On Picket Duty.

Dead, are we? The New York "Herald" says so. Rather a lively corpse you'll find us, I imagine.

The New York "Herald" is the editor.

Charles O'Connor, who died in Nantucket the other day, was almost an Anarchist. If he could have had his way, there would have been very little government in this world. Extracts from his writings in proof of this assertion will appear hereafter in Liberty.

On April 12 a new journal, entitled "Proudhon," was started in Paris. M. Leverdorff is the editor. I have not seen a copy yet, and do not know its character or how often it is published, but I hope to read it favorably upon it in later issue. May it prove as good as its name!

Joseph Henry is progressing steadily but slowly in the publication of his "Essays on Death and Suicide," issuing them in parts. They have attracted a great deal of attention from the Liberal press, and have received, as they deserve, high praise from eminent men. He needs assistance in their publication and should have it. He can be addressed at Salina, Kansas.

J. P. Mendum, Boston, has issued in pamphlet form an address recently delivered in this city by James W. Sullivan on "The Mormon Question." It is a clear exposition of the rights of citizens of Utah under the constitution and over it, and a timely protest against the shameful cruelty now organized against a people who have been a civilization in a few respects immeasurably superior to our own.

John Swinton tells me that his "Paper" is doing famously in the West. Good! I'm glad of it. Our beliefs regarding many things are diametrically opposite, but his mainly sympathize with the oppressed and denunciation of the oppressors command my hearty admiration. "You see we've stolen your name," said he to me the other day in New York, referring to the new Liberty League. Why didn't he take the idea with it? Then I would not complain. But I find myself distinctly disagreeing to almost every plank in his platform because it is in flat violation of Liberty. Liberty is a name on every tongue. Strange that so few know what it means! Nevertheless, "John Swinton's Paper" is telling lots of truth, just as I said it would.

Dr. M. E. Lazarus, of Guntersville, Alabama, who need to be among the foremost and the ablest in reformatory work, but has been very quiet of late years, has begun writing again, and his pen is doing fine service in more than one liberal journal. Liberty hopes to be favored ere long. Meanwhile he sends the following message as an encouragement, after another evening of verse, enclosing a package of sample copies:

"Your pen is the echo of my innermost thoughts, which for thirty years have been my despair for want of a fitting medium through which to popularize them and achieve their social fruition. You relieve me of the painful conviction that mine is the only lone mind in a world of fools. I hail the star which radiates from Boston, a city whose keen air is helpful to the spontaneous creation of the humanitarian ideal. You find there, I hope, true confederate."

JOHN HAY.

For always in thine eyes, O Liberty! Shines the true light whereby the world is saved; And though they slay us, we will trust in thee.

RICHARD R. MARVIN.

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Whole No. 43.

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER.

Seeking to the fact that they ought, in justice, to have something to say about the size of the loads which they are expected to drag.

The New York "Herald" appeared last Sunday with a broadside detailing a huge Anarchist conspiracy in this country for purposes of assassination. If the rest of it is as inaccurate as the following extract, not much attention need be paid to it: "Proudhon's theory that property is robbery has found half a dozen admirers in the New England States. Three years ago Dr. E. Musel Ganz attempted to popularize Proudhonism and Bakuninism in his monthly, the Anarchist, published in Boston, in a black cover with a red title. His arrest, on a charge of swindling, killed the paper after the first number. His former associate, Benjamin E. Tucker, propagated pure Proudhonism by the fortnightly, Liberty, which lately ceased to appear for want of subscribers." This effort to blacken Liberty with the stench of Ganz's exploits has gone on about long enough. Ganz was by no means a thoroughgoing Proudhonist Anarchist. He was in full sympathy with Most, "Le Revolte," and the whole school of anarchistic communists. If the odium of his sins is to fall on any section of the Revolutionary party, it must be that he section to which he belonged. I remember he quit any longer in silence. As for the statement about Liberty, of course it is false. Liberty never died at all, and its subscription list has steadily grown from the day it started.

