On Picket Duty.

I call attention to Gertrude B. Kelly's well-directed criticism of E. C. Walker in another column. I have followed Mr. Walker and his writings for several years with the greatest care, interest, and admiration, and this remark on Malthusianism which Miss Kelly quotes from him is the first really foolish thing I ever knew him to say.

Liberty's valued contributor, Gertrude B. Kelly, made her début as an Anarchist lecturer in New Era Hall, Boston, on Sunday, March 28, delivering a remarkable discourse on "Anarchism and Expediency." Some idea of the position the speaker is in is indicated in a column in the controversy to which it has given rise between Mr. Appleton and myself. After the lecture she stood a running fire of questions, meeting them all with a calmness and coolness that was unsurpassable and a readiness and keenness that were marvellous. On the next Sunday she lectured in New Haven, and scored, I am informed, an even greater success than in Boston. Of this Liberty may give some further account.

In concluding I'll make effort to reply to a Galveston "News" criticism of the "Truth Seeker" in its recent struggle with Anarchism, the editor of the "Truth Seeker" remarks: "There is a scholarly courtesy in the criticisms of the Galveston 'News' becoming a great journal, which we miss in the editorials of the smaller Liberty. Whether or not it would give force and dignity to their utterances to copy the style of Mr. J. L. Walker of Galveston is a question leave to the judgment of Messrs. Tucker and Appleton." If there is one thing more than another that Anarchists believe in, it is the principle of contract. Now I have a contract to propose to the editor of the "Truth Seeker." If all future discussions between the "Truth Seeker" and Liberty, he will show one half the brains and one tenth the honesty of J. L. Walker, I will show twice his courtesy. Is it a bargain?

The latest piece of governmental interference is the proposition to raise the "age of consent" to eighteen years. It sounds quite harmless, and belongs to that class of measures which especially allure stiff-necked moralists, pious prudes, "respectable" radicals, and all the other divisions of the "once good." But what does it mean? It means that, if a girl's consent, of nature and sense mind, whom even the law recognizes as a fit person to be married and the mother of a family, shall love a man and win his love in return, and if this mutual love, by the voluntary and deliberate act of both parties, shall find sexual expression outside of the "forms of law" made and provided by our stupid legislatures, the man may be found guilty of committing rape and sent to prison for twenty years. Such is the real nature of this proposition, whatever attempt may be made to conceal it beneath the garments of "emancipation and morality." It is an outrage on manhood, and on womanhood—not only an outrage, but an insult. And yet it is put forward in the interest of young people. How foolish! As if it were possible to more basely dishonor a woman already several years past the age which nature provided her with the power of motherhood than by telling her that she hasn't brains enough to decide whether and in what way she will become a mother!

"Der Arme Teufel" Speaks.

The following article by Auguste Beurier, a man of unpractical character and the "Christine of poeple," — a German weekly published at Detroit, and one of the best in the country, — will serve 1: (1), together with the manly and beautiful letter from Justin H. Schwab which it enbodies, to convince such as need confirmation of my orders, i. e., my views against the Most party, or member thereof, were not wanton lies, but fearful veracities. It is translated from "Der Arme Teufel" of April 10.

Serious charges have of late been raised against the Most faction of the Social-Revolutionary party. At first only the rumor was effect that particular members of the party, for their personal enrichment, had instituted a deliberate system of crime in New York, that raised the story of the collision between Justin H. Schwab and Most, and finally appeared in Liberty, — an Anarchist Journal published by H. Tucker in Boston, — that charges against Most have long been discussed in the International. Tucker asserts that since 1898 different houses have been set on fire by members of the group, after having first been insured, and that the people in the houses were burned. On account of these crimes, as well as on account of the robbery and murder of an old woman in Jersey City, several of these bands are said to be coal-mine murder, robbery, and piracy. The jury are said to be the weapons of these Anarchists, who had openly declared that at all events they would be bound to die on the "So You." Naturally these charges are published by the capitalistic press with great gusto and satisfaction. But since the matter as yet only rests on assertions, and Most has assured us in the last "Freiheit" that he will clear up the whole matter in the next number, I feel constrained to withhold judgment on this matter of which I have heard nothing.

That, on the part of the Most clique, crime, as such, has been glorified is unfortunately true, and I can well understand his and his counterfeits. Tucker avers that since 1898 different houses have been on fire by members of the group, after having first been insured, and that the people in the houses were burned. On account of these crimes, as well as on account of the robbery and murder of an old woman in Jersey City, several of these bands are said to be coal-mine murder, robbery, and piracy. The jury are said to be the weapons of these Anarchists, who had openly declared that at all events they would be bound to die on the "So You." Naturally these charges are published by the capitalistic press with great gusto and satisfaction. But since the matter as yet only rests on assertions, and Most has assured us in the last "Freiheit" that he will clear up the whole matter in the next number, I feel constrained to withhold judgment on this matter of which I have heard nothing.

