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Whole No. 67.

"For always in three eyes, O Liberty!"
Shines that high light wherever the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee!"

JOHN HAY.

PRIST—KING—BURGER—SERF.

I.

PRIST—AGE OF ORIGINS.

Knee! Henry, knee! Strip of thy coat of mail, In perilous garments kiss the feet Which spare them: then should we deem it merciful For God's Anointed, who has dared to roll At him whose nume is Christ, the Saviour's head, Gaining ut a sava, who deem thy act repulsive With Christian love, thy penitent concrete, For now, hierophant, must madly prance! Bend! rebel, bend! Authority is one, Else God is not in its stains or in thy state See over thy prostrate form God's Holy Son, Whose church unthinkingly calls this welcome hour When monarch, burger, serf, in servile care, Summons her power Nor in store to them more gracious faces.

II.

KING—AGE OF LOUIS XIV.

Down, scheming burgers! Cowes, and cow's again Of rights communal grunts, nor still give swing To hopes illusory that rights can spring But from thy vassals' feet! By thy arm What law permits, and still the glad refrain While monarchs heap the diadem and sapphire ring, Where discretion bestow their Son and King. And shoot! Authority is one,—not twain,—Else God is not in its stains or in thy state As God's Anointed's faintest wish is board, The planest new stage of human thought, the best From hidden coffers leop; how low thy head, And back with serfs thy humble pathway tread, And write across thy bill of rights. Defended.

III.

BURGER—AGE OF MALTHUS.

Peace, restless serfs! Disturb not thy grone The self-composed man gleams like a throne Display, nor curse with bitter, mulling words The law and creed, which from childhood's moon Exacts: we see thee move thy seeds, thy bones For luxuries, or make the secret boards For you see what social life affords To moulder slow, to murmur, to be poised Keep, all, keep, all, for lack and kind and wise Behold the burger, once his battle won: The priest to kiss, the king to give his sword, And lead a people's abject with as Lord In States where wealth alone is divine right.

IV.

MAN OF STATE.

Prostracy—a plant from low to high First sever for grace when social life began In slavery with prehistoric man Fundamented most soundly; each loving death, Repressed and shaded by the noxious weed Authority, still be on root and bone By force of will our course could soam In quest of life, till warmth and heat speed growth, and but one sun in many full-blossomed sea When; if timely shade and kingly sword shall lay as wise, revered from Neath to earth's austere power. Mark! Time Declares Prostracy is on; Else progress is a myth, and death the sum The priest—king—burger—are ours to die! Diger D. Lan.

Prohibitionists the Criminals. [Salvation News.

What is a crime? Naturally, to do wrongful violence, or to infringe another,—hence, to prevent another from enjoying that which he cannot prevent another from doing what is not a crime. Drinking and selling liquor are not crimes. Then the attempt to suppress drunkenness by selling liquor is a crime. When the law hung high, and it arrested the law committed a crime, or words were for real meaning.

Hypocrisy.

To the Editor of Liberty:

There is great impression in behalf of men of principle to anathematize all kings of politicians, without the necessary distinction of degrees, although, when the proposition is stated abstractly, it is evident that principles are as worthless without accommodations of policy, as is policy without principle. Besides different degrees of enlightenment, equally compatible with sincerity, we are apt to assume different social data. I would not give Ananias but I can never since in the time of forces, it is evident, for example, that a city like New York must be inapposite. Its social data is intelligence with a fair manner, such as is the case in an instance, perhaps, for rural settlements and small towns, with the material base of production and distribution. No living existence excludes physiocratic, to the pigeon up again, and sell a parasite to the growth nor the seat of an aesthete for illustrations of organic law. Anciaphacts, or the evolution of spontaneity, is predicable of normal humanity, not of some community. In short, we have all the power of the Government of the United States and all the power of the individual and you have all the rights, because they are paid by the United States, and they don't pay the judges as they are paid in this court,—when they are paid so much a day, and the verdict is for the Government every time.

Our Only Safety. [Vaccination Insurer.

At an anti-vaccination meeting held at New Mills, Eng. land, on June 30, the following letter was read from Mr. Auberon Herbert.

Let me tender my hearty tribute of respect to all of you who are fighting the anti-vaccination batts. I am paying you no idle compliment when I say that I think your leading men have more devotion to liberty as a principle,—as a principle that is to save us in all things,—than any other men whom I know of in the present day. Every man is for liberty, but he finds himself in some particular hole that is specially uncomfortable to himself, but his liberty and his love for it generally cease as soon as he himself is out of that particular hole; and when once out of it, he is only too often quite ready to lend a hand in digging any number of holes for others. Now, my tribulation doesn't come from liberty, which anybody can possess, when, having neglected her all our lives, we turn to her to help us in some hour of perishing need, but a steady, consistent, unaltering belief in liberty as our life companion through the good report and evil report, and in good season and in evil seasons,—a belief that all human social intercourse must be grounded on the widest personal liberties. Force or violence, man or machine, are futile, and to them is no normal. One casteth the other out. Why should I reason with a man whom I am ready to bring by coercion to my point of view? Never was man when he was in powers, but he was in the least the greatest free. George Washington. And when once out of it, he is only too often quite ready to lend a hand in digging any number of holes for others. Now, my tribulation doesn't come from liberty, which anybody can possess, when, having neglected her all our lives, we turn to her to help us in some hour of perishing need, but a steady, consistent, unaltering belief in liberty as our life companion through the good report and evil report, and in good season and in evil seasons,—a belief that all human social intercourse must be grounded on the widest personal liberties. Force or violence, man or machine, are futile, and to them is no normal. One casteth the other out. Why should I reason with a man whom I am ready to bring by coercion to my point of view? Never was man when he was in powers, but he was in the least the greatest free. George Washington.

