Not the Daughter But the Mother of Order

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Whole No. 47.

BOSSIPERS are asked to note the following corrections of errors that occurred in "Edgeworth's" ad in the Boston Chronicle of June 28: "Non mithi tantum comprensere lites," instead of "Non mithi solutum comprensere lites"; "first tillage after clearing," instead of "first tillage of the clearing." The daily papers report that a Philadelphia house sent an agent to Boston recently to engage men, and of course many good men were anxious to apply. The large dry goods houses sent out floor walkers and deputy managers to stand at the offices of application and speak to all the clerks. The result was a big black list and a number of dissuasions. If that is not slavery, it is something worse.

The excellently-written article by E. C. Walker printed in this issue sets forth considerations in favor of isolated communities for reformatory purposes, which are forcible and weighty, especially that of preventing, by the avoidance of social ostracism, the constant and serious drain upon the radical forces. Nevertheless it is just, as a middle position, that the facts that a wise individual, perhaps by industrious exercise of his ingenuity, perhaps by sheer good luck, has discovered, some fact of nature which some one else would have discovered sooner or later if he had not, should be held by all other individuals for all time from using such fact of nature except on payment of such price as he may exact seems to me to too patentely false and outrageous to be resisted by argument. Why, if such were the case, and the heirs of James Watt could be found, they would be justified in exacting from all the wealth which the steam-engine is producing all the wealth now existing in civilised countries, for there is precious little of it in the production of which the steam-engine did not play a part. A redaction ad absurdum, indeed! Every discoverer of a fact of nature has a right to demand pay for his labor in discovering it, and all decent people who benefit by it will contribute their share of his reward, and such decent people as refuse to do so may be rightfully compelled by whatever means of enforcing justice are in use.

Further than this, all patents and copyrights are robberies. But Mr. Spooner will answer that this doctrine would strike down the great stimulus to invention. Not at all. Unless I am greatly mistaken, the most valuable inventions are achieved by men who work at them less from hope of reward than from love of knowledge and investigation. How much more would this be the case if the great mass of mankind, under the absolute freedom of commerce and banking in which Mr. Spooner and I both so heartily believe, had leisure for something more than the mere struggle for their daily bread and butter! Then nature's secrets would be wrested from her many times before, and the world's wealth would be increased a thousandfold. Free money will secure the right to the land, those who recreate the sun will get the rest. It is almost needless to say, in conclusion, addressing the readers of Liberty, who are also the readers of Mr. Spooner, that his new pamphlet abounds incidentally in heavy blows at shams and frauds and superstitions delivered in the author's inimitable and crushing style.

On Picket Duty.

Louise Michel is improving her time during her long imprisonment at Clermont by writing a schoolbook for young children.

From the first plank of the Protection platform: "The Prohibition party, in national convention assembled, acknowledges Almighty God as the rightful sovereign of all men, from whom the just powers of the government are derived." From the Declaration of Independence: "All governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." From the sixth plank of the Protection platform: "We repudiate Americans who hold opinions contrary to a true and subservient of the Declaration of Independence.

It is distasteful to me to print in Liberty compliments personal to myself, but the letter from Ireland in another column is so full of information that is encouraging to all Anarchists that I make no repugnance. "Only two hundred followers of Proudhon in the whole world," quoth Johann Most. Is it not singular that fifty of them should be concentrated in the little parish of Brasso, County Kerry? If the same had been true of all the parishes in Ireland, the "Pay no rent" policy would have been carried to a successful issue.

A reduction of wages was made in the wire mills of New Jersey early in the year because the increased demand caused by the barbed-wire fence business had fallen away, resulting, the manufacturers said, in over-production. In this case I approve the use of the term "over-production." Barbed-wire fences are not useful products of industry. The people are kept off the land by them and are living on credit and from hand to mouth, so that a few capi-

Liberty's experiment in publishing a radical serial story proved satisfactory in some ways than one. It affords the editor an interesting study of human nature. Dr. Lazarus, as his readers know, was "thrilled with surprise at its excellence," another sends ten dollars in support of the "peer," but doesn't know whether he will read the story; a third complains because larger installments are not given, nearly every new subscriber straightway sends for the back numbers, the: he may lose none of Tchernyshewsky's highly interesting novel; and now comes the following protest from an old subscriber in Morris, Illinois: "As a result, stop Liberty when my subscription expires. I want something more than stories. I can pick up stories anywhere. I am interested in your writings and many of your contributors, but stories are more than thick. Respectfully, J. WOOG FOYER."

I fear that's what's the matter with Mr. Porter—"he's most thick." Well, individualism is Liberty's doctrine and it accepts the results. "Every one to his taste!" as the old woman said when she kissed her cow. I believe it was Goethe who wrote:

One thing will not do for all,
Each one take what he can carry,
Each one say where he shall carry,
And Isaac fall too, he should fall.
WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

A ROMANCE.

By N. G. TCHERNYCHEWSKY.

Translated by Horst R. Tochver.

Continued from No. 46.

All that may be said of Lopopoff can be repeated of Kiranoff.

At the present stage of our story Lopopoff was absorbed by this thought: How to arrange his life after ending his studies? It was time to think about that: there were but a few months left. Their projects differed little.

Lopopoff felt sure of being received as a doctor in one of the military hospitals of St. Petersburg (that is considered a great piece of good fortune) and of obtaining at least a post in the Academy of Medicine.

As for being simply a practitioner, he did not dream of it.

It is a very difficult task to translate this resolve into practice. The medical students of these last ten years not to engage in practice. Even the best disdained this precious resource of the exercise of their art, which alone would have assured their existence, being always ready to abandon medicine, as soon as possible, for some auxiliary science, like physiology, chemistry, or something similar. Moreover, each of them knew that by practice he could have made a reputation at the age of thirty, assured himself a more than comfortable existence at the age of thirty-five, and attained wealth at forty-five.

But our young people reason otherwise. To them the medical art is its a 40-year-old, and they hurry themselves less with the art of attending the sick than with gathering scientific materials for future physicians. They busy themselves less with the practice of their art than with the progress of learned societies.

They think that if they are students they must not renounce their loved vocation. On the contrary, they must continue it, and that is easier said than done.

Of their poverty they think little. Only when their friends are in straitened circumstances do they know about their poverty.