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Malthusianism.

It is with the greatest surprise that I see in "Lucifer," of March 30, P. C. Walker, whom I have long been in the habit of regarding as a first-class Anarchist, one who had proved to the bottom the cause of the present unjust distribution of wealth, propose Malthusianism as a measure in any way calculated to redress the wrongs of the laboring masses. Can Mr. Walker really be so ignorant of the "Iron Law of wages" that he does not see that the reduction in the number of the members of a family, therefore, becomes general, can have no other result than a reduction of wages? Small families under present conditions are of advantage to no one except the laboring class. Mr. Walker says that, "when the laboring masses shall have passed two generations have had the practical aspect to limit the size of the family, the great problem of which our reformers complain will not longer be possible." I think that the verdict of history is against Mr. Walker. France has had small families for nearly three generations, and the working-people are there so better off, so nearer to a solution of the social problem, than they are in any country in which large families prevail. The strikes at Lyons, Montmagny-les-Mines, Deauville, the statistics of wars and of the mode of living of French working-men and women, published not only in France but in Médecins de Barav in "Revue des Deux Mondes," the fact that 35,000 houses in the agricultural districts of France have no other opening than the door, in 10,000 houses only a single window, do not speak very much in favor of small families as a remedy for the social disease. The only effect decrease in the size of families could have under present conditions would be to increase the proportion of the laborer absorbed by the capitalist. It is only when a man is guaranteed the full product of his labor that is called "free" that it becomes a thing, that is, as a rule, a sine qua non that these small families have to have only one single window, do not speak very much in favor of small families as a remedy for the social disease. The only effect decrease in the size of families could have under present conditions would be to increase the proportion of the laborer absorbed by the capitalist. It is only when a man is guaranteed the full product of his labor that is called "free" that it becomes a thing, that is, as a rule, a sine qua non that these small families have to have only one single window, do not speak very much in favor of small families as a remedy for the social disease.
IRIELAND!

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.
Continued from No. 76.

To-day, the patient was sitting up, convulsed, but trembling, feeble, feeble, his wounds barely closed; hence, as the young girl had just begged of him, they felt the necessity of restraining themselves. His eyes, however, and every one pretended to be quite indifferent to the bill-posting by the soldiers, who had first thought of the church for that purpose.\footnote{In this case, the church was also used as a hospital.}\footnote{This passage seems to be a reference to a historical event or situation involving the church.} This indifference was increased by the appearance of absolute indifference, the poor Bundoclyads betrayed the secret which they imagined shut up in the profoundest recesses of their hearts. As a matter of fact, they were in a shock heavily sealed.\footnote{The Bundoclyads were a fictional group of people.} Regularly, their looks converged on Asklight's hat, and, quickly, as they were withdrawn, Tom Lichfield surprised them, and instantly suspected that his secret had been betrayed.

From Gowan, who had become furious as soon as he had sobered off, and who had run to the gibbet to take away his prison, the spy had learned the story of his dejection, and he did not doubt that the “bird” should not rise from the ashes; but that the ashes of his heart would be contaminated.\footnote{This metaphorical language suggests a deep emotional trauma.}

And the breath of the old soldier, who had been standing a moment at the first syllable of the word, when the soldiers charged with the posting of the overloading blackstaff, stopped before the threshold of the old sailor.

In his silence, he remained, in which nothing was heard except the measured and rhythmic tread of the squads marching hitler and thither in the darkness.

And no one breathed till the departure of the bill-posters. Tom Lichfield, applying his forefinger to the scythe-like side of his nose, reflected, as he walked through the square:

But his preoccupation, his absorption, put a dream in the ears of the Bundoclyads, especially when Lichfield glanced more discreetly than the others at Asklight's door, his pupils sparkling with such an intense fire that they excited attention. Then he took away his hat, he explained himself, criticized himself, now rubbing his hands contentedly, now snapping his fingers in spite.

"Business is not go, then?" asked Paddy Neil, suddenly; "or are you considering the possibility which presents difficulties?"

Tom Lichfield looked at him. Was he expressing himself frankly, or was he already beginning, as he said to his own conscience, he was a face, it was impossible not to see. And the other comrades who had drawn near with the muffled man, and surrounded the merchant, were not frowning.

No, no, I am not saying that in comprehending that the bantering Irishman looked upon him suspiciously.

As Lichfield, in the centre of this bewitchment of a man, who cut off view of the precious hut, three stealthy and anxious glances in that direction, Paddy interrupted him squarely.

"What is it? What's the matter?"

"I'm afraid, what you don't put an end to, and the way things are, you are going to be in a sorry plight."

"You seem to be looking for something that escapes you."

"This straight thrust excited in Lichfield a fit of coughing, but he would not be put out of consternation by such a small matter, and answered:

"You, certainly, I am looking for customers. I have hardly made a sale for a week."

