On Picket Duty.

Look out for man's rights, and his duties will take care of themselves.

The Boston "Herald" copies with commendation the following from a "Christian Union" editorial:

"No honest man will desire to get money any faster than he earns it. Society is a joint stock corporation. The man who wants to take more value out than he puts in is essentially a dishonest man. He who consumes more than he produces is either a beggar or a thief,—that is, he lives either by charity or by dishonesty. The market gardener who makes the before-woolly soil produce lettuce and cabbage for the food of man is more a valuable and honored member of society than he who spends his life in shrewdly betting on the rise and fall of stocks, pork, or grain. All attempts to make money out of somebody else are dishonest; the desire to make it in that way is a dishonest desire. So long as that desire dominates men's hearts, rules, whether of the street or of the Legislature, will only be like patent locks while worthless keys every now and then will be picked or blown open. All wealth is the product of honest industry. Any man who wants to get possession of wealth which he has not produced by honest industry—industry of hand or brain, of action or thought—wants to rob his neighbor. Rob is a short word; but it is a plain word, and it expresses exactly what we mean. That's exactly what Liberty says, no more, no less. But when Liberty says it, the Boston "Herald," instead of speaking of it as "a timely word on the financial panic," describes it as the ravings of a crank.

The Catholics of Providence, Pawtucket, and Rhode Island generally are very much excited, I understand, over my quotation of a newspaper statement that Charles O'Connor refused on his death-bed to admit the priests to his presence for the administration of the sacrament, and I am also informed that upon the truth or falsity of the report a number of wagers are depending. It is a matter of very little moment to me whether Mr. O'Connor received absolution or not, and I only mention it incidentally. But this is what I know about it. Before Mr. O'Connor died, one of the most reliable priests, taking, and expert reporters on the Boston press was sent to Nantucket to get the particulars of Mr. O'Connor's last sickness. There he was told by the most trustworthy friend that Mr. O'Connor had on the island that the Associated Press dispatch stating that Mr. O'Connor had received absolution was false, and that the sick man had refused to see the priests who came to administer it. The statement was independently corroborated shortly afterwards by the wife of Mr. O'Connor's physician. The reporter left the island on the day that Mr. O'Connor died. The fact was printed in the Boston "Globe," of May 13, and no doubt I am not the first to print it, so far as I know. If any priest or bishop whatsoever will certify that he granted absolution to Mr. O'Connor during his last sickness, Liberty will gladly print his statement, and if unable to disprove it, will apologize for what it has said.

Charles O'Connor's Anarchism.

The New York "Herald" prints the following document as Charles O'Connor's last writing of a public nature. The assessment therein opposed was defeated at the Nantucket town meeting, probably much to the disappointment of the projector of the idea.

NANTUCKET, ATTENTION! 1. The foremost object of all wise municipal laws is to preserve the private citizen from oppression.
2. The only positively dangerous persons in any of our modern civilized societies are those who devise or supply themselves to the making of the laws.
3. For the repression of all evil-doers, the laws formulated against injustice may be employed and innocence be thereby perverted.
4. The selfish and vicious lawyer, aided by his ally, the law administrator, can appear at pleasure.
5. The wranglers of government mongers among themselves concerning the evils wrung from the community by unjust laws afford no barrier against legalized oppression.
6. At the glorious uprising of 1776 in the new world these truths were not perceived. That uprising was directed.
7. The great oppression thus developed in our republic in the production of this day of government-mongering burdens, though originally raised and nurtured in the storms of great cities, their evil example has captivated selfish and designing minds throughout the country, and our people are gradually becoming their slaves.
8. The dominant conceit of the government-mongering hordes is to have everything done by the government, that is, by the central administration in Washington. The result is, how? They have not been stopped except to those who wish for the luxury, and who, of course, should pay for it.
9. The town now pays for a supply of this water to extinguish fires.
10. True, the town now pays for a supply of this water to extinguish fires.
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50. The town now pays for a supply of this water to extinguish fires.

Liberty Limited Only by Itself.

"Henry Ward is "Le Bâtonnier.""

The "Republique Francaise" thinks it has thrown me into confusion by making me believe that liberty consists in doing everything that comes into any individual's head. This confusion is all a fine kind of illusion; I have never been confused for a second. My reply is prompt: Yes, liberty consists in doing everything that comes into any individual's head, on the sole condition that which comes into the head of any individual does not injure any other individual.