Mr. Ivan Pauin comes tardily to the front with an answer to a criticism long ago passed upon him by Liberty. In a letter recently published he says:

"In 1881 I raked me over the coals in your Liberty for expressing the opinion (though to me it was knowledge) that the Executive Committee of the Russian Revolutionary Party were not Anarchists. You and Bakunin and Lavrov saw of my misstatement. Neither of these were ever members of the Executive Committee. Lavrov, moreover, in a statement under his own signature which lies before me, says that not only is he himself no Anarchist, but no Anarchist fraction ever even claimed him as such. I do not see Liberty now. As was there you attacked me, I will ask you to send me a copy, should you think it fair to print this correction." Let us see about this. It was not in 1881 that I raked Mr. Pauin over the coals, but on May 12, 1882. I said nothing about his "opinion." I said nothing about the Executive Committee. I did not charge him with saying anything about the Executive Committee. I charged him with making the false assertion in private that Anarchists in general and Bakunin in particular were person of infamy and no importance, unrecognized by intelligent revolutionists and frowned upon by nihilists. To contradict him on this I cited the names of Kropotkin, Lavrov, and others. Possibly I have been misled concerning Lavrov, and Mr. Pauin has the benefit of his evidence on that point. Does that alone suffice to vindicate Mr. Pauin and put me to shame? How about Kropotkin and Bakounine? Has Mr. Pauin any "knowledge" about them which conflicts with my statement of their position? I do not know how to help him. If I am not, was I not justified in attacking him? I shall send him this issue of Liberty with pleasure, and if I'll keep me informed as to his address, every issue thereafter until his subscription has expired.
WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

A ROMANCE.

By N. G. TCHERCHYCHEVSCHY

Translated by Benj. F. Twedt.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

This narrative, the last work and only novel from Tcherchnychevsky's pen, originally appeared in 1863 in a St. Petersburg magazine, the author writing it at that time in a St. Petersburg dungeon, where he was confined for twenty-two months prior to being sent into exile in Siberia by the Czar, under the suspicion that he had since paid the penalty of this crime and many other. This martyrdom of the noble Revolutionist was the isolated corner of that cheerless country, his health ruined and his spirit shattered by his long solitude, and the impossibility of expressing it in one of the freedom of the free world, in one of the freedom of the free world, in one of the freedom of the free world, in one of the freedom of the free world.

But the majority, conservative, as is always the case when it reasons prudently, held to the first explanation.

"A practical joke? Go on! Some one has really blown his brains out."

Being less numerous, the progressives were conquered. But the conquerors split at the very moment of victory.

"He was drunk," said some.

"He had disgraced his fortune," thought others.

In short, whether it was a drunken or a spendthrift who had blown his brains out or a practical joker who had made a pretend of killing himself (in the latter case the joke was a stupid one), he was an imbecile.

There ended the night's adventure. At the hotel was found the proof that it was no piece of nonsense, but a real suicide.

This conclusion satisfied the conservatives especially; for, said they, it proves that we are right. If it had been only a practical joker, we might have hesitated between the terms imbecile and insane. But to blow one's brains out on a bridge! On a bridge, I ask you? Does one blow his brains out on a bridge? Why on a bridge? It would be stupid to do it on a bridge. Indisputably, then, he was an imbecile.

"Precisely," objected the progressives; "does one blow his brains out on a bridge?"

And they admitted that they had just disputed the reality of the suicide.

But that same evening the hotel attaché, being summoned to the police bureau to examine a cap pierced by a ball, which had been taken from the water, identified it as the actual cap worn by the traveller on the bridge before.

There had been a suicide, then, and the spirit of negation and progress was once more conquered.

Yes, it was really an imbecile; but suddenly a new thought struck them: to blow one's brains out on a bridge,—why, it is most absurd! In that way one avoids long suffering in case of a simple wound. He calculated wisely; he was practical.

Now the mystification was complete._Imbecile and prudent!

First Consequence of the Imbecile Act.

The same day, towards eleven o'clock in the morning, in a little country-house on the island of Kanchenjunga, a young woman sat sewing and humming a singularly bold French song:

Sous nos guirlandes, nous sommes
De beaux rôles pour des gens
Nous voulons pour tous les hommes
Science et destinées millénaires.

Sourires, tristesses,
La force est à qui saura;
Emotions, tristesses,
L'abondance nous viendra;
Ah! çà ira! çà ira! çà ira!
Le peuple en ce jour répète;
Ah! çà ira! çà ira! çà ira!
Qui vivra vera;

Et qui de notre ignorance
Soutiendra donc?
N'est-ce pas nous?
Que valle, la science
Nous plonge sous la douleur;
Mais, par la fraternelle,
Ne sursais le bonheur
De tout l'humanité.

