On Picket Duty.

The man or woman who does not send me twenty-five cents for a copy of "The Wind and the Whirlwind," now the title page covers, will miss an opportunity of getting the prettiest ornament for his or her library table that was ever offered in the market for that sum of money, to say nothing of the surpassing merit of the poem itself. The ordinary price for such a labor at that rate. 

The stupid brutality of the capitalist proprietor is marvellous. In Ohio he teaches the disheartened a most dangerous lesson by ordering three thousand hand grenades to be used against striking miners. Is it any wonder that the oppressed rent-payer regards dynamite as a legitimate weapon for use against the robber landlord? Does the idiot of a proprietor imagine that he can compete with the great mass of mankind in throwing hand grenades, that he sets the fashion of solving economic problems with such logic?

A friend and subscriber in the Empire State writes as follows: "Shall I give you another opportunity to study human nature, and say my little say on the story subject? W. F. certainly did cut off his own nose. He might have forgiven the story for the sake of the rest. Not that even I can spoil Liberty. I mean a story; generally by are especially to be shunned if they have a moral. Yet the one who is giving us is charming. We all know there are stories, and stories. I think whoever fails to read George Cable's "Old Creole Days," loses a feast."

Lysander Spooner tells me that he is somewhat surprised to find many people whom he had regarded as rather old-fashioned in sympathy with his latest publication "Letter to Scientists and Inventors." I cannot share his astonishment. It is just what I expected. The monopoly of knowledge is an old-fogy idea, and old flogies will endorse old-fogy ideas even when so progressive a man as Mr. Spooner puts them forward. On the other hand, the people who endorse Mr. Spooner's views on freedom of banking I doubt if they will find it easy to approve his stand in favor of a "corner." in truth.

Imitating the attitude of the Pacific Coast people towards the Chinese, the citizens of Pennsylvania are becoming very much exercised in their minds about the Hungarian slavery there. Many of these obnoxious people seem to be well thought of at home. So well, indeed, that the powers that be will not let them go away. It appears from the report of the United States consol-at general at Vienna that seven peasants of Galicia, told their farms last February, and being furnished by friends in this country with tickets to take them across the ocean, went to the railroad station with their families to start. There they were met by government officials, who compelled them to return to the farms, after which the government declared the sale of their farms null and void.

And so it goes. One government forbids certain people to come in, another forbids certain people to go out, and between them all the bewildered individual has a very pleasant time of it. What will be the next act of tyranny, I wonder?

I notice that the "Transcript" foolishly ludicrous as sound political economy a mass of rubbish written by M. L. Seudder, Jr. A specimen of the "great, good sense" detected by the "Transcript" economist in the work is this: "Mr. Vanderbilt is receiving a proportionately small and a well-earned part of the profits of the greatest economical device of modern times."

This is the most impudent thing I have had the bad luck to hear from a "political economist" recently.

The British usurers who hold the bonds which enslave Egypt want their interest, and the government, which exists only to protect robbers, has issued orders to the Egyptian treasurer called Minister of Finance to insist upon the immediate payment of arrears of taxes.

This means simply ruin and starvation for the wretched fellaheen. Cultivators of the soil must sell their crops standing for whatever they can get. In the case of the crop in "the damp" in the way, they must sell their crop standing, and, at a sacrifice of forty per cent, below the normal value. Poor Egypt is but following the road to destruction over which Ireland and India have been driven by the robber landlords and money lenders of England.

What a splendid battle for Anarchy "Edgeworth" is waging all along the radical line! One can scarcely pick up a liberal paper without finding one or more telling broadsides from his pen, and what he says is almost sure to be the most interesting feature of the issue. The "Radical Review" is just now in the anxious seat regarding Anarchistic doctrines, and is defending Democracy as preferable to Anarchy. Were it not for "Edgeworth," I should be obliged to steal a couple of hours from time that belonged to duties and dispose of the criticisms brought forward by my fellow-Journalist, Schumm; but "Edgeworth" has picked up the gamut itself, greatly to my joy, and I shall watch the contest from afar with perfect confidence as to the result. Meanwhile I recommend the editor of the "Radical Review" to follow the essay by Auberon Herbert now running through these columns, and find therefrom what true Democracy is.

The "Radical Review" favors me with a very pretty and hardly little volume containing a collection of articles written from time to time for its columns over the signature of "Wheelbarrow." Its too clumsy title is "Signifying the Document, The Lookout of Labor, Chopping Sand, and Other Essays." It deals with various incidents of the labor problem in a very boisterous and forcible style, and many of the positions taken are sound. But while workingmen will find many of their own foolish ideas refuted in this book, they will get from it little or no knowledge as to the main principles by which they are robbed of the products of their labor. The author is also not to the possibility of stopping this robbery. The author seems to have caught on to a good many of the minor truths of the so-called "science" that passes for political economy, but has not detected its major fallacies. Still he has succeeded in the latter respect. He cannot treat the labor question fundamentally. Indeed, as a rule, he will say some very stupid things, and "Wheelbarrow" is not an exception. But his plain, pleasant, unpretentious manner of writing is very captivating, and those who send fifty cents for a copy to the "Radical Review, Chicago, Illinois," will receive in return a very enjoyable book.

