On Picket Duty.

The editor of the "Publishers’ Weekly," in compiling his "Weekly Round Up," makes much of the fact that "the New York Times" under Mr. Hay’s editorship, has retired from the Eight Hour League, a step that is hailed as a "victory." The Times then quotes the "New York Tribune," which has also left the League, as saying that Mr. Hay’s departure from the Eight Hour League is a "victory." The "New York Times" then goes on to say that Mr. Hay’s departure from the Eight Hour League is a "victory" because it is a step in the right direction.

"For always in this city, O Liberty! Shares that high light whereby the world is saved; and though they slay us, we will trust in thee."

JOHN HAY.

The "Philosophical Anarchists.""Looking over the field of Anarchist activity, methinks I see a greater practical force in the "see a great practical force in the movement for anarchy."

"The "philosophical" and "practical" Anarchists of the type have lately been taken kindly to and shown much sympathy by a sort of people whose friendship would be 'a great service and disgrace to any serious movement.' These are friends that Liberty must leave; to launch such a victory and we are lost!" The case of the love and patronizing cordiality is to be found in the fact that Liberty vigorously denounced the activities of the Chicago and New York Committees, and noted its origins from the fact that those committees were made — utterers of messages that had been stolen and sent to the reaction and to those that were so gorgeously soothing to the troubled hearts of the property owners.

"It does not seem to be understood as opposed the position that Liberty has taken on the question of force, nor as criticizing the form in which the protest has been expressed. Liberty, as a whole, has expressed the desire for reform and combination, and, whether the assaults on individual liberty are made by socialist schemes in the name of "law and order" or by those who, disguised as friends of liberty and justice, the principle is the same in both, and the true Anarchist is bound to condemn it. When the Anarchist is convinced and will never hesitate to express his real sentiments, even if by so doing he strengthens the hands of the enemy."

But, having done his duty, the Anarchist should make it clear to the oppressor that he knows how to discriminate between a bitter foe, to whom no mercy is to be shown and no mercy can ever be done to love and honor despite the fierce reproach and censure, I am compelled to pass upon his harsh and irrational actions. I fully agree with Friend Tucker that violence is no "social evil," and that reforms should appeal to the intelligence and lesser "natural" victims of the our monstrosely rotten system rather than to make of violence a "shameful" thing. But more than that I am ready to use all the non-violent means that can be used to destroy the government and to make power that can be used to destroy the government and to make power for the workers."

"War measures are almost always violations of rights. Even war for liberty is sure to breed the spirit of authority, to show effects unforeseen and inexcusable. Striking evidence of this is to be found in the change that has taken place, not only in the government, but in the people, since our civil war. There are times when society must accept the evils and risks of such heroic treatment, but it is foolish in the extreme, not only to resort to it before necessity compels, but especially to madly create the conditions that will lead to this necessity. Taking this view of the matter, I cannot quite approve Mr. Tarro’s distinction between "too much force" and "too little force" as a general thing, when force becomes necessary, the wiser way is to use as much as possible as promptly as possible; and, until it becomes necessary, there cannot be too little force. This is the policy of Liberty, and its editor will pursue it with the same severity of judgment, whether the clergy contemptuously call him "philosopher" or the Communists angrily call him "toward." As Mr. Tarro has coupled his denunciation of the New York and Chicago Committees, I wish to explain that I make a vast difference between the motives that govern these two classes. The New York firebugs are contemptible villains; the Chicago Communists I look upon as brave and earnest men and women. That does not prevent them from being equally mistaken."—EDITOR LIBERTY.
EIGHTEEN CHRISTIAN CENTURIES,
OR,
THE EVOLUTION OF THE GOSPEL OF ANARCHY

An Essay on the Meaning of History.

BY D. D. LUM.

In the West France alone seemed equal to the task. The alliance we have seen entered into made friends. The work began by being in Germany was bearing fruits, though the nation was by no means to require thirty years of bloodshed. The French were by far the eldest of the Church. Unfortunately for the pious cause of Charles Martel, he had laid hands on the territory of the Church to explain away which was in the hands of the pope. The meritorious efforts of the Church were treated as the aid of Charles to expedite the hated Lombard; but what Charles had been unwilling to accomplish he wished to see performed. Pope Pepin required favor in return. Pepin resolved to seize Time by the forelock. The Merovingian line of faintest kings had long been puppets in the hands of the powerful nobles, it was time that the Church should have its own to accomplish. To usurp the throne was easy; it held the pope con- 

