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**On Picket Duty.**

The Malden "Headlight" accuses the editor of Liberty of bad generalship in placing his heaviest guns "on picket duty."

Professor Huxley says that "extinguished theologians lie about the candle of every science, like strangled snakes beside that of Heracles."

Talmage says that "God is not an Anarchist." Of course not. Being the source and strength of all hierarchies, how could he be an Anarchist? Is he not the king of kings, the lord of lords, the tyrant of tyrants, the despotic of despots, the holy hoop? The very nature of his office prevents him from being an Anarchist. To become an Anarchist God would have to resign.

George W. Smalley, the London correspondent of the New York "Tribune," describes flaky though he be, occasionally says a good thing, for which we are disposed to give him credit. For instance, "The 'Spectator,' which mixes theology with mundane matters in a manner as different from Emerson's 'Tristan of Lyonesse,' that surpasses all known performances in this kind. The reviewer feels that all the highest poetry of the world is realigned in Christ, and that without Him poetry would be an illusion that might almost drive the mind to desperation. Well, Homer had a mature mind, so had Zechryli and Sophocles and Virgil, and it has not been so much considered that their poetry was an illusion, or that they were driven to desperation for want of an influence which had not yet been felt in the world."

The recent labor demonstration in New York City was a mammoth and portentious affair. The masses are beginning to feel their strength, and will soon exercise it. Even the cowardly press of New York is compelled to treat them a shade more respectfully than it has been its custom, though its criticisms upon them are as stupid as ever. Even Mr. Francisco Mulford, usually a brilliant writer and naturally sympathetic with every progressive effort, writes a column of commonplace in the New York "Graph." to show that laborers are no better than capitalist and would oftentimes be more tyrannical if they had the power. Very true; but what is the use of selling people what they already know? Mr. Mulford's argument may be of some value against the State socialists, who clamor for power, but against the Anarchists and those of Anarchistic tendencies it is altogether without pertinence. The warfare of labor is not against men, but institutions; not against persons, but privileges; not against selfishness, but against the power to steel with impunity a purely legal power. Take it away, and neither laborer nor capitalist (who then will) can play the tyrant or the thief, what power will he have? This is the idea that more and more animating the industrial agitation and is sooner or later sure to prevail. Evidence of its growth was seen at New York in the popular favor and enthusiasm with which the Anarchistic address of Henry Appelton of Vincennes was welcomed on the occasion referred to.

**Walt Whitman's "Fleshly Pieces."**

If the "fleshly pieces" of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" suggest to the Boston "Commonwealth" simply "bodily adornments of the gross gift of matter," as in September 26 somewhat appreciative notice of the new edition, says that they did, why does it advocate their mutilation or cleansing from Whitman's published works?

In reasons, 1., that "with the limitations of our civilization," 2., that the "intent of the author can easily be misunderstood by the public," and 3., the "people have been wholly prepared by the depraved," is it, that "they offend large sections of the community and furnish prurient curiosity with food for licentious thought." The 2. and 3. are true, for there are large numbers of people who have been prepared by the depraved. Less hypocritical and more truthful, sensible, and happy would human society be, if the virile potencies of God and Nature were better known and more religiously appreciated. But this future Eden state is to wait for the salvation of the earth, so long as legislatures incorporate and public sentiment sustains vices-in-stature, starchy societies and other masses of shadowy-minded, cruel ignorance, and self-mutilating against free thought and personal liberty.

**A War Catechetically Analyzed.**

By A. E. G.

Question—Do nations go to war nowadays?

Answer—Yes.

Q. What does the nation do now?
A. The fighting and the paying.
Q. How many men were soon concerned in making the trouble between England and Egypt?
A. Possibly half a dozen bankers and brokers.
Q. And the remainder of England's millions?
A. Follow their leaders, and have very little to do or say in the matter.
Q. And what is the war all about?
A. A debt.
Q. Owed by all the Egyptians to all the English?
A. Yes, but a debt owed only by a few Egyptians to a few English money-lenders.
Q. Anything else?
A. War; desire of a few Englishmen to run Egypt on high salaries.
Q. What interest has Mrs. Dusestamps, lodging-house keeper, No. 14 Tottenham Court Road, London, in this war?
A. None at all.
Q. Yet all these are—
A. English taxpayers, English people, part of the English nation.
Q. What is the part of the English fleet and army now in Egypt?
A. That of the overbearing bully who clubs the weaker party at the command of his employer.
Q. Who, then, in reality does the war which killed the two hundred men, women, and children of the bombardment of Alexandria mean?
A. A few connived English lords and grasping money-lenders.
Q. Sir Garnet Wolseley and Admiral Seymour with army and fleet are—
A. Paid pawns in uniform to the service of the money-lenders.
Q. And what will the English person do next Sunday?
A. Pray for the success of his own Christian countrymen and for Turkey in Egypt.
Q. And what will happen to the apocryphal decreed dynasty of her own Christian emperor's Church of England if he be beaten?
A. He will lose his place and his pay for preaching the religion of peace and good-will to men.
Liberty. 26

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

Our First Volume and Our Next.

