On Picket Duty.

Every person who has been misled by Henry George's defense of interest should read William H. Robert's article in the September number of the "Liberty". He is a man of rare energy and a writer of great talent, and once had the honor of being seen next to his publisher, engrossed in a conspiracy against the life of Napoleon III., to say nothing of numerous imprisonments for his services in the cause of Liberty.

Liberty is asked by a friend to answer this question: "What is a monopolist?" Here is the answer: A monopolist is any person, corporation, or institution whose right to engage in any given pursuit of life is secured, either wholly or partially, by any agency whatsoever, whether the nature of things or the force of events or the decree of arbitrary power, against the influence of competition.

Trade unions are wholly non-political, says Ben Butler. This would be important, were it only true, but I am sorry to say it is very far from the truth. Trade unions are largely composed of men who imagine that there is relief from injustice in the ballot-box, and many of them believe Ben Butler when he tells them they can secure their rights by voting for him. When the members of trade unions learn that their emancipation from slavery to capital depends upon their being wholly non-political, there will be some hope for them.

The extract from "Die Zukunft" in another column shows that that paper and Liberty are substantially at one. But when Liberty, in answering "Le Riviste," said that the revolution must take place largely in ideas before it can produce its permanent effects in actual life, it used the word revolution in the larger sense that involves a fundamental change in our industrial, economic, and social systems. It by no means intended to undervalue the single revolutionary acts defended by "Die Zukunft," which it regards, in certain exigencies, not only as justifiable, but as highly useful in bringing about that revolution in ideas which is of prime necessity. "Die Zukunft" is requested to note this important distinction.

Bakounine's "God and the State" belies fair to receive the universal circulation that it deserves. Through its publication in the San Francisco "Truth," and through the large sales, both in this country and England, of my own translation, of which several editions have already been exhausted, it has been read by my thousands of English-speaking people. It is gratifying to know that the Germans, who need its truths more perhaps than people of any other nationality, are now to have an opportunity of knowing them through the enterprise of "Die Zukunft," which is publishing it serially with a view to the later appearance in pamphlet form. The people of Spain are being similarly favored by the "Revista Social." Whether there is an Italian edition or not I do not know. If not, there probably soon will be.

A sign of the times. An eight-page Texan daily and the most influential in that State, the Galveston "News," is filling its editorial page with articles that, though not professedly Anarchistic, are really so. Some questions of the day, and for that purpose alone, are allowed to use them, which is a phenomenal thing in daily journalism.

A new paper about the size of Liberty has begun to come monthly from Clinton, Iowa. It is called "Foundation Principles," costs fifty cents a year, and is edited by Lois Walchmeyer. One of its foundation principles is that all gain coming from the use of natural wealth belongs to the people through whom labor is secured, and not to some other claimant—though no man nor set of men has the moral right to hold land not in actual use from those who need it, and that rent taken for the use of such land is robbery, and illegal when measured by the law of natural justice. Holding this, "Foundation Principles" interests me and so far commands my approval. It is intensely earnest and in a degree intelligent. But its editor will try in vain, as others have before him, to distract the attention of any great number of her fellow-Spiritualists from the "summertime," and her own ardent interest in this earth and its welfare will not be used to the best advantage until she learns that all government of man by man is tyranny. In this direction, however, there is hope, for I observe that she is reading Proudhon. No one can read Proudhon carefully and intelligently and still cling to Joel Barnewell's reactionary fallacy in major rule as a means of securing justice.

How the light does spread! An order came to this office a few days ago from Nanaimo, British Columbia, accompanied by the cash, for twenty dollars' worth of the various pamphlets advertised in Liberty. James Young, who sent the order and whom I have been a workman representing himself and a few of his company, wrote as follows: "The pamphlets are wanted not for sale, but for gratuitous circulation. We mean to educate public opinion here up to the necessity of dealing with burning questions...." The pamphlets are used not for sale, but for gratuitous circulation. We mean to educate public opinion here up to the necessity of dealing with burning questions.

Accordingly two hundred and eighty-two pamphlets were sent at wholesale rates. Judging from past experience, I estimate that this lot of pamphlets, if wisely distributed, will make a bit cent converts to Anarchism. That's at the rate of two dollars a convert. Very cheap missionary work! If you don't believe it, ask the Christian church. The supporters of that institution pay as high as ten thousand dollars apiece for the salvation of souls. Should not Anarchists, then, who can spread their gospel so much more cheaply and effectively, improve every opportunity to do so? Let laboring people everywhere follow the example of our brave British Columbia friends in educating public opinion. That would not be better than wasting their limited means in sustaining comparatively useless strikes and utterly miscellaneous political parties? Oh, but I have some short-sighted operative explain, "We cannot waste money in education." Yes, you can, indirectly. That is to say, you can feed your children on what you produce if you are allowed to keep it, and public opinion, once educated, will see that it is no longer stolen from you.

One by One They See the Light.

To the Editor of Liberty:

Enclosed you will find one dollar to pay for Liberty. I am well satisfied with your effort to make your paper instructive, and I hope you will long continue to live and improve it. I shall always feel myself under obligations to you for the new ideas I have got from it. Through reading the "National Reformer," twenty years ago I was enabled to shake myself free from the dogmas of the church, and through reading Liberty I think I can see how all laws and governments of human creation can be abolished and the human race be benefitted. Since I commenced to read your paper, I have come to the conclusion that they are not all liberals who profess to be. They are like the church people; they say: "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther."
WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

A ROMANCE.

By N. T. K. HENRYCHERWSKY.

Translated by Tanj. R. Tucker.