The Modern litfield worshipped God where the Mother of God had been adored by Christian piety. Carthage, Alexandria, Jerusalem, Antioch, had ceased to be Christian bishoprics. Constantinople remained, but shone of its prestige. Rome acquired a new name, that of Constantinople. There was no longer a Man of God from the Orient, the battle was to be waged under Western influences. But even Rome might not be saved. The progress of Islam, the spread of Christianity, had an arm of flesh to attain execution. At her doors lay the rapidly growing Lombard State, standing alone in the possession of settled government, with strength and wealth. What might have been had Christianity been weaker under Lombard protection cannot be told; what has been is indelibly inscribed in centuries of Christian persecution and rule. The systematic development of the Merovingian edifice, celebrated only for the purpose of aiding domination, was there an impenetrable antithesis between the Roman and the Lombard; but it is not an invincible one to those who study the logic of these facts, and see in this struggle between the Roman and the Teuton the great historic contest between Authority and Liberty.

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LIBERTY. 85

Ireland!

By Georges Sauton.

Translated from the French by Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 84.

More than: the command of the general and the order accompanied by blows from the sword, the fire of the sword, the sword and fire, your ministers, your agents, who are advancings, sullen and exasperated, determined them to leave Atlantic waters, even as they had left the fire and the sword, and, as they had passed the

They turned upon the inhabitants, and, without waiting for instructions, before Newtoning had finished inviting them to "charge this herd," they rushed to avenge the injuries caused by the Irish, and to avenge the injuries caused by the English. And, in their turn, the Irish retaliated on their assailants, their enemies, those who had fallen, re-entered their houses. And Marian and Treoir, carried back to their native place, in the rest of themselves, abandoned Edith.

"Sentinels at the end of every lane," ordered the Duke, "and, at the opening of the first door or window, fire, fire! fire all the carriages in the carriage-boxes! and, if necessary, set fire to the deeds and smoke out the animals within like foxes."

When all was quiet in the house, and peace appeared established for a time, the Duke began to think about getting home, in order first to thank the gods for their saving his life, and then to arrive at the thinking of the attempt made upon his life, which his officers were still complimenting him upon having suffered.

But he had not gone far before he met the maledictions of Edith, still on her knees by the side of the dear dead body. She was.Lenne up, bagged, hideous; her face all bloody from the close embracess she had lavished on the dead, and, instantly, turned into a Fury, she leaped at the bridle of Newtoning's horse; he let him hunting-wild on her, lacering her face, and, putting all her beauty and fury into her, she crushed a woman, who cried out to him:

"I will tear myself, and my vengeance will be terrible."

He broke into a trot, sidewalks, she lifted herself, ran a few steps in pursuit of him, and then, with a last harsh virulent animadversion in which there was a sound of belligerence, she finally assumed her pitiful pose by the assassinated man, praying, now in despair, now in revolt, growing exhausted, shivering in anger, blasphemy loaded with sobs and hisющий at the outrage.

Reports broke the silence at intervals, and dolore rose in consequence of the terror inspired by the soldiers. Edith did not move, entirely absorbed in her own grief. The Duke, their fantasies, fancy dress and, eventually, Edith, had been disposed of the body, but he was not.

He went, they say and fast. He had assumed the dignity of a House, and in his house, among his friends, in his house, in the quiet of the street, the soldiers had been dissolved, in the calm of the street, the soldiers were dissolved, in the calm of the street, the soldiers were dissolved.

The appalling spectacle, as Edith said, was fabulous. I could

not arrest the downward tendency. After four years' pontificate, he too fell a victim to the disease. In the forty years foursy popes succeeded each other, all of them obscure save one, Benedict IX., "a boy not more than ten or twelve years old," whose subsequent shamless life has given him greater fame, says Milman.

For twelve years Benedict IX., under the protection of his powerful kinsman, ruled in Rome (1032-1044), in the works of one of his predecessors. In the story of the Roman Church's turbulent history, the name of Benedict is one of those which are the memory of history. It is astonishing to think of his being the original successor of Peter, and mutually anathematizing each other in the name of Christ.

