If every individual is left free to make contracts and ever free to enter an effectual protest against transactions wherein the cost falls upon his shoulders without his consent, the consequent adjustments will reach the nearest possible approach to absolute justice. The monster that Liberty invites true reformers to help battle down and exterminate is the State, whose purpose is, first, to enforce unjust contracts through forcible defence of monopoly, and, second, to make effectual protest impossible by defending ill-gotten property from the natural retribution which attends tyranny and theft. Liberty, therefore, must defend the right of individuals to make contracts involving usury, rum, marriage, prostitution, and many other things which it believes to be wrong in principle and opposed to human well-being. The right to do wrong involves the essence of all Rights. Perfect liberty to contract for what is wrong is the shortest and surest way to abolish that wrong, provided the State can be made to step down and out and leave the wrong to its merits in a fair fight with no favors. The State, however, almost invariably takes sides with the wrong, and declares the advocates of a fair contest between right and wrong enemies of law and order. The right, losing its head in that most dangerous

of superstitions known as patriotism, is stupid enough to take up arms against itself, and everything goes to suit the oppressor.

Given the untrammelled right to take usury on the one hand, and the untrammelled right to protest that its cost shall not be shouldered by the innocent on the other, abolish all State interference, and then usury can work no harm to humanity. The minimum of its harm is measured by the total abolition of the State, and the last analysis usury is wrong, in practice, solely because the State is suffered to exist. To those who can not meet us on this ground as radical reformers we respectfully announce that we decline to waste any more time and type over their future shufflings.

Henry George's Errors.

Benj. R. Tucker:— The broadside which Liberty fired into the Henry George camp under the caption, “Ireland’s New Saviour,” is very exhilarating after reading to satiety the extravagant eulogy and fulsome panegyric bestowed so lavishly on that author by such journals as the “Irish World” and the New York “Truth.” About two months ago I examined “Progress and Poverty” for the first time, and was greatly astonished that such unqualified adulation have been heaped by radical reformers upon a treatise that is vulnerable in so many different points.

Wust George denominates “The Remedy” is so utterly absurd and ridiculous when closely analyzed that I decided to write a pamphlet exposing its fallacy and exhibiting to the cursory reader of that book the *ignis fatuus* the author has followed down to the present period.

You, too, have overlooked the *fatal error* in his taxation and revenue scheme. It is the destruction of land values by taxation for the purpose of making the land common property, and then proposing to make the defunct land values the source of a vast revenue system.

Do you perceive the incompatibility of the two propositions?

E. F. Boyd.

26 Second Avenue, New York, Nov. 16, 1881.

An Unsatisfactory Reason.

My dear Mr. Tucker:— At length I see a reason, given by “Apex,” why the plough-lender is not entitled to pay for the use of his plough. It is that the use is of no value to the user. I think that “Apex” can have no knowledge of agriculture. If he had ever tried with his hands alone fit an acre of land for the reception of seed, he would hardly have such a reason. I do not see why a man would take the trouble to borrow a plough, if its use was of no value to him. I must wait for a better reason than this. “Apex” is not yet the apex.

Yours cordially,

J. M. L. Babcock

When I have not paid the tax which the State demanded for that protection which I did not want, itself has robbed me; when I have asserted the liberty it presumed to declare, itself has imprisoned me. . . . Thus it has happened that not the Arch Fiend himself has been in my way, but these tolls which tradition says were originally spun to obstruct him. — *Thoreau*.

Liberty.

Thy cause, O Liberty! can never fail.
Whether by foes o'erwhelmed or friends betrayed.
Then be its advocates of naught afraid;
As God is true, they surely shall prevail.
Let base oppressors tremble and turn pale;
They and they alone may justly be dismayed.
For Truth and Righteousness are on thy side arrayed,
And the whole world shall yet thy triumph hail!
No blow for thee was ever struck in vain;
Thy champions, martyrs, are of noble birth;
Rare honors, praises, blessings, thanks, they gain,
And time and glory magnify their worth.
A thousand times defeated, thou shalt reign
Victor, O Liberty! o'er all the earth.

To “Apex.”

Dear Sir:— I see that you “cannot consider” what I say; yet you pronounce my statements superficial and my notions primitive with as much assurance as if you *could* consider them. I seek to know and follow the truth, but the “you’re another” argument, though much in favor among uncivilized folk, does not lead that way.

I am quite content to let my statements stand as they are for those who can consider them, and equally ready to acknowledge my errors when any one shows them to me.

Important truths often lie on the surface, and are missed by those who fancy themselves profound.

The fact that farmers’ mortgage debts largely increased in the State of Indiana in the year 1880 has no bearing whatever on my arguments, as you would have seen for yourself had you been free to consider them. The natural and rational explanation of the large increase of those debts is that the farmers found it profitable to borrow. Those Indiana people are not such fools as to add fourteen million dollars to their indebtedness in one year, if they did not find it pay to do so.

Among primitive peoples there was no individual ownership of land, no money, no money-lending, and I believe we shall some day resemble them in those respects; but the coming of that day will not, I venture to think, be hastened by the primitive method of calling names, or by trying to “take the second lesson first.”

Basis

A Second Chapter on Usury.

All statutory laws that interfere with voluntary trade between individuals must be wrong. Therefore, so-called usury laws cannot be defended on any principle of justice.

Again, all such laws are unwise, because they attempt to deal with results. O. W. Holmes says that "it is useless to medicate the symptoms." If we wish to remove a wrong, we must find the cause, and attack that. History, experience, and reason are in accord in teaching us that usury cannot be regulated by any laws limiting the rate per cent.

The foundation of interest is debt. Therefore, when we all become Bible Christians and "owe no man anything," usury will be no more. But it may be truly said that we can never get out of debt so long as usury prevails. Here seems to be an unsurmountable difficulty; but a lawyer of some note in this State told me that all this could be righted by less than ten lines of legislation. What we demand, and all we demand, is the abolition of class legislation.

Greenbacks do not constitute scientific money; for, while they stand to represent wealth, there is no tangible, actual wealth back of them to redeem them, in case the holders wish to realize, and close the transaction. For selling goods for money is only one-half of a transaction. All trade, let us remember, is exchanging goods for goods. But the point I wish to present here is this: while all credit money implies a debt, there is a vital difference between the greenback and the national bank note. The former does not constitute an interest-bearing debt; *the latter does*. Here we see hundreds of millions sucking interest from the productive portion of the people, for no good purpose and for no good reason. I hope and trust that the Greenback party soon become strong enough to remedy this matter.

Let us look at another class of interest-drawing debts, which can be easily wiped out. The people of any city can carry their city debt in their pockets in the form of credit money, just as well as to borrow the money and pay interest. Some of the Western cities are doing this. It is a hopeful indication.

Again, if the people can pay for all the railroads in the country every ten years and virtually give the same to the railroad corporations, can they not, pay for them *once* and own them, and thus stop all that drain of interest? But the great difficulty, after all, is to convince the live, active business man that interest is wrong

in principle and bad in its results. The impossibility of meeting its demands ought to satisfy any thinking man that it cannot be right. One penny put at compound interest at six per cent would bankrupt the whole solar system in less than two thousand years, in all the planet were solid gold! Well, then, why does not interest eat us all up? Simply because A goes into bankruptcy to-day, B tomorrow, and thus through the whole alphabet many times in a year. In other words, interest necessitates failure.

If a man owns two good houses in Boston, he can live in one, and live on the man who lives in the other. Can that be just right? Look through all our cities, and see the land, the buildings, and the vast quantities of goods, on all which somebody is paying usury in the form of rent, profit, and interest. Another panic must settle a large part of those demands.

There are many reforms, improvements, and methods of education that demand our consideration, but we want money to work with. Isaac Butts, in the "North American Review" for January, 1873, said, in speaking of the various corporations: "They are wrongfully abstracting from the pockets of the people millions upon millions every month." This must be reformed *first*.

Then?

Apex.

Theology in the Light of Sculpture.

Two little girls discussing theology in a sculptor's studio.

First Little Girl. — “We wasn't made out of clay like that.”

Second L. G. — “Yes, we was.”

First L. G. — “How do you know?”

Second L. G. — “The priest says so.”

First L. G. — “How does he know? Was he there?”

Second L. G. — “Well, God was.”

First L. G. — “How do you know that? You wasn't there.”

Second L. G. — “Well, somebody was. Of course there was. Oh, ho, you silly girl! Of course somebody was.”

First L. G. — “Maybe — but — I don't know as there was.”

— The thread of conversation was here cut by a shower of rain, and the girls scampered home.

Chapter XIII

On Picket Duty.

George Chainey's "Infidel Pulpit" now comes to us under the title, "This World." It presents a very handsome appearance, and we are glad to hear that it is achieving an abundant success.

William W. Crapo, who represents the first congressional district of Massachusetts in the national house of representatives, is soon to report, in his capacity of chairman of the committee on banking and currency, a bill draughted by himself extending the national banking system for another twenty years. Mr. Crapo is popular among his neighbors, and enjoys the reputation of being an honest man. He may mean well now, but by this action he will constitute himself the champion of the most gigantic swindle ever perpetrated upon tin American people. He is said to have his eye upon the governorship of Massachusetts, and the Crapo "boom" set in some time ago. He is evidently shrewd enough to see that capital makes our governors, and is bidding high. It usually makes no difference to us who is governor, but if Mr. Crapo runs for the office, we confess that we should enjoy seeing Uncle Benjamin Butler beat him right out of his boots.

In another column of this issue is given our estimate of the life and character of an earnest fellow-worker recently taken from the ranks forever. It is written from our own standpoint, as it should be. But how far one who accepts the task of conducting an actual funeral ceremony is justified in flying in the face of the dearest beliefs of the deceased is another question, which we are driven to consider by the action of W. J. Colville, the Spiritualist priest chosen to say the parting words over Laura Kendrick's coffin. He began the exercises by reading selections from the Bible which he know to be in direct conflict with the teachings of her life. "Blessed are the dead who die in Christ Jesus," he began; "The Lord is my shepherd," he continued; and so on to the end. Laura Kendrick did not die in Christ Jesus, and would have rebelled at the very thought. She died in her own glorious self. If, beyond the veil which separates us from the future, there is a judgment day when the damned are separated from the saved, Laura Kendrick, unescorted by any mediator, will walk straight, erect, and fearlessly into the presence of the great white throne there to receive her sentence, confident in the power of her own virtues to achieve her own salvation. Nor was the Lord her shepherd. Her *rôle* through life was that of a shepherdess. She belonged to no flock, but tended many. And if, the other side the grave, there are green pastures and still waters, our word for it she will discover

them unaided, and load countless others to enjoy their benefits. Mr. Colville, by reading these passages, outraged her memory and insulted her friends, and nothing but the proprieties of the occasion saved him from being confronted with at least one rebuffing protest on the spot. He cannot plead ignorance; he knew her too well for that. We can view his conduct only as a feeble imitation of the cowardly efforts long practised by the Christian church to capture the infidel dead.

Our European Letter.

[From Liberty's Special Correspondent.]

London, January 1, 1882.— Whenever, in the trying midnight hours, doubt seizes me and I despair of ever seeing the victorious realization of the ideas for which we have abandoned everything,— home, family, fortune, social position,— then I look over to Russia, where the spectacle afforded is sufficient to at once disperse the nightmares of the most pessimistic. If ever history shall be written by other than minds corrupted by the influence of their social surroundings, the famous three hundred of Thermopylae and the ten thousand of Xenophon will be looked upon as examples of courage, self-sacrifice, and sublimity a hundred-fold less imposing than those afforded by the men and women who brave death and — what is more — a living sepulchre in the icy steppes of Siberia, not for themselves, not for their own aggrandizement, bus for others unknown to them, for the wretched masses whom they love and refuse to exploit after the manner of the *bourgeoisie*. One hundred and twenty thousand have been sent to Siberia during the last three years! Thirty-seven have been hanged! And yet each day contributes to our ranks double the number thus taken from us.

You probably have heard the rumor that Ignatieff's position has been much shaken on account of the various signs of life recently exhibited by our party. Put it down as a fabrication. Ignatieff stands firmer than ever, for he is the only man who is willing to continue the policy of adherence to governing on purely Asiatic principles, which the czar regards as the only cure for the growing spirit of dissatisfaction and rebellion.

Even the last remnants of the appearance of justice have now been abolished. All trials hereafter are to be held in strictest secrecy, newspapers are forbidden even to mention the fact of a trial or the names of the accused, and executions are to be accomplished in the presence of no witnesses. All newspapers except the organs of the government are suppressed, and the icy silence of death reigns throughout the vast dominions of Alexander III.

Tchernichevsky's place of exile has now been changed for the fourth time. You will remember that at the International Literary Congress at Vienna it was moved to petition the czar for the release of the unfortunate *romancier*. The czar acceded to the demand officially, *but give orders the same day for the removal of the exile*

to the utmost extreme of northern Siberia, facing the ever-frozen sea, where he has been given into the custody of some savage Exquimaux, even Russian cossacks being unable to endure the climate. He himself, even when free, is completely dead for our purposes, as only his body survives.

In Germany social politics, since the Pyrrhus-victory of the elections, has experienced a little lull, though you may prepare to hear news shortly showing it to have been but the lull before the storm. The popular vote cast by the socialists in Germany was two hundred thousand less than at the election of 1878. I do not follow the custom of all parties by counting all the votes not cast as ours. I should be glad to know that even five per cent of them were due to the policy of deliberate abstention. Bebel was defeated for the fourth time, in Mainz, too, where Liebknecht withdrew in his favor, and where thereby a constituency already won for the Social Democrats has been lost again. It is said that Bruno Geiser, Liebknecht's son-in-law, will resign his seat for Chemnitz in order to make room for Bebel.

It is a natural law that, once started down an inclined plane, the rapidity of the fall increases in a geometrical ratio. A few days ago, in a public debate in the Reichstag, Hasenclever, a Social Democrat, revealed the fact that Hohm, a member of the revolutionary party, was a delegate to the London congress. Hohm is a married man with five children dependent upon him, and, in consequence of this infamous denunciation, will be completely ruined. Penkert, another valiant member of our party, has been arrested, through the denunciation of these same men, at Vienna.

The European newspapers have been circulating alarming reports about the state of Karl Marx's health. I can inform you that, though having been very deeply affected by the death or his wife a few weeks ago, he has completely recovered from the shock, and is once more able to continue his subterranean warfare against the Anarchists.

Appeal of the Nihilists.

Citizens,

We have been engaged for several years in the murderous struggle going on in Russia between the government on one side and on the other the men of spirit who have sworn an oath to deliver their country from the despotism which is crushing it.

From day to day the struggle takes on greater proportions and the number of victims consequently increases. The scaffold, the galleys, banishment, and exile by administrative measures seek their prey in all classes of Russian society. The beneficiaries of fortune, as well as the working people and the peasantry; fall under the blows of governmental persecution, and among the latter how many laborers who were the sole support of their families! Shall these victims of the struggle for liberty be viewed with less interest than the widows and orphans left by wars instituted by States? Are the miseries and misfortunes engendered by this struggle less entitled to our sympathies? For a long time the groups tried to relieve these ever-increasing sufferings; but, few in number and deficient in organization, the committees were unable to perform this duty in a manner at all satisfactory.

There has now been established in Russia a Society of the Red Cross of the Will of the People, concentrating in itself the activity of all the groups of this class which preceded it. Its name explains the special object of its work. Just as, on the battle-field, the nurses and doctors of the Red Cross of Geneva pick up the fallen and dress their wounds, so on this blood-stained land of Russia the new Society proposes to care for those wounded in the warfare now being waged in Russia in the name of the Will of the People, and to rush to the aid, without distinction of party or profession of faith, of all those who have suffered in the struggle for liberty of speech, thought, and human development.

It appeals to the sympathies of foreigners as well as to those of the Russians themselves, and counts on the support of all who take to heart the sufferings engendered by the struggles of liberty, in whatever country they present themselves, and who are ready to extend a helping hand to the self-sacrificing, whatever their nationality. To this end the central committee of the Society has appointed two persons to organize a foreign section and receive the sums contributed to the work. These delegates are citizeness Vera Sassulitch and citizen Pierre Lavroff. In conformity to the end which the Society has in view these delegates propose:

1. To make direct appeal for subscriptions by circulating numbered lists, stamped and signed by the delegates, on which shall be registered the sums given by the donors. The latter are requested to deposit their contributions only in the hands of the delegates or of the persons supplied by them: with the aforesaid subscription lists, or at the offices of such journals as shall open a subscription in behalf of the Society.
2. To solicit the cooperation of journals friendly to our cause by inviting them to likewise open subscriptions for the benefit of the Society and to transmit to the delegates the sums thus collected.
3. To call, from time to time, in the principal centres where the Society exercises its activity, meetings of all its members residing in foreign lands. Every parson known to the delegates as having contributed to the work of the Society, either by subscription or personal effort, may attend these meetings, take part in the discussions which they occasion, and obtain such information as can be imparted without prejudice to the Society's action.
4. To publish in the newspapers reports of the sums received and the manner of their employment.
5. To name, in case of necessity and for countries where there is no delegate, persons of trust, whose signature shall carry in those countries a weight equal to that of the delegates themselves.

Citizens, in addressing this appeal to you, we count on your devotion to the cause of liberty. The sufferings endured by our friends in Russia deserve the profound appreciation of all men of heart. Come to their aid, and thus give proof of that solidarity without which the cause of humanity can never triumph.

Vera Sassulitch,

Pierre Lavroff,

December 27, 1881.

A Precious Pair of Pious Politicians.

Boston has a postmaster. His name is Tobey,— E. S. Tobey. He is a pious and holy man. For many years he has been a stalwart pillar of the Church. Of late years, since his official appointment, he has also been a not insignificant prop of the State. That Church and State in this country are separated more in theory than in fact thinking people generally understand. That political advancement treads close upon the heels of religious profession we have often noticed. That this fact is the explanation of Postmaster Tobey's appointment to office we have always more than suspected. But we had never supposed that he would have the assurance, not only to publicly acknowledge his little game, but to boast of it and hold it up as a shining example to the rising generation. Nevertheless, that is just what he has done. About a fortnight ago a short paragraph in a Boston morning paper caught our eye, which briefly outlined a speech made the evening before by Postmaster Tobey before a Bethel Sunday School. This speech reminded us so strongly of a celebrated Sunday School oration said to have been delivered in the wilds of the West by United States Senator Abner Dilworthy that we asked a reporter, who heard Mr. Tobey, to write it out for us. He has done so, in words which he vouches for as substantially accurate. His manuscript furnished so remarkable a confirmation of our suspicions of plagiarism that we decided to print the two speeches side by side for our readers to compare for themselves. Accordingly, here they are:

Remarks of Postmaster E. S. Tobey, at the Bethel in Boston, before the First Baptist Mariners' Sunday School, on the occasion of its forty-second anniversary, Sunday evening, January 8. Reported from memory by a professional reporter, who was present.

At the time the war of the rebellion broke out I had the honor to be the president of the Young Men's Christian Association of Boston. Soon a plan was devised for calling a convention to take measures to provide for the dare of sick and wounded soldiers. I confess I did not think well of the plan, but I waived my own better judgment, hoping that, after all, the scheme might prove to be a good one, and wishing to do what I could to help along any good cause. I went to the convention in New York, was chosen one of its vice-presidents, and in that capacity went to Philadelphia to aid in the good work, and from there to Washington, becoming

acquainted with great men on all sides; and from there I went among the army, was introduced to General Grant, and as the result of that, without any solicitation on my part, I was appointed to the official position I now hold. All this honor and emolument unsolicited by me, is the result of my endeavor to do good,— in short, the result of my good act in taking pert in that convention. No one could have foretold this result, but it only serves to confirm what I have told you, that every good deed is sure to receive its reward, sooner or later.

*Remarks of United States Senator Abner Dilvtorthy, during his canvass for re-election, before the Sunday School of the village church at Cattleville.
Reported by Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner in their work called "The Glided Age."*

“Now, my dear little friends, sit up straight and pretty,— there, that’s it,— and give me your attention and let me tell you about a poor little Sunday School scholar I once knew. He lived in the far west, and his parents were poor. They could not give him a costly education, but they were good and wise and they sent him to the Sunday School. He loved the Sunday School. I hope you love your Sunday School — ah, I see by your faces that you do!

That is right.

“Well, this poor little boy was always in his place when the bell rang, and he always know his lesson; for his teachers wanted him to learn and he loved his teachers dearly. Always love your teachers, my children, for they love you more than you can know, now. He would not let bad boys persuade him to go to play on Sunday. There was one little bad boy who was always trying to persuade him, but he never could.

“So this poor little boy grew up to he a man, and had to go out in the world, far from home and friends to earn his living. Temptations lay all about him, and sometimes he was about to yield, but he would think of some precious lesson he learned in his Sunday School a long time ago, and that would save him. By and by he was elected to the legislature. Then he did everything he could for Sunday Schools. He got laws passed for them; he got Sunday Schools established wherever he could.

“And by and by the people made him governor — and he said it was all owing to the Sunday School.

“After a while the people elected him a Representative to the Congress of the United States, and he grew very famous. — Now temptations as sailed him on every hand. People tried to get him to drink wine, to dance, to go to theatres; they even tried to buy his vote; but no, the memory of his Sunday School saved him from all harm; he remembered the fate of the bad little boy who used to try to get him to play on Sunday, and who grew up and became a drunkard and was hanged. He remembered that, and was glad he never yielded and played on Sunday.

“Well, at last, what do you think happened? Why the people gave him a towering, illustrious position, a grand, imposing position. And what do you think it was? What should you say it was, children? It was Senator of the United States. That poor little boy that loved his Sunday School became that man. *That man stands before you!* All that he is, he owes to the Sunday School.

“My precious children, love your parents, love your teachers, love your Sunday Scbjol, be pious, be obedient, be honest, be diligent, and then you will succeed in life and be honored of all men. Above all things, my children, be honest. Above all things be pure-minded as the snow. Let us join in prayer.”

When Senator Dilworthy departed from Cattleville, he left three dozen boys behind him arranging campaign of life whose objective point was the United States Senate.

When he arrived at the State capital at midnight Mr. Noble came and held a three hours’ conference with him, and then as he was about leaving said: “I’ve worked hard, and I’ve got them at last. Six of them haven’t got quite backbone enough to show around and come right out for you on the first ballot to-morrow, but they’re going to vote against you on the first for the sake of appearances, and then come out for you all in a body on the second — I’ve fixed all that! By supper time to-morrow you’ll be re-elected. You can go to bed and sleep easy on that.”

After Mr. Noble was gone, the Senator said:

"Well, to bring about a complexion of things like this was worth coming
West for."

As we pondered over these singular orations and the lessons to be drawn from them, we were involuntarily reminded of another instance of official promotion almost as remarkable. It is needless, of course, to say that we refer to the career of Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B. And the thought occurred to us that it would be the rankest injustice for his well-earned fame to go down to posterity recorded and enshrined in the immortal verse of "Pinafore," if the deeds and achievements of Postmaster Tobey were to remain unhonored and unsung. So we resolved to invoke the Muse,— with what result our readers now may judge:

E. Sanctimonious Tobey to the Youthful Mariners.

When I will an led, I readily learned
How the scales of popular prejudice turned;
That a sleek demeanor and pious tones
To secular success were stepping-stones.
So I shaped my course by such points as these,
And trimmed my sails for a worldly breeze.

[Chorus of Admiring Mariners.]

He steered so close to the wind, d'ye see,
That he's now postmaster of a big cit-tee.

So I cultivated a saintly air,
"Arena in meeting" and "led in prayer,"
And the blood of the Lamb I utilized,
For it kept me pretty well advertised.
It was not strange I soon found my way
To the head of the B. Y. M. C. A.

[Chorus.]

He made himself so solid with the saints, d'ye see,
That he's now postmaster of a big cit-tee.

With cunning hand I began to mix
My piety up with my politics,
And always figured on the party slate
As a highly moral candidate.
The wires pulled easily, greased with grace,
And hoisted me into a good, fat place.

[Chorus.]

He oiled the machine with santi-tee.
And he's now postmaster of big cit-tee.

Moral.

There's nothing so helps to win success
As a standard reputation for godliness;
For cheek and cont together, you'll find,
Have a very strong hold on the public mind.

And it may be possible, if you try,
To become such it goodly, goody, good man as I.

[Chorus.]

Let us cultivate a holy hypocri-see,
And federal officeholders we all may be.

Guiteau, the Fraud-Spoiler.

I What may become of Guiteau is in itself a matter of little consequence. He represents a very low type of humanity. Although he took of the leading figure-head of an unscrupulous conspiracy of political rogues, this, were he sane, would detract nothing from the cowardice and unjustifiability of the act, for which we have a detestation more sincere than that professed by the editorial and clerical hypocrites who have shed so many tears over the lamented president.

But, readily as we concede the atrocity of Guiteau's deed, the taking of one man's life by another without just cause,— that and nothing more,— we, nevertheless, are convinced that humanity owes Guiteau a debt of gratitude for a rare service which it will sometime be better able to appreciate. That service consists in his astonishing efficacy as a fraud-spoiler. Guiteau is the first man in the record of great trials who ever had a fair whack in open court at judicial liars and hirelings on the bench, legal thieves at the bar, and learned professional quacks and usurpers generally.

How well he has done his work it is needless to say. He sealed Beecher's lecherous lips with one stroke. He demolished the minor legal and political upstarts with one slap. At his rejoinders the learned "experts" soon sickened of chewing their own words and attempting to demonstrate a knowledge of Guiteau's mind on July 2 while the prisoner proved to them that they did not know their own minds for five consecutive minutes when testifying.

When a correct report of this trial is published, and read with a view to its "true inwardness," it will prove a greater source of enlightenment than all the celebrated state trials ever recorded. It has already opened the eyes of thousands of the American public to the hollow humbuggery of professional hierarchs. It has done more to cheapen the status of titled frauds on judicial benches, in medical colleges, and in guilded offices generally than anything that has transpired during the century. It has stripped the mask from scores of representative pretenders, and shown the public that underneath their diplomas, learned titles, and scholarly uniforms the substance of even common sense is wanting. Of that part of Guiteau's levelling career which covers the cowardly taking of the life of a fellow-man we share the common impulse of detestation, though not forgetting that the State which assumes the right to take *his* life is no less a murderer than he,— yea, more so,— since the State cannot put forward the plea of insanity. But Guiteau's career as a leveller of professional fraud and a cheapener of their assumptions is

simply splendid. He has proved a formidable “bear” in the expert market, and a few more such trials as his would send down professional stocks, fees, and salaries with a bound. A court of law is very much like its stater machine, the church. During service the accused party on trial, who by right ought to have most to say, is debarred in favor of the fee-takers. Happily, Guiteau has been a memorable exception, and he has taken magnificent advantage of his opportunities for usefulness. In this regard we think that no small portion of the American public would be willing to tender him a vote of thanks.

In Memoriam.

Liberty has lost an apostle,— one of her most tried and true defenders, one of her most courageous soldiers, one of her most ardent advocates, one of her most devoted martyrs. Early in the evening of Wednesday, January 11, 1882, after a ten days' prostration by a paralytic stroke, in Boston, the city which she loved above all others, Laura Kendrick breathed her last. Hers was a life, hers is a character, fit to be treated by the combined genius of the foremost of biographers and the foremost of novelists. In approaching them Liberty's pen seems almost powerless. But it would be base ingratitude in a journal aiming to represent a cause which owes so much to her, if to her memory it should fail to pay the heartfelt tribute of a farewell word, however feebly spoken. Briefly, then, what was this life that is gone? what is this character that remains?

Laura Kendrick was born in Paris of English parents forty-nine years ago. Her father occupied a high position in the British navy; her mother belonged to the British nobility. She lived in Paris until the age of eight, reared amid all the advantages of wealth, comfort, culture, and refinement, and speaking only the French language. These eight years, similar in very few respects to any portion of her after-life, left a marked impress upon it. At their close her family took up their residence in Canada, bringing her across the ocean with them. Here she first acquired the English tongue and became assimilated to the English race. She was a strange, dreamy, imaginative, reverent child,— submissive, yet wayward; a family phenomenon, wondered at by all, but dearly loved. Coupled with her waywardness, which was born, not of perversity, but of conviction, her nature, though prone to fun and gaiety, had in it a marked element of serious romanticism. At the age of fourteen circumstances which cannot be related here called upon her for a decision which this combination of characteristics controlled, and the result was a separation from her relatives, which pride made permanent. Thrown on her own resources, she soon found her way to the United States, where, at first earning her living by her needle, she later became the wife of Harvey McAlpine, who had just abandoned his profession of clergyman of the English church in Canada for that of the law, and who afterwards became district attorney at Port Huron, Michigan, where they lived in happiness for many years. During thin period occurred that turning-point of her life without which it would have been of no interest to Liberty, for then and there it was that modern spiritualism wrenched her, as it has so many

others, from a thoughtless acceptance of the dogmas of Christianity, and, by its innovating tendency rather than by any rationality of its own, brought her face to face with the tremendous problems upon which the interest of radicalism centres. The phenomena that made her its convert came through her own mediumship. What they were, under what circumstances they were produced, and how much they actually proved we cannot undertake to say; they were, at any rate, sufficient to convince her of the reality of a future life and the possibility of communication with those who have entered it. Whatever may be thought of the theory and phenomena of spiritualism,— and, considered in themselves, we certainly hold them in very small esteem,— every one who knew Laura Kendrick must admit the absolutely unquestionable sincerity of her acceptance thereof. Like all earnest recipients of a new gospel, she burned with zeal to spread it. The opportunity was not only brought, but forced upon her by a sad experience. Financial difficulties drove her husband to suicide, and she took the field as a lecturer. Here her public life began. And as we have already outlined that portion of her private life which was principally instrumental in the formation of her character, we shall refer but casually to the rest of it, since it does not concern the world. She rose rapidly into the highest rank of spiritualist lecturers, developing a power of oratory capable, under pressure of appropriate circumstance, of piercing to depths of human feeling such as we have never heard sounded by the lips of any other woman. Increasing experience in the advocacy of spiritualism gradually taught her that, if it was to be of real value, it must become a religion of this world as well as of the next, and from the time that she first fully realized this she gave her principal attention to the cause of the suffering and downtrodden. No appeal from violated Liberty ever addressed itself to her in vain. Her responses thereto have been heard by hundreds of thousands from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, and the radical seed that she has sown has borne abundant fruit. Shortly after the war she went to California, where she started Sunday evening lectures in Maguire's Opera House at San Francisco, which at once became exceedingly popular. Their novelty contributed not a little to their success, no female orator at that time having been heard in that part of the country. Through these lectures she exerted no small influence on public sentiment, and they became one of the institutions of the city. She eloquently pleaded the cause of oppressed womanhood, of the fleeced laborer, of the maltreated criminal. The San Francisco "Chronicle" pronounced her "the acknowledged leading champion of radicalism on the Pacific coast." Those were the days of her highest prosperity. Money flowed freely into her treasury, and was as freely disbursed among the poor

and the persecuted. She took no thought for the morrow, little dreaming that her devotion to truth would one day lose her the bulk of her supporters. Such a fate, however, was close at hand for her. In 1872 the famous free-love agitation was attracting the attention of the country. Mrs. Woodhull, its leader, had become the heroine of the New York wing of the woman suffragists, and had been chosen president of the spiritualists' national body. Her praises were being sounded far and wide by prominent radicals. In the fail of that year she launched the Beecher scandal, and her pseudo-friends vanished like smoke. It was a severe test, and only a few stood it. Of these, one was Laura Kendrick, who had returned to the East a short time before. Heedless of consequences, she jumped into the breach, espoused Mrs. Woodhull and her cause believing in both, visited her in prison, carried her food, and, wherever she went, lifted her eloquent voice in behalf of the woman against whom nearly all religious, social, and political forces had united. Then began the fatal period of adversity which drove her to the grave. From that day her fortunes waned. The spiritualists, regardless of their debt to her, were the first to abandon her. Finally — unkindest cut of all — Mrs. Woodhull herself, whose duplicity she had least expected and deserved, turned and attacked her. But she struggled on valiantly, hopefully, never abating one jot or title of the truth. In 1874 she returned to San Francisco, where the labor agitation was just coming to the front. She plunged into it, body and soul. Another ruinous, glorious step. More friends fell off. The Pittsburg riots broke out, and she, with others, initiated the famous "sand-lot" meetings, which the foul-mouthed demagogue, Kearney, afterwards captured and debased. The cry went up that "the Chinese must go." The persecuted became persecutors. She, ever faithful, championed the Chinese. This was not pleasing to the agitators, but she maintained her ground and struggled on. In 1878 she came back to the East,— to her beloved Boston. The anti-Comstock agitation was at its height. She arrived just as Mr. E. H. Heywood was about to be tried for mailing "Cupid's Yokes." At once she became a leader in the struggle. It seemed as if she was fated, during her later years, to run straight into the teeth of every social storm and bear the brunt of it. Mr. Heywood was sentenced and imprisoned. She went to Washington, and by her infinite tact and persuasive tongue procured his pardon from the president. Her reward for this deed of nobility and mercy was chiefly contumely and ostracism. And still she struggled on. But her sensitive nature was beginning to succumb under the heavy load of poverty, persecution, and slander. Disease began its ravages. She grew weaker and weaker. But never, to the very end, did she fail to answer any call if it was possible to

maintain her feet. In 1880 she suffered an apoplectic attack and in 1881 a paralytic stroke, the latter being repeated but a few days ago with fatal effect. She lingered for ten days in an unconscious state, and then sank peacefully into her eternal sleep.

The central, predominant, towering characteristic of this brave woman's nature was her life-long fidelity to sincere conviction. At whatever cost she stood for the truth as she saw it. The power did not exist that could make her retreat one inch. Her slender body was ruled by an indomitable will that worked for righteousness. Next in importance came her singular purity. In thought and act her life was utterly clean. Many have been the attempts to stain her reputation, but her character remain as spotless as the freshly-fallen snow. She combined the refinement of aristocracy with the spirit of democracy. Given to violent likes and dislikes, she was tolerant of all, bore no malice, and was incapable of treasuring up ill-will. An almost unerring judge of human nature, she was always careful to revise her first judgment, if necessary, by subsequent experience. Her endurance was phenomenal. While able to improve prosperity to its utmost, she could bear up under adversity with a resistance seemingly out of all proportion to her strength. Her philanthropy was of the broadest, truest sort, taking in and aiding all who suffered before stopping to ask why they suffered. She had a quick temper, but a genial, sunny temperament. Hers was a tropical nature physically and morally, ill-adapted to cast winds of any sort. This, combined with her perfect manners, easy bearing, entire self-possession, unobtrusive modesty, and delightful conversation, made her a charming companion socially. She had her faults, of course, but they were petty ones, not worth considering now.

She has gone, we said above, to her eternal sleep. But her work lives after her, immortal in its beneficent influence, certain to go on forever. Many friends of Liberty owe their first radical impulse to the stimulation of her eloquence and example. She lives also in the grateful and loving memory of thousands who knew her privately, and in the hearts of her mourning husband and children and not a few grief-stricken friends. One of the latter, who dined with her just before her last sickness, writes to us: "I felt that day, when she left the table, she was going to her grave. Poor, aspiring souls that we all are, flickering and disappearing! A very noble woman, of whom the world was not worthy!"

Whilhelm's Bouncing Boy.

The Emperor Wilhelm of Germany, better known among his subjects as “der alle Hengst,” has concluded at the ripe age of eighty-five that the modern drift of constitutional liberty is all wrong, and will soon lead his royal son to the regency with the notions of Charles I and Louis XIV in his hands wherewith to guide and rule young Germany.

If we mistake not, this bouncing boy will have a big job on his hands before the socialists get through with him. Already they have captured half the army, and, while Bismarck is at his wits' end to conciliate the laboring masses), the mercantile and educated classes feel insulted at his protective schemes and absolutist tendencies. As if to maliciously overflow the cup of bitterness, Wilhelm now publishes his “rescript,” affirming the maxims of the old monarchists of the Middle Ages.

Well may the blind and infatuated royal cranks tremble at the approach of the day when these newly educated soldier-socialists shall refuse to shoot their fellow proletaires in the streets. In one hand the soldier holds the bayonet, on which is poised the last argument of kings; in the other, the socialistic manifesto disguised under cover of a patent medicine advertisement for the sure cure of the “king's evil.” The bayonet will yet succumb to the king's evil, and then where will be Wilhelm's bouncing boy with the maxims of the Stuarts pasted upon the throne?

The German emperor, in putting himself on the same plane with the czar, similarly endangers his life. He may possibly succeed in making his ministers and officers alone responsible to him, but every royal imitator of the czar will find himself seriously liable, when it is too late, to be responsible to the first brave man who can reach him with a bomb of dynamite. Wilhelm's bouncing boy had better bethink himself of these things before the old man dies.

The “Affirmations” of Free Religion.

Listening from time to time to the orators of Free Religion and reading occasionally the Free Religious journals,— or *journal*, perhaps we should say,— one discovers a certain assumption, put forward with a somewhat orthodox disregard of that much-vaunted Christian grace known as “humility,” to the effect that the true Free Religious liberal is not a merely *negative* creature, full of all manner of denial, but a person of truly positive and affirmative characteristics; in brief, that the small number of Free Religionists are easily distinguished from the vast herd of so-called liberals who have broken out of the old Evangelical enclosure by this simple sign: the former are builders; they no longer pass their unquiet hours in tearing down the tottering faith of the fathers; on the contrary, they consecrate their intellectual and religious energies all to the service of a *new free religious* civilization, of which the chief corner-stone is none other than that same spotless morality their Christian brethren have so long denounced as of no more worth than so many “filthy rags;” the latter,— the Tom, Dick, and Harry class,— which comes forth pell-mell, heaven knows how or when, from the four winds,— are simply and only *destroyers*; they lay waste, or would if they could, all that the ages, with infinite toil and sacrifice, have constructed, leaving but barren earth and howling wilderness to tell of their mighty deeds; they have no outlook into the future, showing them the fair and grand creations of a stately and imposing civilization; they are only intent on tearing down, tearing down, tearing down; they seem to say, “This is our mission, after us the devil.”

The words are ours, but the spirit that inspires them, as we said, is borrowed from the Free Religious teachers. It is the Free Religious estimate of liberal *values*. Our esteemed contemporary, the “Index,” is fond of often laying out the liberal its dots of differentiating color. It classifies and reclassifies, ever making up its new slate according to its conception of moral pennyweights, or the avoirdupois of spiritual or intellectual culture. And, of course, in strictest regard for that inherited Christian “humility” to which we have alluded, it magnifies the importance of that select and not numerous class of most irreproachable men and women whose sole decorous organ it is. All of which is, doubtless, as it should be, since there is not the slightest suspicion to be cast over its profound and utter sincerity.

Yet, all the same, in the interest of our common humanity, it would be quite defensible, in whomsoever might essay the task, to puncture, at least, with a

cambric needle, the swelling bubble of this Free Religious positivism to which the finger of the “Index” so often and so lovingly points. And the simple defence would be that the aforesaid globular apparition is inflated with somewhat on which hungry human nature *positively* can not feed and long survive.

True, we are not greatly alarmed in view of any rapid spread of this rainbow-hued heresy, and doubt not it will collapse in due season of its own vacuous accord; but there are, as we know, a goodly number of most excellent and noble-minded people who have been led astray by the fascinations of its polished speech and the subdued glamour of its aestheticism, as well as by the claim to superior position amid the up-building forces of this our so needy and patiently-waiting world.

Therefore we speak. For *their* sakes,— if haply our words may reach ears that hear,— we gently bid them turn their eyes and behold the delusion.

What, then, we ask, is there to support the Free Religious claim to a positive or affirmative attitude?

To waste no words, we bluntly put our questions.

Free Religion no longer gives its time to denying, let us say: (1) the existence of the orthodox deity; (2) the atonement, or mission of Christ; (3) the future life of rewards and punishments; (4) the reality of one incarnate devil, who stole into Paradise and destroyed the bliss of our first parents, and since has been going about as a lion roaring and seeking whom he might devour.

Well, in the place of this, and of much more we might here restate, what does Free Religion affirm?

Does it affirm God in any shape? What affirmation stands instead of the rejected Christ? What does it say affirmatively of the future life? And how does it dispose of that somewhat extended area of territory so long undisputedly occupied by his Satanic majesty, whom Milton was wont to describe as being in his own conceit “all but less than he whom thunder hath made greater”?

To put these questions is sufficient. Everybody knows Free Religion not only does not attempt to replace these old affirmations with new affirmatives; it glories, instead, in the profession that its constituent parts are all at sea in regard to them, drifting hither and thither at their own free will.

But now, by rapid movement, we pass to the ground Free Religion will claim it has occupied with a most determinedly affirmative state of mind,— to wit, to the ground of man’s moral life here upon earth. It has made the “earthward pilgrimage,”

and planted itself strongly in the ethic realities of our present existence. In other word, it has reduced religion to a *practical* basis, linking it inseparably with world's morals.

Well, far be it from us to deny that here is happy thought,— one which should find a place in the book and volume of everybody's brain and heart. But the vital question is, *has* it done what it *thinks* it done?

One of the pet phrases of its organ has for some time been, “for supernatural, Christian morality we would substitute natural, scientific morality.” Strain your eyes now, good friend, whoever you are, and tell us just how far this process of substitution has proceeded. Awaiting your response, we fill time with our own report. Not a solitary new affirmative moral dogma has Free Religion reared. Possibly we are blinded and can not see, but to our honest vision there appears not one grand moral affirmation Free Religion has vouchsafed to stand its own peculiar property amid the roar and bustle of “denial” with which it is claimed the liberal air has been filled.

This is the decisive point at which we arrive. Has free Religion *affirmed* anything whatsoever in its own name as one of the *new* up-building forces of this our modern time? To our mind this is the answer which must come from fact and truth, “No, not one thing.”

Do we say this gleefully? No, by no means; but sorrowfully, yet not so much for the world's sake, as for the sake and of the souls of the friends we count organized seriously and solemnly under the Free Religion banner.

The proof of what we say is not far or hard to seek. But the limits or our space now forbid more than the statement which follows: In every important case where Free Religion make a united affirmation, it is close to be observed that the Christian world makes the very same; that, therefore, Free Religion is affirming an *old* force and not a *new* one. Not that it must necessarily not affirm a thing because Christian do yet so affirm. Let no one mistake that for charge we bring. Its boast is that it is especially affirming *new* forces of higher civilization than any yet attained. But when we look for those *new* forces, they do not, by any affirmation Free Religion makes, put in an appearance.

Now, on the contrary, be it observed, on every *new* issue upon which mankind is to-day ethically divided, Free Religion is silent. The members of the body, for the most part, cling to the old, conservative side of the living problems that confront

the world. Their affirmations are all for what *has been*, for what *is*, and for what *ought to be*.

This is the gist of what we propose to set forth in the next issue of Liberty.

Guiteau has shown one symptom of sanity. In the speech which Judge Cox infamously prevented him from delivering to the jury he quoted in full on editorial on "The Guiteau Experts," which had already been pronounced legally sound by the leading lawyer of New England, and which one of the foremost physicians of Massachusetts had characterized as "the best thing on expert testimony that he had ever seen."

We are glad to welcome so prominent, influential, and able a man as the editor of the New York "Sun" to the ranks of the Anarchists. Mr. Dana recently has said in his paper, over his own signature, that the only civil service reform that will ever amount to anything will be that which shall get rid of the offices.

Chapter XIV

On Picket Duty.

An East Indian paper says that a number of Italian builders have gone to Mandalay, where King Thebaw is ambitious of having a chapel erected which shall be similar to St. Peter's at Rome. The heathen monarch evidently deems himself "a bigger man" than the pope.

Cyrus W. Field, whose fears of communism are said to cause him much loss of sleep, announces, through his new organ, the "Mail and Express," the discovery of forty thousand socialists in the city of New York who are waiting an opportunity to seize his property and upset all the plans of further robbery which he and Jay Gould have concocted. Lets us hope he is right.

The "Banner of Light" has always been an interesting well-conducted paper, but, since its enlargement to twelve pages, which has enabled it to present new and attractive features, it may certainly claim to stand at the head of spiritualistic journalism. It has the advantage of being managed by skilled and experienced journalists, who, moreover, are liberal-minded men, showing little or no trace of the spirit of bigotry that narrows the influence and injures the tone of many of its competitors. Its columns afford from week to week an exhaustive history of the progress of the movement of which it is an organ, as well as intelligent discussion of the same, and are especially valuable to those desirous of investigating the subject. Liberty takes very little interest in the "summer-land," but many of her friends support take a great deal. To all such we recommend the "Banner," which costs but three dollars a year. Address, "Isaac B. Rich, Banner of Light Publishing House, Boston."

Mrs. Lucy Stone and her wing of the woman suffragists have put themselves on record in opposition to the admission to Congress of George Q. Cannon of Utah, on the ground that "he is living in open violation of the laws of United States." If Mr. Cannon were enough of a hypocrite and a sneak to be willing to follow the example of the majority of his fellow-congressmen, who live in a *secret* violation of the laws which they make, the virtuous Lucy and her martinet of a husband would probably hold up both hands in favor of admitting him. But their attitude in the matter will make no difference either way, for the report that Mormon emissaries have been engaged in investigating the daily (and nightly) habits of our national legislators has put a sudden damper on the enthusiasm of the anti-Mormon movement in Congress. A revelation of the "true inwardness" of

congressmen's lives would make "mighty interesting reading," and the salacious are already chuckling at the prospect of its forthcoming. "Sunset" Cox, with his usual wit, squarely hit the mark the other day, when, in answering a Kansas member who had shown a conspicuous anxiety concerning Mr. Cannon's morals, he remarked: "Why, if Solomon, with his wisdom and his plural wives, were to come here elected to a seat, the gentleman from Kansas would cry out about a scarlet-robed woman; and had that gentleman been present when it was said, 'Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone,' the gentleman would doubtless have reached for a boulder of the glacial period and mashed the poor woman flat."

The "Index" delights to say fine things about the Nihilists in Russia, but regards as vagarists and fanatics that class of radicals in America with whose principles and objects the Nihilists are most in sympathy. We suspect that the "Index" knows so little of those principles and objects that it is unable to identify their supporters. The extreme tyranny practiced by the czar has made it fashionable in "cultured" circles to sympathize with a movement which these circles know only as a protect against it, and the "Index" floats with the current thus created. Once let it be recognized that Nihilism is a phase of the great labor battle now spreading over the world, and it will be frowned upon by the "Index" with the same severity that that journal now bestows upon all the other phases.

Representative Crapo has raised his bid for the Massachusetts governorship. Not satisfied with asking, as chronicled in our last issue, a twenty years' extension of the national banks' privilege to steal, he now proposes to move (so the Washington dispatches say) to strengthen their privilege by allowing them to issue currency to the amount of ninety per cent. of their bonds. Mr. Crapo is proving true to the trust which capital has placed in him. It will exhibit fresh proof of its well-known ingratitude if, in answer to his prayer for political advancement, it does not say to him: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy lord."

There seems to be no limit to the petty outrages to which that most contemptible of creatures, Anthony Comstock, is willing and able to resort for the gratification of his spite and the annoyance of his enemies. For years he has been trying to injure in all possible ways Dr. E. B. Foote and his son, of New York, publishers of the "Health Monthly" and two of the most upright of men, and we supposed that he had exhausted his resources in that direction. But no! Only a few weeks ago he induced the post-office department to deny mail facilities to a

regular and respectable weekly newspaper. "House and Home," simply for printing an advertisement of Dr. Foote's "Hand-Book of Health Hints and Ready Recipes," a perfectly clean and valuable work. Dr. Foote at once procured counsel, who soon convinced the postal authorities that they had gone too far, and consequently the order was rescinded, but not before the entire edition of "House and Home" had been held back one week, to the great annoyance of the subscribers and damage of the publishers. And so great is the terror inspired, even in the most powerful quarters, by the acts of this Comstock, that Dr. Foote was actually unable, pending the decision, to get a simple recital of the facts into the columns of the New York dailies as a paid advertisement. But, after all, is there anything to wonder at in this? Comstock is a true child of the State, of which nearly everybody is mortally afraid. The State is, by necessity, a breeder of sneaks and spies. It cannot live without them. Therefore all liberals who oppose the work of Comstock from any other platform than that of the abolition of the State are wasting good ammunition. By some fortunate chance they may succeed in displacing the man himself, but *Comstockism* will live after him, and will fall only with the State, its creator and sustainer.

The following deserved rebuke, administered by the Boston "Globe," indicated a desire for fair play in that journal which is not shared to the extent that it should be by any large portion of the daily press: "It was charged recently by the Chicago 'Herald' that Justus Schwab was expelled from the Socialistic-Labor party for appropriating party funds. Schwab at once addressed a note to the editor, denying the charge and saying that he and his friends were expelled for 'disregarding the dictates of the would-be authorities of the party.' In this note Schwab, who is a foreigner, was so unfortunate as to spell the word *principle* thus: 'prinziple.' The 'Herald' printed the note, but made no answer to it except to ridicule the misspelling at length. The 'Globe' does not champion Mr. Schwab for his theories. For aught it knows, the latter may be the devil's own invention, and the former Beelzbub disguised, but it cherishes a decided conviction that the day when the enemies of the devil cannot answer his arguments except by ridiculing his inability to spell correctly any other than his native tongue will prove a cold day for the saints."

John Bright says the he justifies Irish coercion policy on the same ground that he would justify the suppression of the mutiny by putting the mutineers in irons. But would he always justify such suppression of a mutiny? Suppose Mr. Bright were first mate of a vessel, and for months had witnessed the intermittent flogging and

persistent starvation, by order of the captain, of a crew well-disposed when well treated; suppose, further, that this *regime* having become intolerable, certain sailors were to lift their voices in earnest protest, and advise the others to do no more work until the captain should cease his cruelty; suppose, finally, that the captain were to put these ringleaders in irons,— what would Mr. Bright consider his line of duty, not as first mate, but as a man? Judging by his past, he would resign his office, side with the crew, and advise them to throw overboard, or at least depose, so tyrannical and cruel a captain. But, judging by his present, he would support the captain in his infamy. For that is just what he had done in the case of Ireland. Instead of withdrawing, as he should have done, from Gladstone's cabinet, he has aided and abetted Gladstone and Forster in putting into prison men whose worst offence consists in advising their countrymen to pursue policy of passive resistance towards the tyrants who, for centuries, have kept them in a state of semi-barbarism. Mr. Bright's parallel is an unhappy one, and tells decidedly against him. He further says that he favors "such a degree of freedom as will give security to freedom, but not such a degree as would destroy it." What nonsense! When will our political philosophers learn that violations of freedom, noyl trace them back far enough, always result from other violations of freedom, and that the more freedom there is, the better, in the long run, it is secured?

Do Liberals Know Themselves?

Liberty not unfrequently receives the compliment of being considered the most radical and revolutionary sheet ever published in this country. So startling has seemed the project of abolishing the State to not a few radicals in the other reform spheres that they have hesitated to entertain this paper in their family circles and places of business, lest they might be ticketed by Mrs. Grundy and “good society” as Nihilists, enemies of law and order, and dangerous citizens generally.

Yet, after all, what is any radical, whose protest means anything, but a person who is attempting to abolish the State? Bear in mind that the State typifies any organized machine which attempts to enforce its measures and methods by other means than persuasion and consent and at other than its own cost. Messrs. Seaver and Mendum of the Boston “Investigator” are materialists. They see in the way of progress and organized machine presided over by ecclesiastic hierarchs. It attempts to saddle its theological constitution upon those who never subscribed to it. Its dogmas are crammed down the throats of the unthinking and gullible through authoritative posting of certain theological maxims. It erects an omnipotent God to suit its own despotic purposes, and saddles the expense of supporting him and his hierarchical retinue upon those who do not acknowledge allegiance.

Now, the thing that Messrs. Seaver and Mendum are endeavoring to abolish is this theological State, which, if they examine it is almost the exact counterpart of the political State, or, rather, is one phase of it. So true is this that to attempt to abolish the theological State without abolishing the political is as impossible as ridiculous. It is strange that religious liberals do not see this at a glance.

Take, again, the Free Religionists, with their famous “demands of liberalism.” Many of their leading demands were simply attempts to abolish certain despotic appendages of the State. Those who initiated the movement, in calling it *Free Religion*, asked for the abolition of the State to that extent that they conceived the State to be the antipodes of Liberty. The movement promised well, and might accomplish much if it had sufficient sagacity and bravery in its constituency to pursue the State *versus* Free Religion far enough to see that the main purpose of the State is to deny freedom, whether in religion, morals, trade, or industry. The Free Religionists unfortunately have achieved little more than an exchange of the orthodox God for enforced “culture,” “morality,” “purity,” and other undefined

fictions — thus becoming more offensively bigoted in the eyes of true liberals than the Orthodox themselves.

But all religious liberals, to the extent that they institute effective protests against a real enemy, will find, upon knowing themselves better, that that enemy is the State in some of its allied forms, and that they are engaged in a movement to abolish it. There is a theological State, a social State, an industrial State. The pernicious element of them all is that species of organization which is based on compulsion and authority rather than upon reason and consent. Though our attitudes towards Spiritualism is a skeptical one, we nevertheless accord to its friends the credit of being, in one respect, the most sagacious body of liberals in the world, in that they largely discard organization and leave a wide latitude to individuality. The result is seen in the rapid and wonderful growth of their numbers.

The State is simply a mammoth organization, held together by usurpation and force. All minor organizations in society are modeled after it. Of this type of organization Liberty is the avowed enemy. It violated individual right. It is unscientific. It is the universal foe of progress. It must go. Curiously enough, some of our liberal friends, who, in all they effectively do for growth and emancipation, are fighting that same foe, have yet to learn the logic of their own dissent. But they, too, like the benighted bigots whose servility they deplore, are still bound in the shackles of custom and revered named. They, however, providentially persist in acting better than they know, and all we can do is invite them to patiently follow our method and logic till they know themselves better.

The “New” Morality of Free Religion.

The last issue of Liberty called attention to the claim set up by the teachers and prophets of Free Religion, to wit, that they have successfully passed by that first phase of liberalism where so great a stress is put upon the importance of negative criticism and denial, and are now serenely encamped on the broad plains of a new constructive, philosophical science, preparatory to leading the world onwards by new paths of living waters and universal good: which claim was contested, Liberty maintaining that, whatever denial Free Religionists have left behind, no new affirmative gospel as yet has fallen from their lips. And this, we stated, is true as regards both the beatitudes of religion and the practical moral problems of the time.

But let it be understood that we by no means gain-say the fact that the disciples of Free Religion make a *point* of morality. Equally with their Christian brethren of the present day, they come boldly to the front, vindicating the standard moral code. They are opposed to theft, lying, adultery, — indeed, they reaffirm the ten moral rules of the decalogue with as much unction as the most devout Biblical sect. We do not criticise this; we refer to it merely to say that there is nothing new or *especially* “affirmative” in it. It is the old, old story again, the same rehearsed in the Episcopal service for lo, these many centuries, with its “Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable sinners.” But how far this reiteration of the Jewish commandments will go in shaping the new civilization is a matter of speculation. Some may think, as doubtless our Free Religion friends do, that, in the absence of their yet-to-be-developed scientific religion, a good stiff emphasis on the old-time moral dogmas will serve them and the world in a good stead. We notice in a recent number of the “Index” a special commendation given to a new “Association of Moralists” just now in process of incubation at Hannibal, Missouri. The one great aim of this new organization is “to show the world that liberalism does not mean lawlessness or *immorality*, but, on the contrary, it is conducive to the highest type of morality and the best interest of society.” These moralists have a “form of admission to membership,” one clause of which reads as follows: “Do you faithfully promise that, if received into this brotherhood, you will strive to live a just and honorable life, that no reproach may ever come upon our cause through any act or word of yours?” And the good “Index” adds: “A society organized on such a basis ought not to fail

of success." The other "affirmation" which this society offers is to effect that it will "make an earnest effort to promote the religion of humanity."

Have we now in this illustration exhausted the "affirmation" of Free Religion? We should not, we suppose, get credit for being serious if we referred to the zeal of the "Index" against the circulation of "obscene literature," or to its unabated demand for the suppression of that "Twin relic of barbarism" in the far-away territory of Utah. Though both of these attitudes must be described as highly moral, they are neither of them so unlike the popular clamor as to entitle them to rank among the Free Religious "affirmations." There remains, then, simply the summary of the Simon-pure "moralists" of Hannibal with which to furnish forth the marriage table of Free Religion and the newest civilization. And to what a feast are the anhungered guests bidden! The centre of this world-round table is set apart for a wide-spreading dish, on which, gently simmering in a bluish, aesthetic flame, lies the "Religion of Humanity." Side dishes circle about, each laden with some one of the prevailing moralities. A solemn, decorous hush pervades the room, as the assembled guests draw nigh and swear in subdued speech to "strive to live a just and honorable life, that no reproach may ever come upon our cause through any act or word of ours."

And what is to be the upshot of this new consecrated union? What shall issue forth from this civilization of Free Religious *moralists*?

Celebrate the event, O "Index!" but tell us what new affirmative moral truth shall come to stand as a pillar of humanity on the earth upholding the heavens.

Seriously, so far as we can observe, Free Religion has no courage, no faith, no purpose,— no courage to face the world and proclaim the *necessity* of new moral relations in the great practical world of industry; on every issue of this nature it sides with the old, upholding landlords, money-kinds, and monopolists: no faith in human nature as equal to its destiny of freedom; but sides with the oppressor in placing Liberty always on the debatable ground of expediency: no purpose beyond that of a drifting tub, catching only what the elegant swash of the times tosses to its embrace.

Take its own excuse for being,— a devotion to freedom. How *free* is Free Religion? The last half-dozen years have been given in great part to a crusade against "individualism" and "private judgment," and for the *restraining* influence that comes of "organization." Nearly all of its distinguished leaders have proclaimed that the era of the *individual* is at an end. Henceforth, there must be the "consesus

of the *competent*;" in other words, private judgment must be held in abeyance or set aside in deference to the concurrent judgment of what practically might as well be called "the church" as by any other name. "Consensus of the competent" is merely the new Free Religious invention for Mother Church and Papal authority.

True, Free Religionists, as a class, have hardly realized this abridgment of Liberty, and will doubtless dispute the fact. No more did Unitarians perceive they had surrendered Liberty when they proclaimed Lordship of Christ. But those who abandoned the old Christian despotism saw it, and determined to have their religion "*free*." No one doubts the sincerity of those free religious protestants when they began their crusade for Liberty. And now they are free enough on the purely theological issues; but, just where their religion becomes involved in the practical moral issues of the day, where it is afforded a chance to become truly the "Religion of Humanity," there it shrinks back; free discussion is disliked, if not thrust wholly out in the cold; *there* the "consensus of the competent" looms up to settle and hush the disquieting reformers. This is the cue to the new effort of the Hannibal "moralists." They wish to "show the world that liberalism does not mean *lawlessness* and *immorality*." (The italics are Liberty's) In other words, they accept what that world they fear calls "law" as law, and what is deemed "moral" they, too, swear is moral. And they are very anxious, too, that, after the fashion of the world, they may appear as representing the "highest type of morality and the best interests of society."

Think of it!

Liberty says of all such "liberalism," it has gone to seed.

Take now the attitude of Free Religionists towards the great labor movement that had arrived at such proportions in every intelligent country on the face of the earth. Scarcely ever touching the subject, and, when it does, with one or two exceptions, never touching it but to bolster up in some way the pretensions of capitalists. Industrial freedom has no niche in its new temple. Its new president, having some rather crude, yet sympathetic, word to utter in behalf of the claims of labor, preached to the deaf ears of the freedom-loving capitalists who have been warming themselves around that live-coal on the altar Parker set up. But, plainly, all they knew was, *Parker* put it there. When Adler tried to say what he thought it meant, capital had no ears to hear, for he was "avowing agrarian doctrines." A Christian weekly says that "Webster, in his later years, was in bond to the bankers, manufacturers, and merchants." Is Free Religion in like bond of servitude?

Liberty so thinks.

And Liberty proposed to take up the great issues of practical affirmative morality, not in fear of the world, not in deference to any prevailing opinion or party not potent in the land, but in obedience only to those “unwritten laws” of Justice, Equity, and Liberty which are fundamental in human nature, the only guarantees of universal prosperity and ennobling peace.

Capital the Chief of Criminals.

One of the most frightful of the abuses resulting from the tremendous power now lodged in the hands of capitalists is their utter disregard for human life. In the insolent indifference of their autocratic sway they pay less heed to the safety of their employees than to the protection of their property. The lives and limbs of laborers are regarded as the merest trifles in comparison with the prospective loss or gain of a few dollars. Only a week ago, in Fairfield, Maine, a boiler explosion occurred in the engine-house of the Kennebee Framing Company, killing three men and seriously crippling several others. It now appears that the boilers had been in such notoriously bad condition for two years past that engineer after engineer had come and gone, refusing to work in close proximity to these potential instruments of death and destruction. The stockholders and directors, nearly all of them men of immense wealth and one of them an ex-governor of the State were repeatedly warned and expostulated with and remonstrated with in regard to their criminal neglect, but all to no purpose. They thought only of their pocket-books and bank accounts, and shut their eyes to the danger. For once, however, fortune dealt out righteous retribution; for, when the fatal moment came, a son of one of the principle directors, twenty years of age, whose duty it was to pay off men, had just stepped into the boiler-room to take their time, and was literally roasted to death in the escaping steam. Liberty wishes death to no man, but is non the less sincerely glad that the grief and suffering bound to result from this cruel and carelessness fell, partially at least, upon the hearts, if they have any of, of those responsible for it, instead of invading the homes of additional laborers. In no other respect however, was this an exceptional occurrence. Similar cases, more or less glaring, daily meet the eyes of all who read the newspapers. Nor is there likely to be an improvement until capital shall be stripped of its power for evil. The Fairfield disaster occurred simply because the corporation could find plenty of men willing to risk their lives rather than throw up their job in the face of the possibility that no other be obtained in the season to keep their families from starving or freezing to death. As long as labor is thus dependent upon capital, so long will it be outraged with impunity. It is useless to look to the State for remedy or punishment. Capital rules every department of it from legislature to court. It is through the State that capital wields its power. Take away the privilege which capital compels the State to grant it, strike down the infamous money and land monopolies, and almost immediately, as has been demonstrated over and over again, the demand for laborers would so far

exceed the supply that labor would be the master and capital subject to its bidding. Then no expense would be spared in taking every possible precaution for the health and safety of the workers, and one could open his newspaper at breakfast without gear of the destruction of his appetite by blood-curdling accounts of explosions, collisions, and holocausts entirely within the power of human foresight to avoid. But, as things go now, everything is sacrificed to capital, the chief murderers, and to the State, the weapon with which it does its bloody work.

Hard-pan Jurisperudence.

One Abraham Payne of Providence, a liberal in theology, a woman suffragist, and an advanced thinker on many subjects, lately attempted to tell the people of Rhode Island whether they had the right to call a convention and frame a new constitution. The learning and great legal reputation of the gentleman brought a very intelligent audience to hear his paper.

But, instead of assuming to have an opinion of his own on the subject, Mr. Payne consumed his whole time in quoting the opinions of Daniel Webster, Chief Justice Durfee, and other fossils. "This authority says this," "this authority says that," etc.

"But what do *you* say?" shouted an ignorant laborer, after the reading of the paper. Mr. Payne responded by a speedy retirement. He, of course, had no opinion in the presence of the dead and dry bones of Webster and other defunct judicial popes.

Mr. Payne, as a vice-president of the Free Religious Association, regards with cultured pity and contempt the benighted Orthodox who look to popes, bibles, and preachers for their opinions in theology. In his profession, however, he waives his right of judgment in the presence of his judicial superiors,—an authority-ridden judicial slave.