"Have you, now? And you have been here on a high level of business, but one article which they would willingly buy of you, and you will hold on to that for sure."

"I prefer, pipes, good Birmingham knives?"

"No, no," denied Paddy, at each object enumerated.

"Religious books?" not interested the merchant.

"Poulet cooking at a sitting still."

"Not, not at all!" exclaimed Tom, giving the flayed man a dig in the stomach.

"You are talking with everybody, and putting on a jovial expression, he repeated his words:

"You joker! you joker!" said he; but he could think nothing more to say and was entirely dry.

Pierced deeply to the heart, knowing that he had been deceived by him to his own peril, he turned out to the little servant: "Bagwell Harvey is there in that wretched hut!" What would happen?

Instantly, the Irishmen would rush upon him, and at once strange him like a dog.\footnote{This is a metaphor suggesting a sudden change or transformation.}

What did he exclaim to his horse? To the dead horse, rolling under the grass in the cemetery, — that would be a fine way of earning money? They would pay it to Madame Lichfield, and, consoling, she, with little difficulty, would manage to get a horse, the clerk, for whom yellow, and dried-up, she had a fancy. He swallowed again his wish. Moreover, John Autrain gave the curse.

A man in the crowd, the danger of which they would purposefully and drastically undertake.

Ashamed of this unworthy weakness, and anxious that the trader should rise again and say to his servant, he took him in his hand. The heart of the body seemed to him to be melting away, and he had the horrible sensation of becoming a soul floating without muscles, without bone, without warmth, and very little pleasure, might do up in his heart-baggage.

And this when he dreamed of having, on his return from his expedition, the unanimous consent of his fellow-countryman, and, rich and fawned upon, of finding the reward of his good fortune, of his intelligence, of his courage, of his talents, in honors, flattering distinctions, high places among his associates, and, perhaps — why not? — the supreme magistracy of his city, the patent of nobility conferred by the sovereign in reward for his distinguished and inspired services!

Brutish, Baron of Bunclely! What prestige, what pleasures, what prerogatives would result from this elevation! And all this flattering prospect to win in chorus, the blooms of manhood, to the admiration and the benevolence of the learned, or of the weakens, regained his tricky peddler's gift of gall, and proposed a glass of wine, of extra quality, such as King George did not drink at his dinner, and which, Tom Lichfield, reserved for himself, would be to a king.

And, feigning secrecy, securing himself, by careful survey, that the suspicious eyes of the soldiers, who were in possession of the parish papers, who were looking for the marks of society, who were reading the letters of the oppressors! Into the sea with all those, who should not be destroyed! There must not be a single set foot again in England. For those who were all those who, with regard to these monitors, would be justified in the sight of heaven.

But his infantile eloquence, his periphrastic violence, were all spent in vain; they sounded a false, and, besides, Auffz himself had enlightened Paddy in regard to the murmur.

To be continued.

THE WIFE OF NUMBER 4,237.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Cousin of Jean — he had no other relatives — persuaded Julie to leave the village for the city, where she could find occupation. She learned the trade of gatherer, and was soon working by the side of her cousin.

But the separation of the young people was painful.

"You will not forget me during my absence?" said the young man. "You will wait for me! It is happily arranged; you will not be a little girl any more. Your Julie will wait for you. But you, take care that, with your head down, no misfortune comes to you: I could not survive you!..."

Cousin of Jean passed the whole day together in this way, giving away the inquietudes of the young people, and exchanging the anxieties of the separation by dreams of happiness after the return.

The day was pained.

A day of twelve hours in a little sitting work shop, under the superintendence of a bigot — old woman, who has in overturning wages in forty sobs a day; the revolting advances of the employer's son, — one must bear everything to avoid being put out on the street. But she had the sweet words of her mother and Jean's letters, which the atmosphere of the barracks has not been able to soil with its feld brash.

At last, the year had passed.

Jean had returned, and a life of peaceful happiness began for the three. Julie worked no more in the shop; Jean, who made a good living, told his mother that she should rest a little and care for her mother. This lasted a few days, and gradually, she, a little tired, still resounded in her ears.

She shrieked at the recollection of the evening when they came to tell her that the young people were separated; the tears, the sprays, the invocation of a station: that, quarrelling with an overseer, he had almost killed him with a knife.

"Jean, Jean, why did you do this?" murmured Julie. "How happy we might have been without this!"

And immediately the image of her cousin appeared before her, a child on her hands.

"Saw this overseer, the man who had abandoned her after having seduced her, — and Julie hastened to say:

"No, no, for I am not waiting for you. I may not, in any thought, you are here."

And she sees the countenance; an indifferent public, come to seek impressions — all something to gossip about; her cousin, pale and trembling in a corner of the witness bench; her husband between two policemen. Before him, the judge, somber, somber, false-speaker, tranquil; an attorney-general, cholerick, furious at having obtained only six years' confinement for a child-murderer of eighteen years, who had just been tried before the same court.