We're not going to estimate the evidence of Mr. Purdy, and bring it to use notice of those who are interested. Rev. B. P. Sullivan, in the Eclectic Club, the gentleman who is on the trial, and he has shown that the most dangerous criminals are those who live under reformed cellings. We might truthfully go further, and say that of all the criminals who live under reformed cellings, the most dangerous are the criminals who occupy places on the bench of justice.


It is agreeable work for oganization to tell strikers that "monopoly methods will never win." It is tolerably true as regards strikers. But what have monopoly methods won? Have they can win money, and had, and free press and the inside track to transportation and exchange? Or have they not won fortunes, in iron and cotton mills, and ship¬building, and sugar refining, and speculating in convict labor, and in many other ways? If monopoly methods were not allowed to win the prize of fortune, the strikers would perhaps not be so foolishly imagine that they can too easily practise monopoly methods and win.

Paternalism and State Socialism. [Salvation News.

Governor Bradly is reported as saying: "I do not believe in taxation and election are eternal." The Inter-Ocean calls this a state socialist idea. On the contrary, it is the opposite. The state socialists, extending what the Republicans, who have the government own everything, take all products as taxes, and pay all wages out of the public treasury. Paternalism with class rules is state socialism in a grade, rudimentary form, without even the possible qualities of such an evil, arbitrary system.
A LETTER TO GROVER CLEVELAND.

On His False, Absurd, Self-Contradictory, and Ridiculous Inaugural Address.

By LYMAN SPENCER.

The essential parts of this declaration are these:
Every citizen owns the country a vigilant wish and close scrutiny of its public servants, and a fair and reasonable estimate of their fidelity and usefulness. Thus is the people's interest involved in the transaction, and this is the price of our liberty, and the inspiration of our faith.

Every citizen owns the country a vigilant wish and close scrutiny of its public servants, . . . . and this is the price of our liberty.

Sirs, your declaration is so far true, as that all the danger to our liberty comes solely from the lawbreakers.
And why are the lawbreakers dangerous to our liberty? Because it is a natural impossibility that they can make any law—that is, any law of their own invention—that does not violate our liberty.

The law of justice gives to every one only that which does not violate our liberty. And that is not a law that was made by the lawbreakers. It existed before they were born, and will exist after they are dead. It derives not one particle of its authority from the lawbreakers. It is, therefore, one of the laws of their own invention are their laws. And as it is naturally impossible that they can invent any thing which shall not conflict with the justice of God, it is naturally impossible that they can make a law—that is, a law of their own invention—that shall not violate our liberty.

Therefore the very idea of a lawmaking government—a government that is to make laws of its own invention—is necessarily in direct and inevitable conflict with the law of justice. And so, in assigning government whatever is to take from some one or more persons money or property, it is necessary for the law of justice to give to every human being, it is inevitable that every law, that can be made by lawbreakers, must be a violation of the natural and rightful liberty of all persons.

We have been told, time out of mind, that “Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.” This is perfectly true, and a very happy maxim. But it is necessary to add, “Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, because it is necessary to the continuance of life.”

1. It does not tell us that individual liberty is the only human liberty. It does not tell us that “national liberty,” “political liberty,” “republican liberty,” “conservative liberty,” “constitutional liberty,” “liberty under law,” and all the other kinds of liberty that men have ever invented, and with which tyrants, as well as demagogues, have amused and cheated the ignorant, are not liberty at all, unless they are naturally and actually consistent with the law of justice. It is necessary to add, “every lawmaking government whatever is to take from some one or more persons their liberty.”

2. It does not tell us that individual liberty means freedom from all compulsion to do anything whatever, except what justice requires us to do, and freedom to do everything whatever that justice permits us to do. It does not tell us that individual liberty means freedom from all compulsion to do anything, except what justice requires us to do, and freedom to do everything whatever that justice permits us to do.

3. It does not tell us that there is any science of liberty: any science, which every man may learn by which he may know what is, and what is not, his own, and every other man's, rightful liberty.

4. It does not tell us that this right of individual liberty rests upon an immutable, natural principle, which no human power can make, unutter, or alter; nor that all human legislation, that claims to set aside, or modify it, is nothing but factitious, impermanent, and unnatural.

5. It does not tell us that this right of individual liberty is a natural, inherent, inalienable right; that therefore no man can part with it, or delegate it to another, if he will; that every man has a perfect right to command us to do things which justice does not require us to do, and to forbid us to do things which justice permits us to do; because we owe our right to be, individually and collectively, our own masters and men.

6. It does not tell us that the lawbreakers are the only ones who are impudent enough to assert that they have the right to do this. They are the only ones who are impudent enough to tell us that we have voluntarily surrendered our “liberty” to their hands. They are the only ones who have the impudence to tell us that we have voluntarily surrendered our “liberty” to their hands, “our liberty,” and all our natural, inherent, inalienable rights as human beings, they are disposed to give us, in return, “good government,” “the best government,” “the protection,” the “welfare,” to promote our “interests,” etc., etc.