The Miner.

Deep beneath the firm-act earth
Where volcanoes have their birth,
Where, ingrained on leaves of stone,
Are buried ages past and gone,
Far from God's own blessed light,
They lie in darkness and night!
Tenanted of the depths below,
Working with his pick and crow.
Not for him the painted road,
Succored to send him need.
Not for him the sweet perfumes
Of flowers in their spring-dance bloom;
From life's early early youth,
Earth's to him a living grave.
First, a father sending well,
Next, a youthful sentinel;
Careful, watching day by day,
Those to keep his guarded way.
When his lamp, with fifteen blue,
Took the proud lost "chump" in the way.
Or, when long-keeping, it proclaims
His is coming from the veins,
To be dipped on guard.
And with care keep watch and ward!
Tracer next, a human soul
Harassed to a ceaseless scan.
Last, a miner bold and brave,
Kneel to Christ, but Mammon's slave.

Look upon him as he stands,
Pickings and gathering hands,
Think, in all this world of strife,
Not for him the joys of life;
Yet he does his hard, hard stir,
Purchasing as with needful fire.
Is he not for us, in turn,
All his wants and woes to learn?
Is it not our duty true,
His hard path with flowers to crown?
With a shrew or with a sigh
Let his heart and hand fly away,
"Ignorant, and low and mean,
Man or beast, or stop between,
So does his hard path fly away.
What's his lot to me or you?
He was to the master beast.
Let him in his task return!

Man, beware the mow'ter's sin,
Have you your duty done by him?
He for us has wrought his best.
Let him in our cause be left.
Sovereign crowned with right to rule,
Free from despotic沙龙's.
Here we know no great, no small,
"All for each, and each for all!"
Not forgotten in our care.
Any one who works for man.
Therefore, mark! In such as he
Like our ancient forebear.
And, as our cause we engage,
We solve the problem of the age.
And, as beasts and free,
Plant the future of our land.

A Tribute to an Unselfish Worker.

To the Editor of Liberty:

I was glad to see what my friend, John P. Kelly, is doing as a "light-hearted" in Ireland. No man in the anarchistic movement is better able to do such work; I must express my appreciation of this particular line of action on his part, as we know the wants of those people, and have the supply. I am pleased to see him show energy and holy work of carrying my sympathies from the burning language of rebels, and the other wrongs of our sad situation. --J. W. Duvene.

New Year, July 31st, 1865.

J. H. Bacon.
WHAT’S TO BE DONE?

A ROMANCE.

By N. G. TCHERNYSHEVSKY.

Translated by Benj. R. Tucker.

Continued from No. 47.

“Has she a dowry?”

“Not at present, but she is to receive an inheritance.”

“A large inheritance?”

“Very large.”

“How much?”

“Very much.”

“A hundred thousand?”

“Much more.”

“Well, how much, then?”

“There is no occasion to say; it is enough that it is large.”

“In money?”

“In money also.”

“In lands perhaps as well?”

“And in lands as well.”

“Soon?”

“Soon.”

“And when will we nuptials take place?”

“Soon.”

“You do well, Dmitry Sergueitch, to marry her before she has received her inheritance; later she would be beset by suitors.”

“You are perfectly right.”

“But how do you suppose that God sends her such good fortune without any one having found it out?”

“So it is: scarcely any one knows that she is to receive an inheritance.”

“Are you aware of it?”

“Yes.”

“But how?”

“What certainly! I have examined the documents myself.”

“Yourself?”

“Yes, it was there that I began.”

“Then?”

“Of course; no one in possession of his senses would venture far without authentic documents.”

“Yes, you are right, Dmitry Sergueitch. But what good fortune! you owe it probably to the prayers of your parents?”

“Probably.”

The tutor had pleased Maria Alexevas first by the fact that he did not take ten: he was a man of thoroughly good quality; he said little; hence he was not a gay fellow; therefore we all said we would not be surprised if he was in question: but after she found out that it was absolutely impossible for him to pay court to the daughters of the families who gave him lessons, he became a godsend incapable of over-estimation. Young people like him rarely have personal characteristics. Hence he was entirely satisfactory to her. What a positive man! Far from boasting of having a rich sweetheart, he allowed, on the contrary, that every time he came by forceps. He had had to look long for this rich sweetheart. And one can well imagine how he had to court her. Yes, one may safely say that he knows how to manage his affairs. And he began by going straight to the documents. And how he talks! “No one in possession of his senses can act otherwise.” He is a perfect man.