A year had passed, a year had passed, a little tired, still resounded in her ears.

What could he say more? T he was his cousin's sole defender, that he could not help it, — what price he ought to pay? And when he spoke of the brothers, his emotions were so bitter, he was so confused to explain what the success was, what his cousin's had. suffered.

But the attorney-general made a long speech. He spoke of the immorality of the young man, the law, the anger of the community, the crime of the thoughts, the crime of the speech made to the other; — he was condemned by thirty years in prison.

The old mother could not endure this sorrow: they carried her to the cemetery — the place of her husband, the place of her brother, the place of her son, who had fallen under a sword, divided in ignoble, gay, and sent to the central prison.

The moon was already descending towards the horizon. One moment more, one more glance at the hills, at the mountains, at the forest. The silent night enveloped the prison and the hamlet. A thick mist, heavy and thick, enveloped the house, the hamlet, the hills, the forest, the valleys; the cold night breeze.

Julie did not feel it penetrate her clothes, her flesh, her bones; the fatigue of the day, the evening, the mountain air, the wind in her hair — she did not feel it move forward on her arm, she slept, still leaning against the window open to the cold night breeze.

III.

At five o'clock Julie was up; at seven o'clock she was already ringing at the grated door of the prison.
A LETTER TO GROVER CLEVELAND.

To His False, Abused, Self-Contradictory, and Ridiculous Inaugural Address.

By LYDENSPOONER.

[The author reserves his copyright in this letter.]
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BENJ. R. TUCKER, Editor and Proprieter.
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"A free man is one who enjoys the use of his reason and his faculties: who is neither blinded by passion, nor overborne by oppression, nor deceived by erroneous opinions."—Procrustes.

Time Will Tell.

To the fearful charges of crime made in the last issue of Liberty against the "Communistic Anarchists" of New York and vicinity John Makestans makes answer in "Freileit." After exhausting his choice vocabulary of epithets upon myself and parties to whom he supposes to be behind me, he says that the presse have ignored the charges as foolish; that I could not know that such deeds have been done, because I live in Boston; that the two Bohemians referred to by me did not belong to the Bohemian group; that Schweb left the "Freileit" himself to separate himself from the editors of that paper but out of cowardice and fear of the police; that he (Most) was never informed that such crimes had been perpetrated; that, if he had been, he would have done nothing about it, because he never meddled with private matters that do not concern the party; and that he has not had criminals for lieutenants. I do not see why he did not add one more to this catalogue of lies by saying either that the crimes alleged by me were never committed, or that I was not permitted by the members of the organizations which I denounced. Perhaps I was deterred from this by the memory that he has admitted in the presence of a dozen persons the perpetration of the crimes of which he complains; and I would have pitied the poor and innocent under the lash instead of trying to apologize for or excuse the guilty parties.

I do not propose to bandy words with John Most. It has never been my intention to try these charges, or prove them, in these columns. Sooner or later that would be done elsewhere. But I have nothing to retract. On the contrary, I reiterate all my charges, emphatically as before, and declare that I keep far inside of the horrible truth. Those who know me know that I do not mistreat people lightly. I seek into possession of certain facts, and I used such of them as I chose in what seemed the wisest way. I have done what I could to save the lives and possessions of unoffending persons against the violence by which they were smirched by association, even in name, with crime and criminals. The poor fools who choose to attribute my course to jealousy, envy, revenge, or any other petty motive whatever, may wag their tongues as they will; I wait for Time to do justice to the firebugs, to their friend, John Most, and to their enemy, myself. And I shall not wait in vain.

BENJ. R. TUCKER.

Anarchism and Expediency.

The late lecture of Dr. Gertrude B. Kelly in New Era Hall in this city was a phenomenal treat, such as has rarely gladdened the ears of those fortunate enough to hear her. Whether the subtlety of the young lady's intellect or her personal loveliness be the more captivating it would be difficult to say. That her effort was a magnificently one need not be repeated to any of her fascinated auditors.

But since no human judgment is final, and "truth's a gem that fears no light," I wish to register a few points touching the subject of "Anarchism and Expediency." I confess to being far less in my notions on this topic than people organized so severely on the plumb-line principle as Miss Kelly and Brother Tucker; and, lest I be generally charged with "Anarchism or Expediency," I confest to being far less in my notions on this topic than people organized so severely on the plumb-line principle as Miss Kelly and Brother Tucker. I decline to do so, in the sight of human misery, and of ignorance which should be met with love and charity, rather than the haughty looks of disdain into the eyes of these fairly feeble polies. I had rather my own heart would warn the brain into insensibility than that the brain should freeze the heart and make me a bigot.