The ignorant laborer suggested that anything was constitutional that had bayonets enough behind it, and that brute force, after all, was the highest judicial authority. He was ignorant and uncultured enough to have an opinion, and dare to express it. Is there not a possibility that he had studied constitutional law with greater success than Popes Webster and Durfee?

Liberty desires to testify to its heartfelt admiration for the devotion displayed by Mrs. Scotville, Guiteau's sister, in her support of her unfortunate, insane relative. In a letter answering the statement that the defence had become discouraged, she nobly said: "Be that as it may, the one who probably cares more than any person living for the prisoner and his defence begs leave to state that, so far as she is concerned, there is no discouragement. I shall stand by him against the whole world, against my whole family even, as I have stood since that fated second of July, until the end, whatever that may be, shall come. Because I know that his cause is righteous; because to him it was the command of God, and he obeyed against his own will and inclinations. 'This faith shall be accounted unto him for righteousness.' If the Lord wills, I can say good-by to him on the scaffold even as calmly as if it were good-night, so well assured am I of his eternal salvation." Such words, uttered in the face of a passion-crazed people, sound like the voice of a saint among savages.

-
- a. a. Croly says, in the New York "Hour," that, "apart from their ideas on the marriage question, the Oneida Communists were the most honest, conscientious, religious people I never knew." Does Mr. Croly mean to say that the Oneidans held their ideas of marriage dishonestly and in violation of their consciences and religion, or does he insinuate as much only because he is afraid to say a good word for that feature of their system which as contributed most to their unpopularity?

Liberty Still Ahead.

Friend Tucker:— Put me down for one of the bound volumes of Liberty. I am familiar with most of the radical literature of the day, especially the periodicals. Took the “Index” eight years, but outgrew it. Have got two volumes of it to sell, all in good order. Liberty is still ahead, but I shall catch up in time, and drop it when it ceases to instruct and lead. Am glad you are not afraid of your subscribers. Liberty should be a weekly, and as large as the “Truth Seeker.” What do you say for an effort in that direction? The world needs your though more largely diffused. Get up a stock company, and we will all help. Agitate the thing through Liberty, and commence at once.

Admiringly, D. P. Willcox.

Deadwood, Dakota, January 1, 1881.

[Liberty would soon lag behind, were we to follow our friend’s advice. A stock company would ruin the paper. All that keeps it fresh and bright and bold and true is its absolute control by one individual, who had a definite purpose in view. Liberty intends to become a weekly in due time, and as large as necessity requires. But slow and sure! — Editor Liberty.]

A New Method of Agitation.

An Italian journal, *La Miseria*, recommends the following proposition, which is well worthy the attention of Anarchists in all countries, suggesting, as it does, an excellent means of utilizing enforced idleness in the interest of the social revolution. Here is the plan:

To effect a permanent organization of laborers out of work, which, losing daily its old members, should recruit daily new ones from the laborers who remain out of work. Thus, by turns, all the laborers of the community would pass through the ranks of the organization.

This society should have a permanent committee composed of trusty and devoted men, endowed with the powers purely executive and continually receiving fresh inspiration from the will of the mass of unemployed laborers. The members of this committee themselves should not be necessarily unemployed, or in circumstances which would prevent them from displaying constant activity.

The society should give the greatest possible publicity to its acts through the newspapers, and, if need be, by huge posters. The objects of the society should be: (1) to group the entire idle proletariat of the locality; (2) to make known as widely as possible the number and position of its members; (3) to affirm, by all methods in harmony with the socialistic and revolutionary spirit, the right to life and the will to work, and especially to compete for contracts to be awarded, offering as sole guarantee the capital of its own poverty. Then, to present themselves at public festivals, meetings, and popular assemblies, interrupt the festivities, and demand a consideration of the question of Misery. On especial occasions,—for instance, in case of an exceptional increase of poverty or of the gathering of a great multitude,—to present themselves in procession with other industrial bodies, or else to march by themselves *en masse* through the city to expose their misery and hunger.

To display, at these public manifestations of hunger, placards bearing this inscription: "We, who produce all things, have no bread." If unable to fly the red flag of the International let them use a black flag as an emblem of death, or else display a workingmen's blouse or some other tattered garment as an emblem of pauperism.

The society should not appeal to charity, or to philanthropy, or to the justice of government or municipal authorities, or to no matter what benevolent institution.

It should place its sole reliance on the echo which its suffering would awaken in the hearts of the people and on the terror which would be struck to the hearts of the exploiters by the apparition of the advance-guard of the Revolution.

Timely Truth Tersely Told.

[From the New York "Sun."]

A correspondent in Brooklyn writes in praise of the notion of putting the railroads of the country under a national system, "the control and management of which shall be in the hands of agents of the whole people."

The cannot imagine anything more absurd, unpatriotic, and dangerous than this scheme.

There is one end which should be constantly pursued by every intelligent American in whatever belongs to legislation and to government. This end is to diminish the power of government, to reduce the number and authority of officeholders, and to abolish as far as possible the interference of political agents in private affairs.

Let our correspondent also recall the wisdom which suggests that we should

"rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of."

GARIBALDI.

Once the Cyclopean king the poets sung
Was Etna's beacon of eternal light
That led the grateful mariner along
The trackless desert of the sea, when night
And storm and darkness o'er the planet hung
Their mantle, ere the needle's marvelous sight
Tracked through the gloom the pole star, and revealed
To the foiled pilot's ken where 'twas concealed.

But in our day flames on Caprera's shore
A beacon brighter than old Etna's ray,
That signals, "Italy's long night is o'er,
And there has dawned for her a brighter day
Than when upon Rome's seven hills late power
That held a world in awe: the gracious away
Of reason, truth, and right, and liberty."
This precious boon Italia owes to thee.
Brave Garibaldi! And the time will come
When Caprera will be to men a shrine
More sacred than the prophet's honored tombs
At Mecca, or the mount in Palestine
Where died the fabled Savior. But no gloom
Will cast its shadow o'er our lives from thine,
More than thy country's saviour, whom men bless
As freedom's champion, lover of thy race!

Simson Palmer.

Mr. Colville Explains.

To the Editor of Liberty,

Dear Sir:— Allow me to inform your readers that, had I thought it objectionable to any of Mrs. Kendrick's real friends, I should not have read any extracts from the Bible at her funeral, as I do not deem reading a necessary part of a funeral service. I am not aware of having used the word of Jesus Christ in the reading, though I quoted the well-known passage from the Apocalypse, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." To me the truth itself is the Lord, and I do believe Mrs. Kendrick died in a love of truth, as her life was for many years a willing sacrifice to the truth as she beheld it. I think your readers ought to know that Mrs. Kendrick and I have been warm personal friends; that she frequently attended by lectures in Berkeley Hall, accompanied by her husband and daughter; and that I spoke at her funeral in compliance with the earnest request of the former. It is also due to me to state that no one of her friends instructed me how to proceed, and I read passages of scripture quite innocently, the very same that I had read recently at the memorial service commemorating the departure from earthly life of a daughter of the late Francis Jackson. On that occasion no exception was taken to the proceeding, and, seeing a number of my dearest friends at Mrs. Kendrick's funerals, I acted independently and unconstrainedly. If I have "outraged her memory and insulted her friends," I can only say that she was a very different woman from the Mrs. Kendricks I had the honor of knowing, and her friends must be persons of very peculiar sensibilities, at least. I wish to awaken no controversy, but an attack ought to be replied to by the one attacked in a journal styling itself *Liberty*.

Yours for the truth, W. J. Colville.

[Mr. Colville errs in supposing that we criticised him for reading from the Bible. That strange book contains many passages which Mrs. Kendrick, in common with all sensible people, ardently admired, and which might have been read with peculiar propriety at her funeral. It was the *character* of Mr. Colville's selection that aroused our indignation. The keynote of the services was a sentence not only containing the words *Christ Jesus* (which Mr. Colville certainly used), but directly inculcating the Christian scheme of salvation, for which Mrs. Kendrick entertained no sentiment save that of the profoundest contempt. As one of her most intimate friends, a spiritualist, has since said to us, "a more inappropriate passage could not have been selected." To show Mr. Colville that we are not averse to quoting scripture

properly, we call his attention, in answer to his strained symbolism identifying the truth with the Lord, to the seventeenth verse of the ninth chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew: "Neither do men put new wine into old bottles: else the bottles break, and the wine runneth out, and the bottle perish: but they put new wine into new bottles, and both are preserved." It is true that Mr. Colville had no instructions concerning the service, but for the very reason, we suppose, that his intimate acquaintance with the deceased inspired a confidence that he would say nothing inappropriate. We may have erred in imputing unworthy motives in explanation of his conduct, but we had to choose between impeaching his motives or his good sense. That our criticism was substantially correct we have the amplest proof in the thanks and congratulations thereon that continue to pour in on us from Mrs. Kendrick's dearest friends present at the funeral. — Editor Liberty.]

Liberty Against Defined.

Dear Liberty:— Let me suggest that your new subscriber who says that “perfect liberty is perfect obedience to natural law” probably had the element of choice in his mind, although he did not put it into words, and meant to state that perfect liberty is *voluntary* obedience to natural law. Obedience not voluntary would not be perfect, and would not be liberty.

It seems to me that Liberty is neither the mother nor the daughter of Order, but the equal mate, the woman of the union of which Order is the man, the product of the offspring of the two being harmonious society of integral individuals.

F. S. C.

[It is more than likely that “F. S. C.” is right in regard to our new subscriber. Knowing or man, we felt confident at the time that his meaning was not accurately expressed by his statement. Nevertheless his omission afforded a good opportunity to emphasize an important distinction, and we improved it. But even if his meaning was just what “F. S. C.” thinks it was, he was not strictly correct. Liberty is not obedience, compulsory or voluntary, any more than it is disobedience, compulsory or voluntary. Nor is it even the actual choice between obedience and disobedience. It is simply and solely *the freedom and power to choose*. And as long as moral philosophers of the Free Religious stamp (among whom we include neither “F. S. C.” nor our new subscriber) keep on trying to conceal this, the true idea of Liberty, behind such misleading phrases as the “liberty to do right” and such hackneyed and irrational discrimination as that between “liberty and license,” we do not mean to often lose a chance to bring it to the light.

As for “F. S. C.’s” sexual distinction between Liberty and Order, we take very little stock in it except as a very pretty and handy figure of speech. The woman’s rights people have long maintained that “there is no sex in virtue.” We go farther, and doubt if there is any sex in virtues. That Liberty and Order so greatly advance each other by action and reaction that they may be regarded, in one view of the case, as almost cognate principles is not denied; but we insist that, in their relation to modern progress, Liberty comes logically first, and that Order is a result. “F. S. C.” unwittingly admits the correctness of our position when he describes the offspring as “a harmonious society of integral individuals.” A harmonious society of integral individuals is precisely what we mean by Order; and, if “F. S. C.” has a different view of Order, it must be a very narrow one. The logical priority of Liberty to Order

cannot be too strongly urged while nine-tenths of the professed friends of Order are pushing schemes to establish it by violations of Liberty. It was for this reason that we chose the grand motto which constitutes the heading of our paper. — Editor Liberty.]

Our Bepuffed Litterateurs.

In a recent number of *Liberty* the writer briefly descanted on Harvard College as a huge local bore, a mere “good-society” institution rather than an Academy truly devoted to knowledge, science, and reflective thought for their own sake. The college is really a local bore, because the mention of it is never absent from the newspapers of this vicinity. In like manner, there is a local literary clique, sometimes called “the Cambridge set,” the sound of which is dinned int one’s ears perpetually hereabouts, as if its members were altogether transcendent writers. I refer, of course, to Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Howells, Aldrich, *et id omne genus* of scribbling emotionalists. Within proper limits one is ready to acknowledge the “readability” and merit of the above list of these *litterateurs*. They are bright and witty, beyond question. But one tires at last of the damnable literature of their names which is forever audible hereabouts. Not one of those over-popular, outrageously bepuffed *litterateurs* is a man of really commanding intellect, as distinguished from the emotional nature. They are deft, andriot, highly-scented, and highly-rouged writers merely, felicitous workers-over of current literary material and ideas so superabundant, trickers-out of current thought and themes in pert, studied, ornamental phrase, intent mostly upon style and the *tournure* of their sentences, and emulating the jackdraw in the borrowed character of their plumage. After the sugar candy and treacle of this Cambridge lot of superfine scribblers, the “yawp” of rough, jaunty Walt Whitman is really refreshing, even with Walt’s large liberty of speech on ordinarily forbidden themes. Occasionally a great, original idea crops out of Walt, while out of Cambridge lot only honeyed rhetoric sprouts. Who is Howells? A literary carpet-bagger in New England, a sort of sugar-cured ham from Ohio, who was pickled for a time in the language of Venice. He is a novelette-ist of the Parisian sort, who longest flights are the hops of a sparrow from spray to spray, without length or strength of imaginative wing. Howells and Aldrich are *par nobile fratrum*, American-born Parisians, hot-house plants which have somehow blossomed on our New England soil, as the famous magnolia tree blossomed in the vicinity of the fishy, stony Gloucester. Howells excels in amorous dialogue or the voicing of the flirtations of lavendered youths and maidens laboring under erotomania. Governor Long, who, besides being a politician, is a nice, lavendered *litterateur* of the Howell-Aldrich type, exhibited the utter lack of correct literary judgment and appreciation to claim for Whittier superiority as a poet over Virgil, whom he nevertheless tried to translate,— as Bottom was

translated however. In “the poet’s land,” to borrow Schiller’s phrase, Virgil has stood for centuries like Teneriffe or Atlas, unremoved, charming with an irresistible spell over new generations and even his sadly uncritical, “down-east” Yankee, gubernational translator, John D. Long. Line after line and passage after passage of Virgil are as deeply carved in the memory of the Indo-European race as are Shakespere’s greatest proverbial lines. There are thousands of lines of Virgil which Whittier could no more have written than he could scale the zenith bodily. He is an exquisite song-bird and sentimentalist, but even in the expression of sentiment he is infinitely below Virgil’s mark, while he could not sustain himself for a moment in the higher regions of the imagination in which Virgil’s muse takes her flight, breathing with ease “empyreal air.” But Whittier does not overestimate himself, and must be annoyed by the fulsome laudation of his admirers. Taken in over-doses of fifty or a hundred consecutive pages, Whittier’s poetry cloyes with its monotonous sweetness and sameness; but an occasional lyric of his like “My Playmate,” for instance, is delightful and medicinal. *Litterateurs* who are overpraised and constantly, elaborately, and systematically bepuffed are sure, later along, to be unduly depreciated. That is the way the world takes its revenge for having been betrayed into a temporary excess of admiration. An excessive laudation of a few “literary fellers” is gross injustice to others who are as good men as they are.

a.

Chapter XV

On Picket Duty.

“Society,” some one has truly said, “is produced by our wants, and government by our wickedness.”

The New England “Methodist” illustrates the singular unwillingness of O. B. Frothingham to define his position, in view of the fact that he has avowed a new one, by the story of the Irish lad who fell into a deep well, and, when his father called to know if he were dead, replied: “Not dead, father, bat spacheless.”

An exchange tells us that a rich Italian land-owner resorts to an obsolete feudal custom of making his laborers wear iron muzzles during the grape harvest to prevent them from tasting the grapes. The stockholders and directors of horse-railways who make their conductors use bell-punches to prevent them from “knocking down” fares will probably be the first to boisterously brand this Italian’s conduct as a relic of the dark ages, which could have survived nowhere else than in an “effete monarchy of the old world.”

“It is as safe a prediction as any that we are able to picture to ourselves in European politics to say that the Irish peasant and the Irish landlord will have as completely reversed their relations of *every kind* to one another between the year 1880 and the year 1900 as did the French peasant and the French lord between 1789 and 1794? Some may think this a bold prophecy on the part of Mr. John Morley, but in the eyes of Liberty it is not as bold as the truth, which is that before the year 1900 landlords of every civilized nationality will have disappeared from the face of the earth.

One of the grandest of revolutionary anniversaries again draws near, the eleventh of the foundation of the glorious Paris Commune. The Internationalist and Anarchists of New York have been actively preparing for its commemoration, and will give a grand concert and ball in its honor Saturday evening, March 18, at Irving Hall, New York. Fine musical talent has been secured, and no pains will be spared for the achievement of a success worthy of the occasion. Family tickets may be had for twenty-five cents, the proceeds of the sale to be devoted to the *Asile Laique Francais* and to the revolutionary cause in Russia. The time will come when the peoples of the earth will unite in adopting the Eighteenth of March as a day of international festival.

All believers in the State, however much they may try to disguise it, or however it may be disguised beyond their recognition, believe that "might makes rights." In the last analysis, they invariably hold that the State may rightfully do that which it would be wrong for an individual to do; in other words, that morality is entirely independent of justice, and may be made and unmade by the human will. Here is an instance, taken from instructions issued to General Burbridge by General Sherman in 1864, the publication of which a personal controversy has lately led to: "You may inform all your post and district commanders that guerillas are not soldiers, but wild beasts, unknown to the usage of war. To be recognized as soldiers they must be enlisted, enrolled, officered, uniformed, armed, and equipped by some recognized belligerent power, and must, if detached from a moving army, be of sufficient strength with written orders from some army commander to do some military thing." Thus, General Sherman and his army of soldiers, who went "marching through Georgia" destroying other people's property and taking other people's lives, were honest patriots and humane gentlemen, because they did these things under the sanction of the State; but Colonel Mosby and his band of guerillas, who did things precisely similar, but in an irregular way, were thieves and murderers and wild beasts, because they acted on their own responsibility.

Senator Edmunds of Vermont says that, in the matter of finance, there are four courses open to us. We must, he asserts, either continue the national bank notes, or substitute the old state bank notes for them, or issue a national currency from the treasury, or confine ourselves to coin money. These four, and no more, argues the wise senator. But he is wrong. He has overlooked a fifth thing which we may do, namely, abolish all that we have done, and do nothing more. Whatever may be the proper functions of government, to supply the people with money is certainly not one of them. The people are entirely competent and willing to make their own money, if the government will only leave them to do it. And they will make much better and cheaper money than the government can. Here, as in every other branch manufacture or business, the superiority of private enterprise will manifest itself. The government might just as well make our hats and our shoes and our bread and our books and our pictures as our money. On this point the State socialists are consistent, and have the advantage over such governmental financiers to oppose them, for greenbackism and national bankism are but phases of compulsory communism. The first condition of a true system of finance is Liberty.

Our friend George Chainey has been talking at random again. In accepting as genuine Oscar Wilde's profession of discipleship to John Ruskin, he

unintentionally but inexcusably slanders the latter. Mr. Chainey may champion any humbug that he likes,— that is comparatively a small matter,— but he has no right to saddle the humbug on the shoulders of sincere and noble man. Oscar Wilde's art teachings show that his knowledge of Ruskin's thought is of the most superficial nature, and Mr. Chainey's identification of the two shows that he is incapable of distinguishing between fundamentally opposite schools of art. The character of a school of art depends primarily on its conception of the purpose of art. What is the conception held by the true aestheticism which John Ruksin stands for? Mr. Chainey answers rightly: "To Ruskin nothing was beautiful that was not at the same time in some way useful to either the physical, intellectual, or moral elevation of society. It must either state a true thing or adorn a serviceable one. *It must never exist alone, never for itself.* It exists rightly only when it is the means of knowledge or the grace of agency for life." What is conception held by the false aestheticism which Oscar Wilde stand for? Hear Mr. Wilde himself: "Any element of morals or implied reference to a standard of good or evil in art is a sign of a certain incompleteness of vision. . . . Poems are either well written or badly written; that is all . . . All good work aims at a purely artistic effect . . . *True art exist for art's sake.* Two schools of art founded on principles so diametrically opposite as these must necessarily differ as widely as two schools of religion founded one on authority and the other on Liberty. Yet Mr. Chainey pronounces them one and the same. With as much reason might he indorse any professed disciple of Darwin who should teach that the existence of each species is due to a separate act of creation. And the insult to the master would be no greater than that which he has offered to Ruskin. To accept and pass the counterfeit is to clip the genuine coin. But habit is strong, Mr. Chainey has not been long out of the pulpit, and snap judgments, we suppose, must be expected from him for some time yet.

The Philadelphia "Labor World" says that "governments are becoming more liberal, laws more just and comprehensive, obstacles to advancement are disappearing, and opportunities for the gathering of wealth are multiplying." Liberty is glad to be assured that such fine things are going on, but confesses to a little curiosity regarding the proofs thereof. The latest Observations taken in England, Russia, Germany, France, and the United States had led us to believe that just at present governments are becoming more illiberal, laws more unjust and narrow, obstacles to advancement are multiplying, and opportunities for the gathering of wealth are being confined to fewer and fewer persons. Not that we were with-out confident expectation of an approaching turn in events; otherwise were

Liberty without an occupation. But the order of the day had seemed to us to be a tightening of the chains, a strengthening of the barriers, and a riveting of the yokes. Will the "Labor World" tell us on what grounds we should change our opinion?

There is food for serious thought in the statistics furnished by Professor Leone Levi to the British Association for the Advancement of Science, bearing on the relation between the economical condition of the people and their height and weight. Town artisans appeared from the returns to be of an average height of 66.55; the laboring class, 67.15; the commercial class, 67.79; and the professional, 68.70. In weight the town artisans again stood lowest, with 136.2 lbs., the other statistics being: laboring class, 137.8; commercial, 143.9; professional, 162.7. No less instructive are the investigations of Baron Kolb of Germany, who found that, of 1,000 well-to-do persons and 1,000 poor persons, there remained of the prosperous, after five years, 943, while of the poor but 655 remained. After fifty years there remained of the prosperous 557, and of the poor only 283. At seventy years of age there remained 235 of the prosperous, while the number of the poor yet living was but 65. The average length of life among the well-to-do was found to be fifty years, and of the poor thirty-two years. Do not their stunted stature and shrunken stomachs and the frightful rate of mortality among them conclusively prove that the workers of the world are being put through the process of slow starvation, while the food that they produce goes to swell the bellies of the men who steal it? The phrase "bloated bondholders" contains an element of literal accuracy hitherto undreamed of.

God's wicked Partners

Charles Guiteau claims that he is Lord's partner, and that the Almighty was accessory before fact to killing of Garfield. For this Mr. Guiteau is bitterly denounced by Christians as a blasphemer and an impious wretch, and regarded with holy horror by the Lord's anointed. These good people are inconsistent. They have addressed to the throne of grace such remarks as this: "Oh Lord! Thou hast in Thine infinite wisdom seen fit to chasten us by removing our beloved leader and taking him unto Thine own bosom. Humbly we bow before thee, and murmur, Thy will be done!" If such pulpit utterances signify anything and are not mere gospel gush, intended to flatter the Almighty by conveying the impression that the speakers would not for a moment suppose that anything could be done on earth without his knowledge or consent, they mean that the killing of Garfield was the act of God, that the murder was deliberately planned by Omnipotence for some inscrutable reason, and that it was executed in furtherance of and in accordance with some sacred scheme for the good of the World. If the Christian god is omnipotent, he could have prevented the killing, and the fact that he did not do so indicates that he desired the death of President Garfield. Guiteau, according to the Christian doctrine, merely executed the will of God. It cannot be argued reasonably that he was merely the blind instrument of God a that God simply permitted him to follow the course that has wicked passions and malignant heart dictated, leaving him responsible for the deed as for the motives that prompted it: for Guiteau had no personal motive, and has asserted repeatedly that God commanded him to kill Garfield. He was in the confidence of the Almighty from the beginning. If it was God's will that Garfield should die, God was the instigator of the homicide, and Guiteau was his partner. If the killing was the most damnable and atrocious crime in history, then God is the most atrocious villain the world ever heard of, and Guiteau is no more responsible than the bullet which inflicted the death wound.

But God's inconsistent apologists argue that there is no evidence of the copartnership beyond Guiteau's own assertions, and that the Almighty would never select as his partner a man who had committed adultery, cheated landladies, and done other disreputable things Christians abhor. It is strange that God did not select as his partner some trusted preacher of his word — some holy man who never did anything wrong in his life, and whose claim of inspiration would be accepted as true. Why did he not commission some regularly inspired preacher of the gospel,

whom he had already called to serve him at a good salary, to murder Mr. Garfield? Was it because he intended to shirk the responsibility and leave his partner in the lurch, and thought he could spare Guiteau better than Beecher or Talmage or some other meek and lowly follower of the cross? Then why did he not select some professional murderer, who by law ought to be hanged anyway, some "Billy the Kid," or some great military leader with the blood of thousands on his hands?

Guiteau is not half as bad a man, even admitting that he is sane, as some of those who figure in history and the Bible as being on familiar terms with Jehovah. The Lord has had some very wicked partners on earth. One of them led a band of outcasts and cut-throats for forty years, and, acting under direct orders from the head of the firm, occupied himself in murder, rapine, and plunder during a large portion of the time. The partnership between Moses and the Almighty is accepted as a fact upon no better evidence than the alleged statements of Moses himself and there is no proof that Moses was a more truthful man than Guiteau. Ever since the invention of religion certain men have claimed for themselves divine right to rob, murder, and oppress their fellows. They have called themselves kings, emperors, czars,— all partners of the Lord,— and, under authority of the senior member of the concern, have committed colossal crimes, kept hordes of hired murderers busy killing men, robbed millions of human beings of every natural rights, violated every principle of morality, lived most vicious lives, died pious deaths, and gone straight to eternal glory and everlasting bliss. Partners of the Lord have made bonfires of human flesh, broken living human frames upon the rack, and filled the ears of Infinite mercy with the agonized groans of suffering morality. There is no crime however hideous, no outrage however cowardly, no meanness however despicable, that has not been committed by acknowledged partners of the Lord.

No, Guiteau is not too wicked nor too depraved to be an accomplice of the Almighty, and his claim of divine complicity in his deed rests upon ground every bit as good and reliable as John Calvin's or Moses's or Kaiser Wilhelm's. If there were any such thing as consistency in Christianity, it would have to either accept him at his own estimation or admit that he is a lunatic; but there is no such thing, and therefore Christian ministers approve of hanging him, while the read "collects" and pray God to forgive his own partner in crime.

A Glorious Meeting

The mass meeting of trades unions in Cooper Union, New York, on January 30, was the most significant and gratifying move that has been made since the so-called Irish land war began.

The Irish race, by nature of their organism, are easily ridden by superstition. The Pope has always sat in the Irish saddle with greater assurance than in any other. Blood-sucking priests have always found the Irish skin the thinnest to prey upon. With such a people — sympathetic, domestic, and deeply endeared to their traditions — the nationality craze easily finds a lodgment, and short-sighted, designing politicians are ever ready to make use of it in order to divert the attention of the people from the bottom causes of universal industrial slavery.

But this meeting stood on a thoroughly broad and de-nationalizing basis. As the splendid resolutions put it, the Irish cause was “humanity cause;” it was “Labor’s Cause.” Germans, Russians, Americans, Scotch, English, and Irish,— all clasped the brotherly hand in the grand resolve that the curse of landlordism was not local and national, but universal and human (or rather inhuman), and a part of the great scheme of usury against which Labor is everywhere called upon to wage an uncompromising war of extermination.

In asking the Irish to de-nationalize, as far as possible, their grand struggle, we would by no means look lightly upon their exceptional persecutions as a nation. But were these persecutions simply political and national, the Irish would have no especial claim to the co-operation of other nationalities. Since, however, the curse which afflicts them is one which threatens, and actually afflicts, more or less, the working masses of every other nation, they simply assert a just demand when they call upon working people everywhere to stand by them.

To attempt to argue down a superstition is the slowest process. Here and there a level-headed Irishman has sense enough to brush aside the ridiculous nonsense of expecting an “Irish republic” to do better by those who labor than does the ruling British machine. But these men are exceptions, and their voices is easily rub-a-dubbed down by the blatant nationalists.

It is useless to remind these rub-a-dub-dub, Irish republic, national flag enthusiasts that this American republic is severer on the tenant class, under its laws, than is England; but perhaps we can put it in another form with more effect. Place

the Irish landlord class of America beside the Irish rent-paying class. Is the former any less merciless to its tenants than is the English landlord in Ireland? If the Irish landlord in this American republic is usurious-blood-hound, would he be anything less in an Irish republic? No, it is the *system* that must be crushed, and the system thrives just as audaciously under one form of government as another. The fact is that the State, without monopoly and usury as its main pillars, ceases to be the State.

It will take long to get these bottom facts into the heads of the masses, but such meetings as the one in Cooper Union are most gratifying helps in that direction. The masterly genius which moves the "Irish World" was never displayed to greater credit than on that occasion, and Liberty shouts thrice, Bravo! upon the whole affair.

A Game That Two Can Play At.

Would that we could command the satire of Voltaire and the invective of William Cobbett to flay the hypocritical bigots whose virtuous indignation is stirred at the existence of polygamy in this pious nation!

A Simon-pure, honest, square monogamist is a man who “keeps” one woman, and only one, whom he calls his wife. So long as the “keeping” of this woman is voluntary and mutual, it is nobody’s business, even though some clergyman may score a five-dollar fee out of it.

But the king of pious fraud whose holy indignation is stirred at the lustful Mormon is not a square, openhanded monogamist, he keeps two, three, or five women. Of these, whom he deceives and betrays and over whose liberty he wields absolute despotism, is known as his wife. This fellow is a polygamist at heart, but in the place of the openhanded, above-board transaction of the Mormon, he substitutes “nest-hiding,” fraud, cowardice, and hypocrisy.

It is unnecessary to say that Liberty, though opposed to the whole “keeping” system as the degradation of a passion that should be pure and noble, denies the right of the State to say to any man whether he shall “keep” one, two, five twenty, or one hundred women, or to any woman whether she shall “keep” corresponding numbers of man. Our pious legislators would be the very worst sufferers by such a law, even if it were possible to execute it. But even those who are honestly free from the practice of polygamy are committing an unmitigated piece of impudence and despotism when they attempt to deny to any man the right to “keep” just as many women as he pleases with his own money, and at his and their sole cost.

But the lecherous politicians of Washington, the lawyers and usurers who waste the people’s wealth on women and wine,—these make up the holy conclave that proposes to visit the Mormon households and destroy their homes.

Luckily, the Mormons have hit upon a spike game. They have been carefully canvassing the number of practical polygamists among the Washington congressmen. When pushed to the wall, they propose to publish the results of their investigations to the American public, and deliver sealed copies to the accredited wives of these virtuous political saints. Ten to one that the Mormons have already effectively spiked the enemy’s gang! The monogamists and polygamists threaten to

become terribly mixed, and we hope that in the confusion all will conclude to mind their own business.

A Review of German Socialism.

At the last elections to the German Reichstag thirteen candidates of the Social Democracy were successful. This fact has added to the world-wide interest in German socialism, but the lamentable ignorance and misapprehension concerning that movement still prevail. Its true history and real significance are concisely and admirably set forth in the following outline sketch, which is borrowed from "Le Révolté":

When the bold and success-crowned agitation of Lassalle had once started the labor movement in Germany, there immediately appeared a goodly number of talented men, capable of appreciating with statesmanlike clairvoyance the movement in its full extent and all its consequences and of comprehending the advantages in the future which it offered to the champions of the new party. These men at once ranged themselves by the side of the Universal Society of German Laborers (Allgemeiner Deutscher Arbiter-Verein).

After the premature death of Lassalle, and in consequence of the questionable management of President Schweitzer, a crisis occurred, from which, nevertheless, the labor movement emerged triumphant, though divided into two hostile factions:

(1) The party of the Lassallians, under the leadership of Hasenclever and Hasselmann, whose journalistic organ was the "New Social Democrat." This party confined itself to an orthodox observance of the doctrines expounded by Lassalle.

(2) The Party of Eisenach, under the leadership of Liebknecht and Bebel,—the former having converted the latter from an advocate of the ideas of Schultze-Delitzsch (industrial credit, &c.) and a deadly enemy of socialism into a well-grounded socialist. This party, with the aid of its Journal, the "Popular State" (Volksstaat), more or less developed communistic ideas, always in the direction of authority and centralization by the Popular State, a phrase expressive of the ideal of Messrs. Marx and Engels and their faithful disciple, Liebknecht.

The war of Prussia against Austria and the victory of the former country, combined with the annexation of Hanover and Hesse-Cassel, led to the establishment of the Confederation of North Germany (Norddeutscher Bund) and the Parliament of North Germany (Norddeutsches Zollparlament). To popularize these political automata, viewed with disfavor by the people, the iron chancellor (so

Bismarck was called) gave the people universal suffrage in parliamentary elections, which Lassalle had previously demanded in elections to the Prussian Chamber.

Then it was that the Social Democrats seized with enthusiasm upon "this new weapon for the enfranchisement of the people from the yoke of class-rule;" then it was that these hostile brethren sought for ascendancy each over the other, and that such accusations as "sold Prussians" (the Lassallians) and "*agents welfes*" (the Party of Eisenach) — that is, agents in the pay of the ex-king of Hanover — multiplied.

The Franco-German war, with the reconstruction of the German Empire and the transformation of the Parliament of North Germany into the Parliament of the Empire (Reichstag) on a basis of universal suffrage, extended still further the parliamentary agitation of the Social Democrats. And in spite of the excellent pamphlet by Liebknecht "On the Political Attitude of the Social Democracy, Especially in Relation to the Reichstag," in which he showed very clearly the impossibility of the enfranchisement of the people by parliamentary methods and the inconvenience to laborers of participation in elections, and while crying: "No peace with the present *régime!* And war on the doctrine of universal suffrage!" the Party of Eisenach, under the leadership of this same Liebknecht, gave all its efforts to the enlistment of German Workingmen in the parliamentary struggle and to the choice of the largest possible number of socialistic deputies as members of that parliament where "one can only sacrifice his principles" because "principles are indivisible, and must be either completely maintained or completely sacrificed," for "he who treats with the enemy parleys, and he who parleys compromises."

The two factions of the Social Democracy were soon compelled to see that they principally injured themselves in fighting each other so furiously, while really having in view common object. Both desired *social reform through the State*. Little by little they came together, and in 1875 at the congress of Gotha they achieved a consolidation in the Socialistic Workingmen's Party, after which they rapidly advanced from one "electoral-victory" to another.

It undoubtedly will seem very strange to our readers that the Liebknechts and their fellows while seeing so clearly the futility of participation in elections, should nevertheless have dared to urge (and with success) the laboring masses into the electoral path. But, on the one hand, while continually achieving these apparent successes in the election of socialistic deputies, they could and did say to the workingmen: "OH!, we are obliged to take part in the elections, not to be deputies, but only to count voices, to ascertain the number of our followers,

which it is impossible to find out otherwise, and, above all, to profit by the general excitement attending an electoral campaign in successfully developing our principles at political rallies; "and on the other hand, it should not be forgotten that the German workingman, long accustomed to blindly follow a few men either in one direction or another, could not easily shake off this habit, it having entered, so to speak, into his blood.

The workingman saw in all these agitators and editors of socialistic sheets — founded one after another and *paid for out of hi pocket* — sincere friends of the people, incapable of harboring any other thought than the immediate enfranchisement of the people. He forgot that these men, undoubtedly devoted with all their hearts to the interests of the party when they joined it,— whose speeches were always denunciatory of the selfishness of the *bourgeoise*,— must necessarily, by the security of the position created for them, view the situation less darkly from the simple fact that they no longer ran the labor's risk of being thrown at any hour upon the pavement at the mercy of an employer,— one of the chief cause of the social revolution.

And finally, it must be said, it was easier for the workingman to follow the advice of eloquent men than to take upon himself the heavy burden of thinking for himself and investigating for himself the grave questions then coming to the fore.

But while the number of votes for the socialistic candidates kept on increasing at every election, it became evident that already there were a certain number of laborers who were scarcely Social Democrats, but Anarchists rather, for not only did they repudiate electoral tactics, but denied also this pretended beneficence of the Popular State; they were opponents of all authority, of all submission of minorities to majorities.

No doubt there had been in Germany for a long time learned men who, in their social studies, had occupied themselves with anarchistic theories; nevertheless, the fruits of these studies had scarcely seen the light and had not entered the heads of the laborers. Not until 1875 did a few German workingmen embrace and publicly defend the anarchistic ideas.

As was to be expected alter the methods employed by the Social Democrats against the Anarchists in other countries, the most distinguished men of the Social Democratic party of Germany and Switzerland were not slow in beginning a deadly struggle against these sincere and disinterested workingmen, whom they were pleased to honor with such titles as "mad-men," "lunatics," "hired agents of

sedition,” “spies,” and many other pleasant appellations. Their hatred of them was the greater inasmuch as many of these “madmen” had formerly been for many years very zealous agitators for this party of “scientific socialism,” and therefore were acquainted — to the sorrow of the leaders — with troublesome facts that had occurred within the committees.

The foundation of an Anarchistic Journal in the German language at Berne in 1876 was not calculated to appease the anger of these system-making gentlemen. With all possible variations they repeated the most infamous slanders against the Anarchists. And, in spite of that, it was impossible to stifle the movement by such means. The Anarchists soon found adherents in several such German cities as Berlin, Leipzig, Magdeburg, Munich, and other places. Then at the universal socialistic congress of Gand in 1877 two German delegates appeared to defend anarchistic principles. There it was that, one of the delegates having said, in reply to the reproaches of Grenlich “that it was easy to preach anarchistic ideas in free Switzerland, but that they should do the same in Germany,” “Yes, that is just what we mean to do,” Liebknecht, rising excitedly, cried out: “Dare, then, to come into Germany to attack our Organization, and *we will annihilate you by every possible means!*”

They tried hard to keep this promise, but unsuccessfully. The anarchistic idea spread through Germany further and further.

The year 1878 followed, and the attempts of Hoedel and Nobiling on the life of the emperor. The Reichstag voted the famous laws against the “extravagances” of the Social Democracy, the law which suppresses the whole socialistic press and all socialistic societies and assemblies; the law which permits the dissolution and prohibition of every assembly in which there may be a Socialist; the law which allows the regional authority to ask permission of the federal council to declare the minor state of siege, in order that *each suspected citizen* may be expelled as dangerous to the general safety. One would suppose that, after the commission of such an act by the Reichstag, the Social Democrats would have abstained from attendance on a parliament which tramples under foot the last vestiges of equality and justice. Far from that, the majority of the socialistic deputies, under the pretext of defending “every inch” of legal ground still left to them, continued to sit among their implacable enemies, ready to assent to all measures, even the most violent, against the Socialists.

Nevertheless, everybody did not agree with them, and after the exceptional law a good portion of the Social Democrats separated themselves from the legal party,— among them Hasselmann and Most. Another portion declared themselves against further participation in elections, proclaiming revolutionary tactics. Others withdrew altogether, and withdrew, and, from fear of the persecutions which socialistic agitation involves. A large portion of the socialistic laborers still remain in the legal path, as the last elections prove; in spite of that it may be affirmed that a considerable number of workingmen have abandoned the idea of the enfranchisement of the people by legal means.

The club of German communists at London has founded the social-revolutionary journal, "Freiheit" (Freedom), whose first editor, Johann Most, was condemned at London for an article on the death of Alexander II. On every occasion, and lately *á propos* of the German elections, this journal has declared itself in favor of electoral absence and revolutionary propagandism. But it must not be forgotten that its founders have often improved an opportunity to declare themselves *revolutionary Social Democrats* in order to fix it in their readers' minds that their object, also, is the Popular State. Nevertheless, it should be recognized that from the beginning the journal has permitted free discussion in its columns,— and perhaps that is the reason why the "Freiheit" becomes more and more anarchistic, and why the ideas discussed in its pages draw further away from the authority theory in each successive number. Indeed, nothing else was to be expected for in free discussion the anti-authority theory will always triumph over authority ideas of whatever sort. In spite of the continual prosecutions brought by the police against every man suspected of receiving it, the "Freiheit" is widely read in Germany. Besides the journal thousands of tracts on different subject have been scattered throughout Germany,— for instance, "To Our Brothers in the Barracks" (destined exclusively for circulation in the army), "The Revolutionary Social Democracy," "The Madness of Property," "Electoral Absentee," and many others.

It is certain that such an agitation often calls for victims from our ranks, and we should be carried too far, were we to attempt to count all our companions who have had to suffer for their zeal; let it suffice to remind our readers of the late trials at Leipzig.

Another proof that our brother in Germany are not only laboring to organize the masses for the revolution, but also repudiate the whole idea of authority,

so inimical to the definitive enfranchisement of humanity, is the attitude of the German delegates to the revolutionary congress at London.

Let the *bourgeoisie* do what it will, let the summit of the oppressive class strive to suppress our agitation, let “our friends,” the editors of the “Social Democrat” and the other “great men” of the parliamentary party, treat us as “madmen,” “spies,” and “hired agents of sedition,” and libel us in any way that pleases them,— none of these things shall prevent our ideas from spreading, new adherents from joining us every day, or even our misfortunes from finding us unexpected friends.

We are sure that the day will come when champions of the Popular State will no longer be able to command even the 280,000 votes now remaining to them out of the 800,000 of which Braun d’Altona was the representative. We, the Revolutionary Anarchist of Germany, shall do our utmost to strip the political intriguers of their remaining strength, and, the old idols once overthrown, the people will understand that there is no necessity for creating new ones; relieved of all prejudices and of that bad habit of allowing themselves to be led, they will freely organize themselves to the final struggles, for the truly GREAT REVOLUTION, and, the struggle over, will know how to organize for other purposes without the aid of all these “scientific” men who pretend to have found the philosopher’s stone in the Popular State.

The Weakness of Compulsory Credit.

The following extract from a speech recently delivered by Thomas F. Bayard in the United States senate shows that a voice for Liberty is sometimes heard in the halls of power:

I argued and voted against the coercive principle which compelled any citizen of the United States, any person in the United States, artificial or natural, any set to citizen who had their money invested in bank stocks or not in bank stocks, to take any obligation of the government perforce and under compulsion. I believed then, and I believe now, that, whenever it is necessary to accompany your demand for credit by a threat, you weaken that credit and do not strengthen it. I think it is a symbol of weakness, and not of strength, for the government to make either its demand notes or its bonds an enforced legal tender upon anybody. It did not add one silver to the value of the treasury notes issued in time of war. It did not prevent their depreciation one penny when disaster threatened the government that issued them and its credit was threatened to be weakened by disaster. Your bonds are not to be made stronger, they are not to be held with more confidence, by fixing upon them any feature of compulsory acceptance by the banks, or by individuals, or by anybody, foreign or domestic. It is a mistake to suppose so.

The Free Religions Association, expecting to found the Church of the Future, has decided to give a certain sum of money to some young man who desires to fit himself to preach its gospel. One condition attached to its gift is that he be a college graduate. Neither Thomas Paine, Herbert Spencer, nor William Shakespeare could have applied for the fund. Fortunately, such men can get through the world without any such aid. The Liberalism that think more of college culture than native talent and true moral power enthusiasm is a base pharisaism that thanks its stars that it is not like other men. — *George Chainey*

Thomas Paine's Monument.

Thou hast no need of monument of brace,
Or that men pile up granite to the heavens
Lest thy deeds be forgotten, or thy words
Cease to be household memories. For there stands
A monument to thee erect by hate,
Enduring as is time, or love of truth,
And right, and noble deeds. For thy great deeds
Fill all the base with hate, and thy true words —
The inspiration to all noble deeds —
Make heroes of the good, and win their love.
To that cloud-piercing shaft, such adds a stone
Who claims to rule o'er man by right divine;
Or who for favor, wealth, or love of place,
Serves in the ranks that uphold tyrannies,
All who would forge a fetter for a slave,
And drive him to his unrequited toll,
Or fix a brand upon a feeble race
To breed men slaves, like cattle, for the mart,
Or would seal up the eyelids of the mind,
That men may walk in darkness, as of old,
When a blind fate, or ire of gods, made death
The penalty for knowledge. Men have built
Temples and shrines, all decorate with art,
And worshiped one as God, who cares to bring,
Not white-robed Peace, but the avenging sword,
The scourged and crucified, whose mournful cry,
“Oh why, my God, hast thou forsaken me?”

Sound down the ages; yielding up his life
But fo his kindred. *It was thins to brave*
An ignominious death for one who knew
No claim to service or to thy regard,
Save that he was thine enemy,— a king
And the oppressor of his people. Thine
To counsel mercy to the man, but death
To the oppression only, and the claim
To rule by right divine. Thy monument?
It is the love of all the good; thy words
Of wisdom, when the counsellors were dumb;
Of courage, when the spectre of despair
Appalled the bravest. In the tented field
Where, by the campfire, naked peasants' *feet*
Or hunger pled more more piteous than words;
Or where the leaders of the host were met
Despondent of the issue, and none dared
Utter the word that trembled on the lips,
Thy voice proclaimed it, and thy eloquent pen
Winged the announcement through all the land.
The starving soldier, by the flickering light
Of the red watch fire, spelled the stirring words,
And every hamlet echoed with the cry,
“The States United, Independent, Free.”
These, also, are thy monuments. But more
Than spires that reach to heaven, or flourishing States
That, with their commerce, whiten all the sear,
It this great lesson that thy life hath taught
“The State if *for* man, not man for the State;

And all the pomp and circumstance of state
Are but for him, and for his happiness!"
This, thy great truth, is thy best monument.

Simeon Palmer.

England and the Czardom.

The following is the closing portion of an interesting letter received, not long since, by Liberty, from one of her numerous friends across the Atlantic:

As one who has lived in Russia, And as a stanch admirer of Michael Bakounine, I thank you for the portrait you have given us of this most excellent man, earnest-patriot, and unflinching enemy of despotism. Further, I have to than you for the straightforward, manly way in which you have referred to him, setting off his likeness in the most honorable frame the Apostle of Anarchy could desire,— a record of his own brave deeds. His escape from Siberia should alone be enough to deserve undying fame. But for such unselfish pioneers of Liberty, you and I would still be as his countrymen are.

Before this reaches you the English magazines for December will be in your hands. May I ask your attention to an article in "Frase" on "The New Departure in Russia" by O.K.? You have doubtless seen some of this lady's pen-and-ink performance before, but I doubt if she has ever written anything so daring in untruth and reaction previously. To me it is clear that this article is written for reproduction in Russia. It will be read by some thousands in this country alone, the grater number of whom will be influenced by *party passion* in their judgment, and not at all by a knowledge of the subject. For I regret to say that the whole demeanor of England towards Russia is a ludicrous anachronism. Russia is a slow and conservative country. Its government, as every one knows, is autocratic, despotic, damnable. And yet this is the power, above all others, that Liberal England takes under its wing, shields, defends against the attacks of the Tories, who alone seem to recognize (of course, for their own purposes) the systematic coercion and intriguing determination by which it continually penetrates further into the territory of independent tribes, oppressing them — hitherto free- with the same kind of bondage as that which, with cruel consistency, it inflicts upon its own people. Surely, parties in this country should change their relative positions! As a radical I am disgusted with what I see every week in our press — slavish adulation of Russian institutions and an utter absence of truthful exposures on the part of the Liberal papers, while on the other hand, the Conservative press, led by the "Telegraph," loses no opportunity of venting party spleen on a government and on institutions which are essentially of a conservative nature. I earnestly trust that English Liberals will soon perceive the foolish attitude they have assumed, bravely

admit their error, and consistently withdraw from the positions. Meantime, I am obliged to support a party I otherwise detest, in so far as its foreign policy in this particular is concerned.

Excuse a man's hobby, dear friend Tucker, when it does no harm to others, but rather good. Russia is my hobby. It is a large one, and I find much in it to admire. If it could only succeed in establishing a republic and in disbanding its two great armies, the *Tchinóvnikes* (officials) and *Soldátes* (soldiers),— the curse of every country, but especially the curse of Russia,— a vast slice of this earth would be returned to its primitive use,— that of furnishing and abode for a naturally happy, jovial, contented people, a people not naturally cursed with "earth-hunger," whose great fault for some centuries has born the belief that life is "not worth living without a czar and attendant satellites.

With best wishes, I am sincerely yours,

Paskiarechki.

London, December 8, 1881.

The Two Guiteaus.

To the Editor of Liberty:

I was lately riding in the cars with "a God-fearing and a God-serving man," who represents the old type of orthodox Christian and is a leading pillar in one of our churches. Knowing that he was one of the Rhode Island State Board of Prisons, Charities, and Correction, I asked him, in connection with the Guiteau trial:

"Do you believe in capital punishment, sir?"

"Well, sir," he replied, "on rational, human, utilitarian grounds I do not, but, inasmuch a God's will, as expressed in his Holy Word, is above my weak fallible human reason, I am compelled to believe in it, and therefore I believe that Guiteau ought to be hung."

Now, wherein is this Christian's position any different from Guiteau's? In order to make it plain let me put the two positions side by side.

Guiteau.

I do not believe in killing and would not, of myself, harm a fly. I personally bore no ill will to Garfield, but, inasmuch as God's will is above mine, I obeyed the divine command and killed the president. I am sorry I caused him so much suffering; but God's will be done, and not mine!

Orthodox Fellow Christian.

I do not believe in judicial killing. It is contrary to my human feelings. I personally would not kill Guiteau, but inasmuch as God's will will is above mine, I succumb to the divine command. I am sorry for the poor ill-starred fellow in his sufferings, but, in my capacity as a Christian citizen, I obey the divine command and kill him; but God's will be done, and not mine.

If Guiteau is hung, the Christian State will murder him in accordance with the very same logic which it professes to abhor in him. Is any further comment necessary with your intelligent reader?

Crankus.

Light from the Laborers.

The following are the resolutions passed by the mass meeting of trades unions recently held in New York, and referred to at greater length in another column:

Resolved, That labor has the chiefest interest at stake in every cause affecting economic administration in all countries, since labor is asked to feed, clothe, and fatten landlords, usurers, monopolists, politicians, and all the unproductive army who enslave it.

Resolved, That the issue between landlord and tenant in Ireland, and in every other country, is but one of the phases of the labor question; that, since rent is an immoral tax on productive labor, its infliction upon the oppressed of any land makes labor in every other country its natural ally and defender.

Resolved, Therefore, that the working people of every other country, irrespective of race, language, creed, and color, are morally bound to stand by Ireland in this her hour of need, and that the voice of this mammoth gathering of the trades unions of America should be seconded in every country where the voice of labor is not utterly stifled by savage absolutism and repression.

Resolved, That, while we recognize Ireland to be the most woful victim of landlordism, through especially iniquitous laws and governmental administration, we are chiefly assembled to emphasize the fact that the bottom causes of landlordism — land monopoly and rent — are not local, but universal curses, inflicted upon labor, and against which labor is everywhere called upon to wage an uncompromising war of extermination.

Resolved, That we, nevertheless, recognize in the heroic no-rent stand in Ireland that this long-persecuted and rent-ridden isle is fighting the grandest battle and wielding the most effective artillery that ever confronted landlordism; that her battle is humanity's battle; that her cause is labor's cause; and its workingmen of America here represented do, therefore, heartily endorse her righteous methods, and solemnly promise her every means of support, co-operation, and sympathy within their power.

St. James on Liberty.

[From the Memphis “Free Trader.”]

“But whoso looketh into the perfect *Law of Liberty* and continueth therein, he being, not a forgetful bearer, but a doer the work, this men shall be blessed in his dead” — *General Epistle of St. James*

When the people of the earth are sufficiently Christianized to adopt that “perfect law of liberty and continue therein,” two-thirds of all the sorrow and suffering that afflict humanity will end. It is a melancholy reflection, it is a dark and depressing reflection, that all the blood ever shed on earth, every war, every battle, every murder, every civil wrong, came from that desire which the devil puts into the souls of men, to hold rule over their fellow mortals. This devilish desire to rule others is directly contrary to the “perfect law of liberty” taught by St. James.

An Unexpected Compliment.

[From the Detroit "Labor Review."]

While we belong to exactly the opposite school of social philosophy as does our friend Liberty, yet we cannot but admire its consistency and bold and aggressive attitude. It is refreshing to read a paper that says what it knows and it wants. It is so unlike the thousand and one paper that do not or cannot distinguish between the philosophies of communism and individualism, and who adhere to that bastard political economy that breed monopolies and corruption. We earnestly wish Liberty success, so that the people can readily learn the legitimate and logical conclusions of the two different schools.

Chapter XVI

On Picket Duty.

The Nihilist appeal lately published in these columns for the tires time in America has resulted rather disastrously for one of its authors, the expulsion of Pierre Lavroff from French territory having been demanded by Russia and granted by the new De Freycinet ministry.

An enthusiastic Chicago correspondent of the Louisville "Courier-Journal" predicts that George C. Miln, the latest acquisition from the pulpit to the infidel ranks, within two years will be "recognized throughout America as the greatest leader known in pure agnosticism, or as the foremost member of the American bar, or as the greatest of living actors."

The British parliament has again unseated the persistent and plucky Bradlaugh, and he has returned to Northampton to ask its radical cobblers to send him back again, which they are sure to do. Meanwhile some of the newspapers in England are urging the people of the district to pay no more taxes until parliamentary representation is restored to them. Thus all things work together for Liberty. Whether for sound or unsound reasons, it is a good thing for the people to accustom themselves to resisting taxation. The force of habit is strong.

Congressman Crapo, our would-be governor, is president of the Mechanics' National Bank of New Bedford, and a majority of his associates on the national committee on banking and currency are either presidents or directors of national banks. No wonder they desire the charters extended for twenty years. But, according to the rules of the Massachusetts general court, no legislator is allowed to vote on any question, or serve on a committee to consider any question, in which he has a private interest separate from the public interest. If this is not the case in Washington, it should be.

The "Saturday Evening Express" of Boston recently published a well-written, temperate, and forcible letter from "An Ex-Juryman," who complained that, while serving on a jury panel at the January term of the superior criminal court for Suffolk county, he was steadily challenged and set aside by the assistant district attorney. Mr. Adams, because in two cases previously tried he had voted for acquittal; and further, that, to prevent attention from being drawn this persistent exclusion of one man, the clerk, when drawing his name from the box, summarily threw it aside without announcing it. Such conduct before a judicial tribunal is simply shameful, but yet it is chiefly important as fresh evidence of the manifold forms of corruption

engendered by the State; and of the impossibility of long preserving any good thing within the confines of its devilish influence. Trial by jury, as it originally existed, was a splendid institution, the principal safeguard against oppression; and, could it be restored to its original status, by which the jury was entitled to judge, not only of the fact, but of the law and of the justice of law, it would be well worth the saving. But nothing tending to secure the individual's rights against invasion can be saved within the State. And yet, as we happen to know, the man who enters this well-founded complaint is a member of a party whose principal object is to endow with omnipotence, or the next thing to it, the institution that has wronged him. In other words, he is a prominent Greenbacker and State Socialist.

Gladstone's character weakens daily. In regard to Bradlaugh he has shown himself a more contemptible coward than we supposed him to be. On this matter we can do no better than to echo the opinion of the Philadelphia "Evening Telegraph": "Mr. Gladstone's attitude towards this Bradlaugh case has been strangely pusillanimous, and has tended not a little to prevent the only proper determination of it from being achieved. The premier has more than once as good as admitted that Bradlaugh's right to a seat in the house of commons is as good as his own, but he not only refuses to take any active steps for securing him and his constituents I their rights, but gives as much negative aid as he dares to the men who are bent upon violating a principle which cannot be safely violated by any parliamentary majority in this age of the world, in countries like England and America."

The apathy and cowardice exhibited by the educated classes in relation to all questions of an industrial or social order is one of the most discouraging obstacles in the pathway of the sincere reformer. Their interests are so intimately allied to and dependent upon those of the directly privileged classes that the few among them who succeed in screwing up their courage to a point where they dare to honestly study such problems are rarely brave enough to honestly publish to the world the results of their investigations. The legal and clerical professions, and to some extent the medical; the men of science and art; the journalists, professors, and men of literature,— all who, so far as mental training goes, are best fitted for sociological inquiry stand in solid array, in attitudes either of inert, stolid indifference or of offensive warfare, to resist the progress of Liberty and Justice. And this they do because, with rare exceptions, their names are to be found at the top of the pay-roll of the tyrants and the thieves. Directly or indirectly, consciously or unconsciously, they are subsidized by capital and power. How much the more refreshing and

encouraging it is, then, to read words so brave and true as those of Elisée Reclus, printed in another column! M. Reclus's name stands with the highest — perhaps is the highest — in the field of physical geography. The world over his authority is recognized. But his character being as irreproachable as his genius, and scientific study not having blunted his sympathetic instincts, he has not been able to turn a deaf ear to the claims of plundered labor. The independence of his character has been manifest throughout his life. At the time of the last revolutionary crisis in Paris he unhesitatingly joined the ranks of the Commune and fought therein to escape the vengeance of the bloodthirsty Thiers he took refuge in Switzerland, where he has since remained, refusing to accept the amnesty that was finally offered. And now, to the consternation of oppressors everywhere, who know the potent influence of a trained intellect when enlisted for the right, he divides his time between the pursuit of scientific knowledge and a dauntless championship, by pen and voice, of the cause of the down-trodden. How eloquent and effective is his work Liberty's readers may judge by the sample now before them.

The steamer Austrian, from Liverpool, arrived in Boston harbor the other day with a large number of Hungarian emigrants on board. Five of them refused to be vaccinated. Valiant policemen then transferred these refractory and unreasonable beings who preferred to keep their blood pure to the quarantine steamer, and pinioned them, one by one, to the deck, while the doctor performed the objectionable operation. A cheerful welcome this to the "land of the *free* and the home of the *brave!*" It would seem that the State, not content with robbing, enslaving, and starving the people, must needs poison them also.

Mr. A. B. Parsons of Chicago writes to us as follows: "Liberty is certainly the ablest advocate of the policy of 'non-resistance,' or 'abstention,' in this country, but your readers hereabouts would like to have your views in a case where, like that of Greenwood, N. Y., the citizens had refused to pay taxes, and it was therefore proposed to use a 'cannon charge of buckshot' to compel them to do so, and as to whether, in such case, it is true 'Liberty' to return 'good for evil.' or take 'eye for eye' and 'tooth for tooth.'" Mr. Parsons's inquiry is a pertinent one, generally speaking, but in this special instance it is based-on a misapprehension of the facts. There is no insurrection in the town of Greenwood. Of course, in the eyes of Mr. Parsons, if, as we presume, he is a believer in the State, there must be an insurrection there, since Governor Cornell has declared the town in a state of insurrection. God said, "Let there be light," and, to the devotee of the church, there was light. Governor Cornell says, "Let there be insurrection," and, to the devotee of the State, straightway there

is insurrection. But the true philosopher sees neither light nor insurrection resulting from the behests of authority, human or divine. He knows only facts and their teachings, and the fact in this case is that the visitor to Greenwood discovers there, at least in a physical sense, naught but the utmost serenity and peace. It is true that the people of Greenwood, for reasons sufficient to themselves, have declined to pay their taxes, but no “charge of buckshot” can be poured into them, for they offer no resistance to the seizure of property. And this is just what troubles the authorities, *as non-resistance almost always does*. If they could pour buckshot into them, they could conquer them and bring them to terms. But against their “masterly inactivity” (what a happy phrase is that!) they have no weapon. For, if they seize property to sell at auction, no one will buy it, and, if they bring persons from other towns to bid, the collector, who is with the citizens, resigns his office, whereupon the sale cannot proceed. Of the efficacy of the policy of non-resistance and abstention Liberty could wish no better illustration. So much for Mr. Parson’s special case. Now, if he asks us the general question whether it is always better to “turn the other cheek,” we can only answer that “circumstances alter cases,” and decline to discuss the matter independently of circumstances further than to affirm most emphatically that, until the people shall be utterly stripped of their power to read, speak, write, and print, violence from them can only dull the edge of their most powerful weapon, reason.

Liberty and Method.

The starting-point, from the standard of Liberty, of all sociological investigation is the Individual. How marked and infinite is the diversity of individualities becomes more and more apparent to every close and constant observer of men.

Even the best disciplined mind cannot escape seeing right, justice, and scientific method in reform largely from the standpoint of its own organization and environments. The man of theory and abstractions listens in semi-contempt to the elaborately contrived schemes of the practical man whose very purpose is to put the former's own theories directly or indirectly into practice. "No," says he; "you are simply lopping off the branches and wasting your time, and every blow that is not struck straight at the tap-roots is worse than useless. You must strike as I strike and where I strike, or your blow counts for nothing."

A man may be gifted with giant intellect in certain lines of mental analysis, and yet be all the more prone to that species of mental limitation which, failing to understand an entirely different mental organization, rudely consigns its plans and specifications for the practical application of his own thought to the intellectual waste-basket as utterly useless.

The only man capable of understanding wherein every mind that is willing to work for justice is capable of efficient cooperation in reform is the philosopher, by which is meant that large and fully-rounded man who, having a little of all mental qualities in his composition, can appreciate all. But this rounded balance of qualities is always at the expense of the exceptional power of the specialist, all of whose forces are concentrated upon one method of analysis.

It is quite common to maintain that the well-balanced, rounded philosopher is the intellectually great man. No type of man, however, represents the great man,—not even that which combines to some extent all types. We wish it distinctly understood that, in the ethics and philosophy of Liberty, there is no provision for great men. The "great man" of history is a standing nuisance, and has no place in our system. There is no great nor small in true social economy. Every man is made for his work, and the only person whom it troubles us to dispose of is the man who, if ever designed for any manner or method of work, refuses to do it. But even the idler is neither great nor small. He goes out of the calculation as a nonentity.

At a recent gathering of thinkers in the line of Liberty this very matter of method came into prominence. There was the same purpose in every member of the company, but a marked mental organization in each differing from every other. One gentleman of excellent organizing capacity had a scheme on foot for gradually shaming and driving the State out of existence by absorbing its functions into practical cooperation among employers and their help, and thus finally worrying it out through indirect means. To the abstract thinker before whom the scheme was laid, and who, by the way, has perhaps the keenest intellect on this continent in his line, all this indirect circumvention of the State was utterly futile. The State must be openly attacked and defied at its very citadel. Its guns must be dismounted, and its offices, titles, pretensions, and paraphernalia utterly demolished and abolished, before any scheme can acquire Liberty enough to give it an effectual test.

Now, two such positive and diverse organizations as these minds can never be made to see alike through argument. True conviction is simply the result of seeing, and each man will always see through his own glass. All that argument can ever do is to clean the glasses. The fact is that both are right without mutually knowing it. And we say that, if any man has any practical scheme by which to push the State adrift through individual cooperation, his duty is simply to go straight about its realization. *To him, as he is made up*, it is the most effectual method. All that we demand is the inexorable condition that his scheme shall entertain no element of compulsion, and that the cost of executing it shall be thrown upon no unwilling shoulders.

As we are made up, we believe that the most manly and effectual method of dealing with the State is to demand its immediate and unconditional surrender as a usurper, and to flatly and openly challenge its assumed right to forestall and crush out the voluntary associative government and regulation of individuals by themselves in all things. But, if others think that indirect methods are preferable, all that they have to do is to set about asserting themselves, as we assert ourselves. By all means accept nobody as authority. All mental popery is impossible in the very essence of our philosophy. Let each man do his work as to him seems good, in right dead earnest. Then, later, as we come to compare notes, we may fairly judge one another by our fruits, and arrive at harmony through its only legitimate channel,—the largest Liberty of action and method.

A Solution That Does Not Solve.

