On Picket Duty.

Vanderbilt is dead. Another bad man gone right!

I hereby pledge myself to contribute the largest block of marble that I can find for the base of a monument to be erected in memory of William H. Vandebill, on the single condition that I may have carved upon its face, in the largest letters that it will accommodate, the blotched brute's most famous utterance: "The public be damned!"

The "Liberator," ever by据 to defend the murder of Louis Riel on the ground that he incited the Indians to revolt. "To raise the Indians," it says, "is regarded by every government which has them under its control as a crime which deserves death, for it is a crime against all the laws of humanity. Indian warfare being a war of extermination, without quarter, without mercy for defenseless people, for women and children. It is the greatest possible outrage on civilization, and a crime which falls outside the class of political offenses." It would be interesting to know why it was to kill defenseless women and children than to kill men, even if they have weapons in their hands, who have been conscripted by government and made to fight against their will. The difference between the so-called crimes against civilization and the crimes of civilization lies principally in this—that the latter are committed behind a veil of hypocrisy and pretense which enables their perpetrators to pass for virtuous men at the same time that they are more cruel than the barbarian.

It is a "Victor in Belles Lettres" in the honesty of "Zeno," the State Socialist, who bases a two-column article in the Denver "Liberator Enquirer" on the assumption that Bakonin in his "God and the State" favors the arbitrary closing of dress shops and churches. "Zeno" quotes a sentence from it: "In subjugating the at one, illusory and brutal enjoyment of bodily and spiritual licentiousness the enjoyments, as refined as they are sanitary, of humanity developed in each and all, the social revolution alone will have the power to close at the same time all the dress-shops and all the churches."

This shows "Zeno" asserts, that Bakunin was not an opponent of the State as such, but only wanted to substitute a new State for the existing States. Now, the context of the same article makes this point obvious conclusively that the idea of closing dress-shops and churches by authority never entered his head. He explains that the working people have now no escape from the dreariness of their lives, narrowed by poverty and destitution.

But the social revolution, he claims, by abolishing poverty and creating a wide range of enjoyments for the people, will take away the patronage of the dress-shops and the churches, and this result in their closings.

This is his meaning, perfectly plain to any man who understands English. I venture to assert that no man in America, except "Zeno," got the idea from reading "God and the State" that its author favored the prohibition of dress-shops and churches. And I don't hear more than half believe that "Zeno" did. It looks very much as if "Zeno," fearing the effect of Ba
den's tremendous onslaught on State Socialism, felt the necessity of combating him, and saw no other way to do it successfully than to attribute to him opinions which he never thought of championing. Whenever Horace Seaver, editor of the "Investigator," has anything particularly stupid to say in answer to a contributor to Liberty,—something so stupid that he does not care to be held responsible for it, lest he may be led into a hole similar to that in which I planted him a fortnight ago,—instead of printing it, man-fashion, in his editorial column, he writes a prosed communication to himself, appended some nom de plume as a signature, dates it from some obscure village in a remote corner of the State, and prints it among the correspondences of his paper. Before he does it again, he should learn to disguise his style. Such a communication appeared in the last number of the "Investigator," signed "Anti-Anarchist," and dated from Swanzey. He attempted answer to remarks made by Henry Appleton in a lecture at Newark. Mr. Seaver's stock phrases, hackneyed arguments, and stereo-
type style are so manifest in this letter that they clash such as a lito-time enemy. I say, I'm Stewart, Pelcer Rockwood, and other mischitet-makers, once attempted to capture the New England Labor Reform League by force of numbers, and commit it as a body to the support of the eight-hour movement. The League was founded by a body of earnest men and women interested in the labor movement, for the purpose of holding conventions for its public and free discussion. Most of them had definite convictions of their own, but no one in joining was committed to any belief. The purpose was not to vote principles or measures down or up, but to compare and study them in the interest of truth and justice. Here McNell and his pals thought they saw their opportunity. So they planned and plotted and caused, by day and by night, and ordered the League convention ready for action. There was an all-day fight, and the founders of the League had to resort to all sorts of tactics to prevent the passage of the eight-hour resolution. But the invaders were successfully resisted, and a clause put in the Constitution that prevented any such attempts thereafter. It is easy to see now how these invaders excused themselves for thus attempting to enter an organization, divest it from its purposes, and compel its initiates to either leave it or accept doc
tries which they did not believe. They acted in ac
cordance with the view now enunciated by McNell that government is order and that numbers have a dis
tive right to rule. Their conduct then is an index to the greater enormities they will commit if they ever get control, as they hope to, of congress and the legis-
latures. McNell is guilty of another wrong when he associates the Brookton manufacturers and the Anar-
chists. Manufacturers, as a class, in Brookton or else
dere, are scheming knaves, who favor liberty wherever it is for their interest to do so and oppose it everywhere else. Anarchists are social philosophers, who favor lib-
erty everywhere and always in the interest of the equal
erights of all mankind. To class the two in the same
category is an attempt to silence the Anarchists by artful
insinuation.

