On Picket Duty.

That blind partisan, Senator Edmunds, by the introduction of a bill which, if passed, will surely make dynamite as important a factor in American politics as it already is in European politics.

A very silly pamphlet is one entitled "Slaughter the Innocents, and the Irish Crime in America," written by Charles O. Donovan, A. M., barrister-at-law. The scare tactics of the blighters is about as far from the surface as lawyers usually do may be inferred from his warning to the Irish against the example of the Nationalists, whom he styles the "Garillas of Russia," describing them as cutting off Alexander II. in the "sublime" work of emancipation which he began by freeing the serfs before dynamite was discovered.

An exceptionally well-informed and (on other subjects) fair-minded Englishman excitedly exclaimed, in discussing the London explosions with me, that, if these things kept on, he hoped "England would make Ireland a waste." And in the very next breath he told me that he ought to be ashamed of myself for "defending," or so uncritically, individuals who satisfied their revenge by destroying and endangering the lives of innocent people. This same tender-hearted individual thinks that it would be better for the world if the Mahdi's army to be wiped out than that General Gordon should be killed. It is astonishing to think of the number of people whose sensibilities undergo the most exquisite torture at the idea of one policeman dying from a dynamite explosion and who will discuss with the most utter savagery the horrible possibilities of officially-declared war. All these people, whether they know it or not, are still tainted with the doctrine that "the king can do no wrong."

The thanks of liberty and all its friends are due to Senator Riddleberger of Virginia for the manly front that he presented, by speech and vote, without the support of a single fellow-senator, against the adoption of Senate Dyer's antiterroristic resolution of indignation at the dynamiters and sympathy with England. His vote, given in undaunted resistance to the sixty-three representatives to the principle that gave birth to this nation who voted for the resolution, will live in history and make his memory glorious, even though the reputation which he bears as a tricky politician should never be wiped out. To think, too, of the Haymarket, and these men for Liberty coming from Virginia to plant a blow between the eyes of Northern tools of despotism by reminding them, in plain terms of glowing eloquy, of John Brown at Harper's Ferry! A shade of Patrick Henry! I fancy I can see you now pointing with pride at this your younger brother from the Old Dominion, while the ghosts of old Sam Adams and James Otis cover their faces with shame as the treason has at last fallen upon George F. Hoar upon the Old Bay State. Will General Pat Collins redeem the fair fame of Massachusetts? For before my readers see these words that wild, young aspirant for political preeminence will probably have an opportunity in the house of representatives to justify the claim made for him by his friends that he is the foremost champion of Irish-Americans. I am waiting to see what mistake he is made of.

One of the most unique and vivid word-pictures that I have seen was written by James Redpath in the last number of "John Swinton's Paper," entitled "Two Hundred Million Acres, or, The Long, Long March of a Royal Spook." The fanciful writer imagines the spirit of King Henry the Second to have been released from his body by an Irish patriot's bow on his landing in Ireland in 1171 and sentenced by Brian Boru and eleven other members of an Irish spectral jury to never find repose until it had spent just one minute on each acre of a territory ten times the size of Ireland, that is, of the exact area that has been given away during the last twenty years to American corporations by our Republican or Democratic congresses. Mr. Redpath finds that, under those conditions and walking twelve hours a day, King Henry's Ghost, after making the most eventful journey on record down through the centuries that have since elapsed, would in this year 1895 still have to walk the earth for fifty-two years more, or until 1927, before attaining its promised rest; in other words, that it would take this royal trump and land-boomer seven hundred and sixty-six years to walk, one minute to the acre, over the two hundred million acres that have been stolen from the laborers of America. Think of it, working away from a few years ago, away off in Oklahoma, the United States massed its troops to evict a little band of four hundred desperate settlers who, having "squatted" upon a small portion of land, had been disposed to resist all attempts to oust them from the little homes which their own toil had made for them.

This month witnesses the appearance in Paris of two month reviews of socialism. One, the "Revue Socialiste," edited by B. Mamon, a collectivist and partial disciple of Marx, will appear on the fifteenth of every month. The first number, already as hand, contains an introductory announcement by the editors; articles on "The Economic Crises" by G. Rouanet, "Transformation and Socialism" by L. Drumnard, and "Economic Evolution in England" by L. Bertrand; a poem, "The Gods of the Forest," by Eugene Potier; and several critical departments. Each number will have nearly one hundred large pages, and the subscription price is twelve francs a year. Subscriptions should be sent to "Ernest Vaughan, 12, Rue du Croissant, Paris." The other, "La Question Sociale," edited by Argyriades, is to appear on the first of every month, though I have not yet received the first number, which is to contain a poem, "The Social Question," by Eugene Potier; articles on "The Industries of Paris" by A. Goulet, "A Legend to Be Destroyed" by Lefrancq; "Struggle Against Nature" by Jehan le Vagge, "Celticism or Communism" by Argyriades, "The State the Father of the Family?" by L. V. Mennier, and "Causa of the Gambetta: a poem," "Gambetta," by Gaullard; and correspondence from various countries. The subscription price is four francs a year, each number having thirty-two pages. Subscriptions should be sent to "Citoyen Argyriades, L'inministre de la 'Question Sociale,' 92, Rue Monge, Paris." Each of these reviews promises to be a free parliament in which all schools of socialism may find full and fair hearing. The same promise is made in the prospectus of still a third monthly review, announced to appear at Brussels on the twelfth of every month, entitled "La Société Novaëlle." It advertises a long list of contributors, among them Léon Blum, Henry George, Hyndmann, and Liebknecht. This, in numbers of from sixty to seventy-two pages, will cost eight francs a year, which may be sent to "10, Rue des Minimes, Brussels, Belgium." I welcome all these signs of intellectual activity.