Possibly Brother Tucker has yet to learn that compromise is a true scientific principle under Anarchism, and that in its proper sense it is logically enjoined upon the faithful. I have never found a final settlement of the various issues of the day, nor do I foresee I ever shall. But until a state of things in which my Brother Tucker and I can unite in the common effort to do right, I rise for prayers, and ask Sister Kelly and Brother Tucker to keep me from going astray.

Plumb-Line or Cork-Screw, Which?

I have no wish to discuss the personality of the writer of the foregoing article; in fact, I am completely uninterested in the argument for or against the notion taken by me upon a question of ethics and politics, and so interseaves his personality therewith that I can escape its discussion except by silence which almost insists that I shall not persist in, nor is it in my nature to, a detailed discussion, the "time to take the responsibility of its results." I do not that it involves the saying of things to him unpleasant, harsh, and severe, the blame will rest with him for forcing me, his friend, to speak of him in public with that frankness of character on which neither he nor I have ever hesitated to employ when addressing each other in private.

I think the policy of the person whom I assail, and offers in defence thereof nothing except his personal career as a delinquent and its results. Therefore I am obliged to examine that personal career and those results, to see what they are and what they show, and that I am not a necessary member of the personal personality, I shall disregard the pseudonyms, "X" and "Honorable," and deal, in my direct, plumb-line fashion, with Henry Appleton.

Mr. Appleton's "child of science" appears to be that by his expediency tactics in the "Irish World" he succeeded in making a great many Irish Anarchists. Against this assertion I put the counter-assertion that by his articles in "Liberry" which have always—until very lately—at any rate—been of the uncompromising order, though addressing a constituency only fifteen thousand; a large as the "Irish World," he has helped to make a least twenty times as many Irish Anarchists as ever were the "Honorable." Mr. Appleton's "bitter" is as susceptible of proof as his, and if it be true, it is fair to presume that, if all the work of his life had been of a similarly uncompromising character, it would have had similarly important results.

And after all how many staunch Irish Anarchists, with a deep-rooted comprehension of Anarchism, did the "Honorable" letters ever make? I doubt if Mr. Appleton had the ability to make half a dozen or a dozen or more, how many of the number were 'made' Anarchists by the expediency tactics rather than in spite of them? Not our judgment. Certain that, not Gertrude Kelly, &c. of say, a character which, no doubt, he has wandered and rumbled into an acceptance of Anarchism by the insinuating method which Mr. Appleton describes so proudly. She became an Anarchist principally because she had brains in her head and was bound to come one in very short order. She very likely found the seed-thought in some of the many flat-footed Anarchistic sentences contained in the "Honorable" letters; but, if she had not found them there, she would have found outlines and background, and Noel inside, and, "Honorable," or so "Honorable," she would by this time have been in New Era Hall or somewhere else spreading the light thus acquired. Certainly her conversion cannot be placed to the credit of expediency. More few other brainy people to whom the "Honorable" letters gave a start and who have landed on solid Anarchistic ground. It is undoubtedly true that these letters, by their absurdity, did pave the way for the furthering of one of the highly reformed, by his habit of connecting his thought with daily life, and by his faculty of creatorily presenting all abstract ideas, did very greatly charm and captivate a multitudinous number of the multitude of them any other than expediency tactics would have made it impossible to exercise this charm. But these people were simply charmed; they never got any adhesion to the irreligion of the moderate polies. I had rather my own heart would warn the brain into insensibility than that the brain should freeze the heart and make me a bigot.
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Or, if he will rise to the level of Jesus and Socrates, I will be equally well satisfied, for both of them were "savage, wrapped in the plumb-line principles." Mr. Appleton is indeed unfortunate in the types he selects. Socrates a proponent of slavery; Jesus a proponent of murder. And, because he was a proponent of the Pharisee's; why, I had fancied litheretho that it was Jesus' hatred of compromise, indirectness, and hypocrisy that led him to separate himself from the Pharisees. If Mr. Appleton takes another and still clearer view of the Anarchists, by all means let him do likewise. If he thinks that the Anarchists "shut up the kingdom of heaven against men, neither going in themselves nor suffering them that are entering in to go in"; that they have "closed the door of the house of life"; and that "the pretense of making a long prayer," if he thinks they "compass seas and land to make one proselyte; and when he is made, he make twofold more the chub of hell than themselves;" if he thinks that they "pay and fee their counsel, and cunning, and study to omit the weightier matters of the law;" if he thinks that they are "blind guides who straiten at a gate and swallow a camel;" if he thinks that they "make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within are full of extortion and excess;" if he thinks that they are "like unto white sepulchers, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones;" if he thinks that they "endeavor with all manner of words to make slavery;" I am afraid he has not seen these things of the Anarchists, as Jesus thought them of the Pharisees, then let him be a man, as Jesus was, and say so; let him leave them, as Jesus did, and no longer pretend to be one of them; and as he goes, let him turn to the multitude in their ears, and say, "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" Then he will be as uncompromising as Jesus. Jesus did not doubt about making slaves to the public and publicans back to Pharisee. He did not champion the one today and coquet with the other tomorrow. He took his stand definitely with the one and against the other, and at every step there was the question of slavery.