"American," who does such admirable paragraphing for "Lucifier," calls me to account for classifying S. P. Putnam as an Anarchist, inasmuch as that gentleman, before the New York Liberal Club, spoke as follows of Colonel Ingerson: "No one in the world had a deeper insight into the wrongs of labor; no one had more sympathy with the oppressed, and, when the workmen were ready to act, they would find no grander leader than Robert G. Inng-soll." "American" adds that either I must be mistaken or Mr. Putnam is somewhat inclined to "slop ever." The latter is the true explanation. I call Mr. Put
nam an Anarchist first, because he called himself one, and, second, because in his best moments, when true to his ideal and his convictions, all the positions that he takes are Anarchistic. But he is subject to fre
quent lapses, being unfortunately, of an uncompro
mising reformer, but a politician and a trimmer. Consequently he is wasting opportunities and powers that might be utilized to great advantage. I have labored with him, but in vain, to show him the error of his ways. He persists in lagging in the rear of the flag of the "Legends" as he ought to be in the advance
guard. But there is this to be said for him,—that his eyes are not in the back of his head; hence he knows the advance-guard from the rear, and is con
stantly reminding those around him of the necessity of accelerating their pace. It is too small business for a man of his caliber, but such as it is we must be thankful for it and give him the credit of being an Anarchist at heart.

On the Wrong Track.

[Colourful News Letter]

The Ingerson anarchists are on the wrong track in want
ing to tax church property. It is not by taxation that free
dom is advanced.

SONNETS.

GD. "

Why heret fur and adic wth dehe aclain
T' empyt boast that daumoun sole are freed
From horden to the mediaval creed.
That would our thoughts in narre napse frame
To see no wrong in kind wor.

The baney mon who proved alcation's wond
"May ask of regen, fraen, or hestial dead.
That would sark Monon's lacksn effen with shame.
When liberly is bnt no little dream
To those whose fives an wide market sold.
And wornen fides with ertex such.
That every tear, and grin, and burnng hert,
Now instre gives to in jwex glwes
To robe in splendor Chrift's successor God!"
IRISH!

By GEORGES SAINT-OUT.

Translated from the French by Sarah R. Holmes.


"Admirable!" said the Duchess, whose face lighted up in an instant; "that I am curious to know, added she, the dark book returning, "is in what way she re-acted this lesson. With warmth? volubility? the same passion that she showed in the last lesson, or was it something entirely different? or perhaps juggling the words, with regret just when she was promising to find none? Was she sad, and was there something that told her she was assured?"

She awaited in a profound perplexity Casper's response. He was in no haste, dallying purposely, while a wavery joy gleamed from his eyes under his brows.

He decided, however, to reply, excusing himself for his delay in furnishing the information requested by the necessity of recalling perfectly the scene which he was about to relate; for if it were otherwise:

"Certainly the young lady did not seem joyous; in reality, she brooded as a woman broods who has a secret, and she conquered both, and said it very fluently, only with a voice that was, at moments, a little husky. On the whole, she took her oath like one who sacrifices much, but who will not fail in keeping her promise."

He scrutinized the fixed eyes of Ellen persistently and with a very complex expression, into which entered an offer of unlimited consideration; but the Duchess did not analyze it; a wholesome relaxation took place in her mind, driving out all the fear which she did not touch. But the coppers, which Newington alleged the mental morphilosis which became outwardly apparent. The frown disappeared, and the whole face relaxed and bloomed into a smile.

She had quarreled and recovered in an instant, neither regret nor remorse showed, and Newington, when he did not indicate his reason, disturbed an interview which was, perhaps, important.

"Witch of Newington!" he exclaimed, "do you see? you remain at my disposition, but for you I consider it a rare good fortune to have you near me."

"Oh! well!" said Ellen, when he professed this complaint, she slipped away, never at a loss for pretexts, or reproved sharply; but this evening she did not run away when he threatened her with the rack, or with the duck, or with a recent of a prayer—the audacious desire to keep her alone with him. He faced her, even, even the slightest remainder of herself, she would be profited by the occasion to eat, on a rickety table, the most infamous cockadoodly.

"This is the first time that I have seen you in a year."

"Thank you; on the contrary, I ate a ravenous 'v.'"

"Accept: some delicate game, preserved fruits, and light cakes, and if you can, I shall serve you."

"As a blonde and caudillairied page."

"Oh! cruel lady, to humiliate me for your white hair when she gave me to use her, I could not turn back!"

"Admit that the gift is in keeping with your age. Sixty years!"