It is for this reason that murder and robbery may be forbidden; because, in the first place, murder and robbery are necessary, and with the liberty of the murderer and the robber consists that of the murdered and the robbed. But I confess that I have never been able to see the propriety of regulating every manner whatever the conduct of an isolated individual; I regard what is called public morality as nonsense; and I consider that everything which does not injure a neighbor is in an indispensable fashion.
WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

A ROMANCE.

By N. G. TOCZENYCHYISKY.

Translated by HENRY T. THIBODEAU.

Continued from No. 41.

This is what Verotchka said to Storechnikoff:

"I must speak very severely to you, sir; last evening at the theater you told your friends that I was ill, and you told me that this ill was for show, if you had understood the whole import of your words, I do not think that you would have uttered them. But I warn you that if, at the theater or in the street, you ever address me again in this way, I shall have my mother and my sister kill me with ill-treatment! [It was here that Verotchka smiled], but what does that matter to me?"

This evening you will arrive from my mother a note informing you that I am indisposed and unable to join you in the sleigh-ride.

He looked at her with big eyes, as Maria Alexeeva had observed.

She resigned:

"I address you, sir, as a man of honor not yet utterly degraded. If I am right, I pray you pay your attentions, and, if I am wrong, will pardon your calumny. If you accept, give me your hand."

He shook her hand without knowing what he did.

"Thank you," she replied, "and now you can give as pretext the necessity for ordering the horses."

He stood as a stupefied, while she began once more to sing "Troika!"

If she could have seen, they would have been astonishe at the extraordinary feeling which she put into her song; in her feeling surely dominated art.

Meanwhile Maria Alexeeva was coming, followed by her cook carrying the breakfast and coffee on a tray. But Storechnikoff, pretending that he had orders to give concerning the horses, withdrew toward the door. For the moment the woman could protest, the young man went out.

Maria Alexeeva, pale with rage and fists lifted in the air, rushed into the parlor, crying:

"What have you done, wench? Wait for me!"

"I have brought this letter for you. Either the mother run like a hurricane: but the door was locked. Beside herself, she tried to break down the door, and struck it heavily.

"If you break down the door," cried the young girl, "I will break the windows and call for help; in any case, I warn you that you shall not take me alive."

The calm and decided tone with which these words were uttered did not fail to make an impression on the mother, who confronted herself with shocking and made no more attacks on the door.

As soon as she could make herself heard, Verotchka said to her:

"I understand you, but you have lived a long life. You have suffered, and that has made you wicked. If you wish it, we will talk together peacefully, as we have never talked together before."

These words fell to straight to the heart of Maria Alexeeva, but her tired nerves demanded rest: she asked herself if, after all, it were not better to enter negotiations. She never before had to decide, and yet she must be married to that fool of a Micah. And then, one cannot tell exactly what has happened; they shook hands, . . . . . , no, one cannot tell. She was still hesitating between stragglers of session, when a ring of the bell interrupted her reflections; it was Sergei and Julie.

IV.

"Serge, does her mother speak French?" had been Julie's first word on waking.

"I know nothing about it. What? have you still that idea?"

"Still?" she said, "I speak French; you shall be my interpreter."

Had Vera's mother been Cardinal Mazzofanti, Sergei would have consented to go to her with Julie. To follow Julie everywhere, as the confidant always follows the wife. Seraphina, had become his destiny, and we must add that he did not complain of it.

But Julie had waked late and he stopped at four or five stores on the way, so that Storechnikoff was compelled to explain himself and Maria . . . to rage and calm down again before their arrival.

"What horrible stairs! I never saw anything like them! And, by the way, what does our excise calling?"

"No matter what; the mother is a usurer; we will pawn your brooch. No, I have a better idea; the daughter gives piano lessons. We will say that you have a niece, etc."

At the sight of Sergei's beautiful uniform and Julie's dazzling toilette Matroesov flushed for the first time in her life; she had seen such fine people.

Less were the enthusiasm and awe of Maria Alexeeva when Matroesov announced Colonel X and his wife.

And his wife!

The scandals which Maria Alexeeva started or heard of concerned nobody above her station with consoulers. Consequently she did not suspect that Sergei's wife could be only one of those so-called Parizhnie marriages, in which legality goes for nothing. Besides, Sergei was brilliant; he explained to her that he was fortunate in having met them at the theater, that his wife had a niece, etc.

"Oh yes! I may thank heaven; my daughter is a very talented musician, and were she to be appreciated in a house like yours I should be extremely happy; only, she might be a little jealous of her mother."