But Benedict's unpopularity and vice was not unproductive of results. Through the power of the emperor, German integrity at last won its way to the Pope's chair. Thereafter, besides the Papal dignity, there was another power in Rome. The human element in Christianity, the spirit of Jesus, called the spirit of Christ to account. Here is a fact of great importance. The individualism of the barbarian, the self-seeking, the intolerance, the spirit of the gospels, the voice of nature, had silently operated on his character, and divine authority was assassinated. The papal authority on earth was paramount, and the Massalian claim had been emancipated in Palestine, and a degradation more deep, and an ignorance more dense, than which ruined the ancient city; it had fallen on its Christian successor. The possession of authority by man over man had again worked out the result so often repeated in man's mar-

Rome still claimed to be the City of God, though far different from the image seen by Augustine. The increasing solidarity of peoples; the evolution, slow but steady, of a more complex social life, having the recognition of the new order of the universe; the influence of the new classes in the State, the Conquers, individual rights, these were active causes to awaken Rome from its long lethargy.

To be continued.

IRELAND!

The tenors, abandoning their posts, the Britons crowded around, threatening, rewarding, promising, in the absence of a sufficient magician, to lay a thick carpet of blood to the cemetery for the procession to walk upon, and behold them part of the population, curious but timid, fearing for themselves and for Edith the frightful consequences of her act.

"Make room there!" ordered the lieutenant, whose way they were obstructing, and who was accompanied by a man, who had a sword.

"Yes, let him come," said Edith, "and judge my work!"

The ranks opened; the light fell on the soldier; he walked up to her, saw that she was alone, and, in spite of her, the face of an Eastern sun, her hair, bending suddenly, cried out, bewildered, overwhelmed by the crushing weight of the victory.

"Michael my son! it is my Michael!"

Then she bent over the mouth of the dying man, and feeling the breath, which still came through spasmodic breaths, she clasped his hands, and...

"His heart beats," said the corporal, who, unfastening the vest, had slipped his hand under the shirt.

"In that case, lift him up!" ordered Sir Walpole, "and take him to the castle; he is a deserter!"

CHAPTER VI.

At Cumnor Park, notwithstanding the gravity of events, notwithstanding the alarmed executive assurances, the exemplary chastisements, the repressive measures waited for at the corners of the roads, the Duchy did not give up the pleasures of hunting which each autumn renewed, and which were followed by gala dinners, brilliant balls, and the amusements of the season. The Queen and the Duchess, accompanied by the Duke of Kent, and the Castle, in imitation of those customary in France, in the residences of the nobles of the court, under the roof of the castle, all the noise of the world, the silly, the frivolous, the luxurious, the empty, of this life, and the real, and the significant, the serious, the grave, the useful.

Every second day came hunts for hares, foxes, deer, and wood, tunnalous, dan-

To all these ordinary attractions the first hunt, signalized three weeks after a sort of isolated death-deal, had an unexpected excitement and the most pleasing effect.

Continued on page 6.
A Fable for Malthusians.

Of all the astonishing arguments developed by the interesting Malthusian discussion now in progress in "Lucifer" and Liberty the most singular, surprising, and shortsighted is that advanced by E. C. Walker in maintaining the identity of political and domestic economy so far as the problem of population is concerned.

"The prosperity of the whole," he tells Miss Kelly, "exists only because of the prosperity of the parts." "To speak of domestic economy," he tells Mr. J. F. Kelly, "is something that could not be considered apart from so-called national economy is confusing and unautonomous. There can be no "political good" which is secured at the expense of the individual, at the sacrifice of the private good. The population question is nothing but a question of the wisdom or unwisdom and the consequent happiness or unhappiness of individuals and of families, primarily, of course, of individuals. Were Mr. Kelly and his colleagues standing on Socialistic grounds they would never think of advancing such a Collectivist argument. Should any governmentalist say to Mr. Kelly that the "political good" required so and so, and that the individual must waive his rights when confronted with the greater right of the majority, that gentleman would proceed to show his opponent that there was no such thing as the "political good," save as it was the aggregation of the individual goods, what was required to augment the "political good" was to jealously preserve the rights and liberties of the individual.

This indicates the most blasiest ignorance on Mr. Walker's part of the plain bearing of the point originally made against him,—a point as indisputable as the sunlit, and which he had only to admit frankly and unreservedly in order to stop the "leak in the dyke" which, he thought, was threatened domestic economy and thereby save himself the necessity of counteracting this leak by opening his own flood-gates. The point referred to is this,—that, in consequence of the "iron law of wages" which prevails wherever monopoly prevails, a reduction of population cannot benefit the mass of laborers, and hence, while monopoly lives, can be of little or no value in political economy, although, if confined to a few families, it may benefit the individuals in question and therefore be good domestic economy; the explanation of this being that small families mean a reduction in the cost of living for those families, and a reduction in the cost of living for even one family means, under a monopolistic system, a reduction in the rate of wages paid to all laborers. If Mr. Walker had understood this, he never would have attempted to meet it with the specious statement (which, to say the least, is based upon the mistaken idea) that the public good is only the aggregation of the individual goods. Can he suppose that the Kellys and myself are so stupid as that, if we believed that Malthusianism would make all individuals comfortable and happy, we would not only agree to that end, we would not be as ardent Malthusians as himself? Mr. Walker begins the question. He bases his argument on an unproven assumption of the very point which we dispute and believe we dispel. The Kellys have expressly denied that Malthusianism can benefit the aggregation of individuals, and therefore the public. They have nowhere admitted that it would benefit "the individual"; they have only admitted that it might benefit "a law individual," and between these admissions there is a vast and vital difference.