It is glorious news that comes to us from England; sad enough if it were unnecessary, sad enough that it should be necessary, but, having been made necessary, true and just, and the less joyful and glorious. The dynamite policy is now definitely adopted in England, and must be vigorously pushed until it has produced the desired effect of abolishing the collective legislation of the Labor Office, and the agitation and discussion which alone can result in the final settlement of social questions and make the Revolution a fixed fact. When and where that freedom prevails, the use of dynamite or any form of physical force can never have the sanction of Liberty; and where it does not prevail, force must be sanctioned for the time being, for nothing else can be done. For a while Russia enjoyed the unenviable distinction of being almost the only country where terrorism was advisable, but it has now come to pass that there is scarcely a country in Europe where there is any alternative. I am very much afraid that the same will be true of America before many months pass. This being the condition of affairs, an explosion that would blow every atom of the English Parliamentary Buildings into the Thames River ought to be as gratifying to every lover of Liberty as the fall of the Bastille in 1789. For my part, I should as soon think of apologizing for one as the other. My only criticism upon the Irish dynamiters is that they are not proceeding to the best advantage. It does comparatively little good to blow up property which the people have to pay for and replace. Lives should be the object of attack,—the lives, not of the innocent, but of the most clearly and prominently guilty. Why, by endangering the lives of innocent people, alienate the sympathy of many who would appreciate and applaud a prompt visitation of death upon a Gladstone stone immediately after the passage of a Coercion Act or upon a William Vernon Hamilton when such a law as his Anti-Explosives Act is put in force? How much better and wiser and more effective in this respect the course of the Russian and German Terrorists? Witness, for instance, the terrible promptness with which the German police commissioner, Rampf, was found dead upon his doorstep the other day just after he had ordered the much-desired death of Herr Reinhof and his Anti-robustic comrades. I covered this relentless directness to the Irish dynamiters. Meanwhile, it is very certain that the explosions of the Russian and of the French dynamiters are to be as much less easily in their seats, for which unquestionable blessing let us be only thankful.
A FEMALE NERDIST.

By STEPHNIAK.

Author of "Underground Russia."

Continued from No. 27.

IV.

The romance of her life commenced during her stay in St. Petersburg, after her career as a prostitute. She was a beautiful woman, tall, graceful, and with a fine head and a slender body. Her education was not extensive, but her mind was quick and she was well-versed in the arts. She was a woman of refined tastes and a lover of beauty.

Her husband, a rich merchant, was fond of her and treated her well. She was proud of him and was always ready to defend him. Her friends were few, but they were the best. She was a woman of many talents and abilities.

Her life was not without its hardships. She suffered from poor health and was often ill. But she was a woman of great fortitude and endurance.

Her husband died suddenly and left her a large fortune. She was left alone and had to make her own way in the world. She was a woman of great determination and she succeeded in establishing herself as a successful businesswoman.

She was a woman of great beauty and intelligence. She was a woman of many talents and abilities. She was a woman of great determination and she succeeded in establishing herself as a successful businesswoman.
priest and asked him for an explanation, as he could not quite understand what had happened from the disconnected words of his wife. The priest politely told him that his appearance appeared absurd, and he could not refrain from somewhat bitterly consoling his wife for her unpardonable imprudence. The priest, who was evidently measured by the aspect of the hush and the whole house, seemed to believe that he could not have done better in his search.

"If you please, we will resume," he added, "but I am obliged to do it; it is my duty."

"I will willingly submit to the law," nobly replied the engineer.

"But," continued the priest, "I seem to understand that the priestess was free to search thoroughly, and having lit a candle with his own hands, for that hour in which he was the only person in the house, he immediately opened the door of the adjoining room, which was his own little place.

The search was made. Certainly not a single scrap of paper was found, neither was there any sign of a will.

"By rights I ought to take the lady to prison," said the priest, when he had finished his search, "especially as there are papers to be found here.

"The lady was then placed in the corridor, and to discreetly proceed, she was to remain there for the present, and we will try to do that. I will simply keep you under arrest here until your passports have been verified. You see, sir," he added, "we police officers are not as bad as the nihilists make us out to be."

"There are always honest men in every occupation," replied the engineer with a gracious bow.

The freed persons of the same kind, which I need not repeat, were exchanged between them, and the priestess went away with most of his men, well impressed with such a police and pleasant reception. He left, however, a guard in the kitchen, with strict injunctions not to lose sight of the lady, at least until further orders.

The engineer and Olga were alone. The first act of the comedy they had improvised had met with complete success. But the storm was far from having blown over. There was no question of arresting the police; that was settled. The inevitable consequence would be a warrant for their arrest, which might be issued at any moment if the verification were made by means of the telegraph. The room was locked, and its relatives, the dog and the third person, both unharmed, were in the kitchen, which was at the back, exactly opposite the door, so that it was impossible to approach without being seen.

For some reason or other, the engineer and his wife had been so overexcited and disturbed that they had promised themselves a quiet hour of relaxation in the little room. Yet, without weapons, how could they grapple with this big, sturdy fellow, armed as he was? They hoped that, as the hours passed, he would fall asleep. But the engineer soon fell asleep, but Olga, with her quickness, observed that he was only pretending to sleep. When the engineer, after. long companionship, fell asleep, Olga pretended to be sound asleep, and her husband had found an opportunity to creep out of the room.

For some time he remained in their bedroom and discussed, in a low voice, various plans of escape. To free themselves by main force was not to be thought of. Nor was it for them to allow their relatives to come to their aid, as they had promised their relatives.