And yet you are just blockheads enough to tell us that if every citizen—every million and more of us—will keep a vigilant wish and close scrutiny upon these lawbreakers, “our liberty” may be preserved!

Don't you think, sir, that you are wrong the whole way? What did that great and free people with the phrase “God grant our preservation!”?

To be entirely candid, don't you think, that a surer way of preserving “our liberty” would be to have no lawbreakers at all?

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

A ROMANCE.

By N. G. TCHEBETZKY.

Translated by Heni. R. Taeker.

Continued from No. 86.

Likewise, if I had been superior in mind and character to Dmitry Sergichev; if he himself, before the birth of my son, had been one of the two heroes of a certain anecdote which I have often related, I would have put my ancient neighbor in his place and submitted the anecdote of two gentle men who, after having conversed some time and been pleasing with each other, desired to make each other’s acquaintance: I would have said:

"And I am the husband of Madame Tedesco," said the other.

If Dmitry Sergichev had been the husband of Madame Tedesco, why, then he would have had no need to resort to extortions, he would have submitted to his fate, he would have seen nothing offensive to him in his submission, and every thing would have been delightful. But his relations with me and with Madame Tedesco were not at all of such a character.

In no respect was I either inferior or our superior; this was evident to all. My liberty could depend only on my good will and not at all on his weakness. I do not wish it, and I know no such wish in you; I do not wish it, and I know no such wish in you.

What then, was my situation? I saw myself dependent on his good will. That was why my situation was painful to me, that was why he deemed it useful to employ intemperance, the abuse of my feeling, which forced him to this step, was much more deeply hidden than he explained in your letter. The overwhelming degree of gratitude on no longer existed. To satisfy the requirements of society would have been easy in the way proposed by Dmitry Sergichev himself, and, after all, these requirements did not affect me, living in my little circle, entirely beyond the reach of the world. But I remained dependent upon Dmitry Sergichev. That was the painful part of it. What had my view of the change of our relations to do with this? Dmitry Sergichev remained the master. Now, I know and apprehend, and know how to hide my secrets.

Why this analysis of my inmost feelings, which no one would have gone into? Like Dmitry Sergichev, I have a mania for undressing my feelings in order to condone my fault. I have had so much sympathy for me that you have thought nothing of the few hours required to write your long and precious letter. From it I see (whether Dmitry Sergichev or not) that you did not care for me, that you knew that I did not care for your work, that you did not submit to it, that you did not care for me. You do not know what I am like, you do not know what I am like, and not of our own will, though we were the most destitute of men, the man whom I most esteemed, in whom I believed as in another self, and in whom I had full confidence.

I do not wish it, and I know no such wish in you; I do not wish it, and I know no such wish in you.

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to appear before me or escort me to the station. But, as I no longer needed to go as far as St. Petersburg, it being necessary only to leave St. Petersburg, I 1949-1 at 4 p.m.; an hour and a half later the air was distinctly acrid, indicating the loss of Dunitz Seguritch. We were married a week after this, and have lived almost a month at Tseshovskoye, near the railroad, in order that it may be easy for Alexander to go there or to his house within the next week. I hope to be there within the next week. I have a solution for you of this difficulty. We have returned to St. Petersburg, and that is why I am so late in answering your letter. It has remained in Macha's box, which had almost forgotten it. And you have probably forwarded it in consequence of receiving no reply.

I shall you in my arms, my friend.

Yours, 

Véra Kiripanoff.

I grasp your hand, my dear; only I beg you not to send compliments, at least to me; else I will let my heart flow out before you in a torrent of adoration, which would certainly be disagreeable to you in the highest degree. But do you know the terrible sneers that the guests have thrown at me? I have heard about them for the past few days. Greatly relieved is the:"I am not in love with you:" and they say that they much admire your noble passions. But such a thing was nothing and could easily be endured.

I laughed at such assertions when made privately to me, a stranger. And when I said: "How can a married woman consider the love she is feeling for another man?" and said that such and such a thing was indeed nothing. An honest man is very quick in returning the compliments they must make, on the reader with the penetrating eye, for instance!

The reader with the penetrating eye, who has already had time to get clear of his napkin, pronounces something shaking and adds:"

"Immoral!"

"Bravo! Do me the favor of saying one word more."

"That what the immoral man is to approve such things," says the reader with the penetrating eye, adding to the sentence.

That is an absolute mistake. There are many things in this that I do not approve, and, to tell the truth, I do not even approve of it. It is all too ingenious, too much too-fasted; life is much simpler.

M. Kiripanoff, father of Véra Kiripanoff, is tender with the penetrating eye, opening his eyes wide, astonishend at the inconceivable immorality into which humanity has fallen in my person.

"Much more immorally," I say, and no one knows whether I am telling the truth or laughing at the reader with the penetrating eye.

The correspondence lasted three or four months longer,—appearing on the pages of the Kiripanoff, negligently and inapart on the part of the correspondent.

The latter soon ceased to answer their letters; they saw that his sole intention was to communicate to Véra Kiripanoff and her husband the thoughts of Lopchikoff, and that, after having fulfilled this duty, he deemed further correspondence useless. Having no reply to two or three letters, the Kiripanoff understood him and stopped writing.

