Germinal and the Censors.

By EMILE ZOLA.

Ah! writers, my brothers, a week I have just passed! I wish no one the misfortune of having a piece in distress at the office of the minister of public instruction. A week of vain agitation amid imbecile goings on! and cab drives through a beating rain in a filthy Paris swamped in mud! and the wait in the ante-chamber, the goings and comings from office to office! and the pity of the attendants, who begin to know you! and the shame of feeling one’s self becoming stupid in the midst of all the administrative struggle.

The heart beats; one would like to hit somebody. One feels deserted, diminished, in the attitude of a brave man who walks his spine, taken with arthritis, and can’t think of him to see if any one is looking at him. A thorough disgust rises in my throat, and I want to spit it out upon the ground.

Well, then, the Censure, which our poor Republic has had to bear so much with the title of Examining Commission, has stared out! "Germinal," the drama, contrived, of my romance by M. William Bunnah, as a socialistic work, the representation of which would involve the greatest damage to our French glory, our French honor, our French patriotism, I assure you! Here I insist on the absolutely political character of the quarrel that has been raised with us. Nothing contrary to morals has been pointed out in the piece. We have been condemned solely because the piece is republican and socialistic. Let no one try to create a misunderstanding.

As for the Censure, it has performed its function, and one can only complain that its function is such a dirty one. These people are paid to strangle written thought: they strangle it, at least, they stop its heart and impede its circulation on the blame casts on those who vote them salaries. A question which I must put aside that I may not be too long, but which must be considered some time, with the developments that it permits.

But, as far as we are concerned, the Censure disappears, retires into its hole; it will be the misfortune of my life. The presence of a high functionary, M. Edmond Turquet, under-secretary of fine arts, has comforted me. M. Bunnah and myself enter upon the campaign hopefully, confident that, with its suppression, the germinal butler will look upon the republicanism government to prohibit a republican play. The elections of the fourth of October had caused us a good deal of anxiety, which the second balloting of the eighth had just happily dissipated.

First visit. M. Turquet receives us with an artist’s non-violence, an insinuating air, and a sympathetic shake of the hand. We find him simply a little fatigued. Moreover, he has read nothing, he has just arrived; and he flames against the Censure more violently than ourselves, and for us, he has not sufficient influence in the press to get this odious institution abolished. He has asked for the suppression of the censure, but has not been far to it. And every moment he lifts his hands to his head, crying: "My God! what a cruel position is mine! No, no, I prefer not to concern myself in the matter; it will be the misfortune of my life."

Free from the monotony of befuddlement, he tranquilly upon administrative customs, and tries to read aloud the report of the Censure; but his enthusiasm is too much for him, and he slowly reads the document in our presence. A pretty document, I assure you; Jerome in the role of editor, the opinions of a jurist, in the style of a statistician; it is a shame to see our works in such hands. In short, the good M. Turquet, who seems to be on his side, promises to examine the piece; and we go away, certain that matters are going to turn for the better.

Second visit. I had returned quietly to the country, and M. Bunnah makes his appearance. The first time he finds me, little, still but still; still famished. New outcries against the Censure; but the Censure exists, and M. Turquet does not want to lose his piece. He is still insulter; still so accessible; still so bewailed; still so far from specifying these passages; and he requires my presence. Another meeting is arranged; M. Turquet seems me a dispatch, summoning me in all his absence on the second of November.

Third visit. M. Turquet receives us with a broad smile, and I begin to pity him seriously, for it is evident that all this work that we are making him is tiring him more and more. Yet we try to discuss, to learn from his mouth what the objectionable passages are. But this rôle of the executer upset him, he hands us the manuscript twenty times in the presence of the police clerks: "No, no, enough of this; I prefer to prohibit it!"

It was becoming touching and trying. At last, after pressing questions, we gather from him that his fears are confined almost exclusively to the scene of the police.

Here I must say that our famous police, about whom there has been so much talk, simply crossed the stage amid the street, and that they fired only from the wings, where their guns went off of themselves in the bubbles. We had made all possible extenuations, subtilizing for the army a squad of policemen, explaining that neither the minor nor the police detested each other, but that both were the victims of fatigue. The piece is a work of pity and not of revolution. We should not allow the small stuff to have no place.

"But they will see the stage?" No! Then they shall not appear; only guns-shots shall be heard." No! Not even gun-shots in the distance!" No! Thanks, at last we know what M. Turquet wants: the scene of the police modified, some passages too dialectically socialistic expunged, and the piece is restored to us. We arrange another meeting, again1 affording the safety settled.

But here another character enters upon the scene,—M. Rohault de Fleury, our Minister of Public Instruction. Our interviews with M. Turquet, we had asked to see him, and he had sent us word that he was in agreement with his ordinance. But it is Septembre 15th; I return to the same old story: "Septembre in the country, in the countryside, in the countryside, in the countryside!" No, I return to the same old story: the minister expects us on Monday. At first, superstitions at this jumble; then, satisfaction at the hope that at least we are to see a man who will settle the affair in five minutes.

In a cab, next morning, I give M. Bunnah such information as I have concerning M. Goblet.