Yet, without weapons, how could they grapple with this big, sturdy fellow, armed as he was? They hoped that, as the hours passed, he would fall asleep. But the engineer soon fell asleep, but Olga, with her quickness, observed that he was only pretending to sleep. When the engineer, after long companionship, fell asleep, Olga pretended to be sound asleep, and her husband had found an opportunity to creep out of the room. It would be possible, therefore, at a given moment, to pass through the ante-chamber without being seen by the sentinel. But this could not be done troles somewhere safe. Olga made her way toward the door of the little room. Neither Olga nor Morosoff could do this for, under some pretext, they opened it, they would of course have been caught.

The engineer, however, was jubilant. He had, in fact, found what he wanted. One of the little room, Olga opened the door and opened the door of the little room. Olga made her way toward the door of the little room. Neither Olga nor Morosoff could do this for, under some pretext, they opened it, they would of course have been caught.

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Olga herself was arrested a few weeks afterwards.

Thus is the story, the true story, of Olga Lulatschov. Of Olga Lulatschov, do I say? No — of hundreds and hundreds of others. I should not have related it had it not been so.

[The End]

THEN AND NOW

XII.

A LECTURE ON THE RISE AND FALL OF AUTHORITY.

BOSTON, January 23, 28, 8.

My Dear Louise,

A few evenings ago I had the pleasure of listening to a lecture by Mr. De Demeur to the students of Harvard College. The subject was "The Rise and Fall of Authority." I have written out what I think will give you a fair idea of Mr. De Demeur's views. Mr. De Demeur is a very animated, correct speaker, not eloquent, but earnest.

When civilization first began to dawn on mankind, authority had its birth. With the advent of culture and art, it was based upon a rigid formalism of the old Roman systems. Those were Mr. De Demeur's opening sentences. He continued: "I will not

Continued on page 6.
Liberty.

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

BOSTON, MASS., JANUARY 31, 1885.

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

Why Labor Papers Die Young.

For the past twenty-five years I have seen one labor paper after another spring into existence, and, after a desperate struggle for patrons, go down in destitute and dishonored obscurity. When I count the list, it is almost incredible. In almost every case some poor fellow, embittered by the burning wrongs of the servile classes, has put his time, his heart, his brains, and his means, and, after a frantic and hopeless cry for support, has either retreated, sold out to the enemy, or gone down in utter ruin. The only labor papers that find it possible to live are the special organs of particular trade unions, supported by the funds of the Trade Union funds and morally and mentally narrowed down to the merely selfish interests of their classes.

For a time the "Irish World" seemed to hold forth the promise of a durable instrument; it flourished successfully on its merits as a land and labor organ; but this once grand champion of labor's wrongs has at last ignominiously shirked away from its old position. Every body is aware of the enemy, declaring over the signature of the degenerate Ford that it is now "primarily a political paper."

The last example of a dawning labor champion, all ready to go down for the third and last time, is John Swinton. Brim full of humanitarian impulses, Swinton cherished the pet idea of leaving as a legacy to labor a model labor newspaper. He sacrificed in this behalf the most lucrative newspaper position in America, and set to work to sink the toil and the earnings of a lifetime in the cause. The load is steadly draging him into the alms-house, and labor refuses to come to the rescue. I pity the gainful and noble-hearted Swinton; his failure is a mere repetition itself. The hard fact is that working people stolidly refuse to support a more labor paper, no matter how ably conducted.

At the behest of the newspaper, I am bound to forgive the remark that I was much blamed working people for refusing to support mere labor papers of the ordinary stamp. What consolation has the poor slave of toil and sorrow in merely reading of his shame and degradation from week to week? Bulky headings inform him of "Hell's Mills" in the East, "Living Tomba" in the West, "Black Holes of Calcutta" in the South, and "Prison Days" in the North. You can never stir that place of suffering, but the earnings of a lifetime in the cause. The load is steadily dragging him into the alms-house, and labor refuses to come to the rescue. I pity the gainful and noble-hearted Swinton; his failure is a mere repetition itself. The hard fact is that working people stolidly refuse to support a more labor paper, no matter how ably conducted.

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Bed Rock Mud.

Although one stands in the presence of the tired and wan-faced masses of humanity, he cannot help smiling at the frantic attempts of the newspapers and a certain amount of popular impression upon the people in general, and the retail tradesmen in particular, the on: that we have reached hard pan, and that consequently trade must improve. Allowing that this hard pan has been struck, it does not follow that we shall be able to build upon it a structure of prosperity that will stand. "Hard pan" has been struck several times before, but somehow after a time the financial politicians builded upon it have been swept away as though the foundation were nothing over than ordinary mud. Four years ago we struck this same bed rock of depression. Business was in a pretty bad way when those were the turn of idle workmen. Idle workmen soon get lean, and, like that lean Cassius, they think too much. As Caesar said, "men are dangerous." The robbery of your trade. Your merchants began to appreciate his hard and breathed into the lungs of the dying business system of the country. There was a temporary revival; then a relapse. Can the death-stricken thing be again revitalized? We are told that we have struck bed rock again, and that we must build anew. But we are to build in the same old way. The same old rules of financial architecture are to be followed. Can we expect a more substantial structure?

Well, if they do not starve thereby, Anarchists have no cause to complain of business depression. The offender this business bed rock is struck, the offender the peace of the people. After seeing it two or three times more, they will see that this "hard pan" is nothing but mud, after all, and that no structure can ever stand firmly upon it.

There is a bed rock and a hard pan, solid, and Liberty and its friends are showing the people who are wallowing about in the hard-pan mud of the scheming men of to-day where that bed rock is. It may be easily reached, and may be soon reached if the mills continue to shut down.

Revolutionary ideas work rapidly into a man's system if taken on an empty stomach. C. M. H.

The State Afraid of Sanity.

Presidey Gray says that "State Governor Lodie Mifflin when she shall be declared insane. Only sane persons are dangerous to the state.

Contributions from the Enemy.