Maria Alexeeva spoke purposely in a very loud voice in order that Verotchka might not hear her private conversation. At the same time she devoted her callers with her eyes.

"Verotchka, can you come, my dear?"

Why does she not say? Whether certainly would not dare to make a scene in public. So she opened her door; but at sight of Sergei she blushed with shame and anger. This would have been noticed even by poor eyes, and Julie's eyes were very good; therefore, without indirection, she explained herself:

"My dear child, you are astonished and indignant at seeing here the man be-
ereign elixir to a sick man, a ray of light in utter darkness, firm ground under the feet of one sinking. Storeckhoff rowed at a bound to the mourner's house.

"She will save me, this generous woman. She is so intelligent that she can invent something imperative. O noble Julie!"

At ten minutes before, he stood at her door.

"Madame is waiting for you; please come in.
"Julie received him without raising. What majesty in her mien! What severity in her look.

"I am very glad to see you; be seated," she said to him in answer to his respectful salutation.

Not a muscle of his face moved; Storeckhoff was about to receive a storm refrain. What matter, provided she would save him?

"Monseur Storeckhoff," began Julie, "I have the confidence to inform you that I am cold, slow voices, you know my opinion of the people, you know, I am unkind, I am unloving, you. Your position is clear to you and to me. (God!" as thought Storeckhoff. "I would rather be upbraid by far!) You can escape only through marriage, but there you will be no answer to my question. You believe, then, that I alone can come to your aid. I will tell you what I can do, and, if you deem it satisfactory, I will submit my conditions.

Storeckhoff hesitated, still no voice, he has forgotten; she is he the case to you to postpone the supper. I will make him understand that, having won your wager, it will be hard for you to put off your triumph. Does this letter suit you?

"Perfectly."

"But I will send the letter only on two conditions. You can refuse to accept them, and in that case I will burn them, and I will join in the supper; but not this evening."

Storeckhoff continued, in a slow voice which tortured Storeckhoff, "these two conditions are as follows:

"First, you shall not persecute this young person.
"Second, you shall never speak her name again in your conversations.

"Is that all?"

"Yes.

"A ray of joy illuminated Storeckhoff's countenance. "Only that," he thought. "It was hardly worth while to frighten me so. God knows how ready I was to grant it."

But Julie continued with the same solemnity and deliberation:

"The first is necessary for her, the second for her also, but still more for you; I will postpositively refuse all other, and I am sure that my conditions will be accepted, and you must see that it will not be forgotten unless you speak the name of this young person no more."

Then, in a tranquil tone, she went into the details of carrying out the plan.

"Jean will receive the letter in season. I have found out that he is to dine at Bertha's. He will go to his house after smoking his cigar. We will send the letter to the post-office. I will ring -- Pauline, you will take this letter. We have not seen each other today, Monseur Storeckhoff and I. Do you understand this?"

At last the letter was read.

Storeckhoff breathed more freely, and is quite overjoyed at his deliverance.

But Julie has not yet done.

"In a quarter of an hour you must be at home in order that Jean may find you there; you have a moment left, and I wish to take advantage of it to say a few words more. You will follow my advice, or not, as you please; but you will reflect upon it.

"I will not speak of the duties of an honest man toward a young girl whose reputation is endangered; but I do wish to remind you that it is of the highest importance to use the time of your marriage with this young person would see me a good thing for you. I will explain myself and how I am going to say may wound you. If I go too far, a word from you will stop me short. Listen, then.

"You have a weak character, and, if you fall into the hands of a bad woman, you will be duped, deceived, and tortured into the bargain. She is good, and has a noble heart; in spite of her plebeian birth and poverty, she will add you singularly.

"Introduce yourself to her, she will shine and wield an influence there.

"The advantages which such a marriage might secure to you are immense; besides these external advantages, there are others more intimate and precious still. You need a peaceful home and even a little watchful care. All this she can give you. I ask in all seriousness, of you, to consider this matter seriously, to see that she is perfect. Think of what I have said to you.

"If she accepts, which I very much doubt, I shall consider the acceptance of a great piece of good fortune for you.

"I keep you now longer; it is time for you to go.