A petty lawyer at Amiens, enjoying a certain reputation for his notions on the subject of politics. Fourth of September; elected deputy in 1873, under the favor of Gambetta: an energetic republican, who has passed from a soft title to a bold one, from a company with events; a trader in Gambetta’s memory and at swords with the opponents, who hate him; and, to finish with a stroke, it is whispered in the ministry that “he received secret visits from Clemenceau.”

“Yess,” says I, innocently, to M. Bunnah, “this is our man.”

Fourth visit. First, we fall into the midst of an agitated ministry. Ever since morning the minister has been raging in his private office; we see messengers running to and fro, in consultation, and young secretaries, passing with disconcerted faces. Again it is the good M. Goblet who has unchained this storm, for he has had the politeness, in one of his forgetful moods, to hand back to us the manuscript annotated by the Censure that we might expunge the objectionable passages. It seemed that this was due to the minister. The minister is in a stew to get this manuscript, which he wanted to read before receiving us.

We enter from the door I see my man: be he the enemy. A little man, dry, cold, and irritable,—one of those little men who are never resigned to their littleness. The sincerest of the sincerest, the eyes of the lawyer, the hard eyes of the lawyer whose ambition has made a republic an under the Republic, and who takes his revenge when he can by satisfying the malice and prejudices of his race. Evidently this man does not know Paris; he does not know how to receive a writer or how to talk to him; all that he knows of our Parisian theatre is that he has learned a few verses from Sarah Bernhardt. Polite, however, he asked us to sit down.

And, before a single word had been exchanged, I felt hissing and hissing in the hall, and saw the opportunity of arranging Amiens. I will not say that he does not like my literature, for he has not read me; I am greatly mistaken if there is not some one in his family who ridicules me. Annoyed, we must furtive glances behind the draperies to see if officers were not stationed there to take us away. We were unhealthy before a judge; and now we are unhealthy before a minister.

Nevertheless M. Bunnah sacrificed himself by giving back the manuscript to M. Goblet, and what then followed stupifies one. The minister makes a speech, says he will not speak of it; and yet he did speak of it, on the strength of what had been told him, but senselessly, accusing us, among other things, of scandalizing the scene of the police.

But before the crime of this gross accusation, the scene of the police is the seventh out of twelve: undoubtedly, the good M. Turquet had confounded them. Impossible to express an understanding.

And then, abruptly, M. Goblet starts off on a tirade against the press. Ah! M. Goblet does not like the press; for he has heard for years the provincial district, and he would have no publication of the press.

But what an insolence, what arrogance, what a monstrous power! And then the scene of the police is the seventh out of twelve: undoubtedly, the good M. Turquet had confounded them. Impossible to express an understanding.

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IRELAND!

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

Continued from No. 10.

The circle again gathered round him, curious, palpitating, in the solemn and re-
ligious manner of the initiates; but Neil moaned his tongue only a little more.

"Somewhere else than on the road."

"Where? At your feet, sir," urged an important one, "brothers and the birds
who have gone to sleep."

All were not asleep. The whole party entered a part of the grove, where a
parapet guarding a neighboring thicket hid the air ten steps behind them, and at the same time the famous yelping of the dogs which
were held chained with a broken, reinforced by rendered blow of the whip and fur-
reshaped, was heard. "No, sir," the little man rejoined, "they don't know you well, sir."

"Hunt, Gowan!" said Treor.

A brute, as cruel as his master, a monster, a Newington, and singled out for the righteous
blows of popular vengeance at the day of reckoning; they could hear distinctly what he said
to his beasts.

"It is: to keep your fangs in the carcasses of the party before, I'll let you know;
but me, you will do worse by such cow's meat."

Treor expressed the keen retort with which they started to look him, and ad-
mittedly distanced the yelps, while they prepared the latter part of the sentence, the
unholy, the monstrous, the profane.

"They will make you look at us from a higher point yet, presently,—from the
rainy heaven where they will hang you!"

Through a nook in the hill which hid the sun, a ray of light illuminated sud-
ddenly Paddy Neill, and the awesome and malicious pride of the vault turned into
a mad laugh.

He coarsely reviled the Irishman.

"Ah! I see," he continued. "He fellow has had a quarrel with his lady-love, and she
hasn't done a thing; I've left her a foot of hair out by the continued face."

The mattering which grew louder, precursor of an irremediable explosion; the
threatening attitude of all in the group,—did not intimidate him, but rather stim-
lized him, emboldened him,—his art and his heart.

"Really, friend, I pity you; with such a muzle, you will not soon find a woman
who will permit you to kiss her house with lightness."

"You deserve yourself!", said Marian, in whom, in a moment, a tempest of feel-
ing had risen; and advancing in the midst of the moved and respectful admiration
of the company, she spoke:

"And while Gowan's ears violently shook their Leah in an effort to break it
and throw themselves on Paddy Neill, Treor's little daughter kissed with her virgin
lip the martyr's lacerated forehead and his eyes, through which a fountain of blood
seemed to be coming.

CHAPTER II.

As he saw, for the third time that evening, a gentle half-opening of the heavy
tapestry curtain which covered one of the entrances to the hall where he was receiv-
ing the attentions of Prince Louis, that first sight of Newington, quite beside his heart, his
fears bracing the lofty room and making the suits of armor under the ancestral portraits resound, demanded: "Who is there?
What does he mean?"

