On Picket Duty.

Society has no rights.

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

"A Socialist," who lately joined in the New York "Truth," "hunts for the "Society," is on the right scent when he says that the right of property as defined by Proudhon must be superseded by the right of possession.

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

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

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

Emerson has somewhere said: "If you wish to know what a boy will do, strip him naked, place him in a ten-acre lot, and set the dogs on him." We quote from memory, but give the pith of the advice. Libery will translate it into the starving martels that stand about Boston. Don't be so afraid something is going to happen that will bring you death and destruction. Strip for the contest, take all odds, defy the dogs, and be somebody.

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

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

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

The Magdeburger Zeitung reports that a young man was recently sent to Bismarck with a letter of introduction to prince, whose name is widely known, and who it is supposed was necessary to place an agent in a family where he had been engaged as private tutor, by stealing the contents of a certain threatening letter to majesty. Commenting on this young man, the "New York Volkszeitung," in a paragraph which loses half its political force by translation, says: "This patent mutton-head is just the tool whom Bismarck, the old stud-horse Wilhelm, and the whole tribe of German Philistines need to incorporate in the dangerous tendencies of social democracy, thus coming to the end of securing severer strictures on its propaganda."

Liberty is sent regularly to the Boston Public Library that it may be placed on file in the reading-room. We are informed that the trustees have voted to place it in the reading-room, but to hide it away in the recesses of the halls. Despotism is still at its old tricks. It knows that its only chance for continued existence lies in keeping the light from the people. "You shall not learn to read," said the educator, "by avoiding the light that would be put into your heads. You shall read, but nothing but lies," say capital and government to its victims. But their efforts are in vain. Light has a penetrating power that is irresistible, and is bound to make its way. Liberty will be seen and read and understood by the people as it goes on, and will eventually force its way to a place of honor on the shelves of libraries everywhere.

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

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"A free man is one who enjoys the use of his reason, and his faculties; who is neither blinded by passion, nor hoodwinked or driven by popular passion, nor deceived by erroneous opinions."—PHILO."
The Poetry of Places.

BY WILLIAM DUGLAS.

"Places," observes the dimension Pythagoreans, "are often poetical, and poetry is sometimes fond." Great hearts, like Spencer's, are frequently attended by ovals which they cannot enter; and some of them have often been overthrown by them in a still stronger attachment. Poets seldom go to law; the law generally goes to them.

The poetry of places is often very charming, sometimes even more so than the places themselves. It may be divined, as it is not in the two genres. Youdam-bizie. We shall omit the consideration of the first for the present, and proceed to examine the second. Youdam-bizie.

Like the rest of the world, the specious poet of this species of poetic co-extensiveness amply fills it for a place in the literature of a free country. Its frail and tender is its nature. Yet it has filled the imaginative minds of generations of potent and splendid heroes. It is a clause the heart of the poet and an echo in the breast of the bard. Eke, for example, the following:

There was a Miss Black in Chicago, who started a morning, and managed a newspaper.

In Sheffield, she could not earn and present.

The modesty of his life never gave a verse like that, and we have the opinion that he never will. He has, perhaps, surmounted it in mere nobleness; but poetry is more than mere music; it is sentiment rhythmical expressed. He has expressed himself in every way. His disposition is a refined and tenderly human sympathy, which, like an atmosphere, envelops and permeates the entire space, and the poets and the public.

Take another example, which I find in an Eastern paper, credited to the Chicago "Cadet-Record."

There was a young man in St. Louis, whom content in his biene, he lived for a season, but now sees his consorts, and uses his own mode of life.

This, though scarcely so delightful as the other verse, is remarkable for the intellectual grace it displays, a grace combined with noble reference of thought and "nerual" purity and depth. It evokes the classic splendor of Byron united with the thrifty grandeur of Byron: the simplicity and receptancy of Longfellow with the atmosphere and depth—therefore the refined and tenderly human sympathy, which, like an atmosphere, envelops and permeates the entire space, and the poets and the public.

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Under any circumstances an immoral tax," says Michael Davitt, boldly and truthfully. No compromise with it, then, is the only course for honest men to follow.

On the strength of the favorable symptoms in the president's case immediately following the so-called "national policy," Dr. L. W. will establish Dr. L. W.'s pulpit at "Brimstone Corner," made the rash announcement last Sunday that the prayer had been heard in heaven and speedily answered, little knowing that, as the words were leaving his lips, the wines from Long Branch were saying to the newspapers that an abscission had been preordained by the president's right lung, greatly endangering his chances for recovery. Proph. Dr. W. will hereafter maintain a judicious reserve until the final designs of Our Lord are manifested in a way that no longer leaves room for doubt.

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

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

The minister had preached an hour; then he remarked, "I know you have all been to church this morning, and some of you will be to church this afternoon."

"I think," said the lady, "that you should put up door signs."
The Agricultural Crisis.

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

To exhaust industry under the pretext ofcheapening products, to kill finance by stock-jobbing and agriculture—nanny state, reparation, and expropriation, and then to shoot, "Let a protest and encourage industry and agriculture, and improve our present agricultural products to present certain men who treat French labor as a simple stock-exchange value and speculate by turns on the property and ruin of a great nation."

In that which overruns more particularly agriculture and the protection which it needs we know what eclectics are made by farmers and especially by large landowners, who, to the exclusion of other country people, have a voice in the matter. Now playboys—politics have been great companions of the crooks. And the government promises a decrease of the land tax, agricultural instruction, agricultural credit, etc., which sounds very well in the framework of a program.

It is beyond question that agriculture to-day is passing through a crisis. What is its intensity and what is its cause? Generally, in judging the state of agriculture, attention is paid to comparisons of statistics taken at different times, and the error of consulting statistical tables alone and of considering only the quantity of product or value of products, without reflecting whether the growth of the products is due to an increase in the labor, and labor is measured but that we must rather ask what the twenty millions of French peasants live from labor, if, on the contrary, they do not spend that part of their wages which is paid to them? Labor is not to be measured by the amount of work done, but by the value of what the labor produces which he has doubled? On this point the Revolution did not complete its work, its principles asserted to augment the property of the workers, and to the rules of the governments they build autonomy; but, to create labor, they are insatiable. The Revolution abolished the personal iniquity of rights; real insolvent, and it has been forgotten that privilege is absolute in a society where none can consume without working while others must labor without hope. "The Liberty of the workman is the problem," said Francois, "is the right to labor—what else is it to starve? Liberty now is not alone but the stragglers."  

It is then outside of the R-revolution itself and by declaring itself the absolute principle of the Revolution, the social reform did not study and accomplish, that social science must henceforth do its work. In place of the feudalism of the nobility that it is to make their toil more effective, more they are made to realize the value of labor more powerful than the other. Industry has led to industrialism; so agriculture indolence to industrialism; the machine will destroy the workman and be the source of his destruction, and liberty now is not alone but the stragglers. If the workman no longer believes that there is a right to toil and the workman has no longer than the workman that he is to starve!  

The Farce of Popular Sovereignty.

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

"A fresh act of absolutism on the part of the Bourgeoisie. The regime has passed from the left to the centre, the hollowness of universal suffrage is still a little need that the governing classes may carry with them the pretended sovereignty of the people when they find it for their interest to do so."

In the p-7, no doubt, that too long an electoral period, by raising every question in domestic and international politics and exciting public opinion, would shun that "all the looks," the hollowness of universal suffrage is still a little need that the governing classes may carry with them the pretended sovereignty of the people when they find it for their interest to do so."

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