Storeckhoff remained plunged in this thought, cherished more and more; he thought over every circumstance there happened to him what happens, not to inconsistent men like him, but also to men of firmer character. The history of peoples is filled with examples of persons who have nothing between themselves along in a beaten track simply because they have been told to do so; but tell them in a very loud voice to take another road, and, though this voice does not come from the man himself, they will soon find their destination in the same spirit. Storeckhoff had been told that, with a great fortune, a young man has only to choose among the poor. But the man who desires to do good and whose thoughts are his mistress, Vérotchka. Now a word had been thrown into his head: Marriage! And he pondered over this question: Shall I marry her? as before he had pondered over the question which is the common trait by which Storeckhoff represented in his person, in a satisfactory manner, nine-tenths of his fellow-citizens of the world. Historians and philosophers tell us that in each special fact the common fact is manifested by local, temporary, individual elements, and that these particular elements are precisely those of most importance. Let us examine, then, our particular case.

The main feature had been pointed out by Julie (as if she had taken it from Russian novels, which all speak of it); resistance excites desire. Storeckhoff had become accustomed to dream of the possession of Vérotchka. Like Julie, he was under the influence of her name, which, in his mind, always evoked his gross sensuality. His imagination was satiated by her; he dreamed of her, and all had vanished. But if he could not have her as a mistress, he could have her as a wife. Julie had said that what matters it which all, provided he would have her as a wife. Each man, it was said, possesses some one of you, our sisters! Are you, then, our sisters? You are our servants. There is, I know, some women who submit to marriage. What matters! These valets rule their masters, but that does not prevent valets from being valets.

These amorous images had developed in Storeckhoff's mind after the interview with Julie. He was not so much strikingly beautiful as he was so strikingly beautiful that at first he feared him. And Julie had imagined to him what all the men of his acquaintance imagined to Vérotchka when he returned to his flat. It would be fitting for his imagination to be excited.

It is with beauty as with wit, as with all qualities; there is no use for it by the judge is the beauty - the beauty of the woman's face is beautiful, but how beautiful is it? It is at this point that the data of current opinion become necessary to classification. As long as it aliments, it is beautiful; but when she appeared in one of the boxes of the second tier, several glasses were levelled at her; and how many were the expressions of the men who were looking at her and Vérotchka when he returned to his flat.

"Serge," said Storeckhoff, "is a man of very fine taste! And Julie? how about her? But..."
Government is a Trick.

The expression, "government is a trick," carries a very irritating poison to the sensibilities of oily hypocrites who pose as recognized teachers and moralists in lauding the sanctity of the State. But putting the term "government" as the organized embodiment of the so-called sciences of politics, the plain word "trick" is of all others the one that fits the situation.

A trick is a certain premeditated operation executed through pure deception whereby the uninstructed victim is made to believe and co-operate to the covert purpose in view. With the incubus of a lifetime of perverting prejudice in his mind, some reader may think this a very severe, if not an utterly fictitious, exposé of existing government, but I affirm it to be a truthful speaking of what politicking goes by that name.

Nevertheless, in the realm of theology many a reader of Liberty has long since reduced the machinery of popes, priests, and ecclesiastics generally to this last extent, trick, divided between himself and the congregation, and laboring to get at the pockets and liberties of mankind through controlling certain integral longings and aspirations of the soul and electing themselves mediators between man and the great mysterious unknown which overawes him.

Yet what is the essential difference between theology and politics in this respect, and is there any difference at all? The theologian, by a studied and audacious lie, gets between man and what he calls "God"—the function of spiritual togetherness of the politician, through some initial trick peculiar to his particular form of government, gets between the individual and the rest of mankind and usurps the function of material togetherness of the politician, the spoils of which are divided between himself and the classes which make his calling and election secure.

Now, the same analysis of spiritual relations which reduces the priest to a fraud and usurper, when applied to material relations, reduces the politician to exactly the same terms. The theologian is the twin brother of the politician. The two tricksters have put religion in the place of equality. Let them convert their oppressors, not blow up or blow away. Let them do good. Another set is already to step into their shoes; they'll spring up out of the nature of the case. The world is not only in harmony about the God, but the man that is in the picture, like the man that is in the picture, is a picture of the man that is in the picture. It is getting to be blown into shivers every time it shows its ugly head.

"Now, don't get excited!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith.

"No, they won't. Men will risk all for wealth or power. Look at the Czar of Russia.

"His day will come yet," exclaimed Mrs. Smith.

"I hope it will. There's no religion going to take hold of that despotism. It's got to be blown into shivers every time it shows its ugly head.

"Now, don't get excited!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith.

