On Picket Duty.

Here is a striking instance of the inconsistency into which the advocates of so-called communistic Anarchism are sure to fall. The following fundamental truth and antipodal falsehood I take from the editorial columns of one issue of the Chicago "Almar." Truth: "The basis of all liberty is the self-possession of the fruits of one's personal efforts." Falsehood: "We know that there is and can be no other remedy but to turn all things into common property, and let all parties of the abundance freely, and as none, under the penalty of death, to carry off, or hide, or pen up, any of that abundance for any selfish motive whatever."

The Czar has caused one thousand students to be expelled from the University of Kieff for holding nihilistic views, and has drafted them into the army to cure them. Compared with the brilliancy of the intellect which proposes to extinguish nihilism by leaving it, the sun itself is a will-o'-the-wisp haunting a moon-glimped morass of stupidity. If the Czar should detect a man tearing shingles off his roof, he would punish him for his misdemeanor by putting a cau of dynamite in his hand and sending him down cellar. I hope he will draft into the army and supply with efficient weapons every enemy to his authority he can find in Russia.

Another Anarchistic journal in the field—"The Miners Journal," weekly, edited by John McLaughlin, and published in Scammonville, Kansas. This being, so far as I can find, the first instance of a paper published in the interest of a special class of workers and pointing them to complete liberty as their only hope, is a very notable sign of the times. Such class journals, heretofore, have either neglected the social question or taken the authoritarian side of it. The editor's two articles in the issue of October 18, "The Campaign of Politics" and "The Campaign of Labor," are alone worth the dollar that it costs to subscribe for the paper one year.

Says an exchange: "It appears from a correspondent of the Newark 'Daily Advertiser' that there is an Anarchist town, New Ulm, in Minnesota; and the Agnostics there are in some particulars as a shining example to Christians. Here is a town of thirty-five hundred population, and with but a Marshal to keep the peace; and yet there has been no street fight in New Ulm in fifteen years. Mr. J. C. Rudolph, one of the shining lights there, says that occasionally a young fellow from the country comes to town and takes more beer than he ought; but one of the old inhabitants will go to him and tell him that New Ulm wants no noise in the streets. And, added Mr. Rudolph, one of our citizens, looking squarely in the man's face, generally brings him to his senses. The people of the city and country are kept in their senses in a city that has four breweries and thirty beer saloons, without powder and shot and iron bars. The Agnostics there give a good example in the charities."

I doubt if Agnosticism alone is entitled to the credit of the New Ulmites' orderliness. These Agnostics, perhaps without knowing it, seem to be Anarchists as well.

The Marquis of Waterford, an extensive landowner in Ireland, has thrown up his estate and left the country because those pestering peasants whom he has rack-rented would not let him and his hangers-on hunt in peace. That's right. Turn the scabals out!

E. H. Heywood, of Princeton, Massachusetts, takes up the work which the Liberal League has dropped, and is circulating a petition to Congress for the repeal of the Sedition Act. His is a good enough petition for the petit-airs; as for me, I am not petitioning this year.

The popular hatred of the Czar in Russia has now become so intense that the police have had to prohibit the exhibition of his portrait in hotels and other public places to prevent it from being insulted by the people. A singularly Dear Father must be this Alexander III, whose very image is enough to excite his children's wrath! Between such a monarch and his downfall stands there any obstacle more insuperable than time?

E. C. Walker, the junior editor of "Lucifer," by the very radicalism of its radicalism has done so much to liberalize the West, will re-enter the lecture and canvassing field of this month, and is ready to answer calls to speak upon Freethought, Anarchism, and kindred subjects. Those wishing to avail themselves of the services of this able-speaking worker should address "E. C. Walker, Box 42, Valley Falls, Kansas."

The "Truth-Seeker" remarks as if it "pitied the matter—that, outside of the Christian press, the opposition to the Liberal League is narrowed down to a free religious paper, a free love paper, and a free property paper, meaning, I take it, the 'Index,' the 'Word,' and 'Lucifer.' It is not the first time that the most extremes have met in a good cause. Is Liberty would make this trio a quartet, she would have leisure for such gentle and amusing sport.