The necessity of an unnecessary aid without abandoning science; that is, they practice on a very small scale, and attend only such people who are really sick and as they can treat effectively. The medical students in this respect are quite sincere.

Lopopoff and Kiranoff belonged. As we know, they were to finish their studies in the current year, and in a few days it would be necessary to find a job for their patients.

For that purpose they had exterminated an enormous quantity of frogs.

Both had chosen the nervous system as a specialty. Properly speaking, they worked together, mutually aid each other. Each registered in the materials of his thesis the facts observed by both and relating to the question under consideration.

But for the present we are to speak of Lopopoff only.

At the time he went without tea and often without boots, he gave himself up to some experiments in the matter of frogs.

Such a situation is very favorable to these experiments; to say nothing of the fact that one can consider that their success is due to the fact that in cheaper to drink than to eat or dress. Lopopoff's expenses had no other causes. Now he is a life of exemplary sobriety and strictness.

Indeed, he had had many gallant adventures. Once, for example, he became a Strasbourg dancer. What should he do? He reflected, reflected again, and for a long time reflected, and at last went to find the beauty at her house. What did he say? The young woman answered: "I am married by virtue of a letter." His student's costume was easily mistaken by the servant for that of an officer's attendant or attendant.

"Give me the letter. Will you wait for a reply?"

"Such is the Count's order."

The servant came back, said to him with an aristocratic air: "I am ordered to come in."

"Ahl! it is you," said the dancing girl: "you, my ardent applicant! I often hear your voice, even from my dressing room. How many times have you been taken to the police station for your excess of zeal in my honor?"

"Twice."

"Can you enter, or indeed do you here?"

"To do you."

"Exactly; and what then?"

"I promise you, I do not promise you a Joffolet."

Well, I know what I want; I want some breakfast. See, the table is laid. Sit you down, too."

Another letter was brought. She laughed at him, and he could not help following her example. But he was young, good-looking, and had an air of intelligence; his bearing was original; so many advantages conquered the dancing girl. For him it was a great honor to be added to another to her list of adventurers.

A fortnight later she said to him:

"Now are you going?"

"I am ready; I am ready to do, but I did not dare."

"Well, then, we part friends?"

Once more they embraced each other, and separated in content.

But that was the last time. They were already at a distance since Lopopoff and Kiranoff entirely given up adventures of that sort.

"Every man for himself!" said a small way.

The professors who foresaw in him a true man of science, he saw no one outside the families where he gave lessons. And among them with what reserve! He avoided familiarity as he would the fire and water; he was cold and with all the members of these families, his pupils or course excepted.

III.

Thus, then, Lopopoff entered the room where he found at the tea-table a company of senior matrons; Voroetchka was one. He took a seat at the table, please," said Maria Alexevez: "Matrona, another cup?"

"If it is for me, I do not care for anything, thank you," replied Voroetchka.

"Matrona, we do not want the cup. (What a well-brought-up young man!) Why do you not take something? It would not hurt you."

He looked at Maria Alexevez; but at the same moment, if intentionally, his eye fell on Voroetchka, and indeed perhaps it was intentional. Perhaps even he noticed that she made a motion, in Voroetchka's manner: Could he have seen me blush?

"Thank you, I take tea only at home," he answered.

At home he was not such a horridian; he entered and bowed with ease.

"This rascal's morality may be doubted," thought Lopopoff, "but she certainly blushed at her mother's lack of good-breeding."

Voroetchka filled his tea and went out with his tutor to take his lesson.

The chief result of this first interview was that Maria Alexevez formed a favorable opinion of the young man, seeing that her sugar-bowl would probably not suffer much by the change of reasons from morning to evening.

Two days later Lopopoff again found the family at tea and again refused a cup, a resolution which drove the last trace of anxiety from Maria Alexevez's mind. But this time he saw his new houseperson, an officer, in whose presence Maria Alexevez was very humble.

"Ah! this is the tutor?" thought he.

The tutor, in accordance with the custom of his station and house, deemed it necessary, not simply to look at the student, but to examine him from head to toe with that slow and disdainful look which is permitted in people of high society.

But he was embarrassed in his inspection by the fixed and penetrating gaze of the tutor's wife. What was he doing? Was he sick?

"The medical profession is a difficult one, is it not, Monsieur Lopopoff?"

"Very difficult, sir." And Lopopoff continued to look the officer in the eye.

Storechnikoff, for some inexplicable reason, placed his hand on the second and third buttons from the top of his tunic, which meant that he was so confused that he knew not on what other way his embarrassment thus to finish his cup of tea as quickly as possible in order to ask Maria Alexevez for another.

"Do you wear, if I mistake not, the uniform of the S — regiment?"

"Yes, I serve in that regiment."

"How long since?"

"Not more than a year."

"You did enter the service in that regiment?"

"The same.

"Have you a company?"

"Not yet. (But he is putting me through an examination as if I were under orders.)"

"Do you hope to get a company soon?"

"Not very soon."

Lopopoff thought that enough for once, and left the tutor alone, after having looked rather adroitly through the glasses.

"This is curious," thought Voroetchka; "this is curious; yes, this is curious!"

This 'this curious meant: "He behaves as Serge would behave, who once came to see me."

But this time he saw her without barthian. Why does he talk so strangely of young girls? Why does he dare to say that none but indecencies love them? And... why, when they speak to him of me, does he say: "Does that not interest you?"

"Voroetchka, will you go to the piano? Mikhail Ivanvitch and I will take pleasure in listening to you," said Maria Alexevez, after Voroetchka had put her second cup back upon the table.

"Very well."

"I beg you to sing us something, Vera Pavlovna," added Mikhail Ivanvitch, gently.

"This very well means: I will do it in order to be in peace," thought Lopopoff.

He had been there five minutes, and, without looking at her, he knew that she had not placed a single place at her sister except, when obliged to answer him. Moreover, this look was like those which she gave her father and mother,—cold and not at all loving. Things were: not entirely as Fédia had described them.

But at the same time, he had thought of what this looks like in a hand, because there is no other way for her to go where she wants to go. Nevertheless she is interesting." Fédia, make haste to finish your tea," said the mother.

"Do not hurry me, Maria Alexevez; I would like to listen a little while, if Vera Pavlovna will permit.