Veretochka, who had not been made a candidate for a suitable girl, but little by little it dawned upon her—how could it have been otherwise— it dawned upon her that Lopoukhov, although replying to Maria Alexevas, was talking to her, Veretochka, and laughing at her, instead of the mother of a young girl, whom he was really so? He knew, and she found out later; to us it is of little consequence; we need nothing but facts. And the fact was that Veretochka, listening to Lopoukhov, began to think, and even to impress itself not only upon her, but to her, and whether, instead of joking, he was not telling the truth. Maria Alexevas, who had all the time listened seriously to Veretochka, turned to her and said:

“Veretochka, are you going to remain forever absorbed and silent? Now that you know Dmitry Sergueitch, why do you not ask him to play an accompaniment while you sing? These words made Veretochka gaggle; he did not wish to yield, and tried to get rid of her; and so he was silent, and did not answer Maria Alexevas herself; these words had a third meaning, the most natural and real: We must be agreeable with him; this acquaintance may be useful to us in the future, when a rogue of a tutor shall be rich. This was the general meaning of Maria Alexevas’s words to Maria Alexevas, but besides the general meaning they had also a special one: After having flattered him, I will after all take the initiative, who will whom? and so on. These are the different meanings that the words of Maria Alexevas had, Dmitry Sergueitch answered that he was going to finish the lesson and that afterward he would willingly play on the piano.

VII.

Though the words of Maria Alexevas had different meanings, none the less did she not take Lopoukhov, who, regarding his speeches as meaning— that is, as regards the reduction in the price of the lessons,—Maria Alexevas was more successful than she could hope: when, after two lessons more, she broached the subject of their poverty, Dmitry Sergueitch haggled: he did not wish to yield, and tried to get rid of her; and so he was silent, and did not answer Maria Alexevas herself; these words had a third meaning, the most natural and real: We must be agreeable with him; this acquaintance may be useful to us in the future, when a rogue of a tutor shall be rich. This was the general meaning of Maria Alexevas’s words to Maria Alexevas, but besides the general meaning they had also a special one: After having flattered him, I will after all take the initiative, who will whom? and so on. These are the different meanings that the words of Maria Alexevas had, Dmitry Sergueitch answered that he was going to finish the lesson and that afterward he would willingly play on the piano.

Maria Alexevas took the books and showed them to Mikhail Ivanitch.

“Look here, Mikhail Ivanitch, this one, which is in French, I have almost finished reading.”

“I am so glad. *Gostinaia.*

“Oh. Maria Alexevas, it is not *Gostinaia,* it is destiny.”

He said the word *destiny* in the Russian equivalent of the French word *fortune,* drawing grave, almost, and without hesitation.

“What, then, is this destiny? Is it a novel, a ladies’ oracle, or a dream-book?”

“No, Mikhail Ivanitch, it is not a novel, a ladies’ oracle, or a dream-book; it is a book for a season.”

It was called *Liberty,* because it is a book for a season.

One day, while Mikhail Ivanitch was there, Veretochka went to see one of her school friends. Maria Alexevas took the books and showed them to Mikhail Ivanitch.

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live much better than government functionaries and heads of bureaus, above whom I could not expect to rise. That is the reason why I entered the Academy, to he of a bigger piece of bread. If I had not had that interest in view, I should not have entered.

"But you like to learn at college, and the medical sciences attracted you?"

"Yes; but that is only the front; that is not the whole. Science is a product of the heart; medicine is a useful service."

"Admit that you are under the impression that I understand can be explained by self-interest. But this theory seems to me very cold."

"Theory in itself is cold. The mind should judge things coldly."

"But it is pitiful.

"For senseless and insipid fancies."

"It is very prosaic.

"The poetic form is not suited to science."

"So this theory, which I do not see my way to accept, condemns men to a cold and lifeless existence."

"Vera Pavlovna: this theory is cold, but it teaches man to procure warmth. Matches are cold; the side of the box against which we scratch them is cold; but the flame and the heat are produced. So, too, with my warm nourishment for man; it makes us warm; we feel the cold.

"It is bad, but it is better than nothing.

"You are ridiculous with your doubts, Vera Pavlovna!"

"Ah! Yes!" said she, smiling also; "we have no interest in being polite to each other when we can be just as pitiful.

"Good, Dmitry Sergueitch; men are egoists, are they not? There, you have talked yourself out; now I wish to talk a little, myself."

"You are perfectly right; we know one another, and so I need not be reserved.

"See if I do not entrap you in putting some questions to you about myself."

"So be it."

"I have a rich tutor. I do not like him. Should I accept his proposal?"

"Calculate that which is the most useful to you."

"That which is the most useful to me? You know I am poor enough. On one point, however, I have my principles. I do not accept any one who teaches me without teaching me something. I shall say that you have chosen that which seemed to you in harmony with your interests.

"And what will it be necessary to say of me?"

"If you have acted in cold blood, after reasonable deliberation upon the whole question, it will be necessary to say that you have acted in a reasonable manner, and that you probably will not complain.

"But will not my choice deserve blame?"