Continued from No. 49.

"I am very glad for Malmedoiselle Rosalsky. Life in her family was so pain-
ful to her that she would have been contented in any family at all endurable. But I never should have been able to find it at all in Paris!"

"Yes, N. told me that her family life was very bad."

"Very bad indeed!" and Lopokhov told Madame B. such facts as she would never have been able to afford to give away in dark cellars as no kind to her.

The two women had something that would give her pain by reminding her of her former troubles. Madame B. listened with much interest, and finally, grasping her hand, she said to her:

"Enough, Monsieur Lopokhov! I shall have a nervous attack; and at my age of forty-four, it would be ridiculous to show that I cannot yet listen in cold blood to a story of fami... yar... which from my suffering so much when young."

"Permit me to say another word; it is of so little importance that perhaps it is not necessary to speak of it. Nevertheless it is better that you should be in-
formed. She is flewing from a suitor whom her mother wishes to force upon her.

Madame B. became thoughtful, and Lopokhov, looking at her, in his turn be-
came thoughtful too.

"This circumstance, if I mistake not, seems of more importance to you than to me?"

Madame B. seemed utterly disconcerted.

"Pardon me," he continued, seeing that she did not know what to say,

"but I perceive that you regard this as an obstacle."

"Yes, it is a very serious matter, Monsieur Lopokhov. To leave the house of her parents against their will would alone be certain to cause a grave quarrel. But, as I have already told you, that might be overlooked. If she only ran away from her coarseness and tyranny, that could be settled with them in one way or another. In the last extremity a little money would set everything right. But when such a mother forces a marriage, it is evident that the actor is rich, very rich in fact."

"Evidently," said Lopokhov in a very sad tone.

"Evidently! Monsieur Lopokhov, he is rich, evidently, that is what has disconcerted me. Under such circumstances the mother could not be satisfied in any way with a marriage which held_her to a condition which would be a great obstacle."

"There is nothing further to say except to ask you to forget all that I have said to you."

"No, no, stay. I wish first to justify myself in your eyes. I must seem to you very bad, I know. I should not wish to make you think that your decisions are not right. I wish that you were not right! Then I could tell you that we failed to come to an agree-
ment, that you did not suit me. That would be nothing, and we should still re-
tain the same good will, and will give place to reaching the deliverance as soon as possible."

"What have you just said in your justification was needless. I remained in order that I might not seem illiterate and that you might not think that I blame you or anything of the kind. If I did not know that you are right! Here I wish you were not right! Then I could tell you that we failed to come to an agree-
ment, that you did not suit me. That would be nothing, and we should still re-
tain the same good will, and will give place to reaching the deliverance as soon as possible."

"Pardon me, but I believe that you regard this as an obstacle."

"What shall I say to her?"

"What shall I say?"

"I wish not to say it to her?" repeated Lopokhov, as he went down the stairs.

"What will she do? What will she do? I think he, as he turned from the Rue Galierans into the street leading to the Boulevard Komno-Gvarelsky.

It goes without saying that Madame B. was not as entirely right as the man who classifies the moon to a child. In view of her position in society and her hus-
band's powerful connections, it was very likely, and even certain, that if she had really wished Vérootchka to live with her, Maria Alexevna would have been un-
able to prevent it or even to cause any serious trouble either to herself or to her husband, who would have been officially responsible in the matter and for whom Madame B. was afraid. Madame B. would simply have been put to a little inconvenience, perhaps even to a disagreeable interview or two; it would have been necessary to demand such protections as people generally prefer to utilize in their own behalf. What prudent man would have taken any other course than the one which she and he were about to do?"

"No, on the other hand," said Lopokhov, wrong in despairing of Vérootchka's deliverance.

XIV.

For a long time, a very long time, had Vérootchka been sitting on the bench at the place agreed upon, and many times had her heart begun to beat faster as she saw in the distance a military cap.

"At last, it is coming! It is coming! My friend!" She rose suddenly and ran to meet him. Perhaps he would have regained his courage by the time he reached the bench, but, being taken unawares, he could show only a gloomy countenance.

"Unsuccessful?"

"Yes!"

"And it is a failure? How did it happen? For what reasons? Speak, my friend."

"Let us go."

"Tell me directly. I cannot bear to wait. Do I understand that it is neces-
sary to devise some new plan and that your first plan is not at all feasible? Is it then, impossible for me to be a governess? Oh! unfortunate that I am!"

"You are not to be deceived! Yes, then, it is impossible. That is what I inten-
ded to tell you, but patience, patience, my friend! Be firm. Whoever is firm always succeeds at last."

"Yes, my friend, I am firm: but it is hard!"

"They walked for some time without saying a word."

Lopokhov saw that she had a bundle under her cloak.

"I beg you," said he, "my friend, allow me to carry that."

"No, no, it does not trouble me: it is not at all heavy."

Again silence was resumed, and they walked for a long time.

"If you knew, my friend, that I have not slept for joy since two o'clock this morning, that I have been in my room, and been cured of paralysis, and we were so happy at being able to run freely in the fields! Aha! my dream, is not realized. And I, who thought to go back to the house no more.

"My friend, let me carry your bundle; you cannot keep its contents secret from me."

"How more they walked in silence."

"All was so arranged," said Lopokhov, at last, "you cannot leave your parents against their will. It is impossible, impossible. . . . But give me your arm."

"No, do not be troubled; this veil stiffens me, that is all."

She raised her veil.

"Ah! I am better now."

"How pale she is! My friend, do not look at things in the worst light: that is not what I meant to say to you: we shall find some means of accomplish-
ing all."