Receiving no answer, he rose hastily, kicking his dog Myrrh, who lay curled in
a corner near his chair, and hurried to the door in order to remask the intruder, the
r廊r廊lablililamor the who had either been betrayed by his own sta-

ility or else defied him.

"My friend, am I not yours?"

Was it not true? Was it not so? The single blow of this whip or of his boxing-glove which broke in
two the tavern tables.

But, half to the curtain, it opened wide, and, in the angle of light cut off from
the open portico, he distinguished the figure of the Duke of Newin-

"You!" said he, astonished, but reassured, reassured, brightened up, this virulent
giant having in regard to this extraordinary young woman, proud and feline, at

the interest and capture of a lion snarling and fawning.

"My lord," said she, entering; "curious about what is going on, and waiting till you
should be alone in order to find out what is that you are, to look at her, to speak to her, to take her, in the name of the God who gave her to you."

"Are there, then, secrets from you, watchwords which do not fall when you pre-

sent yourself?" demanded he, with reproach in his tone, in his attitude.

"Oh!" she answered, "I do not meddle with the affairs of State. My
women have told me of trouble in the village, laughing to kill themselves at a scandalous
and ridiculous scene of which Gowan was a witness; just tell me whether we are
in danger or not."

She spoke with no emotion of irritation or fear; she inquired without the
least red curiosity, as if she knew very well what she related and to
the person, in her mind wandered elsewhere.

Then, suddenly, the vermillion arch of her senous mouth stretched and became
taller than its unassuming vertical, showing two white and fine teeth, crossing her
disfaced face with a hard red line and shading the clearness of her eyes, as change-
able as the sea; her sensitive nostrils quivered, and her high and prominent bosom
began to rise and fall, indicating the frenzied breaths of her dress; so manly manners, indicating a voluptuous anxiety.

And suddenly, perceiving that the Duke was looking at her with solicitude, she
recovered, with resolute flower on her closed lips and, and, foreseeing embarrassing questions, drew away to retire, yielding prettily and with an amiable air to Newington, who accompanied him. He returned immediately, said she.

"I will return immediately," she added.

At the same time she let a listening ear to steps along the middle corridor, the
sound of voices came to her ear; and that Newington, finding herself ca-

"You are a footstep that way, but it is one of the servants, or perhaps Rich-

"No, I may be right, he said, briefly and coldly, "to loosen, rather, to loosen, far more fearfully, to

Newington to relax his hold, "it is not Sir Richard."

"And you fear that it may be, say, what, an assassin?"

Dismissing Hunter Gowan, the Duke ordered him to go and see, and to make a
minute patrol everywhere in order to prove that every door was well bolted and
carefully barracked.

Vainly the Duchess declared this luxury of precaution needless, and tried to
keep from trembling under this terror. Why this sudden and violent
fear, these irregular sensations? And her confused feelings, this unsettling,
like vigilance, this hearing as acute as a sense?"

"But she admitted, true, and as it to cut short all ob-

servations — that vague apprehensions haunted her; but they would dispel, quie-
t themselves, later, at daylight.

The Duchess comprehended this, and, in the heat of the first instant, the
rioters had declared an intention of charging on the castle. But they would not venture; they
were more brawlers than brave men, and well knew that to assault would be received
with an overwhelming perambulation which decorated the walls, glittered the steel of all imaginable weapons:
not enough to subdue for a moment; pates of all

sizes, muskets of all patterns, not to mention the pikes, the arrows, the spears, and
and boarding-axes newly ground and glittering like a gulf's wings; clubs thicker than
a man's girth.

A complete orchestra, irresistible to make the Bunchelouis and their relatives and
comrades living near dance with the froge of the ditch!

Quite about, the Bunchelouis had trained a whirring and leaving their forehead
against the glass, the cold of which refreshed her, looked into the dark court and over
the top of the trees which were closely defended and which the
wind could not reach, the darkness was still more dense.

"You are bent on ascertaining yourself that the enemy is not preparing in the dark-

ness to make an assault on us," said Newington; and, full of earnest solicitude for
her, he proposed — it was very simple — that the servants should light the environs
with torches, and, if they chanced to encounter trespassers, wandering about instead
of sleeping, the servants should cover them with roses and light them like lanterns.

"Give the order, Casper!"

The guilder shook his hand, and, without moving, criticised the idea, calculated
to frighten the parishioners, while it was desirable, on the contrary, to fill them
with a mistaken sense of security while they were plotting their conspiracy; unless,
indeed, it were better, et cetera, to allow the Duke: but the young lady, who had appeared not to hear, sud-

"Yes, yes, light in profusion," said she, with enthusiasm, "especially at the en-
trances of the village streets. The chief counsellor is Treor, they tell me; let them
"Optimistic and stubborn, Casper only looked grim, twisted viciously his cap
of his short, fat, hairy fingers, and did not alter, saying that the Duches
at that moment, in her chamber, as calm as the leopards in the coasts-of-armes,

The result is hardly born, yet concluded be; it "must grow, and, in any case,
cannot bite till it is unmasked.

The Duchess not comprehending this metaphor, Casper went on to elucidate:

"The signal for the explosion will come from Dublin; in present, we are organ-
ing ourselves."