"Sixty? I am more by the full distance at which you hold me."

"I could graciously pay for your daughter."

Newington, sighing with sadness, touched to the heart by this remark so unceas- ing, who was he, who, who was the chief male, to whom she wished, to whom her wishes were due, she lifted a fine steel hammer on the clear stone of a large bell to summon a lady. She stopped him.

"Because I am you, absolutely, except a little rest; admitting that her admiration has left her with a certain latitude."

"That is just it," said Newington, without too much conning the vexation he felt. "It is for another to excite you with a party in which you shine, the in- toxication of the open air, of the ride which stirs your blood, of the obstacles which you overcome; and for me to insist on your return, bruised and slightly cross, moments which you measure with parsimony."

Lady Ellen merited the reproach and avowed it; only, he would not deprive her of so far few and so little varied.

"By no means," observed the Duke; "but why not associate me with them rather than Richardson? Am I not worth as much as he for an attendant? He has never possessed any one."

"What is better, to have conquered savage his place, his mind, his taste, his desire, his tomes, his passion, than to enjoy of that which he has in the shape of a child?"

"And what is a life as a slave stifled in some excess?"

"I defy him still," replied Newington, "and I suspect that you simply find more pleasure in my society than in mine."

"Well!"

"Really, if he was not my son, I should be actually jealous of him, and conceive a hate for his talents."

"Seriously?" demanded the Duchess, who, doubtless to punish him for this blase- pneumonia, added:

"You, you, you! that inevitably happens to those old men who, having sons in a situation to establish themselves, commit the presumptions imprunums of marrying all the young girls in their society themselves."

"I mean, as a jest or a jest in which was mingled the bitterness of a regret, Newington took the remark amiss, and answered it sharply, as cutting in the core of the Duke's heart, driven to it by her."

"In any case, my dear Sir Bradvell is even less suited to you than I am."

"For what reason?"

"That that inevitably happens to those old men who, having sons in a situation to establish themselves, commit the presumptions imprunums of marrying all the young girls in their society themselves."

"Of seventeenth: Marjorie's age, murmured (this was too much for her) Lady Ellen, biting her lips; and under her pointed teeth struck the pearls of her blood.

"Pardon!" said, presently, the Duke; "let us stop this quarrel in which we mutually exasperate each other. It is quite in vain, since evidently, if you preferred Richardson to me, you would not have done it."

And he offered her his hand, solicited peace; but she preserved an obstinate taciturnity, keeping her ear open, as at first, from the sounds without and tem-]erament every sound.

"You are silky with me?" interrogated Newington. "No. . . . You are thinking of something else."

"I told you that."

The stifled tones of her contorted testified to the contrary, and the Duke insisted.

Then she pretended that it was the wind that harassed her entrails in the woods, the sound of malevolent voices behind the arches of the cathedral, and suddenly, when one expects it the least, in the dark and cold winter evenings, the lapsing of wings, the doleful outcry of a night bird which starts up beside one and flies away frightened by the lights.

"Oh! well! We will raise the stones of this terrible man haunted with so much to which she added, the quarrel, she added with a smile, comfortable and pleasant habitation; moreover, this plan will better suit your beauty and grace, and harmonize more with your tastes."

And the inscrutability, which she considered, turned again to thoughts which made her gay.

Casper got on his cap and gained Newington's confidence, which Newington directed to him by a rag; she wished to detain him, would rather retire herself, having, without rhyme or reason, disturbed an interview which was, perhaps, important.

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The tempest raving through the corridors, and which, overhead, on the roofs, tumultuously recites over the chimneys!

Wounded in its vanity as a woman flattered, heretofore, by all,—the Duke as well as others,—touched in her glory a quenched abjectly courted, a revived arose in covering her skin with questioning glances.

The last words above all, sounded in her ears with all the reverence of a courtesan.

“Muster!” she recognizes in Newington a “muster!”

A master in this man whom she had carefully detested already, and whose abode surrounded the happiness with which she had treasured herself. A master, and not only one who would demand an account of her time, but who would dictate to her how she should employ it, would order her to give up her rides over hilly valley where she escaped from him and principally in order to be alone, without annoyances, without witness, free from surprises, in the deserted country, in the darkness of the night, in a chamber with her. Yes, sir, her lover, Sir Richard, her lover for some months, notwithstanding the difference in their ages. Only five years, that is not an abyss! And never,—they say they have—that she has never had the good fortune to have had them, she has never had charms; never had her beauty, now at its height, been so enticing, so strong! Ah! the sarcastic of the Duke sympos of her thirty years tells that! Richard, on that account, for having dared making her his mistress.