Faisons l'unison fidèle
Du travail et du savoir;
Institutions-mères, écoles;
Un paradis de la terre,
En nos maisons, notre force,
Tous les vœux qui nous assurent
Un jour vient nos secrets
Nous bénissent, instituant, bénissant
Ah! çà ira! çà ira! çà ira!
Le peuple le jour répète;
Ah! çà ira! çà ira! çà ira!
Qui vivra vera;

Donc vivons,
C'est bien vrai là;
C'est vivre;
Nous tous le verrooom;

The melody of this audacious song was gay; there were two or three red notes in pleasing fault and gave the general character of the motive: they entirely disappeared in the refrain and in the last couplet. But such was the condition of the mind that the songsters and these two couplets and notes sounded above the others in her song. She saw this herself, started, and tried to sustain the gay notes longer and glide over the others. Vain efforts! Her thought dominated her in spite of herself, and the sad notes always prevailed over the others.

* An Island in the vicinity of St. Petersburg, full of country-houses, where citizens of St. Petersburg go to spend their restlessness.
Chapter First.

The Life of Vera Pavlovna with her Parents.

The education of Vera Pavlovna was very ordinary, and there was nothing peculiar in her life until she made the acquaintance of Lopatovskii, the medical student.

Vera Pavlovna grew up in a fine house, situated on the Rue Gorokhovskoi between the Rue Sadovoi and the Semyonovskii Bridge. This house is now only used as a school, but in 1837, when numbers were not in use to designate the houses of any given street, it bore this inscription:

"From Ivan Zarkhovitch Storozhenko, now Councillor of State."

So said the inscription, although Ivan Zarkhovitch Storozhenko died in 1837. After that, according to the legal title-deeds, the owner of the house was his son, Ivan Petrovitch, a very important official; but, as it was the son of the son of the son of the mistress, and that the mistress of the house was Anna Petrovna.

The house was what it still is, large, with two carriage-ways, four flights of steps from the street, and one staircase in the house.

Then (as it is still the case today) the mistress of the house and her son lived on the first and naturally the principal floor. Anna Petrovna has remained a widow, and Ivan Petrovitch is married to a quiet and elegant woman, who bears the name of Retkovitch, and is a handsome officer. Who lives now in the dfolio of the innombrable flats of the first floor, on the right? I do not know. But in 1832 it was inhabited by a very elegant of the ladies, and a fine-looking man. His wife, Maria Alexevna, a slender person, tall and possessed of a strong constitution, her young and beautiful daughter (Vera Pavlovna), and her son, a youth, nine years old, made up the family.

Besides his position of steward, Pavel Konstantinitch was employed as chief deputy in a bank that which minister of finance, and, of course, his perquisites as steward were very moderate; for Pavel Konstantinitch, as he said to himself, had a conscience, which he valued at least as highly as any of the perquisites which might be named in fourteen years about ten thousand roubles, of which but three thousand had come from the proprietor's pocket. The rest was derived from a little business that he carried on. This business, however, was merely the functions that of a pawn-broker. Maria Alexevna also had her little capital: almost five thousand roubles, she told the gossip, but really much more. She had begun

*Madia is the diminutive of Maria. | Verotchka is the diminutive of Vera. | Nijni Novgorod.*

(Continued on page 6.)
Socialism: What it is.

"Do you like the word socialism?" said a lady to me the other day; "I fear I do not; somehow I shrink when I hear it. It is associated with so much that is bad! Ought we to keep it?"

The lady who asked this question is an earnest Anarchist, a firm friend of Liberty, and it is almost superfluous to add—highly intelligent. Her words voice the feeling of many. But after all it is only a feeling, and will not stand the test of thought. "Yes," I answered, "it is a falsehood, much worse, vitally, distastefully misunderstood, and expressing better than any other the purposes of political and economic progress, the aim of the Revolution in this century, the recognition of the great truth that Liberty and equality of opportunity and equality of wealth will cause the welfare of each to contribute to the welfare of all. So good a word cannot be spared, must not be sacrificed, shall not be stolen.

How can it be saved? Only by lifting it out of the confusion which obscures it, so that all may see it clearly and definitively, and what it fundamentally means. Some writers make socialism inclusive of all efforts to ameliorate social conditions. Proudhon is reputed to have said something of the kind. However that may be, the definition seems too broad. Etymology logically is not unwarrantable, but derivatively the word has a more technical and definite meaning.