"Well?" said she, with a smile, "when the explosion will come is not known; but the
man who followed the trade of a traitor was equally daring of crime; Up to

"Move yourself, then, Casper, and obey," said Newington, irritated by the iner-
tia of this block. "Torches in both hands; fifty through the fields and over Bun-

ning, and over all the fields of Ireland."

But Ellen had changed her mind, and hoped now to hear reports on what had
already taken place, what was planned, and the names of the conspirators,—all,
without exceptions; and if all the names were there among the number of friends, servants, or residents in the castle!

"Do you suspect any of our people?" questioned the Duke, suspiciously.

And the guilder, now in his element as informant, narrated complaisantly and with
all the details he knew:

The embassy of the secret committee seated in the capital, Paddy Neill, the nit-
tulated, had transmitted strict orders from the leaders. Far from acting hastily,
the future rebels were to form those calumnies, injuries to persons,
or to outrage; opposing to all vexations, all direct provocations, only the resignation
of the conquered, of Christians ready for martyrdom; but, by means of this appear-
ance of a sudden disbandment, to make all believe that all there were among the number of friends, servants, or residents in the castle!

"Is it possible that the men who have bound themselves by oath, or the women also?
"derned she.

"The women also?" responded Casper: "imagine them in that atmosphere of

This woman, faithful!" commented the Duke in an outburst of frankness and hu-

mility very unusual with him. "They are the ones who seem to me most in need of
understanding, of the thing which is called education, and their
truth is the torment, this Fountain of suffering from daylight till dark, without rest, to hard and

atures of those who have any, their liberty, their lives, and even the risk of infernal

"The Bible!" repeated the Duchess, who was very interested in this news,
and only simulated an indifference which she did not inwardly feel.

"Is it true, that the men who have bound themselves by oath, or the women also?
"derned she.

"The women also?" responded Casper: "imagine them in that atmosphere of
had promised on the sacred book to sacrifice, in the common cause, their lives, their families, their hearts.

Long before the sun rose, the men of the two-mule team-drawn cart, with the door of the shack torn down and the back window broken, had started out. The day was clear and bright, and the wind was blowing strong.

Mary, the wife of the blacksmith, had been cooking breakfast early, and had called her husband to come and help her. But he was already on his way to the mill, where he would spend the day.

Mary was angry and complained that he was always leaving her alone. But the blacksmith said he had to go to work, and that he would be back later.

Mary sighed and went back to the stove, where she was making pancakes. She knew her husband would be back soon and that he would be hungry. She hoped he would like his breakfast and that everything would be okay.

Mary was a good wife and a good mother. She loved her husband and children, and always tried to be there for them. She knew he was doing what he had to do to support the family.

Mary was happy to have such a great man for a husband, and she was proud of the work he was doing. She knew he was making a difference in the world, and she was grateful for his sacrifice.

Mary was a strong woman, and she knew she could handle anything. She was proud of her husband and their family, and she was grateful for the love they had for each other.

Mary was a true patriot, and she would do anything to help her country. She knew the sacrifice her husband was making, and she was proud of the work he was doing. She was a true American, and she was proud of the country she loved.

Having read the news, Mary knew she had to be strong for her husband and children. She knew they would need her support, and she was ready to give it. Mary was a true patriot, and she was ready to do her part.

Mary was a true American, and she was proud of the country she loved. She knew the sacrifice her husband was making, and she was grateful for the work he was doing. She was a true patriot, and she was ready to do her part.

Mary was a true American, and she was proud of the country she loved. She knew the sacrifice her husband was making, and she was grateful for the work he was doing. She was a true patriot, and she was ready to do her part.
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`A wise man is he who enjoys the way of his reason and his faculties; who is neither blinded by passion, nor hoodwinked by deception, nor deceived by crevices of opinion.'—PROMPTOUN.

Institution-Ridden.

How utterly the heads of even profound thinkers are turned by the existing order strikes me with singular force in my walks among them. The most advanced thinkers are so buried in the idea of the institution that it seems almost impossible to extricate their minds from the idea that, when one is talking of Anarchy, he is talking of an institution. Quite as much contemptable Anarchy, except as an instituted machine, they eternally want you to show their plans and specifications. They will know how every cog, screw, valve, and cock-pit is adjusted and handled, and how the whole machine will run under every imaginable condition.

Friend Putnam says he is an Anarchist, but has no sooner said it than he shrugs himself together audiously, scratches his head thoughtfully, and in painful hesitation remarks: "But I don't quite see how your plan would work in the case of a man who insisted upon the individual right of standing his neighbor on his head and making a town pump of him. It is the distinct essence of those men and all their problems as this under your institution of Anarchy that keeps me from coming out a full-fledged Anarchist."

McDonald, the valiant iconoclast of the "Truth Seeker," concedes cheerfully that he goes a long way with the Anarchists but what I want to know," he says, negligently, "is how your institution of Anarchy proposes to deal with ruffians who go about breaking heads, flinging Greek fire and dynamite bombs into the faces of innocent men, and raising hell generally at other people's expense. I have stumped Tucker to solve these problems and answer my puzzles, but cannot get a word out of him. Your system is all head and no body,—impracticable bosh."