"Don't get excited! Read Kropotkin, and if you don't get excited, you'll be no excuse for you. You ought to be blown up yourself. The horrors of Siberia and the journey there are insidious beyond compare. Imagine the most terrible cruelty, the blackest crime, and compared with this reality, you will paint the night for total midnight darkness. I'd like to read of a Czar's death in every morning's paper; 'twould give me a relish for breakfast.

Smith was not a little annoyed at this outburst. He would have replied sharply, but forced a smile and looked at his mistress in silence.

I remarked that the Siberian exile had every reason to hate the cruel Czar, and the Russian people were justified in whatever method of revenge or relief they could devise. I had no doubt a despotism—that is, a life-long absolutist—deserved only assassination.

"A monstrous doctrine!" said Smith.

"True as gospel!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith.

"But, I continued, "we are forced to leave Russia to itself and attend to matters at home.

"There is no discounting the liberalizing influence the American Republic has had on the political condition of Europe, in stimulating the aspirations of the people toward emancipation. They have idealized liberty, or, as you would term it, freedom, and they have no doubt pictured us as even better off than we are.

"They see liberty here carried to its fullest proportions, — I mean the races of the people. There is a growing conviction with a steadily increasing number of people in the United States, that a precarious situation; that they cannot remain where they are; they must go forward or backward."

"Are we not going forward every year, increasing in population and wealth?" cried Smith.

"We haven't the wealth you haven't," exclaimed the wife, rather snappishly.

"No doubt," said I, "but there has been an increase of wealth, and also of population; but the problem of the future remains.

"The wealth is insuf-ficient, and the only conquering population brings is in the additional clamor made for a settlement. If affairs were rightly adjusted in a country like this, there could not be too many people; but the present system of things calls for a reduction of population. Not only is there an army of idlers here, but those employed are working at what may be called cut-throat wages. You see working people sticking to their places with desperation. For just across the road sit idlers by the hundreds, crying: 'Give us a job! if you step in, if you step out—for a crust of bread, if it comes to that.'

"Labor market is overstocked. There's room for higher up, said Webster. But if all people rushed to that 'higher up,' the same disproportion of supply to demand would ensue that now confronts the country lower down so to speak. This term 'higher up' is misleading, and needs comment, but not now.

"What do you say to the following as a statement of what society wants? But, remember, when I say that, I want to know if the society wants this or the society will want it."

"It's a secular house in that respect," said I: "religion usually is woman's prerogative. The men for the most part eschew it."

"They may think they do," said Smith, "but when disaster overwhels them, they're quite as humble as the women. They get religion, or they suicide. I prefer religion.

Smith smiled.

"God," the wife mumbled her head, and looked wise.

"Now, he continued, "I admit the laboring class has grievances that call for redress. But let them
Smith looked down thoughtfully a moment; then, raising his face with a smile, he said:

"High enough not to expect a millennium -- day after to-morrow."

"Who said anything of a millennium day after to-morrow?" the wife quietly asked; "if he has to grow into a millenial state, there's no expecting about it. It isn't in its teens yet, let alone coming to a man's estate day after to-morrow."

"Thank you, Mr. Smith!" Her mind, Mr. Smith, is less encumbered than yours. She is not preoccupied with visions of a millionaire prosperity as you are. Hence, she isn't captious and disposed to sadder and wiser with illegitimate influences. I have said nothing about your views, we are near or far a millennium. See if you can't take a more dispassionate view; put self aside, and regard for a while the race. You'll find, let me tell you, that yourself will be quite as well provided for when other selves are respected and honored.

"I was asking merely how far up our experience has carried us? Have we reached the point where we realize that we must have regard for all men's interests in order to advance and secure our own? I think that idea has at least dawned, both for this country and the world, but when you try and the constitution as he understood it, the fathers could only devote themselves to the cause of human nature as they understood it.

"But human nature is a flower that is unfolding. Who is the perfect blossom? If it has bloomed in individuals, it has not in the race.

"What we seek is a race-blossom. There is somewhat in the Old Testament idea of God's sparing a city for the sake of the ten good men found therein, and in the Oratorical idea of his forgiving sins for Christ's sake, who is said to have been sinless.

"It is a feeling after a truth. The ten good, the one sinless, vindicate human nature, show its possibilities and its probable destiny in all human beings. And we may well enough suppose that, if there is a god, -- who originally made human nature at a venture, but remained in ignorance of all the wonderful possibilities that lurked within it, -- should be chance upon some very choice specimen of individuals in city or world, showing what the nature he had created and lodged in human beings was capable of, he might become very tolerant and patient with the so-to-speak many million buds not yet blossoming. Even, our Christ's blossom would be encouraged. He would neither destroy that world by flood or fire; but wait, -- a thousand years in his sight being but as a day.