Today (pardon the paradox!) society is fundamentally anti-social. The whole so-called social questions are murderously complicated with irrelevancies. The whole is obscured and strained in every direction by the inequalities that necessarily result therefrom. The welfare of each, instead of contributing to that of all, as it naturally should and would, is almost invariably detraced from the welfare of all. The right to a privileged existence in a book with which to flock from labor's pockets. Every man who gets rich thereby makes his neighbor poor. The better off one is, the worse off the rest are. As Ruskin says, "every grain of calculated self-interest acts as a multiplier and an intensifier of the sin of omission and the equivalent of Decrement to the poor. The Laborer's Deficit is precisely equal to the Capitalist's Excess."

Now, socialism wants to change all this. Socialism says that what one man's meat must no longer be another's poison; that no man shall be able to add to his riches except by labor; that in adding to his riches by labor alone no man make another man poorer; that on the contrary every man thus adding to his riches makes every other man richer; that in general to earn a living by labor to earn to increase, cheapen, and vary production; that every increase of capital in the hands of the laborers tends, in the absence of legal monopoly, to put more products, better products, cheaper products, and a greater variety of products, within the reach of every man's pocket in whose work appears and that this fact means the physical, mental, and moral perfection of mankind, and the realization of human fraternity. Is that not glorious? Shall a word that means all that he best aside simply because some have tried to weed it out with authority? By no means. The man who subscribes to that, whatever he may think himself, whoever he may call himself, however bitterly he may attack the thing which he mistakes for socialism, is himself a Socialist, and the man who subscribes to its opposite, and that which it displaces, is himself, at least in his own mind, the best, however wealthy he may be, however pious he may be, whatever his station in society, whatever his standing in the Church, whatever his position in the State, is not a Socialist, but a Thief. For there are at bottom two classes of men, the Thieves and the Thieves. Socialism, practically, is war upon usury in all its forms, the great Anti-Theft Movement of the nineteenth century; and Socialists are the only people to whom the preachers of morality have no right or occasion to address words of advice. "Thou shalt not steal!" That commandment is Socialism's flag. Not only as a commandment, but as a law of nature. Socialism does not order; it prophesies. It does not say: "Thou shalt not steal!" It says: "When all men have Liberty, thou wilt not steal!"

Why, thou, does my lady questioner shrink when she hears the word socialism? I will tell her. Because a large number of people, who see the evils of usury and are desirous of destroying them, foolishly imagine that can do so by proclaiming that they are trying to abolish privilege by centering all production and activity in the State to the destruction of competition and its blessings, to the degradation of the individual, and to the abolition of freedom and self-reliance, by all the people, and their efforts are bound to prove abortive. Their influence is mischievous principally in this,—that a large number of other people, who have not yet seen the evils of usury and do not know that Liberty will provide for the very thing they desire, but believe in Liberty for Liberty's sake, are led to mistake this effort to fortify the State be-all and end-all of society for the whole of socialism and the only socialism, and, rightly horrified at it, to hold it up as such to the derision of mankind. But the very reasonable and just criticisms of the individualists of this stripes upon State Socialism, when analyzed, are found to be directed, not against the Socialism, but against the State. So far Liberty is with them. But Liberty insists on Socialism, and, on true Socialism, Anarchist Socialism, the prevalence of liberty, equality, and Solidarity. From that my lady questioner will never shrink.

The Sin of Herbert Spencer.

Liberty welcomes and criticizes in the same breath the second, third, and fourth volumes of "The New Toryism," "The Coming Slavery," "The Sins of Legislators," &c., now running in the "Popular Science Monthly" and the "Contemporary Review." They are very true, very important, and very misleading. They are true for the most part in what they say, and false and misleading in what they fail to say. Mr. Spencer convicts legislators of undue able and enormous sins in meddling with and curtailing and destroying the people's rights. Their sin of omission is quite as grave. He is one of those persons referred to in the editorial preceding this who areaking a wholesale onslaught on Socialism as the incarnation of the doctrine of State omnipotence carried to its highest power. And I am not sure that he is quite honest in this. I begin to be a little suspicious of him. It seems as if he had forgotten the teachings of his earlier writings, and had become a champion of the capitalist class. It will be noticed that in these later articles and his many and tedious illustrations (of which he is as prodigal as ever) of the evils of legislation, he in every instance cites some law passed, ostensibly at least, to protect labor, alleviate suffering, or promote the people's morals, and then dispute the lamentable failure in this direction. He never once does he call attention to the far more deadly and deep-seated evils growing out of the innumerable laws creating privilege and sustaining monopoly. You must not protect the weak against the strong, he seems to say, but freely supply all the weapons needed by the strong to oppress the weak. He is greatly shocked that the rich should be directly taxed to support the poor, but that the poor should be indirectly taxed and bled to make the rich richer does not upset him. He says that the laws of the People are the law of the People poverty is increased by the poor laws, says Mr. Spener; Granted; but what about the rich laws that caused and still cause the poverty to which the poor laws add? That is by far the more important question; yet Mr. Spencer tries to blink it out of sight.