Voroetchka took the first book of music which fell under her hand, without even looking to see what it was, opened it at hazard, and began to play mechanically. Although she played thus mechanically and, just to get rid as soon as possible of the attention of which she is the object, she was charmed with the piece with its singular art and perfect measure; before finishing she even put a little animation into her playing. "As she rose, the officer said: "But it promised you "Vera Pavlovna? If I dared, I would ask you to sing a motet from 'Rigoletto.' That winter la doma è mobile was very popular.

"Very well," said Voroetchka, and she sang "la doma è mobile, after which she rose and went to her room.

"No, she is not a cold and insensible young girl. She is interesting." Roden, was it not? "she asked.

"Yes, it was not?" said Voroetchka. "She is simply and without any look of disdain; "it is better not to be on a bad footing with spirited fellows who question you so cooly. Talk amicably with him. Why not address him without pretension, that is, without his offence?"

"Perfect!" answered Lopopoff.

"Are you versed in music?"

"Huh! Well enough."

"Are you a musician yourself?"

A happy idea entered the head of Maria Alexevez, who was listening to the conversation.

"Do what instrument do you play, Dmitry Sergueitch?" she asked.

"I play the piano.""

"Might we ask you to favor us?"

"Certainly."

He played a piece, and sufficiently well. After Alexander Maria Alexevez approached him, told him that they were to have a little company the following evening in honor of her; he declared him to be good enough to come.

"There are never very many at such companies," thought he: "they lack young people, and that is why I am invited; all the same, I go, if only to see the young girl a little more closely. There is something in her, or out of her, that is interesting.""

"I thank you," he answered, "I will be there."

But the student was mistaken as to the motive of this invitation: Maria Alexevez had an object much more important than he imagined.

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Reader, you certainly know in advance that at this company an explanation will take place between Lopukhov and Véroctha, and they will form an explanation for each other.

IV.

It had been Mariia Alexeevna's desire to give a grand party on the evening of Véroctha's birthday, but Véroctha begged her to invite nobody; one wished to make a public show, and that was the most boring part of the evening. Mariia Alexeevna, and the three young girls with whom Véroctha was most intimate.

Running his eyes over the assembled guests, Lopukhov saw that young people were not lacking. By the side of each lady was a young man, an aspirant for the title of squire or perhaps an actual squire. Lopukhov, then, had not been invited, in order to speak with them. For what reason, then? After a little reflection, he remembered that the invitation had been preceded by a test of his skill with the piano. Perhaps he had been invited to save the expense of a pianist.

"I will upset your plan, Mariia Alexeevna," thought he; so approaching Pavel Konstantinitch, he said:

"It is this time, Pavel Konstantinitch, to make up a game of cards; see how weary the old people are getting!"

"Of course!"

"As you prefer.

A game was forthwith made up, in which Lopukhov joined.

The Academy in the district of Wyborg is an institution in which card-playing is a classic. In any of the rooms occupied by the crown students it is no rare thing to see thirty-six hours' continuous playing. It must be allowed that, although the students change hands over the table, it is a very strange thing as compared with those staked in English club-rooms, the players are much more skilled. At the time when Lopukhov was short of money, he played a great deal.

"Tour a tour is good, but there will be seven of us and either one dancer will be lacking, or a lady for the quadrille."

When the first game was over, one young lady, bolder than the others, came to the student and said:

"Monsieur Lopukhov, are you going to dance?"

"Oh, one condition," said he, rising to salute her."

"What is it?"

"That I may dance with the first quadrille with you."

"Alas! I am engaged; I am yours for the second."

Lopukhov bowed again profoundly. Two of the dancers played tour a tour. He danced in the quadrille with Véroctha.

He studied the young girl, and became thoroughly convinced that he had wronged believing her a heartless girl, marrying for selfish purposes a man whom she despised.

Yet he was in the presence of a very ordinary young girl who danced and laughed with zest. Yes, to Véroctha's shame it must be said that as yet she was not a very extraordinary girl. It is true that she had the face of a princess, should she be given, but the party having been made,—a small party, without the public show which would have been repugnant to her,—she had forgotten her chagrin.

Therefore, the Lopukhov was now more favorably disposed toward her, he did not exactly understand why, and sought to explain to himself the strange feeling before him.

"Monsieur Lopukhov! I should never have expected to see you dance."

"Why? Is it, then, so difficult to dance?"

"As a general rule, I do not; for you evidently it is."

"Why is it difficult for me?"

"Because I know your secret, yours and Féda's: you love him."

"Who?"

"T-shirt! There is a very clear idea of secret. I do not disdain women, but I avoid them; and do you know why? I have a sweetheart extremely jealous, who, in order to make me avoid them, has told me her secret."

"You have a sweetheart?"

"Yes."

"I should hardly have expected that! Still a student and already engaged! Is she pretty?"

"Yes, she is a beauty, and I love her much."

"Is she a brunette or a blonde?"

"I cannot tell you. That is a secret."

"If it is a secret, keep it. But what is this secret of the women, which she has betrayed to you, to which she makes you swear?"

"I had no idea that I do not like to be in low spirits; now, since she told me her secret, I cannot see a woman without being cast down; that is why I shun women."

"You cannot see a woman without long cast down! You are not a master of the art of gallantry."

"And what would you have me say? Is not a feeling of pity calculated to cast one down?"

"Are we, then, so much to be pitied?"

"Certainly. You are a woman: do you wish me to tell you the dearest: desire of your soul?"

"Tell it, tell it!"

"How do you wish I was a man! I never met a woman who had not that desire planted deep within her. How could it be otherwise? There are the facts of life, bruising and crushing. Consequently one is in a struggle with life to have occasion to cry out: Poor beings that are we, what a misfortune that we are women! or else: With man it is not the same as with woman. or, very simply: Ah, why am I not a man!"

Véroctha smiled: "It is true; every woman may be heard saying that.

"Yes, there are a few women for whom the profoundest desire of each of them were to be realised, there would not remain a single woman in the world."

"It seems to be so," said Véroctha.

In the same way, there would not remain a single poor person, if the profoundest desire of each poor person were to be realised. Woman, therefore, are as much as much as the poor, since they have similar desires: now, who can feel pleasure at the sight of the poor? It is quite as disagreeable to me to see women, now that I have learned their secret, from my jealous sweetheart, who told me on the very day of our engagement, 'Tell them that they have been very fond of the society of women; but since I have been cured of it. My sweetheart cured me.'