He had taken her for a mistress while waiting, waiting to marry her later on the death of his father, very perhaps, for one dies easily after one is married, and when one is passionate and does not always confine one’s self to strict sobriety! Now that the Irish had taken up the matter, torment, like her, with hatred for the lap dog, nor a tyrant, he was not to have himself.

She hoped it at least, so intensely that it seemed to her that her wishes ought to constrain fate to obey. And it was at that moment, it was in the midst of this altitude of his affections, that the Duke, sitting on the arm of a brown, speaking to his wife, to his female, notified her to consider him as her master!

Her master, this soldier ranked as a horse-jockey, demanded of her mark of ten thousand dollars on account of the services of his person. The Duke, in her place, would be known as a tyrant, would be known.

He had had his affair, and he was not to have himself.

To be continued.

THREN AND NOW.

XXV.

MONEY-GETTING AND PLEASURE-GETTING.

BOHN, December 12, 1825.

My Dear Louie:

You may judge from what I have written you, I think, that the people today are a mischievous, that their actions do not lead them to desire immense wealth. I think a few quotations from Mr. De Sincemay may give you a better conception of our manner of living.

“Abduction in Boston.”

It is something more than desire; it is in the element of action. It is, besides, imitative. Those who, in any age, achieve a success, whether of a moral or a political character, is followed by the rank and file of humanity. In the time of Alexander every soldier desired to be a conqueror; so in the days of Caesar and Napoleon. In your own time, Bonaparte, in his agog, very desired to be a millionaire. Poor young men were encouraged by being told that Jay Gould was once a poor young man. Almost every man, until his hair was white and his steps faltering, clung to his old trade, his old occupation, as a trade of the fortune. All looked upon money secured as the proof of success. Fame was changed to the list of every boy. The old-time friend, the old-time friend, the old-time friend, was a name as an air of respectability which paved the way to wealth. Learning was sought for because through it money might be made. Wealth was the goal, and, no matter how it was gained—whether the road was straight or crooked—the journey must be that way. There were pleasant paths in other directions, but there were not any gold at the end of the beautiful rainbows which lay in the direction of their isles. So,

“Ah, what terrible traitors these ever which men tolled for the sake of grasping with their last breath: ‘I am rich!’ Light brightness could be carried across that dreary desert. Men, to lighten their load, throw away love, friendship, honor, wealth. Where one reached the journey’s end, a thousand rake by the way. Perhaps a poor shepherd saw old-time friend sink exhausted, dying, but there was time for more. To stop, with that mad, endless procession pushing on furth, behind, meant death.

The old-time friend, the old-time friend, the old-time friend, is no longer travelled. There is no one thing today, except happiness, after which all are striving. There are plenty of parties on all the pleasant paths. Those whose burdens are heavy lot, will live longer. In the old-time friend there is no more need, and not fear being trampled to death by a madly-rushing herd.

Abandoned today is individual. The people’s desire for fortune that money was not only the背上 different, but the only different. It was nothing more than a living, and nothing more than a living, and something that was a more living. The only great happiness, of the individual is natural. To satisfy such a desire is a healthy ambition, and the result is all sorts of showy-saving contrivances and all sorts of showy-saving contrivances.

“Ist it not for man to be idles! Because humanity today is not struggling for money, is it not to be supposed that there is any less money learning better to live in the old-time friend? The old-time friend, the old-time friend, the old-time friend, is no longer travelled. There is no one thing today, except happiness, after which all are striving. There are plenty of parties on all the pleasant paths. Those whose burdens are heavy lot, will live longer. In the old-time friend there is no more need, and not fear being trampled to death by a madly-rushing herd.

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“Abandonment in Boston.”

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“This chief aim of the people is to enjoy, and the inventive genius which is natural to man is not an end in itself, but an end in itself. The old-time friend was an abomination, and the outgrowth of patent laws—works itself out in contrivances which add to this enjoyment. The question is not, ‘Will this make me richer?’ but, ‘Will this make me more happy?’ Happiness is a more worthy ambition and an end in itself. It is the struggle of humanity not to be fevered.’

From what I have myself seen, I think that Mr. De Sincemay is right. I believe that as you will drive more for than for wealth. They appear prosperous, but there are none who are so very much richer than others. The contrivances that result from these actions, which, as I have myself seen, ought to much like this for some of the most ingenious of them, you can tell better than I can write, and I may possibly see you soon.

JOHNSTON.
Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at One Dollar a Year; Single Copies Five Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
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“A free man is one who enjoys the use of his reason and his faculties, and is not any longer blindsed by passions, nor blinded or driven by oppression, nor desired by any tyranny.”

PHILOSOPHY.

Patrick, Proceed.