Liberty herewith tenders her respectful congratulations to such of her friends and subscribers as have succumbed during the last few months to the political temptation and been at work for the cause of labor and the people (with a big, big P) under the leadership of General Butler. How they have advanced things, to be sure! Where General Weaver, the Greenback-Labor candidate of four years ago, with scarcely any money to conduct his canvass, got a vote of over three hundred thousand, General Butler, the Greenback-Labor candidate of four years ago, had the expenditure of more money and work than was ever put into a labor canvass before, gets scarcely one hundred thousand votes in the whole country, and one-fourth of these is in the single state of Massachusetts. But have not my semi-Anarchistic friends done something practical? Have they not stood up to be counted? Have they not for three months past been seen of all men, with flags planted on their breasts and tiny spoons tucked in their buttonholes? Have they, too, not had a candidate travelling in a palace-car with the best of them? And have they, too, not met the fate of all political dupes, and been sold out by their leaders at the last moment? Will they ever learn from experience? Or will they four years hence show themselves as green as ever, and repeat their folly with the same enthusiasm and the same results?"

SONG OF THE WORKERS.

We whose days lapse, the dawn ing, Is it when cock crows to crow? We who for our uncertain pay Must early in our sorry way, We who with bread and feet are With a war incessant wages, And might a man ever get us The hungry writer of old age— We want to know in what we can We'll not pass the wine about: Let guns be still or make a rout, For the love of Man! Our toast is: A mighty store of hidden spoils, All that man can eat or wear; From plate and vase, from hills their fruit, They tell us of that scoundrel who is wont to feed from that wine of theirs. We'll still be, etc.

What from the labor we do get For which all the toil we best best? And whereas we love the looks of sweet? And yet there but in the ways the holy soul we eat Our Rebel-laws, all the holes, The earth will marvels we array; But when we hole the honey's made, The master driven the bees away. We'll still be, etc.

Our wives for pay their milk last know On Edison of a pay rare, Who thinks, when they to manhood grow, To all besides they are slaves. This ladies' claim we know full well, But yet not be the bread we eat Our daughters must their honor sell At every monstrous switch's price. We'll still be, etc.

In darkrooms bide, in garret fast, In ruined shanties, with ragged rags, We live— the왔들 of the spot A died, the constant friends of night, Still through our hearts, through our veins run Still through our veins five currents flow, And we would have the glorious men, And that deep shade the oak trees throw. We'll still be, etc.

But every time our good red blood Is on the earth like water passed, The fruit that's nurtured by the food Serve us to feed some tyrant lord. Let not the streams so very low, War doth not equal love in worth, But was till broken by men. From heaven—or man purchase from earth. We'll still be, etc.: and when we see We'll meet to push the wine about: Let guns be still or make a rout, We'll all shout.

Our toast is: The Liberty of Man!

Justified through Liberty.

To the Editor of Liberty:

I send you one dollar to continue "Liberty." Some three years ago I became thoroughly disgusted with politics and have not sincemy ear the people, and I was till last winter. I had been educated in the belief that it was a solemn duty I was neglecting. I have received my justification through "Liberty." I now feel it my duty to abstain, I may say, when I range. I am convinced of the inefficiency of Christianity, I am bound to doubt that of politics. I now believe that civilization will ultimately do away with both.

Yours for right and justice,

BUFFALO, September 30, 1884.

A. L. BELLOT.
Vindication of Natural Society: or, A View of the Miseries and Evils Arising to Mankind from Every Species of Artificial Society, in a Letter to Lord... By Edmund Burke.
WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

A ROMANCE

By N. G. TOCHERNY CHESWYK

Translated by H. R. TUCKER

Continued from p. 221

Vera Pavlovna's shop was quickly established. At first the organization was so simple that nothing need be said about it. Vera Pavlovna had told her first three seamstresses that she would give them a little higher wages than the current rate paid in the neighborhood, and the girls, appreciating the character of Vera Pavlovna, had willingly consented to work for her. They were not a very attractive group of women, and Vera Pavlovna was a chiseled little maiden.