"She is a good and wise girl, your sweetheart; yes, the rest of us poor women are beings worthy of pity. But who, then, is your sweetheart, of whom you speak so pathetically?"

"That is a secret which Féda will not reveal to you. Do you know that I share with this my dearest of the poor,—there may be no most poverty, and that a time may come, he or nearer or farther, when it will be abolished and when we shall know how to organise a system of justice which will not admit the exist-

"No more poor people! And I too have that desire. How can it be realized?"

Tell me. My thought has given me no information on this subject.

"You have no idea how I long to see the time when nature will share the desire of women, which is not capable of realisation, for I cannot admit that which cannot be realised. But I have another desire, the desire like a squire, who is concerned about them also, as she is concerned about many things. I might say, about all things. If women could see her acquaintances, I should no longer have the desire."

"What do you advise them then, and I would ask you to help them?"

"I am content. And the student pressed the young girl's hand, but in a manner as calm and serious as if Véroctha had been his comrade or he her friend.

" иметь!"

"Of course."

"As Mariia Alexeevna strolled around them several times during this quadrille. What idea would she have formed of their conversation, if she had heard it? We who have heard it from end to end will declare frankly that such a conversation was the result of our imagination."

Finally came the last quadrille.

"So far we have talked only of myself," began Lopukhov, "but that is not at all unpleasant for me."

"Ladies, I wish to be agreeable; let us talk about you, Véra Pavlovna. Do you know that I had a still worse opinion of you than you had of me. But now, I see, there is one thing I should like to put to you. When is your marriage to take place?"

"Never!"

"I have been certain of it for the last three hours, ever since I left the game to dance with you. But why is he treated as your affianced?"

"Why is he treated as my affianced? Why? The first reason I cannot tell you, the second I can tell you: I pity him. He loves me so dearly. You will say that I ought to tell him frankly what I think of our projected marriage; but when I do that, he answers: 'Oh! do not say that, my love.' The first reason, which you cannot tell me, I know; it is that your family relations are horrible for the present they are endurable; so one torments me; they wait, and almost always leave me alone."

"But that cannot last long. Soon they will press you. And then?"

"Monsieur Lopukhov! I should never have expected to see you dance."

"Good, very good! Now I have a request to make of you,—that you will allow me to have a few further communications, not in such a manner, for the reason that I have already told you, I cannot tell you of anything that makes one fear."

"Thank you," said Veroukhov, pressing his hand. "Do so as quickly as possible, I wish much to free myself from this humiliating and frightful situation."

"Yes, I understand: the first time I met you, you told me that you were a woman, and that you hoped that you would not fail me."

"Yes, I understand. And, above all, I wish to do so no longer, I wish it no longer! Suddenly she became transform the moment, and added: Do you think that I can say to you, if I pity him much, for he loves me so dearly!"

"He loves you? Does he love you, as I do, for 'instance? Tell me""

"You look at me in a frank and simple way. No, your look does not offend me."

"When Véra Pavlovna, it is because. ... But never mind. ... And does he look at you in that way?"

Véroctha blushed and said nothing.

"That means that he does not love you. That is not love, Véra Pavlovna."

"But, Veroukhov, did not care to finish."

"You intended to say: 'But what is it, then, if it is not love?' What is it? What will you? But who are you yourself. Do you like what I do? I do not refer now to love, but friendship."

"Really? No one. Ah, yes, I did happen to meet last night a very strange woman, which was told to me to continue in her society; we saw each other for a special purpose, and she told me, when I should have no hope left but in death, I might apply to her, but not otherwise. That woman said: 'Would you like to have her do something for you which would be disagreeable or injurious to her?'"

"Yes, I smiled. 'Of course not.'"

"No. Well, suppose it were necessary, absolutely necessary to you to should do something for her, and you should say to her: 'If I do it, I shall be disposed of.' Could you know you her poverty? Would you insist?

"I would die first."

"And you say that he loves you. Love! Such love is only a sentiment, a passion. What distinguishes a passion from a simple sentiment? Intensity."

"Yes, but, I must confess, I have always been the most to worry you: his eyes are on the outside of you, not on the inside."

"Rather die than cause her the slightest trouble or embarass her in any way! A passion speaking thus is true love. Otherwise not. Now I must leave you, Véra Pavlovna; I have said all that I had to say."
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"A free man is one who enjoys the use of his reason and his faculties; who is neither blinded by passion, nor hindered or driven by oppression, nor deceived by erroneous opinions." -Plato.

Which is the Heretic? Some time ago one of Liberty's friends in Jersey City wrote me in answer to the addresses of men in various places of the country whom the thought of being willing to canvass for subscription to "Le Révolte," the French Anarchist journal published at Geneva, and suggesting that I keep the address and terms of "Le Révolte" standing in Liberty's advertising columns. It should be added that he disclaimed any authorization from "Le Révolte" to ask these favors of me. I sent him the addresses asked for, with this message:—that, whereas Liberty was the first paper to introduce the name of "Le Révolte," to the English-speaking citizens of America and had done all it could to commend it to them by ardent praise and long and continued quotations from its columns, "Le Révolte," so far as I could remember, had never even mentioned Liberty's name, that, while I greatly admired "Le Révolte," and was very much in sympathy with its teachings, I felt that it ought to be a little more observant of the principle of reciprocity in courtesy; and that Liberty would not print a regular advertisement of "Le Révolte" unless "Le Révolte" would do the same for Liberty. My Jersey City friend answered that he would communicate my message to "Le Révolte." He evidently did so, for "Le Révolte" of June 8 contained the following among its answers to correspondents:

S. S. of Jersey City. Thanks for the addresses; we shall write to them at once. As for the journal in question, its ideas are more nearly resembling those of bourgeois society than our own; we cannot recommend it as Anarchist.