"People who talk nonsense are not those who will; but people who have a correct idea of life will say that you have acted as you had to act; if your action is such and such, that means that you are such an individual that you could not act otherwise, and that it was under the circumstances of your life that your action was dictated by the force of events, and that you had no other choice.

"And no blame will be cast upon my actions?"

"Who has a right to blame the consequences of a fact, if the fact exists? Your person under given circumstances is a fact; your actions are the necessary consequences of this fact, consequences arising from the nature of things. You are not responsible for them; therefore, to blame them would be stupid.

"So you do not recoil from the consequences of your theory. Then, I shall not deserve your blame, if I accept my tutor's proposal?

"I should be stupid to blame you."

"So I have no pretext, perhaps even sanction, perhaps even direct advice to avoid the adoption of which I have spoken?"

"The advice is always the same: calculate that which is useful to you; provided you follow this advice, you will be sanctioned.

"Thank you. Now, my problem is solved. Let us return to the general question with which we started. We began with the proposition that man acts by the force of events, that his actions are determined by the influences that have the power to determine them. If strong and powerful enough, that shows that we have changed our reasoning; when the action is one of real importance, the motives are called interest's; and their play in man a combination or calculation of interests, and consequently man always acts by his interest. Do I run up your ideas correctly?"

"Correctly enough."

"See what a good scholar I am. Now this special question concerning actions of real importance is exhausted. But in regard to the general question some difficulties yet remain. I am not able to make much of necessity. Set there, you see, a house, a dream which depends upon my good pleasure whether I act in one way or in another. For example, in playing, I turn the leaves of my music book; sometimes I turn them with the will, but not of necessity, because, you know, I had that interest in view, my father would not have sent me to school; the family needed a laborer. No, for my part, although science interests me now, I should not have spent so much time if I had not thought that this expense would be largely rewarded. My studies at college were drawing to an end; if I influenced my father to allow me to enter the Academy of Medicine instead of becoming an office-holder. How did that happen? We've, my father and I, that doctors

* * * * *
Another word as to the term "Greenbacker." He is a Greenbacker who subscribes to the platform of the Greenback party. The cardinal principle of that platform is that the government shall monopolize the manufacture of all currency, that it pays the wages of those who, in the pursuit against that sacred prerogative, may be taxed, fined, or imprisoned, or hanged, or drawn and quartered, or submitted to any other mean of disfranchising, in any governorate, in any pursuit and exercise of its good pleasure, may see fit to impose upon him. Unless Mr. Benton believes in that, he is not a Greenbacker. And I am sure I am not, although, with Mr. Benton, I believe in a non-interest-bearing currency.

Worse and Worse. It is well, perhaps, that my collaborator, "X," before administering to James Gordon Bennett, Jr., for his shameful and cowardly abuse of Kropotkine in prison, the deserved castigation that appeared in the last number of Liberty, did not see the letter written by Kropotkine which occasioned the editorial in Mr. Bennett's "Herald." Had it met his eye in season, I fear his violence (somewhat immediate I thought at first) would have become virulence, and not inexcusably either. That he and others may now be the sufferers in the "Herald's" offence against truth and decency, I give below in parallel columns Kropotkine's "whisper" and what the "Herald" said about it:

From the London "Times." A correspondent sends us the following extract from a letter received from Prince Kropotkine:

"I have not written to you all this time because I was compelled to write for the "Herald," which means taking stances with which I was in error on account of my illusions; and I did not answer your question directly about my setting free because I know nothing about it. You know my answer to that: our aim is to act upon the whole force that rules, instead of right, and nothing more. I did not try to influence you in any way."

From the New York "Herald." Prince Kropotkine complains that he is dying in jail, and prays to be released. He has not been taken to jail all this time because I was compelled to write for the "Herald," which means taking stances with which I was in error on account of my illusions; and I did not answer your question directly about my setting free because I know nothing about it. You know my answer to that: our aim is to act upon the whole force that rules, instead of right, and nothing more. I did not try to influence you in any way.

The Ballot as a Substitute for Brains. Liberty sees no emasculation for the wage-working people by the country rule of political brains. It is the jackass in their path which they ignorantly believe they must fall down and worship. They may learn to think. They don't think; they don't want to think. They let their minds run in the groove, if it be cut, and do the same old thing thinking in a practical direction. They seem to say: "Now let us do something for ourselves. Let us take our grievances and cast them all into the ballot box. Then let's wake up some fine morning, and find out what all the politicians are doing and talk our way into power by using the ballot box. We want a fair share of the profits."

A fair share! I said. How do you know what a fair share is? Ah! that is hard to tell; but some profits would be better than none.