Concerning the statement and the majority, neither Mr. Kelly nor Mr. Walker would say that "what was required to augment the "political good" was to jealously preserve the rights and liberties of" and so it is of others. So the manner of population, Mr. Kelly does not say that the public welfare is to be enhanced by reducing the size of a few families, and thus making the individuals belonging to them comfortable at the expense of others.

But Mr. Walker does say so, and precisely there is his mistake. Thus Mr. Walker's own analogy convicts him of his error. If he can be made to really see that under the present system each family must pay the expense of others if at all, I think he will be obliged in honesty to abandon his position that Malthusianism is good political economy. Will he excise me, then, if I try to make this plain in a rather simple way? I will suppose A, B, C, &c., and including X, to be day laborers, each having five children and each engaged at wages barely sufficient to sustain each life as they are willing to sustain it for a tolerable return of improvement. Z is out of employment. He has four children, and sees the possibility of a fifth. Suddenly a happy thought strikes him: "As long as I have only four children, I can get by with X or Y, but I cannot with five. I cannot with five children. I will become a Malthusian,—no, a Neo-Malthusian,—and apply the preventive check." Counting the few dollars and cents still left in his pocket, he finds that he can keep his family in bread for two days longer and still have enough left to buy a copy of Dr. Foote's "Radical Remedy in Social Science" and a syringe of the most improved pattern. He makes these purchases and presents them to his wife. His wife, Mrs. Z. eyes fairly dance with delight at the new vistas of joy that open before her, and I, for one, am sincerely glad for her. That night witnesses a renewal of the Z's honeymoon. The next day, buoyant and hopeful, Z presents himself at the office of Mr. Granger, Z's employer. "Y," says he, "works for you at a dollar and seventy-five cents a day; I will do the same work at a dollar and a half."

"You're the very man I'm after," says Granger, rubbing his hands; "come to work tomorrow. When Y puts on his coat to go home, he is handed an envelope containing his pay and his discharge. Y, who has never worked according to his wages enough to read Malthusians, to whom that famous parson's gospel of population would now come all too late, lies awake all night discussing the dismal prospect with Mrs. Y. Far from expiring, the second honeymoon, they begin to wish that they had not the long, "natural" and "new" my dear," finally concludes Y; "half a loaf is better than no bread; tomorrow I will go to Mr. Granger and offer to work for a dollar and a half." He carries out his resolve. This time Granger's glibn solves no bounds; he takes Y back into his employ, and resolves thereafter to worship at the shrine of Parson Malthus. That night X finds himself in Y's predicament of the night before. Time goes on and Y's five children, now getting enmeshed in the web of public Malthusian economy, become children, and finally the youngest and frailest is carried off to the cemetery. The preventive check in the Z family has resulted in a positive check in the Y family.

Meanwhile there has been no indication of the movement started by Z. A fate similar to Y's has overtaken X, W, V, and all their alphabetical predecessors, to now A, most unfortunate of all, finds himself thrown into the arms of the criminal. What happens then? Driven from half loaf to quarter loaf, A tries to understand Y, and that prudent individual, who has enjoyed a temporary prosperity at the expense of the last force to give it steady general in order to hold his place. The net result of Malthusian experiment is that X is out of employment instead of himself, one child has not been born, the other has died from hunger, wages have fallen to a dollar and a half, and Granger, richer than ever, begins to think that cranks amount to something and is shaking hands with Walker over the approaching millennium.

Alas! a bloomy millennium it will be, Mr. Granger, if you and Mr. Walker keep on. Do you see what A is? Too proud to go to work? He has wandered in despair over to the Haymow! (I begot to say that this is the story of my nagging, and there has learned from one Parson that all wealth belongs to everybody, that each A, and his hungry children, with twenty-five cents' worth of dynamite may live and love like princes and Grangers forever. Straightway some one hands him a bomb, and his fingers are blown to pieces. The earth is but shivered into impalpable snuff by that doom's thunderclap; the sun misses one of his planets in space, and therefor there are no eclipses of the moon.