Véra Kiripanoff is resting on her soft couch, waiting for her husband to come back from the hospital to dinner. Today she does not care to make pastry for dinner, as she has no appetite. Besides, she has heard all the news and there is no news for so long a time, and it will be so for a very long time to come: she is starting another correspondence. The novelty of the city, the powerlessness of the world, especially the powerlessness of the world, Véra Kiripanoff lives on the Rue Sergioeyvskaya, her husband requiring rooms in the neighborhood of the Wyblysky district.

Madame Mertzałow had proved equal to the managements of the shop on the island of Vassilievsky, which was quite natural, and she had no sooner been appointments. On her return to St. Petersburg Véra Kiripanoff saw that she did not need to visit the shop often to see that things went well, and, though she continued to visit it almost daily, it was solely because she was driven by her sympathy. It must be added, however, that her visits were not very useful. Madame Mertzałow often needed her advice; but that took very little time, besides being needed less and less frequently. Madame Mertzałow will soon have as much difficulty in the shop. After her return to St. Petersburg Véra Kiripanoff visited the island of Vassilievsky more as a dear friend than as the directing mind. Here there is much work, more than in the first shop: the first five of the working-girls are from the old shop, where their places have been filled by other s; the rest of the force is made up of acquaintances of the seamstresses in the old shop. So, everything is to start with. All the comrade are perfectly familiar with the purpose and organization of the old shop; this young girl came filled with a desire to establish promptly in the new shop the organization which had been effected so slowly in the old. Oh! now the organization went ahead ten times faster than then, and the results of the work are now more than the loss there was a great deal of work to be done, and Véra Kiripanoff was tired, as she had been yesterday, and day before yesterday, and as she had been for about two months. Two months on the hospital. Véra Kiripanoff had not yet returned to the hospital," says Stévane to her, calmly. Indeed, there is no place for Stévane to be astonished at the presence of Véra Kiripanoff, who had come very often lately.

She wrote that she had worked a great deal; now she was resting and thinking of many things, especially of the present; it is so beautiful and so full! So full of life that but little time is left for memories; memories will come later. Oh! much later much later.

* A railway station and large village situated about sixty-five miles from St. Petersburg.

Not in ten years, nor even in twenty, but later still. Nevertheless, they do come even now, though rarely. At this moment, for example, she is recalling what has most impressed her. Here is what her memory brings to her.

V.

"My darling, I am going with you.""

"But have not your years in consequence of receiving no reply.

"I will go tomorrow, since you will not take me with you today."

"Reflect, Paullet. And wait my letter. I will reach you tomorrow."
Vaccinate the Doctors with Cold Lead!

Three cheers for the plucky French Canadians of Montreal—the first large body of people, so far as I know, to make a righteous and indignant stand to the extent of physical resistance against the tyrannical law of compulsory vaccination. The disorder and destruction in that city will be apt to make the legal poisoners pause. It is to be hoped that every doctor will be made to feel that if he enters a house, against the will of the occupants, to put vaccine virus in their arms, they will put a bullet in his brain. The law of self-defense, higher than any statute, will justify the act.

The bigoted vaccinationists plead necessity, that mother of so many crimes. "See," they say, "the small-pox in Montreal is raging almost exclusively among these unvaccinated French Canadians." Very likely: but, if so, this is a coincidence, not a cause. Small-pox attacks the French Canadians or Montreal, not because they are French Canadians or because they are unvaccinated, but because in that city they are the most poor and miserable, the half-fed, half-clothed, and half-sheltered, the people who are forced by the monopolies created by these very authorities to live in filth, squalor, and wretchedness, surely generative of disease and death.

Mr. Grant truly said in an article copied in the last number of this paper, the Paddock's box from which plagues and all other evils are constantly escaping, and we must find the key to lock it up. When we have found this key, whatever the cost, we will use it, because that is claimed to be the case, there will be no more need to employ it, either by compulsion or otherwise.

"Ignorance, superstition, medical science, and the laws of sanitation," says a Boston newspaper, "are the forces opposed to each other today in Montreal." Not a bit of it. Liberty and tyranny are the forces face to face in Montreal, and, whichever carries the day there, there can be no doubt which will carry it ultimately the wide world over.

A Dead Dream of Communism.

In company with my esteemed humanistic friend, Dr. T. Dwight Stowe, of Mexico, New York, I lately visited the Oneida Community, so well known among social scientists as a very interesting experiment by which to practically apply communism to the relations of life, especially social and domestic.

Aiding from the train at Oneida station on the New York Central railway, a beautiful ride of some three miles brought us to the Community. Its external features, as to sightly buildings, beautiful grounds, and fruitful fields, might without exaggeration be almost likened to Paradise; and that the experiment has been a complete financial success is immediately evidenced in the surroundings, so delightfully adorned among the mountains hills.

But, as is already widely known, this exceptionally favorable experiment by which to test the merits of communism in practice has yielded complete disaster, and every trace of it has been completely wiped out upon the deliberate verdict of the whole Community, headed by its founder, John Humphry Noyes, that it was impossible of successful application. We are now a cold-blooded joint stock corporation of the most rigid order, said an inhabitant who came to The New Republic with Mr. Noyes in 1848 and passed through all the horrid struggles which finally made the community a financial success.