These three young girls found four more, choosing them with all the circumspection that Vera Pavlovna had recommended to them: these conditions of choice were so familiar to her that it was nothing for her to recognize character: what is extraordinary in the fact that a young woman should desire to engage in a business of this character? She wants no quarrels, no jealousy, no extravagance; she is all, it is only prudence on her part.

Vera Pavlovna also formed a somewhat intimate acquaintance with the girls. She found that they were all more or less intelligent, but not born bilingual; she still acted like a proudest woman.

They worked a month for the wages agreed upon. Vera Pavlovna was always prompt in paying her seamstresses, and the girls were not long in seeing this, and they formed a plan for how to become rich by working for her. They had been told that Vera Pavlovna would always give them their wages on the same day, and that she was always prompt in paying them.

"Now we know each other," for my part, I can say of you that you are good workers and good characters. And I do not believe that you will speak ill of me. I am going to talk to you without reserve, and if what I say seems strange, you will reflect before deciding upon it; you will not regard my words as futile, for you know me for a serious woman.

"This is what I have to say:

"People of heart say that dressmakers' shops can be established in which the seamstresses shall work with greater profit than in shops generally known. It has been my wish to make the attempt. Judging from the first month, we must conclude that the wages you have been getting are too low, and now going to tell you how much profit remains to me after deducting your wages and the expenses of the shop.

"Vera Pavlovna read them the account of the expenses and receipts for the month just over. Under the head of expenses were placed, besides the wages paid to the girls, every item of the fees charged--a few wagers and the carriage-hire in conducting the business of the shop.

"I have no much left," she said to them, "in order that the profits resulting from the work may go to the workers; that is why I come, for this first time, to distribute it among you all. Let us find out if that is the best way, or if it will be better to employ this money otherwise.

"Having said this, she made the distribution. For some minutes the seamstresses could not recover from their astonishment; then they began to thank her.

"Vera Pavlovna let them go on, fearing that she would offend them if she refused to listen, which would have seemed in their eyes indifference and disdain. "Now," she continued, "I have to tell you the most difficult thing that I shall ever have to say to you, and I do not know whether I shall succeed in making it clear. I mean that I do not want to live in this world, and I do not want to be the capitalist who lives on the labor of other people. I have no pleasure in being a capitalist, and I do not know what use is it to establish a workshop if not to make a profit from it? I and my husband have, as you can see, been working women, and we know how the money is needed and enough of it. Now, if I need anything, I should only have to say so to my husband; or, rather, even that would be needlessly expensive. I have no need to make a profit on the money I give in exchange, and my business is not of the most lucrative sort, but it is what he likes best. But as we love each other much, it is infinitely agreeable to him to do to that which pleases me. Therefore, if I need money, he would engage in more lucrative business than that which now becomes necessary, but I find it quickly, for he is intelligent and skilled, and you are somewhat acquainted with him. Now, if he does not do it, that means that the money which we have is enough for me. I live no passionate life, and I do not pass my time in idleness for money. Some have a passion for dressing, others for dresses, others for cards, and all are ready to ruin themselves for the pursuit of the ruling passion; many actually do it, and nobody is astonished at it. Now, I have a passion for the things in which I am engaged with you, and, far from ruining myself for my passion, I am happy upon my earnings, and I am happy in it without making any profits thereby. Well, there is nothing strange in that, it seems to me to think of making a profit out of his passion. Very many even sacrifice money for it. I do not even do that; I spend nothing on it. The. . .

"Vera Pavlovna had an advantage over others in my passion, that fashion, agreeable to some, not to me, and this is why I told you that I had a passion. This is why: Good and intelligent people have written many pamphlets concerning the way in which we should live in order that all may be happy and..."
LIBERTY.

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

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER. A. P. KELLY, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

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"A free man is one who enjoys the use of his reason and his faculties are not injured by passion, nor indeed driven by oppression, nor defeated by erroneous opinions."—PROMPTON.

Dissipating a Fog.