Nor would he consider the question long enough to arrive at any idea beyond this: form a party, elect a congress of your own, and it will settle what a fair share is. That is, he would be able to do nothing, and elect one or two or one or two or one to do his thinking for him. Yet all the time he was saying of the men already voted into office that they may think and act for the people. "What a set of disinterested men!" said the "Herald." "Oh, oh, the men he would vote for would be neither thieves or politicians; they would be honest men; all honest, honorable men." I told him he was shrewd, lazy, stupid. It was his business to do his own thinking until he arrived at definite conclusions, and then, if he wanted any assistance in carrying those conclusions into practical life, it would be time enough to call on others for assistance. For instance, what ground had he to ask his employer for a share of his profits, little or large? He had not a shrewd suspicion of the situation of the other person, and he would not have the leisure to think of it. He didn't know that his employer was cheating him: he only guessed so. "Of course," he said, "he has a right to be reimbursed for the use of his capital, but he doesn't care, so much I can live on the "fair share" he is getting; after all this is pure 
prerogation. At any rate, my teeth are all dropping out. Last week I pushed out with my tongue a great canine tooth, quite sound, and the doctor says I shall lose in the same way all my other teeth, which are gone."

However, autumn being near, my health may improve, and if no complications come, my time may continue until the end of the year; when, according to the "Herald," I will come even worse off. But all this is a bagatelle. We are so happy, my wife and myself, that we can work together for several hours a day, and think and speak more about our literary undertakings than about other things.

Wilful ignorance and unpeachable malice find their lowest depth in the words of the "Herald" quoted above. It is not necessary that I should know the writer of such a thing to confidently declare that he is a knavish fool. If he does not know that Prince Kropotkine has done more to increase the knowledge of the world than all the kings, statesmen, and officers of whom he speaks, it is because he is too stupid to read. But mere sterility does not explain his false representation of the character of Kropotkine's work. The total and relentless intent of his malice is his undenounced, and he gloats like a ghost over the prospects of a folkman's death by scurvy. The "natural end of nihilism," he calls this rotting to death in a prison. Poor, contemptible, editorial fool! Fortunately for the people of America, the absurdity of authority, of which Prince Kropotkine is a victim, shall come to a natural end, and not go down amid flame and tumult.
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thinking. All the legislatures this side the kingdom won't help you. You must cudgel your own brains, and not go on shirking the responsibilities of freedom.

If you are men, arise, think, and be free! H.

Morality and Purity Cranks.

When the spiritual sell of a human being is of such composition that bigotry and hypocrisy are native growths, it is immaterial what creed, doctrine, or system of religious thoughts he or she may happen to subscribe to. Even though such people may publish themselves as agnostics, libertines, or Free Religionists, the essential instinct of spiritual despotism uppers its head nowhere so soon as it finds an outlet and in which it is enabled to exercise its awe and control, in the battle against its heresies. I only wished that Mrs. Chance might have been there.

The sickening gush and caste of some of these ethical cranks is not a wilder contemptible than the sickening gush and caste of some of the Law, and other insane temptation. Morality is an individual concern, and its definition and pursuit belong to no one but the sovereign individual himself. Having read the ethical formulae of nearly all existing and extinct religions, I find the greatest morality and purity residing in that great phrase, the plain English which is: Mind your own business.

Liberty and Wealth.

VI.

NEW HARMONY: SUCCESS.

"I noticed as I passed along the streets that there were few blocks of houses, or houses crowded together. Each had ample space surrounding it, but there were none of the usual crowd of streets. Gardens, esp. cut only by some slight hedge or path, were seen in the hight of cultivation.

"My companion's home was on high ground. over-looking the western slope of the city. He showed me at once the commanding view possible for all the dwellers on that side of the hill.

"The family consisted of himself and wife, and a young lady of intelligence. He was introduced as his granddaughter. Tea over, we adjourned to the library. A well-furnished room, the walls being lined with books.

"I keep a sort of circulating library," said he. "Those who wish come on certain days for what they want. It was accumulated gradually for my own needs, but I do not care to keep the books like, as mere curiosities, and I have in a sense passed by them."

"Miss Arkwright, the granddaughter, remarked: "Grandfather isn't a bookworm himself, he seems to subscribe books as a sovereign remedy for everybody else."

"Further conversation followed, but soon the old gentleman desired to continue his story. His wife observed she had heard it a thousand times, but she agreed that upon her first reading she sometimes had to correct John in his facts."

"And I, said the granddaughter, 'have to watch them both to see that they don't improve upon it from year to year."

"Let me see," he began, "I had got where Sangerfield and his party proposed to settle with us, and occupy the houses as abandoned property. Somehow they didn't 'catch on,' as the boys say now-a-days, very well to our ways and customs. It took them a while, but we soon put up our walls and protested and they all had to come to a standstill almost the reverse of theirs.

"Individual sovereignty was so new an idea to them, even the logical Sangerfield was often far afield. And what astonished him more than all else was the fact that even our children could almost look over the sides of their cribs and put him right. He quoted the Scripture himself, "A little child shall lead them," and again, "He hath subdued it from the wise and prudent and revealed it unto babes and sucklings."