A very acute criticism of Mr. Spencer's position has been made recently by the Manhattan Liberal Club. by Stephen Pearl Andrews. Judging from the "New York Tribune," it is the least thing that Mr. Andrews has said in some time, and Liberty extends him her warmest thanks and congratulations. Room must be found for his remarks before long in those columns. He shows that Mr. Spencer has never once used the word "justice"; that he is not the radical legal philosopher which
Anarchy in Alaska.

"But what is to prevent people from stealing, fighting, and murdering, if you don't have a government?" That is the question which invariably occurs to one who hears of Anarchies for the first time, --yes, to many who hear the pleas of Liberty for the hundredth time and understand them not. Explaining that men are not born thieves and assassins, but that stealing, quarreling, and killing are fostered by authority and encouraged by law, is a labor of Sisyphus. It is useless to ask one of these believers in order to prove their case, who would leave his work and turn scoundrel were he not restrained by fear of the law. He invariably says: "Of course not; you and I would not do those things, but there are others who would. Just as I need not think myself to be the most generous, even now in spite of the law, and see the class of people who live in the worst quarters of our great cities. Do you want to turn them loose without any restraint upon their passions?" It is hard to answer such an argument, because the answer involves the demonstration or at least the truths upon which the idea of Liberty is founded, and, unless one sees clearly the justice of individual sovereignty, he can understand nothing of the answer. He will argue in a circle and end where he started, with thanking God that he is not as other men are and deploring the innate and inevitable wickedness of the other men. It is clear to me that injustice is the cause of all crime, and that the idea of authority is at the bottom of all social injustice; but I find it difficult to make these things clear to one who persists in regarding "justice" and "authority" as one and the same thing. If I should have the mischance to find a man so dull as to be unable to detect the difference between water and ice, I should consider him blinded by logic that water will put out fire. But it might be of some benefit to his understanding, should I take him to see the engines play upon a burning house.

Perhaps when our bourgeoys friends see that people do exist peaceably without the restraint of authority, he may admit that human nature is not essentially and incurably bad. Lieutenant Ray, who was in command at the Arctic colony on Point Barrow, tells a story which convinces me of this. He tells of a man who was mistaken in a way to entertain some officers and to make him by logic that water will put out fire. But it might be of some benefit to his understanding, should I take him to see the engines play upon a burning house.

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When one legislator, railroad commission, or government, cannot or will not pay its bills, they manifest their displeasure by electing another and thereby putting themselves upon the auction block to be sold again. The best remedy for all these things which suggest itself to the Californian is that he kill the man or two; but his trade reflects his opinion by changing the trade or business is bad and changes none of the conditions of the problem. The only true solution of the problem lies in refusal to submit to the dictates of lawmakers or to respect the privileges conferred by government upon Messrs. Stanford, Huntington, and Crocker.}

The Curse of California.

The railroad question in California has developed, to an extent, to the extent that the railroad evils and social disorders which grow out of all attempts to govern mankind with formulas and paper-constitution attorneys. Through the authority of the government, three or four men have been enabled to appropriate millions of acres of land and steal the labor of thousands of men in the building of railroads. Having stolen the results of this labor, they are protected by the envious and jealous of their plunder by legislation and given an enst พฤษภาคม of the laborers who contribute in order that they may extort tribute from the people of California. With the aid of the railroad the farmer cannot get his products to market and the trader cannot get his wares to his customers. The three or four men who own the railroad take advantage of their peculiar power to compel the farmer and the merchant to share with them their profits. There is no pretext on the part of these railroad robbers that charges are based upon the cost of service. Their rule is to charge all the traffic will bear. The result is that they have accumulated millions upon millions, and ground the laborer down until he is afraid to compete with the Chinaman for day wages in a State where there is room for half the population of the United States.