Though something more than a year old is point of actual time, Liberty today, reckoning by the number of its issues, closes the first year of its existence. That is, the present issue is the last of its first volume. The circulation which it has attained is small compared to that of many other journals, but wonderfully large considering its extreme radicalism, its outspoken tone, and its limited resources. Moreover, its circulation is literally world-wide, and the growing influence which it exerts is, we doubt not, far beyond that of any other journal in existence having double or quadruple its number of readers. Circumstances have compelled us to publish somewhat irregularly during the past few months, but we do not expect this to continue. The first issue of the second volume will appear October 14, after which we shall greet our readers at regular fortnightly intervals. Subscribers, meanwhile, can make our path much easier by prompt renewals. They will be notified promptly of the expiration of their subscriptions, and are expected to respond in due time. And, if each of our subscribers will get us three new ones within the next three months, we will agree, on our part, to double the size of the paper without adding to its subscription price. After that it will be comparatively easy to develop into a weekly which shall be second to no radical journal in the world, able to command the cooperative aid of the bravest and best writers in all countries. Come, friends! let us all join in the good work, till the prevalence and power of our little paper shall have achieved Universal Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, and Solidarity!

During the earlier months of Liberty's existence articles were showered upon us from all quarters raising the same objection to our advocacy of the abolition of the State that was so recently urged by B. W. Ball in the "Index," and answered at some length in our last issue. One and all of them fell so utterly to perceive our real attitude that we deemed it advisable to abandon even temporarily our favorite signature toward which we are inclined to assume the defensive against blows struck so wildly by the State's apologists. But, to avoid even the semblance of unfairness, we laid aside one of the communicationas, perhaps the most popular of all — this a view to its appearance in our columns at the first favorable opportunity. That opportunity has arrived in a most unexpected manner, as we shall explain further on. Meanwhile here is the letter itself, the signature to which shall be recognized by many as that of a well-known writer for the Liberal press:

To the Editor of Liberty:

Dear Sir,—You say that the State is the chief cause of human suffering, and you speak as an apostle, as if you do not mean the State that now is, with its imperfections, against which I suppose almost all advanced Liberals and radicals are not, but you mean the State as it essentially is real purposes (whatever its pretensions) are offense and invasion; an institution to which all are forced to belong and which all are compelled to support. Mr. Putnam's argument, then, does not touch us as citizens, even if it is true. But, even if it is true, I should need no answer now. One of the early subscribers to Liberty, he has read it faithfully and to good purpose; so that, at first critical hour, he is now our censor. Within a very few weeks he has publicly answered his own criticism. This man has done in the twenty-eighth chapter of a serial story called "Golden Throne," written by him for George Chalmers' publication, "This World." We have not read the story as yet, but, granted that Juvencus, the character of who I should strike the passage referred to, and we at once resolved that the time had come to print Mr. Putnam's letter and allow him to reply to it himself. From this reply, which now follows, it will be seen that, in the words of his own faithful, he consists his teacher in opposition to the use of force.

Our little party were happy, in spite of all their misfortunes. They were on a lonely shore in the midst of the mighty sea. It was seldom visited by men, and they might remain for years without a chance to escape. They had as much as they could from the ship, which took its time going to pieces as it swung upon the rocks. There was enough food for several months. But, after they had lived for many long years, they found many ways of support on the island itself. Most of their mechanical instruments were preserved; and, with the help of the sun, they worked on with a will. There was no lamenting. So long as they lived, so long would they make use to enjoy themselves.

"How can we build the republic of Plato?" said Paddie.

"Here, we can have Utopia, a model society. We are free from the world and all its cares and perplexities. We may have as much freedom as we please, and we shall be happy as the idea.

"Wouldn't it be a good plan to draw a constitution?" said Charlie.

"Perhaps, yes, but, oh! I am not much in favor of a paper government. We can build up a state after our own fashion."

"I hate rules and regulations," said the captain; "but, whether we need them or not, they must be kept in our society with a little more care, or they will be lost."

"Let us use them just for once. We have had no chance yet," said the captain's wife. "There are only two of us, and we are free to do what we like. But when we get into a man's house, before one half will have to study law to keep the other half in order.

"I see the motion," said Blanche. "I don't propose to submit any longer. We start new now, and I begin by nipping any kind of the dove of liberty."

"More than that," said Charlie, "you shall vote as early and as often as you wish."