If, on second thought, Mr. Appleton finds these standards selected by himself—Paine, Socrates, Jesus—too high for him, I will then simply ask him to rise once more to the standard which he set in his recent New Haven speech. He can and it is in another column, as reported by Comrade Zarro. Perhaps a "little refection" will suffice to once more "make it clear" to him that all those who ignore 'first principles' and engage in 'practical work'—meaning by it temporary relief, compensation, etc.—are in reality wasting time and labor, and are engaged in a most ridiculous and fruitless work. That is near enough to the plumb-line to suit him.

Apart from the unpleasant task which has imposed upon me, there is a cause for rejoicing in the fact that Mr. Appleton has been forced into an apologetic attitude. Even his brother's expostulation had done no good; she might still find ample excuse for self-congratulation in having so skilfully cut the case of compromise that Mr. Appleton cannot help seeing that it fits him, has put it on, and is now trying as hard as he can to find some ground for feeling a pride in his garment. When she has further shown him, I have no doubt she will soon fill these columns, and this coat cannot be worn by upright human beings, as loudly decried, and in the most denunciation of the world's wrongs.

Max's Mirror.

Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, having drawn a salary from the government, is an impostor, a liar, a man who has violated the law and common honesty, thinks to stop the mouth of the press by giving the money to a hospital for the benefit of newspaper men. He has got a deal of advertising out of this little scheme of quick gains; but, as for his "health and vigor," and the "honesty that he always looks for." As a congressman, Hon. J. Pulitzer is a quack. As a journalist, Editor J. Pulitzer is a greater quack, and he runs the biggest quack newspaper printed on the crust of this planet. Mr. Pulitzer is the big-time quack of the human circus. He is the very flower of this age of humbug and charlatanism. I hope its figures of circulation—probably lying figures—indicate the high-water mark of mendacity, and that the flood of quackery that now submerges civilization may soon subside and leave some of the facts and verities of human life and affairs bare to the public.

PANAMA GLIMPSES.

The red men must give up their superstitions," says Gen. J. B. C. Atkins, commissioner of Indian affairs, in his annual report to the secretary of the interior. He means they must exchange their superstitions for the white man's and worship only government. The great Gatling gun. The Vanderbilt's seem to understand their attitude toward mankind. —M. V. Powell of Newport strictly enforced Sunday law recently, and markets, etc., were closed for the first time in half a century. Prayers before grub. —The "Republic" says: "Indians never did, and never will, object to paying fair rents." Then shall we ever be free. —Boston "Globe".: "As the United States is sovereign directly and wholly by the people, having no aristocracy save that of heart and no nobility but brains." Danforth! Seventy-one lawyers in Philadelphia. Hundreds of them, Judge says, don't earn fees enough to pay car fare. Must get living. —Fremont's "Progress" managed to drift by deaths to minors. Mere reversals of customary attitude. —Laws against polygamy in Utah strictly enforced. Municipal ordinance under which Federal officers arrested for lawless acts, but not valid. Mormon monster must be throttled. Pitch into Mormons! Give 'em hell! They don't vote. —"My brother workman, the path of your progress does not lie in the direction of socialism, alhy and truly as it may have formulated many of your reasonable complaints and your legitimate demands. The road whither this giant leads you is full of pitfalls of fatal fallacy and untruth, and is grim and odious with guinea horrors and chimerae eyes." Rev. Dr. Brown, sky pilot of Liberty. Got the holy goblins again awfuly.

MAX.

The editor of Liberty will lecture before the Equal Rights Debating Club of New Haven on Sunday, May 5, in the afternoon. Subject: "Socialism and Anarchism, how far they agree and wherein they differ."

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A LETTER TO CLEVELAND.

AMONG the several States," solely on the strength of a false definition of the word "to regulate," that the power to provide for the "general welfare," is the power to prescribe the rule by which consequent is to be governed.

This definition is an utterly false, absurd, and unavowed one. It would give Congress power absolute to establish any law that would be advantageous to the people, without regard to economy, utility, or safety. But it is regulated, when its motions are made to conform to a preceding rule, that's made up of all the preceding rules. What this rule is, in the case of a locomotive, may not be known with such scientific precision, as it would be useless, if impossible, to determine; but it may be approximated with sufficient accuracy for practical purposes.

The preceding rules, by which Congress is to be "regulated," is a matter of science, and is already known, as far as the natural principles of science will go. The Constitution cannot make the same contracts whatever, that are naturally and intrinsically just and lawful, furnishing the precedents of rules, by which all other contracts can be regulated. It is the only rule, to which all the constitutional powers to make commerce contracts are subjected, and the Constitution is intrinsically just and lawful, secured and protected, and all commerce that is intrinsically just and lawful, must be regulated, and not before.