This was what I expected, but I propose to examine the paper critically, and to make this judgment:—"Le Révolte" is justifiable. Wherein does Liberty and "Le Révolte" agree? Wherein do they differ? "Le Révolte" deserts the abolition of the State. So does Liberty. "Le Révolte" deserts the abolition of slavery in all its forms. So does Liberty. "Le Révolte" would accomplish this revolution by armed insurrection and seizure of all existing wealth. Liberty, believing that this revolution must take place very largely in ideas before it can become of permanent effect in actual life, would accomplish it by starting a new economic organization, independent of the State and in violation of its laws, which should gradually expand until it should absorb so large a portion of our industrial life that its organized refusal to contribute to the support of the State would cause the State to collapse, at the same time not denying the necessity of preceding this by forcible revolution in countries where the power of the State is so absolute that the course above outlined cannot be pursued until it has been shaken and weakened by dynamite.

"Le Révolte," after the revolution, would have all wealth held and administered in common by societies of workmen. Whether Smith or Brown would produce and manufacture goods and sell them to whoever might wish to buy, and to hire John Brown to work for him for wages if it were John Brown's preference to be hired, or whether it would prevent these things by force, it has frequently been urged to say, but never has said. It asserts very loudly and frequently that it is in favor of absolute individual liberty, but it carefully and studiously avoids any sly, delegative declaration of belief in that liberty which its assertion of common property seems to entail.

Liberty, after the revolution, would double the sensibility and practicability of the communist life advocated by "Le Révolte," would stoutly maintain the right of that journal and its friends to live that life on a voluntary— that is, an Anarchist—basis, and the right of all others to live by such other principles as might seem to them more convenient, and plainly exalt their voices in praise of the contented mind. The highest virtue in their estimation is stolid resignation to "the decrees of Providence," as they are pleased to term the course of social events, and a civilized cannibalism. Coal enough is mined to warm all the houses in the cities, but it is kept by the proprietors for a rise in the market, while the miners remain idle and hungry because of over-production. There is no thought of political theocrats telling us, but "the poor man keeps his fuel while the ground is loose." An open winter is kinder to the poor than are the laws of supply and demand as misunderstood and hampered by society.

If one comfortable, well-to-do friends and able to work would try to understand why there are any poor and how poverty can be abolished, instead of congratulating the disinterested wretches on their splendid chances for picking up stray barrel-staves and shingles, while the ground is loose, to begin to enter into the spirit of the above and what I know are other French socialist journals that I know.

A Self-Explanatory Appendix.

Dear Mr. Tuckcr: I noticed the last number of "Le Révolte" and a note addressed to E. B. of Jersey City, calling an unnamed journal bourgeois, and refusing to recognize it as Anarchist.

I understand that Liberty is the paper to which reference is made. I am much more inclined to the positions of the communists of "Le Révolte." They will not tolerate anything but entire agreement with their views. It matters not that the ends they desire are not attainable as long as they can point to the way of the organizer in whatever way they fancied, simply claiming the same right for themselves—all this matter is outside the field of the communists of "Le Révolte." They are not taking a position outside the field, they are bourgeois, and must be damned; and as the next world has lost its terrors, cure must be taken to make the damnation effective now.

Yours truly,

NEWARK, N. J., June 24, 1884.

John F. Kelly.

The Blessings of Poverty.

The stolid equanimity with which the average well-to-do man meets the growing social conditions and the philosophy with which he views the poverty of others are the greatest and most exasperating obstacles in the way of social reform. Last winter I picked up one of the "better-element" Boston papers, and read an article which ran: "An open winter is favorable to the very poor, as they can pick up their fuel while the ground is loose and the weather not extremely cold." I was made tingle with indignation at first, it seemed so cruel, so utterly heartless; but afterward, it may have been written by a kind-hearted man in a spirit of pity for the poor. Still, the sentence stands as an expression of a kind of thinking done by most people on this subject of poverty; and it would be bad for the imagination of laissez-faire. Let things be as they always have been is the dictum of the comfortable better-element philosophers. In political economy they have a creed based upon the doctrine of the total depravity of society. They believe in poverty as the providentially-ordained condition of a large portion of the human race, and they regard themselves as the elect. Of course they are sorry for the poor, just as they are sorry for those who are unable to shake off the burden of original sin and are drifting rapidly hellward.

That poverty is a disease of the social system capable of being cured does not occur to them.

With the bemoanful motive of making the unfortunate contented in the position in which they have been placed by an inscrutable but doubtless well-intentioned God, these good people preach the pleasures of destitution, the simple joys of unattainable and lost bliss, and tell the poor they must not expect anything more of society than civilised cannibalism. Coal enough is made to warm all the houses in the cities, but it is kept for the proprietors for a rise in the market, while the miners remain idle and hungry because of over-production. There is no thought of political theocrats telling us, but the poor men keeps his fuel while the ground is loose. An open winter is kinder to the poor than are the laws of supply and demand as understood and hampered by society.

A Hireling's Measure of a Hero.

In the New York "Herald" of July 17 appeared the following editorial:

A WHIPPERING ANARCHIST.

Prince Kropotkine complains that he is dying in jail and pray to be released. He should have taken counsel with his friends and not with Czar Alexander. There is something inexpertly pitiful in this lament of a social outlaw. All over Europe his disciples are plotting murder. They are reading his works, and, when their courage fails them, are taking heart by reading them again. And while kings, statesmen, officers, are being marked down for assassination, the assassin's inquisitor complains he is dying of "ecstasy and moral madness of which theasinic puerに入る" is a little bravado, a little theatrical display. Then protests, tears, lamentations, and the death of a dog.

I believe in a certain system of eternal revendication for weariness from the grinding social conditions and the philosophy with which he views the poverty of others is the greatest and most exasperating obstacles in the way of social reform. Last winter I picked up one of the "better-element" Boston papers, and read an article which ran: "An open winter is favorable to the very poor, as they can pick up their fuel while the ground is loose and the weather not extremely cold." It made me tingle with indignation at first, it seemed so cruel, so utterly heartless; but afterward, it may have been written by a kind-hearted man in a spirit of pity for the poor. Still, the sentence stands as an expression of the kind of thinking done by most people on this subject of poverty; and it would be bad for the imagination of laissez-faire. Let things be as they always have been is the dictum of the comfortable better-element philosophers. In political economy they have a creed based upon the doctrine of the total depravity of society. They believe in poverty as the providentially-ordained condition of a large portion of the human race, and they regard themselves as the elect. Of course they are sorry for the poor, just as they are sorry for those who are unable to shake off the burden of original sin and are drifting rapidly hellward.
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The integrity of the moral universe itself in self-defense which some day, the fearlessness of which the "Herald" seems painfully to sense, will mark this vile scamp of a Bennett and his paid editorial whores as among the first and sweetest fruits of the revolution.