"One day he went to us and said he thought, as the property was growing, there would be long a pressing call for a criminal code. There should be a catalogue of crimes and penalties, so that, in the event of trespass, no one could plead ignorance of the law. He was in the notion that there would undoubtedly appear at least one Judas to every twelve disciples, or some Cain who would compel the rest to drive him from the face of the earth. Why should we not be ready for all emergencies?"

"Warden smiled and replied quietly: "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. I would not catalogue either criminal or virtuous. Let the experience of the law, and stand fast in the liberty wherewith we have been made free. Let us speak the truth from day to day in faith, trusting human nature under the sway of humane sentiments, expecting good results. Behold a new truth; a truth which is of knowledge and of reason; Which teaches men to know no more, and less; Which tells them of things good as well as evil, And gives what liberty they would be worth.

"The counsel to be strong, the will to conquer, The love of all things just and kind and wise, Freedom for others, patience for all others, The triumphs of things true, the arts of life.

"If we detail the vices and crimes of the ages past, we shall do more harm than good; offer suggestions to innocence. Prohibition will find antagonism, and create the disposition to do the very things that are forbidden. There is a great deal of philosophy in the old adage, 'forbidden fruit is the sweetest.'"

"Sangerfield was always disturbing his own peace of mind with some scheme to do some evil, and find a way to avert it, or punish the imaginary offender. Finally a case occurred. His own son, a youth of twenty years, grossly insulted a young lady, and would have proceeded to violence, but that he discovered one approaching. Sangerfield's wits were overpowered by his realization that the opportunity had arrived for him to vindicate and enforce his hobby. He caused a fast for a Roman father's triumph. He called for jail, courthouse, judge, and jury. The offender must be dealt with by law and without mercy, and an example be set for the rising generation. He insisted so much that finally a meeting of all the people was summoned, a sort of general court. Sangerfield brought his prisoner, and made a great speech. The boy had struck as a father, and had forgiven an only son for almost any personal grievance, could in no case avert one lota from his duty to society. Let the criminal be held to strictest account. Warden said he approved the readiness of Sangerfield to deliver his son up to judgment, but he thought it was too late in the day. Judgement had already been passed. The young man, in a moment of passion, had lost his reason, and he must be aware that the act was universally condemned. Perhaps no one would more have said or felt he himself would. The punishment, too, was already inflicted by the altered change of feeling toward him. Go where he would, he would meet some one judging his deed and condemning it. He would be known, his words and deeds would be a stain on himself in the friendly regard of the community. Shutting him up in a prison cell would be a release rather than a punishment. No, let him go free and face his act, and live it down. No one but would forgive him when he, to quote the Scripture, did 'work meet for repentance.'"

"The result was the young man went about his business, and gradually the affair was forgotten, if not remembered. He is living now, and is one of the best, most respected citizens of the city. The old gentleman never got over his disappointment."

"Our community now numbers seven thousand souls, and our government consists only of a few patrolees for the evenings, who look after the boys, along with the same at schools. Our motto is: Labor for Labor. We have a团购, which issues the money current in all our local transactions. In our dealings with the outside world we have of
WHAT'S TO BE DONE.

Continued from page 6.

after, and furthermore I care nothing about them. What a wise, positive, I might say noble, young man! What prudent rules he instills in Verotchka's mind! That is what I think in such cases, she does not listen, she is offended; she is very obstinate with me, because I do not follow the party line. But when, he speaks in this way, she listens, she sees that he is right, and submits. Yet I do not know what to say: they say: "Knowledge is power, and ignorance darkness." If I were a learned woman, should we be where we are? I should have lifted my husband to the rank of general; I should have obtained a position in the government. Some circumstance, some misunderstanding, should have made the contracts myself, for that is no business for him; he is too stupid. Would I have built such a house as this? I would have bought more than a thousand!"

"As it is it cannot do it.

"One never first appears in the society of generals in a favorable light, — and I, how could I appear in any favorable light?"

"They would say: 'She has no manners; she is fit only to bandy insults on the Piazza.' And they would be right. Ignorance is darkness. Knowledge is light. The proverb is a true one.

This conversation, to which Maria Alexeivna had listened, produced in her, then, the reflection that the foolish ideas which she had adopted as an inexperienced girl, and in thus hastening her marriage to Mikhail Ivanych.

IX.

The attitude of Maria Alexeivna towards Lopouchek is not without a certain comic side, and Maria Alexeivna is represented here under a somewhat ridiculous light. But really it is against my will that I present themselves in this picture. The story is very amusing; I do not speak French, but I should have carefully glibbed over these incidents which give the romance a tinge of the ridiculous. To hide them would have been easy. The general progress of the story might well have been made without them. What is astonishing is that the teacher had had opportunities (without entering into relations with her) of being a little as a girl, with the young people, in the family where he gave lessons? Is it necessary to tell how a deal to make love spring up and grow? Maria Alexeivna's aid has been wholly unnecessary. I have here, on the contrary, included the meeting of two young people, whom I have happened. As a novelist, I am sorry to have written so many pages that touch the level of the comic.