To what storm, say, does Mr. Walker's alliteration has any allegiance brought about? A bloody revolution, and Malthusianism to blame! Walker, the Malthusian, sharing with Granger, the robber, the responsibility for Parson, the dynamiter! Loud as Mr. Walker may decide against forcible revolution (and he can do so too loud for me), his voice is sounding deeper tones which will push the people to it. I call the attention of the authorities to his incendiary Malthusian utterances.

Does Mr. Walker believe in this achievement? Yes. Then he is an Anarchist. I think that Miss Kelly does him injustice in denying him the name. He is one of the very few persons within my knowledge who never trip on a question of liberty. But, although he knows that liberty is right, he fails to appreciate its overwhelming importance. He thinks there is something else more important, more fundamental. And I am compelled to admit that, when a man thinks this and works for it, his influence is in the main reactionary. If this is what Miss Kelly means, I agree with her. And I also agree with her that Mr. Walker, after attributing human vices to individual depravity rather than to a social institution, can lay no claim to being a social anarchist. The "Be good and you'll be happy" gospel is emphatically anti-socialist. I regret to mention that Comrade Lloyd is going to preach it in the next issue of Liberty.
LIBERTY. 5

The Worship of Law and Order.

It is the abolition of the State, after all, that underlies all socialist demands. If we abolish the State, with all the police and troops to enforce the laws, the mere idea of violence is banished. If we abolish the State, all the courts and prisons disappear. If we abolish the State, all the laws and statutes are abolished. If we abolish the State, all the crimes are abolished. If we abolish the State, all the criminals are abolished. If we abolish the State, all the courts and prisons disappear. If we abolish the State, all the laws and statutes are abolished. If we abolish the State, all the crimes are abolished. If we abolish the State, all the criminals are abolished. If we abolish the State, all the courts and prisons disappear. If we abolish the State, all the laws and statutes are abolished. If we abolish the State, all the crimes are abolished. If we abolish the State, all the criminals are abolished. If we abolish the State, all the courts and prisons disappear. If we abolish the State, all the laws and statutes are abolished. If we abolish the State, all the crimes are abolished. If we abolish the State, all the criminals are abolished. If we abolish the State, all the courts and prisons disappear. If we abolish the State, all the laws and statutes are abolished. If we abolish the State, all the crimes are abolished. If we abolish the State, all the criminals are abolished. If we abolish the State, all the courts and prisons disappear. If we abolish the State, all the laws and statutes are abolished. If we abolish the State, all the crimes are abolished. If we abolish the State, all the criminals are abolished. If we abolish the State, all the courts and prisons disappear. If we abolish the State, all the laws and statutes are abolished. If we abolish the State, all the crimes are abolished. If we abolish the State, all the criminals are abolished. If we abolish the State, all the courts and prisons disappear. If we abolish the State, all the laws and statutes are abolished. If we abolish the State, all the crimes are abolished. If we abolish the State, all the criminals are abolished. If we abolish the State, all the courts and prisons disappear. If we abolish the State, all the laws and statutes are abolished. If we abolish the State, all the crimes are abolished. If we abolish the State, all the criminals are abolished. If we abolish the State, all the courts and prisons disappear. If we abolish the State, all the laws and statutes are abolished. If we abolish the State, all the crimes are abolished. If we abolish the State, all the criminals are abolished. If we abolish the State, all the courts and prisons disappear. If we abolish the State, all the laws and statutes are abolished. If we abolish the State, all the crimes are abolished. If we abolish the State, all the criminals are abolished. If we abolish the State, all the courts and prisons disappear. If we abolish the State, all the laws and statutes are abolished. If we abolish the State, all the crimes are abolished. If we abolish the State, all the criminals are abolished. If we abolish the State, all the courts and prisons disappear. If we abolish the State, all the laws and statutes are abolished. If we abolish the State, all the crimes are abolished. If we abolish the State, all the criminals are abolished. If we abolish the State, all the courts and prisons disappear. If we abolish the State, all the laws and statutes are abolished. If we abolish the State, all the crimes are abolished. If we abolish the State, all the criminals are abolished. If we abolish the State, all the courts and prisons disappear. If we abolish the State, all the laws and statutes are abolished. If we abolish the State, all the crimes are abolished. If we abolish the State, all the criminals are abolished. If we abolish the State, all the courts and prisons disappear. If we abolish the State, all the laws and statutes are abolished. If we abolis...
IRELAND.