The Anarchist, a product of the progressive generation, says that his tendencies are all Anarchistic; "but what I want to know," he says, "is how the institution of Anarchy proposes to deal with a leper or small-pox victim who insists on the right as an individual sovereign of squatting in a healthy, thickly-settled neighborhood."

He then proceeds to unravel quite a bundle of contradictions, and concludes by saying, that if he could satisfy his mind as to how the Anarchistic machine could successfully dispose of these petty problems, he would ship for the whole voyage and stay on deck through thick and thin.

Now, all these timid doubting Thomases are simply institution-ridden. Anarchy is not an institution, but rather the negation of all institutions. The essential mission is the disintegration of institutions, whereon found. An institution implies authority and force. Anarchy polishes itself on consent. Every instituted machine demands Liberty. Liberty is the life principle of Anarchy; hence, Liberty and the institution are natural enemies. The Anarchist finds order (natural social combination) only in Liberty, just as the chemist in his laboratory only finds natural physical combination (chemical reactions) when the given elements are "free." To view Anarchy, then, as an institution is to utterly distort it, and render a correct understanding of its aims and workings impossible. To attempt to study the workings of Anarchism in given social problems involving good order by instituting correlative correspondences with existing machines is to artificially

make it the very thing which it starts out not to be, and nothing but confusion is obtainable.

Anarchists are not trying to set up a system. Nature has provided the system in the very integral order of things, if only the grip of authority can be loosened from the centers of our social combinations, and awaken the responsive life of natural reciprocity in social commerce. As surely will the very best methods of social adjustment respond to given wants as fast as men are set free as do the laws of natural combination respond in the scientific laboratory to the moment the given elements are free. Liberty is to the social laboratory what heat is to the chemical. It is the universal disinTEGRATOR,—the eternal promise of natural order.

Put away your toy intellectual toy-boxes. Stop your silly conundrum-making, and look deeply and soberly into natural law. If your first faith is not laid in that, you are still poor, institution-ridden children,—priest-ridden, when you think the material facts of your life, the only facts you are to use in any intellectual activity. When you get up into intellectual footing that will enable you to realize this, you will be ashamed of your toy puzzles and the riddle-paroxysms you are making with them.

Elizer Wright.

Died November 31, 1865. Aged 81.

"It is only the simplest truth to say that Mr. Wright was one of the earliest, most talented, most courageous, most indefatigable, most self-sacrificing, and most efficient of that little band of heroes who first compelled the people of this country to look in the face the great question of the abolition of slavery. Faithful and heroic at the outset, he was faithful and heroic to the end. Although it was very easy for him, to make a short and pungent speech, he was not given to making anything but such speeches; and though he had the reputation of eloquence as did some of his associates. But I think it will be acknowledged that he could put more fire and finesse into a paragraph than any of them.

In private life, he was one of the most unselfish, generous, sympathetic, and courageous of men. Ready to do his duty everywhere, as regardless of the smiles, as of the frowns, of what is called "society."

A moral and intellectual hero, he has laid down his arms only with his life.

Blind to Their Own Logic.

The Boston "Herald," as stupid as usual, says:

The declaration of the British Catholic bishops that "free education is tantamount to a State monopoly" cannot be sustained,—as most of our statesmen believe,—"every one is entitled to the right to educate his children as he will, but, if he wishes to have them taught dogmas and mathematics in the same school: but, if he is a poor man, he cannot afford to do this by paying his State school-tax, and therefore has to send his children to the public schools. Hence the Catholic bishops are right, and our system of "free education is tantamount to a State monopoly." Of course the rich man who prefers private schools can afford to send his children to the public schools, but does this not make him, in any theory less a monopoly, any more than the fact that the rich man who prefers foreign goods can afford to buy them and pay the duty on them makes the tariff less a monopoly."

The Boston "Investigator," a little more stupid than usual, indorses the Herald's position. Now, the "Investigator" makes a great fuss because Infidels, through the exercise of church property from taxation, are taxed to support churches. But suppose that Catholic "Pilot" should turn upon it and say: Every one has a right to worship as he will, or even not to worship at all; but, if, instead of going to the Cathedral on Sundays, he wishes to attend the Police Hall debates, he must pay for it. The "Investigator" would promptly answer: "That's what we expect: we are ready to pay for our own church; we are unwilling to pay yours too. When it comes to schools, ever, instead of churches, the "Investigator" is blind to its own logic, and not a whit less orthodox and narrow than the "Pilot.""

The "Pilot" should politely add: "Those who don't like our institutions should go to some country that pleases them better. In that case I should expect to see Mormons, Seaver and Mundin of "Christian" and Pulsifer of "The Herald" emigrate about as promptly as George F. Hoar did when General Butler was elected governor. I suppose that Garrison and Phillips were told something less than five hundred thousand dollars in the time of their institutions, they could pack their trunks and go. But those obstinate, pestilential fellows stayed right on. And, at last, the country, in order to stop their mouths, had to comply with their demands. We Anarchists remember that history repeats itself.

Max's Mirror.

The majority superstition makes the mind of men play mad pranks with logic. Not long ago the Boston "Advertiser" solemnly said:

Men are in a reputably fast, unless the lawful majority can consummate their intention without unreasonable impediment or hindrance. The wish that the minority can readily ask for is full opportunity of discussion, and full liberty of recording their judgment. When they take advantage of rules made to secure those rights, and abuse them to prevent the majority from exercising their fundamental rights, they are trespassers and anarchists.