This fallacious notion of the verb "to regulate" has been used, time out of mind, by knavish lawyers and contractors, to hide their violations of men's natural right to do their own businesses in all such ways— that are naturally and intrinsically just and lawful— as they may. These contracts are not always, indeed, always, men's right to do their own businesses in their own ways; but they will assume to "regulate" them; and in pretending to do that, they are really "to regulate" just as much men's right to do their own businesses in their own ways.

But, for the last fifty years, of the power of Congress, or of the States, "to regulate the currency." And to "regulate the currency" has always meant, to fix the amount, of coin and legal tender that is to be made; to buy and sell, land and houses, and give and receive, in their dealings with each other. It has also meant to say who shall accept the money instead of making it the suppression only of false and dishonest monies, and the leaving or taking away the natural right of buying and selling, lending and receiving, all in the same, honest, true and money, or currency, as the parties to any or all contracts may mutually agree upon.

Marshall's false assumptions are numerous and tyrannical. They all have the manifest design to establish, by establishing them all separately. Many, or all, of the States are in the following, thus:

1. The assumption that, by a certain paper, called the constitution of the United States (an I would be tedious to recite) which nobody ever read, but few persons ever read, and which the great body of the people never saw — and also by some forty subsidiary papers, called State Constitutions, which also nobody ever read, but only persons who read, and who are the people never saw— all making a perfect system of the nearest nothingness— the people have no right to make laws, that is, they have all the abolition of justice itself, the highest moral law of the Universe; and that all their own laws, inherent, inalienable rights to the benefits of that law, shall be null and void; and that the influence of that is that the will of the people never saw — and giving the irresponsible custody of some forty little cabals of blackmailers and vultures called legislators—blackmailers, who imagine themselves wiser than justice itself, and vultures, who care nothing for either wisdom or justice, but only for the gratification of their own avarices and ambitions; and that these cabals shall be invested with the right to dispose of the property, liberty, and lives of all the rest of the people, at their pleasure or discretion; or, as Marshall says, "their wisest and discretion.

2. If such an assumption as that does not embrace near: i.e., quite, all the other false assumptions that usurpers and tyrants can ever need, to justify themselves in robbery, in enfranchising, and murdering all the rest of mankind, it is less comprehensible than it appears to be.

3. In the following paragraph may be found another fact of Marshall's false assumptions.

The right to contract is the attribute of a free agent, and he may rightfully coerce performance from another free agent, who violates his faith. Contracts have consequently an intrinsic obligation, a law to society, and its inhabitants, to act according to its original natural right of coercion. It would be incompatible with general peace, and is therefore objected by those who are opposed to the idea of government, to destroy in its place a more safe and more certain remedy.

But the right to contract is not surrendere or abdicated by the constitution or any other law. Indeed, the inhabitants of any country, that is, the people of a country, have a "more safe and more certain remedy" that is, a "more safe and more certain remedy" that is, a more safe and more certain remedy that is, a more safe and more certain remedy. It is the right of every man to enter into society, and "surrender" to society, their "original and natural right" to enter into the fulfillment of contracts, and that "society goes in place of a more safe and certain remedy," he virtually says, and no one can deny that, in considering the natural right of coercion, "society" pledges itself to that it will give the "more safe and more certain remedy," and more certain remedy, to the people, and more certainly enforce their contracts than they can do themselves.

And yet, in the same opinion—only two and three pages preceding this extract—we read, "..."... and this is emphatically the "right of government"—of what he calls "society"—"to prohibit such contracts as may be deemed mischievous, we are unquestioned.

And as an illustration of the exercise of this right of "society" to prohibit such contracts "as may be deemed mischievous," he cites the usury laws, thus:

The acts against usury declare the contract to be void in the beginning. They deny that the instrument, even before a contract, "they deny all original obligation and cannot impair that which never came into existence," p. 268.

All this is as much as to say that the "right of government"—or what he calls "society"—that he has voluntarily "come into society," and has "suspended" to society its original right of coercion, the fulfillment of its contracts, and when he has done this in the confidence that society will fulfill its pledge to make more safe and more certain coercion than he was capable of himself, society may then turn to him, and say:

"...you have subscribed to society that you will make more safe and more certain coercion than you was capable of yourself, that you "surrendered" to society that you will make more certain fulfillment of your own contracts. We acknowledge that it.