Mr. Charles H. Barlow of Michigan is a reader of *Liberty*, but he cannot read it to much purpose; otherwise, he would not write to the Boston "Herald" that "the only way to disentangle the Gordian knot of capital vs. labor" and practically solve the labor problem is to "take the axe" and strike out for the wilderness. This seems to as little better than nonsense. Not that we object to the spread of agriculture, if more agriculture is needed. The axe and spade are good tools, and as many of them should be used as are necessary to supply the people with the articles which they are instrumental in producing. But the same is true of all useful tools. Why "take the axe" more than the saw or the lathe or the steam-engine? Let all of them be used in their proper proportions. But what has this to do with the labor problem of to-day, which is to give to each producer an equivalent for his product? It is of little consequence whether we use spades or saws, if both our crops and our houses are to be stolen from us by the usurer. Mr. Barlow's remedy, to be a remedy at all, requires each man to produce entirely for himself. But this means an abandonment of the immeasurable benefits of modern commerce for the sake of getting it rid of its evils. Consequently his remedy is not the true one, for the true one must not only preserve, but increase, these benefits by eradicating the evils. The solution offered by Mr. Barlow means either nothing If at all or the abolition of the division of labor, and is strictly on a par with those multitudinous other solutions which propose the abolition of machinery, competition, credit, and all the other industrial and commercial forces by which modern civilization has been developed. The real solution lies not in the destruction of these forces, but in the discovery and application of new principles that shall regulate their action beneficially. These principles, according to *Liberty*, are Free Men and Free Money, which can be had only by the abolition of the State. The cry, "Take the axe." is a very specious one. It has a sturdy sound and so captivates the unthinking, but a little examination reveals its hollowness.

The State Its Own Outlaw.

But for our firm conviction that the State is doomed by its own depravity, we should be exceptionally at some of the features of the anti-Mormon bill. This infamous instrument of outrage upon the rights of conscience not only provides that a person shall be punished for practising his religion, but literally makes it a crime for him to believe that his religion is true.

A winning point, however, for the Mormons, if they only knew how to utilize it, is the fact that the crime of believing that polygamy is sanctioned by God is to be punished by dismissing the religious martyr from full fellowship with the State. If the Mormons were only bright enough to accept the penalty as an honor, and be thankfully rid of fellowship with an organization composed of such thieves and bigots, they would be on the way to do humanity a great service.

Of course the State is so lost to shame and decency that it continues to tax by force those whom it by force expels from the machine; but this should all the more animate the Mormons to wage an uncompromising war of abolition upon so shameless an institution. Those who are expelled from full fellowship with the State because of their religious opinions can do no better service than to strike hands with those who are forced into fellowship with it against their will, and move for its utter abolition.

So far as being deprived of fellowship with such a State is concerned, the Mormons should immediately send a memorial to Congress, thanking it for the honor conferred, and reminding it that enforced obligation to pay taxes under such circumstances rests on the same moral basis as ordinary brigandage, and can only be tolerated so long as fate permits the victim to remain the under dog.

It should have been stated some time ago in these columns that that energetic and intelligent Liberal, Mr. E. C. Walker, has changed his place of residence, and may be addressed hereafter at Norway, Benton County, Iowa. Mr. Walker is doing an excellent work in the West. To be sure, the Liberal League, which organization he actively represents, is somewhat conservative, but he is a thorough radical himself, and can be depended upon to sow seed of the right sort.

Stilson Hutchins, editor of the Washington "Post," was talking recently with a party, of which Gail Hamilton was one, about the Mormons. Hutchins took a decided stand against them, when Gail broke in, saying: "The only difference, Mr. Hutchins, between you and the Mormon men is that they drive their team all abreast, and you drive yours tandem."

The national house of representatives voted a few days ago to remit the duties paid on the importation of copies of the revised edition of the New Testament. This is a triumph for free trade, but a blow at free thought. The contradiction, however, is not unnatural. Consistent loyalty to Liberty is inconsistent with the nature and functions of the State.

“Governments,” says the Chicago “Express,” “cannot, if they would, give men their liberties.” Yes, they can; but in doing so they would commit suicide. The only purpose of government is to deprive men of their liberties.

It is to be noticed that the advocates of compulsion invariably wish to do all the compelling themselves. To being compelled they are as averse as Liberty herself. “My archy or an-archy,” said Proudhon; “there is no middle ground.”

A peddler was arrested lately in Oakland, California, for selling Paine's "Age of Reason" without a license, but the jury acquitted the prisoner under the statute allowing the unlicensed sale of *religious* literature.

Anarchy and Universal Suffrage.

The following is an extract from a masterly discourse recently delivered by Elisée Reclus, the eminent geographer, before the Section of Outlaws at St. Etienne, a branch of the International Working People's Association:

There are socialists and socialists, many will observe, and of the various schools which is to prevail? Certainly, if one trusts solely to appearances, there seems a great variety of forms, but this is only an illusion. At bottom there are but two principles confronting each other: on one side, that of government; on the other, that of anarchy: Authority and Liberty. The names in which parties enwrap themselves are of no consequence. Just as under the pretended republicans of today we find petty dictators, so many Louis Fourteenths in miniature, so we discover Anarchists beneath all revolutionists. The governmentalists, be the chief of State king, consul, emperor, president, council of three or of ten, wish to hold the power in their hands, dispose of offices, salaries, and honorary titles, and award decorations and favors; they wish to be the masters, and to start every initiative from above: they one and all proceed on the idea that they are animated by a supernatural power to think, wish, and act for their subjects. All claim obedience to their decrees and laws; like the popes and ancient kings by divine right, they are infallible. Look at your representatives and the representatives of your representatives,— that is, your ministers! Do they not scorn an imperative commission as an insult offered to their dignity? Have they not devised for themselves special legislation which places them outside of the laws enacted for common mortals? By recommendations, endorsements, and demands for office, honors, and favors are they not inevitably accomplices of all the servants of preceding governments? Bureaus, administrations, legislation,— all remain the same: the mechanism has not changed: what matters it if the mechanicians have changed their clothing? The word Republic is certainly a fine one, since it means the "Public thing" and would seem to attribute to all who call themselves republicans a spirit of disinterested solidarity in the defense of the common cause; but the name has lost its real meaning since it was captured by the governmentalists, and indicates no longer a change of system, but only a change of persons.

On the other hand, all revolutionary acts are, by their very nature, essentially anarchistic, no matter what the power which seeks to profit by them. The man, weary of injustice, who throws himself into the fray for the triumph of the right

becomes, at least for the moment, his own master; his associates are his companions, not his superiors; he is free while the struggle lasts. From time to time history brings us face to face with grand revolts, and, if we try to distinguish the various elements confounded therein and assign to each its *rôle*, we see that the active factor, the only one productive of results instrumental in the progress of humanity, is the anarchistic element,— that is, the element proceeding from individual initiative, from personal wills leagued together without the intervention of a master. From time immemorial authority has desired to maintain routine, and from time immemorial the anarchistic intervention of revolt has been needed to destroy barriers and give air to the stifled people. All history is nothing else than the series of revolutions by which the individual gradually extricates himself from servitude and labors to become his own master by destroying the State. What matters it if the majority of historians relate the opinions of kings and princes and describe their governmental expedients, their efforts to aggrandize themselves at the expense of the people? They misconstrue the life of humanity. In the same way a physician sees in the life of a man only the history of his diseases.

The old motto of the revolutionists, handed down to us from century to century, which he finally became an official formula, but a formula void of meaning under any government whatsoever,— “Liberty, Equality, Fraternity,” or rather, Solidarity,— proves that anarchy has always been the ideal of successive generations. Can the word Liberty have a meaning if it does not imply the integral development of the individual in such a manner that he may have all the physical strength, health, and beauty compatible with his race, enjoy all the knowledge that his native intelligence can acquire, and choose without hindrance the labor best befitting him? So, the word Equality is but a lie if private property, inheritance, industrial speculations, and the possession of power involve the contrast between wealth and poverty, condemning one class to privation, disease, and sometimes vice, while another lives in comfort, having health, facilities for study, and the joys of science and art. Finally, fraternal Solidarity can be born only among men freely associated, grouping themselves according to their inclinations, and distributing the common task with it view to their talents and mutual convenience. Any other solidarity is that of the wolf and the lamb, of the master and his slaves.

But, they tell us, the health of the social organism is only a chimera! The grand words Liberty, Equality, Solidarity are only words, good to figure on the pediments of buildings, but without practical application. And mental sluggards, like the privileged classes, cling to the existing order, however bad it is, as if it could

offer them the slightest guarantee of stability. But can this society be truly said to have a real existence? Is it not dependent upon the constant change, the incessant modification of its tottering equilibrium? Is that a viable society where more than nine-tenths of its members are condemned to die before old age for want of comfort and harmony, where interests are so divided that wise cultivation of the soil and a truly scientific disposition of its products are impossible, where nearly half the wealth is lost through disordered distribution, and where the manufacturers, driven by competition or by the necessity of living, occupy themselves in adulterating products, lowering the standard of merchandise, and even in changing food into poison? Is that a society where so many thousands of women have no choice except between suicide, robbery, and prostitution? In so far as it is a society of rulers and proprietors it is only struggle and disorder, and really constitutes that which in current phraseology is commonly called "anarchy." Fortunately the true anarchy — that is, the rebellion of individuals and the free association of the rebels — comes to introduce into this diseased organism a few principles of cure and renovation. It was in spite of the divine authority with which priests claim to be armed that free minds gained the right to think in their own fashion and freed themselves from the stupid fear of hell and the silly hope of heaven. It was in spite of the holiness with which tradition had invested kings and governments of all sorts that the people, by revolution after revolution, finally tore from their masters at least a few fragments of Liberty and the factitious recognition — pending something better — of their rights of sovereignty. In the family, where the husband and father was formerly absolute master, it has also been by continual insurrections at the fireside that the wife and child have at last got possession of some of the personal rights which the law always denied them, but which public opinion is beginning to concede to them. Likewise, if language develops and improves, it is in spite of academic routine; if science takes huge strides and achieves marvellous results by its industry, it is in spite of the professors and official *savants*; and it is also by successive revolts that art conquers new territories. Thus I ever vivify the ancient legend of the miraculous fruit which gives the knowledge of good and evil: it is the fruit that the tree of science bears. According to the priests, it is from this fruit of which the sons of men have eaten that all evil comes; according to the revolutionists, on the contrary, it is from this fruit of knowledge that all good has come. Without the spirit of revolt we should still be wild animals, nibbling the grass and devouring the roots of the earthly paradise. All progress, all life upon earth is the work of incessant rebellion. Isolated, the rebels are consecrated to death, but their example is not lost, and other

malcontents rise up after them; these unite, and from defeat to defeat finally arrive at victory.

Nevertheless, many people think, or pretend to think, that the book of revolutions is closed forever, thanks to what is commonly called universal suffrage. We are to find a safety-valve in the right to vote granted thirty-three years ago by the provisional government.

But French males and majors vote in vain; they can only choose masters, petty kings who can avenge themselves for a single day of humiliation by years of insolence and irresponsible government. The elections over, the government makes war and peace without consulting the rabble of its subjects; notwithstanding the elections, millions of wretches wallow in the mire of misery, millions of laborers remain at the mercy of capital, which pens them up in its mines and factories; the uncertainty of the future is a load upon all. Has universal voting dispersed the corporations of robbers who speculate on labor and gather in all the profits? Has it diminished the number of merchants who sell by false weights and of advocates who plead indifferently for the just and the unjust? The plainest result of the substitution of so-called universal suffrage for restricted suffrage and suffrage exercised at the royal will is the increase of that hideous class of politicians who make a trade of living by their voice, paying court first to the electors and then, once in office, turning to those above them to beg for offices, sinecures, and pensions. To the aristocracy of birth, capital, and official position is added another aristocracy, that of the stump. Of course men are to be found among the candidates who are moved by good intentions and who are firmly resolved not to prove false to the programme which they have mapped out during the campaign; but, however good their intentions, they none the less find themselves on the day after the voting in circumstances different from those of the night before. They are a part of privileged class, and, in spite of themselves, they become men of privilege. Invested by their fellow-citizens with the power to know everything and decide everything, they imagine themselves, in fact, competent to deal with all questions; their science is universal; they are at once *savants*, engineers, manufacturers, merchants, generals, admirals, diplomats, and administrators, and the whole life of the nation must be elaborated in their brains. Where is the individual strong enough to resist this flattery of the electors? Heir of kings and, like kings, disposing of affairs with a supreme comprehension, the deputy ends like kings, seized with the vertigo of power: proportionately he lifts his whims into laws, surrounds himself with

courtiers whom it pleases him to despise, and creates self-interests directly antagonistic to those of the multitude which he is reputed to represent.

So far, our profession as electors has consisted only in recruiting enemies among those who call themselves our friends, or even among those who pretend to belong, as we do, to the party or social revendication. Must we untiringly continue this task of dupes, incessantly till this cask which empties as rapidly, forever try to climb this rock which tumbles back upon us? Or should we busy ourselves with our own work, which is to establish, by ourselves and without delegation, a society of free and equal men? To justify their participation in electoral intrigues, some revolutionary socialists claim to have no object in view except agitation. Passions being more excited during electoral struggles, they would take advantage of this fact to act more forcibly on the minds of the people and gain new adherents to the cause of the revolution. "But does not the election itself mislead all these passions? The interest excited by elections is of the same order as that felt at the gaming-table. The course of the candidates at the balloting is like that of the horses at a hippodrome: people are eager to know who will win by a length or half-length; then, after the emotions excited by the struggle, they think the business finished until the races of the following year or decade, and go to their rest as if the real work was not yet to do. The elections serve only to start the revolutionists on a false scent and consequently waste their strength. As for us Anarchists, we remain in the ranks, equals of each other. Knowing that authority always results sadly to him who exercises it and to those who submit to it, we should feel ourselves dishonored were we to descend from our condition of free men to enroll ourselves on the list of mendicants of power. That business let us leave to the prideless people who like to crook the spine.

Besides, what need have we to enter a society not our own? In vain they tell us that the establishment of an anarchistic society is impossible; such a society already exists: once more, it is by moving that we have proved movement to be possible. In spite of the hostile conditions forced upon us by *bourgeoise* and capitalistic society, anarchistic groups are springing up everywhere; they have no need of presidents or of privileged representatives; woman is not the inferior of man, nor is the foreigner deprived of the rights which the Frenchman enjoys; all these factitious distinctions made by institutions and laws have disappeared from our midst. Each employs himself according to his faculties, labors according to his strength without demanding additional reward for his superior merit. And while the so-called governing classes know how to set us no other example than that of

trying to succeed at any price in extracting their incomes from the toll of another, in the ranks of the so-called governed classes are to be seen the rudiments of a world no longer that of priests and kings. There you find strength, because there you find labor and solidarity! But it is not enough to have strength; it is also necessary to have the confidence of its possession and the wisdom not to apply it hap-hazard, as has been done hitherto, in revolutions of caprice, in which blind instinct played the largest part. That, companions, was the special word that I had to say to you. Prepare yourselves for the grand struggle!

A Gentleman Who Objects to Liberty.

Mr. Tucker, sir I have just received a copy of your paper called Liberty. I have read some if it. two peices I will call your Attention to — —

gods wicked partners . . and the one a game two can play at Now if you have such stuff in your Heart keep it there and do not corupt the world with it — —

I don't think such a paper fit for outhouse use

Eli Cheney

kinderhooK Feb 22nd 1882

[We are happy to say that Mr. Cheney's closing sentiment commands our unqualified approval. — Editor Liberty.]

Crumbs from Liberty's Table.

As civilization advances, the necessity of law diminishes. — *Bullion*.

Men, in a free country, have the right not to work if the terms offered by their employers do not suit them. The condition of being employed is as voluntary as the condition of employing. The right to strike is just as sacred to the laborer as the right of suddenly discharging a thousand men is to the capitalist. The military force is not maintained for the purpose of destroying either right. — *New York Sun*.

It is a mistake to suppose that by an equal distribution of wealth is meant equality in quantity. The question, "Who is the Somebody?" is not based upon the fact that some people have more wealth than others, but upon the fact that Somebody has the wealth which somebody else has produced, and consequently ought to own. An equal distribution of wealth means such a distribution as will give to each producer his equitable proportion of what he has assisted to produce. If one man creates \$100 worth of wealth in a day and another \$10, it would not be equitable to give each half of the whole — i.e. \$55. But neither is it equitable to give one \$105 and the other only \$5. But it is equitable to give \$10 to the one who produced \$10 and \$100 to the one who produced \$100, loss their fair proportion of taxes. — *New York Truth*.

A Fable.

The cat and the dog had a quarrel,
Each claiming its tail-wag most moral,

And going it strong
That the other was wrong,

And never could hope for the laurel.

Puss argued in elegant phrases:
“The tail wasn’t made to give praises,

And wag when you’re grateful,
But savage and hateful,—

And then you should shake it like blazes.”
Then answered the clog: “Why not state your
Belief to our next Legislature.

And get them to grant you
A ‘HEARING’ — Why can’t you? —

They’d soon make a change in my nature.”

Willoughby W.

Nobodies.

Judging from the daily papers, one would infer that the great mass of the people in this community, or in this Commonwealth, are nobodies, and that only a small percentage of our population is of actual account. A lot of leading politicians who contrive to hold all the offices and run the government for the anonymous millions of their fellow-citizens,— these people are *somebodies*. The daily papers are full of their movements, sayings and doings. When they die, column or two are devoted a to their biographies and obituaries. We are told how “smart” they were, and how sumptuously they lived at the public expense. A short time ago “Horace Gray” was the current topic of the obsequious and laundry press for days, until one became slightly bored with it, and refused to peruse articles, paragraphs, and despatches devoted to it. Newspaper readers were fairly surfeited with “Horace Gray.” A great many people about us are daily entering the mists of death, who scarcely get a mere mention in the newspaper press, whose departures, indeed, do not create a ripple. But let two or three prominent lawyers, judges, or governors shuffle off the mortal coil of life, and straightway we learn that a gloom overspreads our entire community. We poor devils of survivors, who are nobodies, mere anonymous rubbish, are told that we are bereaved, orphaned, and left without salaried guides, because the Hon. So-and-So has ceased to draw his quarterly stipend from the treasury of the city or Commonwealth, and the Hon. X. Y. will no more travel at the national expense to Washington to represent us in Congress. It turns out that most of these famous men of the newspapers were and are “pushing” people. Then, again, the death of a prominent man is a real godsend to the newspapers, of which they make the most by spreading it over as much space as possible. Indeed, every incident and every notorious individual are magnified and dilated by the press out of all proportion to its or his importance. The advent of the long-haired, poetic lunatic, or “crank,” known as Oscar Wilde, upon our shores is discussed by the press as if it was an event of first-rate importance. In this way the press is doing all it can to confound the public judgement and render it incapable of just discrimination.

a.

The End of a Religion.

Under the above title, Henri Rochefort, the day after the civil burial of M. Herold, the eminent French freethinker, recently dead, who for so many years was prefect of the department of the Seine and consequently administrator of the municipal affairs of Paris, commented upon the services in the following words, translated from "L'Intransigeant":—

The civil burial of M. Herold is the most serious service that that senatorial functionary ever rendered in his life, or rather in his death, to the cause of the Republic and of liberty of conscience.

His conduct in persisting in his freethought even to the tomb and including it was the more meritorious in that he was born a Protestant, and that the adepts of that religion, which calls itself reformed although it has a horror of reforms, are devotees even more fanatical than the Catholics.

Litré, in dying under the auspices of the church, forever compromised his memory. Herold has just assured his. The example that he, prefect of the Seine, has had the courage to set to the city whose affairs he administered will do more to scatter the mass pf absurdities agglomerated under the name of Christianity than all our articles and all our preaching. Not ten years ago the absence of the priest from the obsequies of a citizen was considered by the least devout as an eccentricity in bad taste, and by the faithful as the last word of scoundrelism. Such prefects as the Ducros and the Nadaillacs could post decrees with impunity, obliging bodies intended for civil burial to be taken away at five o'clock in the morning, at the same hour as the rubbish heaped before our doors.

Relatives were not even allowed to follow to their last resting-place the bodies of these pestiferous persons, and there was talk of adding a corner for them to the cemetery set apart for the executioner's victims.

The old St. Simonian, Félicien David, having refused the aid of holy water and of the last prayers, the detachment which accompanied the hearse of this officer of the Legion of Honor received from its colonel an order to turn back as soon as he learned that they were proceeding directly from the house of the dead to Pere-Lachaise.

To-day, the first magistrate of the capital of France disdainfully rejects the aspergill, the *De profundis*, the mass for the dead, even though in music; and all

those who, but a few years ago, would have veiled their faces before an atheism so pronounced,— the president of the senate, the prefect of police, I the president of the chamber of commerce, the governor of Paris, the president of the Republic in the person of his representative,— have marched in the procession with the air of people scandalized not the least in the world, talking of matters quite other than the eternal flames which the deceased nevertheless could not escape.

Now there is no room for delusion concerning the significance of a civil burial. It is no longer simply the negation of the bagatelles of Catholicism, such as the immaculate conception, the infallibility of the pope, the real presence of Jesus Christ in a wafer of flour which serves to make angels and which might serve quite as well to make pancakes; it is the rejection *in toto* of all the dogmas on which rests the immense mystification which is the basis of the Christian as of every other religion. No more immortality of the soul, no more last judgment, no more paradise, no more creator: uncreated matter, whence the body came and whither it returns. For the great argument of the priests is this:

“Who could have created the world, if not God?”

But they have never answered the question with which the atheists ever confront them:

“If nothing can create itself unaided, tell us, then, who created God ?”

These are the theories that have been sanctioned by the senators, deputies, high dignitaries, and official personages who ranged themselves around M. Herold's tomb.

Though some may not have attached to this deeply serious fact all the importance which it merits, surely the clergy have measured its potent consequences.

Henceforth civil burial, no longer a matter of private conviction merely, is a constituent part of the public morals. Yesterday religious obsequies were the rule. To-morrow they will be the exception.

The Coming Revolution.

The coming revolution will bear a character of universality which will distinguish it from all preceding revolutions. It will be no longer one country that will rush into the fray, but the combined nations of the world. Formerly a localized revolution was possible, but now, with all the bonds of union and the commerce between all the countries of Europe, it will be impossible to confine a revolution if it lasts a certain time. This will be more certainly the case now than it was even in 1848, in consequence of the freer interchange of idea which takes place at the present time, and which it is our duty and our interest to develop and encourage by way of preparation for the international revolution, which must consume the old society of Europe before we can build up the new social edifice.

In 1848 the insurgent towns placed their trust in changes of government, or in constitutional reforms, but such would not be the case at the present time. The working man of Paris, Lyons, or Marseilles, will not wait to receive the accomplishment of his desires from any government, not even from the free commune; he will set to work himself, and say to himself, "That will be so much the more finished and done with." The Russian people will not wait for a constituent assembly to give them the land they cultivate; they will take it themselves, and at once. It will be the same with Italy and Spain; and, if a certain number of German workingmen allow themselves to be bamboozled by half-hearted or treacherous leaders of their party in Parliament who urge them to wait for constitutional reforms, the example of their neighbors will not be long in teaching them the true revolutionary road. To sum up briefly, the approaching revolution will be effected by the people, "without waiting for it to fall from on high like manna from heaven." Friends! we who are the people have had to make many sacrifices in the past, and we will have to make them; unjust sacrifices extorted from us against our will, and sacrifices which we earnestly desire to free ourselves from; sacrifices of time and health, of comfort, of instruction, of home affections, and of all that constitutes the happiness of life and makes it worth living. Yet we have another sacrifice to make, and, until we do so cheerfully, I fear that we shall not play our part in the great work of emancipation. We must sacrifice one by one, or, better still, altogether, those prejudices, those thousand prejudices, which we have inherited, and which are the only heritage that most of us have received. But among these prejudices there is one which deserves all our attention, not only because it is the basis of our

modern institutions, but because we find traces of it in nearly all the social theories which have been put forward by reformers. The prejudice I refer to is that which consists in putting faith in representative government, or government by proxy. Toward the end of the last century the French people overturned the monarchy, and the last of the absolute kings expiated on the scaffold, not only his own crimes, but also those of his predecessors. Well, it would appear that at the very time when everything which was good or great or lasting in the revolutionary work had been accomplished, thanks to the energy and on the responsibility of individuals or of groups, and thanks also to the weakness of the central power,— it would seem, I say, that at that very time the people were preparing to return under the yoke of a new power. And such was the one. Under the influence of governmental prejudices, and deceived by the appearance of Liberty supposed to be enjoyed by the people: of England and America under the constitutions of those countries, the French people hastened to give itself constitutions which it has never wearied or changing. Later, the example of France has been followed by all the nations of Europe, with the single exception of Russia; all, at different times, have shaken off the yoke of despotic personal rule to place themselves under the thumb of assemblies of representatives even under the Commune of 1871 a decided tendency to parliamentarism was at times shown. Happily, however, a new light is breaking upon the eyes of the people with reference to this matter, and they are beginning to see that the best way to be free is not to be too much represented, not to abandon everything either to Providence or to their deputies, but to conduct and administer their affairs themselves.

a. Droege.

London, December, 1881.

Chapter XVII

On Picket Duty.

We are now prepared to furnish the portrait of Michael Bakounine (published in Liberty several weeks ago) separately and on large, heavy paper. It ought to adorn the library walls of every true radical. Consult our advertising column for further information.

The Philadelphia "Press" refers to the British house of commons as a "band of chuckle-headed dullards." So exact an appreciation of the tools of the governing classes is worthy of Liberty, who hastens to acknowledge her encouragement at hearing her opinions echoed by her influential contemporaries.

On another page will be found along extract from a newly published pamphlet on "Natural Law," written by that veteran but ever young reformer and philosopher, Lysander Spooner. The whole pamphlet is a powerful and closely argued statement of the philosophy of Liberty, showing the unrighteousness of the government of man by man. It is, however, but an, introduction to a large volume intended to be exhaustive of the subject. Nevertheless it is an integral, and not a fragmentary portion of the work, and maybe read with satisfaction and profit by all. Liberty trusts that each of her readers and friends will pay immediate heed to the advertisement in another column, and order a copy forthwith.

Elsewhere may be found resolutions adopted by active and earnest coworkers in Jersey City in support of the act of George Hendrix in defacing the monument erected by Cyrus W. Field in honor of Major Andre. Against these resolutions Liberty feels bound to protest. We fully agree that Mr. Cyrus W. Field is a thoroughly contemptible being, whose souls, if he has one, will shrivel in hell, if there is one. But, as long as he shall remain on earth, he will have rights, the same rights that every other man has, and in his exercise thereof Liberty will ever defend him even against her own friends. Among these rights is the right to worship any good *or man* he pleases and *in his own way*. Whoever disturbs or interferes with him in such worship strikes an unwarrantable blow at freedom of expression, and in so far is false to Liberty. We heartily join in condemnation of the illegal arrest of Mr. Hendrix, not only as the act of a compulsory government which is not entitled to arrest anybody, but as a denial of one of the prerogatives which said government itself pretends to guarantee to its citizens. Still we remember that, if Mr. Hendrix is guilty, his arrest is simply one outrage of Liberty in return for another. The monument erected at Tappautown should be allowed to stand inviolate until taken

down by Mr. Field impelled by a sense of his own shame. This, first, for a principle's sake, because Mr. Field had a right to erect it, and, second, for policy's sake, because while it stands, it will commemorate ehieny, not the act of Andre, but the folly and servility of his small-souled admirer. Remember! He is no fit soldier of Liberty who refuses to accord Liberty to his enemy.

Patrick Ford has issued through his journal, the "Irish World," a strong personal declaration on the Irish land question. As a whole it is manly and has the right ring. To be sure, it contains one rhetorically resonant passage glorifying the "Holy Catholic Church" and her infallibility and pledging the writer to a total change of his opinions the instant the "Mother of the Living" shall announce her antagonism thereto, perhaps the most eloquent piece of self-stultification to utter which any man ever soared to the skies with his voice or grovelled in the mire with his intellect. But such things are to be expected from Patrick Ford, the Catholic and slave of superstition. Patrick Ford, the reformer and light-spreader, in whom alone Liberty takes interest, is quite another person. *He* declares afresh and in unmistakable terms his adherence to the "No Rent" standard, and rebukes, in words that would shame any but shameless men, those who would nullify the grand work already achieved for Ireland by abandoning the Land League with victory almost within its grasp to engage in a hopeless struggle for "home rule" and Irish independence. Home rule, forsooth! As if that were not as bad as any rule! As if Ireland had not suffered too much from the rule already! What she needs now is no rule, *anarchy*, with which will come peace. For where there is no rule there will be no monopoly; and where there is no monopoly there will be no rent; and where there is no rent there will be no disturbing land question, and every other question of human welfare will be started on the road to its speedy solution.

Of the absolute correctness of the principle, and advisability of the policy, of free trade there can be no reasonable doubt, but it must be thorough-going free trade,— no such half-way arrangement as that which the so-called "free traders" would have adopted. David A. Wells, Professor Perry, and all the economists of the Manchester school are fond of clamoring for "free trade," but an examination of their position always shows them the most ardent advocates of monopoly in the manufacture of money; the bitterest opponents of free trade in credit. They agree and insist that it is nothing less than tyranny for the government to clip a large slice out of the foreign product which any one chooses to import, but are unable to detect any violation of freedom in the exclusive license given the government to a conspiracy of note-sharing corporations called national banks, which are enabled

by this monopoly to clip anywhere from three to fifteen per cent out of the credit which the people are compelled to buy of them. Such “free trade” as this is the most palpable sham to any one who really looks into it. It makes gold a privileged product, the king of commodities. And as long as this royalty of gold exists, the protectionists who make so much of the theory of the “balance of trade” will occupy an invulnerable position. While gold is king, the nation which absorbs it — that is, the nation whose exports largely exceed its imports — will surely govern the world. But dethrone this worst of despots, and that country will be the most powerful which succeeds to the largest extent in getting rid of its gold in exchange for products more useful. In other word, the republicanization of specie must precede the freedom of trade.

To The American People.

The public prints have told you of political trials in Russia and of the monstrous judgments daily pronounced in her courts. But they have told you nothing of the cruel sufferings of the condemned; and the victims whose names are recorded by them are but a fraction of the crowds that go to their doom in darkness and silence. Before the vast and ever widening discontent of the Russian people, authority in Russia is terror-stricken and amazed; and it lays hands, by tens of thousands, on our youth, and sends them, men and women alike, into hopeless banishment. The deserts in the north of the Empire, from the dreary wastes round the White - Sea to the frozen shores of Eastern Asia, are scattered over with bands of exiles, the flower of the Russian race. They are imprisoned everywhere: in wretched hamlets, in the depths of trackless and inhospitable forests, in remote tribal camps in Eastern Siberia, where hardly a word of their native tongue is spoken or understood. And they have to endure not only the moral tortures of isolation and inactivity, but the physical pangs of hunger and cold. There is scarce a means of livelihood that is not denied them; and though to each the State allots a pittance for his support,— twelve shillings a month if he is nobly born; seven shillings a month if he is not,— there are of late so many of them that it is never paid until long overdue. Month after month goes by, and many an exile dies for lack of bread before he has received a single farthing.

They are mostly young and energetic; they have faith in the coming of better times; they are brave and strong enough to make little of the trials that are imposed upon them by the desperate necessities of their time and of the duties to which they are called, if they had but the hope that they might one day live and work among their friends. But their strength is wasted by misery and hardship, and they die easily and soon.

Money alone is needed: that much suffering may be spared and many sufferers may be saved. To raise it, and afterwards distribute it among our prisoners, we have formed a Red Cross Society of the People's Will. It bears no part whatever in our war against authority. Its relation to the Revolutionary Party is that of the Red Cross Society of Geneva to an army in the field. There is only one difference,— that the Red Cross Society: of the People's Will shares in each and every one of the dangers of the force it would succor and relieve.

Such funds as it may raise will be devoted to but one use. Not a penny but will be spent upon political exiles and political prisoners. It will make no distinction in favor of persons or opinions. All who suffer and are in need will receive of it alike.

The Society esteems it a duty to appeal not only to the men and women of Russia, where to be charitable to political convicts is to run the risk of suffering beside them, but to the men and women of the freer and happier countries of Western Europe and America.

To this end it has appointed two of its members to work of organizing sections abroad, and of gathering in such sums as may be bestowed in favor of the ends it has in view. These delegates are *Vera Zassoulitch* and *Peter Lavroff*. Their instructions are as follows: —

- (1) To appeal directly to subscribers, by means of numbered and stamped subscription lists, signed by the delegates themselves and containing an account of all sums received.
- (2) To beg all journals and organs of public opinion to assist the Society by opening subscription lists and receiving and paying in subscriptions.
- (3) To publish accounts of all subscriptions received and of manner of their employ.
- (4) To appoint receivers in countries to which no delegate has been named, whose signature shall have equal authority with that of the delegates themselves.

Benj. R. Tucker, Editor of *Liberty*, P. O. Box 3366, Boston, Mass., is the delegate for America.

It is earnestly requested that subscriptions be only paid (1) to one or other of the delegates; (2) to persons accredited by the possession of subscription lists, as described above; or (3) to the editors of such journals as shall consent to receive subscriptions for the Society.

Vera Zassoulitch.

Peter Lavroff.

Americans, Attention!

In our issue of January 21, No. 13, appeared an appeal of the Nihilists for pecuniary aid, not in behalf of the movement itself, but for the material relief of those who are now suffering in consequence of their participation in the struggle for Liberty in Russia. The special appeal then printed was a translation of that which had been issued to the people of France. To-day, in another column, we printed the appeal that has been issued directly to the English-speaking race and especially to Americans. In it is stated the fact, which we now take pleasure and pride in announcing, that the Editor of *Liberty* has been duly appointed the American delegate of the Red Cross Society of the Will of People to organize the subscription in this country, and receive, acknowledge, and transmit such responses to the appeal as American sympathy and American love of Liberty shall show its willingness to make. He assumes the trust thus placed in his keeping with clear sense of the honor conferred and full realization of its importance. He adds his voice to those of Vera Zassoulitch and Pierre Lavroff, who in turn speak authoritatively for the best elements of Russian life, and, with all the earnestness at his command, asks every one whom it may reach to give the utmost that he or she can spare to succor the Siberian exiles and their suffering families. The appeal is to the human heart, regardless of individual opinions. Let it not be said that the citizens of the freest country in the world failed to do their best to heal the wounds inflicted upon such of their brethren as have heroically struggled to cast off the chains placed upon them by the most absolute and cruel of autocracies.

We are in possession of stamped and numbered subscription lists issued by the Central Committee of the Red Cross. To any responsible person in any part of America who shall signify his willingness to devote a portion of his time to working up the subscription, one of these lists, together with copies of the printed appeal, will be forwarded. Especially do we urge our readers to take a hand, and an active one, in the glorious work. Individual subscriptions may be sent directly to Benj. R. Tucker, Box 3366, Boston, Mass.; also any requests for further information. All amounts received, with the names of the donors, will be acknowledged in these columns, and promptly transmitted, at least possible cost, to the Central Committee.

Let us add that the appeal which we formerly published occasioned, by its issuance in France, the expulsion of Pierre Lavroff, one of its signers, from French

territory by the new ministry, which professes to be governed in its policy by the principle of Liberty. Lavroff has long lived the life of quiet student in Paris, spending most of his time in the libraries, and his expulsion is another evidence of the hypocrisy of the pretence that any other principle than authority can lie at the foundation of any form of government whatsoever. Before leaving France, he addressed a letter to Clémecau, from which we quote the following passages, leaving till another time the burning comments of the radical press of Paris upon this latest outrage:

I have just been notified of the decree expelling me from French territory.

Having scarcely busied myself at several years with the affairs of France, I did not consider myself so dangerous to “public safety” of the republican country in which I took up my residence some five years ago. But I do not complain. A revolutionary socialist, it is with me axiom that existing society cannot be society of justice and liberty; if it pleases the government of French republic to furnish new proofs in support of my theory, it would ill become me to exhibit astonishment. It acts according to the logic of its situation as a government. . . .

It intends, in expelling me to-day, to show a mark of friendship for the government of the Russian empire; but, in view of the weakness and inferior intelligence of the latter, this act of compliance is not unlikely to be found more disinterested than we could have desired. Who knows how many other concessions to political combinations will follow to-morrow? It is inevitable. . . .

Driven rudely from a country which I loved and where I have made friends, I have only to submit to the decree, still deeming it thoughtful on the part of a minister not to have relegated me to some interior stronghold, or not to have conducted me to the frontier, manacles on wrists and in prison wagon, as happened a year and half ago to several of my friends, who had mingled as little as I in the struggles of French political parties.

I submit, then, to the decree of the ministry, and shall probably have left France when you read this letter. But it is for you and your friends, representatives of the French people and managers of their journals; for you, who, by talent and political influence, are the natural guardians of the interests and honor of your country,— it is you to take heed whether the government of the French republic is not allowing itself to glide too quickly into a path fatal to the principles of liberty and democracy, whether the danger, from the moral and political point of view, does not become more imminent with every hour.

In quitting France, probably forever, I shall always preserve the memory of those who struggle within her boundaries for the triumph of the principles of republican radicalism.

Samuel Johnson.

Liberty hears with regret of the death of Samuel Johnson. Of the religious radical who, since the death of Parker, have come into notice as apostles of Reason in Religion, Mr. Johnson, less widely known than many others, easily stood foremost. In breadth of view, clearness of thought, he had among the radical writers no superior. His many and carefully prepared contributions to the "Radical" show the vigor and temper of his mind. A transcendentalist of most consistent parts, he knew always where he stood, and was never found lapsing into uncertainty and compromise. The materialist found in him a man with both the courage of his convictions and the "preparedness" to state them. He knew his own ground thoroughly. Probably no writer has presented the transcendental philosophy with more satisfaction to transcendental believers than did Mr. Johnson in an elaborate paper published in the "Radical Review," nearly five years ago. For nineteen years he was the preacher to a Free Society in Lynn. He was a firm believer in individual, personal influence and power, and instinctively avoided the organizing, sectarian purposes and plans so beguiling to others. The bond of organized religious propagandism, however liberal in protestations, was to his mind still a fetter. To swap the "Lordship of Christ" for the mastership of even a *tacit understanding* among radicals as to matters of belief was to make no signal advance. The mind, to be free, must follow its own laws with not even the implied duty of social argument. Each man must do his own work in his own way on his own ground, and without fear or favor. For this duty of freedom, this absolute necessity for independent activity, he ever did valiant and successful battle. And herein, more than in any other fact of his life, does Liberty rejoice. In *spirit* Mr. Johnson was ever a Liberty's side. But not always could he see o'er what seemingly dangerous passes the aspiring dame led. If he did not follow her to the length of her leading, it was not that he lacked the courage, but that, to his ardent vision, the goal had been touched. Nevertheless, in his philosophy the foundations of Liberty were laid deep and strong. Sincerity, honesty of thought and expression ennobled and strengthened his whole life. Not shrinking from the world, as some mistakenly have said, but retiring to his appointed tasks that he might well and faithfully do them, he toiled happily and unremittingly. Twenty years and more he had worked upon the three large volumes devoted to the "Oriental Religions," two of which, published by J. R. Osgood & Co., are before the public,— "India" and "China." This last-named volume is well worthy the widest circulation. It treats of the Chinese people, their

religion, philosophy, government, their whole social life and history, in the most learned and intelligent manner, and has the most practical of bearing upon this now exciting question in American politics. From its pages one learns that the much hated "heathen Chinee" is, in nearly all the essentials of real manliness, quite beyond the imitation even of his Christian detractors.

Mr. Johnson's death occurred suddenly, and gave a sad surprise to his many personal friends. A brave, true man, whose memory Liberty will ever cherish! Had he begun life to-day with the same fervent zeal and clear-sightedness that characterized his anti-slavery career thirty years ago, there is no doubt where he would have taken his stand and what new battles he would have helped Liberty fight. But age and death, foes and destroyers of us all, chained and claimed him. Much he did, yet much remains behind. In his day and generation he did Liberty noble service. But nobler, higher, profounder meanings the ages unveil, and we who still live must needs press forward into their newer and stronger light.

"Freedom all-winged expands,
Nor perches in narrow place,
Her broad van seeks unplanted lands."

These lines of Emerson he loved to quote, and now that his lips are still, his voice silent, Liberty to his memory repeats them, and adopts them as her own.

Construction and Destruction.

Almost without exception every new subscriber to *Liberty* to whom its purposes are disclosed and who has grown up under prevailing systems exclaims: "Ah! I see you are wonderfully expert as tearing down, but you don't say what you propose to substitute. I am fully aware that our present governments are terribly rotten, but you don't propose anything better."

Dear friends: suppose the natural road-bed from Boston to Lowell were of the very best quality. Nature had made it most admirably adapted for travel and transportation. But, seeing a chance to put up a job and rob the public, certain designing rogues, hired by a few thieving contractors, have succeeded, through the vile arts of politics, in covering this natural pavement with a certain patent invention, gotten up by the political road-builders. You and we are located on this patent road. Every time that we put a spade into our ground we find that the natural bed is almost perfect. It is hard, yet elastic and absorptive, and in every way adapted for commerce and transportation, if it had only been left to the care of those who use it, and who have most at stake in its serviceability.

But the patent road we find to be a perfect nuisance. We are constantly being levied upon by force to support it and repair it. Every day we, or some of our neighbors, "get stuck" upon it and our property is ruined and disabled. It is hard to walk and ride upon. It is uneven. It is full of gullies and holes, and is in every way a constant source of damage to our lives and possessions.

But, whenever we complain and appeal to the political road-builders, they are very polite and sympathetic. They hear our grievances, and straightway the jobbing contractors behind them set about to repair the road at our expense in their own way. The taxes increase, but the road grows worse. Some of us begin to suspect that the whole scheme is a put-up job to rob us, but then the thought that it is the work of our legislative governors restrains us from wicked, anarchistic designs. And yet the thought that underneath their artificial patent road there is a perfect natural bed constantly haunts us. "if they had only let us alone," some of us cry, "and not built up their artificial swindle over the natural bed in the first place, all would have been well."

But by and by two or three resolute dwellers along the road begin to ask themselves: "By what right do these swindling political patent-road-builders meddle with the natural bed? By what sacred right are these robbers privileged to

eternally impose upon us? Why should they have any authority above *us* in these matters?" etc.; and, upon looking into the matter deeply, they find that the robbers have no solid claim to authority in natural justice.

Now, then, for radical, heroic treatment! On some fine morning they start out with plow and pick and dynamite to "tear down" the useless and costly superstructure. But scarcely have their plows penetrated the patent road and touched hard-pan when the other plundered neighbors arrive upon the scene. "Hold on!" they cry with one accord; "you are wonderfully expert at tearing down, but you don't say what you propose to substitute. We are aware that the patent-road-builders and their road are terribly rotten, but you don't propose anything better." The fact is that they have become so imbued with the idea that nothing can be properly done without resolutions, bills, committees, votes, and all the red-tape hocus-pocus of the State that these superstitious falsely educated, state-craft-ridden neighbors are ready to pounce upon their only true friends, who desire to go straight down to hard-pan and abolish the robbing swindlers.

The reply of the hard-pan men to their deluded neighbors is very simple. They *are* constructing something better in the very fact and act of tearing down. Removing the rotten superstructure is in and of itself building something better. While they are putting the plow down to hard-pan, they do not forbid these who choose from using the old superstructure till their work is done. They simply ask their neighbors to take hold and hasten its removal, instead of standing idle and finding fault, if not denouncing them in their righteous work. When the old rotten swindle is out of the way, then whatever new arrangements are necessary to complete the usefulness of the natural road can be easily fixed upon and executed by mutual consent.

But the old superstructure must come down before any construction is possible. The road of equitable commerce is already there, if the patent innovation can only be gotten out of the way. These political patent-road-builders are simply usurpers, who persistently block the way and tax their fellow men to sustain their nuisances. In waging war against natural equity and true government it is *they* who are the real destructionists. If our friends will only wean themselves from the old delusion of confounding the cart with the horse, they will then easily see that the friends of Liberty are the only real constructionists. We hope we have made our point plain.

In consequence of a demand that has arisen for pictures of Laura Kendrick, her friends contemplate the production of a fine photo-lithograph of her features. The project will be carried out, if it receives sufficient encouragement. Such persons as would, in that case order one or more copies at twenty-five cents each will confer a favor by sending their names and addresses without delay to Liberty for transmission to those having the matter in charge, in order that the latter may know whether or not to proceed with the work proposed.

A Heroine of the Commune.

Today is the Eighteenth of March, the anniversary of the Paris Commune, a glorious date in the calendar of Liberty. It is the day we celebrate. But this year it is Fortune's will that we should celebrate it at the grave whither one of the Commune's many heroines has lately gone. Marie Ferré, sister of the brave Théophile Ferré who was shot at Satory by the infamous Thiers, was buried at Paris in the cemetery of Levallois-Perret on February 27. From various Paris papers we glean the following facts concerning the sad event:

Marie Ferré succumbed to a disease of the heart complicated with rheumatism. She died at the house of a friend, Mme. Camille Bias, No. 27 Rue Cendorcet. From this house at nine o'clock in the morning the procession started. A civil burial, it is needless to say. Very simple obsequies. The hearse, one of the most modest, bore three large crowns of red and white roses, to say nothing of immortelles. Following the hearse, to the number of about fifteen hundred, were the principal survivors of the Commune: Henri Rochefort, Clovis Hugues, General Eudes, Alphonse Humbert, Louise Michel, Emile Gautier, and many others. It was a long way to the cemetery, where the deceased was to be buried beside her brother, and it took an hour and a quarter to make the journey, which was effected in the most tranquil manner. At the head of the procession walked three citizens carrying large crowns of red immortelles. At the grave there were several addresses, among which was one by Louise Michel, who said:

"Citizens, soon this open tomb will close forever on the dearest possession of the democratic and social revolution. Marie Ferré, whom we all admired, manifested all the virtues of woman, all the energy of man, whenever there was occasion to struggle for the end which we all pursue. Her memory will live always in the hearts of those who knew her. In her whose body is now to join the body of her assassinated brother we behold another conquered victim, and we shall not forget it. But, though dead, she will ever live, for she will serve as model and exemplar for the women of the revolution. She will recall to all the task which it remains for us to finish, the levelling of all social iniquities by justice and equality. Marie Ferré, adieu, and success to the revolution!"

Henri Rochefort penned the following touching tribute to this noble woman's memory in the columns of "L'Intransigeant," under the head, *La Sœur du Fusillé* (The Sister of the Shot):

She is called, or rather, since they bury her this morning she was called Marie Ferré. Search the volumes of Shakspere, re-read Victor Hugo, traverse the range of bloody tragedies from Corneille to *Æschylus*, we defy you to find anything as dark as the story of this poor flower-girl, who died yesterday almost unexpectedly, we might say in the odor of sanctity: had that phrase not been damaged in the juggleries of the Catholic Church.

In May, 1871, Marie Ferré lay sick of typhoid fever in a small room on the Rue Frasilleau, where she lived with her mother and brother. A police commissioner, followed by police agents and soldiers, burst into her room:

“Where is Théophile Ferré, member of the Commune?”

“I do not know.”

“Perhaps your mother will know.”

They spring upon Mme. Ferre, the mother, and warn her, with that delicacy which characterized the Versaillists in all their exploits, that she must make known the retreat of her son or be immediately shot.

Marie Ferré sprang from her bed, and begged to be executed instead of her mother.

“It is veil; dress yourself, for we are going to take you away,” said the chief of the squad.

At seeing her daughter shivering with fever while donning her garb of death, Mme. Ferré could hold out no longer; her brain gave way. Of her two sons one, the younger, was already a prisoner in the hands of the versaillists; the other probably could not long elude them. To top all, they were about to slay the sister under her very eyes. The unhappy woman fell senseless, and of the incoherent words that passed her lips the police carefully retained this address: Rue Saint-Sauveur.

Thither they ran, ransacked the street until they found Théophile Ferré, and, being unable to take the mother, who was struck with a sort of congestion, dragged off her daughter Marie, who spent a week in a fetid prison amid the prisoners huddled there by hundreds.

On restoring her her liberty the turnkeys told her that her father and her two brothers had been arrested, and that her mother, whom the last shock had driven mad, had been removed to the Saint-Anne asylum, where, for the rest, she died shortly after. Merle alone remained, with her courage and her industry, to supply her relatives with the food that the jailers refused them, for in the prisons

of Versailles without money there was no eating, and I have personally had the pleasure of saving from death by starvation two or three fellow-prisoners, with whom I shared the meals, much too abundant for myself, which were brought to me from without.

But after the week of May and the stories which the venomous newspapers had fabricated concerning the men of the Commune, at what door could one knock to obtain work who bore the name of Ferré? Moreover, at what hour of the day could we orphan labor, when she continually had to be on the road from Levallois to Versailles in order to try to see her brothers, to whom she brought the meagre extras that constituted the major portion of their daily fare?

The night following Ferré's death sentence I was awakened by piercing cries and a noise of broken furniture. At first I thought some prisoner had committed suicide. It was the brother of the condemned, who, occupying the cell above mine, had been plunged by the news of the fate in store for his elder brother into a sort of nervous attack complicated with wild delirium.

They called Ferré, who slept stoically, and for some hours the kindness of the director allowed to remain together in one cell these two members of the same family, of whom one had lost his head and the other was about to lose his life. It was the latter who consoled and succeeded in calming the former. Only my guard, a man who, though very thoroughly hardened to human suffering, had, the profoundest respect for the admirable bravery of the condemned man of the Commune, told me that on re-entering his cell Ferré, who had contained himself from fear of adding fuel to his brother's excitement, seated himself on his bench and, placing his two elbows on the oaken table fastened to the wall, burst into tears.

Marie, who refrained from sleep in order to procure for her relatives a few of the extras so necessary to them, learned, on arriving at the prison, that the elder of her two brothers had been condemned to death and that the younger had just been seized with a fit of burning fever. As for her father, there was nothing against him. Consequently they did not release him. They kept on waiting for something to turn up.

Marie Ferré's torture lasted five months. When I lately saw her again on my return from exile, I still retained all indelible remembrance of the young girl which her unexpected death has just revived. I still see her gliding like a shadow, in her black garments, along the corridor which led to the parlor. Three of us, Rossel, Ferré, and myself, generally met in these box-like enclosures which constitute an

entire room, a sort of cellular omnibus. Being all three marked for death, we had been placed side by side on the ground floor of the prison, with two overseers, who, through our open grates, kept their restless eyes steadily upon us.

In the parlor Mlle. Rossel, Mlle. Ferré, and my children gathered with a common feeling of anxiety. I shall never forget, when they learned that I was sentenced only to perpetual exile in a fortified district, the look of sympathetic envy which the two young girls cast upon my daughters, seeming to say:

“Your father is simply destined to end his days six thousand five hundred leagues away among cannibals; are you not happy enough?”

The sister of Ferré, like the sister of Delescluze, struggled bravely against the bitterness of her sorrows, and then fell conquered. The day when the clerical calendar, which the postman brings us every year, shall be replaced by the republican calendar, the name of this martyr will shine among the most memorable; and if ever civil baptism succeeds religious baptism, honest women will place their infants under the shield of her memory and her virtue.

The Andre Monument.

The following resolutions were passed at a recent meeting of the Jersey City group of the International Working People's Association:

We resolve that we protect against the illegal arrest and imprisonment of citizen Hendrix on a charge of defining a monument erected by traitor Field in memory of spy Andre.

We further resolve that it is a blow aimed at the rights of freemen more deadly than the cannon balls of George the Third.

We further resolve that this dastardly outrage in arresting citizen Hendrix on such charge is an insult to the Rebels of 1776 and to the freemen of to-day.

We further resolve, in the name of Justice and Solidarity, to give our moral and material support to citizen Hendrix or any other person whomsoever who may be imbued with such a spirit of patriotism.

Church and State.

Liberals complain of the oppressions of the church; they say, and truly, that the church is the favorite or the State. But they forget that, were it not for the State, the church would be powerless for evil in this direction. Behind the exemption of church property, the Sunday laws, Bible in the schools, etc. stands the State, enforcing by the power of every bayonet these unjust discrimination. The State has ever been the executive arm of the church. *Her* judges, *her* sheriffs, *her* jailers have sentenced, have hung, racked, burned, exiled, and imprisoned the sentenced heretics in all ages. To-day she forces upon us the morality of the church, and our refusal to conform to the standard ecclesiastic is tantamount to rebellion against the State. The latter power stands pledged to compel us to speak and act in church channels. Let us open our eyes and take a square look at the work before us.

a. a. Walker.

Legislation: Its Origin and Purpose.

[From Lysander Spooner's "Natural Law."]

Through all historic times, wherever any people have advanced beyond the savage state and have learned to increase their means of subsistence by the cultivation of the soil, a greater or less number of them have associated and organized themselves as robbers to plunder and enslave all others who had either accumulated any property that could be seized, or had shown by their labor that they could be made to contribute to the support or pleasure of those who should enslave them.

These bands of robbers, small in number at first, have increased their power by uniting with each other, inventing warlike weapons, disciplining themselves, and perfecting their organizations as military forces, and dividing their plunder (including their captives) among themselves, either in such proportions as have been previously agreed on, or in such it their leaders (always desirous to increase the number of their followers) should prescribe.

The success of these bands of robbers was an easy thing, for the reason that those whom they plundered and enslaved were comparatively defenceless; being scattered thinly over the country; engaged wholly in trying, by rude implements and heavy labor, to extort a subsistence from the soil; having no weapons of war, other than sticks and stones; having no military discipline or organization, and no means of concentrating their forces, or acting in concert, when suddenly attacked. Under these circumstances the only alternative left them for saving even their lives, or the lives of their families, was to yield up not only the crops they had gathered and the lands they had cultivated, but themselves and their families also as slaves.

Thenceforth their fate was, as slaves, to cultivate for others the lands they had before cultivated for themselves. Being driven constantly to their labor, wealth slowly increased; but all went into the hands of their tyrants.

These tyrants, living solely on plunder and on the labor of their slaves, and applying all their energies to the seizure of still more plunder and the enslavement of still other defenceless persons; increasing, too, their numbers, perfecting their organizations, and multiplying their weapons of war, they extend their conquests until, in order to hold what they have already got, it becomes necessary for them to act systematically, and co-operate with each other in holding their slaves in subjection.

But all this they can do only by establishing what they call a government, and making what they call laws.

All the great governments of the world — those now existing as well as those that have passed away — have been of this character. They have been mere bands of robbers, who have associated for purposes of plunder, conquest, and the enslavement of their fellow men. And their laws, as they have called them, have been only such agreements as they have found it necessary to enter into in order to maintain their organizations and act together in plundering and enslaving others and in securing to each his agreed share of the spoils.

All these laws have had no more real obligation than have the agreements which brigands, bandits, and pirates find it necessary to enter into with each other for the more successful accomplishment of their crimes and the more peaceable division of their spoils.

Thus substantially all the legislation of the world has had its origin in the desires of one class of persons to plunder and enslave others, *and hold them as property*.

In process of time, the robber, or slave-holding, class — who had seized all the lands and held all the means of creating wealth — began to discover that the easiest mode of managing their slaves and making them profitable was not for each slaveholder to hold his specified number of slaves, as he had done before, and as he would hold so many cattle, but to give them so much liberty as would throw upon themselves (the slaves) the responsibility of their own subsistence, and yet compel them to sell their labor to the landholding class — their former owners — for just what the latter-might choose to give them.

Of course, these liberated slaves, as some have erroneously called them, having no lands or other property and no means of obtaining an independent subsistence, had no alternative — to save themselves from starvation — but to sell their labor to the landholders in exchange only for the coarsest necessities of life; not always for so much even as that.

These liberated slaves, as they were called, were now scarcely less slaves than they were before. Their means of subsistence were perhaps even more precarious than when each had his own owner, who had an interest to preserve his life. They were liable, at the caprice or interest of the land-holders, to be thrown out of home, employment, and the opportunity of even earning a subsistence by their labor. They were, therefore, in large numbers, driven to the necessity of begging, stealing,

or starving, and became, of course, dangerous to the property and quite of their masters.

The consequence was that these late owners found it necessary, for their own safety and the safety of their property, to organise themselves more perfectly, as a government *and make laws keeping these dangerous people in subjection*; that is, laws fixing the prices at which they should be, compelled to labor, and also prescribing fearful punishments, even death itself, for such thefts and trespasses as they were driven to commit as their only means of saving themselves from starvation.

These laws have continued in force for hundreds, and, in some countries, for thousands of years; and are in force to-day, in greater or less severity, in nearly all the countries on the globe.

The purpose and effect of these laws have been to maintain, in the hands of the robber, or slave-holding class, a monopoly of all lands and, as far as possible, of all other means of creating wealth; and thus to keep the great body of laborers in such a state of poverty and dependence as would compel them to sell their labor to their tyrants for the lowest prices at which life could be sustained.

The result of all this is that the little wealth there is in the world is all in the hands of a few,— that is, in the hands of the law-making, slave-holding class, who are now as much slave-holders in spirit as they ever were, but who accomplish their purposes by means of *the laws they make* for keeping the laborers in subjection and dependence, instead of each one's owning his individual slaves as so many chattels.

Thus the whole business of legislation, which has now grown to such gigantic proportions, had its origin in the conspiracies which have always existed among the few for the purpose of holding the many in subjection and extorting from them their labor and all the profits of their labor.

And the real motives and spirit which lie at the foundation of all legislation — notwithstanding all the pretences and disguises by which they attempt to hide themselves — are the same to-day as they always have been. The whole purpose of this legislation is simply to keep one class of men in subordination and servitude to another.

What, then, is legislation? It is an assumption by one man, or body of men, of absolute, irresponsible dominion over all other men whom they can subject to their power. It is the assumption by one man, or body of men, of a right to subject all

other men to their will and their service. It is the assumption by one man, or body of men, of a right to abolish outright all the natural rights, all the natural liberty of all other men; to make all other men their slaves; to arbitrarily dictate to all other men what they may and may not do, what they may and may not have, what they may and may not be. It is, in short, the assumption of a right to banish the principle of human rights, the principle of justice itself, from off the earth, and set up their own personal will, pleasure, and interest in its place. All this, and nothing less, is involved in the very idea that there can be any such thing as human legislation that is obligatory upon those upon whom it is imposed.

Another Ingersoll in the Field.

The Talmage-Ingersoll controversy has called out the following letter from the colonel's brother in defense of his father and the colonel himself:

Rev. T. D. Talmage, D.D.

Sir: — I have before me a copy of the Cincinnati "Enquirer" containing the report of a sermon delivered by you on the 5th instant, upon the "Meanness of Infidelity." In the course of your remarks you say that you had just received a letter from some one informing you that the Rev. John Ingersoll, father of R. G. Ingersoll and myself, "was abstemious to a fault, and the family suffered accordingly. The children were commanded to eat, drink, and dress sparingly. He never spoken kind word of his wife, who was a noble Christian woman, nor of his children, within the knowledge of persons now living here, who were familiar with the family. At last the mother died. She was cared for by friends in her sickness, and on the day of her interment gentle hands carried her form, and rested it for a time on the catafalque. Mr. Ingersoll, to the astonishment of all present, deliberately removed his cravat and gloves, stepped on the rostrum, and delivered a eulogy over the body. He attempted to extol her virtues and panegyrize her conduct. It was the first time he had ever been known to speak well of her in public."

Now, reverend sir, "will you be kind enough to tell your informant, for me, that he or she is a malignantly cruel, heartless, and infamous liar? Our father was poor; I will not deny it. In the, days of my childhood a minister was forced to practise strict economy to support a family and educate his children upon a salary of \$500 a year. We had abundance to eat and were well clothed, and certainly no man ever better enjoyed ministering to the wants of his family than did our loved and honored father. I believe him to have been an eminently good and conscientious man — I do not say faultless. As for Robert, I will say he was as good and obedient a boy as I ever knew, but all this is neither here nor there. He denies that the Bible is the inspired word of God, and gives his reasons. Here you take issue with him. Now, is it not possible to successfully combat his errors without opening the tomb and spattering with calumny our loved and honored dead? Speaking of your father and mother you say: "Would it not have been debasing in me to hook the horses to the ploughshare of contempt to turn up the mould of their graves?" True. Now let me ask you if you don't think that the Golden Rule requires you to unhook your horses before you ruthlessly turn up the sacred dust that hides from the light of day our

father's snow-white hair. But "Ingersol assails the belief of the father." Well, sir, had your father been an infidel, would you know, entertaining the views you do, combat his opinions? That would probably be a very different thing. Ingersoll says he can not believe that God, the father of us all, ever commanded the Jews to wage wars of extermination against their neighbors, and was delighted at the sight of a babe's blood trickling down the handle of a Jewish spear. Moses said when a woman gave birth to a son thirty-three days were necessary to purify her, but, if she gave birth to a daughter, sixty-six days were necessary. Ingersoll says that looks to him like nonsense, and he really can not believe that God ever ordered any such thing. He says he cannot believe that God, who winked at polygamy and established slavery, ever ordered a man to be pounded to death with stones simply for picking up sticks on the Sabbath day. He says he can not believe that God ever gave express permission to one part of his family to sell diseased meat to the other.

When David says of somebody, "Let there be none to extend mercy unto him, neither let there be any to favor his fatherless children," he says it is impossible for him to believe that either the words or thought were inspired by the good God. Now, if you will draw your theologic belt one hole tighter and answer these things, you will do everybody a favor. You ask Ingersoll to retire to his chamber, lock his door, and read the fourteenth chapter of John. It is good reading. Let me ask you to read the fifteenth Psalm: "Lord, who shall abide be Thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in Thy holy hill?" "He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor death evil to his neighbor, nor taketh ups reproach against his neighbor." With all due respect, I am yours,

John L. Ingersol.

Prospect Hill, Waukesha Co., Wis.

Chapter XVIII

On Picket Duty.

“Conduct,” well says the editor of the “Index,” “must have beneath it a logical basis of rationality, or else it has no validity.” But in that case what an appalling amount of invalid conduct will the “Index” have to answer for, if its efforts in behalf of law-made virtue shall materially increase the amount of that shoddy product in a moral market already overstocked!

Auberon Herbert, the radical English nobleman, says in a recent letter to the London “Daily News”: “I have not a word to say against the speculators. We are all speculators in something, and we can all speculate with as much enthusiasm as we like, if only we have grace enough not to ask that the rest of the nation should be at the back of our speculations.” On the strength of these words and many similar ones that he has uttered, Liberty recommends Mr. Herbert as eligible for membership in any thorough-going society of Anarchists. When the State ceases to back the speculators, its occupation will be gone. It exists for little else than that.

Wendell Phillips is often caught napping on questions of Liberty, and with mental recklessness frequently does violence to the principle for which his life has been a battle. But when the special issue with which Liberty confronts him is one of race-discrimination, he is always wide-awake enough, and sees it in its true light. Consequently, while keeping step with the army of authority in its campaign for compulsory taxation, protective tariff, money monopoly, and prohibitory liquor laws, he is prompt to part company with his cronies in compulsion when the disputed Chinese question presents itself. Being misquoted in Congress recently by one of the howlers against the heathen, he telegraphed to Representative Candler his “detestation of all restrictions on Chinese immigration as inconsistent, absurd, unjust, and wicked.” Amen to that! say we.

The rights of American citizens abroad are becoming a political question of absorbing interest. For many months several naturalized Americans have been imprisoned in English jails without a trial, and that no trial is intended is evident from the fact that they were arrested by the English government under the Coercion Act, which provides for no trial. These men have appealed in vain to James Russell Lowell, the United States minister to England, who, instead of demanding, as he should have done, their immediate release or else the speedy trial which the United States constitution declares the right of every American citizen, attempted to draw distinctions between naturalized, and native Americans and impudently

informed them that they could not expect to be Irishmen and Americans at the same time, after which he went back to his familiar hob-nobbing with the men guilty of this outrage. This delinquent envoy, whose character, once so thoroughly democratic, flattery and station seem to have transformed into that of a fawning flunky, should be instantly recalled, both as a rebuke to himself and as a warning to England. A meeting to demand this as well as instant and determined interference on the part of the United States will be held in Cooper Institute, New York, next Monday evening, and other meetings should be immediately called in all parts of the country to echo the demand. But we fear that there is little to be hoped for from the administration. Governments exist not to protect the people from other governments, but to protect each other from the people whom they oppress. The boasted protection afforded by the State is a chimera. If there were no States, from whom should we need to be protected?