Liberty of Boston, has this to say of us: "The second number of 'The Alarm' has arrived. While, like the first, it abounds in sayings bright and brave and keen and true, it spoils all its support of liberty by opposing the private ownership of capital, and it adds, 'Pray, what are all other liberties worth without the liberty to own property? Liberalism claims to be an American principle. Anarchy means wreck out law. How can a man own something without law? Of course, man can possess any and everything he wants, but how can he be without laws what he possesses? The liberty to use tools is personal liberty; but ownership is the enlargement of that liberty. We deny this right. Pray, what are all other liberties worth without the liberty to use tools, the private ownership of which can only be preserved by the establishment of law and the exercise of 'authority'?"

The "Alarm." The "Alarm" shall not be allowed to dodge this question by falling back on Proudhon's distinction between property and possession unless it will agree to accept this distinction intelligently and square its positions thereby. Every one who has read Liberty carefully knows that that distinction has been often sanctioned in these columns, just as every one who has read the "Alarm" as carefully as I have knows that its words "ownership" and "property" is not based upon this distinction at all. I used the word "own" simply because the word "ownership" occurred in the phrase that I was criticizing. Proudhon and indeed maintain that ownership and property are impossible without law, but he maintained it as rigorously of common property as of individual property. The editor of the "Alarm," who claims to have asserted this, is not aware of this. As to the state of ownership with legal privilege, asserts it in another column of his paper that capital ought to be "common property." The "Alarm" claims to oppose "Anarchism," but it is anarchy without law. How can a community own something,—that is, have property,—without law? It is evident that, if ownership is a legal privilege, Anarchists, or no-law people, must refuse to recognize it either in a common or a private form. The fact is that the editor of the "Alarm," in opposing the private ownership of capital, was not thinking of ownership as a legal privilege at all, and the idea that he was did not occur to him until driven to his trump cards to find an answer to my criticism. In opposing the private ownership of capital he does not emphasize the word "ownership," but the word "capital." That is that obtains in his mind, and nearly all his articles show, is not between ownership and possession, but between capital and product. He has a vague idea that there are two classes of wealth, one which should be held and operated by the individual. Now this is all fog, which need for its dissipation nothing but a few clear notions of the real nature of capital. When these are formed, it will be seen that capital and product should be held and operated by the individual. He will still have his "Alarm," but it will have nothing about simply alternate conditions or functions of the same wealth; that all wealth undergoes an incessant transformation from capital into product and from product back into capital, the process repeating itself interminably; that capital and product are purely social terms; that what is product to one man immediately becomes capital to another, and vice versa; that, if there were but one person in the world, all wealth would be held and operated by that person. He defines the fruit of a tree to be its fruit, which, when sold to, becomes his capital (unless B is an unproductive consumer, in which case it merely wasted wealth, and while he is not taking it all this is showing him, not as true of steam-engines as of cows; that a steam-engine is just as much product as a cow, and that a cow is just as much capital as a steam-engine; and that the same is in every case general, and in every case the one that governs the possession of the other. In the foregoing clauses I have simply condensed Proudhon's evolution of his definition of capital. Some day I shall publish my own more elaborate exposition, and then all those thinkers may correct their errors by it if they will. Until then I must rest content with a reiteration of my statement that any advocacy of liberty which, like the "Alarm," denies the liberty to possess tools is a pitiful farce. It is a painful duty to be forced to apply this unerring touchstone to every new advocate of professed Anarchism that comes to the front, but unquestionably the "Alarm" is one of that class. It may be that the thing is not put down by sentimentality as a captious cry, but every logical and consistent friend of Liberty will perceive that I am but insisting upon an all-important truth.

He Knows, But Doesn't Mean Well.

In answer to a correspondent who attributes the hard conditions of labor to the influence of machinery in production, the editor of the Boston "Herald" says:

"It is not the use of machinery that throws workmen out of employment; but governments in interference with trade, and the want of labor. So long as labor is cheaper elsewhere, millions of people go bare' or are insufficiently clad, and the manufacturers who have to make our clothes need not sell them, if at the present time the government so contracts the possibilities of export by its extra duties and extraordinary manner for the purpose of paying a bounty to other classes, that it is not possible for our citizens to make the money needed to supply themselves as they would like to with boots and shoes and other articles of wearing apparel. Under more favorable conditions—that is, with no preference on the part of the government to interfere and disturb what industries should, and what industries should not, be carried on—trade would naturally develop itself to such an extent as to make it impossible for this country to supply the wants of the country that worked full time, to supply the demands of the trade.