[To be continued.]

THEN AND NOW.

Continued from No. 47.

III.

INDIVIDUAL RULE INSTEAD OF MAJORITY RULE.

BOSTON, August 9, 1884.

My dear Louise:

Without governments, how can crime be prevented or suppressed? I know that this is the question which you most want answered. I will allow Mr. De Ducommun to tell you in the language, as near as I can remember, in which he told me:

"Did government ever prevent crime altogether, or even materially lessen it? Under the old regulations of society, as we have it at the present time, there are frequent cases of murder. The government, for instance, is not able to prevent murder. It is necessary to apprehend it. Then, when it is apprehended, it is necessary to try and punish it. The government can do this, but it is not able to prevent it."

"I feel that the government is necessary, but I do not feel that it is possible to prevent crime."

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I am quite sure that you are not accustomed to this way of speaking. I believe that I am not accustomed to this way of speaking. I am quite sure that you are not accustomed to this way of speaking. I believe that I am not accustomed to this way of speaking. I am quite sure that you are not accustomed to this way of speaking. I believe that I am not accustomed to this way of speaking. I am quite sure that you are not accustomed to this way of speaking. I believe that I am not accustomed to this way of speaking. I am quite sure that you are not accustomed to this way of speaking. I believe that I am not accustomed to this way of speaking. I am quite sure that you are not accustomed to this way of speaking. I believe that I am not accustomed to this way of speaking. I am quite sure that you are not accustomed to this way of speaking. I believe that I am not accustomed to this way of speaking. I am quite sure that you are not accustomed to this way of speaking. I believe that I am not accustomed to this way of speaking. I am quite sure that you are not accustomed to this way of speaking. I believe that I am not accustomed to this way of speaking. I am quite sure that you are not accustomed to this way of speaking. I believe that I am not accustomed to this way of speaking. I am quite sure that you are not accustomed to this way of speaking. I believe that I am not accustomed to this way of speaking. I am quite sure that you are not accustomed to this way of speaking. I believe that I am not accustomed to this way of speaking. I am quite sure that you are not accustomed to this way of speaking. I believe that I am not accustomed to this way of speaking. I am quite sure that you are not accustomed to this way of speaking. I believe that I am not accustomed to this way of speaking. I am quite sure that you are not accustomed to this way of speaking. I believe that I am not accustomed to this way of speaking. I am quite sure that you are not accustomed to this way of speaking. I believe that I am not accustomed to this way of speaking. I am quite sure that you are not accustomed to this way of speaking.
essence of the moral act—are at the opposite poles. When you act by reason of conviction, you are acting without the compulsion of passion; but in the act of passion you act against the guidance of reason. The one is a force within you and the other a force without. Moreover, physical force in a man's hand is a weapon by which to punish, but where it is not used for punishment it is only a force that excludes the kindlier or better qualities of human nature. The man who compels his neighbor is not the man who reasons with and convinces him, who seeks to influence him by arguments and who is willing to listen to the other man's objections. He takes upon himself to treat him, not as a being with reason, but as an animal in whom reason is not. The old saying, that any fool can govern with bayonets, is as false as it is true. Any fool can turn the surface of things, can drive children by the hundreds of thousands into schools, can drive prostitutes out of public sight, can drive drunkenness and vice from one's streets, can provide water for the sick, and lodging-houses for the poor; but to create a public opinion is a的艺术.d of science, and the handling of money that does not belong to him, and a people not trained to inquire beyond the present moment, and ready to applaud what has a surface look of wisdom. I think that in any such quiet life the only way to be compelled into virtue is only to live in order to die of any sort.

I see the conflict between reason and force," said Angus; "still, I hesitate in the any case that I contend to a cause when I have nothing to offer by may we compel them to educate their children, to give up public-spiritedness, to only work a certain number of hours in the day, and many other things of the kind. It would be false to talk such acts reasonable. You may use your own reason when you say that compulsory education, or compulsory temperance, is good for certain people, and proceed to carry it out; but in so doing you dissolve the belief in it growing fast upon us. All our would-be reformers can only suggest command of some kind. The world is always in their mouths.

"And the man, moreover, who is making the world has no belief that he is making it to act against his will."

"I must confess, whether I agree or not with the abstract conception of fore," said Angus; "and I see how the mind and the body will be used in the future, to keep the belief in it growing fast upon us. All our would-be reformers can only suggest command of some kind. The world is always in their mouths.

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Liberty and Wealth.

(Continued from page 5.)

come to use the world's money. You may be interested in our banking system. If so, I will tell you something about it.

It is said that this should be very much to know how their bank was managed; also how business generally was conducted, especially where a large number of hands were employed in one concern. In fact, I wanted to understand thoroughly how I could get the whole story of their industries.