"What! accomplishing all! You say that, my friend, to console me. There is nothing in it."

"It is not so. That you regard this as an obstacle.

"What will she do? How pale she is! There is a way, my friend."

"What way?"

"I will tell you, when you are a little calmer. You will have to think it over cooly."

"Tell me directly. I shall not be calm until I know."

"No, you are getting excited again; now you are in no condition to come to a serious decision. Some time hence . . . Soon. . . . Here are the letters. As you see my friend, as I find you in a condition to give me a cool answer, I will tell you the rest."

"When, then?"

"Day after to-morrow, at the lesson."

"That is too long."

"I will come to-morrow expressly."

"No, sooner."

"This evening."

"No, I will not let you. Come in with me. You say I am not easy enough, I am sure, I am sure. But I have said, and you see that you are not. After dinner mamma is going out, and we can talk."

"But how can I go in? If we enter together, your mother's suspicions will be aroused again."

"May I know what matters it? No, my friend, that is still another reason why you should go in. My veil is raised, and perhaps I have been seen."

"You are right."

XV.

Maria Alexevna was much astonished at seeing her daughter and Lopokhov come in together. She fixed her piercing eyes upon them.

"I have come, Maria Alexevna, to tell you that I shall be busy day after to-
morrow, and that the journey here is not suitable for a venerable lady, but that you shall see that I am calm. After dinner mamma is going out, and we can talk."

"Indeed! What is the trouble, Dmitry Sergéitch? You are very sad. Have they come from a lovers' meeting? Are you going to quarrel with us, and, if so, shall you see that I am calm."

"I am very tired and weary. I should like to rest a little."

"Is it possible? Dmitry Sergéitch, how can you quarrel with her parents? I had a better opinion of you."

"One can do nothing with such a family. They demand unheard-of impossi-
bilities."

"That is another thing, Dmitry Sergéitch. One cannot be generous with everybody: it is necessary to keep within bounds. If that is the case, and if it is a question of money, I cannot blame you."

"Pardon my importance, Maria Alexevna, but I am turned so completely ap-
prehensive by the undertaking that I am not able to think of anything else."

"Or do they simply mean to pay for your share of the dinner? At Dencher's! It must be something nice, then?"

"Lopokhov, without even raising his eyes, drew from his pocket a cigar case, and, taking from it, a piece of paper on which he had written a note, began to write upon it with a pencil."

"May I ask you what wine you prefer, Maria Alexevna?"

"To tell the truth, Dmitry Sergéitch, I do not know much about wine, and
seldom drink it; it is not becoming in women." (One really sees from a glance at your face that you do not generally take it.)

"You are quite right, Maria Alexvna. But I have a little maraschino do not mix any herm; it is not a wine. Permit me to order some.

"What sort of wine is that, Dmitry Sergueitch?"

"Oh! It is not exactly wine, it is more a syrup." Drawing a bill from his pocket, he continued: "I think that will be enough," and after having looked at the order, he added: "But, to make sure, here are five roubles more.

It was three weeks ago, Dmitry Sergueitch. No matter, there was nothing else to be done; Maria Alexyvna must be generously dealt with.

Maria Alexyvna's eyes glinted with excitement, and the gentiles of smiles unconsciously stole from her face.

"Is there also a confectioner's near here? I do not know whether they keep walnut cake ready made, in my opinion, that is the best kind of cake, Maria Alexyvna. Or do they not keep it, we will take what they have. It will not do to be too particular.

He went into the kitchen, and sent Matrena to make the purchases.

"We are going to be late today, Maria Alexyvna. I desire to drown in wine my quarrel with her parents. Why should we not feast? My sweetheART and I are getting on so well here. In any case, we shall no longer live in this way; we shall live gaily; am I not right, Maria Alexyvna?"

"You are quite right, little father, Dmitry Sergueitch. That is why you scatter money so recklessly. Suddenly I thought that I caught a glimpse of you man. Perhaps you have received some earnest money from your sweetheart?"

"No, I have received no earnest money, Maria Alexyvna, but if one has some present purchase, one must not amuse himself. Earnest money! There is no need of an earnest marriage. The affair must be as clear as day; otherwise suspicions will be excited. And, moreover, such things are degrading, Maria Alexyvna."

"Such things are degrading. Dmitry Sergueitch, you are right; such things are degrading. In my opinion one ought always to be above such things!"

"You are quite right, Maria Alexyvna. They passed the three-quarters of an hour which they had to wait for dinner in agreeable conversation on lofty matters. Among other things, it was very good.

Dmitry Sergueitch had said that the preparations for his marriage had been progressing finely of late. And when Vera Pavlovna's marriage took place?

On that point Maria Alexyvna can say nothing, for she is far from desiring to coerce her daughter.

"That is just, if my observations are correct, she will soon make up her mind to marry; she has said nothing to me about it, but I have eyes in my head. We are a pair of old foxes, Maria Alexyvna, not easily to be entrapped. Although, for the time being, I am an old fox just the same; am I not an old fox, Maria Alexyvna?"

"Truly you are, my little father; you are a cunning rogue."

This agreeable and effective interview with Maria Alexyvna thoroughly revived Lopoukhov. What had become of his sorrow? Maria Alexyvna had never seen him in such a mood. Making a presence of going to her room to get a pocket-handkerchief, he again and again said that he had cost twelve roubles and fifty copecks.

"We shall not drink more than a third of that at dinner," thought she.

"And a whole bottle and half for tea after dinner. Truly, it is the drinking people who make up the window of the confectioner's; to thank a cake to that! But it will keep; we can use it instead of confectionary to regale the gossips with."