Herefore I had supposed that the editor of the "Herald" did not understand the causes of industrial distress. He has been such a model supporter of authority as to make me think that I have looked upon him as a person too prejudiced to be capable of using his reasoning faculties for the solution of social questions. See how easy it is to be mistaken. Here he declares and tells the workman that labor is robbed by any government; that there is no such thing as overproduction of useful articles; that government interference in trade depopulates the country; that the law of supply and demand is checked in its operation by the hand of authority; in short, that government is at the bottom of all the troubles in this world. Good heavens! What are the editors of all the newspapers in the country doing? I do not know what the editor of the "Herald" has used his reason, and knows that protected privilege is the despoiler of labor. If he would tell these things always, and try to give the people a true idea of the causes of the social disorder and crime and poverty, what noble work he could do for humanity! Lovers of Liberty, just think of a paper, circulating one hundred thousand thousand and more copies and influencing ten thousand people in every issue! Too good to be true? Ah! yes. He does not tell the truth for the truth's sake, but just so much of it as he thinks will serve some purpose. What does he wish we should inform ourselves with? "Honest Labor" that "what troubles him now is the artificial regulations of labor," and then he urges the workers to use their "political influence" to bring about the desired result,—the desired result being the giving of lucrative offices to certain politicians. The body being blood-poisoned, the quack points to a sore finger and says that is the cause of the disease, and he tells the patient that the cure is to cut off the fingers. So in productive labor, the editor of the "Herald" of the disease of the whole system; and I credit the "Herald" editor with knowing this to be so. If I thereby flatter his understanding, I do so at his own request. He does not have the capacity to understand the causes which produce industrial crises, paucity, poverty, and crime, and that he knows government to be a fraud and a protector rather of the interests of the rich than of the poor. He is an Herald editor ignorant and accused him of incalculable stupidity. I withdraw all such reflections upon his mental capacity; I prefer to impeach his honesty. I no longer think him a fool, for I know him to be a rogue.

New Jerusalem Reformers.

There is a loud call among the leading revolutionary spirits of the age for a new heaven and a new earth. Liberty most certainly signs the call. The old order must go; so much is settled.

But I utterly fail to comprehend the mental condition of the people. I do not feel that, before anything can be accomplished in this direction, the old heavens and the old earth must first be seized upon in bulk and put under foot. With Titanic threats these loud-mouthed enthusiasts stand firmly, like the serfs during the awaking of the one-handcuff human society in the lump, and then will their new earth upon the scene to take the place of the old one, which they have cast overboard.

I think this kind of attempt to free any association to do under Liberty what is now monopolized by the State, and thus by quiet pressure all along the line gradually worry and freeze the State contractors, is the only way. The State contractors, and will do nothing till they have seized upon and confiscated the whole existing machinery of society and set their own machine in its place. Hence, while the world smiles at the harmless job they have laid out, this order of revolutionists stands in utter idleness except to rant and threaten. Meanwhile society goes about its daily business every day, and for all the class of New Jerusalem reformers would ever interpose of practical extinction under Liberty against State privilege, the existing order might have all its own way for a thousand years to come.

The class of New Jerusalem reformers, nearly less question than to think that the only way to establish Liberty among men is to colonize it. The ordinary inventor who has a patent machine that is to revolutionize things generally and then goes to Delphic, Chicago, or Boston. But the New Jerusalem inventor who has a machine which he swears has settled the whole problem of practical liberty is chiefly interested to shift away into North Carolina, Colorado, or Lower California with his invention, purchase five hundred or one thousand acres of scrub sand, and colonize it with a chosen band of new-world creatures in Liberty's far-off New Jerusalem. I would not be so ungenerous and cynical as to assume that all these New Jerusalem reformers are men who lack the courage to drive Liberty's standard upon the public mind. But they are neither of the class who they tell of that they may afford to do in the way of practical revolt. I rather fancy that they are simply overstrained enthusiasts, more or less tinctured with egoism, who never stop to ask whether the prospective tariff is but a symptom of an existing order that has been slowly evolved and the equally long centuries of sober, patient, practical work required to forge the sun of the New Jerusalem is as nothing to the morning hill-tops of a regenerate social order.