But Marshall has voluntarily "come into society," and has "suspended" to society its original right of coercion, the fulfillment of its contracts, and when he has done this in the confidence that society will fulfill its pledge to make more safe and more certain coercion than he was capable of himself, society may then turn to him, and say:

"Let us take your oath, that you will make more safe and more certain coercion than you were capable of yourself, and that we will make more safe and more certain coercion than you are capable of yourself. But Marshall means, that you will make more safe and more certain coercion than you are capable of yourself, and that we will make more safe and more certain coercion than you are capable of yourself. But Marshall means, that you will make more safe and more certain coercion than you are capable of yourself, and that we will make more safe and more certain coercion than you are capable of yourself. But Marshall means, that you will make more safe and more certain coercion than you are capable of yourself, and that we will make more safe and more certain coercion than you are capable of yourself.

But Marshall has voluntarily "come into society," and has "suspended" to society its original right of coercion, the fulfillment of its contracts, and when he has done this in the confidence that society will fulfill its pledge to make more safe and more certain coercion than he was capable of himself, society may then turn to him, and say:

"...you have voluntarily "come into society," and have voluntarily "surrendered" to your governments all their other natural rights, as well as their "original and natural right" to make and enforce contracts.

He virtually said to all the people of this country:

You have voluntarily "come into society," and have voluntarily "surrendered" to your governments all their other natural rights, as well as their "original and natural right" to make and enforce contracts.

But Marshall has done more than any other man—certainly more than any other man—within the last eighteen years, to make our governments, and the people no rights.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

A ROMANCE.

By N. G. TCHERNYCHWSKY.

Translated by Heng. R. Tucker.

Continued from No. 70.

XIII.

They live gayly and as friends, working and resting, enjoying life and looking forward to the future, if not without anxiety, at least with the firm assurance that
LIBERTY.

Véra Pavlova began her story.

"Ha, ha, ha! That dear Julie! I like her very much. And she throws herself upon her knees, says insulting things, and behaves most improperly, the dear girl!"

"Bravo, Véra Pavlova! I will throw myself out of the window!" Bravo, gentleman! The lady in question, I see, was not deterred by the sight of the profanities that the guests had imitated in a drunken manner and cried "Bravo!" and "Hurrah!"

"What's the matter with you? What's the matter with you?" cried Katerina Vasiilevna, it, right, in the same spirit.

"Nothing, nothing: it's giving me some water, do not trouble." Mossoff is already bringing some.

"Is the matter with you? Is the matter with you?"

She takes the glass, brought by the young companion who had withdrawn to the window.

"See how I have taught him! He knows everything in advance. Now it has entirely passed. Keep on, I pray, you are interesting.

"If you get fatigued," he said, "I shall go calmly from the divan. I must rest, sleep an hour or an hour and a half. Yes, I am going away without ceremony."

"Permit me, why should I not attend to it?" Katerina Vasiilevna said.

"It is worth while to trouble yourself?"

What a debate we owe to the philosophic ladies of the window."

"Poor woman!" said one voice the three persons of the well-behaved party after they had gone out of the room.

To be continued.


The above heading appeared in the New York " Herald" in August, 1884. It shows the freedom of mental and moral depravity which we exist, when such an announcement may appear in a leading paper in a large city and without censure.

A "lady" is a person who does nothing for her living; who produces nothing; who would be most highly innuencement, if any were desired to suggest that she had ever been engaged in any occupation, and that she had at any time been in the capacity of a "lady" it is a sign that she is enabled by this wondrous system under which we live to give a vacation to a "hard-working woman." She was fifty feet, the hard-working young woman and the hard-working young men going to state this state of things? It is not enough to be robbed of the fruits of one's labor, without having to submit to be paternalized, without having inculcated by it for that of the men and women are forced to give the ladies and gentle- men.

The good work of the ladies still goes on, and we learn from the "Herald" of March 9 that the second annual meeting of the Association of Working Women's Societies was held on that evening; that eight hundred representatives from the societies of New York, Brooklyn, and the neighboring cities were present. Every member of the association has been to a certain extent divided. Each local society, at the annual meeting, divides itself in the following manner: each member having its own color; a knot of the color was to be worn by each member, so that it may be read at a glance to a group of women's groups. The colors were to be divided, and the colors of the leaders are marked with the letters, letter, and nauseously." Look down upon the people of the world when girls are marked like cattle at a fair? Would you put your best qualities into the hands of the men who are, in such a manner, that those who support them could "tell at a glance" how many men had been grounded to death, how many women had been reduced, how many children's livings lost, that they would be able to vote, that they would not be able to vote, that their education was to be restricted, that their education was to be restricted, that their education was to be restricted, that their education was to be restricted.

One of the theses included in the association's program is to make up the amount of labor, and to look down upon the people of the world when girls are marked like cattle at a fair? Would you put your best qualities into the hands of the men who are, in such a manner, that those who support them could "tell at a glance" how many men had been grounded to death, how many women had been reduced, how many children's livings lost, that they would be able to vote, that they would not be able to vote, that their education was to be restricted, that their education was to be restricted, that their education was to be restricted, that their education was to be restricted.

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