"Well, I might add," to-morrow you shall go and see for yourself. You can visit the banks, the several stores, and the large manufacturing establishments just down the river, where three hundred or more men and women are at work, running the machinery of the mill. It is the way you would call a cotton factory.

"What about your schools? I asked. "Have you a common school, or free school?"

"Oh, no," Miss Arkwright broke in. "In this city of three hundred thousand people, there are no schools. Every man pays for what he gets and takes his choice. The nearest approach to a common school is Phillip Morse's, and he gets so many pupils because he is the best managed and the cheapest. Some, however, like Sam Tapp, are a school itself, and are willing to pay more, thinking it expensive."

"I said that I supposed they had established a uniformity of prices. If it was "barr for labor," why should one school be dearer than another?"

They were silent for a moment, then turned to his "Granddaughter," as though he expected her to continue the conversation, and she responded:

"Oh, for that matter, everyone is perfectly free to set his price he pleases on his services, and so, on the other hand, everybody is free to call on him for his fees."

"Why?" Smith exclaimed, interrupting my recital for the first time that evening, "that is precisely as it is here and everywhere. Competition settles the thing."

I replied that the same thought was running through my mind, and that Miss Arkwright went on without any suggestions from me to explain that in the absence of laws securing monopoly as a privilege, competition being thus left free and unhampered, the equal price of all services reached.

(To be continued.)

ELEGANT AND CHEAP.

THE WIND AND THE WHIRLWIND.

By WILFRID SCOWEN BLUMENT.

"God" is a

To the Editor of Liberty:

I want you to receive it and he bound; the followings are a barbarian theology, and persist in

you to put away their Bibles, and rest with of them in their closets as the "chiddish prattle" of their "turtledoves," etc. And when you published Robert Hook's "Free Son's Freedom," you took care to call attention to the poet's foolish error in speaking of Freedom as the "Lord's" handmaid.

I agree with you fully and heartily in these criticisms of Beecher and Bancroft. I am not at all certain when we find Wilfrid Scowen Blument clothed in these same "outgrown garments," stalking through nearly forty pages of Liberty, and repeating not once, but thirty times, the offense against all truth which you had justly laid at Bancroft's door.

The reformer of today has no business with the gos. To call on him is a sign that makes me nears the beauty of all that he says and does. The burden of Mr. Blunts's poem is that "God's" devices in regard to, for instance, every insect, every animal, are wise and their purposes. What comfort. And if it is not perhaps a "degenerate" or "wicked" or "ungodly" or "irreligious" speech, it must be of the "common man" as well as that of the thinker.

His own words say: "Is England more powerful than God?" The very children he need have seen, even if their children are to be free and happy" and thus half of the force of the poem is wasted.

Mr. Blunts writes well; but the wider fellowship of his central idea spells it out largely, making its moral declares and misleading.

Let us apply the same rule to Blunts that we do to Buchanan.

[My Western friend and "son of the morning," who, bearing about his Luciferian torch, is dispelling the darkness of the prairies, is heartyly welcome to his protest, the justice of which I freely admit, while not quite agreeing to its timeliness. When printing Mr. Buchanan's poem, I juxtaed the author as if I did not know that his work had already won, reserved, an entrance on the roll of literary fame, and that no criticism, however just, could endanger it or do ought but set it in a clearer light.

Mr. Blunts's poem on the contrary, though every greater than Buchanan's, is as yet scarcely heard in the world. This is not with a view to the stream of adverse criticism, and one voice added to the current might swell it away forever, and deprive humanitaria literature of a priceless treasure. When we know that of Fust and of Doves, of the estates of the rich, and of the rolls and the libraries of the kings, we can safely talk about the upon it. But the dawn of a new luminous of Mr. Blunts's brilliance 1, for one, will great-pleasurable and a joyful "All hail!" Were I to do otherwise, in a single example, so as black as a ditch, I would remain silent. The horrors of Mr. Blunts's poem is not that God's design has been thwarted in Egypt, but that Liberty and Justice have been thwarted there. If the poet should be convinced that God's design is one thing and Liberty another thing, I am confident that he would quickly choose between them, and choose rightly. His "central idea" is not false, but true, and springs from the love of Liberty in his heart, of which his own theological garbments are but the wrapping. When Mr. Beecher shall make his face so inspiring that every reader shall forget to laugh at his protruding extremities, he may "look through the four pages of Liberty and more, outgrown garments and all; and I am not sure that in such a case it would not be the "cheerful thing for Mr. Walker and myself, rationally and gradually, to abound for a while, and give him room.

But to reassure my Western comrades of my sympathy with him and my appreciation of the luminous pathways which he is cutting in all directions through the wilds of frontier superstition, and, of course, in his own mind and in the minds of all his readers, I am bold enough to ask, in conclusion, whether in terms of verse, that is to say, in a metre and rhyme, is this the book which it pretends to be? 300 pages thick, 50 cents retail price, 40 cents wholesale price.

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(Continued on page 5.)

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