You may kill the Czar of Russia (and he ought to be killed), but you cannot annull the invitation to it, until you can transform fifty millions of bassetted Russian Jews into the Wall Street and the Capitol at Washington, but your new earth, built out of the material which has been tramming the streets by millions during the past few
wrecks behind brass bands, will soon fall to pieces.
The only way to evict Wall Street and sink the Capitol out of sight, radically, is to send the people to school to Liberty.

Now, if a school of passive revolt in behalf of Liberty is not good for the heart of our great cities, it has no place in the wilds of Texas and its Carolinas. But this lesson has been taught the people of this country, all too well, by the anti-liberty device to trick revolt in the places where it can best advertise its logic. This heaven and this earth are all the material we have out of which to construct the new. They cannot be rolled overboard by threats or moved away by Utopian dreams. Every true man must go to work upon them and transform them here, now, and just where he stands.

My plain advice to the New Jerusalem reformer is to either go to work or else get out of the way. There is plenty of work, and there are plenty of tools to work with, right where he stands.

To the Doubters.
The wide-eyed wonder with which even liberal and just-minded people read a copy of Liberty and get their first knowledge of the doctrines of Anarchy would be amusing if it were not saddening. In a good many cases the parading sense of the thing is parodied: "What is all this about Anarchy? They say—what does it mean? No law? No government? That would never do. Oh, it is all nonsense. It makes no sense of the thing at all."

Anarchist principles of liberty and justice, and say those principles are all right for the millennium, but we haven't got there yet. And it never occurs to them that there is a millennium, or that there is a path, or, in other direction, by the help of the principles that will make that time ideal.

A letter from one of these people lies before me. Its author is a man of liberal and intellectual mind, who has a large perception of natural justice, who is full of the enthusiasm of humanity, and who has a deep sympathy for the disfavored of earth, —such a man, in short, as Anarchists and passive resisters are made of. And yet, after reading a copy or two of Liberty, he writes: "Liberty puzzles me. I do not know what Anarchy is. If it means absence of law and government, as I seem to gather —and it is more than the expression of a tendency, I cannot say that it suits me. .. In fact, to me the Anarchist is a crank —spiritually sick —his sickness a symptom of a serious social disease."

I believe that the principles of the people themselves Anarchists have passed through a state very similar to that of the writer of this letter. And inasmuch as we have got out of all right, there is everyone who has not understood it and who can understand it, it is better to be governed by reason, and intelligent conviction from within than by compulsion from without. The gradual equalization of wealth by the substitution of a law that appoints a wrong to be right holds the people steady, the doing away with even this as men's eyes get accustomed to the light, just as you would take off the bandages, slowly, one at a time, from the head of a man who may be one eye so completely removed as to leave the other eye; the patient drilling into men's minds of ideas of natural justice and liberty, of individual rights and respect thereof, and the convincing them that, if they would only live full away, they can govern themselves better than they can be governed by the dikt of a set of men in a state house; the gradual dying away of nine-tenths of the incentives which make a mock of voluntary labor and which will remove on one hand the temptations of idleness and excessive wealth and on the other the complications of toiling poverty and degrading conditions, —if they would stop long enough to look.

these things, they would not so often outrage their own reasoning powers by declaring that to be non-

sensical and chimerical concerning whose first aims they are ignorant.

To these people it can not be said too often that Anarchy does not wish to strangle its own cause by insisting upon the immediate adoption of its highest development. All it wants, all that its advocates ever ask, is the slow and gradual acceptance, of its principles in that same slow, blundering way in which the world has made all its progress. But it does believe that the only road for that progress, the only way for the world to get to the goal it has reached, is by the gradual application, here a little, there a little, next year a little more, of those principles which even the doubters and deniers admit to be the principles which should hold sway in the "millennium." And Anarchy asks, in the name of the persecuted Galileo, the ridiculed Columbus, the crucified Christ, and all the long list of men who have stratched forth their arms to aid the world in its progress and have received blows and persecution and death for their reward, —in the name of these Anarchists ask men of liberal and just ideas to keep their minds open and sympathetic to what they have to say. Listen, question, consider.