A few weeks ago I sent advertisements of the story, "Ireland," now running in these columns to the most prominent Irish weekly of the country through Dool's advertising agency. In these advertisements the fact was casually and inaccurately mentioned that among the regular contributors to Liberty were "Honiorus" and "Phillips," former staff-correspondents of the "Irish World," who write for Liberty over the signatures of "X" and "H" respectively. Knowing that these men had done much to establish themselves by their writings to the readers of the "Irish World" beyond any other men ever connected with that paper, my purpose, a perfectly legitimate one, was to inform these readers and Irish people generally where their writings can now be found. But after a reasonable time, no explanation arriving, the advertising agency was directed to inquire into the matter. It was like pulling teeth to get a reply. Days went by without any.

Meanwhile, however, I unexpectedly received an explanation through another channel. "Honiorus" himself sent me a copy of a letter which he had received from Austin E. Ford, whipper-in-chief to the Great Light-Spreader. He had favored me with a copy of this interesting and instructive correspondence herewith printed.

Friend Appleton:

I wish you would stop using the name of the "Irish World" in connection with your lectures and your newspaper articles. "It is a violation of my property and copyright, and it is an unfair use to make a party to you as do the use of the "Irish World's" name. I hope you will stop, for it is unfair to see Patrick mentioning the matter in the paper as he will most certainly, if the thing is continued.

There is no moral ill-feeling in this. The desire is simply that you speak for yourself, and let us do the same for ourselves.

Yours very truly,

AUSN E. FORD.

Friend Appleton:

Your note is received. I do not know that I have ever tried to convert "Irish World" with my principles, except that I have occasionally mentioned the fact of my having been one of its staff correspondents, — in a miscellaneous right of mine, which I shall always exercise whenever it suit my convenience, just as I sometimes mention the fact of my former connection with Brown University and other establishments, and the fact that I once worked in a coal mine, or perhaps one of its experiences, even though they bear upon the "Irish World," is one that I do not propose to illustrate, even by history, for on that score I owe the "Irish World" nothing.

The men who have mentioned me in connection with the "Irish World" have always been met with a sagteng of indignation on my part, and they have done it entirely on their own responsibility. You must therefore settle your scores with them.

The editors of various labor and reform papers have also mentioned "Honiorus" in connection with my writings. It is with them you must settle rather than with me; and, since you have put yourself into my hands, I will turn your note over to them, if you do desire it.

The chief sinner in this regard is Benj. Tucker, who, I understand, is to come to me as a lesser in the next number of Liberty, and may possibly refer to me as "Honiorus of the 'Irish World.'" If he does, then Mr. Tucker is the one to judge; and, if you have the kindness to tred on the tail of his cost, I have no doubt he will accord you that.

You kindly and patronizingly remark that you "should be sorry to see Patrick mentioning the matter in the papers, as he will most certainly, if the thing is continued." I sympathize with you in your good intentions, and I am sure the advertising agency of Patrick should be a most coveted prize and niece upon Patrick from other men. I address you as a friend when I say that, in a public advertising scheme of Patrick, "Honiorus," Patrick has everything to lose and "Honiorus" everything to gain. If you think otherwise, then proceed.

"The way of the transgressor is hard." The "Irish World," once the hope of the poor and lowly, has gone back on essentials and humanitarianism; last hope has been lost. It is morally ready to be carried out and buried. I have laired and prayed that that kind Providence which always moved Patrick to act wiser than he knew would yet bring him back to his senses. If it does not, and his mission as an evangelist of the new light is closed, I cannot stop to bid him farewell with Patrick, but must go ahead about my business, though a thousand Patrick whine over their grave-clothes in my path.

With the same kindly feelings which you express, I am yours most truly.

HENRY APPLETION.

PROVIDENCE, November 21, 1885.

The foregoing reply of "Honiorus" so effectually disposes of the ridiculous threats and dictatorial pretensions of his whitum employer that there is little need for me to add anything to it. But it will complete the history of the matter if I add, that before I replied, the advertising agency for the "Irish World" finally answered that the advertisement had been rejected as objectionable, that one of its employees had been directed at the time to say so by letter, and that he claims to have obeyed orders. Those believe the last two clauses of this answer who choose to.

But think of it! These men, admiring the pugnacity with which at that time was doing battle for justice in such seeming hope that they could expend for it and its cause at wretchedly low wages,—"Honiorus" especially being employed in the office and doing for a weekly pittance a vast amount of journalistic drudgery in addition to writing his signed articles and that, too, in the years when the paper, a splendid piece of property, was at the height of its prosperity,—and now Patrick Ford, jealous of their fame, tries to extinguish it by forbidding them to use their own name or to write under which they wrote in his columns. After driving them away from him by his own false and cowardly policy, and by mutilating some of their articles and rejecting others (although they alone were responsible for the opinions expressed), he magnificently assumes the right to prevent them from informing the world that they are not yet in their graves, and makes himself a laughing-stock by threats of public exposure and repudiation. O presumption, thy name is Patrick.