"But such a success, even industrially," said I, "is he record, which it can be credited to communism, is an astonishing fact. You started with a sawmill and log-house in a forest, with starvation staring you in the face, and lived a developed property which has been fifty-six years in existence. The distribution of communism in the midst of this luxuriant garden and these splendid buildings will not be set back, from the mere fact that your social system on the domestic side would not hold together.

"Ah!" he replied, "drastically speaking, there has never been any communism here on the industrial side. It has been individualism of the most rigid and uncompromising order. Communism only existed in the external form, but forever in spirit and essence. The exponent of that individualism was John Humphry Noyes. He was leader, dictator, body and soul of the so-called community. The moment his splendid intellect, iron will, and wonderful directing capacity went out from his presence, it is immediately crushed to pieces through its own integral inorganic righteousness. Left to its power to stand alone on the merits of its organic strength as a pure community, it was as weak as an infant, and fell to the ground helpless, to be raised by the support of joint stock cooperative individualities. This is the plain fact of the matter, and is the reason to the disciples of communism.

I could not suppress a certain feeling of regret and sadness, as I saw the complete wreck of such hopes for communism before me. I was not the less convinced that Mr. Mitchell forthwith. Perhaps by this time he would have been occupying Mr. Bennett's honored cell in the Albany penitentiary, if, thanks to Mr. Wake man, Mr. Heywood had not been "on deck." He was not a sinner, and stupidly wrote a letter to Mr. Heywood asking him not to attend. It is needless to say that Mr. Heywood attended. Evidently Mr. Wake man doesn't know Mr. Heywood. Mr. Seward Mitchell attended also, and busied himself in the sale of his".

Tramps or Coupon-Cutters, — Which? The silly Greenbackers, whose numbers, I am happy to say, are growing steadily and beautifully less, met in State convention in Boston a few days ago, and consummated a State ticket, and put up one of those rickety seafoldings known as a political platform. If, among the thousands of Massachusetts statists, there is one to punish incompetence and Anarchist principles, let him see to its severest penalty applied to the persons responsible for this structure. Here is a specimen of one of its joints.

One plank "condemns an attempt to create an aristocracy of office holders." and on the same page is the one adjuring us to "recommend the election of legislatures as are not overburdened with private affairs and are willing to give their time to the duties of the office."

If the latter plank does not constitute an "aristocracy of office holders," I am one adjuring you to "recommend the election of legislators as are not overburdened with private affairs and are willing to give their time to the duties of the office."

Meanwhile the serenity of the sessions had not been entirely unruffled, the vexed question of the free competition having arisen whether free competition should be allowed among all sorts of business or whether it was necessary to confine literature in the hall, or an exclusive monopoly of that business should be given to the "Truth Seeker." Finally one Mr. McCabe of Albany, who seems to have been a sort of master of ceremonies, announced that the commit-
of justice. The liquidation of the value precipitated, the result of preparatory works, may be effected either by sale or by employment. The former would be practicable; it would be sold so at present for my own farm. Now, comes in the idea that each payment of rent shall constitute an installment of purchase, and a liquidation with a view to the independent proprietorship of the soil by its farmers. It is viable for rentals during a term of successive years, but is otherwise rent. By expenditure of unpaid labor during several years I have prepared a field for cotton culture. An immigrant, residing on that land, shall realize the payments which it is possible if he began by performing upon forest land the kind of work I have already done, offers me a fourth of the crop already in my labor. The crop from which it is paid leaves the soil poorer in proportion, and the fences, etc., will need repair at an earlier period. Thus each crop after the first is so unproductively valuable of productive value by about one-tenth, sometimes as much as one-fourth. Hence, the tenant profits three times as much as I do at the cost of any preparatory labor. The system of labor, of course, is rent, which leaves no proportion of purchase title to the tenant during one or a few seasons who does not renounce or remove. This system which does not renounce the original value, justly enters into proprietorship, and his rentals ought to be regarded as instalments of purchase money. There lies the practical difference.

It is necessary to face the facts, and to avoid confusion by abstract terminology. There is just rent, and there is unjust rent, or the legalalone of the rental system. Abate the public nuisances. The mutters are naturally arranged by contract between farmers.

The equitable relations between actual labor and the provisions of labor are such as to demand two distinct things, the fulfillment of both, and the securant of equitable contracts only can approximate to justice, and how nearly they do it is the affair of the contracting parties, defying all proscriptions formulars.

EDGWOETH.

The two works which I recommended to Edgeworth are among Proudhon's best, but they are very far from all that he has written, and it is very natural for the reader of a very small portion of his writings to draw erroneous information. He finds it, if I may say so, when he reads more. This is due principally to Proudhon's habit of using words in different senses at different times, which I regard as unfortunate. Now, in the article which gave rise to this discussion, Edgeworth inferred (or rather supposed), from the fact that some of Proudhon's transitional proposals allowed a share to capital for a time, that he contemplated as a permanent arrangement a division of labor's earnings between labor and capital, which is a two distinct things. Last year, I informed Proudhon, I took the liberty to intimate it, and to state that Proudhon thought labor the only legitimate title to wealth.