After you have weighed it well, reject it, if it seems too high a duty, but, in the name of all the martyrs to the principles of Liberty, do not put it aside as "sensuous" and call the Anarchist a "craerk, spiritually sick, his sickness a symptom of a serious social disease," until you thoroughly understand what it is he wants and how he expects to get it.

Privileged Souls in Danger.
Poor Maria Antoinette! The repose of her royal soul is not prayed for by the servants of God this day. They are to be paid for the privilege of paying the annual dose of divine mercy. And I regret to observe that somebody is in debt to an avuncular Almsman for so much of saving grace as he was in

duced, by the advice of the priests, to send down last year to the perturbed spirit of the murdered queen writhing there in purgatory. The Royalist pamphlets have announced that the usual mass was celebrated in Madeleine Church on the sixteenth of Octo-

ber, but the holy men refused to pray for except for cash, and the service was omitted. Has it come to this, that an unpaid bill can bar the way of royalty to heaven? I believe only in the Pythagorean notion, that when its upholders cannot squeeze out of the tollers enough money to buy from a priest a ticket to admit a good queen to heaven. Maria Antoinette was an honest believer in privilege as a man, but nothing to her divine right nor her personal purity entitles her to the friendly intercession of the church with the phantom head of the privileged class. She died believing that her soul would be treated with due consideration, but after nearly a hundred years have passed, the poverty of the descendents of her friends deprivest of her the prayers which are considered necessary to secure the repose of her soul. Not a very cheerful prospect for the descendents of privilege in these days. Suppose the proletariat should refuse to contribute any more to their support, as it surely will refuse some day, how would they get themselves out of the purgatory? For we are in the process of getting out of the purgatory, and the most comforting and beneficient features of the great scheme of salvation? What is to be the allegorical soul of Jay Gould when his millions shall have been spent? He scavenges everywhere to make a bread of charity for the starving poor, regardless of persons, to face death cheerfully without belief in heaven or hells outside of their own conscience; the nec-

essary respect to be treated in the equalizing social act, though they isolate from friends, lovers, parents, chil-

dren, fortune, and reputation, — such is the Faith possible to fiendish.

One of the oldest and most prominent land re-

formers in the country writes to me: "I want to say that I appreciate Liberty particularly since the 'Word' has been devoted to a special liberalizing exposition of its principles. I see in it, finally, a ray of hope which will remove on one hand the temptations of idleness and excessive wealth and on the other the complications of toiling poverty and degrading conditions, —if they would stop long enough to look."
The profits were divided every month. At first each working girl took her entire share and spent it separately; each had urgent needs, and they were not always in agreement. When the prices of their products were fixed, they had the habit of combating their efforts in the shop. Vera Pavlovna fixed their attention under the dictation of the income and the expenses in order to make their work more profitable. She was severe in her demands, depending upon the months of the year, so that it would not be a bad plan to lay aside during the more profitable months. The young girls found that it would be advantageous to buy their tea, coffee, sugar, shoes, and some of the other necessities from their own shop, without the guidance of some one a dressmaker, guided solely by the intelligence and tact of the working girls themselves.

Thus had rolled away nearly three years since the establishment of the workroom. During all these years, not only the workroom itself, but also the smoothness and activity had been marked by work. With what tranquillity, joy, and contentment of all sorts the girls had accepted their fate, that is, a life of toil. They lived in a small room, sometimes they worked alone, sometimes two or three together. Their greatest pleasure was to demonstrate that the association had been established and was maintained by the working girls themselves. She wished to present a model of the possibility that she might be able to go on without her and others of the sort, but all her efforts were to no avail.

Vera Pavlovna was twenty years old, a godmother and twice a widow. This role was always taken by Madame Mertzeloff, or by her mother, who was also a very good lady. The first time that she refused it was thought that she was not going to be able to pass the examination. But in the end Vera Pavlovna was very happy to be invited, and it was simply out of modesty that she did not accept, not wishing to appear as the Baroness of the place. She always avoided the appearance of superiority; she tried to put others forward and succeeded, in that so many ladies, coming to the shop to give orders, without realising it, fell back upon the guidance of some one a dressmaker, guided solely by the intelligence and tact of the working girls themselves.