The divine right of numbers, according to this fantastic logician, is as absolute as the divine right of kings. The minority can talk, but it must not make战争的 whole order of business. Therefore, if the minority is not only justifiable, but commendable. Slowly the Republican North is beginning to admit that the desire to perpetrate slavery was not the essential motive of the seceding States, and that the noble purpose of abolishing slavery was the real motive of the principle of those who fought against secession. The war was fought to perpetrate the tyranny of majority rule, which the poor old "Advertiser" thinks is the "law of liberty." What an imbroglio of ideas and no-ideas!

John D. Long talked to a convention of woman suffragists recently, arguing in favor of giving women the privilege of voting, and all unconsciously he was struck the bed-rock of the whole subject. He said:

The whole logic lies in a nutshell. Either women should vote or men should not. Who will say that the women are not as good as some of their "buddies" next November? Who can say that they cannot exercise equally good judgment, as long as they are not voting for prohibition, for the tariff, or for any other political or governmental item. Woman mistakes her wiles, prejudices, and superstitions for the voice of the universe, and would have them enacted into statutes if she had the power. She would make human legislation even more monstrous and invasive than men have made it. It is, by all odds, not to say that woman should be on an equal footing with men, and that the latter
should exercise no privilege or power over her. The right way to equalize the conditions is to abolish the ballot. Mr. Long is right. Either women should vote or men should not,—and men should not.

This is the New York "Herald" calls "the truth about socialism." The word "socialism" is a term in the United States which seems to have perished of itself that a new order of aristocracy can be founded upon the single basis of inequality to acquire property. I am not opposed to a "social front," so long as that is the only way to get it, but as soon as the word "socialism" has been robbed, and of his right to take possession of the property of others. Thus all stealing becomes "restoration," and the man who sells his soul to the devil as a means of getting it, is not guilty of perjury. But nothing in this world is worth the while to begin by tracing. Then I remember that my own horse-days are over, that I no longer have any real desire to shoot at men or women, and that I am, in common with all true men, there is deeper work for me, and I am not going to deviate from it.

And so I am going to McLaughlin, as he no longer desires to be

George Schum, former editor of the Chicago "Radical Review," is preparing a number of lectures on Freethought, social, and historical subjects, and proposes to take the field early in 1886. This is gratifying news, Mr. Schum being one of the men who have been forced by their brains into an acceptance of Anarchism. Such are always to be relied upon. I wish him all possible success in his new line of work.

Liberals who desire to engage him may address him at Waterloo, Wisconsin.

John Swinton shows a characteristic stroke of enterprise in engaging the brilliant Dono Platt to write for his "Examination," and he may do himself considerable credit in having the book given complete in one issue, beginning the first week in December. The first issue is entitled: "The Sales Lady of the City." I don't always agree with Platt, and often disagree with Swinton, but I admire the genius and humor of the latter, and recognize the fact that they make a splendid journalistic team.

The "Irish World" calls William Morris selfish because he invites the Irish to abandon the struggle for "Nationalism" and join the English Socialists in an effort to overthrow "Capitalism." On the same page it glory's the revival of the No-Rent agitation in Ireland. Yet the No-Rent agitation is nothing more nor less than the substitution of a fight against "Capitalism" for a fight against "Nationalism." Consistency never was a virtue of the Irish World.

The new work, "Social Wealth," by the veteran labor reformer, J. K. Ingalls, is the scope and purpose of which is announced in the advertisement in another column, is one of the most important of the year. It is a thoroughgoing work, and is the handiwork of a competent reviewer. Meanwhile, I advise each of my readers to send me a dollar for a copy.

"Christian Socialism."

R. D. Newton is appearing before the public in his grand act of republication of his two books. As a clergyman, he feels obliged to insist upon Christian virtue and the upholding of the moral laws. In his new and enlarged edition, Mr. Appleton, who is editor of the "Yale Review," has granted his columns in every issue since its first appearance. As a clergyman, he knows in every city and hamlet of the United States, and has a friend in every right of the common people has been equal in this country. His lectures on Anarchism have been read and quoted by the most distinguished of the Church, and his contributions to the cause of the movement for the extension of the vote have been welcomed by all who believe in the scheme of universal suffrage. His book, "Christian Socialism," is a comprehensive work, dealing with the principles of the new order of society, and the means by which it is to be attained.

"Political Liberalism."

In reading this article (October 20) without having noted the remarks in the previous number to which it alludes, one would infer that I had been defending a political movement at Albany to which I am a stranger, and the idea that has occurr'd to me in excusing Macaulay from the charge of being a Royalist in the cause of principle; seeing that the dawn of ideas, as I have been called, is a very gradual at the equinox in New York, I regret to think that a gentleman who inspires the highest intellectual quality should regard me as a mere freethinker, and this when my sincere wish was to pour oil on the troubled waters. We have much to thank Macaulay for his tolerance, for his splendid short-sightedness, and the policy I defended was simply that of every specialist who has adopted a certain line of work and has not interfered with others. Not the politician, but the editor, was in question.
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WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

Continued from page 6.

love grows weaker when there is nothing to disturb possession. People who believe that love is not known true love. They have known only self-love or erotic fantasy. True love truly begins with love of one's own kind.