All this time Voerotchka remained in her chamber.

"Did I do right in making him come in? Mamma looked at him so steadily!"

"In what a difficult position I have put him! How can he stay to dinner?"

"O my god, what is to become of me?"

"There is a way, he told me; alas! no, dear friend, there is none."

"Yes! there is one: the window.

"If she is too burdensome, I will throw myself out."

"Is that a singular thing for me to say: if life should become too burdensome, and is my life now so easy?"

"To sit on the edge of the window! One falls so quickly; yes, the fall is as rapid as flight; and to fall on the sidewalk, how hard and painful it must be!"

"Perhaps there is only the shock, a second after which all is over, and before the fatal moment you are going through the air which opens softly beneath you like a sea, and if I have not been a good man, if I have not been a good man, if I have not been a good man."

"But then? Everyone will rush to look at the broken head, the crushed face, bleeding and soiled. If, before leaping, you could only sprinkle the spot where you are to fall with the whitest and purest snow, all would be well."

"The face would not be crushed or soiled, nor would it wear a frightful aspect."

"Oh, I know; in Paris unfortunate young girls suffocate themselves with carbon dioxide. That is good, very good. To throw yourself out of the window, no, that is not fitting. But suffocation, that is the thing, that's the thing.

"How do they talk? What are they saying? What a pitiful I cannot tell what they say!

"I will leave a note telling all."

"How often on my birthday when I danced with him! I did not know what true love was.

"After all, the young girls of Paris are intelligent. Why should I not be as loveless as they are? It will be comical: they will enter the chamber, they will be unable to see anything, the room will be full of carbon dioxide, the air will be thick, they will be frightened. What has happened? Where is Voerotchka?

Mamma will send Pops: "What are you waiting for, imbibe? Break the windows!" They will break the windows, and they will see: I shall be seated newfangledly on the iron table, my face buried in my hands. "Voerotchka! Voerotchka! I shall not repent."

"Voerotchka... why do you not answer? Oh, God, she is suffocated. And they will say so in the street. Oh, no; no, no, they will be very comical, to see them weep, and Mamma will tell everybody how much she loved me.

"But he, he will pity me. Well, I will leave him a note."

"How often under the fashion of the poor girls of Paris. Yes, I will certainly do it, and I am not afraid.

"And what is there to be so afraid of? I will go home, I will only wait until he tells me the way of the Ways! Who cares? There is no need. He said that simply to calm me.

"What is the use of calming people when there is nothing to be done? It is a great error. In spite of all his wisdom, he has acted as any other would. Why? He was not obliged to."

"What is he saying? He speaks in a gay tone, and as if he was joyful.

"Can he, indeed, have found a way of salvation?"

"It does not seem possible.

"But if he had nothing in view, would he be so gay?"

"What can he have thought of?"

Voerotchka, come to dinner! cried Maria Alexyvna.

Pavel Konstantinitch had just come in, and the cake had been on the table for some time. Voerotchka, the confectioner, but one of Matrena's, a cake stuffed with meat, left over from the day before.

"Maria Alexyvna, you have never tried taking a drop of brandy before dinner? It is very good, especially this brandy made from bitter orange. As a doctor, I advise you to take some. Taste of it, I beg of you."

"No, no, thank you." But, as a doctor, I prescribe it for you?"

"The doctor must be obeyed, but only a small glass of.

"A halfglass! We it would not be worth while.

"And yourself, Dmitry Sergueitch?"

"If Old as I am? I have made oaths..."

"But it is very good; And you are right. Why did I tell you? I am not ordinary."

"But he is very gay. Can there really be a way? How well he acts toward her, while he has not a glance for me! But it is all strategy just the same."

They seated themselves at the table.

Here, Pavel Konstantinitch and I are going to drink this ale, are we not? Ale is something like beer. Taste, Maria Alexyvna."

"If you say that it is beer, why not taste of it?"

"What a lot of bottles! Oh, I see now! How fertile is the in a month!"

("He does not drink, the cunning rogue. He only carries the glass to his lips. That is extraordinary."

After he had united Michka and Verka, I will abandon brandy, and drink only this ale. He will not get drunk; he does not even taste of it. So much the better for me! There will be the more his earnings."

"But yourself, why do you not drink, Dmitry Sergueitch?"

"Oh, I have drunk: but, in my time, Maria Alexyvna. And I have drunk will last me a good while. When labor and money failed me, I drank: now that I have labor and money, I need wine no longer, and am gay without it."

"The confectioner's cake was brought in.

"Does Matrena Stepanovna, have there to go with this?"

"Directly, Dmitry Sergueitch, directly," and Matrena returned with a bottle of champagne.

"Vera Pavlovna, you have not drunk, nor have I. Now then let us drink too. To the health of your sweetheart and mine?"

"What is that? What can he mean?" thought Voerotchka.

"Come, then! Is it yes, Vera Pavlovna? Say yes, then," said Voerotchka.

"Brevvo! Vera Pavlovna, your mother was doubtful; you have said yes, and all is settled. Another toast. To the earliest possible consummation of Vera Pavlovna's marriage! Drink, Vera Pavlovna! Be not afraid. Let us touch glasses. To your speedy marriage!"