People in general and the governmental socialists in particular think they see a new argument in favor of their beloved State in the assistance which it is rendering to the suffering and starving victims of the Mississippi inundation. Well, such work is better than forging new chains to keep the people in subjection, we allow. But it is not worth the price that is paid for it. The people cannot afford to be enslaved for the sake of being insured. If there were no other alternative, they would do better, on the whole, to take Natures risks and pay her penalties as best they might. But Liberty supplies another alternative, and furnishes better insurance at cheaper rates. The philosophy of voluntary mutualism is universal in its application, not omitting the victims of natural disaster. Mutual banking, by the organization of credit, will secure the greatest possible production of wealth and its most equitable distribution, and mutual insurance, by the organization of risk, will do the utmost that can be done to mitigate and equalize the suffering arising from its accidental destruction.

That able journalist, Prentice Mulford, thus puts the Chinese question in a nutshell: "John Chinaman must be banished so that William Croesus shall give higher wages to Patrick Mahoney. As if William Croesus could not devise means and had not the power and inclination to squeeze by other methods Patrick Mahoney's day's pay down to just sufficient to keep body and soul together!" There you have it, Kearneyites, political fuglers, prescriptionists, and deluded working-people! There you have it, and the whole of it! It could not have been said better. The Chinese question is of no moment as a part of the labor question. Given land and money monopoly, it makes but very little difference whether laborers are

few or many or to what nationality they belong: under such conditions they will not get much more than they must have. Destroy land and money monopoly, the difference is still as small; for then, no matter how numerous the laborers, each will get his due,— that is, the whole of his product. Where there are free land and free money, the supply of work will always exceed the supply of workers, capital will be at the disposal of all men of moderate ability and good credit, and no one will find himself under the necessity of working for wages too small to satisfy him. *This the capitalists and their political tools well know*, and because they know it, they are willing to humor and even foster the delusion of the laborers and grant their short-sighted demand for the exclusion of the Chinese. By this means they hope to postpone the inevitable exposure of their own villainy, obscure the true causes of misery and crime, and prolong for a few more years their opportunities for plunder. But the crash will be only the more terrible when it comes.

The Red Cross Fund.

The appeal of the "Red Cross Society of the People's Will" for aid for the suffering exiles in Siberia is beginning to take effect. Returns are already coming in from some of the localities to which subscription lists have been sent, though many weeks will elapse before Liberty, with its limited means, can succeed in arousing all sections of this vast country to the necessities of their suffering fellow-beings on the opposite side of the globe. But the results which we are able to announce are not at all discouraging. Here are the

Receipts to March 28, 1882.

John Swinton, New York, ... \$40.00	Wm. B. Wright, Boston, ... 2.00	Emil Ross, Boston, ... 1.00
A Friend, Baldwinsville, N. Y., ... 1.00	Mel. Herbert, Boston,50	E. Plisworth, Boston,50
Cash, Boston,25	P. K. O'Lally, Boston, ... 1.50	G. V. Williams, Boston, ... 1.00
H. W. Brown, Boston,50	F. C. Freigang, Boston, ... 1.00	W. L. Sexauer, Boston, ... 1.00
Walter C. Wright, Medford, Mass., ... 2.00	J. W. Holland, Boston, ... 1.00	Friends in Providence, R. I., (names to be acknowledged in next issue) ... 7.00

Total, ... \$60.25

The munificent subscription with which John Swinton leads the list comes from one of the fortunate few who unite a big heart with a big salary and whose sympathies are with the unfortunate many. By all means let those who are able surpass him in his generosity, and let those who are not approach him as nearly as they can. But by no means let the poorest be deterred from contributing his or her mite by any fear that it will not be as warmly welcomed as the larger offerings of the more favorably situated. Every little helps to swell the total, which, in any event, will be all too small for the *entire* fulfilment of the purpose in view. To the many newspapers of the country which have helped to make known the nature of this purpose Liberty, in behalf of the sufferers, extends the most hearty thanks; also to the friends who send us words of encouragement. We print below two of the letters thus far received:

From Liberal, Missouri.

Benj R. Tucker:

Dear Sir,— Having read the heart-rending appeal of the really noble man and woman, Vera Zassoulitch and Pierre Lavroff, in your issue of March 18, I thought I must do something in their behalf as a Russian, a freeman, a Nihilist,— as a human being whose heart is not tamed into stone. But, poor as I am, my mite must be a very insignificant one. Therefore I propose, if you would bestow the honor of a collection in this little town upon me, to undertake it, and shall be happy to do my best in this direction.

Yours very respectfully,

a. Weyler.

Liberal, Barton Co., Mo, March 23, 1882.

From Chicago.

Benj. R. Tucker:

Dear Sir,— Your circular to the press concerning the appeal of the Russian Nihilists has been received by the “Sentinel.” I publish it in full with my hearty endorsement. At some future time I shall contribute something myself. When I think of the desolate condition of the Russian prisoners and exiles, I cannot help wishing that I could be God Almighty for about one hour! I would either soften the hard hearts of their oppressors, or I would blast them with avenging wrath!

Yours for the Liberty of Mankind,

a. a. Norton.

Office of “Sentinel,” Chicago, March 24, 1882.

No one will wonder at Mr. Norton’s righteous indignation who will take the pains to read the accounts of the terrible deeds and *more terrible purposes* of the Russian government printed in this issue of Liberty. Truly, in view of all the appalling facts, the Springfield “Republican” puts it mildly enough in saying of our fund, “there is no exception to be taken to this society’s purpose, and unhappily there is no doubt as to its need.” Come, friends, *down deep into your pockets*, and roll up the Red Cross fund!

Organization, False and True.

The philosophy of Liberty is emphatically opposed to organization, as generally understood. We regard what is commonly recognized as organization as a great and serious obstacle in the way of true progress, and one which Liberty's intelligent disciples should seek on every occasion to frustrate and oppose.

But we by no means would be understood as opposing any rational method by which large bodies of people, having a common purpose in a given sphere, may be brought to act in harmony. We are in perfect accord with the popular truism that "union is strength." Our position is that the basis of popular organization is utterly unscientific, and is a certain source of disunion and weakness. We once heard a skilled parliamentarian, in the ante-room of a lyceum of trained debaters, offer a wager that he could step into that lyceum and break up an exciting debate, though every man on the floor wished to see the debate go on, and do it all under the sanction of "Cushing's Manual," with strict parliamentary rulings. His wager was accepted, and it took him just twenty minutes to accomplish the feat, in spite of the facts that the president of the lyceum was thoroughly conversant with parliamentary law and that the whole floor was united against the intruder.

The fact is that organization, as now conducted, is patterned after the State. The State is a conspiracy against Liberty and true social order, and the procedure which governs its representative bodies, known as parliamentary law, is simply an invented trick to enable the main conspirators to squelch damaging dissenters, and thus forestall the survival of the really fittest. We appeal to the common experience of our readers in asking if nine-tenths of the time and motive power of ordinary clubs, unions, leagues, and lyceums is not generally consumed in lumbering over parliamentary law and in getting out of the tangle of red tape.

The strike now going on in Lawrence presents a case where the friends of labor almost unanimously deplore the fact that there was no organization among the bewildered and undecided strikers. We also deplore the fact, if by organization is meant the presence of some master mind, or minds, to nerve the outraged operatives into intelligent unity of purpose. But if by organisation is meant the presence of a labor union, with an arbitrary code of principles, by-laws, rules of order, and all the paraphernalia of a legislative body,— the whole supplemented by threats, force, and compulsion,— then we say, *No*.

Now, there are doubtless master minds among the five thousand striking operatives of Lawrence. The "Irish World" alone has educated master minds on the land and labor questions in almost every community in America. But so enslaved are the people by organization that brave and level-headed men have come to think that they have no right to stand up and lead their fellows, unless authorized by some artificially equipped and officered machine. *Authority*, in some form or other, has its grip on everybody.

All organization which it is safe to countenance and defend rests on spontaneity, free agency, and choice. In the natural order of things the noble fellow who should post himself in the public square and there, in plain language, give his assembled fellow-workers sound advice as to ultimate ends and immediate measures, would do more effective work for Liberty and emancipation than the despotic fiat of a thousand labor organizations. That fellow is probably there, but, bright and brave as he is, still too servile to authority to feel that he has just as good a right to lead the people as has the grand master of the Knights of Labor, who boasts of his organized following of 250,000 strong. When men first learn to cast off the shackles of authority and office, then we shall see an organization, not founded on compulsion, red tape, and parliamentary hocus pocus, but on the irresistible inspiration that can alone come of intelligence and Liberty.

Royal Rubbish.

Upon the occasion of the celebration of his eighty-sixth birthday last week the German emperor made a very notable speech in reply to an address by a deputation of conservatives from the Reichstag. He said the times were very serious; anarchy threatened both sovereign and people. The worst doctrines were promulgated, and well-intentioned people were led astray. He therefore considered it necessary to again remind the country what the crown of Prussia was. *It was a symbol of absolute authority given by God, and not to be taken away by man.*

This latter remark is said to have made a deep impression upon those who heard it. No wonder it did; and this deep impression, stripped of diplomatic hypocrisy and translated into plain and profane English, probably was that Wilhelm was a damned old fool,— an impression, however, which is no very new one in Germany.

Yes, there is no mistaking the signs of the times. The doctrines of anarchistic socialism are being promulgated throughout the world, and in Germany especially are rapidly absorbing the social democracy. It is a harmless thing for Wilhelm to fall back on God with his shaky old traps of despotism. God has had to shoulder worse rubbish than he. By natural limitation this royal old coon of Hohenzollern must soon come down. His successor will probably again seek to repair the throne with divinity finishings but the old concern is worm-eaten and bound to crumble and rot. It must come down, and the royal tribe must go. This “God-given” trick is becoming very diaphanous. Take away your army of a million blind-folded butchers, Wilhelm, and let us see how long God will back you against man.

A Disgusted Politician.

Within the borders of that political pygmy known as Rhode Island, the land of Roger Williams and “soul liberty,” it is a crime to have been born a foreigner, in that it deprives the citizen of a vote unless he is a land-grabber to the extent of \$134. The bottom motive of this discrimination is to put the laboring masses entirely at the mercy of the manufacturing barons who run the machine.

Certain misguided friends of “equal rights,” however, have so much agitated the matter that the legislature recently appointed a committee to hear their grievances, the committee, of course, being a jury packed in the interest of the manufacturers’ ring. During the hearing one of the protestants against the injustice entered into a laborious argument to prove that a minority rules in Rhode Island. The chairman of the committee, a tool of the ring, named Sheffield, after he had listened long enough in disgust to the logic and the facts, suddenly shouted out contemptuously: “A minority rules in Rhode Island! Doesn’t a minority rule in every State in Christendom?”

And yet there were scores of intelligent reformers present who looked up in surprise, as if they had just learned something now. It is astonishing, but true, that we have sane men on every hand who still believe that in a republic a majority rules. Of course a majority has no better right to rule than a minority; but supposing that the majority theory has any virtue in equity, it is utterly preposterous to assume that even that right was ever long established in fact anywhere. Even a professional politician like Sheffield could not patiently listen to a man so “fresh” as to argue seriously on such a point.

A recent issue of the Springfield "Republican" contained a labored article in which it was maintained that the mathematical custom of neglecting infinitesimals cannot be safely followed in politics. In illustration it was argued that the Chinese should be excluded notwithstanding this fact that we have five hundred Caucasians to each Mongolian. But, curiously enough, a subsequent paragraph contained these words: "Barbarism neglects the infinitesimal, the individual, the petty. The savage gorges himself so long as he has food, and starves until he has it again. He knows nothing of slow accumulation and patient saving; he acquires wealth in mass, if at all, and lacks the percentage virtues. Rudely civilised society in a less degree deals only in the gross. . . . As civilization progresses, smaller coin comes in, doner reckonings are made, until it is the man who looks out for the nickel who succeeds." Now it is well known that the Chinese surpass all other peoples in slow accumulation, patient saving, and the percentage virtues. The "Republican," then, assumes the awkward position of advocating the exclusion from our shores of the very people whose virtues it commends to Americans and who, by its own standard, have reached a higher point in the scale of civilization than any other element from which our population is increased.

Sixteen Deaths for One.

Upon the announcement of the result of the recent Nihilist trials in Russia condemning ten more victims to the gallows the following editorial from the pen of Henri Rochefort appeared in "L'Intransigeant:"

It will be with the death of Alexander II. as with that of Archbishop Darboy. The platoon which shot the latter was composed of twelve men. That is why the councils of war sentenced twenty-eight to the galleys and ten to the gallows as guilty of having fired at him.

So, for two bombs thrown under the carriage of the czar, five Nihilists, of whom one was a woman, have already been hanged. As for Hessy Helfmann, the sixth, who was pregnant, imperial pity was worth to her the privilege of being privately strangled in her prison, she and her child, of whom there has never been any news in spite of the most persistent demands therefor.

Nevertheless, in six condemnations to death for two bombs there was not sufficient food to appease the hunger of the Muscovite ogre. The tribunals of St. Petersburg now offer him ten more victims, of whom this time two are women, who, not being pregnant, will have the opportunity of being publicly suspended from the gallows with their comrades, instead of being secretly choked in their dungeon by an executioner instructed to submit them to torture.

We understand the eagerness of M. Gambetta to sign, the day after his accession to power, decrees for the expulsion of twenty-two Russian refugees, and the haste of M. de Freycinet to honor his signature in the case of the proscribed Lavroff. Evidently the Russian monarchy, to every possessor of power, is the ideal government. When a citizen becomes troublesome, they arrest him without telling him why, and confine him in a casemate dug beneath the level of the Neva. There he dies or goes mad in a very few months; or, should he have the impertinence to endure this freezing process, he is dragged before a court more or less martial, which refuses him the right to summon witnesses or present any other defense.

The public is excluded from the court-room, to which police agents and the servants of the czar are alone admitted, so that no one outside knows what goes on within the four walls from which the accused never emerge except on their way to the scaffold.

And when men rebel against these monstrosities, Messrs. Gambetta and Freycinet have them escorted back to the frontier under the pretext that they are preaching revolution. What the devil would these two cronies have them preach? The status quo perhaps? Then let our government have the courage of their abominable opinion.

If the strangling of pregnant women, the suppression of judicial trials, and the closed-door condemnations of accused parties forbidden to defend themselves seem to them to constitute so superior a political system that they arrest and violently expel Russians guilty of dreaming of another, let them, then, apply to France the Muscovite *regime*, and no more deafen us with their liberal and progressive declarations.

The day when the cabinet yielded to the executioners' demands for expulsion, it took sides with them against the executed. Its duty was to answer as England, America, and even Austria would have answered: "We cannot prevent you from making martyrs of your countrymen and sending them to the gallows when they are at home. But, while they remain with us, we shall protect them from the rope which you twist for them."

After the execution of Sophie Perovskaya, Jeliaboff, and their companions, we are to witness a new massacre, which certainly will be followed by many others.

Well! it is humiliating to have to admit it, but it is the French government which, by the baseness of its attitude toward the executioners, has encouraged them thus to double the number of their victims. They say to each other as they exhibit their gibbets to the crowd: "We are upheld in our little job, not only by monarchical Europe, but by republican France. Of what use is it to interfere with us?"

And at the next slaughter, instead of ten bodies there will be thirty-five.

Soon after the publication of the foregoing article a Russian despatch was sent all over the world announcing that Hussy Helfmann had just died in consequence of her confinement, to which the indomitable Rochefort replied as follows in an article headed "The Confession of the Crime:"

We demanded the other day what had become of Hussy Helfmann, whom first the Russian ministerial organs and then the French ministerial organs pretended had been pardoned by the czar at the solicitation of his gracious spouse.

We who had from an eye-witness the details of the assassination of the condemned, strangled in her prison after tortures which had induced a

miscarriage,— we have never ceased to demand during the last six months that this woman said to be still alive and her pretended child be shown to some one capable of identifying them; for the Russian police had surrounded the crime with a series of falsehoods grouped like the characters in one of Dennery's dramas.

In the first place, the prisoner had had her sentence commuted to hard labor in Siberia, for which she had expressed her warm gratitude toward the emperor. After which she gave birth in due season to a sound and healthy child.

And the sheets which had already denied the horrors of the Bloody Week denied with the same energy those of the dungeons of St. Petersburg. The "Telegraphe" laughed loudly at our accounts of the tortures of the prisoner, and declared that we owed our acquittal in the Roustan case to a bit of the rope with which "Hessy Helfmann was not hanged."

Unfortunately for the Muscovite police as well as their Parisian champions, not a Siberian exile had Hessy Helfmann in his convoy. Inquiries were vainly instituted in every direction, and the uncle of the child of this tortured woman, having gone boldly to the director of the Third Section to announce his desire not only to see and embrace his nephew, but to take charge of him, was unable to find the new-born babe. Nevertheless, it was greatly for the interest of the Russian government to produce this human document in order to refute the charges of assassination circulated by numerous German, Italian, and French journals, especially by "L'Intransigeant."

The czar has finally come to see that this comedy could last no longer, and here are the words with which he puts an end to the inconsiderate questionings of public opinion:

Hessy Helfmann, condemned to death and then pardoned because of her pregnancy, died last week at St. Petersburg from the results of her confinement. Her child, who had been intrusted to a nurse, has been placed in the foundling hospital.

All the gazettes of moderately good breeding printed yesterday this necrological paragraph. Never did murderer, surprised with his knife in the throat of his victim, make more stupid confession of his crime,— the crime in this case being one of which we had been long aware and which we have revealed to our readers in all its details. It was said to the government of all the Russias:

"We accuse you of having executed Hessy in her cell, not having dared to hang her publicly because of the storm of indignation which the execution of a pregnant

woman would have provoked. You affirm that you have pardoned her. We call upon you to show her to us pardoned."

Thus driven to the wall, or rather, to the gibbet, the Russian government replies:

"She died last week at St. Petersburg from the results of her confinement."

At St. Petersburg? In what part? In her dungeon under the Neva? In that case it was not worth while to save a woman from the gallows for the purpose of keeping her during her confinement in a freezingly cold cave. It was more than evident that that would only change the manner of her death.

In a hospital? Which one? In what ward, in what bed has she been cared for during the six months that these interminable "results of her confinement" have lasted?

As for the child, seeing that it would be going a little too far to make it die on the same day as its mother, the executioners have hit upon the ingenious device of changing this missing body into a boarder at the foundling hospital. Whenever any one shall express a desire for ocular evidence of the truth of this story, he will be shown the first baby he comes to, with the words: "There is the little Helfmann. He is the very picture of his mother."

We shall see how the sceptics of the cringing press will receive this new yarn, whose enormity certainly passes all bounds. The real stranglers are certainly as cruel as any of the great bandits whose names have been handed down by history. Only they are infinitely more crafty. The Genghis Khans, the Cambyseses, and even the Neros brought a certain bluster to the execution of their massacres. They exposed to the light the cruelties of which they willingly boasted. The Neros of to-day commit their crimes with closed doors, and then try to pass themselves off as the benefactors of the people of whom they have got rid in the darkness by means of the dagger or the rope.

It will be admitted that the revolutionists who blew to a height which he never could have expected to attain the csar, Alexander II., made no pretence of having pardoned him.

And yet some people profess astonishment that half of Russia has become Nihilistic. The surprising thing to us is that the other half has yet to become so.

In anticipation of the approaching executions, Vera Zassoulitch and thirty-five other Russian socialists who have sought refuge at Geneva have issued the following eloquent appeal:

Ten more gibbets erected by the executioners in the employ of the crowned coward who hides behind the walls of Gatchina.

Shall we allow all the brave to be hanged, all those who still feel the dignity of life and the pride of thought? Shall there be none left in Russia but judges to condemn the innocent, soldiers to cut off their heads, and dogs to lick up their blood?

European friends, we call you to our aid. Send our condemned comrades a word of encouragement. Let them not die without the knowledge that they will be avenged! For our cause is your cause, and it is the struggle began long ago on your barricades that we continue before the palaces of the Neva. If you abandon us, you deny your fathers, and — mark this well — you also condemn your children to a new slavery!

While the backbones of our governors bend lower before the czar with each crime that he commits, stand ye the stiffer, friends, give us your strong hand to reassure us that we are brothers. Tell your masters what you think of their friend, the hangman of all the Russias!

To these voices have been added the potent one of Victor Hugo, whose words, it is rumored, have frightened the czar into commuting the sentences of five of the condemned, though the truth of this report is yet to be established.

Strangely novel facts are taking place.

Despotism and Nihilism continue their war. Shameless war of evil against evil; a duel of the darkness. At intervals an explosion rends the obscurity; a ray of light appears, and night becomes day. It is horrible. Civilization must intervene.

Here is the situation at this hour: Unlimited obscurity; in the midst of the shadow ten human creatures, two of them women (two women!), are marked for death. And ten others are destined for the Russian cellar, Siberia.

Why?

Why this gibbet? Why this dungeon? A group of men has assembled. It has called itself a high tribunal. Who assisted at its sessions? Nobody. No public? No public. Who reported the proceedings. Nobody. No journals. But the accused? They were not present. But who spoke? No one knows. But the lawyers? There were no lawyers. But what code was cited? None at all. On what law did they base their decisions? On all and on none. And what is the result?

Ten condemned to death. And the others.

Let the Russian government beware!

It is a regular government. It has nothing to fear from a regular government; it has nothing to fear from a free nation, nothing to fear from an army, nothing to fear from a legal State, nothing to fear from a correct power, nothing to fear from a political force. It has everything to fear from the firstcomer, from a passer-by, from any voice whatsoever.

Mercy!

Any voice whatsoever is nobody, is everybody, is the anonymous immensity. That voice will be heard; it will cry: Mercy! I cry mercy in the shadow. Mercy below is mercy above. I ask the emperor to spare the people; if he does not, I ask God to spare the emperor.

To these exposures of Russian horrors past and present may be fitly added the following revelation of one still more frightful that perhaps is yet to come. Again we quote from "L'Intransigeant," this time under the head of "A Russian St. Bartholomew:"

Let our friends, the revolutionists of Russia, who struggle with so much courage and perseverance for Liberty, be on their guard: at this very hour, in the palace of the czar, a plot is being hatched against them for the extermination of all Russians who have committed the unpardonable sin of not considering the despotism of the czars as the ideal of governments.

This plot a mere chance, an extraordinary circumstance, has revealed to us. The information that follows reaches us from the most reliable source, and we can certify to its absolute accuracy. We get it, in fact, from the czar's own household.

Here is what happened but a few days ago at the imperial palace:

The ministers were gathered in council. Alexander III. was present at the sitting. The discussion bore on the rapid and instant progress of Nihilism and the measures to be adopted for the suppression of the impending revolution.

Several ministers inclined to the opinion that the establishment liberal *regime*, the concession of a constitution, could alone restrain the revolutionary movement. And one of them, whom we could name, said that in his view a general amnesty was not only necessary but absolutely indispensable to the extinction of the hatreds aroused by bitter persecution and the re-establishment of peace in Russia.

General Ignatieff remained silent while his colleagues spoke. When all had expressed their opinion, he arose, and very oddly addressed the council in substance as follows:

"There is a better course than a constitution and an amnesty. Let the government promise both; let it officially announce its intention of allowing the return of the exiled revolutionists and of setting at liberty those now detained in Siberia or in prisons; in short, let it permit the establishment for a few weeks of a *regime* of tolerance."

"The Nihilists will grow bolder; this intangible Executive Committee which the Third Section bat pursued in vain for several years will uncover itself; many revolutionists now in hiding will reappear under the broad day; of those in foreign countries a large number will come back to Russia. And then, knowing its enemies and having them in hand, the government of the czar can take advantage of their unsuspecting weakness to wipe them out at one swoop, at the same time crushing the Revolution."

Such are almost the exact words of the wicked proposition made by General Ignatieff a few days ago to the emperor, Alexander III., which the latter — we affirm it in the most positive manner — has accepted.

But the Muscovite plan is not novel in its bloodiness. It was conceived, in its general outline as well as in the details of its execution, by Catherine de Medicis a little more than three hundred years ago. Then as now the problem was to draw into an abominable trap people whose presence was embarrassing; consequently General Ignatieff has not found it necessary to draw heavily on his imagination. The means which succeeded in 1572 seem to him as good as ever in 1882: a feigned reconciliation, promises of amnesty, liberty, and general pacification,— will not these suffice to put to sleep the vigilance of the Russian revolutionists?

The Russian government thinks so, and, we repeat, it has adopted the plan of General Ignatieff, at once so simple and so monstrous.

This plan might have succeeded, but only on condition of nothing leaking out, of no warning coming to put the Nihilists on the alert.

Now our friends in Geneva and London are warned, and certainly not one of them will put his foot in the trap.

The World for its Builders.

With the following earnest and eloquent words John Swinton introduced an oration delivered by him on the evening of March 16 before the largest audience of working-people ever gathered in Philadelphia:

This is a new idea, these great conferences of world-builders in the chief cities of the country to examine the groundwork of things. It is a genuine democratic idea, worthy of the American people.

Outside of political parties, beyond the control of party leaders, looking to other ends than those pursued by the cormorants of office are the men of the new movement. I have observed, in these great conferences at which I have been present in New York, Chicago, and elsewhere, as well as here in Philadelphia, a readiness to take hold of questions from which the pusillanimous parties shrink, but which are advancing inexorably to the front, and which must be grappled with if we are not to succumb to their menaces and dangers.

It is not with foolish audacity, but with due regard to the public safety and welfare, that we confront these great questions — that we demand a hearing for the millions against the millionaires, for man against parties, and establishments, and vested privileges, and corporations, and courts, and customs, and cannon, and capital,— against the false system of land, holding, the wrongful features of trade, the crashing contrivances of legislation, and the ruinous practices of society.

It is not with malice or levity, but with serious mind and purpose, that we approach the fundamental principles that must be properly solved, under penalty of death. We know the powers that are defying the people,— their might and insolence. We behold their ravages and their victims. We can see into what a state they are bringing our beloved country. It is too grave for bitterness, too alarming for charlatany.

The world-builders, the men who do the world's work, have a right to take up these questions, and they have the power to settle them. This is the feature of our Democratic-Republican Constitution,— the one about which flourishes all our cheer for the future. To you, men of Pennsylvania, all power is given over all things within your dominion, and yon can fashion everything here according to your judgment of the proper nature of things. Yours is the land of the State, if ye do but know it; yours are its mines of coal and iron, if ye do but take them; yours

are all its swelling resources as soon as ye assert your right to them; yours are its institutions, yours its laws and legislature, if ye will but lay hold of them.

The world belongs to its builders. and theirs is the loss if they permit the plunderers to seize it, or the gamblers to cheat them out of it.

The Perils of Prejudice.

To the Editor of Liberty:

I had supposed that your discrimination and judgment would save the readers of Liberty from such vague growls and aimless rhetoric as (I am sorry to say) appeared in your issue, March 4, under the heading, "Nobodies." I venture to assert that "B," its writer, is neither an editor nor a lawyer; and no one will assume that his judgment of current affairs in Boston is at all trustworthy. Why? Because his accusations and complaints are too general to be weighty and too indiscriminate to be beneficial. To my mind, no person who considers the progress of civilization can fail to see that reformers today must make *specific indictments* in order to command attention. And all criticism of present political or social affairs in this State or the Union, if designed to make men reflect and reform, ought to be precise, clear, and at least approximately true. Generalizations like the following, "B's" opening sentence, ought, I say, to be studiously avoided. He declares, for example, that, "judging from the daily papers, one would infer that the great mass of the people in this community, or in this Commonwealth, are nobodies, and that only a small percentage of our population is of actual account" ask, is that true? Does any one who works for a living and moves about among men believe that it is even comparatively true? I am sure I know of no intelligent, sane person who would be so impressed by reading the daily newspapers, though "B" may have the acquaintance of such.

Then, following that sentence, he declares in the loosest possible way, as to politicians, that "the daily papers are full of their movements, sayings, and doings. When they die, a column or two are devoted to their biographies and obituaries. We are told how 'smart' they were, and how sumptuously they lived at the public expense." Further on "B" throws himself into this false and foolish assertion,— that "the death of a prominent man is a real godsend to the newspapers, of which they make the most by spreading it over as much space as possible. Indeed, every incident and every notorious individual are magnified and dilated by the press out of all proportion to its or his importance."

These quotations will suffice, and, I may say, they fairly show the style of fault-finding too many careless talkers and writers follow as "reformers." Such disciples, I submit, are not safe guides, and they certainly are not competent critics or reliable teachers.

"B" grumbles because the newspapers had considerable to say recently about Judge Horace Gray when he was named for a very high office, the bench of the supreme court at Washington; but, as long as "B" was not compelled to read the despatches or editorials printed, what ground had he for complaint? If he, "B," is a "nobody," whose fault is it but his own in this free country where all men can compete on tolerably fair terms for almost any elective position or any place to be reached by holiest industry? There is a legion of such snarlers as "B" in the country, men either once badly disappointed or soured by fretting over their own lack of popularity and prominence. Such persons ought not to be jealous or hasty about airing their prejudices against men like Judge Gray, who attend steadily to their daily work, and go on to the end free from corruption at least, if they are not men of originating minds and workers in the ranks of what we call reform.

I hope, therefore, that "B" will consider his words next time his indignation rises, and try to be reasonably specific and clear. Truth, equity, and justice demand it, and we cannot have Liberty without reason.

a. a. Wright.

Boston, March 10, 1882.

[Of the substance of the above criticism we shall say nothing. If "B" desires to answer it, he will have no trouble in doing so. But, to save him the annoyance of vindicating his own personality, we may remark that he is an editor, and one of much longer and larger experience than Mr. Wright; that he enjoys an acquaintance with Boston in particular, and with the world and its public men in general, much more intimate and of much longer standing than Mr. Wright's; that, far from being a soared and disappointed man, he is a most genial and companionable old gentleman, of liberal education, who prefers earnest work in modest retirement to the glare of publicity; and that Mr. Wright, in supposing him to be otherwise, has exhibited the very recklessness of assumption of which he writes so deploringly.—Editor Liberty.]

An Explanation Called For.

To the Editor of Liberty:

At the close of the National Socialistic Congress at Chicago held in October last a committee was appointed to revise the records of its meetings for publication. I think that A. Spies of the "Arbeiter Zeitung" and P. Peterson, publisher of "Den Nye Tid" and the secretary of the congress, constituted that committee. The formation of a Revolutionary Socialistic Party, as provided for by the congress, depends upon the authoritative announcement of that body's deliberations. Six months have gone, and that report has not been published. There are those in Boston who desire to form a group, and, I am told, have sent money for copies of the report. As one of the delegates of that congress I ask through Liberty the cause of this unfortunate delay. Grasping monopolies, concentrations of capital, enormous fortunes rapidly increase. The ever-increasing dissatisfaction of the despoiled workers indicates an approaching conflict. It may arrive at any moment. Yet we sleep as did the dwellers on the blooming fruitful slopes of Vesuvius when it belched forth its torrents of molten lava, turning smiling gardens into desolate wastes and overwhelming all with swift and terrible deaths. An eruption of Vesuvius is but a zephyr beside the social tornado that will come if we do not avert it.

Yours for a pacific Social Revolution through the abolition of the State,

a. a. Swain.

Boston, March 24, 1882.

Chapter XIX

On Picket Duty.

Of the ten Nihilists recently sentenced to death the czar pardoned five in response to the appeal of Victor Hugo. Thereupon the French poet — to his shame be it said! — drank to the health of the czar in the presence of a company of Parisian journalists. This so tickled the czar's vanity that he straightway pardoned four more of them. What playthings are men in the hands of monarchs, their lives dependent upon a passing caprice!

- a. a. Brown of Boston, aided by other workingmen, has issued an edition of & radical pamphlet, entitled: "Revolution; or, the Reorganization of Our Social System Inevitable," written by William N. Slocum of San Francisco. Liberty will give it more extended notice hereafter. Meanwhile it may be procured by sending ten cents to H. W. Brown, 7 Kirkland Street, Boston. Special terms will be given for wholesale orders. We hope that the commendable efforts of the publishers will meet with warm encouragement.

The superintendent of the Pacific Mills at Lawrence gets eighty-three dollars a day. The operatives whom he superintends have been getting eighty-three cents a day. The stockholders of the mills have been getting an annual dividend of over twenty per cent, for nearly two decades. In consequence of serious defalcations and mismanagement on the part of the officials the mills are slightly less profitable than they were. The superintendent tells the operatives that, in order to keep the dividends up, they must work for sixty-eight cents a day. The operatives refuse. Thereupon the superintendent sneers at their "ambition to live in luxury," and priests and parsons are found to upbraid them for being unwilling to work for the same wages paid at other mills. Do such facts as these need comment?

Another era of strikes apparently is upon us. In all trades and in all sections of the country labor is busy with its demands and its protests. Liberty rejoices in them. They give evidence of life and spirit and hope and growing intelligence. They show that the people are beginning to know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain them. Strikes, whenever and wherever inaugurated, deserve encouragement, from all true friends of labor. Not that they can be regarded as a direct instrumentality in obtaining justice. Justice, to be obtained, must first be ascertained, and a strike does little or nothing to ascertain it. But as an indirect instrumentality, as an awakening

agent, as an agitating force, the beneficent influence of a strike is immeasurable. Take, for instance, the great strike of 1877. What single event in our history ever did as much to arouse the public to the importance and the urgency of the industrial question? Not one. And this is true, to a greater or less extent, of all strikes. He does not understand the true value of a strike who judges it by its immediate causes, pronouncing this one justifiable and that one inexcusable, this just and that unjust. With our present economic system almost every strike is just. For what is justice in production and distribution? That labor, which creates all, shall have all. It can ask no more; it can get no more. How, then, can its demands be excessive? As long as a portion of the products of labor are appropriated for the payment of fat salaries to useless officials and big dividends to idle stockholders, labor is entitled to consider itself defrauded, and all just men will sympathize with its protest.

A subscriber sends us his remonstrance against what he terms our "vagueness," "indefiniteness," and "looseness of thought." We should deem his criticism worthier of heed, if the names of the two men whom he charges us to imitate as calm, clear, consistent and close thinkers were other than — heaven save the mark! — Wendell Phillips and Thomas Carlyle.

Well, Cyrus W. Field's monument to Andre has been blown up, and the millennium is not yet! Freedom of opinion has been struck down at the hands of so-called radicals by the use of dynamite. Upon the explosive which Russians have made holy Americans have committed sacrilege. And our friend Schwab glories in the act, "We have had altogether too much theory," he says, and so rejoices in a little practice. The real trouble is that we have not had half enough theory. If the true theory of individual Liberty had ever found lodgment in the minds of Mr. Schwab and his friends, the Andre monument would still be standing, and there would be one stain less on the radical record. We are moved by no sentimentalism in this matter, but speak from the standpoint of the severest justice. When extreme measures become *necessary*, we shall not whine about them; but then they must be serious to be effective, not petty and paltry and childish. If the dynamite policy is ever forced upon American laborers by utterly intolerable trespass upon their rights, it must be used to blow up the Cyrus Fields themselves and not their playthings. But till then, no dynamite at all! We are engaged in serious business, and have no time for child's play.

Mr. Patrick Ford, editor of the "Irish World," is in a dilemma. He appears not to be aware of it, but his readers are painfully aware of it. We venture to point it out to him. Some weeks ago he announced in large type that, the moment the Catholic church should denounce the doctrines of the "Irish World," he would renounce them. Since that time a provincial council of the Catholic church has met in Cincinnati, composed of nine bishops and archbishops in five dioceses. That body has issued a pastoral letter to be read from the altar of every Catholic church in five important States. This letter says: "The "Irish World" is a bad paper, breeding insolence and defiance of authority, teaching communism, assailing the rights of property, and inciting to rebellion that can end but in disaster. We therefore direct pastors to warn their people against this paper, and, as far as in them lies, discourage its circulation among them." This language is direct and unmistakable, and, unless set aside and rebuked by the pope (as if, is not likely to be), must be considered authoritative. It is the utterance of the power which Mr. Ford acknowledges as the sole source of truth. Now, therefore, he must *renounce his faith* and condemn his church as a foul instrument of tyranny for the oppression of the many by the few, or he must *renounce his reason*, keep his pledge, and publicly confess that for the last ten years he has been a servant of the devil. Liberty calls on him to do one or the other, and that promptly, or stand convicted as a hypocrite and time-server. Mr. Ford knows the high estimate which we place upon his services in the past. It is because we value them so highly that we insist that he shall not spoil them.

David Dudley Field has completed his codification of the law of the State of New York, but there is considerable opposition to the adoption of his code. During its discussion before a legislative committee an able lawyer, Mr. Carter, used this language: "What is the common law? Is it contained in any act? No. Is it in any book reports? No. You will find evidences of it there, but the law is not there. Where is it? It rests in those eternal and immutable principles of justice which were enacted before legislators ever sat." Whereat brother Cyrus W. Field was inexpressibly shocked. To hint even at the existence of justice was horrifying to a man who has heaped up millions by injustice. So, coming to the defence of brother David, he immediately wrote in his organ, the "Mail and Express": "The wildest Pre-Raphaelite never went so far against the laws of art as Mr. Carter did against the laws of men in this ecstatic and lawless language." It is admitted, then, by the Fields that, to such as they, justice is an absurdity, love of principle ecstasy and lawlessness, and life a scramble involving no duty but that of trampling on one's fellows. Is not their own confession a severer condemnation of their lives than that visited upon

the class to which they belong in Lysander Spooner's unanswerable pamphlet on "Natural Law"?

A new number of the revolutionary organ, "Narodnaia Volia," containing nineteen pages of closely printed matter, is at present in circulation in Russia. The leading article, headed "The Present Position of the Party," is devoted chiefly to a review of the results which followed the assassination of a year ago. The writer premises his remarks by the statement that, if only the discontented element of Russian society was able to insist on and obtain the minimum demands put forward by the executive committee, the necessity of resorting to violent measures might be avoided. He then proceeds to review the position of the various parties in Russia, and arrives at the conclusion that there are no elements to be found in Russian society capable of playing historical parts. The national reformers, he says, have hidden their heads in fear and trepidation, lest they should suffer for the actions of the revolutionary party. Our Conservatives find no other weapons of combat than slander, falsehoods, and denunciations, and cherish the hope that something may remain out of the edifice of clay which they are raising. Our Liberals, taken by surprise, are blushing with confusion, and the whole activity of these sorry creatures consists in plaintively begging for a constitution, and undertaking at the same time to be as obedient as before. The article concludes by referring to the programme of the party and the object it has in view,— the subversion of the present governmental and social order. This object, the writer asserts, the party will pursue, notwithstanding the reprisals of the government. As before, men ready to sacrifice their lives will be forthcoming, and our advice is "Victory or Death."

The Red Cross Fund.

We give below another report of the progress made in collecting contributions for the aid of the Russian sufferers in Siberia. During the month to elapse before the next issue of Liberty subscriptions to the fund should pour in with redoubled velocity that the friends of Liberty in Europe may have substantial proof of American solidarity with them. Let all give who can!

Receipts to April 11, 1882.

Previously acknowledged, ... \$60.25 John Murray, Hoosick Falls, N.Y,50 Charles Schofield, Chelsea, Mass,60 Nadejda, ... 5.00 Jules M., Chicago, ... 1.00 Benj. F. Cheney, Chicago, ... 1.60 T. Dwight Stow, Fall River, Mass, ... 3.00 Chicago Socialists, forwarded by Aug. Spies (partly the proceeds of a dramatic entertainment), ... 25.60 Ivan Panin, Cambridge, Mass., ... 2.00 J. W. Cooper, Cooper, Colorado, ... 1.00 James P. McLaughlin, Boston,60 Florence Crowley, Boston,80 W. W. Shaw, Boston,60 Paine Memorial Lecture Society, Boston (a collection taken for the purpose). ... 24.03 Reuben Cooley, Jr., Georgia, Vermont, ... 1.00 Dr. Simeon Palmer, Boston, ... 3.00 "No Name," Philadelphia, ... 1.00 Cash, Boston, ... 6.00 Nathan Block, Providence, R.I.,60 A. Strauss, Providence, R.I.,50 A Friend, Boston,60 A Fool, Boston,25

Total, ... \$137.63

Remitted to Nicolas Tchaikovsky, London.

March 31, Draft for £10, costing ... \$49.60 April 5, Draft for £10, costing ... 49.60
April 11, On hand, ... 38.63

\$137.63

The following are the names of the Providence people who gave the seven dollars acknowledged in our last issue:

Wm. Foster, Jr, ... \$2.00 L. K. Joslin, ... 1.00 Louis Kranz, ... 1.00 C. Heimberger, ... 1.00 Dr. Wm. Barker, ... 1.00 Henry Appleton, ... 1.00

Appended are a few of the letters that have accompanied contributions:

From Cooper, Colorado.

Benj. R. Tucker:

Dear Sir,— I enclose one dollar for the Siberian exiles. I very much wish it were ten or a hundred times as much, but it is all that I feel myself able to spare at this time. I am on the shady side of fifty, and have always been in the frost ranks of the reformers. Consequently I have not been engaged to money making. Twenty-eight years ago I saw that traffic in land was equivalent to traffic in man. Sixteen years ago I saw that all external government was an invasion of individual rights; that government by the State, or collectivity, is based on the assumption that the *individual* is not capable of self government. At that time, and until I commenced reading Liberty, I was not aware of the fact that I had any sympathizers in these views. I had the misfortune (or was it the good fortune?) to be brought up on the frontier, and without any of the advantages of what goes by the name of education. There, most of the time since I came to man's estate, I have been on the wing, in the Western wilds between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean. Consequently my reading and study have been more or less desultory. As a "kid" of six or seven years I was a sceptic as to the religious notions taught me in "the little log schoolhouse," and ever since then I have been a rebel to authority.

Fraternally yours,

John W. Cooper.

Cooper, Summit Co., Colorado, March 28, 1882.

From Fall River, Mass.

Benj. R. Tucker:

Dear Friend,— I will try to do something for the very wretched cause. My great regret is that I cannot give hundreds of thousands. Poor Siberian exiles! poor Irish helots! how my heart goes out to them! may human hearts and human purses be opened unto them! I am glad you are delivering sledge-hammer blows at the infernal systems and governments of the day. I think the signs of a not very remote revolution are rapidly multiplying. The awakening of the people, the weight, the expense, and the menace to life and liberty of the standing armies, and their

contingent in Europe, are in themselves forces sufficient to destroy the powers that be, ere long, by sapping the vitality of the producers. But thought travels unseen and swiftly, and when the soldiers, and the men who support them, *think*, bayonets, cannon, and missiles may be turned against thrones and oppressors! God speed the day! Of late my attention has been more than ever turned toward the absurdities of the State. A clergyman in this city has been delivering a series of sermons to young people. This evening he lectured on marriage. I wished to ask him how he reconciled his views of marriage, and his advice to young ladies to make marriage their objective, with his endorsement and support of the State, which confronts the to be, or the already married with laws and customs that menace their success and mar their happiness at every turn. It is no wonder that this State has sixty-five or seventy thousand more marriageable females than males, or that, east of a line drawn perpendicularly through the State of New York, from Lake Ontario to the State of Maryland, there are not far from five hundred thousand more females than males. What wonder that, with legislation for the rich and against the poor, men drown care in the flowing bowl, and become degraded and commit crime; or that sickly children are born, or that women prostitute themselves! And the religion of the day,— what is it but a conglomeration of hypocrisy, fraud, and grievous exaction, the sanctimonious pretence of arrant scoundrels? Pardon the expression, but I say, damn the State, damn the religion of the hour! *Success to Liberty!*

Yours truly,

a. Dwight Srow.

Fall River, Mass., March 26, 1882.

From Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

Benj. R. Tucker:

Comrade,— Enclosed find fifty cents to help the noble and brave defenders of *true* Liberty, who have sacrificed their all that the cringing, cowardly helots of to-day may enjoy Liberty to-morrow.

Fraternally yours,

John Murray.

Hoosick Falls, N.Y., March 27, 1882.

The Priests Playing Trumps.

The no-rent resolve in Ireland, if measured by the increasing uneasiness of Gladstone, Forster, and the landlords, is a glorious card in the nineteenth century.

But Gladstone, Forster, and the landlords are not the only uneasy victims. A nest of designing priests must needs sit in Cincinnati, and, as a result of their dark counsels, issue a pastoral by which to offset the righteous light-spreading of the "Irish World," as well as fasten their schemes of ecclesiastical plunder and fraud upon the necks of their dupes under the guise of morality.

Priests are the natural enemies of all protests against usury, fraud, and plunder. In fact, these cunning conspirators are nothing but landlords themselves in spirit and vocation, since they return even less for their usurious fees than do the landlords. In league with these rosy-faced spiritual rogues the Irish lawyers and other Irish tribute-takers are generally found. The whole crew are fellow-usurers in one boat.

As usual, it is the Irish workingmen who are doing the glorious work of "no-rent." But, as success seems more and more distinctly promised, the priests redouble their effort to coax, bribe, and threaten them away from their noble task. They are consistent, and understand their game. But being forced to show their hands and play their trumps, certain it is that hundreds of their dupes are gradually opening their eyes, and quietly parting company with these infamous spiritual rack-renters.

What we mean

Our purpose is the abolition, not only of all existing States, but of the State itself. Is not this a straight-forward and well-defined purpose? There can be no mistaking it, and it admits of no equivocation. The least that our enemies can say of us is that we stand in the market-place of thought and action with a square protest and a square assertion.

And what is the State? It is not a thing that can be especially defined by Russia, Germany, Great Britain, or Massachusetts. The State is a principle, a philosophical error in social existence. The State is chaos, rioting under the guise of law, order, and morality. The State is a mob, posited on unscientific premises. We propose to supplant the mob by that true social order which is pivoted on the sovereignty of individualities associated for mutual well-being under the law of natural attraction and selection,— Liberty.

Under this formula we do not, in the best sense of the Word, discard government. On the contrary, it is government that we are after. The State is not government, since it denies Liberty. The State becomes impossible the moment you remove from it the element of compulsion. But it is exactly at this point that government begins. Where the State ceases government begins, and, conversely, where the State begins government ceases.

We often hear of a wise parent governing his children by love. Did anyone ever hear of a monarch conducting a State by love? Did not the State originate in a distrust of love and natural selection as the true motors of government? Was not the very motive of the first rulers of peoples the abolition of government? Were they not designing conspirators, who saw that, under a system of natural association, there would be universal well-being and a just distribution of natural wealth and the rewards of labor? In order to enrich themselves and gratify their vanity and love of power at the expense of others, they took advantage of the superstitious element in man, and erected their thrones under cover of the divinity. Their purpose was to supplant government by force, and their machine they called the State.

Now, wherever force takes the place of natural selection and associative mutualism founded on consent, there a State is inaugurated. It may be in the church; it may be in the political State; it may be in the league, the club, the lyceum, the labor union, or the household. It is a State, in that it posits authority and supplements it by force, thus denying government and substituting despotism.

We assert that delegated authority assumed to be vested in any titled or elected person, not excepting God himself, is, in the very nature of the case, a lie, a fraud, and, moreover, a scientific impossibility, since the individual is the only source of authority, and, even if he would, could not alienate from his personality the control of himself by contract. Hence we regard all popes, kings, emperors, presidents, and persons in authority everywhere as impostors and usurpers, and the constitutions, "vested rights," and other lying parchments under which they claim the right to rule as binding only on such as freely give their consent.

When we state as our purpose, then, the abolition of the State, the reader must not have in view a forcible raid upon the palace of some king, or a military expedition against some state house, parliament or arsenal, even though at some later day circumstances should give rise to such incidents in our warfare. What we mean by the abolition of the State is the abolition of a false philosophy, or, rather the overthrow of a gigantic fraud under which people consent to be coerced and restrained from minding their own business. The philosophy of Liberty can be applied everywhere, and he who successfully applies it in his family in the place of avenging Gods, arbitrary codes, threats, commands, and whips may easily have the satisfaction of abolishing at least one State. When we have substituted our philosophy in place of the old, then the palaces, cathedrals, and arsenals will naturally fall to pieces through neglect and the rust that is sure to corrupt tenantless and obsolete structures.

We should like to be able to better elucidate our philosophy in a larger and more frequently issued sheet. We do the best that we can in the little space at our command. Meanwhile, all the signs of times promise well, and we go on with our humble work rejoicing,— conquering and to conquer.

The Guiteau Experts.

Dear Liberty:

In your No. 12 there was an article attempting to discredit expert testimony as a means of determining the sanity of a homicide claiming to have been insane, on general principles, and with reference to the Guiteau case in particular. Having been assured that the writer was serious, and not merely showing off (1), I have read and pondered the article not less than six times, and the more I study it, the more clearly I see the assumptions to be as groundless as the reasoning is fallacious.

Since the publication, the verdict has been rendered by a jury more intelligent apparently than juries average, and what has transpired from them tends to show that they would have come to precisely the same conclusion without the expert testimony (2). The first misleading assumption is that all depends upon "the government experts," when the truth is that the defence were as free to summon expert as the "people" were, and they did so call them, but failed to put some of them on the stand when it was found that they could not testify that they believed Guiteau insane at the time of the murder (3). The question is frantically asked: "Are we to hang a man on mere opinion's simply because a certain number of superintendents of lunatic asylums believe him sane?" This is sheer assumption. We are to hang a man who deliberately kills his fellow man, if he is found guilty by a jury of his peers, after a fair trial, both the prisoner and the people having brought to the aid of the jury the judgments of those men who know what is known, much or little, of the manifestations which prove the mind to be so affected as to be unable to distinguish right from wrong or know the consequents of actions.

To reject expert testimony on the ground that experts do not or "cannot so communicate the grounds of their opinions as to enable other men to judge of their truth or error" would be absurd in regard to any question involving special training and long experience for its solution, but in a case confessedly the most difficult of all to decide the absurdity becomes gigantic (4). Would a jury of "ordinary men," unsided by expert testimony, be likely to come to a just decision, if an insane man of little character had killed with great deliberation a popular and beloved public servant? Are we to hang a man in this country on the mere opinion of twelve ordinary men, who "never saw, handled, or examined a human mind, and can only guess at the causes of its mysterious and erratic operations?" (5) So long as murder

is punished by hanging after conviction by a jury, assassins must be hanged either with or without expert testimony.

If I had had the misfortune to kill a man in a fit or insanity, I should much prefer to have my condition determined by experts rather than by men utterly ignorant of the insane manifestations of the human mind. If I were only playing insane, I should prefer, with Choate for my lawyer, to dispense with expert testimony, and I think most sane men looking coolly at it will agree with me (6).

I will not occupy your precious space with following up all the assumptions, because they are all of one family. *Ex uno discit omnes*. But I must examine the utterly unfounded assumption that Guiteau's act has no explanation, and that "he had no rational prospect of gaining anything by Garfield's death." Murderers seldom have any reasonable prospect of gaining anything by the death of their victim, and if no one were to be punished for crime if it could be shown that his expectations of gain were not rational, very few criminals would ever be punished (7).

Guiteau is a man of inordinate vanity and ambition. When he was at Oneida, a traveling phrenologist examined his head and pronounced all his organs large and some very large. (This fact I have from one who was present.) This declaration seemed to aggravate his intolerable egotism and to stimulate his already unbalanced ambition. He considered himself a great lawyer, a theologian second to none, a religious teacher to supplement Christ, and a politician deserving the presidency. He sought a very modest place for such a man, a foreign mission. It was refused, perhaps with scant courtesy. His vanity was wounded, and his is not the first case of wounded self-love leading to crime. He believed there was danger of the disruption of the Republican party, even of civil war. The "removal" of Garfield would save the country and party, would bring his friend Arthur into the chair, and himself prominently before the country. The service rendered would be so great that the party brought into power would protect him from the consequences of his act and reward him handsomely. His own words show this to have been his belief. His vanity and ambition both were to be gratified (8). These motives and expectations, though not *reasonable*, were *reasoned* (9), and show no more insanity than always exists when a man deliberately violates the rights of others in hopes to benefit himself.

So long as such men as Guiteau exist, it will not do to allow a man to kill with impunity because he is an eminently pious person and sincerely believes himself

to have a mission from God to set things straight at whatever cost to others (10). My own belief is that the fairest way to decide the question of insanity in criminal cases would be by a court of experts with a presiding judge to be selected for their experience, ability, and character, and to be impartial,— not called by one side and the other. The prisoner might be allowed a certain number of peremptory challenges; the question of sanity to be determined before trial by Jury (11).

To sum up the Guiteau case, leaving out the expert testimony, Guiteau's own evidence, amply corroborated shows that he knew *what* he was doing,— namely, violating the law; *why* he was doing it,— namely, to save his party and the country by “removing” Garfield and making Arthur president; and the consequences,— namely, that he would be arrested and tried for murder (12).

Basis.

(1) The article referred to appeared in our editorial columns. All of Liberty's editorials are serious,— that is, except where sarcasm is evident, we mean what we say. “Basis,” as a subscriber, should know this. In insinuating that he needed, assurance to convince him of it, he did not realize that he was offering us an insult which he would afterwards regret.

(2) On the contrary, newspaper interviews reported some of the jurors as asserting that they were finally convinced of the prisoner's sanity by the expert testimony put in by the prosecution.

(3) It is equally true that the prosecution failed to put upon the stand some of the experts which it had called when it was found that they could not testify that they believed Guiteau sane at the time of the murder.

(4) Absurd or not, it is less dangerous than to make a human life dependent upon such *ex cathedra* utterances as are always purchasable in the expert market. Offer all the expert testimony you will, if it may be judged on its merits, but not a word that is not subject to question in the juror's mind. No juror is justified in taking any man's say-so in matters of opinion; he must require satisfactory explanation and demonstration of the same, or else disregard it entirely.

(5) Yes, if we are to hang him at all; provided always that it be understood with these twelve men that they are to give the prisoner the benefit of every reasonable doubt, not alone on the question of guilt, but on the question of sanity as well. For of these men it may at least be said that they are as exempt from the influence of corruption as precaution can make them.

(6) The editor of *Liberty*, on the other hand, would prefer, in any case, to entrust his destiny to the unanimous voice of twelve average mortals chosen by lot. But the matter is not one that can be settled by individual preferences.

(7) Of the violations of law that occur probably nine-tenths never come to public knowledge at all; of the remaining tenth only a certain proportion of the parties guilty of them are ever arrested; and of the latter fraction not all are convicted. If, then, the expectations of criminals are so often realized, how can "Basis" say that they are very seldom rational?

(8) It makes no difference whether his vanity and ambition were to be incidentally gratified or not. The weight of the evidence goes to show that Guiteau was actuated chiefly by patriotic motives and by a love of what seemed to him true and right. That he could frame and act upon so utterly irrational a theory as "Basis" outlines is the strongest proof of his insanity. "Basis" sustains our position better than we can ourselves.

(9) So are those of thousands of inmates of lunatic asylums. It is not claimed that Guiteau is an idiot.

(10) Certainly it will not. Prevent him, then, by all necessary means. But pray don't cherish the groundless theory that hanging him will prevent other cranks from following Guiteau's example. There are innumerable respects in which men with "missions" differ, but in one they all agree: they cannot be deterred from attempting to fulfil them by tear of personal injury or even of death.

(11) This is foreign to our argument. We were attacking the present system, not suggesting a new one. "Basis's" proposition may be wise or unwise; we do not undertake to say.

(12) The question is not whether Guiteau knew all these things, but whether, viewed in connection with his past life, his estimate of the consequences of his act, as outlined by "Basis" in a previous paragraph, was not so altogether out of all reason as to establish the fact of his insanity and render him an unfit subject for the action of the criminal law. The affirmative answer to this question grows louder every day. The New York Graphic begins a recent leader with these words: "The majority of the people of the United States believe that Guiteau is a crazy man;" and at a late meeting of the New York Medico-Legal Society, held on the evening of March 1, all the physicians who spoke, including Doctors W. A. Hammond, George M. Beard, Ralph L. Parsons, E. C. Spitzka, Landon Gray, and others, agreed

hat Guiteau is insane, and all but two agreed that he ought no to be hanged. "Basis" should read what these men have to say. Here are some samples:

Dr. Hammond. — On such a statement of facts [the statement embodied in the district attorney's hypothetical question] and with a knowledge of the manner in which the prisoner conducted himself while being tried for his life, his abuse of his friends who were endeavoring to save him, his praise of judge and jury and opposing counsel at one time, and his fierce denunciation of them at another, his speech in his defence, his entire lack of appreciation of the circumstances surrounding him, his evident misapprehension of prominent persons in his behalf and of his eventual triumph, and the many other indications with which you are all familiar, especially his conduct after sentence was pronounced — I have no hesitation in asserting that Guiteau is the subject of reasoning mania, and hence a lunatic. There is not an asylum under the charge of any one of the medical experts for the prosecution that does not contain patients less insane than he.

Dr. Parsons. — It is said that these cases should be punished for the sake of example, but the sane are not influenced by such examples, and the few insane who might be cognizant of it would not be affected unless the punishment were brought directly to their knowledge. The motive leading to the evil act is incomprehensible to the patient himself. He cannot compare himself with others. But society should be protected. An adequate remedy is proposed - that a special verdict should be given in criminal trials of persons of unsound mind, stating the fact of insanity, and that such a person shall then be permanently confined in a proper house of detention for the insane. But it is not in accordance with my views of justice or public policy to punish the insane like sane criminals.

Dr. Spitzka. — I learned several things in the Guiteau trial. I learned that a doctor who declines a summons can be forced by an attachment to leave his practice and travel 300 miles for an insufficient fee. I was also under the impression that an expert was a man of profound learning, but I have learned a simple recipe for making experts: Take a doctor whose practice has nothing to do with mental diseases; put him into the limited express for Washington with a lawyer who will coach him all the way; let him meet another lawyer there who will rehearse with him a series of questions and answers; and the expert can go upon the stand and swear there is no such thing as moral insanity. . . . I examined Guiteau carefully and found him full of delusions. He wanted a German mission, knowing nothing of the country or language, a French mission, with equal ignorance, and he was sure

of success. His egoism and assurance are wonderful. When he mounts the scaffold, it will be in the firm belief and expectation that God Almighty will descend from heaven and cut the rope. The most correct term for this case is the German one meaning original insanity. Guiteau was born as much o a lunatic as he is now, and there are the profound defects in his mental make-up of the group of lunatics to which he belongs. His family history is tainted. This is a question not of retribution upon a disgusting and revolting wretch, but whether the example will frighten other lunatics. I say no. There have never been so many attempted assassinations of prominent men as in the few months immediately following the fatal 2nd of July. Three days after, McNamara tried to kill Mr. Blaine; three months afterward, a lunatic with a shot-gun attempted to shoot Governor Cornell; and not long ago a man armed with a "divine commission" and a revolver went to Washington to kill President Arthur. He was recognized as insane because he didn't succeed. Guiteau did, and is therefore sane. This is a question also of national polity. We should have justice, and I ask if a republic cannot do what a monarchy did when Lord Erskine defended Hatfield.

Dr. Beard. — But what ought to be done with this man? His execution would be the greatest disgrace that ever befell this country, speaking from a scientific point of view. Even during his trial there were insane murderers who were not even tried, and others acquitted, with less evidence in their favor. Stickney in Colorado has just been acquitted on this ground, although there was no talk of insanity before, because he had friends and influence. But, as a principle, the hanging of Guiteau would be a return to the barbarism of the Middle Ages. At the time of the trial politicians got together in caucuses and swore he was sane. They knew, if they acknowledged he wasn't sane, he would have to be acquitted. I was at one of these caucuses, and I know how the things were managed there, but I left it as soon as possible. We can only hang a crazy man by saying he is sane; so they swore his sanity straight through. All the evidence of hit insanity was beautifully marshalled in line, and then adduced to show that he was sane. The whole thing was analogous to the Salem witchcraft trials. There, also, the old dogma about knowing right from wrong prevailed. Insane murderers usually do know right from wrong, and it is because a murder is a terrible act that the insane man commits it. If we carry out the doctrine of condemning every man who knows right from wrong, there is no safety under the law. It will be like the hogcleaning machine in Chicago. The hog can't stop after he once gets in until he emerges, scalded and cleaned, on the other side. So, if we start with the dogma of knowing right from wrong which Judge Cox announces,

there is no stopping; trial must lead to conviction, and trial under such a dogma is conviction.

These man stand at the head of the medical profession. They are *real* experts in mental diseases, and express their views in language intelligible to the ordinary mind. But the prosecution excluded Dr. Beard from the stand by a technicality, and sought to make light of Dr. Spitzka's testimony by sneering at him as a "horse-doctor." We repeat, let "Basis" read these men. After he has done so, he may begin to realize that his is the *singular* view of this matter, and that Liberty, for once, is with the majority, unless, indeed, he should suspect that these men, too, are not "serious," but "merely showing off." — Editor Liberty.]

The Arbitrary Limitation of Money.

"If money were as plenty as the leaves of the forest, would anybody give anything for it?"

This question implies a false notion of the nature of money. Money is a representative of wealth; it is an agent. Therefore, there can be no good money that has not back of it some existing, tangible wealth. If two dollars' worth of property is good security for one dollar of money, one-half of the property of the country can be represented by money, if necessary. But no such amount of money would ever be wanted.

The arbitrary limitation of money by Congress, or any other power, implies and necessitates a monopoly. So that A, B, and C, the business men of the country, will be compelled to borrow of X, Y, and Z, the money-lenders.

The amount of money in the country does not determine the rate per cent, which will be paid.

From 1865 to 1870 there was more money in circulation than now (1882), yet the rate per cent, was higher.

There are two things, under our present system, that determine the rate of interest,—namely, the ability of the producing clauses to pay, and the necessities of business men. Whereas, by right, it should be determined by the cost of issue, which would give no use-money,—that is, usury.

So long as money is limited, its purchasing power will be determined by its volume; and, while these conditions continue, money can never correctly measure values.

Money is, or should be, tickets for goods.

Why should these tickets be limited any more than railroad tickets?

Apex.

Referred to the “Irish World.”

Rent is an immoral tax upon Labor. — *Michael Daviti.*

Rent constantly increases with the growth of society, and is most beautiful evidence of creative desing. — *Henry George, “Irish World,” March 26, page 10, column 4, between extracts from Bishops Nulty’s letter.*

Which is the true teacher?

E.F. Boyd.

The portraits of Laura Kendrick are now ready, as announced in our advertising columns. It was deiced to produce a fluer work than was at first contemplated, which accounts for the increase in price.

The Poets' Land.

Zu dem Dichterlande. — Schiller.

There clustered in immortal groups are seen The sacred singers of each age
and clime With temples laurelled with perennial green, The meed of
nations for their lays sublime. And all are brothers, whatsoe'er the tongue
Each may to poesy stern have wrought,— Whether their lyres in far off
foretimes rung Or voiced of eras just elspsed the thought.

From sightless Homer e'en to Shelley, all The impulse of a chainless spirit
own, Save here and there some sensuous, recreant thrall Of low desire, who
hymned a despot's throne. Though sand he 'neath Olympian heaven low In
years which yield not a historic ray, The blind old Scian minstrel yet could
know That slavery taketh half man's worth away.

a.