"Now, practically speaking, in the management and development of social character and social conditions on this our planet, we -- the human nature that is in process of development -- are set to exercise the same providential patience and forgiveness, but also to give the providential impetus.

"I will not say that human nature is a machine that runs itself; but rather, that it is a plant that has a self-conscious and self-directing growth. If there be a god revealing his will, it is only by his own incarnation in our nature. But I do not need to discuss that point. Practically, as I said, all the world knows it has its destiny in its own hands. Sane men everywhere know that no god will stay them if they will cast themselves from high mountains, or plunge into deep waters, or walk into a den of lions or a fiery furnace.

"Nor will the deep grass wither against the oppressor. All, all, must go on as man himself ordains it."

"But!"

"He must pay the penalty for ordaining evil.

"The law of self-preservation is soon announced. The burth child dries the fire. Thus on the ladder of experience, one round after another, he mounts.

"How high up do you suppose he has climbed, Mr. Smith, in this year of grace, as you would say?"

The old republics of Greece and Rome were much more ingeniously contrived than this contemptible sham of a republic, but they were founded upon the slavery of the property, the rights of the separate, and property poisoned them all to death. Property was a slow poison in their day, but it did its work in time. In our day the privilege of property is swift in its action. The blood of nations circulates with the rate of the railway, and the wheel of society are felt throughout the system with every pulsation of the electric current.

A financial panic on Wall Street becomes a commodity conversion of the whole country in an hour. The system of national power, the privilege of property, the social system and required centuries to produce dissolution. In these days it is prussic acid on the tongue. Does any sane man think it will need an eternity to destroy this great republic, which in one century has got into the hands of the quacks and is deadly sick of their diseases? Without pretending to any greater gift of prophecy than is requisite to foretell the rising of the sun to-morrow morning, I predict that the constitution of this country will not have been another hundred years. Republics may come and Republics may go, but the great law of justice is eternal.

Misled by the Scientists.

The "San Francisco" discusses social problems in a spirit of intense earnestness and in a manner which shows that it is searching diligently for a true solution of the riddles propounded by the Sphinx of socialism, which man must answer or perish. But I fear the "San Francisco" has been misled by John Stuart Mill, Henry George, and other social scientists and is inclined to give them credit for sound reasoning. More than any of them, he has been guilty of Proportional representation and land nationalization seem to have impressed the "San Francisco" as being adequate remedies for the political and industrial diseases of the social system; but I feel that way away and the wrong mist before the true spear of peace.

Proporcional representation and the land nationalization seem to have impressed the "San Francisco" as being adequate remedies for the political and industrial diseases of the social system; but I feel that way away and the wrong mist before the true spear of peace.

"We demand a social state founded in Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.

"But we have braced off from my original question in a strange, but perhaps not unprofitable way.

"What do you say to the following statement of what society wants?"

"Society wants:

I. The just reward of labor.

II. Security of person and property.

III. The greatest practicable amount of freedom to each individual.

IV. Economy in the production and use of wealth.

V. To open the way for each individual to the possession of land, and all other natural wealth.

VI. To make the interests of all to co-operate with and assist each other, instead of clashing with and contrasting each other.

VII. To withdraw the elements of discord, of want of order, of revolution, and to establish a prevailing spirit of peace, order, and social harmony.

(To be continued.)

The "Eternal" Republic.

A Boston paper, blindly enamored of government and paper constitutions, said a few days ago: "Truer than the poet sung of the brook is it of the republic that they may come and men may go, but it goes on forever."

It has now "gone on" about a hundred years, and has got into such a diseased condition that the quacks are at their tricks. The "reform" that shall delute men into the belief that a cure has been found. Other republics known to the world have gone on hundreds of years before getting hopelessly diseased, but there always has some one or a few others which go on to toward confusion, disorder, and destruction must ultimately arrive -- always have arrived and always shall arrive. The contents of every form of government yet seen on earth have dreamed of building for eternity, but upon inequalities, and their contrivances have gone down in the crash and wreck of revolution. The disinherited refuse to go on forever till -- suffering, and starving, and then when they turn in (repair and rage upon the ma-}

chine which grinds them, a sudden end comes to the "forever" of great republic, great monarchy, great empire, or whatsoever great life may happen to be extant among men as the embodiment of authority.