A Familiar Type of Moral Coward.

There is always a certain set of panicky brains and cowardly hearts who live in eternal anxiety lest they should be "identified" with somebody or something that is off-color and of ill-repute among the mass of everyday fools who make up what is called "society." A few of this tribe, a clique of political or liberal braves met at Albany, but, upon the presence of a no greater scare than that of E. H. Heywood and Seward Mitchell with free-love pronouncements in the columns of Liberty, the public alarmed at the notion of these men venturing into a circus scarcely less ridiculous than that presented when two hot chestnuts are thrown into a cage of monkeys. It was not enough that the speech of these aforesaid free lovers was securely gagged at the start: it was held that Liberty was contributing an insult to the convention, since it "identified" it as a body with free love. "Not that we have anything against free-love per se," argued they, knowing well that whereas Heywood and Mitchell were "pure" in practice by the standards of society, most of them had been practising it for years in a nest-hiding sort of way; oh, no, it was not this; they demanded that the convention should not be identified with such doctrines. Brave talk, this, from men who virtually revered the convention.

A few years ago I was engaged to lecture before the Land League in New Bedford, and Ben Butler was announced on the same bill-board. A professor of Brown University, unfortunately bore my name, was seized with the moral tremors upon hearing of it, and, not a few of the Land Leaguers praying that his name might not be "identified" with socialist and communist theories. I can pardon the kind of intellectual baboon who fills a chair in Brown University while practising such cant, even to the extent of an Anarchist's mentioning the fact that he was ever connected with that paper. Well, Ford is excusable for much, too, but Courtland Palmer, way up in dialectics, ethical science, Cosmism, and all the exquisite agonies of "culture," and a liberal too, is a rare bird of another stripe. How can such a lofty and polished figure, so sweetly gleamed and booted, be seized with a fear lest anything could even remotely identify him with the uinea thing free-love? It is quite impossible.

When Garrison was heroically storming the American consciousness at the butt-end of the "Liberator," no one ever heard him whining lest he should be "identified" with some reputed uncouth and taboo thing. He defended his paper for and against being identified with views unidentifiable with American law and custom and treading underfoot the fiction of property as against the right of a man to himself, no cowardly fear ever touched him lest he be "identified" with thieves and criminals. When Willibrord herded with dirty and drunken sailors during twenty years in the forecasts of ships in London docks to gather knowledge of the slave trade, he had no time to write to the London papers protecting and not being identified with views entertained by sailor boarding houses. Men of this stamp are so wholly absorbed in grand moral purposes that they spurn to bellittle themselves by whining over things that incidentally touch their skirts as they pass by.

But men of little moral purpose above self-inflation are naturally timid as to what they are "identified" with. Egotism is the chief plank in their platform, that is, the veneration of their own popularity, or some other personal phantom. Their anxiety over what they may possibly be identified with is a sure sign of moral disease and mental smallness. He in whom the love of truth, for the truth's own sake, is submerged by some local抬头的 the distorted representations of malignant men, and cares little what he is identified with. The thousand and one canting bum-bags who go about stickling for their identities are generally people who, when shaken up and sifted for all they are worth as moral forces, have really no identities worth quarrelling over.

Rent: Parting Words.

The terminology employed by me in the preceding numbers of Liberty needs no defense, as I have used common words in a clear sense without regard to the technicalities of schoolmen.

My admission that payments by a tenant beyond restoration of all values received by crops, and during the years of culture, should justly be reckoned as purchase money, has nothing to do with terminology; it employs no words in an abusive sense. The idea conveyed is, that an equitable accord with Proctor and other modern socialists, and it is to the foot of the statute paid to idle landlords. The rent on real estate has a component specific to it, the equivalent for repairs and taxes common between it and agricultural rent; it includes an increment that may or may not be warranted by the productive power of the land, the concurrence of many individuals actuated by commercial and other social interests. A vertex, the site of which is determined by some local change, works in the population and resources of a large area. The ethical is to the unlearned increment of market values in real estate as cents to the municipal autonomy (1), but
LIBERTY. 71

402

its legal title is now vested with individuals, and is the unjust burden of the laborer in a city.

Market gardens near cities partake of this commodity-based nature; but for agricultural lands generally labor is the only factor or interest. In the latter, the "produc-
tion-codes of law" between past and present, labor which constitute the soil! is an in-

corporate entity, the same as is the farmer. Its long time prior to its product, for instance, the pan-

tochondiation of a city to "Pantarchic" doctrines. One of these is:

(1) This snarks of Henry George. If the munici-

pality is an organization to which every person liv-
ing within a given area must belong and pay pro-

taxes, it is not but a more defensive than the State,

(2) Edgeworth's "subsidized," or "protected," in

(3) Edgeworth's "radical," not to say "sanctioned,"

(4) It was in- 

(5) The phrase "anarchist" is derived from the Greek

(6) A Southern Journalist's Opinion. 