Continued from page 3.

Breaking cover behind the door on the square of Buncheath, the huntsmen had fallen back upon the other side of the hoarding, with the Firefox, out of which, the priest obstinately refused to bless, barricading the door of the church so that the foxhound might be left out in the rain.

His resistance lasted two days; he yielded neither to the peaceful negotiations which they proposed, nor to supplications, nor to virulent denunciations, threatening the old man with the loss of his rights, until the foxhound, which the friars determined not to put into the ground without a bit of prayer and the sprinkling of holy water.

The friars, from religious scruples than from obstinacy, indignation at seeing their priest, like a Protestant pastor, make common cause with the foxhound and his friends and to regard that he would revoke his decision only on the condition that they would adjure his damnable vow to liberate Ireland.

Edith took so part in the quarrel. Her mind was divided between the corpse and the foxhound. Her Michaeal was a fallen man whose future haunted her like a torturing nightmare. She kept silent in consternation, now fixing her eyes on the cahote and now turning them, wandering, moist and amazed, in the woods near to the Shanganagh Park.

A neighbor beseeched her to express herself in favor of resigning the divine service and proceeding to burial. Edith acclamated her by her indifference; in reality, she preferred this delay, which prolonged the sojourn of the dead upon earth, and postponed the heart-rending moment of the last parting, the parting for ever.

Reaching this dramatic scene before the others, the Duchess kept the impression of a picture which struck her; the gloomy look-on, angry and at last out of patience, determined upon a stern policy; the insensible widow, the heart-broken mother, with her snarler and haggard face, lost in the immensity of her double affliction; the humble black wall, on which was embroidered the blessed shamrock; the hoar, which the dense smoke of the Rentouche chimneys at its four corners wrapped in funeral crape; and the worn-out wooden door of the friary, burned by the foxhounds which, in its modern simplicity, assumed gigantic proportions, symbolizing the pitiless strictness and hopeless vengeance of the friars.

Under the pressure of the mass frightened by the interruption of the chase, by the huntsmen blowing their horns, by the pack yelling as if possessed, by the horses calling on the other side to their riders, amidst the disordered troops of this diabolical hunt, the priest entered, and, with the surge, the coffin, lifted by ready hands amid a cry of triumph.

An禀ous chorus called the priest to his altar, summoned him to ascend and then come down, mumbling his litanies for the repose of the dead.

As he walked frankly making his way among the presbytery and the presbytery only to report that the priest, seized with fear, had disappeared, the wraith of the people let go, filling the arches of the church with angry murmurs.

The up-and-down trottings of the foxhounds were terrifying the paws and striking the flagstones with them, still calling for the priest, who had disappeared.

Paddy and his comrades lifted Treor on the steps of the altar, inviting him to take the priest’s place, give the absolution, and preside at the obsequies. Consulting the assembly, the old Irishman received its permission; and immediately, amid the general hush, a silence which Father Richmond would never have obtained, he officiated, very soberly, in his own way; speaking the orison, simple, touching, and grand, in the national tongue.

Approaching on her horse, Lady Ellen herself, under the influence of the general emotion, had forgotten to adopt the orison.

For several days she appeared thoroughly absorbed by the thought of this imposing scene, and then had done everything to forget it.

The representative, with the perspiration, the tears, the infinite idea of the vanished, to leave with her, by day and by night, only the memory of the funeral trappings, which she had worn towards the end of a year, and, whereas the funeral cortège of everything is very cheap in that region, he found this sum sufficient to supply his few and simple wants. No correspondence with his wife or friends was allowed.

He was a very voluminous reader of the “Illustrated London News.” Thus he read much,or loved reading. He enjoyed the stories of the “serious” writer whom he was allowed to enjoy. Of newspapers he had a small local publication and the “Illustrated London News.” On the whole, Tchernichevsky had no time to be a useful citizen, although, of course, his movements were strictly watched. Now and then he would write something, but he burned all his manuscripts.

Thus Tchernichevsky passed twenty years of his life. What a tragical fate for such a man! Who can measure the intensity of the sufferings he underwent during the seven years of enforced idleess and helplessness? No wonder that the reports of his insanity found so many believers in his own country. In October, 1868, the joy of and unexpected news spread over unhappy Russia that Tchernichevsky, the great teacher and writer, the “Tchernichevsky,” was born again to “the life of a civilian.” Can it be true? The disconsolate subjects of the czar asked themselves, and shook their heads disconsolately. Doubt. Doubt. Doubt. December 10, 1868, after twenty years of exile, N. G. Tchernichevsky returned to Siberia.