"Please, God! Please, God! I thank you, Voerotchka. You console me, my daughter, in my old age!" said Maria Alexyvna, wiping away the tears. The English ale and the champagne, and the champagne having deceived her experience, she greatly grew weaker and weaker. For so sumptuous a repast she had ordered Matrena to bring the same, and when dinner was over, it was brought only for her and Lopoukhov. And so she pretended, that she wanted no tea, had retired to her room. Pavel Konstantinitch, like an ill-bred person, had gone to lie down as soon as he had eaten, and Dmitry Sergueitch had drunk slowly; he was at his second glass when Maria Alexyvna, completely used up, pleaded an indisposition which she had felt since morning, and withdrew to go to sleep. Lopoukhov told her not to trouble herself about him, he had been alone and went to sleep in his arm-chair after drinking his third glass.

"He too, like my treasure, has entered into the Lord's vineyard," observed Matrena, over her. My friends! Vera Pavlovna," said Maria Alexyvna, "pardon my boldness. You remember our toast; now, as husband and wife cannot be separated, you will be free."

"My dear friend, it was for joy that I wept when you entered." He took her hand and covered it with kisses.

"You, then, me your deliverer from the cellar of my dreams? Your goodness equals your intelligence. What did this thought occur to you?"

"When we danced together."
Liberty.

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"A free man is one who enjoys the use of his reason and his faculties; he is neither blinded by passion, nor hindered or deformed by oppression, nor deceived by erroneous opinions." - PROVERBS.

The Foundations of Trade.

In a Connecticut court, some time ago, a man was tried for obtaining money by false pretences. He had sold some diamonds which the buyer took to be old mine stones, but which, when wassailed, proved to be Cape diamonds and not worth the price paid. The judge, whose name was Denning, discharged the man, and gave his reasons for so doing in these words:

"If a seller knows of a defect in his goods and does not reveal it, he may be and probably is guilty of a moral fraud, but this moral fraud has not yet grown into a legal fraud. There must be an actual fraud in the law defining it as a fraud, if a seller is to disclose all that he knows; if it did, it would sap the foundation of trade.

I am to dole to the candor of the judge who so freely admits that the law has failed in all these centuries of years to get itself into complete accord with right, when the claim of jurists, legislators, and rulers over the world is that the law is the crystallization of human wisdom, and that it is "as necessary and means of our being as the principle, or rather the lack of principle, which lies at the foundation of the disorderly system of exchange called trade. All our buying and selling is based upon fraud. The best business man is he who best conceals his fraud. He has his "code of honor," and he has his system of artificial exchange of goods. In the name of liberty, he sells his goods at less than their value, and sells them for more than their cost. To eliminate moral fraud from the system of exchange would, in the opinion of a learned judge, sap the foundation of trade. It would make the cost of the little things by which man lives in this world so high that it is inexpedient for one man to cheat another. And such a condition of business, thinks the learned judge, would be incompatible with the prosperity of traders. The traders themselves think that same thing, or rather they imagine that if they would follow honest dealing they would do no think at all. If they could be induced to think without prejudice on this subject of exchange, they would see that the great moral fraud which pollutes all the channels of commerce is the monopoly of our business men that they agree to pay more money to the government. Every existing bank of issue is a legalized fraud. It issues money which is a fraud - on the people, and cheats them by charging them interest for service which is wholly imaginary. When the bank gets four per cent. interest, it swindles the borrower out of three and one-half per cent., for the cost of its service is not more than one-half of one per cent. The merchant who borrows of the bank must figure the interest in the cost of his goods, and the merchant who figures the interest must get the same.

And so everybody cheats everybody else, until the process gets down to the laborer, who has to bear the burden without being able to shift it. That any honest condition of trade is possible does not occur to the merchant, who sees that, in order to steer clear of bankruptcy, he must practice the moral fraud which the law sanctions. If the merchant would take the trouble to read the series of articles on "Liberty and Wealth" written by H. - for Liberty, he would discover how banking and trading can be carried on without fraud, moral or active, and would learn that the foundations of trade itself are not to be caressed by full disclosure of the truth about everything connected with a business man's affairs.

Anarchism, True and False.

There seems to be no end of those singularly ordered minds who can conceive of no r-printical system of reform excepting something to be torn down, ripped up, blown to pieces, or annihilated after some terrible fashion. "These people will have it that, the time is ripe, the hour is near, the hour is ripe, upon leveling down all existing institutions. They see blood in his eyes and dynamite in his boots as the only solution: "Well, what do you propose to substitute in their place, after you have leveled down all existing institutions?"

The philosophy of Anarchism has nothing whatever to do with violence, and its central idea is the direct antithesis of levelling. It is the very levelling purpose itself projected by republican institutions on a small scale, by the use of the root and branch, to universal suffrage, that most unclesheerish levelling element of republics. Its chief objection to the existing state is that it is largely communalistic, and all communism rests upon an artificial attitude to level things, as against a social development resting upon untrammeled individual sovereignty. Sited to its elements, the government of the United States is after all nothing but a mild form of State Socialism. The true Anarchist declines it largely in accordance with his attitude to all manner of artificial levelling machines. How pitiful the ignorance which accuses him of wanting to level everything, when the very integral thought of Anarchism is opposed to levelling.

Unfortunately for the integrity of true Anarchistic thought, there is a class of ranting enthusiasts who foolishly call themselves Anarchists, but who

The Morality of Mediation.