The Californians see this clearly enough, but, when it comes to putting a stop to the robbing, they grope in utter darkness for the remedy. Having been taught by the politicians from early childhood that the right of wrong are in the right of all wrongs, they put their trust in a representative government and expect authority to stay the hand of the robber monopoly. Year after year are they sold by their representatives, and yet they do not see that the bill is a shameful representation of the state of the country. Whenever it is done in the name of authority, these plundered and betrayed people submit to the laws passed by rascals who break their pledges and vote directly opposite to the way in which they are instructed to vote. It never appears to occur to the people that they are under no obligation to abide or be bound by the actions of these so-called representa-
WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

(Continued from page 4.

fifteen years before by the sale of a fur-lined pelisse, a poor lot of furniture, and an old oak table that, however, earned no price. One such bundle was pawned to her for five roubles a stolen passport, and Maria Alexeva not only lost the five roubles, but had to pay fifteen to get out of the scrape. Another time a swimming bear in the cyclist's shop, left with her a gold watch, the proceeds of a murder followed by robbery, and Maria Alexeva had to pay thirty-two to keep her out of prison. But her worst misfortune was the loss of a watch, in which was a gold watch, the proceeds of a murder followed by robbery, and Maria Alexeva had to keep her out of prison. But her worst misfortune was the loss of a watch, which she had been given by her suitor. She came to the police to find her watch, and the police found it for her. Maria Alexeva passed over this black eye because cook of that character work for less money. Having said this, we come to the story.

A lady said she was very much surprised for some time at the house of Maria Alexeva.

This lady received the visits of a very fine-looking gentleman, who often gave handsome presents to her. One fine day she received two books. The engravings in one of these books represented animals and cities; and for the other, Maria Alexeva took it away from her daughter as soon as the visitor had gone, and then sent it to Maria Alexeva. When she showed them to her.

While the lady remained, an unusual tranquility pervaded in the apartments of the parson's house. Maria Alexeva never neglected the clock (of which she always carried the key) in which the decanter of brandy was kept; she whipped neither her daughter nor Verochka, and in general she continued to neglect the family. When the lady left, a great stir and uproar occurred in the house. In the morning, nevertheless, Maria Alexeva said she was surprised; later on she came out of the house, and said between two draughts of brandy:

"Thank God! all has gone well." Then she called Matroena, and instead of abusing or quarrelling as was generally the case when she had been drinking, she offered her a glass of brandy, saying:

"Go on! Drink! You too worked well."

After the visit she went to embrace her daughter and lie down. As for the tenant, she did no more, did not even leave her room, and was not slow in taking her departure.

Two days after she had given a captain of police, accompanied by two of his officers, came and rounded up Maria Alexeva, who, it must be added, took no pains on her part, as the phrase goes, to keep her in less in her pocket. Over any answer she gave, this is what was said:

"I do not know what you mean. If you wish to find out, you will see by the books that the establishment of the widow is a matter of public interest, and that it is no affair of yours."

Poor Maria Alexeva was sent to the police, and one of my acquaintances engaged in business at Pavlov. And that is all.

After having refused her abode, the captain of police finally went away.

That is what Verochka saw at the age of eight.

At the age of nine she received an explanation of the affair from Matroena. For the rest, there had been but one case of the kind in the house. Sometimes other adventures of a different and more numerous kind occurred.

One day, as Verochka, then a girl of ten years, was accompanying her mother usual to the old clothes shop, at the corner of the Rue Grokhovski and the Rue Sadowa, the old lady, who was on the search, dealt her a blow. She heard her mother say her daughter's observation of her mother:

"Instead of sauntering, why don't you cross yourself as you go by the church?"

Do you not make people think there is God in heaven?

At twelve Verochka was sent to boarding-school, and received in addition lessons in piano-playing from a teacher who, though a great drunkard, was a worthy man, and an excellent pianist, but, on account of his drunkenness, had to content himself with a very moderate reward for his services.

At fourteen Verochka did the sewing for the whole family, which, to be sure, was not a large one.

When she was fifteen, such remarks as this were daily addressed to her:

"Go wash your face cleaner! It is as black as a gypsy's."

What you wish in vain; you have the face of a scarecrow; you are like nobody else."

I once have the face of a scarecrow; you are like nobody else.