He lives now in Astrachan under police surveillance, and this place he is not allowed to leave. He is the last of the old school, the last of the old world, in the new part of the city. They lead a very quiet and retired life. The authorities, it is understood, are instructed to discourage any curiosities from visiting Tchernichevsky, either in Siberia or in Tchernichevskoe, his old country home. For well-known reasons no representatives of the Russian press interviewed him, and absolutely nothing was said in the newspapers about the event.

A correspondent of the London “Daily News” visited Tchernichevsky at his home. He was received courteously, though in a somewhat reserved manner. At home he reposed, with a few friends and a clerk, in the center part of the city. His wife lived in a hotel away from home. He read in the evening, and his book is troubled and restless; his eyes wander continually from one object to another; some of his movements are purely convulsive. From time to time a visit to the station is made, perhaps, to see some vast memories, but whether they were of a peaceful or pleasant nature it was difficult to divine. His health is ruined. The twenty years of exile have had a most disastrous effect upon him. He has lost his eyesight in Russia. His only wish, if he can be said to have any wishes, is rest, absolute rest . . . .

What is that off and reverently bow in taking leave of the author of what ‘s To Be Done?'
Miss Kelly’s Errors.

I do not desire to unduly extend this discussion of the population question, especially as it is clearly perceivable that Miss Kelly has such a large mass of information at her command, and that she will not take any pains to combat the errors of others. But I must say that I am very much concerned at the lack of real understanding and appreciation of the subject. It seems to me that the only way to attack this is by educating the public, which is why I intend to do so in my next article.

Mr. Walker Can Say More than One “Really Foolish Thing.”

If it is true, as Mr. Tucker said, that Mr. Walker’s opening statement in Maltesian was the first really foolish thing he ever said, he has since unmistakably proven to all of us that it is not by any means the only foolish thing that he can possibly say. But it is only by taking this into account that we can understand Mr. Walker’s position. He is certainly not a fool, but he is certainly not a wise man.

Mr. Walker seems to feel quite hurt that I said “tendentious toward Anarchism.” I suppose that I was a little bit unfair in my criticism of him, but it is only just that I should point out to you that Mr. Walker is not only the only one who has ever been called “tendentious.”

Gerrit B. Kelly.

A Lady Corrected.

We regret to find that we cannot satisfy Miss Gertrude B. Kelly, who has repeatedly avoided us in Liberty. Before quoting from a paragraph of hers in the last number of that able exponent of philosophical and pacific anarchism, we desire to make a few corrections. In the first place, we have never “silently closed our eyes to the light” that seemed to us to be so apparent. We are not blind, but we have been led astray by the writings of Mr. Whittaker. In the second place, every reader of this paper knows that it is an error to say we have devised “all our plans” for the promotion of the right movement. In the third place, all of our readers know that it is another error to state that we are in favor of turning machinery to the benefit of the laborer. The laborer is the only one who has the interest to make machinery.
Liberty’s Belligerency.

Continued from page 3.

same thing in New York, or Chicago, or Boston; and it is not necessary, as some have claimed, that America stand the present condition, and are recognized as such, while Mr. Tucker is not, to any extent, outside of an own school, themselves perceive no differ- 
ence. Of course, he will inaugurate war in America as readily as in Europe.

Now, I wish to assure you, again, that I am not unfriendly to Liberty or its work, or its workers. It is, however, peculiar: and I believe in individuality, for all. I only object, when you seem to depart from that principle; or, to use another law, when you seem to seek to govern somebody. (8)

In the language of the immortal human of the age, "Let us have peace." (9)

(9) A. WARREN.

Certainly, Mr. Warren, I have never claimed to be a pacifist. But does every ill-tempered man "mean war?" The world is full of error, and I am fighting it. But error is mental, and must be met mentally. I propose to use against it every mental weapon at my command,— logic, ridicule, sarcasm, etc. In this way I invade the rights of none and change the minds of some. But if I were to plunder and kill those who are in error, I should invade their rights and should not change their minds. When Mr. Warren supposed that I meant war, he clearly supposed that I meant to plunder and kill; otherwise my denunciation of Most's followers for plundering and killing would not have relieved his mind of the supposition. If, when I ask him for the foundation of this supposition, he cites my "cautious and pacific" style and "belligerent disposition" (which, by the way, were never more strongly pleaded, that in my treatment of Most and his followers), I can only answer him that his conclusions are too remote from his premises to require me to keep my promises to refrain from further misleading him.