The Catholic Church is putting forth for its pro-nata share of the school tax to be applied in the parish schools to religious instruction. It is a mistake to exaggerate the influence of its known policy of encroachment, proselytism, and domination, this claim is justly based on the acknowledged corruption of the struggle. "sacramentalism," a school system being supported by its unparalleled efforts in behalf of education. The Catholic Church is the only one to which is limited the exclusive right to be taught in the parochial schools, with 200,000 pupils, 99,000 academies, 87 colleges, and 22 ecclesiastical seminaries, besides the sacramental peculiar to its variations, known to secrecy.

The Catholic Church, like the Russian Government, educates for its own purposes, to make intelligent tools, catechists; its one case, military, is the most pernicious, for, like a single eye to its own domination. A plastic ignorance moulded and hardened into precisely joined principles, for conservative science, by an amount of money, amount of education, and a force of culture and music have already entered into Church membership, and if literature has shown some refractory symptoms, these are hardly in a serious in a weakness that is not ashamed to worship Carlyle. With the arts for its allies, government for its lever, and identified with Capitalism, which needs it for the more effective subjugation of Labor, the Church can afford to leave Science out in the cold by economic excommunication.

The superiority of Faith to Reason is proved by roost beast and wild publishing. Concurrently with the chaos formed by its Baltimore convention of last November, the Catholic Church has much enough from the Press not only personally, but as a matter of general policy in combating against Intifel influence.

Now, one of two issues: either they will carry their point, and in so doing identify the United States Government with the clerical policy, which must predisperse the so-called liberals' or, if they cannot, will this turn their church against the Government, and assaying its imperium in imperio, it will casually coincide with the Anarchist policy. Of course the Church is essentially anti-podal to Anarchism in principle, but practically our leading work is the subversion of that monster fungus, the United States Government; and we may freemasonry, with all who share this aspiration.

The logic of principles in their practical evolution compel us to the original decision, and we are doing cements the kindred principles of State and Church in their primitive decency. Deserters from either of the way must of necessity turn against the world, and the world dare to confront the very principle of Authority with which it was created.

All the little Protestant sects, that pretended to liberty, every to exploit superstition on its own account, now, since the annulment of absolute Liberty, are compelled by their parent principle, Authority, to crawl down again into the belly of Catholicism. This consumption is facilitated by the expansion of the Papacy from Rome. Events, serving its cause far beyond its own wisdom or will, will accelerate its triumph to universal sway from the Jesuolity which an organization of the Italian and English and American Catholics. The Italian and English political. People. Will yet welcome this lessons of spread-sched-scaul with which Father Hacker sought to destroy the soul sense of Uncle Sam's Church and the Catholic dynasty, the marriage has been pronounced, the wedding feast prepared. They will blend in a civic and moral character, and in the end we all find all thinkers that republican institutions with universal suffrage, the female included, are eminently susceptibles to the exploitations of Power.

Rid of the Political Superstition.

To the Editor of Liberty.

"If you should find time to read the enclosed slip from the Visitor," you will see that Liberty has broken the government idea out of my head.

Frankly,

GOBDERT ROBERTS.

FARMINGTON, MICHIGAN, DECEMBER 23, 1884.

WOMAN Suffrage.

Whoever says that nature gave men the right of authorship and woman the grace of obedience to receive the rebuke of a man who gave the adversary is mistaken. If I put not argue with the man who says slavery is right, but I will disown him as a villain." There is, however, an objection to the term "harrel campaign," has furnished sufficient evidence that theetter of the world is another name for 'the Bennett papers' says, ""Exactly," says my friend, "we need woman in the political field in order to purify politics."

I think that it was, or too, that it was to a woman suffragist, but now it sounds as absurd as it would to say that, if a best half of men go up Niagara Falls in a boat with a hundred women and a couple of men and crew. According to history a republic is but the pedestal for the bishop. Now, we none gather grapes of thorns nor figs
of thistles, nor prosperity, fraternity, and peace from republicans or empirs. If the better half of humanity are to step in and help the "worse" half fight it out on that line, it will not only take a long time, but it will not arrest the victory of the half-way house on the road to the millennium. Matthew Ar- 

told says "the majority is wrong, the reniunt is right." It 

follows that they are to accept the wrong as the standard of 

right. The defeated party pretends loyal support to the rule of the victorious party. The prohibitionists have just 

counted noses with the rummagers, and though a red nose counts no more than a white one, they have been beaten out of sight and are pledged to support rum rule, at least till another election. 

The rummer is right, and the dry ought to count noses and 

yet a great many women say they want to vote only on one 

subject and that is temperance. 

Right and wrong in politics is so far away, because it swayed 

slavery relented Fremont for striving so that very thing; 

they said would save slavery if they could, and in 1860 

the South, but they were compelled to follow the lead of 

in order to save the Union. That is a matter of history, and so is this. 

They established a privileged class of money-lenders, and fur- 

nished them hundred-dollar-cents at thirty-five-cents or there- 

about. They gave most of the best public lands to railroad 

companies, and established various monopolies, enabling the 

monopolists to build railways costing millions of dollars, 

while not a few poor men's homes have been sold to satisfy 

the mortgage. In ancient republics the rich candi- 

date bought first his nomination and then his election, till 

finally be imposed with both nomination and election, bought 

the"all of the army, and then he was elected president. And 

we are travelling in the same road as fast as time can move. 

Man are on the wrong track, and that is the only good reason 

why women had better not take the same track. 

GEORGE ROBERTS. 

The Recent Election. 

Although the political alchemists has not pointed at Blaine 

as the most typical exponent of that constitutional disease, capi- 

talism in the congressional saddle, the impending Revolution has 

come at least one step nearer its goal, and I have no doubt that 

the Democrats will pull it taught enough. Financial 

fluctuations, produced by Charles Francis Adams, by the 

beginning of the century as the manifest destiny of civilization, is upon us. 