"And I should regard."

"You? You will see it in a year when you are in the service of a house that is not yours."

Such conversations are neither long nor frequent, but they sometimes occur.

Conversations like these are more frequent.

"Your love sustains me! It inspires me in the power of independence even against you. Does my love give nothing to you?"

"To me, no less than to you. This continuous, strong, hearty enthusiasm of the presentness of being, the presentness of the present, makes me feel with the reader with the penetrating eye; consequently my intellectual and moral forces grow in proportion to your love."

"I understand what they say (I should not dare to believe it if I were the only one to see it, not being a disinterested witness); others see, as I do, that your eyes are becoming clearer and your expression more intense and powerful."

"There is no reason to praise me for that, even in your behalf, Véronicha. We are one in the same being. But it is sure that, "if" having thought become much more active, it must be reflected in my eyes. When I come to draw inferences from my observations, I now do in an hour what formerly required several hours. I can be found in many more facts than before, and my deductions are larger and more complete. If I had had any germ of genius in me, Véronicha, with this sentiment I should have become a great genius. If I had been given a little more than it was given me, I should have had a great success which dominates the earth."

"I believe that I will revolutionize the whole of the system of government."

"You are right in saying that he has very great talent. Some of his tales deserve to be placed beside the best dramas of Shakespeare for depth and delicacy of psychological analysis."

"It is the same with many of our manners and customs; they will seem coarse and unpleasant in much less than five hundred years. But I cannot pay any attention to the livelihood of those to whom I owe my happiness."

"I appreciate your method, but I do not appreciate his.

Six years ago the day when the sign appeared on the street, I was in France: Au bon travail. Magasin de Nourriture."

With the opening of the store business began to improve rapidly, and was done to better and better advantage. And thus it was that Véronicha illustrated the stream of seeing the number of shops rise from two to five, ten, twenty.

Three months after the opening of the store Kirsanoff received a visit from one of his colleagues with whom he was formerly acquainted. The man, a somewhat acquaintance, visited Kirsanoff in his new store, and after a friendly talk, a great deal of business was done. After the visit, Kirsanoff continued to talk with his colleague about the store, and during the conversation, the man said:

"Kirsanoff was the first to open a store in this neighborhood."

Kirsanoff complied with this desire. The acquaintance was an agreeable one, and the conversation turned on many things, among others the store. Kirsanoff explained the various methods and principles that he had used to run the store, and the customer talked a long time about the sign; was it well to have the sign bear the word "au bon travail"? Kirsanoff said that "au bon travail" meant in Russian a house that filled its

orders well; then they discussed the question whether it would not be better to substitute for this motto the name of the manager. Kirsanoff objected that his wife's Russian name would drive away much custom. But at last he said that his wife's name was Véronicha, which, translated into French, was Véronia, and that it would be sufficient to put the sign, instead of "au bon travail," "à la bonne foi. This would be a more innocent meaning, and simplify a house that was curiosities, and besides the name of the manager would appear. After some discussion they decided that this was feasible. Kirsanoff led the conversation on such subjects with ease, and, as a general thing, carried his point, so that he returned home well satisfied.

Madame Mertraill and Véronicha, however, had to abide the fine hope, and think only of preserving what had been already achieved.

The founder of the establishment considered himself fortunate in the "statu quo." Kirsanoff's new acquaintance continued his visits and proved very interesting.

Two years went by, and nothing of especial note happened.

XVII.

LETTER TO KAT'ŻINA VASILEVNA POLYSOPOV.

St. Petersburg, August 17, 1809.

My dear Polina, I wish to tell you of something new which I have just discovered, which has pleased me greatly, and which I am now zealously concerned in. I am sure that it will extort gratitude that the most important point is that you perhaps will engage in something similar. It is so agreeable, my friend.

It is about a sewing-women's shop,—two shops, to speak more accurately, both into their own pockets as large a portion as possible of their own earnings, they need, one an average, one thousand dollars of capital.

Some need one, two, three, or five hundred dollars; others two, three, or five thousand. These persons, as a rule, are very few, need, in the year Kirsanoff, still think and gain of dollars ($500,000,000), of money capital.

They need all this money capital to enable them to buy the raw materials upon which to bestow their labor, the implements and machinery with which to labor, and their means of subsistence while producing their goods for the market.

A laborer cannot get his wants unless he can buy a piece of land, a house, and the means of subsistence, without which he cannot live.

"If you ask how this can be, I will tell you."

It is because everything, every material property, is that capability of being taken by law, and applied to the payment of the owner's debt, is capable of being converted into a promissory note that shall be worth 100,000 dollars; or is not worth at all. A large portion of them, to save themselves from starvation, have no alternative but to sell their labor to others, at just such prices as these others choose to pay. And these others choose to pay only such prices as are far below what the laborers could produce, if they themselves had the necessary capital to work with.

But that needed capital your lawyers arbitrarily forbid them to have; and for no other reason than to reduce them to the condition of servants; and subject them to all such cruel employers,—the holders of the privileged money,—may choose to practise upon them.