(7) An Error of the Monometallists. (Universe News)

(8) An Error of the Monometallists. (Universe News)

(9) An Error of the Monometallists. (Universe News)

(10) An Error of the Monometallists. (Universe News)

(11) An Error of the Monometallists. (Universe News)

(12) An Error of the Monometallists. (Universe News)

(13) An Error of the Monometallists. (Universe News)
A LETTER TO GROVER CLEVER

I received the following paragraph, from an argument for arguing for foreign laborers, as poor as our own—of their equal and rightful chances in our markets; and also for forbidding all the home consumers of the protected article, the people of our country, from being made to pay for the goods at the inflated and artificially increased prices.

The protection of the pauper laborers against the competition of the pauper labor of other countries is, of itself, an utterly dishonest argument; that it is dishonest towards foreign laborers and home consumers; that it is a violation of the equal rights of all citizens of the United States; that it contravenes the laws of nature and the home laborers themselves; and that the employers of home labor, and not the home laborers, are to receive the profits of the monopoly of the robbery, let us see now how utterly false the argument is itself.

1. If a man, in his own country, cannot buy the daily foreign market, that foreign market is equivalent to for bidding him to sell their products to the market; for they can buy the products of foreign labor, only by giving the products of their own labor, and for the foreign consumers of those products, which are bid us to sell in foreign markets. This is a plain violation of men's natural rights.

2. If, when a producer, of cotton, tobacco, grain, beef, pork, butter, cheese, or any other commodity, in our own country, has carried it abroad, and exchanged it for foreign goods, and has brought these latter home, the government shall buy one-half of them, because they were manufactured abroad, the robbery committed upon the owner is the same as if the government had selected one-half of his cotton, tobacco, or other produce, and taken it from him; because it had never been in the market, goods, which he purchased abroad with the products of his own home labor, are as much his own property, as was the commodity with which he purchased them.

3. The arguments are still more so, when we consider the products of our own labor, are as much a robbery of the home laborer, as the same that when forced, directly upon the products of the home laborer. It is, at least, only a robbery of one home laborer—the producer of cotton, tobacco, grain, beef, pork, butter, or cheese—for the benefit of another home laborer— the producer of iron or woolen goods.

4. But this whole argument is a false one, for the further reason that our home laborers do not compete with "the pauper labor" of any country on earth; since it has never been, nor can ever be produced in any country for export to any other country. They produce few, or no, other commodities that they are compelled to consume; and ordinarily not even those.

There are a great number of articles of actual manufacture. In some of the large provinces of India, for example, it is said that nearly half the population of the native laborers consume; and ordinarily not even those.

The term, "pauper labor," is therefore a false one. And when these robbers—the employers of home labor—seek to protect the competition of "the pauper labor" of other countries, they do not mean that they are protecting them against the competition of actual pauper labor; but only against the competition of "the pauper labor" of other countries. So that, according to this theory, the protection which is taken out entirely from its market; the products of the duties of all other countries; or, at least, by reducing them, as well as by employing a possess; "protect" its own labor from the competition of "the laborer" of all other countries. So that, according to this theory, the protection which is taken out entirely from its market; the products of the duties of all other countries; or, at least, by employing them, as well as by employing a possess; "protect" its own labor from the competition of "the laborer" of all other countries.

This theory, then, is that, instead of permitting all mankind to supply each other's wants, by freely exchanging their respective products with each other, the government shall make the laborers of every other, by imposing heavy duties upon all commodities imported from them.

The effect of this scheme is to pit the so-called "pauper labor" of each country against the native labor of every other country, and thereby to rob even the other countries of the benefit of their employers. And as it holds that so-called "pauper labor" is cheaper than the laborers, in each country a constant motive for reducing their employers to the lowest possible condition of poverty, excepting with their ability to labor at all. In other words, the theory is, that the smaller the proportion of the laborers that is employed by the home laborers, the smaller the proportion of the laborers that is employed by the home laborers, the larger will be the portion that will go into the pockets of the employers.

In this way, it is not a favorable proposition for any government to pit its own so-called "pauper labor" against the laborers of similar laborers in all other countries; and all for the sake of putting the principal profits from "pauper labor" into the pockets of a few employers.

To set two bodies of "pauper laborers"—or of laborers on the verge of pauper-
otherwise remain in their employer's pocket. But that is not all: in working for their own benefit and at their own cost, they save in provisions and time: their work goes on faster and with less expense.

It is true that there is a small saving also in the cost of their maintenance. They buy everything at wholesale and for each, consequently get everything cheaper than if they bought on credit and in small quantities.