Amilcare Cipriani

A paragraph appeared in our last issue reciting some of the facts connected with the recent outrageous sentence of the Italian Anarchist, Amilcare Cipriani, to twenty-five years' impsonment. That paragraph proving to be erroenous in some important details, we give below a fuller and more accurate account, translated from a letter written from Rome to "L'Intransigeant" and signed "Egerius":

You know the sad news. Our dear Cipriani is condemned to twenty-five years in the galleys. This is the way in which the Italian monarchy gets rid of its political enemies. These are the weapons it employs! Having failed to convict Cipriani of conspiracy against the internal safety of the State, they instituted this infamous prosecution, considering the matter six months before issuing the warrant. They undertook it without conclusive proofs, without honorable witnesses, without a single veracious deposition, so blinded were they by their hatred. It may be well for me to give you some details about the deed for which our friend has been condemned.

At Alexandria in Egypt, on Semptember 13, 1867, after midnight, Cipriani was forcibly attacked by a dozen rascals, who, I believe, wished to avenge themselves upon him for having caused their exclusion from a secret society which he had founded.

Cipriani received several wounds before he resolved to sell his life dearly. He ended by putting to flight his more or less damaged assailants, less one who lay dead on the spot. The next day he learned that the dead man was an Italian, and that several hundred yards away the bodies of *two Arabian guards* had been found.

By whom where these last killed? That is the mystery which the police endeavored tu surround with darkness. They could not have been killed by Cipriani, but more likely by his fleeing assailants whom these two Arabain policemen probably tried to arrest.

Cipriani did not trouble himself further about the affair, and continued to live, as before, in Alexandria. Suddenly, on September 29, 1867, he learned that the Arabian police were on his track to arrest him. He had been denounced as the murderer of the two guards.

He than made application to his consul, who would do nothing him because he was a deserter from the Italian army. Cipriani, in fact, after the affair of Aspromonte, abandoned the regular army to enter Garibaldi's ranks.

Abandoned his consul, he was at the mercy of the Egyptian government, and consequently amenable to the terrible laws of Koran. Being a Christian into the bargain, he was sure of the gallows.

He started without further delay and went to London. Scarcely had left Egypt when he learned that his assassins, completing their infamous work, had accused him before the Italian consul of having voluntarily killed the Italian, Santini.

Upon this false and contradictory evidence Cipriani has been condemned. From these depositions, made fifteen years ago, it clearly appears, nevertheless, that, so far as the Italian was concerned, Cipriani but defended himself, and that he is absolutely innocent of the death of the Arabs.

Where are these accusers? The court declares that they have disappeared. Was it for Cipriani to find them? But as late as the twenty-second of February he learned through his counsel, not though the court, that his case would be heard on the twenty-seventh of the same month. Five days to investigate a deed done in 1867 and in Egypt: not very long!

The trial lasted two days, during which Cipriani and his lawyers did not cause to denounce the infamous proceedings.

When the verdict was rendered, a general cry of indignation burst forth throughout the city. The jail where our courageous friend was confined was surrounded by a dense crowd of professors, students, and lawyers, each disputing with the others the privilege of being the first to shake his hand. In the street the democracy organized a demonstration in which I took part, and which burst forth like a hurricane when Cipriani appeared surrounded by policemen. The cries: *Long live the innocent Cipriani! Long live Flourens's aid-de-camp! The Commune forever! Hail the Republic!* went up on every hand.

Upon this inoffensive throng made indignant by so crying an injustice, the military charged. The whole Italian press protested. All the journals agreed in saying that it was the conspirator, the communist, the friend of Rochefort, at whod the blow was aimed.

Cipriani has appealed. I hope, for the honor of my country, that the iniquitous judgment will be reversed. If not, it will become the duty of the rest of us, Italian democrats, to take justice into our hands.

Already at Rimini, at Forli, they have established the candidacy of the glorious convict of Ancona. If the odious sentence against which we protest with all our energy is sustained, the electors will take Cipriani from the galleys and send him to the Capitol!

Chapter XX

On Picket Duty.

To-morrow is the birthday of Robert Owen, the man who did more perhaps than any other to give impulse to the consideration of industrial wrongs. All friends of labor should unite in doing honor to his memory.

Prince Kropotkine is to lecture in the principal cities of England and Scotland for the benefit of the Red Cross fund. His letters recently written to the Newcastle "Chronicle," Joseph Cowen's newspaper, containing fresh, interesting, and valuable information concerning the situation in Russia, are soon to appear in pamphlet form.

The Red Cross fund has received no more honorable or noteworthy contribution than that from Reuben Cooley, Jr., of Georgia, Vermont, acknowledged in another column. Refusing, as an Anarchist, to pay the tax which the State levies upon him, he sends the amount to heal the wounds of those who have fallen in resisting tyranny elsewhere. Mr. Cooley's noble example is one that should be followed. The time will come when passive resistance to taxation will be recognized as the most effective method of abolishing the State.

The Boston "Globe" says that Patrick Ford "went into the Land League for the purpose of capturing it." This is a good deal like saying that Christ went into Christianity for the purpose of capturing it, or that Washington joined the Union for the purpose of capturing it, or that Garrison became a member of the Abolition party for the purpose of capturing it. Before Patrick Ford went into the Land League movement, there was no Land League movement, and, if the editor of the "Globe" does not know this, it is high time that he should find it out.

Too much importance is being given to the recent assassinations in Dublin. All such acts of violence are but symptoms of the social disease that tyranny breeds. The wonder is that there are so few of them. The killing of Cavendish and Burke came, to be sure, most inopportunely, and was inspired by unwisdom itself, but it will be suicidal for the Land League to modify its demands in the slightest because of this event. That the leaders and the people should disown the act is well enough, but they will fail most signally in their duty if they do not accompany their protest by the charge that, whoever may be the parties directly guilty, the real sin rests upon the English government. Tyrants are sure to reap the bitter fruit of their own planting. The death of Cavendish is none of Liberty's funeral.

When human solidarity is in question, count on "Le Revolte!" After printing some resolutions passed at a recent meeting in San Francisco in opposition to the admission of the Chinese, that outspoken journal well says: "And not a single socialist was found in San Francisco to say to these people that they cannot prohibit the admission to America of these poor wretches, who leave their country to find a means of livelihood, without becoming as detestable as the *bourgeoisie*, and that their duty is to struggle in unison, Mongolians and Caucasians, against the *bourgeoisie* who make of the Chinese an instrument of exploitation." If there were any shame in the American socialists who are giving the lie to their watchword, "Solidarity," by the advocacy of raceproscription, such a rebuke from the ablest socialistic journal of Europe, one would think, would awaken it.

In Switzerland a few weeks ago a Russian woman named Alexandrine Micheeff fired a revolver at a young merchant, missing him, and was about to fire a second shot, when her intended victim wrested the weapon from her hands and delivered her to the authorities, to whom she stated that she had tried to kill Pierre Lavroff in order to prevent him from carrying out a plot against the life of the czar. Professor Lavroff, whom our readers will recognize as co-delegate with Vera Zassoulitch in the organization of the Red Cross Society of the People's Will, was in London at the time, where he has been living since his expulsion from France. Moreover, he is a man of sixty years, not easilymistakable for a young merchant. It is an open question among the revolutionists at Geneva whether the woman is crazy or an instrument of the "Holy Brotherhood" formed by the Russian nobility for the assassination of Nihilist leaders.

We are reliably informed that Mr. Ivan Panin of Cambridge, who has done and is doing good work in interesting Americans in the Russian revolution, took pains recently in Providence to disassociate the Nihilists from the Anarchists, referring to the latter in terms of depreciation if not contempt. Now, the Anarchists have no desire to hold anybody but themselves responsible for their doctrines; but it is only fair to state that, while the revolution in Russia, like the revolution in all other countries, is made up of many elements, cherishing widely different social theories but united for the common purpose of overthrowing the existing tyranny, the men and women foremost in it, and those of the greatest intelligence, are avowed Anarchists, whose ultimate object is the entire abolition of the State. In substantiation of this statement nothing is needed, to those at all familiar with their views, but the mere mention of such representative names as Prince Kropotkin, Pierre Lavroff, and Vera Zassoulitch. A further statement made by Mr. Panin, that

the Nihilists do not recognize Michael Bakounine, is still more absurd. The best informed writers on the subject point to him as the father of the movement, and the Nihilists are not likely to deny their parent. Within the past fortnight Kropotkine's journal, "Le Revolte," has republished Bakounine's radical pamphlet, "Dieu et l'Etat" (God and the State), which, when it is remembered that Kropotkine is a recognized worker for the Red Cross Society, and that that society is championed by "Narodnaia Volia," the Nihilists' official journal, must be regarded as a pretty direct recognition of Bakounine by the Nihilists. Moreover, a Russian revolutionary play, written by Louise Michel, has just been produced in Paris, in which the hero is none other than Bakounine. Liberty's feelings toward Mr. Panin are of the most friendly nature, but it cannot allow such statements to go unchallenged. What his motives are in making them we do not know, but their reiteration will surely weaken his reputation for veracity.

An Anarchistic Ideal.

When the Muses nine
With the Virtues meet,
Find to their design
An Atlantic seat,
By green orchard boughs
Fended from the heat,
Where the statesman ploughs
Furrow for the wheat;
When the Church is social worth,
When the State-house is the hearth,
Then the perfect State is come,
The republican at home.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

A Last Word.

Dear Liberty:

I should be quite willing to let my criticism of the “Guiteau Exports” editorial in No. 12 stand as it is, but that your comments seem so completely to miss the important points that I fear others may do the same. My opinion that Guiteau, while insane in a certain sense, was legally responsible for his act when he shot the president was not the important point. If the jury, who listened to all the testimony and gave the whole question a thorough investigation under a sense of great responsibility, bearing the arguments of counsel and aided by the court as to law, had decided him insane, no one would have rejoiced more than I, and I should have felt that they were more likely to be right than I, or any one not having their advantages.

What amazed me, and what I felt to protest against, was that Liberty should attempt to depreciate expert testimony on what seems to me absurd grounds. Absurd because, if the, reasons why experts come to their conclusions could always be understood by ordinary men, there would be no difference between experts and non-experts,— in other words, there would be no experts. I am happy to see that Liberty now regards “*real* expert” testimony so valuable as to advise me to read that of certain members of the New York Medico-Legal Society and be convinced that I am mistaken! And the advice is repeated with emphasis. Liberty “sustains our position better than we can ourselves.” Neither these gentlemen nor any other experts, so far as I know, can lay down an exact definition of insanity from a medical point of view. Each case has to be decided by experts on its facts, by their judgment formed by long study and observation, without reference to the grounds being communicable to others or not. But there is a more exact legal definition,— namely, that, if a man knows what he is doing and the consequences of his acts, he is responsible, although, he may be in a sense insane. I cannot see how the law could take any other position. At any rate, it does not.

But the most amazing thing of all is the assumption, entirely contrary to the law and the fact, that expert testimony has any different standing before the jury from other testimony. Surely Liberty knows that the jury are bound by their oaths to consider and weigh expert testimony exactly as they do other testimony brought before them, on the one side and the other. They are to give no more weight to that testimony than in their judgments it is entitled to, no more weight to the

testimony of the government than to that of the prisoner, always giving the benefit of a reasonable doubt to the accused.

It astonished me that Liberty should deliberately say: "Do the lives of men in this country legally depend on the mere judgments of twenty, fifty, or a hundred" experts? Liberty cannot believe that they do, and it is against the assumption that they do that I wish to protest. If, for any reason, Guiteau failed to get the benefit of testimony from the best experts, he ought to have a new trial, and I hope he will get it, I have very little faith in hanging as a preventive of murder under any circumstances, and probably such punishment of Guiteau would not deter another man like him, could there be one, from doing a similar deed. But that is another question.

Basis.

[Though the foregoing letter contains little that "Basis" had not previously said, Liberty, in dropping the controversy, is happy to allow him his "last word," if for no other reason than to gratify what seems to be his passion for reply even when he has little but reiteration to offer. — Editor Liberty.]

The Red Cross Fund.

The following statement exhibits the results thus far achieved of the efforts to enlist American sympathy in behalf of the brave Russians who suffer for Liberty's sake. The list of donations ought to be a thousand times longer. Those who have already given have our sincerest gratitude; those who have not can best atone for their tardiness by doubling their generosity.

Receipts to May 9, 1882.

Previously acknowledged ... \$137.63 J. A. Ames, Lake Village, N. H., ... 1.00 A. German, Boston,25 J. Canton, Boston,25 A. Tramp, Boston,50 J. Flora Tilton, Boston,50 E. B. McKenzie, Boston, ... 1.00 Jeremiah Kelly, Hoboken, N. J., ... 1.00 • • •, New York, ... 1.00 E. B. K., New York, ... 1.00 • • •, New York,50 H. H., New York,25 W. W., Hoboken, N. J.,50 James F. Kelly, Hoboken, N. J., ... 1.00 Eugene Schmit, Jersey City, N. J., ... 1.00 Edward F. Kelly, Hoboken, N. J., ... 1.00 V. Schmidt, Jersey City, N. J., ... 1.00 James K. Saggs, Jersey City, N. J.,50 W. Smith, Jersey City, N. J.,25 William Rowe, Jersey City, N. J., ... 2.00 Cornelius Sweeney, Jersey City, N. J.,25 James McCraron, Jersey City, N. J.,50 Adolph Herben, Jersey City, N. J., ... 1.00 Jean E. Dumuid, Jersey City, N. J.,50 John McCallum, Jersey City, N. J., ... 1.00 Frank McArdle, Jersey City, N. J., ... 1.00 August Tewes, Jersey City, N. J., ... 2.00 Owen Travers, Jersey City, N. J., ... 1.00 John F. Kelly, Hoboken, N. J., ... 4.00 William F. Channing, Providence, R. I., ... 2.00 Cash, Providence, R. I.,25 J. V., Boston,50 An American Friend, ... 10.00 Reuben Cooley, Jr., Georgia, Vermont (the amount of a tax which be refused to pay to the State),22 H. M. Cross, Newburyport, Mass., ... 1.00 No Name, Vineland, N. J., ... 1.00 Joseph Henry, Salina, Kansas, ... 1.00 Emile Lambotte, Salina, Kansas,25 J. H. Gibson, Salina, Kansas,25 Mrs. A. Wilvers, Salina, Kansas,25 F. P. Wilvers, Salina, Kansas,25 Charles Sanders, Salina, Kansas,25 L. L. Ruggles, Salina, Kansas,25 J. W. Yount, Salina, Kansas,25 I. W. Tuchocki, Macon, Ga.,75

Total, ... \$181.85

Remitted to Nicolas Tchaikovsky, London.

March 31, Draft for £10, costing ... \$49.50 April 5, Draft for £10, costing ... 49.50
April 21, Draft for £10, costing ... 49.50 May 9, On hand, ... 33.35

\$181 85

Acknowledgments from Tchaikovsky.

London. April 11. 1882.

Received to-day from Benj. R. Tucker of Boston £10 draft as first subscription
for the Red Cross Society of "the People's Will."

Delegate for England.

a. Tchaikovsky.

London, April 17. 1882.

Received to-day from Benj. R. Tucker of Boston £10 draft as second
subscription for Red Cross Society of "the People's Will."

Delegate for England.

a. Tchaikovsky.

One of the conscriptions acknowledged above was accompanied by the
following letter:

Benj. R. Tucker:

Dear Sir and Friend,— I return herein the subscription list which you sent
me. It is useless to keep it longer. I should like to have collected a sum worthy of
this noble cause, but, as I foresaw, instead of devotion, solidarity, and fraternity, I
encountered only indifference, selfishness, bigotry, and corruption. The few cents
which I send you were subscribed wholly by poor devils. The rich and well-to-
do have many other things to attend to, other miseries to assuage than those of
the young "fanatics" whom a czar, a representative of God, sends to rot or freeze
in Siberia. If they were only Americans or Frenchmen! — but Russians, oh, no!
Authority, country, religion, hypocrisy,— these are the most invincible obstacles
opposed to humanity's happiness. There is still much to be done before the day of
deliverance. The enemy is wounded unto death, the head of the monster is crushed,

but its tail still vibrates and beats in all directions. We no longer worship Jehovah, but we still revere his representatives. Except perhaps in Russia, we no longer burn men or strangle pregnant women, but, even in the great republics, we still hang men, degrade women, and beat children. "At last we are beginning to get clear of Catholic corruption," wrote a Belgian friend to me the other day. That may be so, I answered, but for some time yet you will continue to breathe the miasmata accumulated in the swamps, and you are still the victims of the social canker which is feeding on your flesh.

Ever yours for Liberty and Justice,

Joseph Henry.

In addition to the money contributions, we have received from Avery Meriwether, of Memphis, Tennessee, fifty copies of his pamphlet, "English Tyranny and Irish Suttering," which he authorizes us to sell at ten cents each for the benefit of the Russian exiles. An advertisement of the work may be found in another column. Those who order it will have the double satisfaction of obtaining an admirable pamphlet and helping to dwell the Red Cross fund.

Ireland and Government.

The philosophy of Liberty puts all social movements, great and small, in a new and original light. To us it is as clear as the noon-day sun that usury, land monopoly, and every species of exclusive privilege are solely due to the existence of certain usurping mobs, falsely copied governments, and styling themselves parliaments, congresses, legislatures, etc. That alone can properly be called government which rests upon leadership through attraction, consent, and voluntary support.

The machine which men ignorantly call the British government is not a government on any rational, moral, and philosophical grounds. Its leadership does not rest upon attraction, but upon strategy, force, and superstition. Unless compulsory acquiescence can be called consent, it can claim no authority from that source. How far the machine is removed from voluntary support the wail of protest whose expression in open revolt is with difficulty kept down throughout the whole kingdom by the bayonet is sufficiently shown.

The thing, then, over which Gladstone presides is not a government, but a usurpation, a mob, a morally unauthorized conspiracy. Its purpose is to prevent the masses from enjoying government, and its first care is to put down by force any competitive leadership among the masses in the interest of better social conditions.

In the light of our philosophy the Land League has been a glorious and significant movement from the fact that it has developed something which, with some justice, might be called a government in the place of Gladstone's mob. If Parnell is stronger to-day than Gladstone, it is because his leadership is the result of attraction, not of balloting tricks and bayonets. If the Land League treasury has more terrors in it than the whole English exchequer, it is because every dollar in it was the result of voluntary contribution, not of compulsory taxation. With those who believe in government, in the sense that the Land League has become a government, we have no reason to dispute. Governments of this kind, so long as they in no wise conflict with Liberty, we welcome, and wish them all power and glory.

The successful rivalry of such a government with Gladstone's mob we regard as one of the most promising omens of true civilization. The full significance of Gladstone's defeat has scarcely a single interpreter among the Land Leaguers, but is none the less glorious on that account. Parnell would probably be shocked if he were publicly accused of attempting to overthrow the State, but this is exactly what

he has practically been doing. The issue has been the survival of the Land League government against the British mob known as the State. Gladstone, the leader of the mob, confesses a clean defeat but, alas! at this point it is probable that the moral attitude of Parnell reaches the limit of its measure. He has all along been Acting better than he knew, and has probably acted the grandest part of which he is capable.

In the future we shall probably see the Land League chieftain devoting his best energies to the chimera known as local self-government in Ireland. Not, indeed, that glorious voluntary self-government which the Land League has exemplified, for the intellectual stature of Parnell has not yet outgrown the idea that, if a pattern of Gladstone's parliamentary mob could only be set up in Ireland and be called "local," it would be a triumph worthy of the Land League. Neither he nor any other of the Land Leaguers is level-headed enough to see that the Land League is the only local self-government that has any right to be called a government. The other thing, which the Home Rulers are after, is not government, but the old mob transplanted.

If some man were broad and brave enough to plant himself in the centre of Ireland and declare — what Gladstone has long ago admitted — that the Land League is the *de facto* government, that the no-rent resolve must now be executed with double vigor, and

that all organized conspiracies governments, but immoral and irresponsible mobs, it would be the high destiny of Ireland to lead the emancipation of the world. The Land League has accomplished what the armies of the world have never dared to attempt. It has conquered Great Britain, but does not know how to utilize the victory. It has shown the masses in all countries how impotent and irresponsible the mobs that are arrayed in legislatures become when the people can only be induced to unite under the simple resolve to withhold the supplies of usury plunder, for the forcible collection of which the State is chiefly organized. This lesson can never be lost, whatever may become of Parnell and the others who emerge from jails in the pitiable attitude of aspiring to imitate the mob rats of England as a means of emancipating Ireland.

Andover Theological Seminary.

This Institution seems to be fast losing its grip on Tophet. All its original theological capital, and virtually also all its financial capital, were invested in a bottom mortgage on the infernal regions. This mortgage was to be a perpetual one; the interest only to be paid; and this was to be paid only in board, lodgings, and brimstone for such sinners as the Institution should see fit to send there. At the time this arrangement was entered into, the Institution claimed the prerogative, as God's vicegerent, of sending sinners to Tophet in very large numbers; and that, too, whether the sinners themselves consented to go there, or not. So long as the right of the Institution to do this was undisputed, both its theological and financial prosperity was satisfactory to its proprietors. But of late years the sinners have been coming to the conclusion that they have rights to a voice in the matter; and most of them have actually decided that they will not go there at all. The result is that the quarters set apart for the damned are nearly all vacant; and consequently the mortgage, which the Institution holds on the premises, is rapidly becoming worthless. We think the holders of the mortgage would to-day be glad to realize ten per cent., perhaps even five per cent., on their original investment. In evident dismay at their prospects for the future, they are now trying to reduce the temperature of the place so its to make it more comfortable — or, rather, less uncomfortable — for the sinners, for whose residence they originally designed it. They seem to imagine that they can thus save the place from utter depopulation. But in this we think they are mistaken. The truth is, that the concern has got a bad name among those for whom it was intended. In other words, sinners, as a class, are sick of Andover, its theology, its penal colony, and all its belongings. Its brimstone stench

has disgustad them. And people who havo no desire to burn even their fingers — to say nothing of burning their souls — have no inducements to make their home in Tophet, under any change of climate which its proprietors may be able to effect. In fact, sulphur stocks of all kinds are a drug in all the theological markets, with no prospect of ever being again in demand. We therefore advise the holders of the Andover mortgage to give the Devil a quit-claim of the premises, and leave him in full possession of his dominions. He seems to be the only one who will ever have any further use for them. Nevertheless, he would not be the greatest gainer by the transaction. The priests themselves would be the greatest gainers, for they would

then have less inducements to make asses and hypocrites of themselves; and might perhaps in time become sensible and honest man. If such should be the result, who will ever say again that miracles are impossible?

Emerson, the Reformer.

The ceremony of placing the body of Emerson in the tomb at Sleepy Hollow, the final resting-place of his family, occurred on Sunday, April 30. In common with thousands of others we turned to the Monday morning reports, hoping, more than expecting, to read that fitting words had been spoken, and, if ceremonies there must be, that they had been in happy accord with the great life they were devised to celebrate. It is an ungracious task to proffer criticism of such an occasion. How much more congenial to the feelings would be that approbation of mind and heart the solemn, truthful interest of the time should have awakened and inspired! The obsequies of Emerson! What profane words could fall from dullest officiating lips? The very stones of the street might be expected to cry out, This was a king! And if men could not speak the word fitting and honorable, silence would have been, at least, discreet. But, as it turned out, there was no dearth of puny and trivial speech. Words, words, words enough; but the gracious presence of the daring, non-conforming soul — the Emerson sacred to history — they did not depict. One speaker dimly recalled somewhat the living seer would have cherished, but the Emerson who uttered these words following no voice summoned; yet how appropriate! What else at all appropriate?

Our age is retrospective. It builds the sepulchres of the fathers. It writes biographies, histories, and criticism. The foregoing generations beheld God and nature face to face; we, through their eyes. Why should not we also enjoy an original relation to the universe? Why should not we have a poetry and philosophy of insight and not of tradition, and a religion by revelation to us, and not the history of theirs? Embosomed for a season in nature, whose floods of life stream around and through us, and invite us by the powers they supply, to action proportioned to nature, why should we grope among the dry bones of the past, or put the living generation into masquerade out of its faded wardrobe? The sun shines to-day also. There is more wool and flax in the fields. There are new lands, new men, new thoughts. Let us demand our own works and laws and worship.

The preachers surrounding Emerson's bier forgot this lesson wholly. Their Scripture and their prayer were dragged out of tradition, empty, worn-out phrases, signifying nothing to the generation before them. "I am the resurrection and the life," one reads. And the prayer leads backward in the same strain to the official claim of the Jewish Jesus. How much more becoming Emerson's own text: "That is

always best which gives me to myself. That which shows God in me fortifies me. That which shows God out of me makes me a wart and a wen. There is no longer a necessary reason for my being." What did these Christian preachers, by implication at least, but this very thing! They would show Emerson with the God out of him, following, obeying, not himself, but another. They left the impression that he who cried, "One would rather be

A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,

than to be defrauded of his manly right in coming into nature," and be told, "You must subordinate your nature to Christ's nature," went hand in hand with themselves in lowliest submission to the Judean king. Was it honest? Hear Emerson's own words again: "Historical Christianity has dwelt, it dwells, with noxious exaggeration about the *person* of Jesus. The soul knows no persons. It invites every man to expand to the full circle of the universe, and will have no preferences but those of spontaneous love." It was this "noxious exaggeration" that cropped out in the Scripture lesson and again in the prayer. Why should there have been any prayer at all at Emerson's funeral? How well had it been had these, his own sentences, been read instead!

We ought to celebrate this hour by expressions of manly joy. Not thanks, nor *prayer* seem quite the highest or truest name for our communication with the infinite, but glad and conspiring reception,— reception that becomes giving in its turn, as the receiver is only the All-Giver in part and in infancy. . . . It is God in us which checks the language of petition by a grander thought. In the bottom of the heart, it is said: "I am, and by me, O Child! this fair body and world of thine stands and grows. I am; all things are mine: and all mine are thine."

But——

We turn from the burial. Emerson could not be buried. Christian tradition could not so dispose of him while living! nor can it now enclose him in its most ancient tomb. Did it succeed in laying away his body? It matters not. "He, being dead, yet speaketh." He is his own resurrection and life. He still lives. His volumes are his life and his present speech. Every aspiring youth may purchase them and therein listen to his own thought. For here was a man who made no claim to private ownership of that divinity which hedges all men as well as the king, thereby making kings of all. "The sublime is excited in me by the great stoical doctrine,

Obey thyself," said the young Emerson, and commended no different message to others.

We attempt here no biography. We celebrate only the advent of an original mind in our world, and wish there were more men and women with minds as daring and true.

What this man, whose vision was unclouded by Church or State, thought end said, the American people may consider, with true *home* interest.

1. Emerson put the religious question on the simple basis of nature. Even his transcendentalism was the soul's individual experience,— that "original relation to the universe," without the intervention of other persons and institutions, possible to and a necessity unto all. Historical religions tell us of other peoples' religion. Let us have our own religion, as they had theirs. Explore thyself. God is in thee, and not elsewhere — for thee! That is all. A simple creed! Never old, always new; fresh and true for every generation, while the world stands.

2. On the vital question of American scholarship Mr. Emerson took strongest of positions, treating his theme in no narrow, collegiate fashion. It is the broad universal culture of the world he sets forth. "The Scholar is *Man Thinking*." But, in the "degenerate state," he appears as the "victim of society," and becomes a *mere* thinker, or, still worse, "the parrot of other men's thinking." Every man is a "student." The "true scholar is the only true master." The first influence is nature; the next, the mind of the Past. The study of books is prescribed. "Books are the best of things, well used; abused, among the worst." What is their use? They are for nothing but to inspire. Better never see a book than to be "warped by its attraction out of one's own orbit." The end of all is the "active soul." America wants all men, all women, for her scholars. They are to be teachable in all practical ways; to be whole men and women, and not parts. The present "state of society is one in which the members have suffered amputation from the trunk, and strut about so many walking monsters,— a good finger, a neck, a stomach, an elbow, but never a man." "The planter sees his bushel and his cart, and nothing beyond; sinks into the *farmer*, instead of being Man on the farm. The priest becomes a form; the attorney a statute book; the mechanic a machine; the sailor a rope of the ship." This is the degradation of the Man. But then, is a counteracting influence at work,— a "new political importance given to the single person. Everything that tends to isolate the individual — to surround him with the barriers of natural respect, so that each man shall feel the world as his, and man shall treat with man as with a sovereign state

— tends to *true* union as well as greatness. The scholar is the man who must take up into himself all the ability of the time, all the contributions of the past, all the *hopes of the future*. If there be one lesson more than another which should pierce his ear, it is: The world is nothing, the man is all.”

3. Thus, Man Thinking is also Man the Reformer. Over his door, as motto, he may write: “The dread of man and the love of man shall be a wall of defence and a wreath of joy around all.” The Reformer is by Mr. Emerson thus summoned:

I will not dissemble my hope that each person whom I address has felt his own call to cast aside all evil customs, timidities, and limitations, and to lie in his place a free and hopeful man, a reformer, a benefactor, not content to slip through the world like a footman or a spy, escaping by his nimbleness and his apologies as many knocks as he can, but a brave and upright man, who must find or cut a straight road to everything excellent on the earth, and not only go honorably himself, but make it easier for all who follow him to go in honor and with benefit.

The encouragement to such an honorable course is vividly drawn, but a sentence or two must suffice.

The scholar says: “Cities and coaches shall never impose on me again; for behold, every solitary dream of mine is rushing to fulfillment. That fancy I had and hesitated to utter because you would laugh,— lo, the broker, the attorney, the market men are saying the same thing. Had I waited a day longer to speak, I had been too late. Behold, State Street thinks, and Wall Street doubts, and begins to prophesy!”

But he must also, and beforehand, speak to satisfy his own soul. His way, the way of all to honorable employment, is “blocked by so many abuses,” he must needs choose: he must right them, or be “lost in them.” “Has he genius and virtue? The less does he find them fit for him to grow in, and, if he would thrive in them, he must sacrifice all the brilliant dreams of boyhood and youth as dreams, and take on him the harness of routine and obsequiousness.” But, “if not so minded, nothing is left for him but to begin the world anew, as he does who puts the spade into the ground for food.”

4. It may surprise many that Mr. Emerson put himself on record as instigator and friend of almost all the most radical reforms before which the conservative world now lauding him turns pale and waxes wroth, especially if some penetrating, executive mind urgently saith: “What is to hinder? Shall they not now be instituted?” But here are his volumes, and for all the vital reformatory interests of

our time they furnish the texts that cut away all foundations beneath the feet of opposition. The Labor Question, for our first instance:

The ways of trade are grown selfish to the borders of theft, and supple to the borders (if not beyond the borders) of fraud. . . . The trail of the serpent enters into all the lucrative professions and practices of man. . . . The general system of our trade is a system of selfishness; is not dictated by the high sentiment of human nature; is not measured by the exact law of reciprocity, much less by the sentiments of love and heroism, but is a system of distrust, of concealment, of superior keenness, not of giving but of taking advantage. It is not that which a man delights to unlock to a noble friend; which he meditates on with joy; but rather what he puts out of sight, only showing the brilliant result, and atoning for the *manner of acquiring* by the *manner of expending* it."

Is here not a truthful picture, fit to be framed for the parlors of millionaires? And here a fine text for the English premier's new Irish policy: "Of course, whilst another man has no land, my title to mine, your title to yours, is at once vitiated." It is but for the want of space that we limit these quotations, and pass to the "new ideas" concerning the State

5. The essay on "Politics" opens thus vigorously: "In dealing with the State, we ought to remember that its institutions are not aboriginal, though they existed before we were born: that they are not superior to the citizen." Consider also the following:

Whilst I do what is fit for me and abstain from what is unfit, my neighbor and I shall often agree in our means, and work together for a time to one end. But whenever I end my dominion over myself not sufficient for me and undertake the direction of him also, I overstep the truth and come into false relations to him. Love and nature cannot maintain the assumption: it must be executed by a practical lie, namely, by force. This undertaking for another is the blunder which stands in colossal ugliness in the governments of the world.

This last sentence should be read as though printed in capitals. Also this following:

This is the history of governmtents,— one man does something which is to bind another. A man who cannot be acquainted with me taxes me; looking from afar at me, ordains that a part of my labor shall go to this or that whimsical end, not as I, but as he happens to fancy. Behold the consequence! Of all debts, men are least

willing to pay taxes. What a satire is this on government! Everywhere they think they get their money's worth, except here.

The evil is pointed out. What is the antidote?

The antidote to this abuse of formal government is, the influence of private character, the growth of the Individual; the appearance of the wise man, of whom the existing government is, it must be owned, but a shabby imitation.

And if some one should now boast of our present modern republic, our system of majorities, and our universal freedom in voting one another down, let our prophet's rebuke fall on his ear:

We think our civilization near its meridian, but we are yet only at the cock-crowing and the morning star. . . . We live in a very low state of the world, and pay unwilling tribute to governments founded on force. We have not in us sufficient faith in the power of rectitude to inspire us with the broad design of renovating the State on the principle of right and love. All those who have pretended this design have been partial reformers, and have admitted in some manner the supremacy of the bad State. I do not call to mind a single human being who has steadily denied the authority of the laws on the simple ground of his own moral nature. Such designs, full of genius and full of fate as they are, am not entertained except avowedly as air pictures. If the individual who exhibits them *dare to think them practicable*, he disgusts scholars [?] and churchmen; and men of talent, and women of superior sentiments, cannot hide their contempt. Not the less does nature continue to fill the heart of youth with suggestions of this enthusiasm, and there are now men,— if, indeed, I can speak in the plural number,— more exactly, I will say, I have just been conversing with one man, to whom no weight of adverse experience will make it for a moment appear impossible that thousands of human beings might share and obey each with the other the grandest and truest sentiments, as well as a knot of friends, or a pair of lovers.

Here we must bring our brief survey of the great man to an end. But perhaps even this slight notice — weighted as it is with the sublime utterances of the man we honor — may direct some one to a fresh reading of those writings bequeathed mankind by the seer and prophet whose form we so lately saw moving in our midst.

We are well aware that there has been a persistent attempt of late years to show that the aged philosopher had, in important particulars, renounced the dream of his youth and the faith of his manhood, inclining more and more to the Christian and other popular traditions. And we, heeding these rumors, have at

times recalled his own remark to the noble Kossuth: "We fear, sir, that you are growing popular." He, however, has himself, even within the closing year of his life, authorized the statement that in none of his convictions had he seen fit to make any change. Delicately, touchingly his own lines in the poem "Terminus" give the same assurance:

As the bird trims her to the gale, I trim myself to the storm of time, I man
the rudder, reef the sail, Obey the voice at eve obeyed in prime: "Lowly
faithful, banish fear, Right onward drive unharmed; The port, well worth
the cruise, is near, And every wave is charmed."

The “Authorities.”

The Socialists of New York and vicinity, with a devotion that does honor to their manhood, very properly thought Sunday the most appropriate day on which to dedicate their temple of humanity. Socialism was their religion, and, as religious processions are always in order, they concluded to march through the streets to the place of dedication.

But certain grog-mongering aldermen, rowdy police commissioners, and other political loafers immediately suffered a severe shock of their pious sensibilities, and straightway prohibited the proposed procession, on the ground that the dedication services were not to be of a religious nature. These fellows have a very delicate scent of what constitute the true attributes of religion.

The “*New Yorker Volkszeitung*,” in its indignation, suggested that the Socialists should arrange themselves in marching order, with banners bearing such devices as, “Society the religion of humanity.” “The ancient order of Jesus Christ,” “The society of Christian redemption,” etc., and thus leave the eternal odium upon the “authorities” of suppressing a religious procession. But men so thoroughly outlawed from anything worthy the name of humanity as are these politicians are impervious to shame and oblivious to odium.

And who are these low-minded loafers who make up the government (so-called) of New York? Let every Socialist who lauds the ballot and “works” on election day remember that they are simply vile creatures of whom he has helped in the making. The trouble with the Socialists is that they stoop to recognize these villains as “authorities.” They are self-elected bullies, who represent nobody in the political sphere — not even themselves. They are figureheads that stand for the State, and, having compulsory taxation, guns, and clubs at their backs, perform whatever tricks they conceive to be safest and most popular and most profitable. So long as the Socialists recognize the State they can consistently make no protest. When they become wise enough to put these politicians on the same plane as all other irresponsible ruffians who assault peaceable processions on the streets, it is probable that the religious instincts of all concerned will receive a fresh and saving impetus.

The Chicago Platform.

Benj. R. Tucker:

Dear Friend and Comrade,— In the last issue of Liberty I notice an inquiry of Comrade Dr. Swain as to the non-publication of the proceedings of the Congress held in this city in October last. It is to be regretted, it is true, that the orders of the Congress were not carried out by the Revisory Committee

more diligently and faithfully than has been the case, but the peculiar state of affairs in this city, the indifferentism and non-participation of our comrades in party or organization matters,— not the committee,— are to be blamed for the delay. However, the platform and plan of organization have been given in print, and will be sent to all sections and groups of the country within the next two weeks. I would request through Liberty all those wishing them sent, to address

a. Spies.

87 Fifth Avenue, Chicago, April 14, 1882.

Monopoly the Cause of Poverty.

The following clear analysis of the causes of poverty is taken from W. N. Slocum's (for the most part) admirable pamphlet, "Revolution," the publication of which by H. W. Brown of Boston was announced in our last issue:

The primal causes of poverty lie at the very base of our social system, and cannot be rooted out without radical change in the system itself. They are organic — sanctioned by custom, sustained by the church, enforced by law, and interwoven with the very fabric of society. The main cause of crime, poverty, and degradation throughout the world is the monopoly of the natural sources of wealth,— the usurpation by the few of that which by right belongs to all. From the earliest organisation of government among men to the present time the preponderance of legislation has been for the protection of property. By natural right that only can be private property which is produced by labor; and all so produced is subject to decay; but human enactments affirm that to be private which nature made public; and human law gives the power of increase to that which nature dooms to destruction. Statutes thus in conflict with the laws of "God" must necessarily be in derogation to the rights of man. By virtue of these usurping laws it follows that what is recognized as property consists of two distinct species,— one externally existent, the other acquired — one a gift of nature, the other a product of labor. It is evident that without exclusive control of the one it would be impossible to monopolize the other: because all created wealth soon passes away, and can only be replaced by additional labor. No sane person advocates an arbitrary division of this species of property, because, under our system, created wealth constantly flows into channels by which it is concentrated into the hands of those who monopolize the sources of wealth. The way to destroy a poisonous plant is not by pruning its branches, but by striking at its roots.

Chapter XXI

On Picket Duty.

In consequence of the Dublin murder, Mr. Gladstone has introduced a bill "for the repression of crime in Ireland." We wish this most excellent purpose might be carried out, and would suggest to Mr. Gladstone that the first crime he should attempt to repress is one of about seven hundred years' standing. Until this first and great crime shall be repressed, we think all his other effort to repress crime in Ireland will be labor lost.

The "Index-Appeal" of Petersburg, Virginia, says that "there is no known belief, misbelief, or unbelief that has not a building erected in its honor in New England and called a church." The "New York Times" answers: "Oh, yes, there is one,—that slavery was a divine institution." True enough, but only because the churches of New England were at one time so nearly unanimous in defending or excusing slavery that there was no call for erecting another especially in its honor.

Liberty is glad to hear from Moncuro D. Conway that "it would be safe to say that the large majority of educated Englishmen (except those retained to maintain other views) are convinced that Charles Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant, by diffusing popular knowledge of checks on child-bearing which do away with temptation to infanticide or abortion, are doing a service to England for which posterity will build them monuments when every politician and priest now persecuting them shall be forgotten."

It is not often that a typographical error does anything but mischief, but such exceptions to the general rule do sometimes occur. For instance, in a poem lately printed in the Boston "Advertiser" descriptive of Emerson's funeral occurred the following lines: "The words of love were said, we *brayed* and sang together." The printer who set this up evidently had faithfully read the reports of the funeral services. We submit that, in consideration of his devotion to truth in this instance, the much-abused "intelligent compositor" should be forgiven many sins.

Judge Jeremiah Black has been defending the Land League. In his defense he took occasion to say: "The title to the land is in the landlords, and cannot be questioned with any decent show of truth. To it from them and give it to the tenants would be naked robbery." Liberty ventures to say that among the speeches delivered by Judge Jeremiah Black twenty-five years ago it could find some such passage as this: "The title to the slaves is in the slaveholders, and cannot be questioned with any decent show of truth. To take them from the slaveholders and

give them to themselves would be naked robbery." The Land League is better off without any such defenders as Judge Jeremiah Black.

A new labor journal, called "The Emancipator," reaches us from San Francisco. It does not command our respect, though flying the noble motto, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." It illustrates its ideal of Liberty by denying to the Chinese the Liberty to decide where they will live and toil; it illustrates its idea of Equality by advising white laborers to "command" yellow laborers to leave the country; it illustrates its idea of Fraternity by asking the people of California to "shoot down every Chinaman who steps his foot upon our soil, and shoot down every white man who attempts to stand in your way." "The Emancipator" clearly needs to be emancipated. To that end we shall send it Liberty regularly. The real article will soon drive out the shams.

A crazy citizen of Rochester, N. Y., named Lehmail, who fancies himself entrusted with the "mission" of destroying obscenity, walked into an art gallery the other day and cut to pieces a valuable painting which, to his mind, too freely exhibited the charms of the human form. He is now in jail. A perfectly sane citizen of New York, named Comstock, who professes a similar mission, but really desires only to feather his own nest (and perhaps befoul it), has been committing offenses like Lehmail's, and much grosser ones in the same line, for more than a decade.

He is not in jail, but a prominent idol of Church and State, receiving a fat salary from one and holding an office from the other. Such is the difference between the awards bestowed by these "holy" institutions upon honest "cranks" and shrewd hypocrites.

A paragraph in the last issue of Liberty contained the following sentence: "The Boston 'Globe' says that Patrick Ford 'went into the Land League for the purpose of capturing it.' We are informed that the editor of the "Globe" considers that we have misquoted him. That no injustice may be done we submit his exact words without comment: "There is a large element in the Land League movement opposed to any peaceful settlement with England, or any adjustment of the difficulty which does not recognize Ireland's right to absolute separation. In America these men are chiefly represented by O'Donovan Rossa, John Devoy, and Patrick Ford. They went into the Land League for the purpose of capturing it — for the purpose of turning it into a revolutionary organization. The old Fenian elements, the clan na gael elements, and the wild, unthinking Socialistic, Communistic, and Nihilistic masses followed."

In one of its earlier issues *Liberty* claimed Charles A. Dana as an Anarchist. The following from the editorial columns of his journal, the New York "Sun," entirely substantiates our claim: "We believe in free trade. We believe in universal peace. We believe in the abolition of armies and navies. We believe in a democratic, self-governing, co-operative, and harmonious system of society organized in consonance with the nature of man, and free from poverty, free from police, and free from jails." How splendid a creed! *Liberty* subscribes to each and every article, and adopts it as her own. But why is not the "Sun" at *Liberty*'s side, battling to make these beautiful beliefs realities? Does it not know that, broadly speaking, monopoly makes usury, and usury makes poverty, and poverty makes crime, and crime makes police and jails and armies necessary? Of course it knows these things. And yet it not only never says a word against the principal monopolies but politically champions many of the men interested in them. Until the "Sun" makes open war on property in land and monopoly of banking, its political and social creed, however often and impressively recited, will bear the impress of insincerity.

The erection of numerous palatial residences on Fifth Avenue by the money magnates of New York is a very alarming social symptom in the eyes of Felix Adler, the progressive Hebrew who presides over the New York "Society of Ethical Culture." In a recent discourse upon it he took the ground that, no matter how wealthy a man may be, he has no right to consume his wealth in luxurious living. Why not, we should like to know. May not a man do as he likes with his own? That the possessions of wealthy men are not rightfully their own we are very well aware, but about that matter Mr. Adler does not seem concerned. How our millionaires spend their money is a secondary question, the vital point being how they *get* it. To this point Mr. Adler, if he is in earnest, must turn his attention. Let him ask, not what wealthy men do with their money, but whether there ought to be any wealthy men.

Never was the contrast between the politician and the reformer more strikingly exhibited than in the attitudes of Parnell and Davitt since they came out of prison: Parnell cowed, Davitt resolute; Parnell anxious to compromise, Davitt more exacting than ever in his demands; Parnell retreating in dismay, Davitt advancing valiantly to the fore. Here were two men engaged in a battle for the abolition of landlordism. One goes to prison for a year, and comes out to say that, if the government will relieve his clients of a portion of the rents already due, he hopes to see the Land League agitation abandoned. The other goes to prison for a little longer period, and comes out to say that the Land League will never be effaced until

landlords everywhere are completely abolished. One stultifies himself by practically admitting that he has been demanding in the sacred name of justice and high morality that which his present attitude indicates that he is only entitled to beg for as a matter of charity. The other glorifies himself and his cause by writing Justice higher than ever on its banner, asking nothing of charity, and insisting that his own sufferings shall not be made of no avail by inglorious surrender of the righteous claims of the oppressed, but shall bear fruit in the inevitable abandonment of the unrighteous privileges of the oppressor. According to Parnell, the land agitation has been an unprincipled scramble; according to Davitt, it is still one of the grandest of revolutions. It redounds to the glory of the Irish people that in this crisis they are recognizing their true leader. In this connection we are happy to quote with warm approval the following words from an editorial in the Boston "Advertiser:" "It is not of paramount importance, even if Mr. Parnell should get wrecked on his own promises or silent pledges. He will have a very competent and singularly consistent successor in Mr. Michael Davitt, who is a man not greatly unlike Garibaldi or Kossuth, and by far the most considerable Irish nationalist now living. He is one of the very few Irishmen who refuse presents and honors. He is unwilling to sit in Parliament, unwilling to deal with the English government, unwilling to think of anything save Irish freedom, which he deems purchased none too dearly though it cast his life. Hence, the attitudes of Mr. Parnell are of very slender importance. If he fritter away his prestige, very little is lost."

The Red Cross Fund.

Receipts to May 23, 1882.

Previously Acknowledged, ...	\$181.85	B. F. Hynland, Corvallis, Oregon,60
Socialistic Section, San Francisco, ...	10.00	Thomas F. Hagerty, San Francisco, ...	
1.00 S. Dannielwitze, San Francisco, ...	1.00	A. J. Starweather, San Francisco, ...	
.25 Geo. H. Goursen, Jr., Edsallville, Penn.,23	Sales of "English Tyranny and Irish Suffering",20
Charles Schofield, Chelsea, Mass., ...	2.00	Reuben Cooley, Jr., Georgia, Vermont,50

Total, ... \$197.55

Remitted to Nicolas Tchaikovsky, London.

March 31, Draft for £10, costing, ...	\$49.50	April 5, Draft for £10, costing, ...	
49.50 April 21, Draft for £10, costing, ...	49.50	May 23, On hand,	49.05

\$197.55

Acknowledgment from Tchaikovsky.

London, May 1, 1882.

Received from Benj. R. Tucker of Boston, U. S. A., £10 draft, as his third installment for the Red Cross fund.

a. Tchaikovsky, Delegate.

Leadership and Drivership.

There are two methods of inducing an individual to move on towards the goal of an ideal civilization. The first method is to place one's self squarely and openly before him — tangible to his eyes, ears, and understanding,— and seek by human persuasion and attraction to lead him.

In doing this the leader should always stand out of the subject's light. He should not make the remotest reference to force, as a possible alternative. He should not resort to any manner of strategy, by which to obscure the wits of the subject. He must not ask — much less coerce — the subject to pay the bills attending the experiment. If then, on his own merits and at his own cost, he succeeds in inducing the subject to follow him, he may consider himself fairly "elected" the guide and director of his subject, always, however, with the proviso that dissent at any moment on the part of his follower shall disqualify him from office, without appeal. An individual who is thus freely led, under these conditions, is "governed," if you will, but it is self-government, and is a perfect negation of the State.

The second method is the method of the State. It is to get behind the individual,— not before him,— and, armed with a good supply of whips, bayonets, clubs, and threats (all of which the subject to be governed is forced to pay for), coerce him to travel blindly whither he naturally could not be induced to go. Upon demanding of his driver a warrant for such brutal proceeding, the subject is possibly shown an old parchment concocted by former drivers before he was born. In vain does he protest that said constitution is not binding upon him without his consent. Thereupon insult is added to injury, and the coercive whips are seasoned with the epithets "traitor," "socialist," "communist," "anarchist," *etc.*

We have, then, these two principal methods of government,— leadership and drivership. The first is the method of Nature, and is found everywhere in rational social intercourse, wherever the State finds it impossible to interpose. The second is opposed to Nature, and is as irrational as it is irresponsible and brutal. Yet it is the method of the State. It is the method which it is thought treasonable to dissent from. It is animalism opposed to humanism. *It* is anarchy in the popular but perverted sense of that term, since it secures government from behind instead of before, debases instead of elevates, and even fails to accomplish the very purposes for which it pretends to be instituted. It is a crime and a failure.

There is another and subsidiary method of putting the individual over the road of State, which might very properly be called the *Jumbo trick*. It is a cross between leadership and drivership, and consists in seducing the subject into the political box and carting off his individuality on wheels, he of course being obliged to pay for his forced ride in the political Black Maria. This latter method is the one now chiefly in vogue in so-called "liberal" States, but is fully as unwarrantable, if not quite as discourteous, as the method of absolutism.

The method of Liberty is the method of voluntary leadership, as opposed to brutal drivership. We demand the abolition of every political State, since the essence of all is drivership. The *Jumbo trick* does not deceive us, although disguised under the names of constitutional monarchy and republic. We demand a rational and voluntary socialism in the place of political animalism; and that our demands are not chimerical the drift of passing events offers the most cheering and satisfying promise.

Obscenity and the State.

Oh, the blessings of republican government! Each day reveals them more clearly. Just consider the magnitude of the latest “blessing” conferred upon the fortunate American citizen. His susceptible nature saved from contamination by the “nastiness” of Walt Whitman! The danger was imminent. The monstrous old wretch, having after many years of conflict obtained recognition by the best minds of Europe and America, had actually worked himself into the good graces of a highly respectable Boston publishing house, and under the protection of its good name was spreading his villainous teachings among the people at large and preparing for the execution of the devil knows what fiendish designs upon the morals of our pure and innocent youth. But at this critical juncture in steps the ever-watchful State (oh, where should we be without it?) and says: “No, this shall not be; the budding moral natures now about to blossom under the influence of the literature, pure and undefiled, of Shakspere and the Bible shall not be withered by the base and burning passions of the author of ‘Leaves of Grass!’” So District-Attorney Stevens warns the Osgoods; the Osgoods ask Whitman to eliminate certain poems, preparatory to the publication of a second edition; in the perversity of his hell-born nature he declines even to consider such a proposition, knowing that it would defeat his insidious plot (for did he not say as much on a former occasion when, negotiating with another publisher who desired him to omit an objectionable passage, he declared that he “wrote the whole book to get those six lines in”?); the Osgood: violate their contract, and turn over the plates to the author; the few copies remaining in the bookstores speedily disappear in the capacious and rapacious maw of a filth-loving public; and we are saved!

But, seriously, is it not a shameful satire upon our laws that one of them should brand with the most disgusting form of criminality the man and poet whose life and writings have won him the sincere admiration of the most competent critics living. But, even were the brand deserved, still would its bearer be more honorable than they who fix it upon him. For, disgusting as is the perversion of physical passion which finds expression in obscenity, it is much less dangerous to the public morals than the perversion of moral passion which finds expression in government. There is no desire, however low, whose satisfaction is so fraught with evil consequences to mankind as the desire to rule, and its worst manifestation is seen when it is directed against the tongues and pens and thoughts of men and

women. Abolish, them, the instrument of this desire, the State, and leave obscenity to run its course. Where it will end all who understand the inherent weakness of vice when fairly pitted against virtue and intelligence well know. But in any case it can expose the world to no dangers approaching those resulting from laws aimed at its suppression, so well indicated by a writer in "L'Intransigeant," whose article appears in another column, and so alarmingly illustrated by this recent outrage upon the "Good Gray Poet" and those who love him for his words and works.

A Letter to Thomas F. Bayard:

Challenging His Right — and That of all the Other So-Called Senators and Representatives in Congress — to Exercise Any Legislative Power Whatever Over the People of the United States

To Thomas F. Bayard, of Delaware:

Sir,— I have read your letter to Rev. Lyman Abbott, in which you express the opinion that it is at least possible for a man to be a legislator, (under the Constitution of the United states), and yet be an honest man.

This proposition implies that you hold it to be at least possible that some four hundred men should, by some process or other, become invested with the right *to make him of their own — that is, laws wholly of their own device*, and therefore necessarily distinct item the law or nature, or the-principles of natural justice; and that these laws of their own making shall be really and truly obligatory upon the people of the United States; and that, therefore, the people may rightfully be compelled to obey them.

All this implies that you are of the opinion that the Congress of the United States, of which you are a member, has, by some process or other, become possessed of some right of *arbitrary dominion* over the people of the United States; which right arbitrary dominion is not given by, and is, therefore, necessarily in conflict with, the law of nature, the principles of natural justice, and the natural rights of men, as individuals. All this is necessarily implied in the idea that the Congress now possesses any right whatever to make any laws whatever, *of its own device* — that is, any laws that shall be either more, less, or other than that natural law, which it can neither make, unmake, nor alter — and cause them to be enforced upon the people of the United States, or any of them, against their will.

You assume that the right of arbitrary dominion — that is, the right of making laws of their own device, and compelling obedience to them — is a “trust” that has been delegated to those who now exercise that power. You call it “*the trust of public power.*”

But, Sir, you are mistaken in supposing that any such power has ever been delegated, or ever can be delegated, by any body, to any body.

Any such delegation of power is naturally impossible, for these reasons, viz : —

1. No man can delegate, or give to another, any right of arbitrary dominion over himself; for that would be giving himself sway as a slave. And this no one can do. Any contract to do so is necessarily an absurd one, and has no validity. To call such a contract a “Constitution,” or by any other high-sounding name, does not alter its character as an absurd and void contract.

2. No man can delegate, or give to another, any right of arbitrary dominion over a third person; for that would imply a right in the third person, not only to make the third person his slave, but also a right to dispose of him as a slave to still other persons. Any contract to do this is necessarily a criminal one, and therefore invalid. To call such a contract a “Constitution” does not at all lessen its criminality, or add to its validity.

These facts, that no man can delegate, or give away, his own natural right to liberty, nor any other man’s natural right to liberty, prove that he can delegate no right of arbitrary dominion whatever — or what is the same thing, no legislative power whatever — over himself or any body else, to any an, or body of men.

This impossibility of any man’s delegating any legislative power whatever necessarily results from the fact, that the law of nature has drawn the line, and the only line — and that, too, a line that can never be effaced nor removed — between each man’s own inherent and inalienable rights of person and property, and each and every other man’s inherent and inalienable rights of person and property. It, therefore, necessarily fixes the unalterable limits, within which every man may rightfully seek his own happiness, in his own way, free from all responsibility to, or interference by, his fellow men, or any of them.

All this pretended delegation of legislative power — that is, of a power, on the part of the legislators, so-called, to make any laws of their own device, distinct from the law of nature — is therefore an entire falsehood; a falsehood, whose only purpose is to cover and hide a pure usurpation, by one body of men, of arbitrary dominion over other men.

That this legislative power, or power of arbitrary dominion, is a pure usurpation, on the part of those who now examine it, and not “a trust” delegated to them, is still further proved by the fact that the only delegation or power, that is even professed or pretended to be made, is made *secretly* — that is, *by secret ballot* — and not in any open and authentic manner; and therefore not by any men, or body of men, who make themselves personally responsible, as principals, for the acts of those to whom they profess to delegate the power.

All this pretended delegation of power having been made secretly — that is, only by secret ballot — not a single one of all the legislators, so-called, who profess to be exercising only a delegated power, has himself any legal knowledge, or can offer any legal proof, as to who the particular individuals were, who delegated it to him. And having no power to identify the individuals who professed to delegate the power to him, he cannot show any legal proof that any body ever even attempted or pretended to delegate it to him.

Plainly a man, who exercises any arbitrary dominion over other men, and who claims to be exercising only a delegated power, but cannot show who his principals are, nor, consequently, prove that he has any principals, must be presumed, both in law and reason, to have no principals; and therefore to be exercising no power but his own. And having, of right, no such power of his own, he is, both in law and reason, a naked usurper.

Sir, a secret ballot makes a secret government; and a secret government is a government by conspiracy; in which the people at large can have no rights. And that is the only government we now have. It is the government of which you are a voluntary member, and supporter, and yet you claim to be an honest man. If you are an honest man, is not your honesty that of a thoughtless, ignorant man, who merely drifts with the current, instead of excreting any judgment of his own?

For still another reason, all legislators, so-called, under the Constitution of the United States, are exercising simply an arbitrary and irresponsible dominion of their own; and not any authority that has been delegated, or pretended to have been delegated, to them. And that reason is, that the Constitution itself (Art. 1, Sec. 6) prescribes that: —

“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.”

This provision makes the legislators constitutionally irresponsible to anybody; either to those on whom they exercise their power, or to those who may have, either openly or secretly, attempted or pretended to delegate power to them. And men, who legally responsible to nobody for their acts, cannot truly be said to be the agents of any body, or to be exercising any power not their own: for all real agents

are necessarily responsible both to those *on* whom they act, and to those *for* whom they act.

To say that the people of this country ever have bound, or ever could bind, themselves by any contract whatever — the Constitution, or any other — to thus give away all their natural rights of property, liberty, and life, into the hands of a few men — a mere conclave — and that they should make it a part of the contract itself that these few men should be held legally irresponsible for the disposal they should make of those rights, is an utter absurdity. It is to say that they have bound themselves, and that they could bind themselves, by an utterly idiotic and suicidal contract.

If such a contract had ever been made by one private individual to another, and had been signed, sealed, witnessed, acknowledged, and delivered, with all possible legal formalities, no decent court on earth — certainly none in this country — would have regarded it, for a moment, as conveying any right, or delegating any power, or as having the slightest legal validity, or obligation.

For all the reasons now given, and for still others that might be given, the legislative power now exercised by Congress, is, in both law and reason, a purely personal, arbitrary, irresponsible, usurped dominion on the part of the legislators themselves, and not a power delegated to them by anybody.

Yet under the pretence that this instrument gives them the right of an arbitrary and irresponsible dominion over the whole people of the United States, Congress has now gone on, his ninety years and more, filling great volumes with laws of their own device, which the people at large have never read, nor ever seen, nor ever will read or see; and of whose legal, meanings it is morally impossible that they should ever know any thing. Congress has never dared to require the people even to read these laws. Had it done so, the oppression would have been an intolerable one; and the people, rather than endure it, would have either rebelled, and overthrown the government, or would have tied the country. Yet these laws, which Congress has not dared to require the people even to read, it has compelled them, at the point of the bayonet, to obey.

And this moral, and legal, and political monstrosity is the kind of government which Congress claims that the Constitution authorizes it to impose upon the people.

Sir, can you say that such an arbitrary and irresponsible dominion as this, over the properties, liberties, and lives of fifty millions of people — or even over the

property, liberty, or life of any one of those fifty millions — can be justified on any reason whatever? If not, with what color of truth can you say that you yourself, or anybody else, can act as a legislator, under the Constitution of the United States, and yet be an honest man?

To say that the arbitrary and irresponsible dominion, that is exercised by Congress, has been delegated to it by the Constitution, *and not solely by the secret ballots of the voters for the time being*, is the height of absurdity; for what is the Constitution? It is, at best, a writing that was drawn up more than ninety years ago; was assented to at the time only by a small number of men; generally those few white male adults who had prescribed amounts of property; probably not more than two hundred thousand in all; or one in twenty of the whole population.

These men have been long since dead. They never had any right of arbitrary dominion over even their contemporaries; and they never had any over an. Their wills or wishes have no more rightful authority over us, than have the wills or wishes of men who lived before the flood. They never personally signed, sealed, acknowledged, or delivered, or dared to sign, seal, acknowledge, or deliver, the instrument which they imposed upon the country as law. They never, in any open and authentic manner, bound even themselves to obey it, or made themselves personally responsible for the acts of their so-called agents under it. They had no natural right to impose it, as law, upon a single human being. The whole proceeding was a pure usurpation.

In practice, the Constitution has been an utter fraud from the beginning. Professing to have been “ordained and established” by “*We, the people of the United States,*” it has never been submitted to them, as individuals, for their voluntary acceptance or rejection. They have never been asked to sign, seal, acknowledge, or deliver it, as their free act and deed. They have never signed, sealed, acknowledged, or delivered it, or promised, or laid themselves under any kind of obligation, to obey it. Very few of there have ever read, or even seen it; or ever will read or see it. Of its legal meaning (if it can be said to have any) they really know nothing; and never did, nor ever will, know any thing.

Why is it, Sir, that such an instrument as the Constitution, for which nobody has been responsible, and of which few persons have ever known any thing, has been suffered to stand, for the last ninety years, and to be used for such audacious and criminal purposes? It is solely because it has been sustained by the same kind of conspiracy as that by which it was established; that is, by the wealth and the

power of those few who were to profit by the arbitrary dominion it was assumed to give them over others. While the poor, the weak, and the ignorant, who were to be cheated, plundered, and enslaved by it, have been told, and some of them doubtless made to believe, that it is a sacred instrument, designed for the preservation of their rights.

These cheated, plundered, and enslaved persons have been made to feel, if not to believe, that the Constitution had such miraculous power, that it could authorize the majority (or even a plurality) of the male adults, for the time being — a majority numbering at this time, say, five millions in all — to exercise, through their agents, secretly appointed, an arbitrary and irresponsible dominion over the properties, liberties, and lives of the whole fifty millions; and that these fifty millions have no rightful alternative but to submit all their rights to this arbitrary dominion, or suffer such confiscation, imprisonment, or death as this secretly appointed, irresponsible cabal, of so-called legislators, should see fit to resort to for the maintenance of its power.

As might have been expected, and as was, to a large degree, at least, intended, this Constitution has been used from the beginning by ambitious, rapacious, and unprincipled men, to enable them to maintain, at the point of the bayonet, an arbitrary and irresponsible dominion over those who were too ignorant and too weak to protect themselves against the conspirators who had thus combined to deceive, plunder, and enslave them.

Do you really think, Sir, that such a constitution as this can avail to justify those who, like yourself, are engaged in enforcing it? Is it not plain, rather, that the members of Congress, as a legislative body, whether they are conscious of it, or not, are, in reality, a mere cabal of swindlers, usurpers, tyrants, and robbers? Is it not plain that they are stupendous blockheads, if they imagine that they are anything else than such a cabal? or that their so-called laws impose the least obligation upon anybody?

If you have never before looked at this matter in this light, I ask you to do so now. And in the hope to aid you in doing so candidly, and to some useful purpose, I take the liberty to, mail for you a pamphlet entitled:

“Natural Law; or the Science of Justice; a Treatise on Natural Law, Natural Justice, Natural Rights, Natural Liberty, and Natural Society; Showing That All Legislation Whatsoever Is an Absurdity, A Usurpation, and a Crime. Part I.

In this pamphlet, I have endeavored to controvert distinctly the proposition that, by any possible process whatever, any man, or body of men, can become possessed of any right of arbitrary dominion over other men, or other men's property; or, consequently, any right whatever to make any law whatever, *of their own* — distinct from the law of nature — and compel any other men to obey it.

I trust I need not suspect you, as a legislator under the Constitution, and claiming to be an honest man, of my desire to evade the issue presented in this pamphlet. If you shall see fit to meet it, I hope you will excuse me for suggesting that — to avoid verbiage, and everything indefinite — you give at least a single specimen of a law that either heretofore has been made, or that you conceive it possible for legislators to make — that is, some law of their own device — that either has been or shall be, really and truly obligatory upon other persons, and which such other persons have been, or may he, rightfully compelled to obey.