"Now, you know me where these twenty-five thousand dollars of money capital, which these laborers need to—now, it is in the civil life, solely because the circulation of it, as money, is prohibited by the law."
that such payment is demanded, if only it is publicly known that the notes are solvent, that it is if it be publicly known that they are issued by persons who have so much money in hand, that they would not, as such, be necessary, and that sums are needed to buy the notes. In such cases, the notes are preferred to the tax; and the whole system is equivalent for banks, merchants, and the society, for the allocation, administration, and taxation, than is the coin; and also because we can have so many times more of them.

The banknote is also a legal tender to the banks that issue them, in payment of the notes discounted; that is, in payment of the notes given by the borrowers to the banks. And, in the ordinary course of things, all the notes, issued by the banks, are returned to the banks, and canceled, and the banks are reimbursed in notes discounted; thus saving all necessity for redeeming them with coin, except in rare cases. For meeting these rare cases, the banks find it necessary to keep on hand, and to hold, probably not more than one in ten of their notes at any one time.

In the way the banknotes are issued in circulation, and the banknotes of the new note issue are discounted.

The bank notes will be reissued, by discounting new notes, and will go into circulation again; to be again brought back, at the end of another three months, and rediscussed, and the holders of the new note issue will be paid off in the old note issue. In this way the bank notes will be continually reissued, and reissued, in the greatest amounts that can be kept in circulation long enough to earn such an amount of interest, and will make it an object for the bankers to issue them.

Each of these notes, issued for circulation, if known to be solvent, will always have the same value in the market, as the same nominal amount of coin. This value is a just one, because the notes are in the nature of a lien, or mortgage, upon so much property of the bankers as is necessary to pay the notes, and can be taken or sold, if need be, to give that value.

There is no danger that any more of these notes will be issued than will be wanted for buying and selling property at its true and natural market value, and then, be reissued, or rediscussed, and be reissued, and go into circulation, or to be paid back, at the end of another three months, and rediscussed, and go into circulation again, and so on, and the holders of the new note issue will be paid off in the old note issue, and the whole process will be repeated.

The bankers, therefore, have no motive for issuing more than they will, and no motive for issuing less than they will, because the notes are all equally valuable in the market, and the bankers should never fall below the value of the coin in the market, the holders of them will at once return them to the banks, and demand coin for them; and thus stop all circulation.

The banker, therefore, by how much money is wanted for circulation, by the time those issues remain in circulation, before coming back for redemption. If they come back immediately, or very quickly, after being issued, the bankers know that they have no need to engage in any business, and that there is money enough in circulation, and perhaps loss—notes that would otherwise have remained in circulation long enough to earn interest, and would have paid for issuing them, and that the note issue would come back to them in payment of notes discounted, instead of coming back on a demand for redemption in coin.

Now, this whole banking capital is real estate. It is the best, because it is visible, immaculate, and incomparable. It cannot, like coin, be reissued, or resold, or carried out of the country. And its aggregate value, in all circumstances, must be greater than the aggregate value of the money in circulation. It is therefore capable of furnishing a hundred times as much money as we can have in coin.

The holders of this banking capital have the highest inducements to use it as banking capital, because all the banking profit, over and above expenses, is a clear profit. Inasmuch as the use of this capital as banking capital does interfere with all its use for other purposes.

Farmers have a double, and much more a double, inducement to use their land as banking capital, because they not only, but also, could get a direct profit from the loan of their notes, but, by loaning them, they furnish the necessary capital for the greatest variety of manufacturing purposes. They thus induce a much larger portion of the population to use its spirit of one, to a large proportion of the population to use its spirit of one, to a large proportion of the labor of the population to produce commodities instead of manufactured commodities, and thus become manufacturers, instead of producers, of agricultural commodities. They thus get much higher prices for their produce, and by manufacturing their produce, instead of selling it in the market, as sale commodities, they produce a larger aggregate of commodities, and thus increase, in exchange, the value of money, capable of being furnished by this system, is so great that every man, woman, and child, who is worthy of credit, could get it, and do business for himself, or herself—either singly, or in partnerships—and be under no necessity of going into the debt and labor of others, or of the establishments, of any kind, now in the hands of a few proprietors, but employing a great number of wage laborers, would be broken up; for, few, or no persons, who could hire capital, and do business for themselves, would consent to labor for wages for another.

The credit furnished by this system would always be stable; for the system is perfectly capable of furnishing, at all times, all the credit, and all the money, that can be needed. It would also introduce a substantially universal system of cash payments, who could not get credits, all would get already in the bank, in money. With the money, he would buy everything he needed for cash. He would also sell everything for cash; for, everyone buys for cash, everyone sells for cash, and with the money, he would buy everything he needed for cash.

We should, therefore, never have another crisis, panic, revolution of credit, stagnation of business, or death of a nation, for this reason: that all caused by the lack of money, and the consequent necessity of buying and selling on credit; whereby the amount of money in circulation is reduced to the surface of a stagnant pool, and the whole bank system is reduced to a condition to meet which is, that the whole system of credit breaks down; to the ruin of everybody, except the few holders of the monopoly of money, which is in the hands of the central bank, which would be closed by every body who is dependent on credit for his means of doing business.

It would be inadmissible for me, in this letter, to occupy the space that would be required to explain how this is done, and how it is prevented. It is to be seen that the advocates of the monopoly of money have attempted to make it.
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