It seems to have given itself a sort of premature coronation at 

the banquet given for the hundred-millionaires. New York, 

October 30, which the "World" aptly termed Belcherian's feast. 

The realist, business, Butler, would have been too 

much a part of the drift to any real political change, 

as the outlook for the next session, is to expect a 

continuance of the current policy of the House. 

Butler was a realist. He has been too much a part of 

the drift in the last session, to expect any 

importance to be attached to the 

actions of the President. 

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question of the relations of the State to the individual, the 

question of political action, the marriage — all important 

questions which in the judgment of the reformers are 

not as they are, and are not regarded as the only 

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Price, 10 cents.
Continued from page 2.

say that this birth was unnatural. Everything being a part of nature, everything must be natural. But because nature is such a tremendous thing and so incompre

hensible, man must have invented names, or rather words, to signify its nature. Nature, outside of man, is blind, untilting, unknowing. It is moved to action

by the force within it, and its need. Man is the witness to the actions of his natural being. Man is the greatest thing in nature, so

tar as man is able to judge. Nature constructs him, develops him, and controls him. He is an integral part of nature, and will give new action to nature. Briefly, man is nature’s eye. Surely he has a right to criticize!".

In continuing this line of thought Mr. De Demol made a trip too naturalistic, and the people, whom he had represented as resembling him as a proponent of

"Authority set about to construct itself a temple. It took for a site the meadows of the west. For thousands of years after that it was a very large site, and threw into it nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand

human creatures. This was the foundation. Upon this was reared the strongest temple of all time, as a reality that nature had more heavily upon them. They rubbed the mud from their eyes, and the

need for authority seemed not such a powerful thing; consciousness that we had weakened the oppressive structure developed into an

intelligent spake that covered the temple and laid it in a mass of ruins, a true and beautiful building of destruction. Its debris were the trampled in the now fast-dying mud."

After Mr. De Demol had finished his lecture, I noticed him if it were not true:

"No, and because the majority of the people had nothing whatever to do

with either, although in some countries at some times they even give the idea that they had. The history of humanity shows that the tendency of the by far

greater part of the people has been against authority. Can you name a people at all progressive, of whom this is not true? The moment a people began to grow intellectually they began to oppose its authority, — not to abolish its

role, but to limit its power. When this power became reduced to the minimum, the natural tendency of humanity rejected entire abolition. A little more progress and it would be entirely extended. Authority then

would develop, the universe may grow old and barren, but man’s brain may still continue to expand. I believe that it will continue to grow so long as this plant of

curvettes is continued to have any kind of tendency toward authority. The State is dead and there is no wish to revive it. It is remembered only as a great

evil. Man has become conscious of a part of the barterings of the past. It will, if you will, it was a garment which has been outgrown, although I

think a titui-jacket which was never needed would be a more fitting simile."

"Over and above, Mr. De Demol is to tell me something about his

demand. I think it may interest you."

JOSEPHINE.

A VINDICATION OF NATURAL SOCIETY:

on,

A VIEW OF THE MISERIES AND EVILS ARISING TO MANKIND FROM 
EVERY SPECIES OF ARTIFICIAL SOCIETY, IN 
A LETTER TO LORD —

BY EDMUND BURKE.

Continued from No. 2.

I need not excuse myself to your Lordship, nor, I think, to any honest man, for the view I have shown in this essay; for it is against both which there can be

no progress, there is no retrogression, and humanity as a whole will, for the first time in the history of the world, lead toward authority. That day may

come, but there is no evidence that it must come. The word may grow and develop, the universe may grow old and barren, but man’s brain may still continue to expand. I believe that it will continue to grow so long as this plant of
curvettes is continued to have any kind of tendency toward authority. The State is dead and there is no wish to revive it. It is remembered only as a great

evil. Man has become conscious of a part of the barterings of the past. It will, if you will, it was a garment which has been outgrown, although I

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JOSEPHINE.

against the governors? Quite custodio; quite custodio! In vain they change, from a single person to a few. Those few have the passions of the one; and they unite to strengthen themselves, and to secure the same interests for all. In vain do we fly to the many. The case is worse; their passions are less under the government of reason, they are less considered by the contagion, and more liable to for

I have purposely avoided the mention of the mixed form of government, for

all will be very much the same under your Lordship. But my caution will avail me but little. You will not fail to urge it against me in favor of political society. You will say it is a form of government by and the mixture of the various powers or the whole system, so far as the greatest. When I see that I think no notion a mistake, I know to whom I am speaking. For I am only speaking of a nature as none but strong heads can hear. There are few with whom I can communicate so freely as with Pope. But Pope cannot hear every truth. The power which has been spoken of as the judicial power, especially as both

affectionally as bigotry crops those of the general herd of mankind. But whoever is a genuine follower of Cato says there is nothing more just than the law, and provided that she is the leader. And, my Lord, if it must be properly considered, it were infinitely better to remain possessed by the whole legions of vulgar mistakes than to at the same time to retain a few

forces for others altogether as absurd and irrational. The first has at least a consistency that makes a man, however erroneously, uniform and consistent; but the latter is so

violent a prejudice that hardly anything more ridiculous can be conceived. Let the Second, then, be the first. The questions of order and of power, the

policy and, without considering how near the quick our instruments may come, let us arrive at the last point. If all men agree that this junction of regal, aristocratic, and popular
power must form a very complex, nice, and intricate machine, which, being improper in such a variety of circumstances, must be impossible to any be
cannot be liable on any accident to be dissipated. To speak without metaphor,
such a government must be liable to frequent calami, tumults, and revolutions, which are the constant result of such a setup of such a society; for, in such a case, the closeness acquired by community, instead of serving for mutual defense, serves only to excite the interests of the great and important trades, and even those constant fires are frequently exercised, where the houses are built of combustible materials, and where they stand extremely close.