If you can either find or devise any such law, I trust you will make it known, that it may be examined, and the question of its obligation be fairly settled in the popular mind.

But if it should happen that you can neither find such a law in the existing statute books of the United States, nor, in your own mind, conceive of such a law as possible under the Constitution, I give you leave to find it, if that be possible, in the constitution or statute book of any other people that now exist, or ever have existed, on the earth.

If, finally, you shall find no such law, anywhere, nor be able to conceive of any such law yourself, I take the liberty to suggest that it is your imperative duty to submit the question to your associate legislators; and, if they can give no light on the subject, that you call upon them to burn all the existing statute books of the United States, and then to go home and content themselves with the exercise of only such rights and powers as nature has given to them in common with the rest of mankind.

Lysander Spooner.

Boston, May 21, 1883.

Pornography.

A proposition by a French deputy named Goblet for the enactment of a law against obscenity recently elicited the following protest from Maurice Talmeyr, one of the writers for "L'Intransigeant:"

It appears that M. Goblet burns with a desire to attach his name to a law against pornography. It is well known what M. Goblet is. What is pornography?

Pornography is obscenity in books, journals, and works of art. As it actually induces the sale of many obscene pictures and pamphlets, the intention is to ask the Chambers to pass a law prohibiting the sale and punishing the authors.

Here we once more meet face to face one of the oldest questions of Liberty ever discussed. We are not surprised that it is not yet solved in the minds of all, but we do not believe that there are many questions concerning which experience furnishes so many arguments in favor of absolute Liberty.

Those of our contemporaries who, holding a pen, ask to be enabled to prosecute dealers in obscenity remind us a little of the winegrowers who uproot almond trees from their vineyards because they shut out the sun. To avoid the loss of three grapes they deprive themselves of a fine crop of almonds. To save themselves from the unpleasantness of two or three improper street-cries or a few suspicious leaflets, to which only those who secretly delight in them ever pay attention, they risk the consignment of nine-tenths of literature to the paper-mill.

To the repressive laws which are supposed to menace only pornography, but which really menace art itself, we shall always oppose the old argument — as old as the world and equally as solid — that has always been opposed to them:

Tell us where, in art, obscenity begins; tell us where it ends; fix a limit that shall not be so arbitrary and movable that the obscene of yesterday may become the sublime of tomorrow. Do that, and then you may intelligently legislate against pornography. Until then hands off, and let an unclean sheet appear, lest to-morrow some idiot should take it upon himself to prevent us from reading "Pantagruel," the "Religieuse," or the "Man with Forty Crowns."

Why is it not yet recognized, in the face of so many well-known instances, that obscenity, like morality, is the most elastically relative and hence the most intangible and indefinable thing in the world? "Madame Bovary," in which it is impossible to discover anything at all obscene, was prosecuted nevertheless, under

the empire as obscene. Why? The edition of La Fontaine's "Fables," called of the "Farmers General," a few years ago was destroyed, ground up, and annihilated at the command of the courts. Why?

Why? Because there was a law that entrusted the whole of art and the whole of literature to the prudery of a tribunal,— that is, to four or five simple men always liable to be dull and mischievous idiots; because prudery, like vice, has no boundaries; because such or such a judge, having to pass upon a pamphlet or a picture, will perhaps decide that in his personal opinion all nudity is obscene, and that the very word "love" is wounding to modesty; because no library, at any given moment, would stand the test of certain possible standards, and because thenceforth everything would disappear, from the "Iliad" to the "Legend of the Centuries."

There exists a sect of Protestants when members put breeches on the legs of their pianos lest they might inspire impure thoughts. And after all perhaps they do inspire them. Let us leave these pantaloon fanatics to seek their pleasure where they find it, but let us hope never to be judged by them.

Yet that is what the Goblet law may prove one day to hold in store for us. Whoever the editor, it would always put the book, the picture, and the journal at the mercy of personal estimates; it would contribute its share to the persecution with which men, we know not why, have always pursued the human mind.

Mortality.

Full closely neighbored foul sud fair reside
In mortals. Fuse of virgin loveliness,
White bosom's ivory contours, silken tress,
Sweet lips, whose accents like to honey glide,
And roseate blush, all charms of youthful bride.

Flourish above digestion's ferment foul
And visceral ordure. Once the parting soul
Its organs sow effaced by breeze and tire,
Incinerated on the resinous pyre,
'Twas a purgation flesh might well desire.
Better the Parsee's burial tower and wings
Of gorging vultures than corruption slow
And ravages of many-footed things,
That banquet on the deed in charnels law.

a.

Love and the Law.

One of the ablest writers for the Paris "Figaro" whose pseudonym is "Ignous," has been publishing some extremely conservative articles on various plumes of socialism, in which he says much that commands the assent of extreme radicals, thus fortifying the maxim that "extremes meet." Gramont, the radical young duke who contributes so ably to the columns of Rochefort's "Intransigeant," has been noting some of these agreements, and here is what he says of one of "Ignous's" latest articles, on the law against adultery:

Here we meet again, in common ideas,— we who start from points so opposite. But is this the first time that men animated by absolutely contradictory principles have met on the same ground? No, no. Such meetings are not rare. Why? Because men of principle have the peculiarity of being logical, and the ways of logic are mysterious. The men with whom we shall never agree are those to whom "there are no principles, but only events." Who said that? Vautrin, in his famous discourse at Rastignac. Vautrin was the first to formulate the doctrine of opportunism.

Once more, then, we have found, in an article signed "Ignous," numerous ideas which are our own, although inspired by very different principles. This article, entitled, "The Law of Adultery," begins with observations hostile to divorce. We, too, are against divorce. "Ignous" opposes it because, a Catholic, he favors indissoluble marriage. We oppose it because we favor no marriage at all.

We should not content ourselves with words. Neither is it necessary to give words narrow meanings. The word "divorce" is capable of being interpreted in the broadest sense, as the law of 1792, I believe, interpreted it. If "divorce" signified that the will of one of the partners shall suffice to sever its union, while respecting (an indispensable condition) the rights of the wife, divorce then would be free union, and it would satisfy us. But we know perfectly well what is meant by the divorce which our law-makers contemplate, and that it will be directed exclusively against the woman. Why so? "Ignous" gives the reason:

Alter ten or twelve years of family life, the value of the man, *as far as to second marriage is concerned*, has usually increased, while that of the woman has diminished.

What compensation will you give to your divorced wives for the waste that they have undergone? None. "Woman," says one of the manifestoes of the International

Working-People's Association, "should be neither a slave nor an instrument of pleasure." Well, existing marriage makes it slave of woman. Marriage, coupled with divorce as ordinarily understood, will make of her a simple instrument of pleasure. To deliver woman and, above all, to protect her interests from damage,— that is the task, of urgent necessity, and to be done with absolute justice.

At present one of the most flagrant, most crying iniquities of our code is the monstrous difference between the adultery of the woman and that of the man. This abomination is so evident that nothing but the utmost stupidity and baseness could have prevented its disappearance from our laws. "Ignotus" points it out, and protests against it. We have pointed it out also; we shall not cease to denounce it as long as it stands. That it husband who is known to have mistresses may prosecute his wife as an adulteress and shut her up in that unclean Saint-Lazare, which is one of the shames of our society, is one of the most profoundly demoralizing of the provisions of the law. Ah! it is not by us that the family is undermined, but rather by the laws which are supposed to protect it!

Nevertheless, in spite of the voices heard on all sides, the present law of adultery will not be repealed, and a divorce will be voted which will not break woman's chains, and which will have no other object than to prop up the tottering marriage institution. Shall we be disconsolate? Not at all. We remember the discussion in the Chamber concerning the law on the right of public meeting. M. Louis Blane had spoken on the side of Liberty. When the well-known restrictive law had been passed, the orator reascended the tribune, and, to the great scandal of the majority, uttered these words:

"Undoubtedly your law is better than those which it repeals; but we should prefer a worse one, because it would not last as long."

We are quite of this opinion regarding legislative enactments. Consequently we shall not look unfavorably upon the divorce law, because, in our opinion, this measure will hasten the definitive victory of the concubine over the bride, of the mistress over the legitimate wife, of love over marriage.

An Earthly Valhalla.

How little remains of the “religion of Christ and His wounds,” beyond its hollow forms which are now but mockeries, is eloquently indicated in the following passage, with winch Moncure D. Conway, in the Cincinnati “Commercial,” concludes a description of the burial of Charles Darwin in Westminster Abbey:

It was very dark in the Abbey, and the lights of the choir but faintly struggled with the gloom. There was something almost special in the silent slow moving of the procession with noiseless tread. Around them in every direction the throng of marble statues were discernible, as a cloud of witnesses gathered to receive the new comer in their Valhalla. But it was an earthly Valhalla. The darkness of the Abbey, only made visible by occasional lamps, might have been regarded by those saints of the still radiant windows as emblematic of the curtain which knowledge has drawn close beyond the grave. That which was once seen as a portal has now become a final chamber. The ancient hopes are heard again: “I am the Resurrection and the Life,” “The trumpet shall sound,” “It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption,”—but more vainly than the lamps do they contend with the agnostic mind of the modern world this day supreme in the temple built by ancient belief. Canon Prothero, who, the Dean being absent from England, officiated, must have felt a chill about the heart, when duty compelled him to thank God for removing Darwin out of this wicked world. It seemed like the hollow sound of some ancient Dead Sea wave, rejoicing that it had managed to quench a beacon along the coast of humanity. If the agnostic darkness around the grave is ever dissipated, it will not be while the shadows of Dark Ages still pretend to be clear light. But the antiquarian service ends. And the gloom of the Abbey lifts a little as around the grave the white-robed little choristers gather and sing the anthem in which every heart could unite,—and oh, how gloriously it rang out amid the arches and the statues and the mourning concourse of men and women! — “His body is buried in peace, but his name liveth for evermore.”

The Folly of the “Grab Bag” System.

To the Editor of Liberty:

Dear Sir,— Here is a proposition, or, rather, a statement of facts, which, if printed on a hand-bill, would do more to make the millions think, and — what is of equal importance — *act*, than nine-tenths of all the educational matter sent out. There are thirty-five thousand millions of wealth in the nation, seven hundred dollars to each one of fifty millions of people. Now, how can we all become rich on seven hundred dollars apiece?

Worse yet, there are many who have already from one to one hundred millions, and a larger number having many thousands, all with legal hooks in their hands wherewith to grab more.

The wealth of the nation is in an immense *grab bag*; its acquisition is a grab game, in which, if *all* are drawers of prizes, each gets but little, and if, by chance or legislation, only a few, the masses get nothing.

It seems to me that a presentation of the case in the above manner would reach and operate on thousands who still think there is a *fortune* for them. An illustrated handbill stating the above fact would *make a stir*.

But I don't look for anything of the kind from American “agitators.” If the Irish fail to hold their grip, then the “end of the world,” I fear, is not to be seen by us. I have thought from the start, however, that their movement would prove to be the beginning of the end.

Universal bankruptcy is the medicine that will give the world an appetite for its natural food. When the millions who now are deluded with the idea that there is a prize for them in the (*grab*) *bag* cease to foot the bills and pay the interest arising from the folly of the present gambling system left them by past generations, then will their enemies and the enemies of truth be vanquished. Then, with less labor than they *now expand to yet what does not exist*, they will have enough to make them comfortable and happy, which is more than they have now, or can have, because it is not in the *Bag*.

Respectfully yours,

Simeon Stetson.

San Francisco, California.

Chapter XXII

On Picket Duty.

The detestable tendency of superstition to make the observance of its ceremonies a duty paramount to that of respect for human rights and to regard its factitious “sins against God” as morally more enormous than sins against man is not unfairly illustrated, if perhaps a little exaggerated, by the story recently told in the British house of commons by Sir Wilfred Lawson of a father who said to his son: “Now my boy, beware of the beginning of sin! Many a man has commenced with murder and ended with Sabbath-breaking.”

Brennan, too, is unterrified. Released from prison, the first utterance of the brave young secretary of the Land League is, not that the land question is settled, but that much remains to be done, and that landlordism must be torn up by the roots. It is a significant fact that, of the leaders of the League, the two most pronounced “Irish World” men, Davitt and Brennan, have stood the test of persecution most unflinchingly. They were engaged in no mere political agitation; they had no selfish ends in view; but the love of justice had entered their hearts and the idea of justice their heads, and in the hour of trial these sustained them in the performance of their duty. There is nothing equal to moral principle as an inspiration to heroic conduct.

By Garibaldi’s death the world loses one of its bravest, truest spirits, a man cast in Nature’s most heroic mold. Decrepitude and disease combined during his latter years to disable him from active effort, but neither could dampen his ardor in the cause of justice, and he remained steadfast to the end unspoiled by popularity, and ever ready, when occasion required, to lift his voice in behalf of the social revolution. The man will be remembered in history for his sterling character more than for any of his deeds, and the results of political and social progress will show that for which he is now most famous, the unification of Italy, as the most valueless achievement of his life. It was really a step backward and away from the federative policy that must sooner or later prevail throughout the world. But in taking it Garibaldi was actuated only by the purest motives,—not at all by a desire to strengthen the instrumentalities of tyranny. For that he hated everywhere, whether in Church or State, and as an uncompromising enemy thereof he will chiefly be remembered.

From two judgments recently passed by “The Critic,” which claims to be one of the first literary journals in America and is edited by men who claim to

be advanced thinkers, it may be seen how dangerous would be official literary censorship even when lodged in the hands of the wisest. The journal in question ardently admires Walt Whitman, and prints frequent contributions from his pen. In May, commenting upon Zola's "Pot-Bouille," it called Mr. Comstock's attention to that book, and asked suppress it. Curiously enough, almost at that very moment Mr. Comstock and his tools had just consummated the suppression of the works of "The Critic's" idol, Walt Whitman. Consequently, in its next issuee, "The Critic" had to defend "Leaves of Grass" by an argument admirable enough, but which would have served equally well as an answer to its own attack on "Pot-Bouille." We see, therefore, that, had the editor of "The Critic" been secretary of the Vice Society, he would have been as unwarrantable a tyrant as Comstock himself, albeit in a different direction. It is of no use to change tyrants; the thing is to abolish tyranny. Let no one suppose that Liberty holds Whitman responsible for "The Critic's" inconsistency. He is above such weakness. Nor would we be understood as classing Whitman and Zola on the same literary level.

The hue-and-cry over the "nastiness" of Zola's latest novel, "Pot-Bouille" foolish and futile as it is, nevertheless has one interesting aspect, which a search for the explanation thereof reveals. Zoia, in a series of powerful works of fiction, has been picturing systematically, in his realistic fashion, the morals of modern society. So long as he confined himself to certain phases of it, little or no exception was taken to his work. In "L'Assommoir" he painted in all their horrors the evils of drunkenness as it exists among the working classes, and, though the critics discussed more or less warmly the literary value of the realistic school, no serious protest was heard. In "Nana" the bold writer went a little farther, and depicted the "social evil" in its effects upon the life of a member of the Parisian *demimonde*. This effort was welcomed with not quite the same unruffled placidity that greeted "L'Assommoir." The shrewder portion of the "truly good," cognizant of the back-door communication between their sphere of life and Nana's, and seeing themselves in the shadowy background of the new picture, began to divine the drift of Zola's purpose, and some of them attempted to parry a blow which they felt to be partially, though indirectly, aimed at themselves by branding him as an unclean writer. Still, the protest was comparatively mild. But in his latest work, true to his design, the author walks straight into the homes of the upper classes, and ruthlessly tears away the veil from before the secret sexual promiscuity with which they have so long been honeycombed. And, naturally enough, the realistic writer, adhering to the method in which he believes, uses grosser language than before

in describing this grossest of moral iniquities. But clearly he has exceeded the limit. The feeble objections to "L'Assommoir" and the moderate protests against "Nana" immediately swell into a howl of hypocritical wrath from the this time rich and powerful victims of the audacious author's pen. The literary hacks whom they hire to voice their anger unite in condemning in the strongest language at their command the "obscenity" of "pot-Bouille," and some of them go so far as to demand its suppression by law. What is the moral of it all? Plainly, this: that literature and art may paint as blackly as they will the industrial slaves upon whose toil the upper classes live; they may even reveal to some extent the revolting aspects of the inner lives of the poor creatures in whose ruin modern aristocracy takes pride and pleasure; but hands off the *bourgeoisie*. The morals of the upper classes are their own; for their misdeeds they are irresponsible; for their crimes there is no law and no punishment. Such is their infamous claim. But will it prove well founded? *Let the Revolution answer!*

The New-Born Soul.

[New York Sun.]

Marvel not that I said unto thee, Yo must be born again. — John III., 7.

Those who can read the signs of the times read in them that the Kingdom of Man is at hand. — W. Kingdon Clifford.

Of yore as realities Spirits, 'twas sung, over slumber-land stole: Like dreams' idealities Deemed personalities, Fancy has fondly created the soul:

Yes, as an endly Graspessland ghostly, a sublime man, A bodied nonentity, Phantom identity, Heavenward wafted when ended life's span.

But, lost as locality, Heaven its bounds to the boundless dilates; So, thought's totality Universality Sneds in the soul, and the soul re-creates.

To it, in humility, Awed by the infinite, feeling is all; It sees the sterility, Finds the futility, God in the limits of thought to enthral.

Back from past wandering, Homeward the soul to man's breast has returned Freed from vain pondering, Zeal no more aquandering, Strong in the strength for which long it has yearned.

So now the role of man In his own manhood on earth shall be played; So now the soul of man Finds the true goal of man, Heavenly realms by this world overweighed.

The soul is a trinity, Intellect, will, and emotion in one; This man's affinity Is to divinity; This is the sainthood by manhood outdone.

The soul a reflector is, Casting the image of heaven and earth; No more a spectre is, But the perfecter is, Pointing the path unto worthiest worth.

By art beastified, Roused by the good and redeemed by the true, Life by love ratified, Through duty gratified, Such is the soul's sweetest service to strew.

The soul of Humanity Is the good gained, the bad quelled, through all time: From dead Christianity New-risen sanity Save us baptized in this race-soul sublime.

Thus as a unity 'Midst nature's processes man will be found; From such community Fresh opportunity Flows for the race in one brotherhood bound.

Taken this attitude, souls so attempered attain the ideal; Widened faith's platitude By reason's latitude, Thing of the spirit arise the things real.

Oh, the nobility Ever with heroes and martyrs to stand! Strong the stability, Sweet the tranquility, Randomed by hope in earth's Eden-made land.

So, when the birth of us Shall to the death of our bodies give peace, Then all the worth of us, Freed from the death of us, Deathless shall live the life of the race.

Courtlandt Palmer.

The Red Cross Fund.

Receipts to June 6, 1882.

Previously acknowledged, ... \$197.55 E. C. Walker, Norway, Iowa, ... 1.00 Sales of "English Tyranny and Irish Suffering," ... 1.10 P. A. De La Nux, Los Angeles, California,50 Julia H. Barnett, New York, ... 1.00 Charles Lundgren, Jersey City, N. J.,25 George Gunding, Jersey City, N. J., ... 1.00 F. Schwind, Jersey City, N.J.,25 G. Bush, Jersey City, N.J.,50 E. Raabe, Jersey City, N.J.,50 Maria Hamann, Jersey City,N.J.,50 Jersey City Heights Group of the International Working-People's Association, per A. Herben, treasurer, ... 5.00 "Basis," Boston, ... 2.00

Total, ... \$211.16

Remitted to Nicolas Tchaikovsky, London.

March 31, Draft for £10, costing ... \$49.50 April 5, Draft for £10, costing ... 49.50 April 21, Draft for £10, costing ... 49.50 June 6, On hand, ... 62.65

\$211.15

We take pleasure in complying with the request of Delegate Tchaikovsky that Liberty should print the following list of contributions received by the fund from New York in response to subscription papers sent thither prior to the appointment of the editor of Liberty as American delegate:

Justus H. Schwab, ... \$5.00 Lorena Koloscue, ... 2.00 John Folter, ... 1.00 Louis Niermann, ... 1.00 Mangold, ... 1.00 J. P. Scofield, ... 1.00 J. H., ... 1.00 N. W.,25 Mund,25 Schweppendick,25 Franz Renz,50 John Standinger,50 Socialistic Revolutionary Club, ... 1.96 Several Russians, ... 1.00 L. E.,25 Ernst Kuhne,25 M. S.,25 H. Kolloff,25 J. Baron, ... 5.00 J. T. Rosar, ... 1.00 Half of the proceeds of the Commune Festival, ... 31.37 E. Mastral,50 A. Zoal,50 H. Carrier, ... 1.00 Mrs. Carrier,50 Julie Carrier,25 Victorinne Carrier,25 Angèle Carrier,25 H. Carrier, Jr.,25 Lucréce Carrier,25 Mrs. Leon,20 Ch. Chatel,50 Mott,50

Total, ... \$60.03

Boston's Mental Torpor.

Anniversary week in Boston has lost nearly all of its old-time interest. No very living issues are championed to-day by the different organizations which occupy the week with their "annual reports," their balloting for president and secretary, their grim or funny little speeches, and their stomach-loading collations. Go the rounds, and one wearisome monotony prevails. Trinitarian, Unitarian, Orthodox, Heterodox, Moral Aid, Heredity, Prisoner's Friend, Eight Hours, or Peace,— everywhere there is an ebb of life. Deadness is celebrated, and it is deadness that celebrates. No wonder the West is laughing in its sleeve. Boston needs an earthquake. If there were any god minding human affairs, and responsible, as a god would be, for the sort of creatures his wit had created, he would surely exercise the authority vested by himself in himself to give this comparatively ancient Hub a right smart shaking up. But perhaps it is just as well that things should take their natural course, and work their own salvation out freely from their own innermost. The responsibility in this latter case rests, so far as there is any, on human nature. It is the inevitable play of human forces that rebuilds and revivifies the earth. And here in old Boston, as things drift to their worst, life-saving energies will be liberated in ways and by means least suspected. Such is our faith. So, when we speak of any deplorable state of affairs at home or abroad, it is simply a noting of the fact, and not a sign of unassuageable grief or despondency. We feel none; therefore, we have none to exhibit. We know full well that human nature is equal to itself, and can and will stand in the gap against whatever impending calamity. The *deadness* of which we spoke is no bad omen, considered scientifically. Was it Paul, the Apostle, who had so much to say of the falling grains of wheat which must die to live? This is undoubtedly the true explanation of the nigh all-prevailing Bostonian deadrot so manifest in these latter times at the yearly meetings.

We are glad that our philosophy leads us into this path of reconciliation with the otherwise most discouraging outlook. When deadness abounds, we know that life much more abounds, to be manifest in the good time — possibly not far distant, either — to come. People mean well. You feel that. But they are,— plainness of speech is here a virtue,— they *are* stupid; gone into their own deadness to bring forth, let us trust, in the fullness of time, life abundantly. So we say to our Western friends,— who are not themselves us much alive as "they might be (rushing, jumping activity is no infallible sign of life),— old Boston is only buried

in her own bonumbed, plitudinizing self for *a season*. She shall rise again, clad in robes of light which you will be well pleased to honor. She has “fallen into gloom” and is afraid of Whitman,— so moral(?) is her official deadness,— but, after that conjunction, there is much good to come, be assured! a revived, happy, aggressive, creative day, to her own and the world’s best good, when she shall stand once more erect here by the sea, as once Emerson predicted,

With sunshine In her brain.

An invisible witness of the proceedings at the Free Religious Anniversary, Liberty reflected somewhat in this wise: “Deadness here also, and much; but what if these intelligent, good-looking men and women should burst their cerements of worldly prudence and sectarian imitation, and let the living souls within them of which they so often prate have their full, romping freedom! Would they, and all mankind else, go to rack and ruin? Not a bit of it! Instead of being ‘warts and wens’ of a proselyting institution, they would severally, each and all, be reinforced and invigorated by the god *in* them. Then! think of it! With no burden of membership to maintain; no dwarfing ‘we’ to engineer and be morally accountable for; no ‘working together to a common end’ which must be trumped up in the committee room, destined only to narrow the vision of all to one little focus of agreement,— think of it! Each freed from this, expanding to full circle so! Verily, as Liberty’s eye ran over the assembly, it really seemed as if a mighty force was there, once liberate it in individual brains and hearts. You, Sir Frederick, member of the body Free Religious, you have a body of your own! Stick to that, and let the power it enshrines have its free course! So with you, Potter! and with you, Adler! Ah! Liberty hears now Adler’s own purpose by himself being stated. He can no longer work with the Free Religious organization; he must work alone. So he goes back to New York, where he is organizing charities. May the good spirit still strive withia him to show him the deadness there is in that sort of thing also! Charities suppose poverty, and poverty comes of what? Leave your charities, ex-Free Religious president, and seek the *source* of the evil you and your band of workers are so zealous to alleviate!” Much else did Liberty ponder, but space now forbids report.

Cut-Downs and Cut-Ups.

One of the plainest deductions of common sense that a workingman on a strike should fling into the teeth of his employer is this,— namely, *that the latter is just as much a striker as is the former*.

Here is a corporation declaring forty per cent. dividends. The operatives are receiving just enough out of what they produce to maintain them on the ragged edge of poverty and despair. Suddenly the corporation inflicts despotically what is called a “cut-down.” The helpless operatives submit.

But at some future day the operatives gather courage enough to demand the restoration of the “cut-down.” They thereby inflict upon the corporation a “cut-up.” Immediately this act is heralded by the capitalistic press as a “strike,” and the legislators begin to concoct some legal scheme by which to be able to indict the “cut-up-ers” as conspirators against commerce and industry, never seeming to reflect that they have simply followed the example of the “cut-down-ers.”

The fact is that capital is always the ring-leader in strikes. The “cut-down-er” is just as much a striker as the “cat-up-er.” and he is all the more culpable since he is the robber, the privileged party, the first invader.

In this plain view of the matter how infamous the scheme now being plotted in legislative halls to make the “cut-up-ers” criminals, so that their oppressors may rob them with impunity. But perhaps it is all for the best. It is painfully evident that these momentous issues between labor and capital will yet lead to bloodshed, unless labor learns the *modus operandi* of the destruction of its rights in time to thwart it by consolidated passive resistance. If it must be, then perhaps the sooner the better, even on peaceful and humanitarian grounds.

A Journal Rejuvenescent.

What is coming over the dream of the formerly staid, conservative, reactionary, awfully pious, morally stupid, grandmotherly old "Advertiser"? The Germans have a proverb: "When dead tree limbs bud and blossom, there must be something vigorous in the air." We have already had some astonishing words to quote from — may we say our venerable contemporary? Astonishing only, however, because they were given to the light of day by the "Advertiser's" type. We refer to its remarkable endorsement of that arch radical and reformer, Michael Davitt, made in terms which would have satisfied Liberty's own uncompromising bourgeois characters. But now, once again, our eyes rest on stirring sentences which glow as though forged and rolled out of the heart of nature, so defiant are they of all things conventional and worldly. 'Tis not the fashion of this world which never passeth away to speak thus. It is the voice of the minority that is heard, — that minority with which "abides whatever is excellent." And so we wonder, — we wonder and rejoice; very much, we imagine, as they are said to do in heaven, over each newly reported repentant sinner whose heart is supposed to have turned Zionward. And yet we are conscious of a slight trembling, even while we proclaim our joy. These spasms of virtue may issue only from some lone editorial itinerant, whose sudden, Jonah-like departure some cloudy morning shall restore the old journalistic ship to the dead calm of other days. But Liberty *hopes* otherwise, and chants no ill omen. We *expect* that the record thus brilliantly begun will gather boldness, strength, and increasing brightness, as it shall be measured, measured, and measured by each returning sun's aspiring toward the millennial and perfect day. For who, with a reformer's heart in him, does not long for the hour when the simple justice of which the "Advertiser" now discourses may be done over all the earth, well knowing that the heavens will still not fail to keep their most ancient and sure place!

We quote:

Would the heavens fall if justice were done? It looks like as if many feared so. Day after day, year after year, one may watch measure succeed measure to be disposed of by our legislative assemblies, not by any standard, conventional or

otherwise, of what is just, fair, and honest in the sight of all men, but na someone is afraid somebody else may say, or may think, or criticise. Is nothing fixed? Is nothing settled? In expediency the sole and sufficient test of public

conduct? So it would sometimes seem. . . . The heavens never stand straighter than when simple *jutice* is done.

There! Have we overstated the case? Is there *not* hope?

Yes, indeed.

‘Tis a banner on the outer walls.

And now, the burden upon our editorial neighbor, as upon ourselves, is to fight the *good* fight for Justice’s far-seeing, all-succoring supremacy.

‘Tis a good and peace-bringing fight, slaying none, but causing all to live.

Fresh aptness and point are given to Waldo Emerson’s lines by these new suggestions of Springtide in the columns of our aforetime wintry neighbor:

Spring still makes Sping in the mind When sixty years are told: Love wakes
anew this throbbing heart, And we are never old.

Over the winter glaciers, I see the summer glow, And, through wild-piled
snowdrift, The warm rosebuds below.

Trades-Unionism.

Of late there has been a remarkable activity on the part of all classes of working men in this country in the way of combining for mutual protection and well-being. And not only has this activity been pushed among the obnoxious "foreigners," but simon-pure American mechanics have been forming trades unions in all quarters.

Liberty rejoices at the rapidly increasing numbers of American trades unions; not that the animus of a labor union is on a one whit higher plane than that of a capitalist union, but because labor combinations are a crude step in the direction of supplanting the State. The trades unions involve a movement for self-government on the part of the people, the logical outcome of which is ultimate revolt against those usurping political conspiracies which manifest themselves in courts and legislatures. Just as the Land League has become a formidable rival of the British State, so the amalgamated trades unions may yet become a power sufficiently strong to defy the legislatures and overthrow them.

The capitalists and their tools, the legislatures, already begin to scent the impending dangers of trades-union socialism, and initiatory steps are on foot in the legislatures of several states to construe labor combinations as conspiracies against commerce and industry, and suppress them by law. They have already boldly shown their hand in New York and New Jersey, and the capitalistic organs are putting out adroitly disguised feelers in order to ascertain how American sentiment would receive the introduction of Russian and Bismarckian methods at the United States.

Working people should be on the alert for the kind of legislation which is now pending in New York, whereby the police are given discretionary power to suppress labor meetings and are acquitted of homicide in case of the anticipated killing of refractory laborers who decline to be "evicted" at the butt end of a club from a hall where they have assembled for the peaceable discussion of grievances and remedies. When the enforcement of such atrocious legislation is attempted, every one of the five thousand laborers who may assemble in Cooper Union should take special precaution to have with him an escort in the form of a reliable six-shooter, and be ready to use without stint upon such servants of the "law" as may feel too sure that they are already acquitted of homicide before they commence the deliberate assassination of outraged workingmen. Russian methods of government will justify Russian methods of resistance.

How plain it ought to be to an unprejudiced workingman that the legislature itself is the really dangerous and lawless Conspiracy! It is in supplanting this political conspiracy by so intelligent and self-governing socialism that the trades unions develop their chief significance. In this view we are willing to temper somewhat, for the time, our criticism of the fact that the trades unions themselves are generally largely imbued with the element of force and authority. Perhaps they could hardly be expected to be otherwise, when we remember that the new-born labor Organizations are plants growing out of the old political order. But, imperfect as they are, they are the beginnings of a revolt against the authority of the political State. They promise the coming substitution of industrial socialism for usurping legislative mobism. While we hail the growth of labor combinations as a potent sign of emancipation, we invite workingmen to study the methods of Liberty, throw overboard the State, repudiate all politicians and their services, and go straight forward about their business. One or two more lessons like the Pittsburgh riots, if administered intelligently, will begin to set the legislative mobists seriously to thinking.

Law and Authority.

[Translated from "Le Révolté."]

"When ignorance prevails in the bosom of society and disorder in the minds of the people, laws become numerous. Men expect everything from legislation, and, each new law proving a new disappointment, they are led to look to it unceasingly for that which can come only from themselves, from their own education, from their own moral condition." It certainly is not a revolutionist who says this; not even a reformer. It is a jurist, Dalloz, the author of a compilation of French laws, entitled "*Répertoire de la Législation*." And yet these lines, although written by a man who was himself a maker and an admirer of laws, perfectly picture the abnormal condition of society to-day.

In the existing States a new law is considered a remedy for all evils. Instead of changing themselves what is bad, the people begin by calling for a law to change it. Is the road between two villages impassable? The farmer says that a law of highways is necessary. Has the village constable, taking advantage of the stupidity of those who surround him with their respect, insulted some one? "A law is needed," cries the insulted party, "to establish a standard politeness for village constables." Are commerce and agriculture at a standstill? "We must have a protective law," argue the husbandman, the cattle-raiser, the grain speculator, down to the dealer in old rags, there is not one who does not demand a law to protect his petty traffic. Does the employer lower wages or add to the hour of labor? "There must be a law to regulate that," shout those anxious to the legislators, instead of telling the operatives that there is another and more effective method of "regulating that," — namely, to take back from the employer that which he has stolen from generations of workers. In short, everywhere a law! A law of roads, a law of fashion, a law of mad dogs, a law of virtue, a law to oppose a barrier to all the vices, all the evils that result only from human indolence and cowardice.

We are all so perverted by an education which from infancy stides within us the spirit of rebellion and develops that of submission to authority, we are so perverted by this existence under the ferule of the Law which regulates all things,— our birth, our education, our development, our love, our friendships,— that, if it continues, we shall lose all power of initiative, all habit of thinking for ourselves. Our society seems unable to understand that it can exist otherwise than under the control of the

law, elaborated by a representative government and administered by a handful of governors; and even when it succeeds in emancipating itself from this yoke, its first care is to immediately restore it. "The year 1 of Liberty" has never lasted more than a day, for, after its proclamation, the yoke of the Law, of authority, is resumed on the very next day. In fact, for thousands of years our governors have been repeating with various intonations: Respect for the law, obedience to authority! Father and mother bring up their children in this sentiment. The school confirms them; it proves its necessity by inculcating in children scraps of false science cunningly assorted; of obedience to the law it makes a religion; it marries the god and the law of the masters in one and the same divinity. The hero of history whom it has manufactured is he who obeys the law, who protects it against rebels.

Later, when the child enters public life, society and literature, striking each day, each moment, like the drop of water wearing away the stone, continue to inculcate the same prejudice him. The books of history, of political science, of social economy are full to overflowing of respect for the law: even the physical sciences are brought into requisition, and, by introducing into these sciences of Observation false terms borrowed from theology and absolutism, it is skilfully contrived to confuse the mind, always to maintain respect for the law. The journal does the same work; there is not a newspaper article that does not preach obedience to the law, even through on another page it daily establishes the imbecility of the law, and shows how it is dragged through mud and mire by those charged with its maintenance. Servility before the law has become a virtue, and it is doubtful if there ever was a single revolutionist who did not begin in his youth by defending the law against what are generally known as "its abuses," the inevitable consequence of the law itself.

Art chimes in with so-called science. The hero of the sculptor, painter, and musician covers the Law with his buckler, and, eyes flashing and nostrils dilating, stands ready to strike with his sword whoever shall dare to touch it. Temples are built to it and high priests appointed, whom the revolutionists themselves hesitate to touch; and, if the Revolution itself succeeds in sweeping away some old institution, it is again by a Law that it seeks to perpetuate its work.

This mass of rules of conduct, left us by slavery, servitude, feudalism, and royalty, which is called Law, has taken the place of the stone monsters before which human victims formerly were immolated and which the slave did not dare even to touch, through fear of being killed by a thunderbolt from heaven.

Especially since the advent of the bourgeoisie, since the great French Revolution,— has this religion succeeded in establishing itself. Under the old régime but little was heard of the laws, outside of the Montesquieus, Rousseaus, and Voltaires, as opposed to the royal caprice; the people were bound to obey the good pleasure of the king and his valets, or suffer the penalty of imprisonment or death. But during and since the revolution the lawyers, having attained power, have done their best to confirm this principle on which they depended to establish their reign. The bourgeoisie accepted it without opposition, as its anchor of safety, to stem the popular torrent. The priesthood hastened to sanctify it, to save its bark tossing in the waves of the torrent. And finally the people accepted it as a step in advance of arbitrary rule and the violence of the past.

To understand the eighteenth century one must carry himself back to it in imagination. His heart must have bled at the recital of the atrocities committed during that period by the all-powerful nobles upon the men and women of the people in order to understand what magic influence these words, “equality before the law, obedience to the law, without distinction of birth or fortune,” must have exercised a century ago over the mind of the peasant. He who up to that time had been treated more cruelly than an animal, he who had never enjoyed any right at all and could never obtain justice against the noble for his most revolting acts except he took revenge by killing him and getting himself hanged,— he saw himself recognized by this maxim, at least in theory and so far as his personal rights were concerned, as the equal of his lord. Whatever the law might be, it promised to reach equally lord and peasant, and proclaimed the equality, in the eyes of the judge, of the poor and the rich. This promise was a falsehood, as we now know; but then it was a step forward, an homage rendered to justice in the same sense that “hypocrisy is an homage rendered to truth.” That is why, when the saviours of the threatened bourgeoisie, the Robespierres and the Dantons, basing themselves upon the writings of the philosophers of the bourgeoisie, the Rousseaus and the Voltaires, proclaimed “respect for the law, equal for all,” the people, whose revolutionary ardor had already cooled in the face of an enemy more and more solidly organized, accepted the compromise. They bent the neck under the yoke of the Law to save themselves from the tyranny of the lord.

Since then the bourgeoisie has not ceased to cultivate this maxim, which, with another principle, representative government, embodies the philosophy of the century of the bourgeoisie, the nineteenth century. It has preached it in the schools, it has propagated it in its writings, it has created its science and its arts with this

as its objective, it has thrust it everywhere, after the manner of the English devotee who slips under your door his religious tracts. And so well has it done its work that to-day we are confronted by this abominable fact; at the very hour of the re-awakening of the spirit of discontent, the people, desiring to be free, begin by asking their masters to be so kind as to protect them by modifying the laws made by these same masters.

But nevertheless times and minds have changed during the last hundred years. Everywhere rebels are to be found who will no longer obey the law without inquiring into its origin, its utility, the source of the obligation to obey it and the respect with which it is surrounded. The approaching revolution is a "Revolution," and not a simple insurrection, for the very reason that the rebels of to-day submit to their criticism all the foundations of society hitherto venerated, and, first of all, this fetich, the Law.

They analyze its origin, and find it either in a god — a product of savage fears, as stupid, narrow, and wicked as the priests who talk of his supernatural origin — or in blood, conquest by fire and sword. They study its character, and find as its distinctive trait unchangeability in the place of the continuous development of humanity, the tendency to permanently fix that which ought to develop and be modified daily. They ask how the law is maintained, and see the atrocities of Byzantinism and the cruelties of the Inquisition; the tortures of the middle ages, living flesh cut into strips by the executioner's lash; chain, club, and axe at the service of the law; the dark vaults of prisons; sufferings, tears, and maledictions. To-day still the axe, the rope, the chassepot, the prisons; on the one hand, the brutishness of the prisoner reduced to the condition of a caged beast, the degradation of his moral nature, and, on the other hand, the judge, stripped of all sentiments that constitute the better part of human nature, living like a visionary in a world of legal fictions, applying with passionate delight the guillotine, bloody or dry, the coldly wicked madman not even suspecting the abyss of degradation into which he himself has fallen, compared with those whom he condemns. We see a race of lawmakers legislating upon matters of which they know nothing: voting to-day a law governing the sanitary condition of cities without having the slightest notion of hygiene; to-morrow regulating military armaments without even understanding a musket; making laws of instruction and education while unable to give any instruction whatever or an honest education to their children; legislating at random, but never forgetting the fine to be imposed upon the vagabond, the prison and the galleys to be inflicted upon men a thousand times less immoral

than they themselves, these legislators. We see, finally, the jalier becoming more and more devoid of every human sentiment, the policeman trained to the duties of a bloodhound, the spy despising himself, the informer's occupation regarded as an honorable one, corruption erected into a system; all the vices, all the bad phases of human nature favored and cultivated for the triumph of the Law.

We see these things, and for that reason, instead of stupidity repeating the old formula, "Respect for the law," we cry: "Contempt for the law and its attributes!" For the cowardly phrase, "Obedience to the law," we substitute: "Rebellion against all laws!" Only let the misdeeds committed in the name of each law be compared with the benefits which each law has conferred, let the good and the evil be weighed, and it will be seen whether we are right.

Against Woman Suffrage.

The following article, written by Lysander Spooner, originally appeared February 24, 1877, in the now defunct "New Age," J. M. L. Babcock's journal, but cannot be revived and reprinted too often until the craze of the women to join in human oppression shall have been turned into a determination to abolish human oppression:

Women are human beings, and consequently have all the natural rights that any human beings can have. They have just as good a right to make laws as men have, and no better; AND THAT IS JUST NO RIGHT AT ALL. No human being, nor any number of human beings, have any right to *make laws*, and compel other human beings to obey them. To say that they have is to say that they are the masters and owners of those of whom they require such obedience.

The only law that any human being can rightfully be *compelled* to obey is simply the law of justice. And justice is not a thing that is *made*, or that can be unmade, or altered, by any human authority. It is a natural principle, inhering in the very nature of man and of things. It is that *natural* principle which determines what is mine and what is thine, what is one man's right or property and what is another man's right or property. It is, so to speak, the line that Nature has drawn between one man's rights of person and property and another man's right of person and property.

But for this line, which Nature has drawn, separating the rights of one man from the rights of any and all other men, no human being could be said to have any rights whatever. Every human being would be at the mercy of any and all other human beings who were stronger than he.

This natural principle, which we will call justice, and which assign to each and every human being his or her rights, and separates them from the rights of each other and every other human beings, is, I repeat, not a thing that man has *made*, but is a matter of science to be learned, like mathematics, or chemistry, or geology. And all the *laws*, so called, that men have ever *made*, either to create, define, or control the rights of individuals, were intrinsically just as absurd and ridiculous as would be laws to create, define, or control mathematics, or chemistry, or geology.

Substantially all the tyranny and robbery and crime that governments have ever committed – and they have either themselves committed, or licensed other

to commit, nearly all that have ever been committed in the world by anybody – have been committed by them under pretence of *making laws*. Some man, or some body of men, have claimed the right, or usurped the power, of *making laws*, and compelling other men to obey; thus setting up their own will, and enforcing it, in place of that natural law, or natural principle, which says that no man or body of men can rightfully exercise any arbitrary power whatever over the persons or property of other men.

There are a large class of men who are so rapacious that they desire to appropriate to their own uses the persons and properties of other men. They combine for the purpose, call themselves governments, *make what they call laws*, and then employ courts, and governors, and constables, and, in the last resort, bayonets, to enforce obedience.

There is another class of men, who are devoured by ambitions, by the love of power, and the love of fame.

They think it a very glorious thing to rule over men; to make laws to govern them. But as they have no power of their own to compel obedience, they unite with the rapacious class before mentioned, and become their tools. They promise to *make such laws* as the rapacious class desire, if this latter class will but authorize them to act in their name, and furnish the money and the soldiers necessary for carrying their laws, so called, into execution.

Still another class of men, with a sublime conceit of their own wisdom, or virtue, or religion, think they have a right, and a sort of divine authority, for *making laws* to govern those who, they think are less wise, or less virtuous, or less religious than themselves. They assume to know what is best for all other men to do and not to do, to be and not to be, to have and not to have. And they conspire to *make laws to compel* all those other men to conform to their will, or, as they would say, to their superior discretion. They seem to have no perception of the truth that each and every human being has had given to him a mind and body of his own, separate and distinct from the minds and bodies of all other men; and that each man's mind and body have, by nature, rights that are utterly separate and distinct from the rights of any and all other men; that these individual rights are really the only *human* rights there are in the world; that each man's rights are simply the right to control his own soul, and body, and property, according to his own will, pleasure, and discretion, so long as he does not interfere with the equal right of any other man to the free exercise and control of his own soul, body, and property. They seem to have no

conception of the truth that, so long as he lets all other men's souls, bodies, and properties alone, he is under no obligation whatever to believe in such wisdom, or virtue, or religion as they do, or as they think best for him.

This body of self-conceited, wise, virtuous, and religious people, not being sufficiently powerful of themselves to make laws and enforce them upon the rest of mankind, combine with the rapacious and ambitious classes before mentioned to carry out such purposes as they can all agree upon. And the farce, and jargon, and batel they all make of what they call government would be supremely ludicrous and ridiculous, if it were not the cause of nearly poverty, ignorance, vice, crime, and misery there are in the world.

Of this latter class – that is, the self-conceited wise, virtuous, and religious class – are those woman suffrage persons who are so anxious that woman should participate in all the falsehood, absurdity, usurpation, and crime of *making laws*, and enforcing them upon other persons. It is astonishing what an amount of wisdom, virtue, and knowledge they propose to inflict upon, or force into, the rest of mankind, if they can but be permitted to participate wit the men in *making laws*. According to their own promises and predictions, there will not be a single natural human being left upon the globe, if the women can but get hold of us, and add their power to that of the men in making such laws as nobody has any right to make, and such as nobody will be under the least obligation to obey. According to their programme, we are all to be put into their legislative mill, and be run through, ground up, worked over, and made into some shape in which we shall scarcely be recognized as human beings. Assuming to be gods, they propose to make us over into their own images. But there are so many different images among them, that we can have, at most, but one feature after on model, and another after another. What the whole conglomerate human animal will be like, it is impossible to conjecture.

In all conscience, is it not better for us even to bear the nearly unbearable ills inflicted upon us by the laws already made,— at any rate is it not better for us to be (if we can but be permitted to be) such simple human beings as Nature made us,— than suffer ourselves to be made over into such grotesque and horrible shapes as a new act of lawmakers would makes us into, if we suffer them to try their powers upon us?

The excuse which the women offer for all the laws which they propose to inflict upon us is that they themselves are oppressed by the laws that now exist. Of course they are oppressed; and so are all *men* – except the oppressors themselves

— oppressed by the laws that are *made*. As a general rule, oppression was the only motive for which laws were ever *made*. If men wanted justice, and only justice, no laws would ever need to be *made*; since justice itself is not a thing that can be *made*. If men or women, or men and women, want justice, and only justice, their true course is *not to make any more laws, but to abolish the laws — all the laws — that have already been made*. When they shall have abolished all the laws that have already been *made*, let them give themselves to the study and observance, and, if need be, the enforcement, of that one universal law — the law of Nature — which is “the same at Rome and Athens” — in China and in England — and which *man did not make*. Women and men alike will then have their rights; all their rights; all the *rights that Nature gave them*. But until then, neither men nor women will have anything that they can call their *rights*. They will at most have only such liberties or privileges as the laws that are *made* shall see fit to allow them.

If the women, instead of petitioning to be admitted to participation in the power of *making more laws*, will but give notice to the present lawmakers that they (the women) are going up to the State house, and are going to throw all the existing statute books in the fire, they will do a very sensible thing,— one of the most sensible things it is in their power to do. And they will have a crowd of men — at least all the sensible and honest men in the country to go with them.

But this subject requires a treatise, and is not to be judged of by the few words here written. Nor is any special odium designed to be cast on the woman suffragists; many of whom are undoubtedly among the best and most honest of all those foolish people who believe that laws should be *made*.

Chapter XXIII

On Picket Duty.

Let every subscriber read the notice printed in italics at the head of our editorial page.

Davitt says that he “favors the compensation of the landlords, not on principle, but as a practical politician.” The great glory of Davitt’s life hitherto has been his ideal championship of principles. As a “practical politician” he will sink into deserved insignificance.

John Swinton’s withering denunciation of lawyers, printed in another column, cannot be commended too highly as a flery and luminous index to the real sources of danger to the people’s liberties; we would only supplement it by emphasizing the fact that, without the law, lawyers would be powerless for evil.

Liberty’s editorial, headed “Michael Davitt and his Seducer,” was written before Davitt’s arrival in this country. Statements since made by him show a wider difference between his scheme and that of Henry George than the cable reports of his Liverpool speech indicated. The variations, however, are not of sufficient importance to impair the substantial accuracy of our article. Therefore we leave it as originally written.

Patrick Ford tells a New York “Sun” reporter that “the question which Mr. Parnell’s plan brings to our attention is whether it is better to have six hundred thousand landlords than ten thousand.” Well, is not the question which the plan proposed by George, Ford, Davitt & Co. brings to our attention whether it is better to have one landlord than ten thousand? Liberty’s question is whether it is best to have any landlords at all.

We suspect that Davitt begins to see his mistake, and, being honest, finds himself in a painfully awkward position. At any rate, his labored efforts to establish fine distinctions between himself and George on the one hand and between himself and Parnell on the other, and at the same time to unify the trio as practically of one and the same mind, are making “confusion worse confounded.” This is what comes of attempting to be a “practical politician.”

In America Mr. Davitt says that he does not intend to urge the adoption, or even the consideration, of his scheme. But in Liverpool, where he developed this scheme, he said: “I have promulgated my full programme, and I have only to say that from this night forth, so long as I have life to devote to the cause of Ireland, that life shall

be devoted to furthering this programme in the interests of my countrymen." Can any one but a "practical politician" reconcile these statements?

"If peasant proprietary is conceded," says Mr. Davitt, "I am perfectly satisfied that the purchase money that must be advanced by the State for carrying out such a scheme will become the title-deed of the State to the land of Ireland, and that the nationalization of the land will be the consequence." We have always understood Mr. Davitt heretofore to claim that the landlords had no title to their estates. Will he explain, then, how the State can acquire a title by paying money to those who have no title?

And will he point that, further, any one in whom a title to any natural wealth is vested and from whom it can be acquired, by purchase or any other method, by any man or organization of men? If he can do this, he can nip the labor movement in the bud and enthrone capital as the absolute and permanent despot of mankind.

Mr. Davitt presents as one of the advantages of land nationalization the fact that it will levy all taxes on the tenant farmers and remove them from the commercial, professional, and industrial classes. The readiness of the average man to pay all the taxes himself and thus contribute to the support of the community is notorious. Imagine, then, the eagerness with which the Irish farmer will jump at this unparalleled chance! Was over such nonsense soberly put forth before by an intelligent and honest man?

We know no better words in which to sum up our opinion of Mr. Davitt's plan and of Mr. Davitt himself than those of the "Pall Mall Gazette": "The scheme will not seriously bear looking at, and must be banished with its bitter foe, Orthodox Political Economy, to Jupiter and Saturn. But that is no reason why we should not do justice to the sincere and temperate spirit of Mr. Davitt's speech [at Liverpool]. Journalists have been writing their finest things about Garibaldi for the last few days. Suppose that they begin to see that Davitt is of no very different type."

Under Davitt's plan the amount of rent is to be governed by the necessities of the State, which exactly assimilates it to a tax. Under George's plan it is to be governed by the law of supply and demand and proportioned according to the relative values of different soils and locations. In both cases it is a burden unjustly imposed, but the latter has the economic merit of preserving the nature of rent in conformity with a well-defined and intelligible theory thereof. Of these two absurdities, equally criminal in their results, Liberty prefers George's as the more consistent.

This is the answer that “Honorius,” of the “Irish World,” makes to Davitt’s proposal to constitute the British parliament Ireland’s sole landlord: “There is but one peaceable and effective way to abolish the limitation imposed upon the Irish people through the power of the landlords to collect rents. The British parliament will never abolish that limitation. The people must do it themselves.” A striking confirmation of the truth of “Honorius’s” statement and its universal applicability came, a day or two after its publication, in a St. Petersburg cable dispatch, which announced that the peasants of one of the Russian villages had taken possession of the land in the neighborhood and apportioned it among themselves. “The landlords,” the dispatch significantly added, “have appealed to the authorities for troops to dislodge them.” From these few words the laborers of Ireland may learn a more valuable lesson than any that the author of “Progress and Poverty” or his new disciples will ever teach them.

One of the best illustrations of the fatality of Davitt’s error, if he shall persist in it, is to be seen in the division it is already creating in the staff of the “Irish World” itself, which represents to an exceptional extent various phases of the best radical economic thought. What J. K. Ingalls and William Brown think of land nationalisation is already well known to the readers of that paper; William Hanson has energetically combatted the theory in his pamphlet,

“Riches and Poverty,” and took pains, at a recent labor meeting in Jersey City, to express his disapproval of Davitt’s course (a fact, by the way, which the “Irish World” carefully omitted from its report); “Trans-Atlantic” has reputedly taken fundamental exceptions to the extraordinary economic propositions of his rival as foreign co-respondent, Mr. George; and, as for “Honorius” and “Phillip,” whose letters are, to thinking people, the most attractive and instructive portions of the paper, every one who has followed them need not be told how they will view the new departure. The “Irish World” without these men in active and hearty co-operation would be the “Irish World” with the bulk of its brains left out. And we say this without at all underrating the great abilities of Mr. Ford himself.

Mr. Davitt complains that people on this side of the water jumped hastily to conclusions based on the telegraphic summaries of his Liverpool speech instead of suspending judgment until the arrival of the full text. He certainly has a right to a judgment of his position in its whole length and breadth. But Mr. Davitt would not have been helped thereby in this case. His Liverpool speech is now before the public, and Liberty defies any man to put it by the side of his speech

in New York last Monday night and reconcile the two. For instance, in New York, defending himself against the charge that he is working to hand over the land of Ireland to the English government, he said: "Serious objections have been taken to the nationalization of Ireland. It is feared that this will be the renunciation of a great principle that cannot be accepted. What I did mean, and mean now, is this: 'Self-government for Ireland and the nationalization of the land under the administration of an Irish parliament'" Now, what did he say in Liverpool? "The proposal that the English government should become the owner, steward, or guardian of the soil of Ireland will at first sight appear to be one which involves a principle of renunciation that cannot be sanctioned by Irishmen who belong to the extreme or Nationalist party. The nationalization of the land of Ireland is no more a recognition of England's rule by us than is the payment of taxes. While I yield to no Irishman alive in my allegiance to the principle of Ireland's right to govern itself, I would infinitely prefer to deal directly with an English government than with the exacting and unscrupulous mercenaries, the Irish landlords." This language is unmistakable. If it does not mean that Mr. Davitt contemplates handing over the land of Ireland to the English government, it means nothing at all; and the audience that acquitted him of this charge did so from the warmth of their Irish hearts, and not from any clear perception of Mr. Davitt's real position. Liberty does not care a snap of her finger whether Mr. Davitt hands over the land of Ireland to an English or an Irish government, her grievance being that he should propose to hand it over to any government at all; but she does care a great deal whether he pursues his former straightforward, frank, outspoken course regardless of consequences, or twists and turns and equivocates in order to harmonize factions which at bottom have nothing in common and are really working for widely different ends.

The Red Cross Fund.

Receipts to June 20, 1882.

Previously acknowledged, ... \$211.15 C. N. D., New York, ... 1.00 Sales of "English Tyranny and Irish Suffering," ... 2.20 Ernst Loeser, New Orleans,50

Total, ... \$214.85

Remitted to Nicolas Tchaikovsky, London.

March 31, Draft for £10, costing ... \$49.50 April 5, Draft for £10, costing ... 48.50
April 21, Draft for £10, costing ... 48.50 June 20, On hand, ... 66.35

\$214.85

Michael Davitt and his Seducer.

Omnipotent is the power of ideas: omnipotent for good when the ideas are sound; sometimes well-nigh omnipotent for evil when the ideas are at war with Liberty and true social order. When an idea germinates afresh and struggles till it can stand alone, there is abundant power and time to crush it in the bud, if it is false; but, when a false idea captures a whole army in a bunch and carries away the heads of its bravest and most sincere leaders, it is indeed a dire calamity.

Such a calamity we most deeply mourn in the late astounding new departure of Michael Davitt, whom we had been proud to contemplate as the coming man in the great agrarian straggle the seat of which is in Ireland, but upon the settlement of which humanity has more at stake than on any issue with which the world ever grappled.

Some two years ago Henry George came into the literary market with his work on "Progress and Poverty," in search of a publisher, he had long been prominent in the West as an agitator of the land and labor questions, and he, least of all, to say nothing of his fellows, presumably had never dreamed that any leading publishing house in America would consent to identify itself with his ideas. But, to the intense surprise of reformers, it was suddenly announced that the great publishing firm of the Appletons was to publish his book. When, after the fulfillment of this announcement, we went through the first few chapters of his work and took in his stirring indictment of capital, his masterly riddling of the Malthusian sophistry, and his graphic pen-pictures of the persistence of poverty in the midst of plenty, still greater did the wonder grow that a world-known publishing house should consent to scatter such wholesome truths.

But upon entering the chapters of Book III., the secret was woefully revealed. George here entered upon a defence of usury more damaging in its influence than the studied reasoning of Bastiat and the other political economists. Here was a prize that more than atoned for his land nationalization schemes, which were not new, and which capitalists and landlords well understand can never obtain a lasting hold on the laboring masses. *A socialist and labor reformer defending usury!* This was a plum, however, too precious to be lost; and so, in the interest of capital and as an attack by the enemy on the opponents of usury, the book was launched on its career of notoriety.

Labor reformers and level-headed men on every hand, however, were quick to see the trap and discover the poison bait. Nearly every one of the writers for the "Irish World" who had built up its reputation as the ablest enemy of usury in existence was astonished, and made haste to record his protest. But some fatal genius had beclouded the master spirit of the "Irish World." It was admitted that a lamentable seduction had been accomplished.

The wily seducer was Henry George himself, and the victim was Patrick Ford. With subtle sophistry, aided by the soothing air of meekness which characterizes the author of "Progress and Poverty," he shadowed the intellect of Ford day and night for weeks until he had securely accomplished his purpose. This done, he was ingratiated into the confidence of the Land League, and sent into more fruitful fields across the water.

The momentous accidents of the campaign all proved happy cards for George. Michael Davitt was sent to prison, and fortune so favored the successful seducer of Ford that "Progress and Poverty" was the only treatise on the land question that he was allowed to see. If the American money-grabbers in whose interest the Appletons published the work had themselves arranged it, they could not have executed a happier conspiracy with British landlords by which to capture Davitt, the "noblest Roman of them all." George boasts, in a letter to the "Irish World," that Davitt read and re-read his book several times. Alone, in the solitude of his cell, it was his only mental fool. He saw no other work refuting its stealthy defense of usury and rent. It became his only love. Its unrefuted sophisms took root in the mind of Davitt. He, too, like the editorial recluse, Patrick Ford, was ripe for capture when the glad tidings of his release came to his ears.

Now was George's opportunity. As the cat shadows the mouse, he was quick upon the heels of the liberated Davitt. He hovered over his game with unremitting zeal. He sat beside his pillow in the first hours of his liberty. With siren tongue he inveigled the victim into his scheme of land nationalization, although the honest Davitt knew that it could not be carried out except by mortgaging his country to English rule under a terrible load of bond-usury. But usury is no offence in the eyes of George, provided the State becomes the sole usurer. Yea, he laboriously seeks to prove, in "Progress and Poverty," that usury is just, if but the State be endowed with a monopoly of it. But to the sad sequel, after the fellow-victim of Patrick Ford is securely bagged.

In his Manchester speech we find brave Michael Davitt — the man who once recorded his fame in letters of fire by declaring rent an immoral tax upon industry — advocating the bonding of his country to fifty years of English rule with the immoral tax payable in the form of interest. He had not even followed his master well, for George had always stood for the confiscation of the land to the national rent-gatherer, without compensation. Where now is the no-rent hero, whose words once smote the heart of landlordism like a thunderbolt? Verily — gone the way of that other victim, Patrick Ford, from whose “Irish World” the once glorious no-rent headings in mammoth type have departed, perhaps forever.

A deadly and disastrous calamity has divided the Land League movement. The Nationalists now have the Leaguers on the hip. Patrick Ford will find out before many weeks that his having fallen under the seduction of Henry George is the heaviest blow ever struck at his influence and the prestige of the “Irish World.” To let go of the all-conquering weapon of no-rent in favor of the delusive phantom of George is an offence to Ireland and humanity almost deserving the name of treason. To swap no-rent for universal rent, with the State as sole monopolist, is serious business for the man who has so long gladdened the hearts of true reformers with his “Usury is theft” column. We regret exceedingly to speak in such caustic terms of the great “Industrial Liberator” and its proprietor, whom we love to cherish as the

Irish Garrison, but to us the late turn in the tide of affairs is too serious and far-reaching in its consequences to be dealt with mincingly.

And what is it all about? What is the secret of this dangerous infatuation that has carried off the heads of Ford and Davitt? The secret is that which has ever taken captive those in whom an ingrained faith in salvation through authority and government is native. It cannot be that Patrick Ford has been induced by George to believe that usury is just. If so, then the “Irish World’s” occupation is gone. The anti-usury column should be stricken out, and no more labor and type should be wasted in protesting against rent as the mammoth crime that afflicts humanity.

No, that is not the situation. But such is the amazing faith in governments which lurks in the brain of Ford that he has been induced to subscribe to the astonishing delusion that, if an immoral tax can be gathered solely by the State and distributed on communistic principles, the tax thereby becomes just and beneficent. According to this miserable logic theft becomes a virtue if one big boss thief can be crowned the sublime monopolist of it, in the hollow assumption that he will distribute the plunder equitably.

Sunk in the slough of this pitiable superstition, Michael Davitt stands accused of advocating communism by those whose former faith in him was unbounded. And we sorely regret to say that the accusation is just. The scheme of governmental distribution of the rent plunder can be nothingness, in the nature of the case, than unmitigated communism. Worse, it will be communism without equality. Thieves never divide plunder on a scientific basis. Governments, which exist solely for plunder, always divide the spoils among the few schemers who set themselves up as their figure-heads. Will George's new socialistic government do better than the old ones? To us it is evident that it will do vastly worse, for professional thieves become vicious and audacious in exact proportion to the richness of the spoils. George's *regime* of universal rent spoliation once established, the whole programme of Karl Marx's governmental supervision and robbery will be in order, for it is absurd to maintain that, if rent collection by government is proper, then interest collection, wages collection, and profit collection are not also logically proper. In short, whereas it is now only possible for laboring men to keep from starving by virtue of the limitations put upon legislative theft, under this new scheme the power of the few political thieves and their capitalistic backers is made boundless and beyond appeal. Are men like Patrick Ford and Michael Davitt gone mad that such infinite absurdity can possess them?

The source of George's wild scheme may be found in his utter oversight of the fact that the just basis of possession must first be fixed before any safe investigations can begin in economics. He bases the justice of rent on the various degrees of fertility of various soils, as does Ricardo. But he assumes that one individual can properly be possessor of many tracts of land, irrespective of occupation, cultivation, and improvement. Admitting that the title of such individual is valid in equity, then, of course, tenants will bid for the best parcels, the degree of fertility that will barely sustain life being the minimum of rent.

But the assumption that any individual can justly hold more parcels than he can personally occupy and cultivate is in its inception false; and, were the just basis insisted upon, rent would be totally impossible, since no one could be the landlord of more than his own domain. This George entirely overlooks, and assuming that individuals can properly become lords of vast and various domains, with various degrees of fertility, he proposes to take the business out of their hands, vest it solely in the government, and divide the spoils among all the people. In other words, he creates the spoils and then unseats the spoilers, instead of making them impossible in the first place by fixing upon a just basis of possession. Under the craze of this

absurdity he would abolish “peasant proprietorship” (peasant possession, we prefer to say) and substitute a despotic State monopoly of landlordism, when it is evident that the trouble is not in peasant proprietorship but in the disregard of the just basis of peasant possession and all other possession.