"Our sides too, I like," said Blanche. "So much the better. I shall have a chance then," said the captain.

Will it not be well if we call a meeting at six candlelight," said Paddie. "We haven't any meeting-house yet nor candles, but youder grove will make a good temple. Now for supper."

The next day was spent in fencing about the new law with glee spread through the beautiful forest and glittered afar out upon the tossing sea. Beneath the verdant canopy, the jolly lads confirmed what might be done toward the formation of a model republic.

I have taken the liberty," said Paddie, "to draw up a few resolutions as a starting-point for our portentious undertaking.

We now carry on a remarkable position in history. Let us be worthy of it. We are undeterred by any of the precedents of the experiment. With boundless hope, we look forward to the future. We have the stored wisdom of the ages for our guide, bursos our own untrammeled experience. We risk all, but the thing that matters is that we shall be a monument of human progress. In the first place let it be distinctly understood that we have no right to expect victory. We shall win by slow and very painful steps. But certainly it is the only way; and all can use themselves; they can have whatever they wish. They can worship or not worship, according to the dictates of their own conscience. There want something simply for human convenience, by which we can live happily together and obtain the most from our mutual endeavor. Is not this the truth?"

There was a universal silence.

"This point then is settled. Nor for business! I have no thought as to what you will do. I have nothing, and we do not need them. I shall lay down as the fundamental principles of our new commonwealth the eleven com-
LIBERTY.

The Ballot-Box Craze.

Little Rhody! I was sister on the map of this bogus Union of States! A few weeks ago her work- ingmen--all of them workingmen at that--met at Fatty Point. It was a surprise to her politicians and spindle-shouldered oppressors. It was a grand affair, this meeting of five thousand tollers with their champions and friends.

Among the speakers who were to edify the work- ingmen were Robert Blissert, P. J. Maguire, Dr. T. D. Stow of Fall River, Victor Drury, Post of the New York "Truth," and a staining band of couddians, some of whom manifested religious devotion to principle that was indeed grand.

As the fervid eloquence of Blissert filled the air, it caught up even the cold heart of lolling capitalis- ts, partly hidden in the rear. It was a snatching away of all the radicals there, a manly assertion of eternal rights. But, as the inspension eloquence neared its crisis, the orator shouted: "And there is but one remedy for afflicted humanity, searching, God-given, unmerciful, that shall make us conquerors, and anchor our salvation on solid rock. It is the ballot-box!"

Then did the cheers go up. Then were the bulk of the agitators paddled with the sublimity of the remon- strance. The speech of Dr. Blissert was transfigured. The capitalist under the eaves of the hotel—qualified! Even the earnest and devote Maguire raised his guttinger hands and clapped lustily. Oh, how sweet.

We refer to this incident as typifying the astound- ing blindness which darkens the senses of even the foremost reformers, with rare, rare exceptions. The very swindle that alone makes the poverty and deg- radation of labor possible is built up for admission and glorification in the very house of humanity's friends. It is this very ballot-box itself that only needs to be rolled off the neck of labor in order to put it into the arena of a fair fight with the oppressor. All these grievances on which the reformers all complain were born in the very principle of despotism which creates the ballot-box and perpetuates it. The ballot-box itself, as an accepted assertion of the right of a majority to rule a minority, is the very despot that must first be cast out and buried. There is where the reformers still toddler in the very infancy of true reform.

We ask Moses. Blissert, Maguire, Post, and the rest, go right first all and settle these questions: Has the ballot-box any right to rule in natural justice? Is not the ballot-box in its incipient principle the negation of liberty? Is not the very beginning of privilege, the great upheaval, and industry, the slave of this creation of the ballot-box above the individual? Is not the ballot-box unavailing, antidotal, and a simple transposition of the equation of monarchy?

Until reformers can dig right down to this prime root of all subsequent woes we shall continue to hear indefinitely another iteration of this unmutilated hymn. More or less house in ballot- boxes is the same deadly grievance that lurks in the palaces. Friend Blissert can see the enemy when he is fortified in the palace, but, when disarmed and packed in the ballot-box, he is thrown off his rail and glorifies the very arch-devil who has deluded him by a change of state. His amicable voters are appalled by the same trick, and so this bottom swindle still rages rampant.

Study of the Anarchistic philosophy, as developed by the great Froude and unutterably propagated by the Revolutionists, herein to take a glance at both sides of the Atlantic would open a whole firmament of light to the gaze of these intrenched ballot-box champions if they would but read as they should. The history of the human condition has been great work on hand with scanty resources, but Liberty proposes to fling its reminders in the face of the deluded reformers till they shall be made, one after the other, to halt, and look squarely at the root of the degradation of slavery and monoply. And the logical point of departure, the ballot-box craze will soon become the silliest surrender of common sense imaginable. Don't heave your priures longer, good friends!