Now comes Edgeworth and says that he meant by capital, in the one sense of labor, which he is much entitled to reward as any other. Very good, says I; no one denies that. But this is not what is ordinarily meant by the "productivity of capital," and Edgeworth, by his own rule, is bound to use words in their usual sense. The usual sense of this phrase, and the sense in which the economists use it, is that capital has such an independent share in all production that the owner of it may rightfully farm out the privilege of using it, receive a steady income from it, and from its earnings pay the expenses of the lease, farm it out again to somebody else, and go on in this way, he and his heirs forever, living in a permanent state of idleness and luxury, without paying anything for the "productive labor" that is Proudhon denouncing as "the fiction of the productivity of capital," and Edgworth, in interpreting the phrase otherwise, gives it a very unusual sense, in violation of his own rule.

Moreover, it is not to say about the proportionate profits of landlord and tenant indicates that he has very loose ideas about the proper reward of labor, whether present or preparatory. The scientific reward (and under absolutely free competition, the actual reward, is in the ratio of the demand, and identical with) of labor is the product of an equal amount of equally arduous labor. The product of an hour of Edgeworth's labor in preparing a field for cotton culture, and the product of an hour of his tenant's labor in sowing and harrowing the crop, ought each to exchange for the product of an hour's labor of

their neighbor, the shoemaker, or their neighbor, the tailor, or their neighbor, the grocer, or their neighbor, the dairymaker, provides the labor of all these parties is independent; it is the result of acquired skill and equal outlays for tools and facilities. Now, supposing the cases of Edgeworth and his tenant to be representative, and not isolated; and supposing them to produce, not for future, but for own consumption, how which is the purpose of practically all production—it that now's no difference to either of them whether their hour's labor yields five pounds of cotton or fifteen. In the one case they can sell it to the market for cotton, and make a profit; in the other case they make a profit for medical services for the fifteen pounds they can in the other for the five. The great body of landlords and tenants, like the great body of producers in any other industry, does not profit by an increased productivity in its speltal field of action, except to the extent that it consumes or repurchases its own product. The profit of this increase goes to the people at large, the consumers. So it is not true (assuming always a realm of free competition) that Edgeworth profits three times as much as I as Edgeworth because of the latter's preparatory labors. Neither of them profit thereby, but each gets an hour of some other man's labor for an hour of his own.

For the present I must leave the labor in general. Now to get back to the question of rent.

If Edgeworth performs preparatory labor on a cotton field, the result of which would remain intact if the field lay idle, and that result is damaged by a tenancy, not by the possession of the land, but by the above-mentioned system of rent, this reward above defined. This does not bring a right of ownership to the tenant, to be sure, for the privilege has been destroyed and cannot be purchased. But the transaction, nevertheless, is in the nature of a payment of labor, and is an exchange of labor, and the tenant simply pays money representing his own labor for the result of Edgeworth's labor which he (the tenant) has destroyed in appropriating it to his own use. If the tenant destroys the result of Edgeworth's preparatory labor, then, as Edgeworth admits, whatever money the tenant pays justly entitles him to that amount of ownership in the cotton field. Now, this money paid over and above all damage, if it does not bring equivalent ownership, is payment for use, usury, and, in my terminology, rent. If Edgeworth prefers to use the word rent to signify all money paid to landlords as such tenants as such for whatever reason, then I shall not quarrel with him, and shall only protest when he interprets other man's thoughts by his own definitions, as he seemed to have made to Proudhon's case. If he will be similarly peaceful to wards me, I shall be peaceable to him. The difference between us is just this. Edgeworth says that from tenant to landlord there is payment for damage, and this is just rent; and there is payment for use, and that is unjust rent. I say there is payment for damage, and this is indemnification or sale, and is just; and there is payment for use, and that is rent, and is unjust. My use of the word is in accordance with the dictionary, and is more definite and discriminating than the other; moreover I find it more effective in argument. Many a time has some small proprietor, troubled with qualms of conscience and anxious to justify the source of his income, exclaimed, on learning that I believe in payment for wear and tear, that you preachers, you people, it's only a question of how much rent," a term which he would settle back, satisfied. I have always found that the only way to give such a man's conscience a chance to get a hold upon his thought and conduct was to indorse his error. For my part I have no attention much more vividly to the distinction between justice and injustice. If in this I am guilty of neology, I am no more so than in my use of the word Anarchy, a term which I have found is in general not used by the man who is sort of business. Finally once more I have been a sort of a commit-
WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

Continued from page 6.

very calm. Evidently she reads but little, or perhaps not at all; she looks the room over and begins to arrange things, as if she were at home; evidently she does not mix much, but she is calm and can read with matters in general; she notices that the ash-pan is not empty, that the table-cloth needs straightening, and that the chair is not in its place. She sits down and talks. No going back, no choice, a new life is about to begin. That lasts an hour or two.

A new life is about to begin. How astonished and happy he will be! A new life is about to begin. How happy we are! A ring! she blushes slightly and smiles; the door opens.

"Vera Pavlovich!"

He staggers in; yes, he staggers; he has to support himself against the door, but she runs to him, and, kissing him, says:

"My dear friend! How noble he is! How I love you! I could not live without you!"

What took place then, how they crossed the room, she does not remember; she only remembers running to him and kissing him; for that matter, he remembered no more than she. They only remember that they passed by arm-chairs and by the table, but how did they leave the door? . . . Yes, for a few seconds their heads were turned by this kiss.

"Verochka, my angel!"