Taken all together, a more absurd and ridiculous tissue of economic error was never spun and published than George’s scheme. That such unscientific and unsightly rubbish should have succeeded in obscuring the vision of men like Patrick Ford and Michael Davitt is as amazing as it is lamentable. Not because these fallible mortals count for more in themselves than others do we lament their misleadings, but because of the fact that circumstances have made them authority in this momentous struggle. We earnestly hope that they may be speedily led to see the error of their ways before the great Land League movement is irrecoverably divided against itself and its glorious promises brought to naught. But better, if need be, that the Land League should die than that George’s monstrous craze should live.

"The Land for the People."

The Liverpool speech, it seems, was delivered by Davitt in response to a challenge from the English press to explain the meaning of the phrase, "The land for the people." We hope they understand it now.

"The land for the people," according to Parnell, appears to mean a change of the present tenants into proprietors of the estates by allowing them to purchase on easy terms fixed by the State and perhaps with the State's aid, and a maintenance thereafter of the present landlord system, involving the collection of rents by law.

"The land for the people," according to Davitt as explained at Liverpool, appears to mean a change of the whole agricultural population into tenants of the State, which is to become the sole proprietor by purchase from the present proprietors, and the maintenance thereafter of the present landlord system, involving the collection of rents in the form of taxes.

"The land for the people," according to George, appears to be the same as according to Davitt, except that the State is to acquire the land by confiscation instead of by purchase, and that the amount of rental is to be fixed by a different method of valuation.

"The land for the people," according to Liberty, means the protection (by the State while it exists, and afterwards by such voluntary associations for the maintenance of justice as may be destined to succeed it) of all people who desire to cultivate land in the possession of whatever land they personally cultivate; without distinction between the existing classes of landlords, tenants, and laborers, and the positive refusal of the protecting power to lend its aid to the collection of any rent whatsoever; this state of things to be brought about by inducing the people to steadily refuse the payment of rent and taxes, and thereby, as well as by all other means of passive and moral resistance, compel the State to repeal all the so-called land titles now existing.

Thus, "the land for the people" according to Liberty is the only "land for the people" that means the abolition of landlordism and the annihilation of rent; and all of Henry George's talk about "peasant proprietorship necessarily meaning nothing more than an extension of the landlord class" is the veriest rot, which should be thrown back upon him by the charge that land nationalization means

nothing more than a diminution of the landlord class and a concentration and hundred-fold multiplication of the landlord's power.

The very fact that Mr. Davitt proposes to compensate the landlords should condemn his plan in advance. But, for curiosity's sake, let us look at his figures for a moment. He says that the Irish farmers now pay an annual rental of fifteen million pounds out of an annual product of sixty million pounds. After the nationalization of the land they would pay, first, a permanent tax of nine million five hundred thousand pounds to meet the costs of civil administration, and, second, a special annual tax for fifty years of seven million pounds to pay the interest and principal of the compensation money,— a total of sixteen million five hundred thousand pounds out of an estimated annual product of eighty million pounds, in short, the annual burden of the cultivator of the soil, for a half century to come, is to be reduced from twenty-five per cent. to twenty-one per cent, of the proceeds of his toil. What an enticing prospect! Really, the game seems hardly worth the candle. How long will the peasantry of Ireland maintain their present heroic attitude, how long will Irish-American generosity continue to empty its pockets, to attain so pitiful a result? Only, too, at the end of the fifty years, to find their tyrants more strongly entrenched than ever behind the new powers and opportunities which the nationalization scheme would give them, and themselves completely at their mercy.

George's proposal that rents shall be paid by all the people for the benefit of all the people. is somewhat similar to that of the cooperationists who would have profits paid by all the people for the benefit of all the people. Only the cooperationists have at least the grace to actually redistribute the profits among the people in such a way that each may control the disposition of his share, while George adds the outrage of putting the total rental to such use as a majority of the people may dictate, regardless of the minority's right to spend its own money in its own way. To unsophisticated believers in Liberty, unacquainted with "practical politics," it seems the simpler, fairer, freer way to collect no profits or rents at all.

Law and Authority.

II.

[Translated from "Le Revolte."]

The law is a relatively modern product; for humanity existed centuries and centuries without any written law, not even engraven in symbols on stones at the entrance of temples. During that period the relations of men to each other were regulated by simple customs, by habits, usages, which constant repetition made venerable and which each acquired in his infancy, as he learned to procure his sustenance by hunting, cattle-raising, or agriculture.

All human societies have passed through this primitive phase, and even yet a large portion of humanity has no written laws. Tribes have manners, customs,—“a common law,” as the jurists call it,— they have social usages, and these suffice to keep the members of the village, of the tribe, of the community, on good terms with each other. Even among our civilized selves, when we leave the large cities and go into the country, we still find the mutual relations of the inhabitants regulated, not according to the written law of legislators, but according to ancient customs generally accepted. The peasants of Russia, Italy, Spain, and even large sections of France and England have no idea of the written law. It thrusts itself into their life only to regulate their relations with the State; as for their relations with each other, sometimes very complex, they regulate them simply according to ancient customs. Formerly this was the case throughout the world.

An analysis of the customs of primitive peoples shows two very distinct currents running through them.

Since man does not live alone, he develops within himself feelings and habits useful in the preservation of society and the propagation of the race. Without the social sentiments, without the practices of solidarity, life in common would have been absolutely impossible. It is not the law that establishes them: they are anterior to all laws. Neither is it religion that prescribes them: they are anterior to every religion; they are found among all animals that live socially. They develop themselves by the very force of things, like those habits which, in animals, man calls instincts; they are the result of an evolution useful and even necessary to the maintenance of society in the struggle for existence which it has to sustain. Savages

finally stop eating each other because they find it much more advantageous to apply themselves to some agricultural pursuit than to enjoy once a year the luxury of feeding on the flesh of an aged relative. In those tribes, absolutely independent and knowing neither laws nor chiefs, whose customs many a traveller has described, the members cease to settle their quarrels with the knife because the habit of living in society finally develops in them a certain feeling of fraternity and solidarity; they prefer to leave to third parties the settlement of their differences. The hospitality of primitive peoples; respect for human life; sentiment of reciprocity; pity for the weak; valor, extending even to self-sacrifice in the interest of another, the practice of which is first learned towards children and friends, and then towards the other members of the community,— all those qualities are developed in man prior to the existence of laws and independently of any religion, just as among all sociable animals. These sentiments and practices are the inevitable result of social life. Without being inherent in man (as the priests and metaphysicians consider them), these qualities are the consequence of life in common.

But, by the side of these customs, necessary to the life of society and the preservation of the race, are produced in human associations other desires, other passions, and, consequently, other habits, other customs. The desire to rule others and impose on them one's will; the desire to seize the products of the labor of a neighboring tribe; the desire to subjugate other men in order to surround one's self with enjoyments without taking part in their production, while slaves produce all that is necessary to procure every pleasure for their master and satisfy all his passions,— these personal, selfish desires produce another current of habits and customs. The priest on the one hand, a charlatan who cultivates superstition and, after freeing himself from the fear of the devil, propagates it among others; the soldier on the other hand, a bully who urges on the invasion and pillage of his neighbors in order to return loaded with booty and followed by slaves,— both, hand in hand, succeed in imposing upon primitive societies customs advantageous for themselves, but tending to perpetuate their domination over the masses. Profiting by the indolence, the fear, the inertia of the multitude, and thanks to the constant repetition of the same acts, they at last establish permanently customs which become the solid basis of their rule.

To this end they cultivate first the spirit of routine which is so developed in man and which has attained so striding a degree in children, in all savage tribes, and which we also notice in animals. Man, especially when he is superstitious, is always afraid to change anything that exists; he generally reveres that which is old. "Our

fathers did so; they managed to live in one way or another; they brought you up; they were not unhappy; do you the same?" say the old to the young whenever the latter wish to change anything. The unknown frightens them; they prefer to cling to the past, even though that past stands for misery, oppression, slavery. It may even be said that, the unhappier man is, the more he fears to change any thing whatever through fear of becoming still more unhappy; a ray of hope and a few glimpses of comfort must penetrate his sorrowful hut before he can begin to wish for something better, to criticise his former manner of life, and to be willing to risk something in the hope of changing it. Until this hope has penetrated his being, until he has freed himself from the tutelage of those who utilize his superstitions and his fears, he prefers to remain as he is. If the young desire a change, the old utter a cry of alarm against the innovators. A savage, for instance, would rather suffer death than transgress the custom of his country, for in his infancy he was told that the slightest infraction of established customs would bring him misfortune and cause the ruin of the whole tribe. And even today how many politicians, economists, and so-called revolutionists act under the same impression in clinging to a vanishing past! How many have any other concern than to search for precedents! How many fiery innovators are but copyists of previous revolutions!

This spirit of routine which has its source in superstition, indolence, and cowardice has constituted the strength of oppressors in all ages; and in primitive human societies it was skilfully made use of by priests and military chieftains to perpetuate the customs, advantageous only for themselves, which they succeeded in imposing upon the tribes.

As long as this spirit of conservatism, skilfully turned to account, sufficed to assure the encroachment of chiefs upon the liberty of individuals; as long as the only inequalities between men were the natural inequalities not yet increased ten and one hundred fold by the concentration and power of wealth,— there was still no need of the law and the formidable machinery of courts and ever increasing penalties to enforce it.

But when society commenced to divide itself more and more into two hostile classes, one seeking to establish its dominion and the other seeking to withdraw itself therefrom, then the struggle began. The conqueror of today hastens to establish the accomplished fact; he seeks to render it undebatable, to make it holy and venerable by every means which the conquered can respect. The Law makes its appearance, sanctioned by the priest and supported by the weapons of the soldiers.

It labors to establish firmly the customs advantageous to the ruling minority, and the military Authority undertakes to secure obedience to it. At the same time the soldier finds in this new function a new method of assuring his power; he no longer makes use of simple brute force; he is the defender of the Law.

But if the Law consisted simply of a collection of prescriptions advantageous only to the rulers, it would have difficulty in getting itself accepted and obeyed. Therefore the legislator confounds in one and the same code the two currents of customs of which we have spoken,— the maxims representing the principles of morality and solidarity developed by life in common and the commands forever consecrating inequality. Customs absolutely necessary to the very existence of society are skilfully mingled with practices imposed by the tyrants, and the masses are expected to respect both alike. “Do not, kill!” says the Code, and, “Pay the priest his tithe!” it hastens to add. “Do not steal!” says the Code, and immediately after, “He who will not pay his tax shall have his arm cut off.”

Such is the Law, and this double character it has retained up to the present time. Its origin is the desire of tyrants to perpetuate the customs which they have imposed for their own advantage. Its character is the cunning mixture of customs useful to society,— customs which have no need of the law to make them respected,— with those other customs which present no advantages except for the tyrants, are harmful to the masses, and are maintained only by fear of punishment.

No more than individual Capital born of fraud and violence and developed under the auspices of Authority has the Law, then, any title to the respect of men. Born of violence and superstition, established in the interest of the priest, the conqueror, and the rich exploiter, it must be abolished entirely on the day when the people shall see fit to break their chains.

We shall show this still more, conclusively when we come to analyze in a succeeding article the ulterior development of the Law under the auspices of religion, authority, and the existing parliamentary system.

John Swinton on Lawyers.

At the mammoth meeting of workingmen recently held in Cooper Union, New York, to condemn the infamous provisions of the new penal code of that State, John Swinton paid his respects to the legal profession in the following energetic fashion:

In the business of subverting the liberties of our beloved country, I do not dread the soldier with his rifle, nor the conspirator with his mask, nor the fool, the fanatic, or the demagogue, nor the king in his regalia, nor the cleric with his tongue, nor the editor with his quill, nor Satan with his horns, nor yet the millioraire with his millions, if they have but a fair field. The man to be dreaded in this Republic is the shyster lawyer; legal machination is the thing of menace and danger. It is in this country especially that the people need to be on the alert against legal quibblers,—here where they swarm as they do nowhere else on the globe, not only in the courts, but in legislatures and their lobbies and in every place of power and greatness.

How often, when searching amid the ruins of popular liberties in the countries that once enjoyed them, do we come upon the trucks of the false lawyer? For what oppressor has he not found a legal subterfuge? For what deed of guilt has he not been ready to erect a legal bulwark? Do we not find him with a legal defense for any usurpation of every usurper, with a legal justification for any invasion of every birthright of man, with a legal quibble over every great popular franchise, with a legal glaze for every clear word of freedom, with legal pettifoggery against every establishment of right, with a legal weapon for sullifying every victory of progress, with a legal jimmy, as Major Haggerty lately said in the Assembly, to pry open every man's safe, with legal mechanism for tearing out every pillar in the edifice of wrong?

Not a guilty deed has ever been perpetrated by power, not a base treason has ever been batched against the Commonwealth, not a device has ever been set for the subversion of any popular right, but the false lawyer has stood ready to uphold it with the armament of false legality. He battered the Twelve Tablets of Rome, he made of no effect the Ten Commandments of Moses, he stifled the genius of Magna Charta, and he is now scuttling the Constitution of the United States. For does not the whole spirit and intent of this new penal code contravene the spirit and intent of the great Constitution which guarantees freedom of speech, freedom of meeting, and every freedom of peaceful combination and lawful action? It does not need that one shall be a legist or a jurist to ask this question, or to answer it. It needs but that he have reason, the light that lighteneth every man who cometh

into the world. Even the most ordinary people, exercising but their common sense, are quick in apprehending the main principles of right, quick in discovering the drift of evil schemes, however subtle; and as appears from this demonstration of to-night, they are quick, with but their plain sense as a guide, in detecting the spirit of hostility to their proper rights that animates the new penal code. In the case of the new renal code, the operating codifier is an antiquated and eccentric character of the name of Field,— an angle of the quadrengle of Fields, of whom one sits on the bench, one bestrides the elevated railroad, one stands in a pulpit, and one is at the bar — now arraigned here at this bar. I find no fault with his codifying mania, believing that codification is every way desirable. But the codifier should possess something more than technical skill; he must be a man of luminous mind, of fine sense of equity, of power to seize the spirit of laws, of faith in right and man's rights, and of proper appreciation of the institutions and franchises of freedom among the people, for whom the laws were made and for whom the code is to be law. Now David Dudley Field is not such a man; and this code now before me is the all-sufficient evidence that he is not. Competent critics tell me that the greater part of the code is well enough, and that, considering the material out of which it is made, it must, in the nature of things, be well enough; but yet there is poison in it, the poison of the liberticide — poison for the fundamental rights of society, respecting speech, meeting, combination for a general purpose, and cooperation for the common welfare. We raise our voice to-night against the presence of this poison in the body corporate.

III-Timed Mercy.

The following article, intrinsically excellent, is the more remarkable because coming from a daily journal of no less influence and extended circulation than the Boston "Globe." The reader, however, should bear in mind that the Red Cross Society of Geneva is a very different affair from the Red Cross Society of the People's Will, the latter being established, not, as the former is, by tyrants to alleviate the sufferings of the poor fellows whom they force into the field to fight their battles for them, but by the people to alleviate the sufferings of such voluntary champions of their rights as have incurred the vengeance of the tyrants.

What grim absurdity there is in the adoption by the principal governments of the world of the articles submitted by the Geneva Convention! The Society of the Red Cross is a praiseworthy institution in itself, and its purpose is one that appeals to the best impulses of humanity. Heroic men and women devote themselves to the noble work of mitigating the horrors and suffering caused by the tyranny and insatiable rapacity of the few who assume the right to control their millions of fellow-creatures. What a ghastly satire it is when the men who call themselves rulers meet and draw up, with great care and much pretence of charitable zeal, a grave agreement not to interfere with the binding up of the wounds they inflict. England, France, Germany, Turkey, are preparing their infernal machinery for blowing off arms and legs, smashing skulls, wounding, maiming, killing men who know not what they may be fighting for, and at the same time solemnly agreeing to tenderly pick up and care for the shattered wrecks of human beings from their fields of slaughter.

Article 5 of the Geneva Convention contains the very essence of sardonic humor. Inhabitants of the country who may bring help to the wounded shall be respected and shall remain free. The generals of the belligerent powers shall make it their care to inform the inhabitants of the appeal addressed to their humanity and of the neutrality which will be the consequence of it. The generals, whose sole business is to devise the most effective methods of consigning the greatest possible numbers of men to the pains and torments of that hell upon earth, a modern battlefield, shall appeal to the humanity of those who providentially avoid their mangling machinery, and assure them that they may repair what injury they can with out fear of molestation.

But this all tends to make war less horrible, it will be urged by many. It merely makes war, that sum of all vilanies, more horribly grotesque. It is like putting salve on the sabre that slashes a soldier's face. Instead of making such elaborate preparations to bandage broken heads and holding conventions to construct appeals to the humanity of other people, the gentlemen who ran the governments of the world had better stop breaking heads, and turn their attention to preventing organized murder. If the governments that hypocritically assent to the articles of the Geneva Convention were not in existence, there would be no necessity for a Society of the Red Cross.

A Meaningless Memorial.

The following is an extract from a private letter written on Decoration Day by P. J. Healy of San Francisco to Dr. J. H. Swain of this city. It is printed here in the hope that some of those who annually decorate the graves of the soldiers who died to save this despicable Union may be awakened to a sense or their idleness and fully by this interpretation of the language of their flowers.

While the pot-house patriots of the United States are decking the graves of the dead slaves with floral offerings, let the living, thinking men of today commune with each other. We wonder whose interest it is to commemorate these occasions. What did the poor, blind fools die for? A country? We have none. We have a territory, but no country. Witness our position at the Court of St. James,— Lowell, the poet of Liberty in America, pandering to, defending, and excusing despotism in England! See how we are humiliated in South America. Not even Trescots can extricate us. A constitution, you say, we may have preserved by soaking it in a sea of blood. No, not even that. Your organic law is unable to solve the Mormon difficulty in accordance with religious freedom. It shrinks at the approach of the Asian, and it is doubtful if it could stand another strain such as the Hayes and Tilden disgrace. But we are drifting along, the wisest of statesmen trusting to accident; no definite policy, no principle, no tradition of Liberty that has not been violated. Well, let them drift on! The irrevocable logic of events will teach them wisdom, may-be too late.

Chapter XXIV

On Picket Duty.

Thomas Jefferson, were he alive today, would probably be an Anarchist. His philosophy pointed straight in the direction of absolute Liberty. In this connection one of the most interesting of his sayings that inscribed by him on the desk on which the Declaration of Independence was written: "Politics, as well as religion, has its superstitions."

Lady Brassey mentions that in one of the South Sea islands the missionaries had to substitute coconut milk for wine, as the cup never reached the third communicant without replenishing. We do not doubt the story. Indeed, it would be surprising if the South Sea islanders, true to their cannibalistic instincts, did not find the Blood of Christ most palatable.

The demand for Lysander Spooner's pamphlet, "Natural Law," has been so great as to necessitate a second edition. This is now ready. The price, as may be seen in our advertising columns, has been reduced from fifteen to ten cents. It was this forcible treatise that led the editor of "*Le Révolté*" to write the excellent articles on "Law and Authority" which Liberty recently republished.

We have received from George Chainey, the Paine Hall lecturer, a new volume of his Sunday discourses, published under the general title, "The New Version." It presents the same handsome appearance externally that characterized the original volume, and is as full as that of fresh thought and stirring eloquence. There are passages in it with which we hope to grace Liberty's pages as soon as our limited space will allow.

The extended remarks in which we indulge elsewhere *à propos* of a recent pamphlet on "The Mormon Problem" apply with equal pertinence to an able essay by James W. Stillman of Boston on "The Constitutional and Legal Aspect of the Mormon Question," with a copy of which we have been favored. The author shows conclusively the outrageous character of the invasion of human rights perpetrated in the crusade against the religion of the Mormons.

Those of Liberty's readers who understand French should send for a copy of Michael Bakounine's "*Dieu et l'État*" (God and the State), advertised in another column. It discusses theology from an anarchistic standpoint, and holds God, or the illusion called God, responsible for all the authority that oppresses and most of

the evil that afflicts mankind. In fact, the tyrant of the skies receives an excoriation at the hands of Bakounine only surpassed in the pages of Proudhon.

Michael Davitt tries to avoid the charge that he is inconsistent in working for peasant proprietorship when he believes in land nationalization by saying that the former is sure to end in the latter, because the government, finding itself unable to collect interest from the tenants on the money loaned them to buy the land, will be compelled to foreclose and take possession. But what of it? Can the government, any more than the present landlords, evict a whole nation? And if not, can it, any more successfully than they, exact tribute from the tenants by naming the tribute *taxes* instead of *rent*? By no means. The result of such a policy would be simply the supersedure of the No-Rent manifesto by a No-Tax manifesto; and the day when a No-Tax manifesto appears will prove the day of doom for all governors and usurers and rent-thieves and tribute-takers whatsoever.

In the early days of the Irish land agitation Michael Davitt used to say unqualifiedly: "Rent is an immoral tax upon industry." In his speech to the laborers of New York a few days ago he said timidly: "Rent imposed upon labor — *such rent as that exacted by Irish absentee landlords* — I have declared in Ireland to be an immoral tax. To throw off that immoral, unjust tux Ireland has leaped to its feet, and, thank God, we are today half-way to victory." Yet in this manifest retreat many long-time admirers of Davitt — among them "Phillip" of the "Irish World" — strive hard to see, not the truth (they know it is not that), but a step in advance! For once you are mistaken, most tolerant, patient, and impartial "Phillip"! It is decidedly a step backward; and you, perhaps of all men, known to the readers of the "Irish World" chiefly as the steadfast and sturdy opponent of all varieties of usury and all species of nationalization, ought to see this most clearly, and, so seeing it, to so pronounce it.

In a recent issue of his journal, "This World," George Chainey denounced the action of the authorities in suppressing Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," and printed in a supplement the poem chiefly objected to, "To a Common Prostitute." Postmaster Tobey declined to let the publication through the mail at pound rates on the ground that the supplement was not a supplement in the sense of the statute. In this absurd position he was sustained by the postmaster-general. But the real animus moving this pious and hypocritical Tobey developed itself when Mr. Chainey offered his paper at the post-office at third-class rates. Then the postmaster decided the matter unmailable because obscene. Another appeal to Washington

was taken, and this time, through the efforts of W. D. O'Connor and R. G. Ingersoll, the postmaster-general was induced to decide against Tobey and order the matter transmitted in the mails. It was immediately telegraphed all over the country by newspaper correspondents that "Leaves of Grass," against Mr. Tobey's decision, had been declared mailable. This so annoyed our asinine postmaster that he immediately sent paragraphs to all the Boston newspapers denying that the book itself had been pronounced mailable, the decision affecting only a small extract from one poem. Another instance of the man's quibbling hypocrisy. He knows perfectly well that, if the portion to which the State authorities objected can pass, the whole book can pass. If he does not believe it, he can readily test it by accepting the invitation extended to him and others in our advertising columns. "Leaves of Grass" has been republished without a word of alteration, and the publisher of Liberty now publicly offers it for sale in the very city where it has been temporarily suppressed. The authorities must now bring the question to an issue, or confess their defeat. Let all who wish to sustain us in this tight order the book from us without delay.

Anarchism in Court.

We fear that Nihilism is insidiously working its way into our halls of justice. At any rate, the municipal court reporter of the Boston "Globe" reports frequent conversations held with one "Max," apparently a member of the dangerous classes, whose utterances are at times as atrociously revolutionary as those of Bakounine himself. This mysterious personage reminds us slightly of Carlyle's Herr Teufelsdröckh, and sometimes even we shrewdly suspect that he stands in about the same relationship to the "Globe" reporter as that of the Clothes Philosopher of Weissnichtwo to the Sage of Chelsea. Here is a sample of his extraordinary outpourings, which we find in the "Globe" of the day following Guiteau's execution,— an event which seems to have put him into a desperate mood that, if long continued in, might prove dangerous to social order:

"What do you find reflected in the mirror this morning, Max?" inquired the Counsellor, when he came into the courtroom and observed the old gentleman in a preoccupied mood.

"Nothing very pleasant. A dark red cloud obscures the picture, and casts a gory gloom upon the faces of men. Just look down upon this swarming ant-hill of a city, and notice the excitement that pervades the whole heap. There is something grim and hideous in the gloating expectation with which the pismires swarm about the bulletin boards, licking their bloodthirsty little chops while waiting to learn that a wretched fellow-creature has been slaughtered in answer to their unreasoning clamor for revenge."

"Dropping metaphor, you refer to the crowds waiting for news of the execution of the assassin Guiteau, do you not?"

"I do, of course. I have been listening to the comments of the crowds as I passed along the street, and I have heard little but breathings of brutal passion, uttered in tones of virtuous indignation, and with much pretence of profound respect for the law which gratifies their lust for blood. There is a good deal of tiger left in human nature after all, and it takes advantage of such occasions as this to manifest itself, when it will be accounted a virtue. I have heard men today express their strong desire to commit murder, and openly proclaim their thirst for a human being's blood, as though it were: very commendable spirit that actuated them. Patriotism, some said. Others claimed that their intense love of justice moved them to feelings of profound joy at the prospective strangling of a miserable crank. Respect for the

infallible wisdom of the law was the pretence under which some tried to conceal their ghoulish appetites. Good citizens all, devoutly praying on Sundays to be forgiven their sins, as they falsely pretend to forgive those who trespass against them.”

“But you do not stop to consider, Max, that the man who is to be hanged today murdered not only a fellow-being, but a president.”

“Indeed, but that is just what I have considered; and, moreover, that is the very reason that the passions of the people have been aroused to such a pitch. It is my belief that, had Guiteau’s victim been an obscure man, no scaffold drop would be yawning for him today. But the crazy fool struck a blow at government, that idol of the ignorant, set up by force and maintained by fraud and error to be worshipped by those whom it most oppresses. Sane or insane, it matters not. A nation of Masons and Bill Joneses clamors for his blood, and he must die. Not that his loss is to be deplored, for he certainly is of no benefit to the community, but the public sentiment that backs up the hangman is not as virtuous and calmly judicial as it pretends to be.”

“The man has been declared sane enough to be responsible, and is therefore sane enough to be hanged. When the drop falls, let us hope that will be the last of the whole Guiteau crowd so far as the public is concerned. I for one hope that they will all disappear with a dull thud about noon to-day, never to be heard of more,” quoth the Counsellor. “I am afraid, Max, that you are growing rather crazy yourself — turning Nihilist, perhaps.”

“Perhaps,” said Max, musingly, as he sketched on the margin of his newspaper a design for an improved dynamite bomb.

The Red Cross Fund.

Receipts to July 18, 1882.

Previously acknowledged, ... \$214.85 Chicago Socialists (forwarded by Aug. Spies),
... 6.70 Knight of Labor, Brooklyn, N. Y.,50 S. Reis, San Francisco,25 J.
Luppo, San Francisco,25 J. Muller, San Francisco,50 C. F. Burgman, San
Francisco,25 H. Kirchner, San Francisco,50 Wm. Herbert, San Francisco,
... 1.00 W. H. Eastman, San Francisco,50 F. Roney, San Francisco,50 M.
Howard, San Francisco,50 John Forbes, San Francisco,50 A. W. Allen, San
Francisco,50 "No Compromise," San Francisco, ... 1.00 William Wachsmuth,
San Francisco,50 A Friend, San Francisco,25 J. Von Arx, San Francisco,
... .50 J. O. Landquist, San Francisco, ... 1.00 Robert Christ, San Francisco, ...
.50 H. C. Kinne, San Francisco,25 Henry Frahm, San Francisco,50 W.
Rotermund, San Francisco,50 John Jory, San Francisco,50 Wm. Clack,
San Francisco,50 James Andrews, San Francisco,25 W. S. Johnson, San
Francisco,50 Sales of "English Tyranny and Irish Suffering,"10 George
Foulke, Cicero, Ind.,40 An American Woman (through John Swinton), ... 5.00
J. Poppers, Worcester, Mass., ... 1.00 A. E. G., ... 2.50

Total, ... \$245.05

Remitted to Nicolas Tchaikovsky, London.

March 31, Draft for £10, costing ... \$49.50 April 5, Draft for £10, costing ... 49.50
April 21, Draft for £10, costing ... 49.50 July 18, On hand, ... 94.55

\$243.05

War upon Superstitious Women.

Most men feel either pity, contempt, or abhorrence for the absurdities and errors of all other religions than their own. And they are especially incredulous as to the sanctity and sincerity of those men who make their godliness profitable to the attainment of “wealth, of high” places in Church or State, or to increase the number of their wives. And although we cannot look into the hearts of each and every one of such men, and know precisely how much sin or superstition there may be in each case, we doubt if the class, as a whole, have been credited with any more hypocrisy, avarice, ambition, or unchastity than they were really guilty of. And if they alone were the sufferers from religious persecutions, we doubtless might not cry our eyes out in bewailing their fate. But it is quite another thing to visit either our contempt or detestation upon the ignorant and superstitious victims, whether male or female, of these religious impostors. While to make direct war upon *women*, on account of their religious superstitions, is brutal. If their religious errors cannot be corrected by reason, they must be suffered to take their course. They are no subject for legislation.

That women are naturally more credulous and superstitious than men, and more easily carried by their superstitions into wild and unnatural conduct, may be admitted. But of their sincerity there is, unless in very exceptional cases, no reasonable doubt. And their sincerity, if nothing else, should be their protection. When, for example, women crush and crucify their natural affections — their natural desires to become wives and mothers — in order to serve God, as they think, and save their souls, by lives of labor for the sick, the wounded, and the orphan, the lawmaker, who, instead of according to these women the respect and protection which their sincerity deserves, would seek to oppress them in order to gain favor with the bigots and tyrants of other religions, is not only a political villain, he is also an inhuman wretch.

We have been led into these remarks by a well written, and strongly written, pamphlet on “*The Mormon Problem: By a Citizen of Massachusetts;*” [Sold by James Campbell, Boston. It is alleged — and correctly, we suspect — that the author is Alfred E. Giles, of Hyde Park.] protesting against the persecution now carried on against the Mormons by Congress and the Courts.

We look upon this war upon the Mormons as being, not a war upon the vices, or supposed vices, of Brigham Young, or Heber Kimball, or other Mormon men —

who, for the purposes of this argument, may be admitted to be selfish, ambitious, and lascivious hypocrites — but against their victims, the sincere and superstitious women, who have been deluded into the idea that one masculine Mormon saint can secure the eternal salvation of ten or twenty Mormon women, if they will so far put their trust in him as to become his wives in this world.

However vicious or sensual a Mormon *man* may be supposed to be, who wishes to take to himself ten or twenty wives, the wives themselves cannot be suspected of becoming wives from any similar motives. It is utterly contrary to the nature of women to suppose that, in this country, if not in any other, any woman would, from sensual and vicious motives, consent to become one of the ten or twenty wives of one man. Nothing more unnatural than this can be conceived of, as the act of a vicious or lascivious woman, But the Mormon women are not vicious. However the sincerity and morality of the polygamous men may have been doubted, nobody, so far as we know, has ever doubted the sincerity and chastity of the Mormon women. Nothing, therefore, but religious superstition can account for their being willing to enter into polygamous marriages.

Such being the facts, the war of Congress upon polygamy is not a war upon sensual or vicious men, or sensual or vicious women. If Congress were really waging an honest war against unchaste men, or even unchaste women, or even religious hypocrites and impostors, they would not need to go to Utah to find them. And the fact that they do go to Utah to find them — passing by the hundreds of thousands of vicious persons of both sexes at home, and the religious hypocrites that are not supposed to be very scarce anywhere — is the proof of their hypocrisy; and of their design to make political capital for themselves, by currying favor with bigots and hypocrites, rather than to promote chastity on the part of either men or women.

If all the polygamous women of Utah had been common prostitutes, we have no reason to suppose that the lawmakers at Washington would have ever had their religious sensibilities disturbed on account of them. Or if the polygamous men of Utah had been rich merchants and bankers in New York, each of them having one wife and one family of children whom he lived with openly, and a half dozen other women, with children, whom he supported secretly, we do not think that this immorality would have so aroused the pious hypocrites at Washington as to induce them to get up a political crusade to put it down.

Congress has just as much right to inquire into, and prescribe, the chastity the private morals, and the religious sincerity of all other men and women, throughout the country, as it has to do it in Utah.

If the Mormon women are in any way restrained of their liberty, or forced into, or compelled to remain in, their polygamous marriages, against their wills, they ought to be protected against all wrongs of that kind. But to make war upon them, because they think they are serving God, and securing their salvation, by being "sealed," as they call it, to a ransom line saint, or to one whom they believe to be a saint, who can take them to heaven under his wing, is making war upon them, not for their vices or their crimes, but for their superstitions and delusions. And this, we repeat, is not the act of virtuous and honest legislators, but of canting bigots, snivelling hypocrites, and unprincipled politicians.

The pamphlet above named has especial interest for its exposure of the whiffling, wriggling, squirming, quibbling, prevaricating, pettifogging practices of the Supreme Court of the United States. That court concedes of course the authority of the first amendment to the Constitution, viz., that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." But they are sorely perplexed to understand what can be meant by "the free exercise of religion." They *guess* it must have been something that Mr. Madison or Mr. Jefferson once talked about in Virginia. They are quite sure it cannot mean any liberty to disobey a law of Congress! for that would be denying the authority of the Government! Consequently, if Congress forbids Mormon women to save their souls in the way their religion teaches, they must be restrained, not from "the free exercise of their religion," but from disobeying the law of Congress!

How perfectly clear it is that this court knows all about "the free exercise of religion!" And how determined they are to maintain it against any infringement by any law of Congress! What a glorious thing it is for a people to have such a guardian of their religious freedom! How could we have any religious freedom, if it were not for Congresses and Supreme Courts!

When we get rid of Congresses and Supreme Courts, as we no doubt sometime will, it is to be hoped that men will learn that there is but one single kind of *legal* freedom; and that that is simply the *natural* freedom of each individual to do whatever he will with himself and his property, for his body here, and, his soul hereafter, so long as he does not trespass upon the equal freedom of any other person. It is to be hoped that they will sometime learn that this *one*

natural freedom comprehends all of men's moral freedom, social freedom, religious freedom, industrial freedom, commercial freedom, political freedom, and all the other freedoms (if there are any others), to which every human being is by nature entitled. Until men learn this — and especially until they learn that moral, social, religious, industrial, commercial, and political freedom mean freedom from the laws of Congresses, and the decisions of Supreme Courts — it is very clear that they are to have no *legal* freedom at all.

Liberty and the People.

So-called governments are established and maintained for the sole purpose of robbing the people. So-called governments are mobs, conspiracies, usurpations. The people have practically no voice in their constitution and administration. But the people tolerate them, fight for them, and pay taxes to support them. The people are the ignorant victims of superstition, fraud, and consequent slavery. The people need waking up. They need to have all the leases of passing events shown in their true light for their emancipation. It is to inaugurate this righteous mission of coming reform-journalism that our little plant of Liberty has been sown on this continent. We have set ourselves up to be laughed at, to be called fanatics, Utopians, and fools; but the germ is planted, and woe will come to the oppressor before the tree stop growing.

And yet the laugh is by no means all on one side. On the contrary, we venture to say that no radical paper ever started in America has received, on its own merits, such surprising attention and favorable comment as has *Liberty*, in the first year of its existence. We have been constantly astonished at the number of people in this country of all grades and conditions of cultivation, who subscribe to our views, and whom *Liberty* found, only to make happy, as the first published exponent of what they had in their solitude long ago thought out. Scarcely a day passes but that from various quarters come congratulations and messages of approval, and it is more than certain that so ripe are thousands for full-handed revolt against the whole system of existing governmental that it only needs time to develop an agitation that will be anything: but ridiculous to politicians, commercial sharks, scholarly skunks, and plunderers generally. The fact that this paper can live at all on the merits of its philosophy would, in itself, have been astonishing, but the fact that some of the most cultivated thinkers in the land, together with scores of representative reform workers in every sphere, should have come to our side unsolicited is indeed significant and inexpressibly gratifying.

Had not political government been deep-rooted in theological superstition, its head would have been cut off long ago. The herculean obstacle that rises to confront us everywhere is that instinctive delicacy which hesitates to offend religious sentiment. The Irish, for instance, are in a frame of mind which naturally inclines them to a short cut to the emancipation of their outraged country; but, without violating our own consciences, we cannot suppress the fact that Popery

is the very essence of all that is vile in the State, and that the assumed authority of the Catholic hierarchy is the beginning of the human disease that alone makes the political State possible. When a Catholic gets so far out of the slough — as fortunately some of the most advanced ones have — as to admit that the very organization of the church is inimical to Liberty, the way is then easy; but such bravery and fidelity to reason is equivalent to ceasing to be a Catholic, and ceasing to be a Catholic is, with most of these deluded votaries, a horrid nightmare which means eternal perdition. Considering the outspokenness in which we have indulged, it argues a toleration strikingly in contrast with Puritanic bigotry that many of our most esteemed and steadfast subscribers are Catholics, who seem to say: "Not that we love Rome less, but Ireland and Liberty more." It is to be regretted that Ireland has not a leader to-day who dares lead her people to defy that audacious mob known as the English government and trample it under foot by refusing to feed it with further rent and taxes. Truly disappointing is it to reflect that Michael Davitt "should have abandoned the no-rent resolve to disseminate philosophical vagaries, the purpose of which is to extend the sphere of government in Ireland rather than curtail it.

The plundering purposes for which the English government is alone maintained is for the time most evident in Egypt. Through alliance of English bondholders with the Khedive, a country having about the same population as Ireland, and, like it, chiefly devoted to agriculture, has been so deeply plunged into debt that its entire revenue is absorbed in paying, over to the Bank of England the interest on its bonds. The people, ground down with usury, protest; and no sooner do they threaten a refusal to pay the tribute than the same brute that has Ireland by the throat proceeds to "defend the interests of the British citizens" at the cannon's mouth. "And who are the citizens whose "interests" all governments are instituted to defend? They are the bankers, the bondholders, the plunderers of the people. In Ireland and India it is rent, in Egypt it is bonded interest, but everywhere it is usury. Is it not about time that the plundered peoples of the earth should begin to get their eyes open? Can anything less than a square repudiation of the whole conspiracy called government avail? Is it not the part of brave men to trample the whole force under foot and refuse to recognize it as having any further right to live? In 1839 Wendell Phillips exclaimed at a Boston mass meeting: "Thank God, we are not a law-abiding people!" Lend us your support, friends, and Liberty shall live to herald the day when it will not be irony to exclaim:— "Thank Reason, the masses

in all lands are not law-abiding people?" The end of usury and slavery will not be far off then.

“The Forms of Law.”

That the forms of law were all complied with, is the reason, and substantially the only reason, given why we ought to be satisfied that Guiteau was sane and guilty. The testimony of the many eminent physicians — superintendents of lunatic asylums, and long experienced in the treatment of the insane — that in their opinion he was insane, and had been for years, must all count for nothing — must not be admitted to have raised even a reasonable doubt — in the face of the fact that “the forms of law were all complied with”; and that twelve men with no personal experience with insane persons, and presumably destitute of all the knowledge necessary for deciding such a question, have been made by fossil judges, and ruffian lawyers, and howling editors, and bloodthirsty politicians, and unintelligible, if not unintelligent, “experts,” to declare that they believed him sane; or at least sane enough to be hanged.

To all this we answer that “the forms of law” have had many and fearful crimes to answer for. “The form of law,” in England, have had to answer for the hanging of great numbers of innocent men, without permitting them even to bring a witness, or employ counsel, for their defence; lest such witness or counsel should induce juries to thwart the determination of the government to hang everybody suspected of a crime.

These “forms of law” were once described, by an English lawyer, in this wise:

The speedy arm of Justice
Was never known in full;

The gaol supplied the gallows,
The gallows thinned the gaol.

And sundry wise precautions
The sages of the law

Discretely framed, whereby they aimed
To keep the rogues in awe.

For, lest some sturdy criminal
False witnesses should bring,

His witnesses were not allowed

To swear to any thing.
And lost his wily advocate
The court should overreach,
His advocate was not allowed
The privilege of speech.
Yet, such was the humanity
And wisdom of the law,
That, if in his indictment there
Appeared to be as flaw,
The Court assigned him counsellors
To argue on the doubt,
Provided he *himself* had first
Contrived to point it out.
Yet lest their mildness should perchance
Be craftily abused,
To *show* him the indictment they
Most sturdily refused.
But still, that he might understand
The nature of the charge,
The same was in the Latin tongue
Read out to him at large.
'Twas thus the law kept rogues in awe,
Gave honest man protection.
And justly famed, by all was named,
Of wisdom the perfection.

The practical results of these “forms of law” are well described in an article on Newgate prison, in the “Fortnightly [London] Review” for June, 1882. This prison was always crowded with prisoners, having sometimes as many as “eight, nine, and

even twelve hundred souls." For the poverty and misery of the people drove great numbers into crime. Of these prisoners the Review says:

For the bulk of the criminal prisoners there was one speedy and effectual system of removal, that of capital punishment. Executions were wholesale in those times. The code was sanguinary in the extreme. Male coiners [counterfeitors] were quartered as traitors, and females were burnt. Larceny, forgery, bankruptcy, all these were punished by death, and the gallows tree was always heavily laden.

There was every element of callous brutality in the manner of inflicting the extreme penalty of the law. From the time of sentence to the last dread moment the convict was exhibited as a show, or held up to public contempt and execration. The actual ceremony was to the last degree cold blooded, and wanting in all the solemn attributes befitting the awful scene. The doomed was carried in an open cart to Tyburn or other appointed place; the halter already encircled his neck, his coffin was at his feet. For the mob it was a high day and holiday; they lined the route taken by the ghastly procession, encouraging or flouting the convict according as he happened to be a popular hero, or unknown to criminal fame. In the first case they cheered him to the echo, offered him bouquets of flowers, or pressed him to drink deep from St. Giles's bowl; in the latter they pelted him with filth, and overwhelmed him with abuse. The most scandalous scenes occurred on the gallows; The hangman often quarrelled with his victim over the garments which the former looked upon as a lawful perquisite, and which the latter was disposed to distribute among his friends. The populace were like degenerate Romans in the amphitheatre waiting for the butchery to begin. They fought and struggled desperately for front places; people fell and were trampled to death, hoarse roars came from thousands of brazen threats, which swelled into a terrible chorus as the black figures of the performers on the gallows stood out against the sky. "Hats off!" "Down in front!" these cries echoed and re-echoed in increasing volume, and all at once abruptly came to an end — the bolt was drawn, the drop had fallen, and the miserable wretch had gone to his long home.

The story is told that a hangman, in England, being once inquired of, as to how many persons his hanging apparatus could hang at once, replied that "it *could* hang a dozen at a time, but could not hang more than ten comfortably."

But in all the accounts we have read of the brutal murders committed under "the forms of law," in England, we do not remember to have read that when, as in Guiteau's case, the question of guilt was one of sanity or insanity, two professional

ruffians were hired to aid the public prosecutor, not in investigating candidly, rationally, and honestly the question whether he was sane, and therefore guilty, but to forestall and shut out inquiry, by heaping upon him every epithet of abhorrence which the dictionaries could furnish, and thus convince the jury that, although human in form, and sane in mind, he was, in reality, such a monster in depravity as had never before been seen in human shape.

And why has such a spectacle as this been endured? Certainly not merely because a man had been killed — for such occurrences are too common to cause either alarm or surprise — but because tens of thousands of ambitious and avaricious plotters have seen that if all their selfish schemes, which they have hoped to accomplish through a president of their own choice, can be defeated by a single pistol shot, their occupations are gone.

But let us see still further what crimes “the forms of law” have been made to sanction.

“The forms of law” have sanctioned the murder of accused persons — who, from insanity, or any other cause, refused to plead either guilty, or not guilty — by laying them upon their backs on the ground, and then piling weights upon their breasts, until they were crushed to death. Giles Corey was deliberately murdered in this manner in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1692, for refusing to plead either guilty, or not guilty, to a charge of witchcraft.

“The forms of law” have sanctioned “the trial by battle,” so called; that is, duels between the accuser and the accused, under the conviction that Providence would give the victory to the innocent party.

“The forms of law” have sanctioned the trial of accused persons by compelling them to “walk barefoot and blindfolded, over nine red hot plough-shares laid lengthwise at unequal distances.”

“The forms of law” have sanctioned the trial of accused persons “by plunging the bare arm up to the elbow, in boiling water,” in the expectation that they would escape unhurt, if they were innocent.

Also, “by casting the person suspected into a river or pond of cold water, when, if he floated therein, without any action of swimming, [his feet and hands being bound], it was deemed an evidence of his guilt, but if he sunk, he was acquitted.”

“The forms of law” have sanctioned the hanging of Quakers and witches in Massachusetts. They have sanctioned the hanging of witches in other countries.

They have sanctioned the hanging of great numbers of insane persons in this and other countries. They have sanctioned the hanging of multitudes of innocent men, who were not insane. They have sanctioned the torture of men by the thumbscrew, by breaking them on the wheel, and by burning them at the stake. They have sanctioned the torture and murder of great numbers of conscientious men and women for holding and avowing religious opinions in little more decent and reasonable than those held by the men in power. They have sanctioned the use at the thumbscrew and other tortures to compel men to confess themselves guilty of crimes, of which the government had no other satisfactory proof. In short, "the forms of law" have sanctioned a great many more horrible crimes in the past, than mankind are likely to tolerate in the future.

Guiteau himself is dead. But the Guiteau case has not yet had its final trial. The final question to be tried will be, whether Guiteau, on the one hand, or Davidge, Porter, Corkhill, and those who have urged them on, on the other, were the real murderers.

But what concerns us all now is, that there shall no longer exist any power, that is capable of establishing such "forms of law," as will interfere with the substance of justice.

Gone to Parnell.

Michael Davitt, say the dispatches, has gone over to tell Parnell that he will tell the Irish people that, though he has, and will continue to have, his own opinions as to the scheme of land nationalization, he will make them subservient for the time being to the interests of the Land League.

A momentous mission, this, for Michael Davitt, who is to find evictions going on at the rate of twelve hundred a week in Ireland, the repression infamy just signed by the Queen and going into operation, and one hundred and eighty-two suspects still languishing in prison!

We can conceive of a Michael Davitt, who, going back to his outraged country, would talk after this wise: "I am going over to tell Parnell that he and I have parted company forever,— to tell the Irish people to pay no more rent to the bitter end, and that the only way of realizing 'the land for the people' is for the people to take the land, evict the landlords, and defy the English government as it mob of plundering bandits."

Such a Michael Davitt would probably go back to jail with the hundred and eighty-two suspects (who are just as good as he is), but would be infinitely more powerful for good and more glorious in himself than in the trivial and trimming *rôle* of a compromiser with the English brute at his country's throat.

Guiteau One of God's Own.

At our request, Mrs. E. M. F. Denton furnishes us a copy of the following letter written by her prior to the execution of Guiteau. Heretofore the bitterest things said against Guiteau have come from women. With the more pleasure, therefore, we print these dispassionate words of wisdom from a woman's pen:

Mrs. Frances M. Scoville:

My Dear Madam,— I have seen your card to the public in reference to your proposed petition to President Arthur, asking for a "stay of execution" in the case of your brother, Charles J. Guiteau.

Permit me to assure you that I have not one moment's sympathy with the murderous demand of the general public for your brother's life. Even the hue of his crime pales in comparison with this fierce, blind rage of a nation to wreak revenge for his terrible deed. It cannot be claimed that the taking of his life is at all necessary to our protection against any further outrages from his tongue or at his hands. He is in the nation's power, and can, therefore, be restrained in future from any acts of violence against the peace of the public, or of the individual. By what right, then, does the nation demand his life?

More than all this, however, the awful responsibility for his deed rests not alone with him. Far from it! In his case, scarcely less than in the case of the Freemans, of Pocasset, is the creed of Christendom on trial. Surely words have little meaning if the legitimate inferences from the teachings of our thousands of pulpits do not justify the main point in your brother's conclusions. *If God commanded Abraham to slay his son, and Samuel to hew Agag, the Amalekite king, in pieces, as the Scriptures inform us, who shall say that he did not command the Freemans to slay their little daughter, and Guiteau to "remove Garfield," the American president? Has God so changed that he cannot be thought to authorize the same crimes now that he did in ancient times? And if it was "blasphemy," as was so flippantly charged during his trial, for your brother to claim that God commanded him to "remove President Garfield," is it any less blasphemy when our ministers assure us that God commanded Samuel to commit that bloodier crime in the "removal" of King Agag? As to the methods employed for the "removal," by which the two men executed the supposed Divine command, your brother's deed bears no comparison in the matter of fiendish barbarity with that of the man he had been taught to believe was especially "called of God," and commanded to perform the frightful deed. And so*

long as people are allowed to reason, but, by the pressure of public sentiment and the influence of early instruction, are compelled to accept the Bible records of an ignorant and barbarous age, and a still more ignorant and barbarous people, as any evidence of Divine interference in human affairs, so long may we expect to have Freemnas, and Guiteaus, and judicial murders, and the blasphemy of Justice in her own courts and by her own appointed officers.

Most assuredly you may, if you will, enter my name on your petition to President Arthur. Not that I believe your brother insane, but believe him the victim — as all of us are, and have been victims — of a false theology, and a false system of religious instruction, from which, as a basis, he has, logically enough, drawn conclusions in harmony with the fundamental doctrines of the Christian Church, but at war with all the best interests of society and the race.

Yours in sincerest sympathy,

Elizabeth M. F. Denton.

Wellesley, Mass., June 20, 1882.

Nationalization Versus No-Rent.

It is as Liberty expected and predicted. The “Irish World” writers are beginning their protests against the new departure. “Phillip” has already commenced a series of letters which, though handling Davitt as yet with an almost fulsome tenderness, are to culminate, it is plain, in a damaging criticism of the theory of land nationalization. His facile pen and fascinating style will make sad (or merry) havoc with it. “Honorius,” meanwhile, has dealt it the following direct and vigorous blow:

The sticking point — the knotty problem — the thing that is not settled by resolutions and the movements of leaders, is this:— *How are the Irish people to secure to themselves what is theirs — the land?* Now, I have a plan which starts out on an entirely opposite basis from that of George. The plan of George is Socialistic — mine is Individualistic. I could not elaborate it in the “Irish World” without going into a whole analysis of sociological philosophy which is outside the sphere of this publication. But as every philosophical tree is known by its fruits, if I state to the reader distinctly what would be the line of aggressive policy which my system demands at the present hour, it would exhibit the substance of all that is of any value in it. Let me state my “plan,” then. It will not require many words. No, verily, as few words as these:— Pay No More Rent!

And how would this policy, if insisted upon to the bitter end, secure the land to the people? Let me illustrate by a very familiar example.

This is the season of berries. Suppose a landlord in a certain locality to “own” a fifty-acre lot covered with berries. He divides it into little holdings of ten rods square, and rents to the people of the neighborhood the privilege of gathering the natural fruit. But on a certain year the people of all the surrounding townships unite with the neighbors, and declare that they will pay no more rent for a privilege that properly belongs to God. The berries ripen, but nobody will pay a cent of tribute-money for the privilege. Thereupon the landlord attempts to hire laborers to gather them, but nobody will do it. What then? Will he let them rot? Possibly; human nature is hardly ever so depraved where there is no motive of gain. In all probability, seeing that there was no possibility of extorting the rent, he would open the gates and let the people go in, each claiming natural title to so much of the land (in usufruct) as he was *de facto* occupying and improving.

But berries are not necessary to life. Now, take the land of Ireland, whose fruits are a necessity to life with her people, and apply a wholesale rent revolt. How long

in that case, would the reigning landlords care to hold their lands? If, though a universal and settled conviction of the whole people that the land was theirs, they all revolted against the unholy tribute, of what value would the lands be to the landlords, and how ready would they soon be to make terms with the people?

And is this “plan” impossible and impracticable? Ah, friends, it has already been so near a living fact that even the enemies of the Irish cause at one time admitted that not above one-third of the Irish tenants were paying any rent at all. To this mighty fact is due the lowering of rents all over Ireland twenty-five per cent. To this fact is due the advertising of Irish estates at low rates in Chicago and San Francisco. To this fact is due the exodus of certain great Irish land-thieves to America, there to better ply the game that was becoming a desperate one in Ireland. To this fact, I believe, was due the willingness of Gladstone and the land-thieves to pacify the Irish leaders at any cost. I do most solemnly believe that had the No-Rent Manifesto been insisted upon to the death, Ireland could have been liberated from English rule or got any terms from England that she had demanded.

But Mr. Gladstone says that the doctrine of No Rent is the doctrine of public plunder. If No Rent in Ireland is plunder, then the land does not belong to the people. Here is the crucial dilemma upon which the whole business hangs. I beg the charity of the “Irish World” and of all dissenters from my views when I confess that I deem it a lamentable mistake that the No-Rent cry was not pushed with double power as soon as the suspects were released. If Michael Davitt believes in no more tribute and could not declare it on British soil and keep out of jail, it would have been his glory to have cried it from the hill-tops of America, and flooded Ireland with No-Rent Tracts and Manifestoes.

But it was not to be. Speaking only for myself, I am extremely sorry. Yet possibly it is all for the best. In God’s good time the right track will be settled down upon, and, whether it be your way or my way, the oppressor, and all his damnable trappings of plunder, is doomed. Let us all Spread the best Light we have, being charitable to all and bearing malice to none.

Republished!

The Suppressed Book!

Walt Whitman's Poems:

“Leaves of Grass.”

“Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again.”

A new edition, reprinted from the Osgoods' plates without alteration or emendation, of the book which Ralph Waldo Emerson, during his life, hailed as “the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed,” and which, after his death, was suppressed as “obscene” by the authorities of Massachusetts at the instigation of the Society for the Suppression of Vice.

To Oliver Stevens, District Attorney of Suffolk County; George Marston, Attorney-General of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts; E. S. Tobey, Postmaster of Boston; Anthony Comstock, Secretary and General Agent of the Society for the Suppression of Vice; and all other enemies of Liberty whom it may concern:

You are hereby distinctly notified — all of you in general, and you, Oliver Stevens, in particular — that I have in possession, and do now offer for sale, copies of the work advertised above. If you, or any one of you, believe, or affect to believe, that, in so doing, I am committing an unlawful act, you are invited to test the question whether twelve men, fairly chosen by lot, can be found in Massachusetts sufficiently bigoted, or intolerant, or hypocritical, to share with you, or pretend to share with you, such belief, or affectation of belief. And, to avoid unnecessary trouble and make the evidence of sale indisputable, I offer, on receipt from any one of you of an order for a copy of the work, to deliver a copy to you in my own person, at such place in Boston as you may designate, and take payment therefor.

Yours, disrespectfully,

Benj. R. Tucker.

Chapter XXV

On Picket Duty.

The campaign in Egypt is simply one more phase of the modern universal struggle between the people and the usurers.

“Free thought,” says the Philadelphia “Evening News,” “is a glorious thing — in theory; but in practice it is a good deal like free love, free trade, and free rum.” Exactly so; and therefore a glorious thing in practice too.

Postmaster-General Howe has written a letter in which he says that hereafter he shall rule out of the mails on the ground of obscenity no publications that have not been pronounced obscene by the courts. Liberty hastens to acknowledge that for once something good has come out of Nazareth.

One of our exchanges well says:— “The cry of ‘Ireland for the Irish’ is one which possesses real meaning when it signifies the transfer of the land to the occupiers. But it can have little significance when, as under Mr. George’s doctrine, it is interpreted as meaning that nobody owns the land any more, and that everybody is to pay rent to the government for it.”

An international conference is to be held at Neuchatel, beginning September 19, by the British and Continental Federation for the Abolition of State Regulation of Vice, over which Emile de Laveleye is to preside. Of the many societies with long names this is the first, so far as we know, desiring to let vice alone and stop meddlers from interfering with it. We trust that it may soon extend its operations to this country, and inaugurate a campaign for the extermination of all the active and pernicious little pests of whom Anthony Comstock is the leader and typical representative.

Joseph Henry, of Salina, Kansas, is about to issue a series of six pamphlets, to be sold at twenty-five cents each, in which he will discuss the subject of death and secular funerals, contrasting euthanasia with the Christian death and urging the organization of freethought societies whereby to make more prevalent the custom of what the French call “civil burial.” With Proudhon he looks upon the manner of a people’s death as the decisive test of the value of their education and morality, and regards secular funerals as the symbol of the social renovation. Mr. Henry is an aged workingman who has given many years to an independent investigation of this subject, and those who feel an interest in it would do well to put themselves in correspondence with him.

We learn from "L'Intransigeant." that Amilcare Cipriani, the brave Italian revolutionist whose unjust trial and sentence have already been detailed in these columns, was lately transferred by night, under a strong guard of soldiers and policemen, to one of the galleys of the Italian monarchy. He was informed of the change only a few moments before his departure, and neither his friends nor his family know to what galley he has been transferred. "This procedure," says "L'Intransigeant," "inspired by fear and a spirit of revenge, recalls the dark days when the Bastilles had not yet been demolished. The Italian monarchy has shown itself on this occasion, as always heretofore, as cruel towards the revolutionists as the czars themselves."

We have offered to meet the enemy, but the enemy declines to be met. The ardor displayed by District Attorney Stevens in opening his campaign against Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" seems to have cooled very suddenly when confronted by an offender who refuses to surrender when bidden to lay down his arms. We still advertise the book for sale, and sell it openly and rapidly, but, so far as we know, no steps have been taken toward depriving us of our liberty for so doing. Canvassers are finding a ready sale for the work in Boston stores and offices, but pursue their commendable occupation unmolested by the authorities. The grand jury for Suffolk county has held its usual monthly sessions, but, as its report in no way mentions us, we conclude that its attention has not been called to our alleged violation of the law. All of which goes to show that they have rights who know them, and, "knowing, dare maintain." It is to be hoped that the Boston booksellers will soon recover sufficient courage to keep the book in stock. Till then we shall continue to supply copies by mail, postpaid, at the rate of two dollars each.

Attorney General George Marston, after persistent silence regarding the charge that he prompted the attempt to suppress "Leaves of Grass" (although we have excellent authority for saying that he has privately denied all connection therewith), now tacitly admits its truth by giving to the press for publication a congratulatory letter from one Joseph A. Galbraith, of Dublin, who signs himself "Senior Fellow of Trinity College." This Galbraith, after pluming himself on procuring the exclusion of the book in question from his own University library, concludes thus: "I confess that it gave me great satisfaction to find that so high a legal authority as you found it necessary, as the guardian of public morality, to forbid its publication within the limits of your State." In publishing this letter does this fat-witted guardian of Massachusetts's morality mean to acknowledge that he forbids the publication of "Leaves of Grass" within his jurisdiction, but allows its sale, the fact of which is now

notorious? If he does, he makes himself ridiculous; and, if not, he appears no less so in publicly accepting congratulations on the issuance of an order which he does not dare to put into execution.

The recent arrest of Henry George by the English authorities was an act of tyranny which we are ready to go as far as any one in denouncing. There is absolutely nothing to be said for it. But it seems to have excited an indignation in the breasts of some of our contemporaries — the New York "Truth," for instance — enormously disproportioned to that aroused in the same quarters by the arrest and imprisonment of other naturalized American citizens who of late years have visited Ireland on errands very similar to George's. The excess of rage manifested on George's account appears to be based on the fact that in his case the victim is an author and gentleman of culture. We cannot look with any favor upon this discrimination. Mr. George's authorship of "Progress and Poverty" entitles him in the minds of some to great respect, and in the minds of others to unlimited ridicule,— in our mind, to something of both,— but we are not aware that it endows him with a single right as an American citizen which he did not enjoy before, end in common with the humblest of his fellows. Remembering this, the detention of Mr. George for three hours, despotic act though it be, seems a trivial outrage beside the imprisonment of Mr. McSweeney, for instance, who has been languishing in a British jail for many months.

It is generally recognized in these days by the best editors of encyclopaedias and biographical series that one of the first requisites of a good biographer is a more or less substantial sympathy with the subject of whom he treats. Mr. Morse, the editor of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s "American Statesmen" series, seems to have forgotten this in selecting a biographer of John C. Calhoun. Dr. H. von Holst, who was chosen for that office and whose work has just been published, is a German who believes in German methods, an advocate of extreme centralization, a bitter opponent of the, liberal ideas of government for which Calhoun so steadfastly struggled, and a man altogether about as fit a biographer of Calhoun as Robert Toombs would be of William Lloyd Garrison. The book which he has produced is what might have been expected,— the attack of a partisan upon the principles of his opponent. It is too early yet to expect justice for Calhoun. He lived in a troublous epoch with conflicting interests in his charge, and we look back at him through the bitterness engendered by a civil war for which he is wrongly held largely responsible. But when evil passions have died out, John C. Calhoun will be recognized, despite his terrible mistake in championing negro slavery, as the most high-minded, keen-

minded, broad-minded, deep-minded statesman that has ever entered the arena of American politics. Race questions aside, he was as true a soldier of Labor and Liberty as any man well can be who busies himself with the affairs of State.

Our ignorance of the Russian language has seemed harder to bear than ever since we learned that John Swinton has contributed an article on "American Literature and the Philosophy of American Letters" to the foremost literary magazine of Russia, the St. Petersburg "Zagranichny Vestnik." Mr. Swinton must not fail to publish an English translation of the article (or the original manuscript, if originally written in English) for the benefit of his friends and enemies at home. Meanwhile, regretting our inability to do it better justice, we quote the following from the New York correspondence of the Boston "Herald:" "After sketching the theological books of our colonial times and signalizing the name of Jonathan Edwards, the author takes up the political productions of the revolutionary epoch, dwelling upon the traits of Franklin, Jefferson, and Paine; next comes the appearance of American literature proper, about 1820, and its manifestations to the present time. The books and authors, the historians, poets, philosophers, and novelists, of the past sixty years, are grouped and brought into review, characterized and criticised, not always in a flattering way, not by any means; and it seems almost cruel that so many of the literary nincompoops who flourish amid puffery are not even named. Having covered this field, the moral groundwork of American literature in American life and under its environment is next examined as a necessary feature of its philosophical character. The author closes with some pages of comprehensive speculation that may perhaps be deserving of study by the editors of the Atlantic, Harper's, Scribner's Lippineott's, and the North American Review."

The Red Cross Fund.

Receipts to August 15, 1882.

Previously acknowledged, ... \$243.05 W. J. Greer, San Rafael, California, ... 1.00
Welcome B. Darling, Utica, N. Y.,60 R. M. J. Vail, Port Jervis, N. Y.,50
Sales of "English Tyranny and Irish Suffering,"60

Total, ... \$245.75

Remitted to Nicolas Tchaikovsky, London.

March 31, Draft for L10, costing ... \$49.50 April 5, Draft for L10, costing ... 49.50
April 21, Draft for L10, costing ... 49.50 August 15, On hand. ... 97.25

\$245.75

Where We Stand.

Mr. B. W. Ball writes the best articles that appear in the "Index," which is not saying much, and among the best that appear in any of the weeklies, which is saying a good deal. We were the mere gratified, therefore, to find him treating in a recent number the incipient, bat increasing, opposition to the existence of the State. He at least is clear-sighted enough not to underrate the importance of the advent into social and political agitation of so straightforward, consistent, unterrified, determined, and, withal, philosophically rooted a factor as modern Anarchism, although his editorial chief, Mr. Underwood, declares that the issue which the Anarchists present "admits of no discussion."

But even Mr. Ball shows, by his article on "Anti-State Theorists," that, despite his promptness to discover and be impressed by the appearance of this new movement, he has as yet studied it too superficially to know anything of the groundwork of the thought which produced, animates, and guides it. Indeed this first shot of his flies so wide of the mark that certain incidental phrases indicative of the object of his aim were needed to reassure us that Anarchism really was his target. In a word, he has opened fire on the Anarchists without inquiring where we stand.