During the recent Friedenstikker's Convention at Watkins, N. Y., the following message was read by the president pro tem, Mr. T. W. Wakeman, from the platform:

"The Church Excursion: "To the President of the Friedenstikker's Convention: All hail the power of Jesus' name. We are building more than one Methodist church every day. Let us ensure it to make two it a day." Mr. Wakeman answered as follows: "To C. C. McCabe, New York: Let us bear less Jesus about Jesus' name, and see more of his works. Build fewer churches, and pay your taxes on them like honest men. The State, with its liberal science, liberty, and humanity will need them one of these days, and won't want to pay too much for re- pairs."

Had we been at Watkins, we should have proposed an addition to Mr. Wakeman's ballot going in these words: "Meanwhile we Friedenstikker's, disciples of the devil, who first put man on the track of knowledge against the will of God, who desired to perpetuate his ignorance, shall bend our energies to the realization of the highest.

Wherefore God create a house of prayer, The devil always builds a chapel there."

Law and Authority.

III.

[Translated from "Le Héros."]

We have shown in a preceding article how the Law in art has been born of cultivated customs and usages, and how it represented itself as the expression of the ends of mankind's every affairs. I am glad to bear somebody say, Hands off! In fact, I think that is all the constitution we need; and we will as well adhere and live up to that, and we shall "happily affect it."

"That is all the constitution I propose," said Padde, "I have only a code of usages, and, if they are surveys, our model republic is complete."

"Out with them, but I am afraid you will spoil the club."

"I guess not," said Padde, "I am a natural man."

"That will do," said the doctor, "it passes unanimously," Padde continued: "Resolved, That, if one will not be persuaded, we shall let him be as he is." "Boycott him, then," said the doctor, and as said the rest.

"Resolved, That, if one persist in meddling with the business of another, his property shall be confiscated.

"That's where we differ," said the doctor: "that's going too far. It is an appeal to brute force. In order to enforce it, we must have a court, and a court, a president, and standing army, and the police. I am opposed to the boycott. Trust in persuasion."

"Suppose you can't persuade, and one violently intrudes."

"That may be settled, when the times come. But I am opposed to any declaration of war until necessary."

"I think the doctor is right," said Padde, "I am in favor of cutting the ears, as a last resort. At any rate, it is a good thing for people to know that we can cut their ears, if they deserve it."

"Yes, and so appeal to their brute natures," said the doctor.

"It isn't right. We might as well go back to the old barbarism and hang, draw, and quarter. We'll have the old tyranny, the ordered ball on board."

"But, if we do not reserve the right to reprimand, then we cannot rule the republic. The code of usages at that man is going to be bad, and so provide for his wrongdoing.

"We have no right thing. The genius of man is always sufficient to rule himself. As nature as a whole has no penalty until he has been warned. Both knowledge and happiness make for order: order without the v-oy is a curse. We are constantly in prison, in every state, and every nation. The Law under every government is a law against man, and thus against the moral law."

"I think the doctor is right," said Padde. "I don't believe in any rule and regulations founded upon cutting. The true state must be founded upon persuasion, and nothing else. If that is anarchy, then anarchy let it be.

"I'll try it," said Padde, "I've never had to ask anybody, but though somewhat or other I've always taken to give the right up to. Maybe that's superstition too. I shouldn't wonder if the state was just as absurd as the church."

"You're a twinkling of sense," said the doctor. "For my part, I stand outside of both. They will pass away. They belong to barbarism."

"I'll put it to a vote as to whether we shall have any ear-cutting."

"It's too bad, said Blanche. "We've had our ears cut off so long, and now you won't let us suff back. But never mind. We can well afford to vote for persuasion, and give my tongue a better chance."

"True again," said Blanche. "In the long run, it's the mightiest of sports."

"What a change we'll have in the future," said Blanche.

"When the tongues are, men will have to subsist."

Padde put the ear-cutting question to vote, and it was dis- carded by a large majority.

"I don't see the use of any constitution now," said the cap- tain. "If we can't enforce it, we might as well put it on the shelf. It will make our country a hell of a good man's sense, what's the use of any written authority?"

"You are right," said Padde. "Men think there's a magic in writing, that it is all solemn and serious. It's all nonsense, and has been once, and will be again. By making it end in smoke, we'll smoke the pigs of ignorance forever."

Padde lit a paper, and with a puff it vanished into the bottom of the night. Some may think this written truth has perished utterly, because they have never seen its actual being. It is all sensible, and lived independently. Yet there was a noble, social life and helpfulness flowing from the fullest history.

And so the good work goes on. Mr. Putnam's story, we believe, is written for your edification. When children are thus plainly shown the beauties of freedom, the first generation of Anarchists cannot be very far away.
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