But he says the whole fraudulent system could be overthrown as a morning mist before the rising sun by the plan of voting which gives each party a percentage of representation in proportion to its strength. He does not yet realize that the whole fault of governmental systems is that some men, whether they be majority, minority, official representatives, lords, prime ministers, or caesars, "can and do enact any laws they choose" for the government of other men.

All legislation being usurpation, it matters little..."
by the same poisoning as mechanical combinations and chemical operations; but the fruits of his toil will not be lost to the laborer. Many so-called savage societies are more enlightened than we are. It may seem, if they are our bitter in this: want among them is unknown. Are we, then, the only men whereby a true public morality can be developed. A man can be only moral only when he is his own master. From the moment when he has no more to fear from his own apprehension or the reproach of mankind, he can direct his own movements, to seek in his conscience reasons for his actions, and let nothing but his own heart, his own intelligence, be in the balance. Nevertheless his will cannot fail to be strengthened when he sees other men, guided like himself by their own volition, following the same line of conduct, the same example with the same motives, and that this may in some way affect him without effort; but that the moment orders, enforced by legal penalties, replace the personal impulses of the conscience, there is an end to morality.

A man is the subject, the principal of the right to privilege, not right; is the converse of duty.

Besides the possession of a man’s own person, sound morality involves yet another thing which is the logical outcome of equality.

The time-honored words of Mahabharata are as true as ever: “The ignorant are unable to honor the wise; the man who knows, has no need of him who has got the cart. Friendship is the daughter of equality; it is never born of inequality.”

Without doubt it is given to some men, great by their thought, by sympathy, or by the quality of a fine and lasting character, to be the objects of such friendship, and admirers comes otherwise than of an enthusiastic affinity of idea to idea, or of heart to heart, it is speedily transformed either into fanaticism or servility. He who is a friend of the mass, by the metamorphosis of his own will, and his necessity, to attribute to himself exceptional virtues, or a “grace of God,” that marks him in his own estimation as a prostituted being, and he usurps without hesitation or remorse, of the right which he has no right to exercise, and which, while in rank exalted, he is morally degraded, and his partisans and sympathizers are more degraded still: they wait for the words of command which fall from the master’s mouth, and press the devastated in the depths of their conscience some faint and successive obligations, it is stifled; they become practised liars, they stoop to flattery, and lose the power of judging men in the face. Between him who commands and him who obeys there is no other relation than that of degradation. The condition of the person who is cortexed is not the condition of the person to whom it is come to be so.

Yet, let us look back and ask ourselves in all sincerity this question: Who are the persons who have “honored” us with their conversation, or the humble whom we have “deigned” to associate? Are they not rather our equals, those whose looks neither impress nor command, and whom we may love with open hearts without affection or remorse.

It is to live in conditions of equality and escape from the falsehoods and hypocrisy of our society. As men have formed themselves into close corporations and little worlds apart, America and the communities of this sort. But these societies, few of which prosper, have not so much created within themselves the seeds of their own isolation, and are reasserted by Nature’s law of gravitation into the world which they have left. Yet even were they perfection, and we were not. The greater part of them the highest and greatest would be none the less obnoxious to the charge of selfish isolation, of ranging a wall between themselves and the rest of their race; their pleasures are egotistical, and devotion to the cause of humanity would draw back the best of them into the great struggle.

Anarchists, never will we separate ourselves from the world to build a little church, hidden in some vast wilderness. Here: the fighting ground, and we remain in the ranks, ready to give our all wherever it may be most needed. We do not cherish any great and solemn hopes, but believe in the good and real fate of all. Many of the ignorant, who either out of love of race or simplicity of soul now anathematized, we will end by associating ourselves with; in our case. For every instance of injustice permitted by the hard necessities of life from openly avowing their opinions, but they listen to them. The word that shall enrich and feed the words in the treasury of their hearts. We know that we are not to love humanity; we are not to work for humanity. When we would seek to restore to them the earth, personal rights, confidence in the future; and it is not nature that they should encourage us by looking and going, even when they’re right.

In times of struggle, men have no consideration, but the power of their consciences; and the political and purloined rulers reap the whole of their own power; what the gods, freed for an instant from the shackles of men, and have no other idea than that of their natural affairs, on which side will be the many? Though making no pretension to prophetical insight, may we not venture without terrors to prophesy.