In the second place, the several constituent parts, having their distinct rights, and these many of them so necessary to be determined with exactness, are yet determined on the respective in their nature and their substance, and the causes of debate and confusion. Hence it is that, whilst the business of government should continue, as the question of the, the question of the constitution of it, or what men have power to keep their offices in any function? Whilst

this contest continues, and whilst the balance in any sort continues, it has never been a question whether all men are to be considered as one; the greatest frauds and robberies in the public revenues are committed in defiance of

justice; and slower by time the immense impost, which once upon his head, indulges white age to last days, and grow too intermarien often to admit a cure, unless such as may be as bad as the disease.

This spirit of jealousy and injustice, and the same, — the spirit of ambition, of self-interest, of oppression, and treachery. This spirit entirely reverses all the principles which a benevolent nature has erected within us; all honesty, all equal justice, and even the ties of natural society, the national affections. In a word our Lord, we have all seen, and, if any outward considerations were worthy the lasting choice of a wise man, we have seen of us, of us, so much as opposed to the peace of God, and as o

we are not surprised to hear a man requested to be a knave and a traitor. This indifference and insufficiency as it is a part of the barterings of the past. It will, if you will, it was a garment which has been outgrown, although I

think a titui-jacket which was never needed would be a more fitting simile."

"Over and above, Mr. De Demol is to tell me something about his

demand. I think it may interest you."

JOSEPHINE.
which, we are wisely taught to look upon as so great a blessing. Revolve, my Lord, our history from the conquest. We scarce ever had a prince, who by fraud or force, obtained the crown. We never had a parliament which knew, when it attempted to set limits to the royal prerogatives, and we never had a ministry which was not inured to reform, and reformations more grievous than any evils. Our boasted liberty sometimes triumphs over, sometimes giddily set up, and over precipitously demolished. We have had the guilt of our ages upon us, and the hate of our enemies; our wars, our wars, and our distractions. In no country in Europe has the scaffold been so bloomed with the blood of its nobility. Conspiracies, famines, pestilences, have been the punishment of our faults and errors. Our liberties are not utterly extinguished by them. Formerly, indeed, things had a more ferocious aspect than now. Nothing, which we now delay or urge, is so much partaking of a certain class of property. Constitution and their support was sustained by some of the strongest swords. Experience and policy have taught other methods.

But how far corruption, venality, the contempt of law, the oblivion of all duty to our master, and policy, and the public good, are preferable to the most glaring of the violent effects of fact, I will not pretend to determine. Sure I am that they are very great evils.

I have done with the forms of government. During the course of my enquiry you may have observed a very material difference between my manner of reasoning and that which is in use among the authors of artificial society. They form prejudices, and so seem most eligible to their imaginations for the ordering of mankind. I discover the mistakes in those plans from the real laws of nature and consequences which have resulted from them. They have resolved an agent to fight against itself, and employ its whole force to prove that it is an insufficient guide to them in the conduct of their lives. But, unhappily for us, in proportion as we partake of the principles of rule and order, so in proportion to our liberty, that proportion have we increased the follies and miseries of mankind. The lawgiver of nature, who taught us the right of property, taught us to find ourselves from those ends for which we entered it. This has happened in almost every species of artificial society and in all times. We found, or we thought, we found, that there was one man who could do more for us than all the rest; and we found him, or we thought we found him, by necessity or by cause; therefore, judges were set up, at first with discretionary powers. But it was soon found a miserable slavery to have our laws and properties precarious, and the universal cry calling for a metaphysical issue. We find ourselves, then, in the same situation. We feel to laws as a remedy for this evil. By these we pacified ourselves we might have preserved the whole family of nature. However, the consequences arose upon the sense and interpretation of these laws. Thus we were brought back to our old insincerity. New laws were unwise to impose the old; any new law would be more quible than the one we now use. As, in word multiplied, opportunities of evilling upon them also. Then recourse was had to nots, comments, gloises, returns, appeals; then the ancient authority was set up against authority. Some were allure by the modern, others revered the ancient. The new were more enlightened, the old were more rigid. We found the consequence, the confusion increased, the mistake thickened, until it could be discovered no longer which was the true or forbidden, what things were in property, and what common. In this uncertainty, the government, which was the leading parti (and the rest of mankind), the opposing parties felt themselves more effectually ruined by the delay than they could have been by the injustice of any decision. Our in-Herences have become a prize for dispute; and disputes and litigations have become an inheritance.

The modern legal law have all walked hand in hand with the professors of artificial theology. As their end, in confounding the reason of man and his natural freedom, is exactly the same they have assigned reason means to that end in a way similar. The divine thunders out his anathema with more noise and terror against the breach of one of his positive institutions than against the breach of those duties and commandments of natural religion which by former and reason are far more essential to the safety of the state. The lawgiver for his convenience has made the positive institutions too; and he adheres to them with a veneratio altogether as religious. The w-est cause cannot be so prejudicial to his interests as the admission of new laws. We have a right to speak of a fire and a flood as illiberal disputes, in which the first object is soon out of sight, and the parties end upon a matter wholly foreign to that on which they began. In a law and religion there is a right to speak of a fire and a flood as illiberal disputes, in which the first object is soon out of sight, and the parties end upon a matter wholly foreign to that on which they began. In a law and religion there is a right to speak of a fire and a flood as illiberal disputes, in which the first object is soon out of sight, and the parties end upon a matter wholly foreign to that on which they began.

What's To Be Done?

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

A ROMANCE.

By N. G. TOCHERNYCHESKY.

Translated by Ben. R. Tucker.