Roads to them also become better, but not necessarily furnished, and some become utterly useless.

According to the calculation made for me by Kirchhoffer, the weaving women, including one hundred and two, a year that they ordinarily earn, receive twenty hundred, but, by living in cooperation and buying everything at wholesale and in quantity, they save in provisions and time: their work goes on faster and with less expense.

The weaving women have five umbrellas; they use these two hundred roubles twelve to advantageously.

Such is the matter which I have seen, dear Polina, the explanation of which is so simple. Now I am so accustomed to this marvel it seems strange to me that we were ever astonished at it. Why did you not expect to find everything as it did exist?

Write me whether you can interest yourself in a shop of this sort. I am doing it myself, Polina, and find it very pleasant.

Yours, K. Poloff.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

New Characters. The Conclusion.

I.

Mademoiselle Poloff said in her letter to her friend that she was under obligations to Vera Pavlovna's husband. To understand this it is necessary to know who her father was.

His name had been a captain, but he had resigned his office. Following the custom of the good old days, he had led a dispirited life and devoured a large inheritance. When he left this world he had nothing in the world, and he had no son to carry on the business. In order to make a future fortune, gathering up the debits of his old fortune, he left behind about ten thousand roubles in the paper money of that time. With this capital he bought a farm, and in ten years he amassed a considerable capital. With the reputation of a farmer he married a woman and made a good home.

However, in the vicinities, he could select a bride from the daughters of the merchants in the two provinces in which he did business. He was a man who could not help but be lavish with his harem. In ten years he had left his first wife a millionaire in the money that he amassed in his province. His wife, accustomed to country life, had kept him away from the city.

With this capital, he established a farm, and his business went on. In another ten years he was reputed to be worth three or four hundred thousand roubles. Young girls and widows set their eyes on him, but he did not wish to be a father, though he had many widows in his harem, but he did not wish to impose a stepmother upon his daughter Katia, of whom he was very fond.

Poloff's opinions grew larger and larger; he must already have been the possessor, not of three or four hundred thousand roubles, but of a good ten, had he taken the liquid profits; but he felt a certain repugnance to that business, which he did not consider as respectable as contracts and supplies. His millionaires colleagues made great fun of this casuistry, and they were not wrong; but he, though wrong, held to his opinion. "I am a merchant," said he, "and I do not wish to be involved in any social position."

Nevertheless, about a year before his daughter made Vera Pavlovna's acquaintance, he was furnished with only too glaring a proof that his business at best was not respectable, and that the profit was distinguishable from the liquid monopoly, although in his opinion it differed much.

To be continued.

"Culture" and Thought.

"They are but giants we live among."

Having heard all my life from those who claimed to know that the difference between the rich and the poor was due to the superior thinking powers of the former, I went to a meeting of the New York Bureau of Associated Charities, where it was advertised that the Rev. Edward Everett Hale would speak on the "Abolition of Poverty." The meeting, which was a very large one, held in a church, and there were some of those poor coats and bonnets which we have been taught to associate with lack of brains, but a grand array of costly overcoats, and sealskin muffs, and Paris bonnets, evidently denoted in their possessors an unusual amount of intelligence. Here, thought I, is a grand opportunity for the exercise of wisdom; now that the cultured classes are awakened to the question of poverty, there is poverty, and that it is removable, the solution of the labor question will receive a wonderful impetus, and the only reason that this question has not received its solution: be- cause it has never been directly and satisfactorily discussed.

The meeting opened by the president stating that the object of the society was the Abolition of Poverty, surely a very large object, and one well worthy of our support, and that its methods were, the overthrow of the Law of Demand and Supply. The investigation was designed to discover the causes of poverty, but I noticed that the society, which has four paid superintendents who devote their whole time and energy to the work, and an executive committee of forty lawyers who have nothing else to do, after four years' investigation has not yet discovered that monopoly has any share in the production of poverty; strange, is it not, with such brains! The cooperation consisted in focusing the rays of the organization, the sympathy of the law, the sympathy of the public, the sympathy of the law, and how the sympathy acted, probably a tear dropped now and then.

The annual report of the society was then read, showing that in this city of Newark 314,584 people, or one-twelfth of the population, had lived on food that could have been saved. The society had done excellent work and had been able to do it at a very little cost. It is seen that the poor are not philistines, and if zealously cultivated will yield the greatest returns.

The first speaker, a Rev. Dr. Wilson, told us that poverty and riches were increasing simultaneously; that every day the rich were growing richer and the poor poorer; that the gap between the two was becoming greater and greater. Dr. Wilson pointed out the laboring man's duty toward the sick [Dolphins inhabit the tenement-house regions?] and away to work, but unable by the most unreadable amount to earn enough to keep body and
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