As for that noble and tender soul, Prince Kropotkin, his very mission involves the saving of such wretches as Bennett from the assassin's knife through the issuance of tracts and other moral agencies in which a pious for reason and justice is offered to avert a revolution of blood and violence. If the prostituted whelps were honest men, and the newspapers to which they would read but a few lines of Kropotkin's "Letters to Young People," as would seem that his cowardly assault is upon the very man who tried to rescue the "Herald" editorial mob and its chief from the lamp-posts which were waiting for their necks in the streets of New York.

It is not the disciples of Kropotkin who are plotting murder all over Europe. The true disciples of Kropotkin are plotting reason, passive resistance, and bloodless non-conformity, while simply asking to be let alone in the exercise of their natural rights. It is the desperate victims of a murderous social system who the "Herald" is trying to defend with lies and calumny that are plotting murder in Europe, and may yet, with the people's support and the people's support, force a revolution of blood and violence. The people's support and the people's support may yet, with the people's support, force a revolution of blood and violence.

Blustering, bravo, and theatrical display are terms which, when applied to fine and dignified Kropotkin, brand their author as a cowardly and infamous sycophant upon whom is not worth the while to waste any words outside the vocabulary of damnation. Yet Kropotkin would be the last to deny full liberty of speech to any and all, even the most obnoxious critics as this. Bennett and his prostituted tribes may yet wake up some morning and find out to whose lot the protests, tears, lamentations, and death of a dog will fall, and coveted of their stripes would be the first to call upon even the whimpering Anarchist to save them. x

Liberty and Wealth.

NEW HARMONY—LIGHT.

"The old man paused for a moment. A smile of satisfaction played across his face as he glanced in the direction of the city.

"You will pardon me, I supposed, if for a moment I indulged in the feeling of pride. Never can I return to the dawn of my long, bright day but the joy of that awakening moment thrills me again: I revivify me, so that I almost long for the divine elixir that I may become young, and live my life over again. It is so great and satisfying a pleasure to have lived and been associated with the greatest achievement that the world has known. My dear sir, what can be nobler, what aim higher than that which seeks to place the whole human family on a pedestal of power with mutual respect, a common prosperity, and liberty—that inspiration of all achievement that is great and glorious in human existence—assured to all, even the humblest!"

"But, enough of this! Let me tell you my story.

"I said to myself, "This is adversely situated for the winter. Indeed, we had enough and to spare. But we were not idle. We all agreed it was best to put in at least four hours each day at which we might call work. The rest of the time we devoted to study, to increases, each, in fact, following his or her own inclination."

"One day I said to my wife: "Is it now Paradise?"

""No," she replied, "Paradise ought to mean something possible for all the world. We get along so well because we are all so well acquainted, and have passed through a common experience. Our tribe have united as one family. But not Tom, Dick, and Harry—I mean the good, bad, and indifferent of all the world—come here, and I fear the whole of the world would be by the ears again."

"Something like this had been the thought running through my own mind. So I said to others, as I met them: "Isn't it about time to consider ourselves and our prospects a little further?" But it seemed to be the general opinion that we better let well enough alone. "Do the thing next needed," said the same. And who is going to save us the spring before, and don't look too far ahead at all."

"But it happened not long after that the thing next needed was to settle the very question which we now had pondered. A party of twenty strong in name had been up and down all over the land in New Harmony. We had done no advertising: no reporter had been to see us; but those people had heard of us, and came one thousand miles on faith. They were to see our constitution. They asked about our principle, our purposes, our aims, our principles, our aims.

"I ought to confess that our happy family was thrown at once into a state of excitement. The old Adam cropped out in a number of ways. The croakers began. Evil days were before us; let them go on, and the people call them croakers, croakers, croakers."

"At this point Warden smiled and said: "Ah, you have made a mistake in coming here, for we have somehow felt from the beginning that private individual property was a real and a needful thing. I don't know that any of us ever said so before in so many words. The question has never arisen."

"The man replied that he was somewhat astonished, in fact, much astonished, at such a declaration. He had been led to be instructed in regard to New Harmony and its institutions. He felt strongly that there must be some kind of a Providence in the journey of himself and friends. Perhaps their coming was not a mistake. If they knew just what the people of New Harmony did propose, what they believed themselves they could be happy.

""Wife whispered to me: "He's the man to frame constitutions, and so on."

""I smiled. Warden caught my eye, and looked me straight in the eye, and said: "Yes, we are here.

""Well," he said, the smile still lingering in the corners of his mouth, "we are in one sense, my friend, a prosperity-stricken people. We haven't any institutions to speak of. All we can boast are certain outgrowths of our ideals, which, for the most part, have taken care of themselves. We have, perhaps, an unwritten law, or general understanding, though no one to my knowledge has ever tried to state it. We all seem to know when we meet it, and, as yet, have had no dispute about it. It makes no difference in a general way, a question of observation, that we are believers in liberty, in justice, in equity, in fraternity, in peace, progress, and in a state of happiness here on earth for one and all, who have had common interests.

"Warden replied with a smile that the usual custom had seldom been adopted in such matters at New Harmony. There was no public property.

""Indeed!" Sangerfield exclaimed. "Whose property is this building we are in? Is it not the property of the town?"

""He was informed that it belonged to one Simeon Larger.

""Oh! you rent it of him?" said Sangerfield.

""We do," said Warden. "He is paid for the work and the house for the building, and for his trouble in taking care of it."

""Who pays him," Sangerfield asked, "if not the public? How do you raise the money? I suppose it is a tax?"

"We tax ourselves voluntarily. There is no trouble in that respect. Everyone is free to contribute according to his or her means. It is one of the points we think we have scored in behalf of liberty and public property in New Harmony is private property. Everything has an individual owner, and is under individual management. Everything represents so much labor. We know just what it has cost, as if the individual parts with it in any way, he is recompensed according to his sacrifice. He receives either so much other property, or a labor-note secured by property that has so much labor-value, or a note promising so much labor,
WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

Continued from page 4.

Vérochka shook his hand. "Well, au revoir! You do not congratulate me.

Today is my birthday."