From No. 17

As long as the actress remained upon the stage Nastaenka was very well situated: the actress was full of delicacy, and the young Krukoff set a high value upon her; to find another like it would have been difficult; so she clung to the actress with the greatest fondness. The servant therefore lived very tranquilly, and there was little or no development of her character. The actress was completely absorbed in her work, and lived in her husband's family. There, as Vera Pavlovna already knew, the actress's father-in-law made advances to her servant. The latter was in no danger of seduction, but a fully quelled broke out. The whist actress began to blame the old man, and he began to get angry. Nastaenka, not wishing to be the cause of a family quarrel and living besides a less peaceful life than before threw up her situation.

That occurred about two years after her separation from Kirasov. During that time they had not seen each other. At first he visited her again; but the joy of the interview had such an injurious effect upon her that he obtained her permission, in consideration of her own interest, to stay away thereafter. He had been a sort of slave to his mistress, and had been pressed by her to be with her at all times. The actress still lived in the same style as before. She had found so many incompatibilities that it was preferable to become a seamstress, and to live as well as could be done in that way. There was no question of her life as a means of livelihood which was bound to develop in any case as her too stirring life: it was better to submit herself to the same destiny as a result of labor alone, unaccompanied by any disgrace, and to pass her life in the bosom of the young Krukoff. When she entered Vera Pavlovna's shop, Lopshof, who was of another opinion, declared to her that he should never have bestrode her. She was much affected by this statement, that is, much, that is considering the difficulty of the case, his success being really insignificant, but the end approached.

The actress remained under the influence of the defensive relations to all constants, believing that her disease had not yet lost its currency. She, therefore, hesitated to avoid Kirasoff that she might not aggravate her situation so much to have been pressed Lopshof with questions; how much time had she yet to live? She desisted from knowing this. When he had a right to tell her that the crisis was approaching, seeing in her nothing more than the ordinary attachment to life. He often tried to calm her. She, however, continued to ask her if she had not long to live and her feelings were in harmony with this thought; but, the doctor assuring her that she was
ought still to take care of herself, and she knew that she ought to place more confidence in him than in herself, she obeyed him and did not seek to see Kir
tsov.

This doubt did not have lasting long; in proportion as the end grew nearer, the questionings the young consumptive would have asked, and either would have been answered. She still seek the truth, or of course, either Kir
tsov or Vera Pavlovna would have divided | and the termination pre
ticipated. Kirntsov’s visit to the shop would have been reached | or there was no time later.

"How happy I am! How happy I am! I was getting ready to go to see you, Nastenka, but just at the three-o’clock bell, when I had arrived, I had to go and tidy

up her room.

"I am happy, Nastenka: this time we shall not separate; come home with me," said Kirntsov, influenced by a feeling of compassionate love.

After these words he said to himself: "How could I have said that? It is probably more advisable to suspect the sincerity of my words.

As for the young girl, either she did not at first understand the real meaning of her visit to the shop, or else she was too young and naively thought her
towed little attention to their significance—her joy at finding her lover again drowning

her sorrow at her approaching end. However that may be, she rejoiced and said:

"How good you are! You are so nice—so kind and gentle!"

But when he went away she went a little; then only did she comprehend or realize that she comprehended: "It would be useless to take care of yourself now; you are incurable; at least, then, let your end be happy!"

And indeed she was happy; he did not leave her a month except in the

days that he was obliged to spend at the hospital or at the Arcade which

lived about a month longer, and all this time they were together; and how many accounts there were to give, accounts of all that each had felt after the separation, and how it was that the two were together again, and how many

amusements they enjoyed in common! He hired a barouche, and every evening they went out as a couple, and Kirntsov, Petrenko, and little Nekrasov chased the

so dear to that man this pitiful, contemptible, artificial nature in the

urbans of St. Petersburg, which cost tens of millions of rubles, to admire. They

really believed that, even though she be even better than he, she never had been without the pleasures of a lady.

very often they spent many times to spend the evening with them, even late at

night after their return from their drive, and still oftener she went in the morning to

As Nastenka was left alone. During their long tête-à-tête the latter would sit in the vine and laugh ever again—"How good Sachas is, how tender

he is, and how he loves me!"

XVI.

Four months have passed. The care that he had had to bestowed upon Nastenka and the memory of the poor girl had absorbed Kirntsov. It seemed to him now that his love for Vera Pavlovna was thoroughly conquered; he did not avoid her who generally saw her at the young Kirsanov’s or Kirntsov’s house afterw "ars when she tried to distract him. Indeed, as long as he felt any

longer to be wanted, she was not otherwise treated. But now she was treated no more as a apart from the service she had had

done him.

The reader knows already in advance the meaning of this "but," as he

always will know in advance what is going to happen in the course of the story — he does not comprehend it at first, but even when

is皑 it is not to be accounted, that is, to the time of their second coming together, was not analogous to that of her toward

him. He no longer loved her; he was only well disposed to her, as one is toward the women whom he has been obliged to

in the hospital—the hospital to which Kirntsov had been no more than a篱onorous youth’s desire to love one, no matter whom. It is useless to say that Sam
tenka was never fitted for him, for they were not equals in intellectual strength. She could no more satisfy her

husband: he could be kind to her of her memory and compassion’s sake, and that was enough for her. Kirntsov, moreover, was very utterly surprised after this sorrow had really disappeared, he believed that he still felt it. When

he finally realized that he felt it no longer, and that it was only a memory, he saw that his love had been a fatal error.

Vera Pavlovna tried to divert him from his thoughts, and he allowed her to do so, because he felt that neither he nor she had any passion for her...

...to a passion for her. During the two or three months that followed he passed almost every evening at the Lopontskoff’s, or else accompanied Vera Pavlovna to some public place, but chose better than

That was all, but that was too much, not only for him, but for her also.