There is war between France and China, waged by the former to extend her power and gain control of trade, and by the latter for self-protection. So long as they damage only each other and convert only Frenchmen and Chinese in fertilizing material, the world looks on unmoved, and lifts not a finger to stop the wholesale murder. But let them warmen into a war of extermination, and all the great nations will arise in righteous indignation and demand that the unholy conflict be stopped. The species of "morality" which is at the bottom of the proposition that the quarrel be settled by mediation, was described by Mr. Francis H. Hildreth, in the New York "Herald," editorial on the subject. The Herald says the cost to China must be reckoned in human lives, "for these Chinese have a deplorable habit of gathering in fongs, about a thousand or two thousand together. Then the invaders come and kill them all, resisting to the last." This great mirr of modern civilization then goes on to compare China to an apartment house, in which all nations are tenants, and France to a tenant having a row with the landlord and permitting the mediation company to settle nothing short of violence. Herr Most boldly accepts the situation; hence he would destroy and confiscate property by whatever methods might seem effective, sparing not the torch, dynamite, or any of the terrible devices of Plut. He would assassinate rich men, chop up the wholesales, and drive all enemies of his schemes from the earth. When the morning sun of successful revolution shall rise, he would then organize all the concerns of men into communes and level all property. Herr Most decries Mr. Hildreth as a "Smash-er," or as a "Bête de Meun." He expresses the very methods of remodelling our organisations which is the bottom purpose of Anarchism to protest against. All Communism, under whatever guise, is the natural enemy of Anarchism, and a Communist sailing under the flag of Anarchism is as false a figure as could be invented.

The Anarchist does not want to destroy all existing institutions with a crash and then inaugurate the new order of things in the vacuum which would be left after the collapse of the government. He still remains on the opposite corner. He asks the privilege of establishing a private post office in fair competition with the governmentally established one. He asks to be let alone in establishing his titles to the soil by free control of his occupation, and he has been hampere by vested rights which were designed to keep the masses landless. He asks to be allowed to set up his domestic relations on the basis of free love in peacetime competition with ecclesiastically ordered love, which is a crime against Nature and the destroyer of love, order, and harmony itself. He asks not to be taxed upon what has been robbed from him under a machine in which he has practically no voice and no choice. In short, the Anarchist asks for free trade, free love, free land, and the right to free competition with the existing order at his own cost and on his own responsibility - liberty.

Is there any violence in all this? Is there artificial levelling? Finally, is there any want of readiness to substitute something that we condemn? No, all we ask is the right to peaceably place Liberty in fair competition with privilege. Existing governments are pledged to defy this. Herein will reside the coming struggle. Who is the victor? The only victor in this struggle, the Anarchist, simply asking to be let alone in mining his own business, or it is the power which, aware that it cannot stand on its own merits, violently perpetuates itself by crushing all attempts to test its efficiency and pretensions through peaceful rivalry?"
our business to interfere when you thrash him. It is the fashion now to rob, swindle, and abuse those who are unable to protect themselves. Force is the only moral law we recognize. But beware how you interrupt the flow of commerce, which is of more importance than your own little fortune or honor. Our Capital,

Liberty and Wealth.

VIII.

THE NEW HARMONY: SMITH'S CONVERSION.

I called at the Smiths' by appointment to finish my account of New Harmony. Smith gave me a great surprise. Without a greeting of any kind, not even asking me to sit down, he pulled a crumpled paper out of his pocket, and said:

"Wife and I have talked it thoroughly over, and,

Strangely enough, we agreed on the following three things:"

I sank into a chair; he did the same, and the wife entered with her knitting.

He proceeded to explain:

"1. The country needs a uniform currency, not a legal-tender, but an equitable-tender. The Greenback theory of National money is suicidal. No currency can be the currency of the people unless the people are the actual accept or reject at any moment.

2. What is wanted is government circulation of money to be established credit. In other words, it must be redeemable. There must be substantial security, so that every individual receiving it is assured that he is not holding only a bit of paper which has neither author, father, uncle, aunt, or cousin, so responsible, or relative he can reach.

3. Money must not be leisured with the responsibility and security indefinitely understood and approachable as a choice of the impossible. Neither government nor favored individuals must be able to claim any other monopoly than they can establish by virtue of these two conditions: security and cheapness."

Mr. Jonathan Smith handed me the slip of paper when he had concluded the reading, and remarked:

"You can keep that as a landmark."

And Mrs. Smith added: "You will credit us with having made some progress in the last few days."

The couple were the last of a long line of people who have noted, in the other night after you left, and wife and I have talked a steady stream ever since. It was as if I had suddenly turned a corner of the street I'd been traveling all my life, and a new idea revealed itself. From that moment, the whole business has fallen into shape, and we haven't disputed a word since. We thought we had started life together, Sarah and I, twelve years ago; but it was a mistake. We've been traveling different roads ever since. Now, for the first time, we're together, because our minds go to- together. Sarah, I must own, got the start of me. She tumbled, as the boys say, to the idea, as you know, almost at the start. But you see, her mind wasn't preoccupied with old rubbish. You see, a woman has a new idea. She hasn't so many old ideas to get rid of."

Smith laughed heartily, as he always does when he believes he has perpetrated a joke.

"Now," said he, "there is no need of your de
scribing your new idea. We know all about it. We know about it. When I was a boy, I used to drop a lump of saltpetre into a glass of cider. Of course I knew what the result would be every time. Just so with equity in business, labor for labor. The thing settles itself, and you can't do anything about it."

Mr. Smith was now talking about the details. His idea was "the New Harmony: Liberty, Equality, Fraternity—Considered."

"That is capital!" I exclaimed. "Now I will go, I would like to stay and talk till morning. But it is a habit of mine so many weeks of energy all talked in, telling what the; ar—going to do. When they get ready they are like the Dutchman who went so far back to get a good start for a jump that, when he returned to the jumping place, he was up in the air."

"Yes;" continued he, "we are in a much more promising position.