Such was Vera Pavlovna's fondest, dearest dream.

* The title of professor, in Russia, is given only to University professors.
Then for some time, occasionally until two o'clock in the morning, she works, reads, finds recreation at the piano (which is in her room). This grand piano has been played upon her innumerable times by the same pianist. It was a 25¢ work, but I heard that when the piano was bought; in the first place it was a saving. The pianos, while not expensive, were of the very best quality. She had no touch with the piano, but had it repaired at a cost of seventy dollars, and then she had a pianoforte of excellent tone. Sometimes her daughter comes in to hear her sing but only rarely; he has no much to do with him. Playing, piano, especially reading and singing. This when nobody is there. But very often they receive the little girls, two or three thinkers. to sing an old song as Vera Pavlovna does. Even among the number the workshop professors. All held Levshin in high esteem, consider him one of the best minds of St. Petersburg, and perhaps the greatest. The old lady is very fond of reading, and always has a book or a newspaper at hand; he finds Dimitri Sergueitch's conversations useful to him. For Vera Pavlovna they have a bottlenecks ventilation; she even permit he to kiss her hands, but considers and considers himself toward them as if she were fifteen years their elder; that is, she so conducts herself when not indulging in gayety, but when she becomes serious and she does indescribable things in the music, she runs, plays with them and are enchanted, and all dance, and walks, and run, and chattering, and making music, and, above all, sing. So much gayety does not at all prevent them from being very serious in their demeanor. Vera Pavlovna, and from esteeming her as one rare inscrutable older sister and is one down to take a sixth. There was more than thirty persons, over twenty of whom were sojourners. Only six were absent. There were three women advanced in years; a dozen children; mothers, sisters, and brothers of the seamen; young men who had sweatsmarts for the sea, and, closing a clockmaker's foreman, another a small merchant, and both so eagerly pointing in manners to the third, the doctor, who was the doctor in the district and finally five or other young women of all sorts of professions, breed, cold, ceut, etc. For the young people were very active, and in the open air could be relied on to have good appetites: they did not forget half a dozen bottles of wine on the table that were washed down with more tears of wine, etc., etc. The trip was a very joyous one; nothing was wanting. They danced quadrilles with sixteen and even twenty couples. In the races twenty-five couples took part; they hung three string between the trees; in the intervals they drank tea or coffee; and at the parleying, the parleying, the parleying, the parleying, etc., between Dmitry Sergueitch and two students, the last intimate of his younger friends; they crowded each other with erroneous reasoning, modernism, and a cabaret. There were general charges, but in individual cases some special fault was pointed out. In one of the students it was romanticism, in Dmitry Sergueitch schematism, and in the other student riperition; it is needless to say that it was very difficult for a simple listener to give attention to such a discussion for more than five minutes. And one of the disputants was to exist to keep it up over an hour and a half, after which he fled to join the dancers, but his flight was not altogether inglorious. He was too ingenious against some moderate or other. Undoubtedly the moderate was myself, though I was not present, and knowing that the object of his wrath was already well along in years, he cried out: "What are your desires to make me forget how much was paid by a very estimable and very intelligent lady: Man is incapable of useful, at after the end of the results, "I know the lady to whom you refer," said the officer, approaching, unfor- fortunately for the浪漫istic; "she is Madame N., and she said that in my presence he would have done exactly the same. "And having heard that, the madam thanked, and the romanticist, while laughing, took advantage of the opportunity to run away. But the officer took his place in the discourse, and said: "The man answered the as his son-in-law, and was requested by the officer, and then the man answered the question of having been half an hour before of being twenty-six years old, and you re- member, do you not, how? And at this, the officer chuckled, and the romanticist, while laughing, took advantage of the opportunity to run away. But the officer took his place in the di- scourse, and said: "The man answered the as his son-in-law, and was requested by the officer, and then the man answered the question of having been half an hour before of being twenty-six years old, and you re- member, do you not, how? And at this, the officer chuckled, and the romanticist, while laughing, took advantage of the opportunity to run away. But the officer took his place in the di-
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