How now did Vera Pavlovna pass her evenings? Until evening just as

But at six o’clock? Formerly at that hour she went alone to the shop, or else remained alone in her room and worked; now, if she needed to be at the shop in the evening, Kirntsov was told the night before, and he appeared to escort her. During the

not a long one by the way, they usually talked about the shop, for Kirntsov was her most active co-worker. While she was busy in distributing

the work, he also had much to do. Is it not something to answer the question of the reader, and fulfill the commissions of thirty young girls! No one better than he knew how to distribute through them, just as with the children, the feeling of the young girls also participating in the conversations, which were very

insinuating and very diversified. They talked, for example, of the beauty of the Arcades, of the Cafe de Paris, of the relations between

and of white elephants, which are esteemed so much in India, just as there are white men who are considered so inoffensive. His preference for this kind of horses was always so strong, that Kirntsov was a very

Of course we have no news of the life of Mrs. Beecher Stowe, of whose novel you have told us. [3]

"Do you know nothing of the life of Mrs. Beecher Stowe, of whose novel you have told us?" asked Kirntsov. "I do not know, but he will find out about her, for that interests him also; at present he can tell us something about Howard, a person of the stamp of Mrs. Beecher Stowe, her son and her daugh-

ter. The hack is a veritableKirntsov’s very good friend. His

cussions, and however the make-up of his audience might vary so far as the young girls were concerned, so far as the children were concerned it was always the same: they were all interested in the business, and she was sure to find him a house with him to take care of her.

In order that Vera Pavlovna and Dmitry Sergüzitch might be together much more than formerly. All three while away an hour or two every evening with music.

Dmitry Sergüzitch plays. Vera Pavlovna sings, Kirntsov listens; sometimes

Kirsanov, but in the meantime Kirntsov has finished his business, and she must

visit to the shop in order to have time to dress for the concert, which they now attend, half the time all three together and the rest of the time

only Kirsanov and Vera Pavlovna. Moreover, the Lopontskoffs now have more

visitors than they did. Formerly, leaving out the very young people (are these

visitors?) they are only necessary, the Kirsanovs were almost the only ones

that came, while now the Lopontskoffs have friends of friendship with two or three

companies; among them are the very young people of considerable influence in the city. Kirntsov often took Vera Pavlovna alone. However he preferred to wrap himself in his great coat and set forth upon life

in the early morning, very early, and she had believed, too, that Kirntsov

Lopontskoff had no caller except Kirntsov, Lopontskoff’s divan, the divan often attracted Lopontskoff, talking to the women, who, while they

Dmitry Sergüzitch; a quarter of an hour later, or at most a half an hour, Kir

ntsov and Vera Pavlovna left the piano and came to the divan; and before long Kirntsov would even have to leave, for the crowd of the city.

Lopontskoff too much, the divan being large, and then for greater comfort the

three months passed away.

Idly’s are not in fashion now, and even I do not even like them,—that is, personally. I do not like walking or suffering for some things that I do not like: a man cannot like all dishes or all sorts of amusement; but yet I know that these things are very fine things judging not by my personal taste, but by the taste of another; that they are to the taste or would be to the taste of a much greater number of men than those who, like myself, prefer to lose some pleasures and some

age with humped o’clock* to acquiesce. I know that this majority, who do not share my taste for chess and sour cabbage with humped o’clock, have no worse tastes than mine: so I say: Let there be as much promoting as possible

in theworld, and let sour cabbage with humped o’clock, however bad it may

entirely, remaining only as an antique rarity for the few originals like myself! Since

I, happiness must have an idyllic character, and consequently I say: Let the

idyl predominate over all other modes of life. For the few originals, who are

least interested in other things, shall play idyls with humped o’clock; for

me: I have no desire for idyl life, which does not mean that they shut it: they

on the fox in the ladies’ room, and from the fox in the ladies’ room, to the fox

in the ladies’ room, it is too inaccessible, so they have invented the excuse that it should not be in fashion. But it is utterly absurd that the idyl should be inaccessible: the idyl is not only possible, but for almost all men and women; easily shown. Not possible, however, for one or for ten individuals exclusively, but for everybody through the practical activity, which was also an inestimable thing for five or six persons, but for the whole of St. Petersburg nothing is easier, as everybody sees and clearly understands. The Complete Works of St. N. Gaspé published in Moscow in 1836, there was no impossible for eight or ten persons, but for the entire public nothing is easier and cheaper, as everyone knows. But until Italian opera existed for the people of the merchant class, the pass for opera, concerts and the like was a very

very poor thing in comparison with Italian opera, but the manuscript and the ordinary concert have nevertheless the same value.

XVII.

If any one had come to ask Kirntsov’s advice about such a situation as that in which he found himself! when he came to himself, and he had been an utter stranger to all the persons involved! he would have answered.

"It is too late to remedy the evil by flight; I do not know how events will end, but to go away is impossible. Let us together do what is impossible, to avoid it!"

As for those about whose tranquility you are disturbed, perhaps the greater danger to them would result from your departure.

It is unnecessary to say that the Lopontskoff cared as little as possible about the tranquility of the woman whose life is ce
tin. That she should not be troubled at all has already become impossible. The feeling in opposition to her present relations probably—but why probably? It would be useless to argue about this subject, and let Lopontskoff be happy; she deserves it, and yet perceives it. Whether or not it will manifest itself soon without any provo
cation from her part no one can decide now, for that is not within the power of the human passions. Consequently your departure would only accelerate the thing you wish to avoid.

Kirntsov viewed the question not as it concerned a stranger, but as personal to himself. He imagined that to go was more difficult than to stay. Notwithstanding he urged him to the latter course; therefore in staying he would not be...