Lopokhov gave her a singular look. "Perhaps, perhaps!" he said; "if you are not mistaken, so much the better for me!"

Thus he ambushed her. "What? so quickly, and against all expectation!" thought Vérochka, on finding herself at home, and her heart was gone. "I have only once, half an hour ago we did not know each other, and already we are so intimate! How strange! No, it is not strange at all, Vérochka. Men like Lopokhov know how to surround themselves with every kind of superficiality. It is their sweetheart who whispers such words to them. And what is strange indeed, Vérochka, is that you should be so calm. Love is thought to make men mad and emotionally unstable, but not childhood, and no painful dreams will trouble your slumber; if you dream, it will be only of childlike games or dances amid smiling faces.

To others it is not; to Vérochka it is not love itself; if there is trouble, that means something is wrong; for love itself is gay and carefree.

"Yes, it is very strange," still thought Vérochka; "about the poor, about women, about love, he told me what I had already thought."

"Where did I find it? In books."

"No; for everything in them is expressed with so much doubt and reserve that one believes she is reading only dreams."

"It is something to me simple, ordinary, inevitable in fact; it seems to me that without them life is impossible. Yet the best books present them as incapable of realization."

"Fakes Greensand, for instance; what goodness! what morality! but only dreams."

"Our novelists are so to offer nothing of the kind. Dickens, too, has these aspirations, but he knows how to realize them, to make them real; but a man, he desires, is, as one knows that it cannot come to pass. Why do they not see that life cannot continue without this new justice, which will tolerate neither poverty nor wretchedness; that it is towards such justice that we must march? They deplore the present, but they believe in its eternity, or little short of it. If they had said what I thought, I should have known then that the good and the bad are the same as before, poor and rich, and that I am alone, a poor inexperienced young girl, in this thinking and hoping for a better order!"

"So, then, I who would inspire all who know her with all these ideas and urge them to labor for their realization. This sweetheart is quite rid; but who is she? I must know her; yes, I must know her."

"Certainly, I will follow you, I have been trying to solve the problem how these people get along without governments and statesmen. To one like you, so interested in the woman suffrage and temperance movements of your time, I am sure my situation is not extraordinary.

"My very learned men call to see me often, and we have some very spirited discussions, but, although of course I will not own it, he usually gets the better of the argument. There are not a few who are seeing the true solution on his side. But in spite of that he can prove that the world can get along without governments, he can't convince me that the people are as happy as they are in the presence of this idea which you express, he can't prove to me in which you live. How can they be without the strong hand of the law to rely upon? How can they be without such great and good men as Mr. Arthur, Mr. Edwards, Mr. Loder, Mr. Long, Mr. Curts, and others like them to look out for the public welfare?"

But when I say this to Mr. De Dernain (for this is the name of my learned man, and he is quite a remarkable creature) he always asks me how the people get along without systems of government.

He said: "Five hundred years ago the world found it impossible to get along without governments, and if, five hundred years hence, these new religious governments of the priesthood were the governor of individuals and governments. It ruled states and kings and extended into the household, exerting his sway over all the minor affairs of life. It had, as you well know, these old governments that were all for the submission to it or die. You cannot have forgotten how the Huguenots were treated, how the Puritans were exiled, and how they in turn exiled and murdered the Quakers. Have you any doubt that the religious government of five or six hundred years ago was as strong as the civil government of two hundred years ago."

"Of course, I am a reasonable creature, and I was forced to tell him that I had no doubt."

But, he continued, "two hundred years ago you managed very nicely to do without any religious government,—that is, without any religious government that had power to control. You could believe the teachings of one man or set of people, and you had the choice of being a native and doing as it pleased. But now, even if that person does not succeed in bringing about the destruction of all that were all for the submission to it or die. You cannot have forgotten how the Huguenots were treated, how the Puritans were exiled, and how they in turn exiled and murdered the Quakers. Have you any doubt that the religious government of five or six hundred years ago was as strong as the civil government of two hundred years ago."

"Certainly," said Mr. De Dernain, "but religious government and religious government are things entirely different. One governs the individual through the individual, and the other alone (and such government) that it governs the individual through the community (and such government is slavery)."

"Yes," continued Mr. De Dernain, in a half-soliloquy, "your forefathers thought nothing but the religious government was right about civil government. If it were given up, all sorts of crimes would be committed, and the world would give itself up to all sorts of excesses. Murderers, robberies, and thefts, and all sorts of things would be the order of the day."

But religious government passed away, and thoughtful people saw that the world was worse; in fact, that it kept constantly getting better. People stopped wondering, How shall we get along without religion? We don't wonder now how we manage to get along without civil governments, but we do wonder how the people got along with them for so many centuries."

Suggested by that religious government was the opinion of the people during the
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earlier centuries of the world, and that without it they would never have reached that state where such government would be unnecessary.

Mr. De Mille has answered the sentiment. He said he: "You could as well say that it was a good thing for the world to believe for centuries that the earth was flat. Or you might argue that it was better for the world that the polity of Christ was not discovered until 1800. There was perhaps a splendid thing for humanity that the art of printing was unknown during the time when Greece was ages ahead of the rest of the world, but I am sure you do not take it seriously that the world would do for the Millennium. The world should have seen, as we have proved, that Anarchya would bring the Millennium."

I trust, Lysander, that you will find arguments that will answer those of Mr. De Moline. If you can, write them out for me, and I will hurl them at him. He is to expound to me how we are to govern under individual self-government. I will tell you about it in my future letters.

A POLITICIAN IN SIGHT OF HAVEN.

By AUBERON HERBERT.

[From the Fortnightly Review.]

In a small but cheerful lodging overlooking the Thames, Angus found Markham. After a few words he began to pour out his old troubles. Was it possible to act honestly with party? Had he done so an unreasonable instant sacrifice of convictions, or, indeed, learning to live without them? And then was party itself, morally speaking, better off? Would not convictions, if simply and straightforwardly followed, place the party in a better position than any parties for the richer classes, yet not go one step beyond what he believes to be just in gaining the favor of the masses? Was it not true that in other parties men were seeking power to the people, and therefore, whatever may be our own opinions, we must acquiesce in their wishes. We may dexterously pare a little of the bread at that point, but having played the power of their hands, we must accept and act upon their views. Should it happen that we can add a little semi-evangelistic enthusiasm on our own account, why, so much the better. Now, with his theory I cannot come to terms. I stick at the whole difficulty. Shall a man lock first and foremost to his own sense of what is right, or shall he follow his party?