The most great and powerful words that have been said that the victories of Anarchism are merely the dream of a few visionaries, do not hence our enemies, by the insults they heap upon us and the projects of nations against the world, can make an increase in the world. As for the paralyzing of the Middle Ages wanted to raise the devil, they began their incarnations by painting his image on a wall. For a long time past modern art, and the church has been a means of repeating that Anarchism is merely the dream of a few visionaries, do not hence our enemies, by the insults they heap upon us and the projects of nations against the world, can make an increase in the world. As for the paralyzing of the Middle Ages wanted to raise the devil, they began their incarnations by painting his image on a wall. For a long time past modern art, and the church has been a means of repeating that Anarchism is merely the dream of a few visionaries, do not hence our enemies, by the insults they heap upon us and the projects of nations against the world, can make an increase in the world. As for the paralyzing of the Middle Ages wanted to raise the devil, they began their incarnations by painting his image on a wall. For a long time past modern art, and the church has been a means of repeating that Anarchism is merely the dream of a few visionaries, do not hence our enemies, by the insults they heap upon us and the projects of nations against the world, can make an increase in the world. As for the paralyzing of the Middle Ages wanted to raise the devil, they began their incarnations by painting his image on a wall. For a long time past modern art, and the church has been a means of repeating that Anarchism is merely the dream of a few visionaries, do not hence our enemies, by the insults they heap upon us and the projects of nations against the world, can make an increase in the world.
It is also easy for us to accept nothing from power, to call no man "master," neither to be called "master" ourselves, to remain in the ranks as simple citizens and to maintain our independence and political freedom among equals. Let our friends judge us by our deeds, and reject from among those of us who falter.

There are many kind-hearted men that, as yet, hold themselves aloof from us, and even view our efforts with a certain apprehension, who would nevertheless gladly lend their help were they not repelled by our distrust of all authority which simply subordinates.

And yet close study of the present state of things would show them that the supposed period of tranquility—eagerness for action and an absence of war—was over. Our lives, as crimes, are of no civilised State; free, can it be denied that these consequences of the existing social system are murder, malice, insubordination, and an armed force, yet things that happen every day and every hour pass unperceived; we see in them a series of ordinary events no more phenomenal than times and seasons. It is only when our very souls are oppressed which comes to us hallowed by the sanction of ages. Far from desiring to replace an era of happiness and peace by a new one, by disorder and warfare, we are no longer moved by the desire of a new era; the old is often a twentieth century law to us. After all, it was to be called by common consent "The Progress of Civilization." On the other hand, vengeance is the inevitable incidents of a period of violent changes. It is in the nature of things that they should be.

Our friends judge us by our deeds, and reject from among those of us who falter.

REVOLUTION IS REVOLVING. It is already thought that it is already willed; it only remains to realize it, and this is not the least difficult part of the work.

The Government, as in the past, as ever, is its people, and the kind of rule which they could choose to adopt is left open. The question of the future of their society is not among the matters that the people themselves will have to solve. It will rise again after each postponement, more formidable than before.

Economists and rulers invent political constitutions or salaried organizations, whereby a workman may be made the friend of his master, the subject a brother, a potentate, we, "Frightful Anarchists" as we are, know only one solution which that spirit of freedom, of equality, and the institution of individuality, which has been called by common consent "The Progress of Civilization." On the other hand, vengeance is the inevitable incidents of a period of violent changes. It is in the nature of things that they should be.

The revolution is revolving. It is already thought that it is already willed; it only remains to realize it, and this is not the least difficult part of the work.

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...
The commission sent by Japan to examine and report on the influence of Christianity upon the morals of England spent eighteen months in London, and concluded that it would be unwise to change the religion of Japan. But the good work of spreading the gospel among the heathen still calls for the prayers of the pious.

To the Radical Review.

Dear Radical, I stumble over one of your roots. In your last October 30, commenting on an excellent article of the "Times" will most respectful appreciation, you conclude with the following maxim (if quoted from the "Times" so much the worse): "...to establish itself, and against any policy based to the ends of man, human government has not only no right, but the duty to call in all the desire to its command."

Were that sentence isolated, as stating a general issue between "divine authority" and "human government," I should object to it; for there are precisely the two. Kilgour cites that I should tell you this; but I, being the only one of the two who has not been excluded from the circle of the wise, would object to it.

I will say that the part of the last paragraph which is not said to be a mistake is the part about the possibility of obtaining the blessing of God and the nation. I do not think that the part about the possibility of obtaining the blessing of God and the nation is said to be a mistake.

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