Where, then, does he suppose us to stand? His central argument against us, stated briefly, is this: where crime exists, force must exist to repress it. Who denies it? Certainly not Liberty; certainly not the Anarchists. Anarchism is not a revival of non-resistance, although there may be non-resistants in its ranks. The direction of Mr. Ball's attack implies that we would let robbery, rape, and murder make havoc in the community without lifting anger to stay their brutal, bloody work. On the contrary, we are the sternest enemies of invasion of person and property, and, although chiefly busy in destroying the causes thereof, have no scruples against such heroic treatment of its immediate manifestations as circumstances and wisdom may dictate. It is true that we look forward to the ultimate disappearance of the necessity of force even for the purpose of repressing crime, but this though involved in it as a necessary result, is by no means a necessary conditioner the abolition of the State.

In opposing the State, therefore, we do not deny Mr. Ball's proposition but distinctly affirm and emphasize it. We make war upon the State as the chief invader of person and property, as the cause of substantially all the crime and misery that exist, as itself the most gigantic criminal extant. It manufactures criminals much faster than it punishes them. It exists to create and sustain the privileges which

produce economic and social chaos. It is the sole support of the monopolies which concentrate wealth and learning in the hands of a few and disperse poverty and ignorance among the masses, to the increase of which inequality the increase of crime is directly proportional. It protects a minority in plundering the majority by methods too subtle to be understood by the victims, and then punishes such unruly members of the majority as attempt to plunder others by methods too simple and straightforward to be recognized by the State as legitimate, crowning its outrages by deluding scholars and philosophers of Mr. Ball's stamp into pleading, as an excuse for its infamous existence, the necessity of repressing the crime which it steadily creates.

Mr. Ball,— to his honor be it said,— during antislavery days, was a steadfast abolitionist. He earnestly desired the abolition of slavery. Doubtless he remembers how often he was met with the argument that slavery was necessary to keep the unlettered blacks out of mischief, and that it would be unsafe to give freedom to such a mass of ignorance. Mr. Ball in those days saw through the sophistry of such reasoning, and knew that those who urged it did so to give some color of moral justification to their conduct in living in luxury on the enforced toil of slaves. He probably was wont to answer them something after this fashion: “It is the institution of slavery that keeps the blacks in ignorance, and to justify slavery on the ground of their ignorance is to reason in a circle and beg the very question at issue.”

Today Mr. Ball — again to his honor be it said — is a religious abolitionist. He earnestly desires the abolition, or at least the disappearance, of the Church. How frequently he must meet or hear of priests who, while willing to privately admit that the doctrines of the Church are a bundle of delusions, argue that the Church is necessary to keep the superstition-ridden masses in order, and that their release from the mental subjection in which it holds them would be equivalent to their precipitation into unbridled dissipation, libertinism, and ultimate ruin! Mr. Ball sees clearly through the fallacy of all such logic, and knows that those who use it do so to gain a moral footing on which to stand while collecting their fees from the poor fools who know no better than to pay them. We can fancy him replying with pardonable indignation: “Cunning knaves, you know very well that it is your Church that saturates the people with superstition, and that to justify its existence on the ground of their superstition is to put the cart before the horse and assume the very point in dispute.”

Now, we Anarchists are political abolitionists. We earnestly desire the abolition of the State. Our position on this question is parallel in most respects to those of the Church abolitionists and the slavery abolitionists. But in this case Mr. Ball — to his disgrace be it said — takes the side of the tyrants against the abolitionists, and raises the cry so frequently raised against him: The State is necessary to keep thieves and murderers in subjection, and, were it not for the State, we should all be garroted in foe streets and have our throats cut in our beds. As Mr. Ball saw through the sophistry of his opponents, so we see through his, precisely similar to theirs, though we know that not he, but the capitalists use it to blind the people to the real object of the institution by which they are able to extort from labor the bulk of its products. We answer him as we did them, and in no very patient mood: Can you not see that it is the State that creates the conditions which give birth to thieves and murderers, and that to justify its existence on the ground of the prevalence of theft and murder is a logical process every whit as absurd as those used to defeat your efforts to abolish slavery and the Church?

Once for all, then, we are not opposed to the punishment of thieves and murderers; we are opposed to their manufacture. Right here Mr. Ball must attack us, or not at all. When next ho writes on Anarchism, let him answer these questions:

Are not the laboring classes deprived of their earnings by usury in its three forms,— interest, rent, and profit?

Is to not such deprivation the principal cause of poverty?

Is not poverty, directly or indirectly, the principal cause of illegal crime?

Is not usury dependent upon monopoly, and especially upon the land and money monopolies?

Could these monopolies exist without the State at their back?

Does not by far the larger part of the work of the State consist in establishing and sustaining these monopolies and other results of special legislation?

Would not the abolition of these invasive functions of the State lead gradually to the disappearance of crime?

If so, would not the disappearance of crime render the protective functions of the State superfluous?

In that case, would not the State have been entirely abolished?

Would not this be the realization of Anarchy and the fulfilment of Proudhon's prophecy of "the dissolution of government in the economic organism"?

To each of these questions we answer: Yes. That answer constitutes the ground on which we stand and from which, we refuse to be drawn away. We invite Mr. Ball to meet us on it, and whip us if he can.

The Unholy Root of Despotism.

Congress has adjourned. Hardly is the fact announced when a general cry of relief goes up from all quarters. Taking up the great dailies one sees such announcements of the adjournment as "Thank God!" "Scorched out at last!" "Too hot to steal!" "The heated term a blessing!" etc., while the very political organs of the congressmen are lavish in denunciations of them as a recognized body of thieves who have "let up" for a season to cool off.

So in the counting rooms, the clubs, and wherever people come together to talk over the daily news the adjournment of congress is made the subject of grim jokes, of which the understood inference is that a body of professional thieves has temporarily suspended operations, and given editorial paragraphers material enough to last a week or more.

And yet all this joking is carried on by the editors, capitalists, and politicians themselves in the face of the hard fact that the lying, stealing, corruption, and rowdyism of congress is literally real. Not a suspicion is anywhere entertained that the parading of political iniquity through wholesale public joking could possibly imperil the profession of politics or the perpetuity of the governmental machine. The people who support the joke and pay the enormous costs can joke and be joked with in perfect security. No risk is incurred that anybody of consequence will resent it as dastardly trifling with their pockets and liberties. The machine is so deeply and firmly rooted in ages of antecedent superstition that not a jar is anywhere anticipated.

And yet, if three hundred and sixty-nine rogues and thieves in any other conceivable sphere of society were guilty of even a small fraction of the outright plunder of other people's property and liberty of which these elected scoundrels stand self-convicted, they would be hunted down, shot, hung, and imprisoned as marauding public wolves. Labor, which in this case furnishes the plunder without a murmur, would lay down its tools and never rest till such a mob of barefaced thieves had been exterminated.

But in this case it is "government." It is "the people's chosen representatives." It is "our elected rulers." Not that anybody seriously believes this, but it stands for *authority*. It is *office* set up for homage. It is God translated into the State. In short it is superstition pure and simple. In publishing and joking over their stolen millions of other people's property the agents of government and their accomplices

virtually say to the victims: "We know that you will freely overlook our robberies out of your settled and unshaken respect for the sacredness of God's holy office as made manifest in the State, His other political half."

In the light of this condition of things the vast and searching work of serious reformers is vividly foreshadowed. Every step in the work of human emancipation, to be logical and effective, must be made to do its part in undermining all respect for office. The beginning of office and its central despot is the man-invented colossus called God. This huge fraud whose phantom heel is on the neck of humanity must first be dethroned and his office challenged, defied, belittled, and steadily abolished by every possible means. The State is God's vantage ground. It is there that the prime usurper forges the artillery which keeps him in office. To attempt to abolish the State and unseat its officers while God is suffered to remain unchallenged is futile trifling with the work in hand.

Yet, before the reader suffers himself to be painfully shocked by the above remarks, let him bear in mind that we intend no disrespect to God as an ideal that any individual may hold dear. Any fancy or principle which may be formed into an ideal for the better conduct of life, provided such God assumes no authority over others, may be entertained without our protest. It is God the office-seeker and office-holder with whom we take issue, and it is only such a God that makes the politician possible. Such a God is the Jewish Jehovah, the usurping king now foisted upon humanity to shield Russian czars, German emperors, Gladstone ministers, and thieving American congresses. We refuse to respect and obey such a God, and demand that he be put out of the way as soon as possible. It is he who nurses and defends despotism and throws the *sacred* glamour over office that keeps the governmental craft afloat. Gods may be beneficent institutions so long as they are not *set up* on the pedestal of office. As soon as they are set up, they become "worshipful" frauds, who shirk their just deserts by assuming to be exempt from responsibility for their acts in vhlue of their office. Take down your Gods! is our demand of despotism. Then we will let them alone so long as they let us alone. They cannot let us alone so long as they are in office, for, as *God-ism* is now organized, office is synonymous with premeditated assault on individual liberty.

God and the State are simply different manifestations of the same despotic principle. It is impossible to abolish the State without abolishing God, and every-step which abolishes the central despot now crowned God is a step in abolishing the State. Such "liberal" reform journals as the Boston "Investigator," the "Truth

Seeker," and other enemies of theology are as yet too blind to see this, and, not really knowing their own business, cast dissenting eyes towards us, for which we forgive them, since they are blindly acting better than they know.

The term "office" stands for the direst curse of humanity. To scoff at the assumed sacredness and respectability of office everywhere and to belittle and defy the office-holder in every place, from God down, is the best practical expression of labor for Liberty.

All for Labor.

One of the last and most fitting acts before adjourning of the mob known as the United States Senate, was an authorization of the committee on education mid labor “to take into consideration the subject of the relations between labor and capital, the wages and hours of labor, the condition of the laboring classes in the United States, and their relative condition and wages as compared with similar classes abroad,” and (2) the subject of labor strikes, the causes thereof, and the agencies producing the same. The first branch of the investigation has been assigned to a sub-committee of three, With Senator Aldrich as chairman, and Senator Miller, of New York, and Senator Graham, of Maryland, as the other two members. This committee will begin its labors at Newport.

It does not require especial keenness to see through this little game, and to understand how governments are instituted “to promote the general welfare.” The individual who is to be chairman of the committee to take into consideration the relations between labor and capital is one Nelson W. Aldrich, a servile tool of the despotic ring which runs Rhode Island, a manufacturer, and at the time of his corrupt election president of the Board of Trade. Such is the man chosen to sit in Newport at the expense of labor and compile lying statistics in support of sophistical arguments to beguile toiling, sweating dupes into the delusion that they are better off than European barbarians, that “supply and demand” covers the whole scheme of industrial salvation, and that all will be lovely if American labor will only vote itself protection through the high tariff that keeps the European slave more miserable than itself. To pay for the wine, women, cigars, and “sundries” of this stealthy junta in Newport would be a trifle for labor, but to pay for the concocting of a deliberate plot to deprive them of their own scanty meal is a burden which none but slaves would bear.

What "Max" Thinks About Taxation.

That curious crank, "Max," whose conversations in the Boston municipal court room, as reported in the Boston "Globe," have heretofore been quoted in these columns, has been ventilating his views on taxation through the same channel. Can it be that "Max" reads Liberty? Certainly the following ideas read not unlike her own:

The respect which some people have for the law, and the interest which they manifest in compelling others to conform to its minute requirements, are sometimes remarkably profound and wholly inexplicable, but, as a general thing, when a man is conspicuously solicitous that his neighbor should in all things conduct himself as a law-abiding citizen, his motives may be looked for and found among the least commendable traits of his nature. The law offers superior facilities for getting even with your enemy, and not seldom opens avenues of profit leading from his pocket to your own, although in the latter case the law taps the wealth in transitu, and levies a heavy protective tariff for its own benefit. In a certain class of cases prosecutions are assured by holding out pecuniary inducements to informers, which is the same thing as bribing the members of society to annoy one another with the squirt guns of petty political tyranny. This is a confession on the part of the law-makers that their regulations are of so little importance to the welfare of society that members thereof cannot be depended upon to assist in the enforcement without the incentive of avarice. Some of the license laws are of this character. For instance, the keeping of a dog is made an excuse for compelling a person to contribute more than the animal is usually worth to the fund from which the dangerous classes — that is, the politicians — draw their sustenance. Neglect to pay this tax works no injury to anybody but the children of the horse-leech, government, who are always trying for "more!" The tax is so manifestly arbitrary that the men who invented it recognized the difficulty of inducing anybody to assist in its collection, and so they offered a bribe of five dollars to any person who should inform them of the failure of his neighbor to voluntarily pay his dog tax. In case of injury to society, or interference with individual rights, through the keeping of an unlicensed cur, one would suppose that the law might be content with relying upon public spirit or personal animosity as incentive to the informer, without offering a premium to people to make themselves disagreeable to their neighbors. A tax that can be collected only through an appeal to cupidity or by application of force is

a fraud, my son, and don't you forget it. I noticed a few days ago that the chief of a tribe of Indians in the Northwest refused to be fleeced by an officer of the customs, who demanded the payment of duties on personal property brought over the Canadian border by the tribe. The chief could see no justice in the demand, and neither can any man see it. He could not understand why he should pay any pirate, who happened to be a government official, for the privilege of moving a few miles to the southward a lot of blankets, tent poles, dried scalps, and ponies. The chief very properly declined to recognize any imaginary boundary line, and insisted that he had a right to occupy at his own sweet will any land which he could use and which nobody else was using. You see his notions of political economy are not very advanced. He is away down at the bottom of the whole business, and may never attain to that degree of civilization requisite for the acceptance of more elaborate doctrines. He probably has no theory of government, and knows nothing of the advantages of protection. In its noddle there is a crude idea, that what he has is his, and that no man can make him pay either for keeping it or packing it about the country. As the obstinate savage concluded by ordering the government bandit out of camp, we are told that military interference seems necessary. That is the way to civilize the red man. If there are any étude ideas of natural law in his head which conflict with the improvements of statute law, they must be evicted by the butt of a musket or enticed forth by the persuasive pellet of lead. By all means let us have military interference. Your army is a rare inculcator of advanced ideas. The law-abiding remnants of that tribe of Indians will probably pay customs duties one of these days. It is because of the possibility of military interference that any of us pay duties or taxes of any kind, and even a dog tax must be collected as a tribute of fear to physical force.

To the Vessel That Carries the Cash.

The following article is a translation of an editorial written by Maurice Talmeyr, which appeared in "L'Intransigeant" of July 13, just after the bombardment of Alexandria:

The most touching news that has reached us from Egypt — that which will moisten with the hottest tears the eyes of people of feeling and stir most profoundly the souls of patriots — is this:

A vessel carrying the cash of the Ottoman Bank, of the Credit Lyonnais, and of several other banking houses, has already left here.

At the present hour, then, there sails the sea, at the mercy of all the hazards, all the breaths, and all the caprices of immensity, a vessel carrying the cash of the Ottoman Bank! The cash of the Credit Lyonnais is trusted to the solidity of a few planks, precisely as was Virginia when Paul awaited her, all breathlessly, on shore!

The Cash, "supreme hope and supreme thought" of M. Gambetta, of M. Sherer, and of M. Patinot, is dependent at this moment upon a tempest. A gust of wind may throw to the fishes bonds, stocks, notes, and ringing coin. A rock may hurl beneath the water, to incalculable depths, the strongboxes for which more than a thousand victims have already been massacred, and in which are contained, as in a tabernacle, so many twenty-franc pieces, so many pounds sterling, yellow offerings of the Golden Calf in whose name the rabble of contemporary politicians have decided to soak Egypt in blood.

This vessel bears the divinity of the day. For this god assassins make expeditions into chambers, and statesmen commit murder by wholesale. Deputies and senators who came into political life six or seven years ago not worth a sou, and who today have turned their credentials into coin in all the boards of administration, are servants of this god. It is because he has been touched by the grace of this providence that such or such a journalist clamors for the bombardment of Alexandria by the French fleet. For the grand cause of Egyptian bonds M. Gambetta devoted his ministerial career to precipitating into a maritime adventure France already weighed down with diplomatic engagements, just as the couple Fenayron threw into the water their victim weighed down with lead. For the noble cause of gold England has signified her *ultimatum* to the Egyptians. Today the Cash-Box is the Holy Ark; reasons of Silver have replaced reasons of State.

It would be a fine thing to see the Grand Ministry return to the conduct of affairs, our fleet immediately mingled with the English fleet, war unchained everywhere, the Mediterranean covered with bullets, din, and smoke, and all for the immortal principles of '89 — per cent., all in the name of Cash! "Before and above all," M. Gambetta, dictator of the seas, would telegraph, "do not forget that you are to save the Credit Lyonnais and the Ottoman Bank! Defend, then, as you would defend the country itself, the vessel that bears their interests. Sacrifice yourselves all, to the last man, on behalf of the 'Journal des Debats.' Allow the capture, if you must, of the vessel that carries the flag, but do not allow the capture of the vessel that carries the Cash!"

For some days back Robert Macaire has spent his time upon the hill that overlooks the port of Marseilles, and there, erect, face toward the East, musing, eyes moist, and hand upon his pocket, he scans the horizon. Deeply moved, he contemplates the Mediterranean, and, while, the wind plays through the skirts of his coat, and beats down violently in the distance upon the little white sails that dot the foaming billows, he dreams of the vessel *en route* from Egypt, and, piously anxious, from the height of Our Lady of the Guard, he invokes, in subdued tones, Our Lady of Reports.

For ourselves, we think it was very honest in the Egyptians not to hold as pledges of security the cash of the Ottoman Bank and the cash of the Credit Lyonnais. So long have the financiers been accustomed to make blood flow that we should see no great evil in the tempest or bullet that should make their money flow. The wishes, then, which we send up for the vessel that carries the cash have nothing in common with the wishes which Horace sent up for the vessel that carried Virgil.

Capital's Only Right.

[“Phillip” in the “Irish World.”]

The only natural right Capital has, as seen by the *law of decay* that is controlling all property, is the right of *decrease*. The increase is by virtue of the labor put upon it. Hence, for one man to gather in three-fourths of that labor as reward for the use of his dead, decaying, decreasing capital, is to take seventy-five out of one hundred parts reward more than he is entitled to. Now, if he does this by force, he is a robber, or a representative of a *robber system*. And the *liberty* of tee robbed disappears just in the ratio of that robbery.

To Mrs. Lucy N. Colman.

Read July 26, 1882, on the grounds of Walter C. Wright, of Medford, Mass., before a party gathered in celebration of the sixty-fifth birthday of Mrs. Lucy N. Colman, the veteran abolitionist.

O Friend! the feverish years have ebbed away,
Bearing the burdens of Right and Wrong;
Mad, glad years,— Earth's incubating Day,
Time all Impotent for Purpose strong.

Hours of sad years!
Joys, loves, and tears!
Who's glad to-day? Is't thou?
Ah, no! but we who now
Behold the aureole of peace,
That seared, solemn peace,
That glint of silver sheen
By you, perchance, unseen.
They of prophetic sight
Watch it breaking into light
Of that New Day,
Serene thou may'st rest to-day;
We chant, "thine own are come to thee,"
Up from the earth and down the "Shining Way"
They come, they whom thou gav'st Liberty,
Thou friend in *deed*
For worthy *need*.
Who's glad to-day? Is't thou?
Ah, no! but we who now
Count the birthdays all so brief;

Who see thee as God's ban-relief
Leaning soulward in love's light;
Guiding *all* slaves, black or white;
Teaching yet the half untold;
Teaching love that's never been told,
The prelude of New Day.
What are earth's years, O faithful friend!
But elemental tempest rude?
This habitat of clay God's potter 'gins to mend.
Three-score of Time the spirit lieth nude,
It Just being born,
From earth-mould torn.
Who's glad to-day? Is't thou?
Yes, O Soul, rejoice *now!*
Thou'st felt the bigot's ocarse disdain
And Liberty's exquisite pain.
All wounds like these soon heal,
And souls like thine quick feel
The Fate that's consecrate to thee,
That higher power of Destiny.
Thy genial, radiant face
Illumes this woodland space
On this glad day.
As Summer pours her oils and wine,
So give we tribute to thy soul.
Some newer meaning of the "mine and thine"
Hath thy life given in generous dole,
O earnest woman,
So grandly human!

Who's glad to-day? All, all!
The great who greet thee and the small.
What matters silent tongue or spoken,
If kindred faith the soil has broken,
And planted Principles as trees
To wrestle with the centuries?
We keep this day that you were born,
Forgetting wrongs and doubts forlorn.
Thou'st taught new births are possible for men
Who upward build from Right again.
Peace, weary heart! Shine Autumn's Sun
Setteth all glorious o'er Duty done.
Prophetic of New Day.

J.V.

One Level Head Left in San Francisco.

From San Francisco come the following wise and witty words, addressed to Dr. J. H. Swain of this city By P. J. Healy. It seems almost phenomenal to see a ray of light on the Chinese question from one who is at once a Socialist, an Irishman, and a resident of California. We gather new courage from the brightness of this star still shining in that socialistic wilderness.

Of course you were one of those Puritanical New Englanders who refused, or tried to refuse, us deliverance from the Asiatic Horde, the cunning, the wily, saffron-colored Heathen. Oh, yes, there is no doubt of it. You probably petitioned Ah Thur to keep the gates open. Well, sir, yon had better beware how yon moddle with us Californians. We want no inferior race on our soil. We desire that it may be kept in its Virgin Purity that it may yield to the vigorous persuasion of Celtic No-Renter or the Socialistic Deutsche. They will stay with us, and spend our money with us. They will raise children, who will also labor for the common good,— thus is, for the good Stanford, Murphy, Spreckles, *et al*/ They will give our politicians a chance to display their buncombe. John was so infernally stupid he could not appreciate the self-sacrifice of our public servants; and of course we do not want such a stolid, indifferent audience. Our country is now on the high road to Prosperity. No more sorrow in the land. Pixley has concluded not to secede, not to burn the Chinese steamships at the dock. Our Semitic brethren, who have largely employedd the breathen, are joining the League of Deliverance, and are discharging the Mongolian fast as they can get the proud Caucasian to take his place for the wage which John has reduced to a minimum. Thus you see how much sentiment there is in this matter, the truth being that this crusade against the moon-eye was largely instigated by the Hebrew employers who have recently been unable to make their cent per cent. from him. In a word, John had Moses at his mercy, and Moses joined the sand-lot. Both political parties were also glad to get John out of the way as a separate issue. So you see we have quite a different background to the Chinese picture this time.

Before I take leave of the anti-Chinese question, I wish to relate an incident which goes to show how completely the press of the country has the people under its control. On the twenty-third of April the "Evening Bulletin" printed a despatch from Chicago showing that the communists of that city had denounced the Chinese bill and all like legislation. Well, you know, the "Bulletin" people own

the "Call" also, and their evening despatches usually do service in the morning paper; but, strange to say, this one about the communists was not in the "Morning Call" or in any of the morning papers. Why was this thus? The "Bulletin" is read by business men and people of leisure. The communistic item would not injure them. But to put it before the morning audience — the men who carry their dinners in tin palls — was an entirely different thing. It was not desirable that they should know that any of their class in any port of the country thought differently on the main question. Therefore, the Conspiracy of Silence has been enforced; and yet we say we are free!

The Assassinated Guiteau.

Henri Rochefort, with characteristic bravery and clear sightedness, lost no time in condemning the assassination of Guiteau in the following editorial translated from "L'Intransigeant." The passage which we italicize states paradoxically a most important point emphasized by Liberty in one of her earliest articles on Guiteau's act.

The execution of Guiteau, the assassin, or, rather, the murderer of President Garfield,— for assassination implies a will,— like the execution of Verger, the murderer of the archbishop, and also that of the hydrocephalic Menesclon, is simply a judicial assassination. It is not to be doubted that these three men were indisputably insane, and that the jurors are the more responsible for their death because the wretches had lost all responsibility.

These terrible manifestations of public anger testify to the profound immorality which makes the scaffold the pretended avenger of society. They do not measure the crime by the mental condition of him who commits it. They estimate it by the importance of the victim, it is evident that, if Guiteau had fired at a passer-by and not at the president of the United States, it would have been easy to convince the masses that, born of a family of madmen, he could only be confined in a lunatic asylum as one afflicted with a dementia that had become dangerous.

But the universal grief provoked by this unexpected crime rendered the judges implacable, and even misled the doctors, who did not hesitate to declaim in full possession of his free will a lunatic absolutely deprived of it. So, if the Abbe Verger had stabbed one of his penitents Instead of his archbishop, it would have been demonstrated by all the alienists that this visionary had never for a moment had his own head.

They recoiled before the idea, destructive of the whole principle of authority, that a vulgar priest, even though out of his senses, could with impunity do evil to a prince of the church, and Verger was guillotined, though in no view a fit subject for the guillotine.

The death-penalty is thus being gradually transformed into a punishment of hatred, not of protection.

The despatches in the English journals telling the story of the last moments of the wretch whom the Americans have offered as a sacrifice to the memory Of

their lamented president clearly show that the Saint Anne Asylum and that of the Ville-Evrard never harbored a being more thoroughly stripped of his reason. This restless man, who composes expressly for the occasion Verses which he promises to read upon the scaffold, who asks to be strangled at the very moment when he shall pronounce the last line of his poetry; and who, addressing the people, expresses the desire that some one may set it to music, is himself sufficient evidence of the degree to which his brain was turned.

In this case as in Verger's it was objected that his frightful deed was the more unpardonable from the fact that his victim was unacquainted with him, and consequently could not have incurred his ill-will to any extent whatever. *It is precisely because the crime was inexplicable that insanity was the only cause by which it was possible to explain it.*

The more atrocious the misdeed, the stronger the probability that its author is innocent; and the subtleties that horrified the jury and took from it all disposition to be indulgent decisively demonstrate that they were conceived by a diseased to which mercy would have been but the strictest justice.

We do not condemn to death the chimney that falls upon your head. We do not drag to the scaffold the locomotive that passes over your body. Men like Guiteau are living catastrophes, no more to be called to an account than the avalanche that engulfs the traveller lost in the snow.

The tragic death of President Garfield moved us as deeply as any one. None the less certain are we that, in this affair which has just produced its second corpse, the more assassinated of the two is Guiteau.

Chapter XXVI

On Picket Duty.

The Malden "Headlight" accuses the editor of *Liberty* of bad generalship in placing his heaviest guns "on picket duty."

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

Talmage says that "God is not an Anarchist." Of course not. Being the source and strength of all hierarchies, how could he be an Anarchist? Is he not the king of kings, the lord of lords, the tyrant of tyrants, the despot of despots, the boss Boss? The very nature of his office prevents him from being an Anarchist. To become an Anarchist God would have to resign.

George W. Smalley, the London correspondent of the New York "Tribune," despicable flunkie though he be, occasionally says a good thing, for which we are disposed to give him credit. For instance. "The 'Spectator,' which mixes theology with mundane matters in a bewildering way, has a review of Mr. Swinburne's 'Tristram of Lyonesse,' that surpasses all known performances in this kind. The reviewer 'feels that all the highest poetry of the world is realized in Christ, and that without Him poetry would be an illusion that might almost drive the mature mind to desperation.' Well, Homer had a mature mind, so had AEschylus and Sophocles and Virgil, and it has not heretofore been considered that their poetry was an illusion, or that they were driven to desperation for want of an influence which had not yet been felt in the world."

The recent labor demonstration in New York City was a mammoth and portentous affair. The masses are beginning to feel their strength, and will soon exercise it. Even the cowardly press of New York is compelled to treat them a shade more respectfully than has been its custom, though its criticisms upon them are as stupid as ever. Even Mr. Prentice Mulford, usually a brilliant writer and naturally sympathetic with every progressive effort, writes a column of commonplace in the New York "Graphic" to show that laborers personally are no better than capitalists, and would oftentimes be more tyrannical if they had the power. Very true; but what's the use of telling people what they already know? Mr. Mulford's argument may be of some value against the State socialists, who clamor for power, but against the Anarchists and those of Anarchistic tendencies it is altogether without pertinence. The warfare of labor is not against men, but institutions; not against persons, but privileges; not against selfishness even, but against theft and the power

to steal. And the power to steal with impunity is a purely legal power. Take it away, and neither laborer nor capitalist (who then will be one) can play the tyrant or the thief; whatever their desires may be. This is the idea that is more and more animating the industrial agitation, and is sooner or later sure to prevail. Evidence of its growth was seen at New York in favor and enthusiasm with which the Anarchistic utterances of Henry Appleton of Providence were welcomed on the occasion referred to.

Walt Whitman's "Fleshly Pieces."

If the "fleshy pieces" of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" suggest to the Boston "Commonwealth" simply "beatific adorations of the great gift of maternity," as its September 2d somewhat appreciative notice of the new edition says that they did, why does it advocate their curtailment or omission from Whitman's published works?

Its reasons — 1, that, "with the limitations of our civilization," "the intent of the author can easily be misunderstood by very excellent people, and wholly perverted by the depraved;" 2, that "they offend large sections of the community and furnish prurient curiosity with food for lascivious thought" — are somewhat like the wolf's excuse for devouring the lamb,— *viz.*, that he defiled the brook, though his drinking place was below the one frequented by the wolf.

If American civilization be narrow and bigoted, the "Commonwealth," by employing such arguments, aids to constrict and throttle it yet more, instead of enlarging and perfecting it. It joins the wolfish pack,— the Comstockian crew,— and urges that excellent people's misunderstanding (in other words, their ignorance) of an author's meaning and depraved persons' perversions of his poems are sufficient reasons for the curtailment or omission of those poems. Such policy, if adopted by all authors, would reinaugurate the age of popular ignorance and priestly tyranny. A better course, it seems to us, would be to widely circulate Walt Whitman's complete works throughout the country, and if the ignorance of excellent people is so crass, and the lasciviousness of depraved people is so foul, as to require an annotated edition for the enlightenment of the one and the purification of the other set of readers, then let such an edition be published with ample notes and pictorial illustrations.

The apostle Paul wrote that "to the pure all things are pure" (Titus 1:15) and that "all things in themselves are clean" (Romans 14:20). Jesus told the synagogue attendants of his day, what is equally applicable to many church-goers of our day, especially to the promoters of Comstockian purity itself a heterogeneity of superstition, deceit, and cruelty, that "outwardly they appeared righteous, but inwardly (*i. e.*, in their thoughts and purposes) they were full of hypocrisy and iniquity" (Matthew 23:28), and advised them to develop more kindness and love to their unfortunate fellow beings, or, as the new version of Luke 11:41 renders the

passage, “give for alms those things which are within, and behold all things are clean unto you.”

The propriety of publicly delineating or discussing sexual matters is an unsolved problem. To philosophers, physicians, physiologists, artists, liberals, and perceiving people, such agitations of thought suggest no impurity, because impurity is not in their mind. Knowledge has cleansed their souls. But the Comstockian criterion of sexual purity,— *viz.*, sexual ignorance (oftentimes misnamed innocence) — is an erroneous, a false standard. Like a misguiding beacon light, it has betrayed and wrecked countless multitudes of honest men and women, of confiding youths and maidens, and been a hideous and cruel obstruction to the development of sexual science. It is a proverb that what is one man’s meat is another man’s poison. Theodore Parker said to the Calvinist who sought his conversion; “Your god is my devil.” Equally true is it that Comstockian purity (if the juxtaposition of these two words be not too severe a strain on the English language) is nauseous to many gentle, intelligent, and pure-minded people.

The subtle and constant attempts made by pietists to thrust it upon the community by speeches, sermons, and tracts, may be all fair in a free country. But it is a selfish and tyrannical procedure, by threats, fines, and imprisonments, to exclude from circulation in the mails or in the shops, under any pretence, publications and literature which are not modelled in accordance with pietists’ notions of morality and religion. Such works they are not obligated to read, and, if they do not read them, they certainly are not poisoned by them. But there are other people in the community to whom such works are meat and drink, and they are as much entitled in a free country to their literary meat and drink as are ascetics to their black bread and sour beer. The legitimate function of American government is to protect every citizen in all his rights, including that of reading and circulating any books, orthodox or heterodox, moral or immoral, that his taste inclines him to, and not to propagate or exclude any special system of manners or religion.

To argue against the normal or any use of a thing, because that same thing may also be put to a bad use, is poor logic, even though bolstered, as the “Commonwealth” seeks to support its position, with the authority of Mr. Emerson’s opinion. No evidence exists that the Author of the universe, in his operations, acted on the principles commended by the “Commonwealth.” He did not curtail nor wholly omit the distinctions of sex, lest they should “offend large sections of the community, and furnish prurient curiosity with food for lascivious thought.” The

Bible writers, in their narrations, did not ignore the “fleshy pieces,” lest they should “be misunderstood by very excellent people, and wholly perverted by the depraved.” Less hypocritic and more truthful, peaceful, and happy would human society be, if the virile potencies of God and Nature were better known and more religiously appreciated. But this future Edenic state it is vain to hope for on earth, so long as legislatures incorporate and public sentiment sustains vice-suppressing, starched societies and other gangs of shallow-minded, cruel prigs, in their machinations against free thought and personal liberty.

Hyde Park, Mass.

A. E. G.

A War Catechetically Analyzed.

[New York Graphic.]

Question — Do nations go to war nowadays?

Answer — No; their rulers do.

Q. But what does the nation do?

A. The fighting and the paying.

Q. How many men were directly concerned in making the trouble between England and Egypt?

A. Possibly half a dozen lords and bankers.

Q. And the remainder of England's millions?

A. Follow their leaders, and have very little to do or say in the matter.

Q. And what is the war all about;

A. A debt.

Q. Owed by all the Egyptians to all the English?

A. No; owed by a few fast Egyptians to a few English money lenders.

Q. Anything else?

A. Yes; desire of a few Englishmen to run Egypt on high salaries.

Q. What interest has Mrs. Dustepanne, lodging-house keeper, No. 14 Tottenham Court Road, London, in all this row?

A. Not a pennyworth.

Q. Who is Mrs. Dustepanne?

A. One of her majesty's ten thousand loyal and loving subjects engaged in keeping lodgings.

Q. Had Smith, the grocer, No. 15 Museum Street, or Jones, the publican, next door, or Brown, the baker, No. 7 Bishop's Gate Street, any hand in the killing of the two hundred men, women, and children during the bombardment of Alexandria?

A. None at all.

Q. Yet all these are —

A. English taxpayers, English people, and parts of the English nation.

Q. What is the part of the English fleet and army now to Egypt?

A. That of the overbearing bully who clubs the weaker party at the command of his employer.

Q. Who, then, in reality fired the guns which killed the two hundred men, women, and children in Alexandria?

A. A few conceited English lords and grasping moneylenders.

Q. And Sir Garnet Wolseley and Admiral Seymour with army and fleet are —

A. Bald policemen in uniform in the service of the strongest party.

Q. And what will the English parson do next Sunday?

A. Pray for the success of her most Christian majesty's most Christian army and navy in Egypt.

Q. And what will happen to the apostolic-desended clergy-man of her most Christian majesty's Church of England if he does not so pray?

A. He will lose his place and his pay for preaching the religion of peace and good-will to men.

Our First Volume and Our Next.

Though something more than a year old in point of actual time, Liberty today, reckoning by the number of its issues, closes the first year of its existence. That is, the present issue is the last of its first volume. The circulation which it has attained is small compared to that of many other journals, but wonderfully large considering its extreme radicalism, its outspoken tone, and its limited resources. Moreover, its circulation is literally world-wide, and the growing influence which it exerts is, we doubt not, far beyond that of any other journal in existence having double or quadruple its number of readers. Circumstances have compelled us to publish somewhat irregularly during the past few months, but we do not expect this to continue. *The first issue of the second volume will appear October 14*, after which we shall greet our readers at regular fortnightly intervals. Subscribers, meanwhile, can make our path much easier by prompt renewals. They will be notified promptly of the expiration of their subscriptions, and are expected to respond at once. And, if each of our subscribers will get us three new ones within the next three months, we will agree, on our part, to double the size of the paper without adding to its subscription price. After that it will be comparatively easy to develop into a weekly that shall be second to no radical journal in the world, able to command the cooperative aid of the bravest and best writers in all countries. Come, friends! let us all join in the good work, till the prevalence and power of our little paper shall have achieved Universal Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, and Solidarity!

A Critic Converted.

During the earlier months of Liberty's existence articles were showered upon us from all quarters raising the same objection to our advocacy of the abolition of the State that was recently urged by B. W. Ball in the "Index," and answered at some length in our last issue. One and all of these critics failed so utterly to perceive our real attitude that we deemed it inadvisable to abandon even temporarily our offensive attitude toward the State in order to assume the defensive against blows struck so wildly by the State's apologists. But, to avoid even the semblance of unfairness, we laid aside one of the communications — perhaps the most lucid of them all — with a view to its appearance in our columns at the first favorable opportunity. That opportunity has arrived in a most unexpected manner, as we shall explain further on. Meanwhile here is the letter itself, the signature to which will be recognized by many as that of a well-known writer for the Liberal press:

To the Editor of Liberty:

Dear Sir,— You say that the State is the chief curse of humanity, the mother of human woes. As I understand, you do not mean the State that now is, with its imperfections, against which I suppose almost all advanced liberals and radicals are set, but you mean the State as it *essentially* is. That is, you are opposed to any and every form of the State. You would not have such an instrumentality at all, but are in favor of "Anarchy," — that is, no rule or government *founded upon force*. You believe in order, but in a natural order as the natural result of the fullest liberty granted to every individual.

We here strike upon the really most fundamental question of the day,— namely, shall we have a State? or shall the State go with the Church into the limbo of fools as a good-for-nothing institution?

I write this letter in order to state my own position, and to learn yours. I have the profoundest sympathy with the ideas you express in regard to human liberty, while at the same time we have, I think, a different view of the ultimate usefulness of the State.

As I understand the State, I am in favor of its preservation, but I would limit its functions.

I am just as much opposed to "Order," as you define it, as yourself, and just as much in favor of "Disorder." With all my heart I believe in that "disorder which is the flowering of the most beautiful passions and the grandest self-sacrifices."

I accept your philosophy of right and wrong, and the definition of these terms.

Now, to the question what is the State, and shall we have a State?

By the term State, I understand the *organized physical force of humanity*.

In the past this organized force has been used for various purposes, religious, moral, legal, and social, and has been, no doubt, the source of immense wrong.

But can we afford either now or at any time to put it aside altogether, and rely upon a natural order proceeding from perfect liberty?

I am utterly opposed to the State having anything to do in regard to religion or morals. Every one should have the freedom to develop his own life in any religious or un-religious or any moral or im-moral way that he sees fit. I suppose that on this point you and I will perfectly agree.

But there is a point where individual free action must stop; and that is the individual free action of another. As Victor Hugo says, my freedom is limited by the freedom of every other. Now, suppose I, by physical force, invade the rights of another, by what power am I to be restrained?

If I am regardless of moral appeals, but persist in the physical invasion, must I not be restrained by physical force?

If the physical force of the one I oppress is not strong enough to resist me, then should he not appeal for redress to the physical force of others?

And should he appeal to a rude, unorganized, tumultuous, lynch-law force or to an orderly force that proceeds to the vindication of his rights by rules and regulations? That is, should he not appeal to a State?

I do not see any way out of this conclusion. Perhaps you do. If so, I should like to find it out.

Of course there would be no need of a State if every one would thoroughly respect the rights of those with whom he comes in contact; but this will not be the case. There will be physical invasions of rights, and how are you to meet these invasions except by a responsive physical force?

There seems to be this fundamental weakness in the assumption that there should be no State. The church is not a necessity, and can be removed out of the

way; but the State is a necessity, and therefore we must labor, not for its destruction, but for its reformation.

A man six feet high with broad shoulders and big fists robs me of the result of my honest day's work, which I wish to give to my children. What shall I do? Submit day after day? If he smite me on one cheek, turn to him the other also, and let him pound me all he will? I am utterly opposed to any such "Christian" doctrine. I believe that it is one's most solemn duty to maintain his rights.

Well then, shall I fight the intruder on my own book? But he beats me because he is stronger than I, and holds me to the earth and I am helpless. What then? Am I forever at his mercy? No, I have the right to appeal to society round about me and ask for its protection, Its physical aid, and I declare that it is the duty of society to furnish that aid; and, if it does not furnish that aid, then it is guilty of a huge injustice, against which the human heart revolts.

Society must render protection to every member; and how can it render this protection except through the instrumentality of a State?

Please direct your attention to this one point, and answer it promptly:

How are physical invasions of individual rights to be restrained?

Samuel R. Putnam.

New York City.

To this excellent argument we should take no exceptions, if the State were what Mr. Putnam supposes it to be. In our answer to Mr. Ball we granted fully the right of individuals *and associations* to resist invasion. But the State is not a voluntary association for purposes of defence and protection. Were it so, Liberty would have no quarrel with it. The State, in its very nature, is a *compulsory* institution whose real purposes (whatever its pretensions) are offence and invasion; an institution to which all are forced to belong and which all are compelled to support. Mr. Putnam's argument, then, does not touch us in the least. But, even if it did, he would need no answer now. One of the early subscribers to Liberty, he has read it faithfully and to good purpose; so that, at first our critic, he is now our convert. Within a very few weeks he has publicly answered his own criticism. This he has done in the twenty-eighth chapter of a serial story called "Golden Throne," written by him for George Chainey's publication, "This World." We have not read the story as a whole, but, glancing over "This World" of July 8, our eye struck the passage referred to, and we at once resolved that the time had come to print Mr. Putnam's letter and allow him

to reply to it himself. From this reply, which now follows, it will be seen that, in the enthusiasm of his new faith, he outstrips his teacher in opposition to the use of force.

Our little party were happy, in spite of all their misfortunes. They were on a lonely shore in the midst of the mighty sea. It was seldom visited by man, and they might remain for years without a chance to escape. They saved as much as they could from the ship, which took its time about going to pieces as it swung upon the rocks. There was enough food to last them for several months, and no doubt they could find many means of support on the island itself. Most of their mechanical instruments were preserved; and they had the material for rude shelters. All went to work with a will. There was no lamenting. So long as they lived, so long would they make out to enjoy themselves.

"Here, we can build the republic of Plato," said Paddie. "Here, we can have Utopia, a model society. We are released from the world and all its cares and perplexities. We have no traditions to bind us. We can live the ideal."

"Wouldn't it be a good plan to draw up a constitution?" said Charlie.

"Perhaps so, though I am not much in favor of a paper government. We can build up a state after our own fashion."

"I hate rules and regulations," said the captain; "but, whether we need them or not, they may invest our society with a little more dignity."

"Let us women try it for once. We have had no chance yet," said the captain's wife. "There are only two of us, and we shan't quarrel. It won't be long, if you men manage matters, before one half will have to study law to keep the other half in order."

I second the motion," said Blanche. "I don't propose to submit any longer. We start new now, and I begin by snapping my fingers in the face of the divine right of man."

"Do it, and I'll stand by you. You shall have your own way," said Charlie. "You shall vote as early and as often as you wish."

"On both sides too, if I like," said Blanche.

"So much the better. I shall have a chance then," said Will.

"We will call a meeting at early candlelight," said Paddie. "We haven't any meeting-house yet nor candles, but yonder grove will make a good temple. Now for supper."

The meal was soon over, and the evening light flashing with gold spread through the beautiful forest and glittered afar out upon the tossing sea. Beneath the verdant canopy, the jolly company gathered to see what might be done toward the formation of a model republic.

"I have taken the liberty," said Paddie, "to draw up a few resolutions as a starting-point for our portentous undertaking. We now occupy a remarkable position in history. Let us be worthy of it. We are undisturbed by any of the precedents of the mistaken past. With boundless hope, we look forth into the future. We have the stored wisdom of the ages for our guide, besides our own untrammeled reason. We wish to build a state that shall be a joy to those who come after us, that shall be a monument of human ingenuity. In the first place let it be distinctly understood that we will have no church with state. The church is an individual matter, and all can suit themselves; they can have whatever style they wish. They can worship or not worship, according to the dictates of their own conscience. We want something simply for human convenience, by which we can live happily together and obtain the most from our mutual endeavor. Is not this the mind of all?"

There was a universal assent.

"This point then is settled. Now for business! I have omitted the ten commandments. They have done their work, and we do not need them. I shall lay down as the fundamental principle of our new commonwealth the eleventh commandment, which is the sum and substance of them all, so far as they are true; namely, resolved first and last, always and afterwards, that everybody shall mind his own business."

There was a unanimous murmur of approval to this proposition.

"You've hit it!" said the doctor. "That's the wisdom of the ages. It's an improvement upon every form of society so far.

I heartily vote for that resolution. Heretofore, society has seemed to exist for the express purpose of meddling with everybody's affairs. I am glad to hear somebody say, Hands off! In fact, I think that is all the constitution we need; and we might as well adjourn and live up to that, and we shall be happy."

"That is all the constitution I propose," said Paddie. "I have only a couple of by-laws; and, if they are accepted, our model republic is complete."

"Out with them, but I am afraid you will spoil the dish."

"I guess not," said Paddie. "This is number one: *Resolved*, That, if one does not mind his own business, we will persuade him to."

"That's good," said the doctor: "it passes unanimously." Paddie continued: "*Resolved*, That, if one will not be persuaded, we will let him severely alone."

"Boycott him. Well, I agree to that," said the doctor, and so said the rest.

"*Resolved*, That, if one persist in meddling with the business of another, his ears shall be gently cuffed."

"That's where we differ," said the doctor: "that's going too far. It is an appeal to brute force. In order to enforce it, we must have a congress, and a court, a president, and standing army, and the police. I'm opposed to the bayonet. Trust in persuasion."

"Suppose you can't persuade, and one violently intrudes."

"That may be settled, when the time comes. But I am opposed to any declaration of war until necessary."

"I think the doctor is a little off," said the captain. "I am in favor of cuffing the ears, as a last resort. At any rate, it is a good thing for people to know that we can cuff their ears, if they deserve it."

"Yes, and so appeal to their brute natures," said the doctor. "It isn't right. We might as well go back to the old barbarism, and bang, and draw, and quarter. We'll have the old tyranny, the order built on fear."

"But, if we do not reserve the right to reprimand, then we cannot rule at all," said the captain. "Why insist beforehand that man is going to be bad, and so provide for his wrongdoing? We have nothing to fear. The genius of man is always sufficient to deal with evil, when it comes. Be as kind as nature: she attaches no penalty until she has been wronged. Both knowledge and happiness make for order: order without liberty is a curse. We are constantly in prison, in every state today where every man is treated as a thief and every woman as a beast."

"I think the doctor is right," said Paddie. "I don't believe in any rules and regulations founded upon cuffing. The true state must be founded upon persuasion, and nothing else. If that is anarchy, then anarchy let it be."

"I'll try it," said the captain. "I've never had to lick anybody yet, though somehow or other I've always hated to give up the right to. Maybe that's a superstition too. I shouldn't wonder if the state was just as absurd as the church."

"You've a twinkling of sense," said the doctor. "For my part, I stand outside of both. They will pass away. They belong to barbarism."

"I'll put it to vote as to whether we shall have any ear-cuffing," said Paddie.

"It's too bad," said Blanche. "We've had our ears cuffed so long, and now you won't let us cuff back. But never mind: I can well afford to vote for persuasion, and give my tongue a better chance."

"True again," said Charlie. "In the long run, it's the mightiest of sceptres."

"What a chance we'll have in the future!" said Blanche. "When the tongue rules, men will have to subside."

Paddie put the aer-cuffing question to vote, and it was discarded by a large majority.

"I don't see the use of any constitution now," said the captain. "If we can't enforce it, we might as well put it on the shelf. If we must only appeal to a man's good sense, what's the use of any written authority?"

"You are right," said Paddie. "Men think there's a magic to what is writ. It's all nonsense. So here goes the model State. By making it end in smoke, we'll smoke the pipe of peace forever."

Paddie lit the paper, and with a puff it vanished into the bosom of the night.

"Some may think this written truth has perished utterly, because they cannot see it, and handle it, and carry it in their pockets. But it is more living than ever, as all truth is when unseen. It dwells within the mind, the unwritten law of the universe. Gentlemen and ladies, from this time forth there is no state. All is anarchy."

Whatever might happen in other places, here at least there was no disorder. Everything went harmoniously along. Each did mind his own business, and there was no trouble.

The days flew by, full of eager and splendid life. The island amply supplied all their wants. Each one took care of himself, and lived independently. Yet there was noble, social life and helpfulness flowing from the fullest liberty.

And so the good work goes on. Mr. Putnam's story, we believe, is written for juveniles. When children are thus plainly shown the beauties of freedom, the generation of Anarchists cannot be very far off.

The Ballot-Box Craze.

Little Rhody! — wee sister on the map of this bogus Union of States! A few weeks ago her workingmen held their first great reunion at Rocky Point. It was a surprise to her politicians and spindle-souled oppressors. It was a grand affair,— this meeting of five thousand toilers with their champions and friends.

Among the speakers who were to edify the workingmen were Robert Blissert, P. J. Maguire, Dr. T. D. Stow of Fall River, Victor Drury, Post of the New York "Truth," and a sterling band of coadjutors, some of whom manifested a truly religious devotion to principle that was indeed grand.

As the fervid eloquence of Blissert filled the air, it caught up even the cold heart of loitering capitalists, partly hidden in the rear. It was a scathing indictment of soulless mammon and a brave, manly assertion of eternal rights. But, as the impassioned eloquence neared its crisis, the orator shouted: "And there is but one remedy for afflicted humanity, searching, God-given, omnipotent, that shall make us conquerors, and anchor our salvation on solid rock. *It is the ballot-box!*"

Then did the cheers go up. Then were the bulk of the agitators palled with the sublimity of the remedy. The organizer of the Knights of Labor was transfixed. The capitalist under the eaves of the hotel — quailed? Even the earnest and devoted Maguire raised his quivering hands and clapped lustily. Oh, how sublime!

We refer to this incident as typifying the astounding blindness which darkens the senses of even the foremost reformers, with rare, rare exceptions. The very swindle that alone makes the poverty and degradation of labor possible is held up for adoration and glorification in the very house of humanity's friends. It is this very ballot-box itself that only needs to be rolled off the neck of labor in order to put it into the arena of a fair fight with the oppressor. All these grievances of which the reformers complain were born in the very principle of despotism which creates the ballot-box and perpetuates it. The ballot-box itself, as an accepted assertion of the right of a majority to rule a minority, is the very despot that must first be cast out and buried. There is where the reformers still toddle in the very infancy of true reform.

We ask Messrs. Blissert, Maguire, Post, and the rest to go home first of all and settle these questions: Has the ballot-box any right to rule in natural justice? Is not the ballot-box in its incipient principle the negation of liberty? Is not the very

beginning of privilege, monopoly, and industrial slavery this erecting of the ballot-box above the individual? Is not the ballot-box unscientific, antisocial, and a simple transposition of the equation of monarchy?

Until reformers *down to this prime root of all subsequent* we shall continue to hear indefinitely *** laudation of this unmitigated humbug. The oppressor housed in ballot-boxes is the same deadly genius that lurks in the palaces. Friend Blissert can see the enemy when fortified in the palace, but, when disguised and packed in the ballot-box, he is thrown off his wits and glorifies the very arch-devil who has deluded him by a change of base. His fellow reformers are trapped by the same trick, and so this bottom swindle still runs rampant.

Study of the Anarchistic philosophy, as developed by the great Proudhon and actively propagated by the heroic Bakounine and his successors on both sides of the Atlantic would open a whole firmament of light to the gaze of these infatuated ballot-box champions if they would but read as they run. The few of us upon whom this light has dawned have a great work on hand with scanty resources, but Liberty proposes to fling its reminders in the face of the deluded reformers till they shall be made, one after the other, to halt and look squarely at the root of despotism. From the Anarchistic, the only logical point of departure, the ballot-box craze will soon become the silliest surrender of common sense imaginable. Don't neglect your primers longer, good friends!

During the recent Freethinkers' Convention at Watkins, N. Y., the following message was received by the president *pro tem.*, Mr. T. B. Wakeman, from C. C. McCabe, secretary of the Board of Methodist Church Extension: "To the President of the Freethinkers' Convention: All hail the power of Jesus' name. We are building more than one Methodist church for every day in the year, and propose to make it two a day." Mr. Wakeman answered as follows: "To C. C. McCabe, New York: Let us hear less about Jesus' name, and see more of his works. Build fewer churches, and pay your taxes on them like honest men. Build better churches, since liberty, science, and humanity will need them one of these days, and won't want to pay too much for repairs." Had we been at Watkins, we should have proposed an addition to Mr. Wakeman's telling reply in those words: "Meanwhile we Freethinkers, disciples of the devil, who first put man on the track of knowledge against the will of God, who desired to perpetuate his ignorance, shall bend our energies to the realization of the poet's lines:

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The devil always builds a chapel there."

Law and Authority.

III.

[Translated from "Le Revolte."]

We have shown in a preceding article how the Law is born of established customs and usages, and how it represented at the beginning a shrewd mixture of social customs necessary to the preservation of the human race with other customs imposed by those who use to their advantage popular superstitions and the right of might. This two-fold character of the Law determines its ulterior development in nations as they progress in civilization. But, while the kernel of social customs inscribed in the Law undergoes but very slight and very slow modification as the centuries roll on, the other portion of the laws develops, wholly to the advantage of the dominant classes, wholly to the detriment of the oppressed classes. It is with difficulty that any law whatever representing, or seeming to represent, a certain guaranty for the disinherited is from time to time extorted from the dominant classes. And even then such a law only repeals some preceding law enacted for the benefit of the ruling classes. "The best laws," said Buckle, "have been those repealing preceding laws." But what terrible efforts has it not been necessary to expend, what floods of blood has it not been necessary to shed each time that a question has arisen of abolishing one of the institutions serving to keep the people in chains. To abolish the last vestiges of servitude and feudal powers and to break the strength of the royal *camarilla* France had to pass through four years of revolution and twenty years of war. To abolish the least of the iniquitous laws bequeathed to us by the past requires dozens of years of struggle, and, as a general thing, they disappear only in times of revolution.

The socialists have already told over and over again the history of the genesis of Capital. They have described its birth from wars and spoliation, from slavery and serfdom, from fraud and modern exploitation. They have shown how it subsists on the blood of the laborer, and little by little has conquered the entire world. They have still to tell the same history concerning the genesis and development of the Law, and the popular mind, in advance, as usual, of the students, has already framed the philosophy of this history and is driving its essential stakes. Established to secure the fruits of pillage, subjection, and exploitation, the Law has passed through the

same phases of development that Capital has passed through: twin brother and sister, they have gone on hand in hand, both deriving their sustenance from the sufferings and miseries of humanity. Their history has been almost the same in all the countries in Europe. Only the details differ; the ground-work is the same: and to cast a glance over the development of the Law in France or in Germany is to know in their essential features its phases of development in most European nations.

Originally the Law was the national compact or contract. On the Champ de Mars the legions and the people ratified the contract; the Champ do Mai of the primitive communes of Switzerland is still a souvenir of that period, in spite of all the changes which it has undergone by contact with the centralizing civilization of the *bourgeoisie*. To be sure, this contract was not always freely consented to; even at that time the strong and the wealthy enforced their will. But at least they found an obstacle to their attempts at invasion in the popular masses, who often made their power also felt.

But, in proportion as the Church on the one hand and the nobility on the other succeed in subjecting the people, the right of legislation escapes from the hands of the nation into those of the privileged classes. The Church extends its powers; sustained by the wealth accumulating in its coffers, it mingles more and more in private life, and, under the pretext of saving souls, seizes on the labor of its serfs; it levies taxes upon all classes, and extends its jurisdiction; it multiplies offences and penalties, and enriches itself in proportion to the offences committed, for into its strong-boxes flows the product of the fines. The laws no longer hear relation to national interests: "one would suppose them to have emanated from a Council of religious fanatics rather than from legislators," observes a historian of French law.

At the same time, in proportion as the seignior, on his side, extended his powers over the laborers of the fields and the artisans of the cities, he became also their judge and legislator. In the tenth century, if there were any monument of public law, they were but treaties regulating the obligations, tasks, and tributes of the serfs and vassals of the seignior. The legislators of that day were a handful of brigands, multiplying and organizing for the brigandage which they practised upon a people becoming more and more peaceful in proportion as it devoted itself to agriculture. They turned to their account the sentiment of justice inherent in the people; they set themselves up as the judiciary, made the very application of the principles of justice a source of income, and passed laws calculated to maintain their domination.

Later these laws, collected by legists and classified; served as the basis of our modern codes. And yet we talk of respecting these codes, our inheritance from the priest and the baron!

The first revolution, the revolution of the communes, succeeded in abolishing only a portion of these laws; for the charters of the emancipated communes were for the most part only a compromise between seigneurial or episcopal legislation and the new relations created within the free Commune. And yet what a difference between those laws and our present laws! The Commune did not permit its citizens to be imprisoned and guillotined for reasons of State; it confined itself to expelling whoever conspired with the enemies of the Commune and levelling his house to the ground. For the most of the so-called “crimes and offences” it confined itself to the imposition of fines; the Communes of the twelfth century even recognized the principle — so just, though forgotten today — that the whole Commune is responsible for the misdeeds committed by each of its members. The societies of that day, considering crime as an accident or as a misfortune (it is so regarded even now by the Russian peasant), and not admitting the principle of personal vengeance taught by the Bible, understood that the fault of each misdeed rested upon the entire society. It needed all the influence of the Byzantine church, which imported into the Occident the refined cruelty of the despots of the Orient, to introduce into the customs of the Gauls and Germans the death penalty and the horrible punishment; inflicted later upon those considered criminals; just as it needed the whole influence of the Roman civil code — product of the rottenness of imperial Rome — to introduce those notions of unlimited landed property which succeeded in overthrowing the communal customs of the primitive peoples.

We know that the free Communes were unable to maintain themselves. Torn asunder by internal wars between the rich and the poor, between the *bourgeoisie* and the serfs, they easily became the prey of royalty. And in proportion as royalty acquired new strength, the right of legislation passed more and more into the hands of a coterie of courtiers. An appeal to the nation was made only to sanction the taxes demanded by the king. Parliaments, called at intervals of two centuries at the good pleasure and caprice of the Court; “extraordinary councils;” “sessions of notables,” where ministers listened reluctantly to the “grievances of the king’s subjects,— such were the legislators. And later still, when all powers were concentrated in a single person who said, “I am the State,” it was in the secrecy of the “Councils of the prince,” at the whim of a minister or an imbecile king, that the edicts were prepared which subjects were required to obey under penalty of death. All judicial guaranties

were abolished; the nation was the serf of the royal power and of a handful of courtiers; the most terrible penalties,— rack, stake, flaying alive, tortures of all sorts,— devices of the disordered imaginations of monks and madmen who sought their pleasures in the sufferings of the victims,— such were the characteristics of that epoch.

To the great revolution is due the credit of having begun the demolition of the scaffolding of laws left to us by feudalism and royalty. But, after having demolished some portions of the old structure, the Revolution gave the power of legislation into the hands of the *bourgeoisie*, which, in its turn began to build an entire new scaffolding of laws intended to maintain and perpetuate the domination of the *bourgeoisie* over the masses. In its parliaments it legislates at random, and mountains of laws accumulate with frightful rapidity, but what are all these laws at bottom?

The greater part have but one object, that of protecting individual property,— that is to say, wealth acquired through the exploitation of man by man,— of opening new fields of exploitation for Capital, of sanctioning the new forms that exploitation continually takes on as fast as Capital monopolizes new branches of human life, such as railroads, telegraphs, electric lights, chemical discoveries, the expression of human thought through literature and science, &c. This rest of the laws invariably have substantially the same object,— namely, the maintenance of the governmental machine which secures to Capital the exploitation and monopoly of the wealth produced. Judiciary, police, army, public teachers, financiers,— all serve the same god, Capital; all have but one purpose, to protect and facilitate the exploitation of the laborer by the capitalist. Analyze all the laws passed during the last eighty years,— you will find nothing else. The protection of persons, which is usually put forward as the true mission of the Law, occupies an almost imperceptible place; for, in our present society, attacks upon persons, inspired directly by hatred and brutality, tend to disappear. If any one is killed today, it is for the purpose of robbery and seldom from motives of personal vengeance. And if this sort of crimes and offences continually diminishes it is certainly not to legislation that we owe it: it is due to the humanitarian development of society, to our more and more social habits, and not to the prescriptions of our laws. Let them repeal tomorrow all laws concerning the protection of persons, let them cease tomorrow to prosecute offenders against the person, and the number of assaults arising from personal vengeance or from brutality will not increase by a single one.

It will be objected, perhaps, that in the last fifty years many liberal laws have been passed. But analyze these laws, and it will be seen that all these liberal laws and the whole radical programme may be summed up in these words: abolition of laws that have become troublesome to the *bourgeoisie* itself and a return to the liberties of the communes of the twelfth century extended to all citizens. The abolition of the death penalty, jury trial in all criminal cases (the Jury, more liberal than today, existed in the twelfth century), an elective magistracy, the right to try officials, the abolition of standing armies, the liberty of instruction, &c., all that is claimed as the invention of modern liberalism is simply a return to the liberties which existed before the Church and the King had stretched forth their hand over all the manifestations of human life. All these laws and this whole programme find expression in a single sentence: The penal and civil codes no longer have the force of law.

The protection of exploitation, directly by the laws concerning property and indirectly by the maintenance of the State,— such, then, is the essence and substance of our modern codes and the purpose of our costly machinery of legislation. It is time, however, to have done with phrases and look at these things as they actually are. The Law, which originally presented itself as a collection of customs useful to the preservation of society, is no longer anything but an instrument for the maintenance of the exploitation and domination of the industrious masses by the idle rich. Its civilizing mission has gone; it now has but one mission, the maintenance, of exploitation.

Such is the lesson that we learn from the history of the development of the Law. Is it on this ground that we are called upon to respect it? Certainly not. No more than Capital — the product of brigandage — has it any right to our respect. And the first duty of the revolutionists of the nineteenth century will be to make an *auto-da-fé* of all existing laws, as they will of property titles.

We shall see the truth of this still more clearly after we have shown the uselessness and mischief of the Law by submitting the various kinds of laws to the analysis of Reason.

The George Theory of Taxation.

Admitting the justice of compulsory taxation (which Liberty utterly denies), the following remarks upon it, submitted by Dr. E. F. Miller in a letter to the New York "Star," are strictly correct and highly important:

The doctrine in reference to taxation announced by George, which is, "that all taxes should be placed upon the land; that it is wrong to tax labor or production," or even "to tax luxuries," must be regarded as a grave error. If anything in this world should escape taxation, it should be land; if anything in this world should be taxed, it is luxuries, and property, or labor product. It seems to me that those who announce the doctrine that "all taxes should be laid upon the land" entirely ignore the true objects of taxation. As we understand the subject, the object of taxation is to support the Government. The objects of Government are to protect the lives and property and promote the best interests of the people. Who, then, should be taxed? Should not all who have lives and property to protect bear their share of taxation? Therefore every man, every laborer, every kind of property that needs protection should be taxed. The land needs no protection, but the people living on it do, and the products of labor placed upon it do also; therefore, tax the people and tax their property, but tax the land only as it becomes property that needs the protecting arm of the Government. To lay all taxes upon the land, and let other forms of property go without taxation, would lay an increased burden upon the tillers of the soil that they could not and would not submit to. There is no class of people who work so many hours, or so hard and for so small a compensation, as the farmers. To increase their burdens would be an act of injustice that should not be entertained for a moment.

Supporters

Matthew R. Phillips; Craig Bolton; William Kiely; Connor Pierce; Stephan Kinsella; Christopher D. Rhodes; Oliver Westcott; Gregory Morin; Josiah D. E. Durtka; Bruce Hobbs; Adam Bagby

Proofreaders

William Kiely

Have you found an incorrect transcription in the book? Become a proofreader for yourself!

To claim the perk you can [contact](#) the people at ReadLiberty.org or correct the mistake directly in [the GitHub repository](#).