I confess to a little diplomacy. I was afraid of the Smiths. I knew he would have approved these sentiments before his awakening, but I was fearful, from the signs already shown, lest he might get himself drunk with the new wine of Harmony, and lose his hold on the project of a store on the corner.

A corner store is a simple matter.

An ambitious man with imagination enthralled might very easily leave behind him as a mere dot on the realm of great things he was destined to accomplish."

I know very well, when two or more kindred spirits get together and go over the field of reform, they are pretty sure to plan work for the generations to come instead of for themselves. They see so far and so much. After that, it is difficult to compass things into the lesser practical scope of one mortal's ambition.

The question was: Would Jonathan Smith, set about reforming the whole world, or would he consent himself with a grocery store? "Spirngill.

When I reached home, I own that I was half ashamed of having indulged myself in this petty egoism: as if the Smiths could not manage themselves, suppose they do or don't establish a grocery store? If they do it, how be they are up to it? If they don't, it will be because they are not up to it."

It is only a question of fact.

Or did my little word about doing first, and recruiting the too-much-talk-ill old age creeps upon us, for instance, have some part in determining what the fact shall be?

In other words, was Smith's character at all affected by my speech?

On the whole, I incline to think we are none of us cast-iron.

We are souls, and impressionable.

I hoped to leave a good impression on Smith.

There will be no need of my reporting his grocery store in Liberty.

The world will announce the fact, if he succeeds.

As to Mrs. Smith's essay, "I'm sure of that. She is a woman with a heart.

I like a woman who can sit serenely, and knit, knit, knit, but to whom the whole world is as an open secret."

When the winter comes, I shall ask Liberty to print Sarah Smith's essay in full.

If the Dickens Club of Springfield have sought to say, after its reading, worth remembering, Liberty shall also receive its comments.

And now, reader, a word to you.

I was full intending to go on for some little time and tell you all about Smith's all about the New Harmony factory, and there were several other things on my mind.

But when he took the wind all out of my sails—although he omitted much, I lost interest in it.

And I, who was suddenly led to experience a new sensation, other sensation: drop out and for the time are forgotten.

Smith's conversion so astonished me, I felt and still feel as though the old world was propped up anew.

At the rate my vocation at the Smiths' was going, I am not altogether sorry, though my story was spoiled.

However, let us go on serenely.

'Tis a wise world, — in the long run, — and will forgive you.

But I should as soon think of suicide as of forgetting that I am, as you are, whoever you are, a good-for-something part of that world.

Free Societies Again.

To the Editor of Liberty:

In your criticism of my article on "Free Societies," I find much which I substantially perceive as the necessity for Anarchistic work in the large cities. I believe that from the great armies of the artisans and clerks of large cities, the most complete intellectual exaltation of the principles of individual self-sovereignty, voluntary manumission, and industrial equity, on a more extended scale, perhaps, than from any other source. The multifaceted interests, the various and contrasting if not conflicting industries, the cosmopolitan nature of the population, the close contact and quick interchange of ideas, and the terrible presence of want in that human hive, all tend to the questioning and final rejection of the Old, to the examination and final acceptance of the New.

In so far, then, as the application of Anarchistic principles in the cities is concerned, we are agreed. But there are some other considerations, which you overlook in your reply to me, and one of the most important is the fact that nothing against such work. I simply filled a demand to Ellice Reuch's sweeping indictment of isolated societies, and advanced a few arguments and cited some facts in support of my contention that they are not only necessary, but in the long run, are useful.

And this leads directly to the consideration of another part of the subject, one seemingly overlooked by you.

The industrial and social conditions of the rural and village populations cannot safely be permitted to lag behind that of the cities. The food supply of the country comes almost entirely from the fields. The cities are food consumers, and another attempt to attune the cultivation of the soil, and these rapidly-diminishing ranks of production must be organized upon the basis of the principles of how industrial production. We are accustomed to boast of the purity and devotion to liberty of the country population, but never was boasting more inappropriate and altogether base. If ignorant and regarding natural law are purile, then indeed are the masses of the farming population pure; while their conception of liberty is just embodied in a majority described its base upon and controls every private concern of the individual. Necessity scattered and isolated, farmers have not been able to to the extent of any nation, and the work of production is carried on in a most laborious and wasteful..."
WHATS TO BE DONE?

Continued from page 6.

"And it was at the same moment that I too felt your goodness. You make
to me. Now I am ready to suffer; hope has come back to me. I shall no
longer ask you to believe in me, for then you have oppressed me; for I know that I
am to live. But why shall we do this?"

"It is already the end of April. At the beginning of July I shall have fin-
blished my work. This is the time at which we may live in peace and
leave your cellars. Be patient for only three months more, and our life shall
change. I will obtain employment in my art, though it will not pay n a
much, but there is nothing to attend to in Paris, and, taking all things together,
we shall be able to live."

"Yes, dear friends, we shall need so little; only I do not wish to live by
your labor. I shall work hard enough."

"You shall work, dear Yeroste."

"Oh! he asks who told me! Have not you yourself always entertained me
with such kindness? For your books are full of such thoughts.
A whole half of your books contains nothing but that."

"In my books? At any rate I never said such a thing to you. When, then,
did I say so?" [To be continued.]

THEN AND NOW.

Continued from No. 45.

V.

THE STATE AND SELFISHNESS.

BOSTON, September 6, 1864.