"Jove nor God will answer it when stated in words?" replied Markham.

"If the world is to make any real improvement, does it not depend more upon the individual retroaction to see what is true, and to do, than upon any possible combination of parties?"

"To make the great thing that we hope for that a man should cherish and respect his own opinions beyond every other thing in life, so that it should be impossible for him to be led by them?"

"With a sort of style that can be more distasteful than that which a man undergoes when he allows either a party or a Church to lead him to, and in whom is in no real agreement with it? Truth to your own self-same faith or self-same party to your self? Can you intelligently debate about the choice?"

"But might he not say," urged Angus, "'the highest truth to me personally is to follow the majority, and own a sixpence of power to one of every hundred?'"

"Yes, a man might speak in that sense which accepts the Catholic theory; who is ready to say, 'I believe faith, but I make great questions himself, but may leave others to do it for him. If he alchemy give up the effort to bring this world and that higher part of himself, his own intuitions, into harmony with each other: if he be content to act without regarding the just and the true and the reasonable in all that he does, then he may use his language, and plead an easy faith and an easy devotion in excuse for obliging his own reason and making as such, as far as he is concerned, in the great plan of the world. Your words are well chosen to shame a man's soul, but they cannot alter the fact that you are not a reasonable thing, and that there is no rightful delirium from the use of your own reason."

"But is not party a necessity?" replied Angus. "Here are two great parties that are rallies for the masses. They are a rallying point, and in his sense of right, and act in complete independence of party. Suppose all the clearer-sighted and sober-minded men did this, and retired from party, would it improve matters?"

"Have a little faith, Mr. Brampton, in right for right's sake. More good will come from the best men being true to themselves than from any co-operation of theirs with the forces of evil. I believe the whole country is a little profit from his goodness which is sacrificed in order that he may work with others."

"Is not party, again urged Angus, 'a reasonable thing in itself? Is it not co-operation a natural and right means by which men unite their strength to obtain certain results?"

"Yes," Markham, "as an instrument, as means toward a distinct end. A party organized for some common purpose in which men distinctly and definitely agreed is a useful and right instrument for men to use. But you politicians, Mr. Brampton, make party an end and not a means. You do not strive to live in real harmony, but strive to live in deep harmony far more of one to a party of a shrewd with right, with wing it."

"But suppose for a moment," said Angus, "that my sense of right went entirely with the not party, and that I was the man that I was, and that all the services were done for the people I cared but little what was the exact form that they took."

"And suppose the party were divided by two rival schemes for endowing the people?"

"I probably should be guided by the wishes of the people," said Angus, hesitatingly. "That is pretty nearly the only answer which is left you. As you have dismissed your own intelligence as your guide, what else can you do but follow the wishes of the people?"

And now please to say, Mr. Brampton, however good your intentions, if you think it the right thing to be in the policy of the tax, it is a great wrong to himself and to the people, and to the conditions and circumstances of life, I cannot diagnose from myself that I can do more to this end by simply sponging the Government than by insisting on my own opinions."

If I am, you are in the wrong. If you are in the right, as regards himself to give others the keeping of his intelligence, to become in consciousness a polity as leads a semi-betrayal of the policies of some and half an involuntary subservience and denial of his own reason? Do you think that progress lies before us if we simply exchange holy mother Church for a world of democracy. If you mean, let us arrange, granted that man ought not to accept a party programme any more than they accept a Thirty-nine Articles, granted that you have said his mind out of its facility and self-government. I will tell you about it in my future letters.

JOSEPHINE.

[To be continued.]
Thus you see what we do in all instances is to exchange equivalents of labor. What nature does we do not acquire, but we adapt ourselves to it. In nature we have a common property. In laoc has what he don't

"* * * I am only nayastit, said Sangerfield, smiling. "I think we better take the houses, as you say, and then live unlearn. I think we will promise you for six months only, and then return to school. We will put ourselves under your instruction. We thought we had somewhat to teach. But it is all based on Christian principles. Here we find you arriving apparently at the same results - peace, plenty, brotherly love, on the same principles as Sangerfield. Instead of having all things in common, you have all things separate, so to speak. I can see at once that you must act to avoid a certain confusion which, I confess, has already crept into our own affairs. With your system of New Harmony broke into applause, rather demonstrative, I fear. "* * * If I said," Sangerfield continued; "it may be a small if; there may be no if at all. We will wait and see."

"At this point the old man said:" "You see I am spinning the thing out; at great length. Will; with me into the city, and tarry a few days, and you - will be interred in the continuation, we can talk at our leisure."

"I readily assented to do this proposition. The old man rose at once and led the way, taking my arm. As we went along he said: "This is no experiment. It is a practical success. What we have done, all the world may do, will do, of its own accord, one day."

[to be continued]

Free Societies.

To the Editor of Liberty:

I have received a letter from the pen of Elsie Reclus which you publish from the "Contemporary Review," our author, speaking of the various moral and sociological societies organized by reformers, says, among other things:

"Yet even were they perfection, if man enjoyed in them the highest happiness, the purpose of his existence could not be the less the obsessions to the cause of selfish isolation, of attaining a work and its pleasures and the cause of human nature. Would draw back the best of them into the great struggle."

The fundamental error in the above is the idea that the highest happiness is the aim of human nature, and yet when those have not become the objects of our efforts, if they have not shared the world."

"May they have err'd, indeed, most of them have err'd in the method of attaining the goal of human nature, but when our best is the least the more important is it to the higher.

"In the case of those who have tried to realize their own perfect happiness, their pleasures are egotistical, and devotion to the cause of humanity would draw back the best of them into the great struggle."

In every department of human activity, in the gratification of the material and spiritual natures, prosperity and peace will be the result. Peace and prosperity are the result of cooperation, not of selfish isolation. In every department of human activity, the gratification of the material and spiritual natures, prosperity and peace will be the result. Peace and prosperity are the result of cooperation, not of selfish isolation. In every department of human activity, the gratification of the material and spiritual natures, prosperity and peace will be the result. Peace and prosperity are the result of cooperation, not of selfish isolation.