"My friend, I could not live without you. How long have I loved you without telling you so? How noble you are, and how noble you is, too!"

"Tell me, then, Verochka, how this has happened."

"I told him that I could not live without you; the next day—that is yesterday—he went away; I desired to follow him; all yesterday I thought that I should go to him; yes here I have been waiting a long time."

"But how this you have grown in the last two weeks, Verochka! How delicate your hands are!"

He kisses her hands.

"We are friends, friend. It was a painful struggle! Now I can appreciate how you have suffered to disturb my peace. How did you succeed in maintaining such self-possession that I noticed nothing? How must you have suffered!"

"Verochka, it was easy."

And she still covers her hands with kisses. Suddenly she begins to laugh:

"Aha! I have a thing to tell you! You are tired, Sasha, you are hungry!"

She escapes and runs away.

"Where are you going, Verochka?"

But she does not answer; already she is in the kitchen, talking to Stépáne in gay and urgent tones.

"Get dinner for two! Quick, quick! Where are the plates, and knives and forks? be quick!Something to eat! Alexei is so tired from his hospital duties that his dinner must be served in a hurry."

She returns with the plates, on which rattles, knives, and spoons.

"You know, I was thinking how the first time at the first interview it is done as quickly as possible," says she, laughing.

"You know it is not easy to be beautiful, she helps her much, but delays still more for, he is constantly kissing her hands.

"Aha! how delicate your hands are!" And he kisses them again.

"Come, dear Véronique, the table, the table, the table!"

Stépáne brings the soup. During dinner she tells him how this all happened.

"Aha! my darling, how we eat for lovers! It is true, though, that ye 'erdly ate nothing."

Stépáne enters with "the last dish."

"Yes, Véronique, I have had dinner, I have a little of something at the shop."

"Do so, and now must you know that in future you will always have to prepare for two. I am not a girl," the figure says. "Le grand et la grande cigaire. Give it to me."

She cuts a cigar herself, lights it, and says to him:

"Smoke, my darling; meantime I will prepare the coffee; or perhaps you prefer tea?"

"Of course I do," says she, my darling, our dinner ought to be better; you are too easy with Stépáne."

Five minutes later she returns; Stépáne follows her with the teas-service, and, as she comes out, shaves his shoulder of cigars.

"Ha! ha! my darling, how dreamy you have become in my absence!"

He laughs too.

"Smoke, Véronique," and again she lights her cigar.

In recalling all this now Vera Pavlovna laughs over again: "How precoce our romance! The first interview and the soup; our heads turned at the first kiss, then a good appetite,—what a strange love!—it is very queer. And how his eyes shone! But indeed they shine still in the same way. How many of his tears have fallen on our hands, which were then so delicate, but which certainly are not so now. But really my hands are beautiful; he tells the truth."

She looks at her hands and says: "Yes, he is right. But what has that to do with our first interview and its accompaniments? I sit down at the table to poor tea."

Stépáne, have you any cream? Could you get some that is good? But no, we have not yet got any. You would not find any. So be it, but tomorrow we will arrange all that. Smoke away, my darling; you are all the time forgetting to smoke."

The tea is not yet finished when a terrible ring is heard; two students enter the room in all haste, and in their hurry do not even see her.

"A new life, a new life, but she can read and understand everything."

"Quick, quick, my friend, make haste!" says she. Not till then do the students notice her and bow, and in a twirling they drag away their professor, who was not in getting ready, having kept on his military overcoat. Again sheburns him.

"Everywhere you will come to me?" says she, as she takes leave of him."

"Yes."

In the evening he makes her wait a long time. It is ten o'clock, and he does not come. She says: "Does he mean to play tricks? What does it mean? Certainly she is not at all anxious; nothing can have happened to him; but why is he obliged to stay with the interesting subject? Is he still alive, this poor interesting subject? Has Sasha succeeded in saving him? Yes, Sasha was, indeed, detained a long time. He does not come till the next morning at nine o'clock; till four he had remained at the hospital.

"The case was very difficult and interesting. Verotchka."

"Savéi!"

"Yes."

"But why did you rise so early?"

"I have not been in bed."

"You have not been in bed! To avoid delaying your arrival you did not sleep the night in? Jupitus will never. Go to your room and sleep till dinner-time; be sure that I find you still asleep."

In two minutes he was driven away.

They were their first dinner-party. But the second dinner went off better; they told each other of their affairs in a reasonable manner. The night before, on the contrary, they did not know what they were saying. They laughed, and then they looked at each other in the dark. It seemed to them that the other had suffered the more.

Ten days later they hired a little country-house on the island of Kamency.

VI.

It is not very often that Vera Pavlovna recalls the past of her new life; she speaks of it in a different tone of life, and in consequence. Nevertheless, these memories come back often and often, and gradually she feels the growth within her of a certain discontent, faint, slight, vague, at first,—a discontent with what, with what?

To be continued.

THEN AND NOW.

XXI.

MR. DE DEMAIN TELLS HOW THE RICH SHUT OUT THE POOR.

Boston, October 3, 2005.

My Dear Louis:

Since writing you last Mr. de Deomain and I have had very few warm discussions. I realize that he belongs to an advanced age, and I am old, which have many advantages in common. I have made it a point to stand on the same ground, and in consequence, if we were to argue for years, we should not convince each other. Then he has the living facts of the present on his side in many cases, and I find it hard work to argue with facts, especially when one is unable to handle them. I now usually let my arguments, or would-be arguments, take the form of questions, and, like the queer-smart and self-confident debaters, "merely ask for information and I then think the matter through by a sort of method of trial and error in the way."