(2) I have never repudiated the lexicographers as students by whose works all men profit; I have simply denied them absolute authority. They have made special and deep study of language, and have arrived at such substantial agreement that we find it for our convenience to accept their definitions.

But they were not endowed by a superior power with the sole right to study language, and any man is at liberty to reject any of their conclusions. The lexicographers may abandon their definitions of a given word and defines it for himself, he has a right to claim that his critics shall interpret him in accordance with his own definitions. The few words used with novel meanings in Liberty's columns have been defined so repeatedly and accurately that it is carefully Mr. Warren cannot have misunderstood them. Hence his misunderstanding of me must have arisen from my general use of language, which I believe to be in very close accord with the vocabulary. I say to my "cautious" remark that "he must use a lexicon unknown to standard English writers."

(3) In comparing my "liberty" with his own, Mr. Warren should remember that, far from demanding that he or any one else should imbibe my views and modes of expression, I have not even written once to the newspapers cautioning him against the use of that much-misunderstood word, individually, while he has written repeatedly to advise me and others not to use the word. And yet, lest it should be misunderstood and damage the cause.

His letters have betrayed an anxiety which all lexicons known to me would define as distortion. But I say he has not been disturbed, and so drives me again to the theory of a strange lexicon.

(4) The fakes of fortune are very singular. Strange, to say, No. 36, which Mr. Warren has "picked up at random," is the very name which I expected to pick up after careful examination of the files, and which I had in mind when I called on him to "specify." (5) This is an excellent example of what can be produced under the baneful injurious omission of a portion of his words. Mr. Warren breaks off his quotation at a point which is very convenient for his purpose. See now how differently the last sentence quoted sounds when it is given in its complete form. "The belligerent 

dynamic policy is the same in America, as it is in England, and must be vigorously pushed until it has produced the desired effect of abolishing all the repressive legislation that denies the freedom of agitation and discussion which alone can result in the final settlement of social questions and policies."

a great Revolution a real fact. It will be seen that Mr. Warren, by the omission of that little word "the," and the long clause which I have here italicized, makes me favor dynamic for the abdication of all repressive legislation instead of the abdication of such repressive legislation as denies freedom of agitation, and carefully conceals my emphatic assertion that only agitation and discussion can settle social questions. I do not say that I am for the dynamic force of political freedom, but he has certainly contributed to one of the tricks of the politician. He fails to quote also the succeeding sentence, which makes my meaning clear still. "When and where that freedom [of expression] prevails, the use of dynamite or any form of physical force can never have the sanction of Liberty; and when and where it does prevail, force must be sanctioned for the time being, for nothing can be done."

I am glad that Mr. Warren has revisited this matter, because it gives me a chance to explain that by the "denial of freedom of agitation," when I use the phrase in the above connection, I do not mean simply the breaking-up of one meeting or the suppression of one paper or the imprisonment of one editor,—because a few acts of that sort would not necessarily prevent the holding of new meetings and the establishment of new papers,—but the rigorous enforcement throughout the whole, of the alleged jurisdiction over any government, or any large part thereof, of such a policy of coercion as that wrenched hypocris, Gladstone, imposed upon Ireland,—a policy which could not be abandoned against which the London ex- pressions were directed, and to abolish which I could justify the use of force in the passage referred to by Mr. Warren. But to declare that we should not use force and driven into a corner is not to mean war; but simply to resist the doctrine of absolute non-resistance. (8)

(9) This I flatly deny.

(10) As for locality itself is concern, there is no difference between us in one place and using it in another, but the different conditions prevailing in different localities make a very different policy to be pursued. I have always made the advisability of the use of force dependent upon the conditions prevailing. Mr. Warren, in his allusion to Most, is about as far as I would be aware to judge Mr. Warren's Individuation by the words and conduct of such men as Prinzing, Wells and Laski, both of whom claim to be Individualists, "and are recognized as such, while Mr. Warren "is not, to any extent, outside of his own school."

(11) But Mr. Warren has not to "specify" any words of mine that are fairly open to the charge of even seeming to seek to govern somebody.

(12) It seems to me that in Mr. Warren's concluding sentence I detect a "cautious and pacific" quality, and that it "displays a belligerent disposition." To Mr. Warren "mean war?"

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