My Dear Louisa:

In my last letter I mentioned that I was to attend a novel entertainment with
Mr. De Maistre. The concert is to be held at the Roxbury Park, and will seat twenty thousand people. I think Mr. De Maistre said I should judge there were many present on the evening when my kind friend and
darling were present. There is a large circular platform in the center of a
ball on which the performances are given. This performance is about as hard
for me to describe as a musical concert would be for one who had never seen
a musical play; I am sure it is produced by music, and numerous
blending of innumerable colors and forms with an occasional discharge of
eas and passion, perhaps of different musical instruments; and of un
related sounds, and shapes, and colors, composition of music itself.

Music is by no means a thing of the past. Wagner, Mozart, Handel, and
a dozen more whose names you are familiar with, as well as musicians of more
modern times and just as great masters of the art, have thousands, millions of adm.
ursors. But while music has the same basis as the concert which you attended
ight, — harmony, — the former appeals to the passions, while the latter does not.
Music fired the soul for war and warmed the heart for love; such harmony as you
witnessed tonight soothes the mind for sleep, or for calm, dispassionate thought.
Men make thinkers. — Our music must accept the interest of all the world. Music is like wine, it inflames and stimulates for the moment; such a concert as you
saw tonight is like a mild narcotic, it quieted the more mere mechanism of the
man and more freedom. Man has improved much under a century of Anarchy, and
this is an outgrowth of it. As man grows wiser and better, he constantly deviates
musical performances from the old songs and stanzas, andettles on to
Improvement brings it with still greater possibilities for improvement. So this
entertainment, a result of improved conditions of life and purer sentiment, is also
the ange of still better conditions, by stimulating thought, and of still purer senti-
ment."

"It is not," I asked, "because man is so much better and wiser today than
he was two centuries ago that Anarchy is so successfully practised."

"It is because of Anarchy that man is so much better and wiser. Said they
who opposed it in its time, "Oh, yes, Anarchy will do when all men are perfect,
and nearly so, but for it to be a success man must be diverted of his selfish
must be willing; to help his brother for his brother's sake, and for the sake of
the world."

Man today is too much of a selfish animal for Anarchy, and he will be for several centuries to come and after delivering himself with
ly, they would turn on his heels and walk away.

"Selfishness is certainly a man's quality's nature, and Anarchy recog-
nizes this fact and provides for it. The State was constantly demanding that
man disregard self for the benefit of other selves with whom he had no sympathy and
who were not moral claims upon him. For, when a man said to man, you must
be selfish; you must aid and love all mankind unless I specify certain individuals or
nations that you must hate and strive to injure all possible."

A man, a part of man's individuality, let it be surely and human discretion will
curb it enough."

The State gathered everything within its grasp and doped out a small quantity
to one and a large quantity to the other, and there was in consequence conste-
tration, wrangling. The worst feature of selfishness was continually being brought to
the surface."

"If one man has a chance for more than a dozen, most men will be satisf-
ed with the chance of the man who has been the most selfish."

"This is the sort of selfishness fostered by the State. Anarchy simply says to
all men: self, my self, my own self. All selfishness that prompts man to take his fair share, it is that which is natural and entirely
selfishness, as Anarchy sees wisely that it is so and does wisely in allowing it to
act without the State's supervision."

"You say Anarchy invites everyone to take his fair share from the bounties
of the earth, how is it determined what shall be a fair share? I asked.

"By the labor expended in wrestling wealth from nature's grasp, not, as
was formerly the case, by the ingenuity displayed in robbing the less ingenious. Under the State the conditions of social life were so arranged, or disarranged,rather, that the individual life of everyone was a constant struggle. The poor man
struggled against absolute want, the well-to-do struggled to become better-to-do
and not to become worse, the rich struggled to become more and more rich,
struggling constantly, too, against those less rich who struggled to be richer.

For Anarchy, instead of an ambition to advance exposed against inanimate
nastics (labels) which irritated the human tissues until a fever ensued
which gnawed at the stomach and tore at the brain. This fever became so prev-
omenous, so consuming, that those who lived upon it were swept away.

"And when we leave the selfishness of this fever and the evils it
spread, we find the answer in the words of one man, who said not this fever as the ones diseases. Truly all the world was
mad, and those few who were sane were looked upon by insane humanity as
A POLITICAL SIGHT IN HAVEN.

BY AUBERON HERBERT.

[From the Fortnightly Review.]

"And now," said Angus, "leaving further consideration of the principles, let
me ask you what would you have done for the net result. How would you give practical effort to such views?"

"The government, as pointed out by Mr. Spencer, must confine itself simply
to the business of property, and impose as regards internal or external defense
You can defend neither of these systems, both of which involve the use of
force, on true moral grounds; they can only be imperceptibly defeated under the law of
self-preservation, which we extend to others beyond ourselves. But in the world
as it is, those who use force must be repelled—and effectively repelled—by force.
By their own act they place themselves in the force-relation, and, barbarous as
we are, we must know how to handle ourselves with the utmost arro-gance and
ill-concealed of all universal schemes, the education of their children. All services which the people may be made by themselves, grouped accord-
ing to the necessities of the day and acting by the means of voluntary association.
The system would be one of free-trade carried out logically and consistently in every direction. We should then be quit both of the old wars and of the
which he proposes by offering services to one part of the people at the cost of another part, and of that
fateful compression of ideas, energies, and experimental efforts which results when
hours in which the people who wish to make their fellow-men wise, or temperate, or virtuous, or comfortable, or happy, by some rapid exercise of power, little dream of the stability that belongs to the
universal scheme. Each man would have the caste, and the caste would be
means of voluntary association. The system would be one of free-trade carried out logically and consistently in every direction. We should then be quit both of the old wars and of the
which he proposes by offering services to one part of the people at the cost of another part, and of that
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