A few days ago Mr. de Deomain was reading to me from a very interesting book on the history of the twentieth century, making verbal notes of his own, as he proceeded, for my benefit. He was in the midst of the section devoted to the last twenty years, when he began to discuss the Anarchists and the attempt of Anarchism to permeate the whole body of the people, and was commenting on the passage which told of the struggle made by the rich against the coming new order of things.

"What was it," Mr. De Deomain asked, "that there was always such a cry made by the poor against the rich? Was it not jealousy, in the main? The rich man did not consume very much more than the poor man,—not much, more, any ati much as the famous or even scarce crowns."

"You ask a very old question and one that has been answered time and time again. It is the same question that the wise statisticians asked two hundred years ago, and they massed their figures like an army to prevent invasion of the rich man's territory. The statisticians were the generals of the rich lords of the earth. Their armies were figures which they brought up in terrible array of long columns to frighten the slow-witted, unmathematical poor. But the guns of this terrible army were Quaker guns, and the army itself was composed of nothing but ingeniously contrived scavengers. The people did not for a long time, however, know that they were being fooled. A dummy will serve the purpose of a genuine, flesh- and-blood man—to scare crows."

"Surely the laborious toil of the statisticians did not show why the rich men kept the poor men poor. They were not arranged for that purpose. There are truths that figures will not show; there are truths that statisticians, never mind intelligent, cannot see, because their investigations may not. It was not the direct robbery of the poor by the rich that kept the poor in poverty. It was the rich man's idea of the means of wealth,—including brain development, born of leisure and opportunity."

"This statistic ignored. This the people, in their blind ignorance, did not see."

"You say," I replied, "not seeing the earning of the poor, but also they fenced in the opportunities by means of which the poor could obtain wealth easily. A child born to poor parents found, as soon as he began to realize his necessities, that almost everything had been so supremely fortunate as to be born before him. He found signs stuck up every way he turned, saying, 'This mine; keep off!' All of Nature's raw material, except the air which wandered through the public streets and the few rays of sunlight that struggled between the tops of high buildings and the lowly branches of grand old trees that shaded the laws of the wealthy, was locked up. The only way was to be born rich, and he soon found that to be locked up, as well. There was a big placard posted across the faces of the earth, and on it was written:

"TAKEN."

"In order to be able to exist at all, the poor unfortunate found it necessary to work. In order to make the community to work, the world, they were asked that he might be allowed to take some of this monopolized raw material and turn it into what the people desired. The landlord figured on the profit. It he worked his material, except the air which wandered through the public streets and the few rays of sunlight that struggled between the tops of high buildings and the lowly branches of grand old trees that shaded the laws of the wealthy, was locked up. The only way was to be born rich, and he soon found that to be locked up, as well. There was a big placard posted across the faces of the earth, and on it was written:

"TAKEN."

Mr. De Deomain continued at considerable length on this subject, but my letter is already long, so I must conclude his remarks for your benefit some other time.

Sincerely yours,

L. N. De Deomain.
Solution of the Currency Question.

It is now agreed that the operation of the moral sense—this is the real sovereign of to-day. Its sanction has replaced the old religious sanctions and the old law. It gives votes to those who make and execute its mandates, and deliberative assemblies to its humble servants. It is admitted that the voice is nullified and uninfluential by any consideration of it. It is not, therefore, that the world is governed by the moral sense, but that the citizens are made its slaves by the power of its influence. The limitation of liberty is apparent in the case of all who attempt to resist it. Anything which can be either deposited or mortgaged can be made the object of the government. The government’s tax, the right of a nation to tax and augment its taxes, is the right of all nations to tax and augment their taxes. The silver certificate is another instance. Certificates of silver bullion would do as well. At least it seems to be the right of the government to tax and augment its taxes, and, if it so wish, to adopt and make the use of such certificates if it suits its judgment to use them. The warehouse receipt is suggestive of a scientific currency which may serve to check speculation against speculative corners in gold or silver coinage and against distress from a temporary or local family in either coinage.

But the laws of the United States government at present prevent this free exercise of a natural right. It is not free to deposit or deposit at any time or place. It is not free to receive the bills of the bank in trade. This feature constitutes a mutual bank. It is a contract between a person who deposits money and a person who receives it. Each receives a second in the act of receiving the bills of the bank. It is not free to receive or give. Therefore, the currency question would be solved, and the banks might remain gold, for the value of the property in the context would give the silver, even while gold furnished the standard.

But what, it may be asked, prevents people from getting money in the context of the present day? What prevents the United States from issuing to the bank hard money instead of currency on deposit of bonds? If it is the operation of the moral sense, it is not free to do it. It is not free to do so. It would be an act of legislation, and, in the act of legislation, the government would have to consider the fact that the government cannot find expression in personal or national respect; and, in the act of legislation, the government would have to consider the fact that there is a long and tedious process ere the government is to have respect. If it is not free to receive or give, it is not free to receive or give. Therefore, the currency question would be solved, and the banks might remain gold, for the value of the property in the context would give the silver, even while gold furnished the standard.

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