The little girl, much mortified at her dark complexion, gradually came to consider herself a different sort of being.

Nevertheless, her mother, who formerly covered her with nothing but rags, began to dress her up. When Verochka in fine array followed her mother to church, she said to her:

"Why this finery? For a gypsy's complexion like mine a dress of serge is as good as a dress of silk. This luxury would become others better. It must be nice to see for other girls."

When she was sixteen, Verochka stopped taking music lessons, and became a piano-teacher herself in a boarding-school. In a short time Maria Alexeva found her daughter a suitor, and then the stage was set for the young woman's marriage.

Soon Verochka's mother stopped calling her gypsy and scarecrow; she dressed her even with greater care, for this was a third Alexeva, who, like her mother, always had a black eye and sometimes a swollen cheek. Matroena told Verochka that the chief of her father's bureau desired to ask her to marry, and that this chief was a grave man, wearing a cross upon his nose.

In fact, the employees of the ministry had noticed the absence of the chief of the department, and the wife of one of his colleagues that he intended to marry and that the dowry was of little consequence, provided the woman was beautiful; he added that Pavel Konstantinovitch was an excellent young man.

What would have happened to no one knows; but, while the chief of the department was in this frame of mind, an important event occurred.

The son of the chief's wife, a young man, declared his love to Maria Konstantinovitch, and brought her several samples of wall paper, as she wished to furnish her apartment. Orders of this nature were generally transacted by the mail order house. The intention was evident, and would have been to people of less experience than Verochka's parents. Moreover, the son of the proprietor remained more than half an hour to take tea.

The next day Maria Alexeva gave her daughter a bracelet which had not been redressed and ordered new dresses. One day she brought her a bracelet and a dress, and was given further occasion to rejoice by her mother's purchase for her at last of a new gauzy boobs of admirable elegance. These presents were not lost for Maria Konstantinovitch came every day to the store and found it - goes without saying - in Verochka's conversation a peculiar charm, which - and this too goes without saying - made her so much admired by the chief of the department's long instructions, which it is useless to detail.

"Dress yourself, Verochka," she said to her one evening, on rising from the table: "I hope to purchase a surprise for you. We are going to the opera, and I have taken a box in the second tier, where there are none but gents. All this is for you. I must get it, for I know that my last expenses by her side adorns his substance in foolish expenditures for your sake. To the governor, to the boarding-school, to the piano-teacher, what a sum! You know nothing of all that, think that you are... You have neither soul nor sensibilities.

Maria Alexeva said nothing further; for she no longer abused her daughter, since the reports about the chief of the department, had even ceased to beat her.

So they went to the opera. After the first act the son of the mistress came in, followed by Maria Konstantinovitch, very thin and very polite, while the other, a soldier, inclined to stoutness and had simple manners.

Mikhail Ivnayich, I say, came into the box occupied by Verochka and her parents.

Without further ceremony, after the customary salutations, they sat down and began to converse in low tones in French, Mikhail Ivnayich and the civilan especially; the soldier talked little. (To be continued)

A SECOND LETTER TO

THOMAS P. BAYARD,

CHALLENGING HIS RIGHT, AND THAT OF ALL OTHER J.C.S.; REPR.

DENTS IN CONGRESS, TO EXERCISE ANY LEGISLATIVE POWER WHATSOEVER

OVER THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

To Thomas P. Bayard of Delaware:

Sir,—In your speech at Brooklyn, N.Y., on the 5th of April last, in response to a challenge of the Supreme Law of this Land, you indulged in this assemblage of flight of unveracity:

"Room for His majesty! Room for His majesty! Whose voice is the conscience of the American people, and whose throne is in American heart? I speak now of the Supreme Law of this Land. It is there, in the form, of the written charter of our government, ordained to secure it liberty for us, and for our posterity. It is there, in the form, that the Supreme Law of this Land, declared to be in the charter itself, [What better proof can be required that it is the Supreme Law, than its own declaration that it is] the true and only source of maintaining liberty in this land! Neglect it, forget it, disregard it, disobey it, wear it, impede its carry on, and you disgrace it, disown it, resist it, trample it, and be deposed for it! I do not think that such simple conditions can need my people's less is no less than a bare statement. (Of people's little proof.)

Don't you think, Sir, that your own "simplicity" is a little "sublime," when you tell us that this paper, the constitution, which nobody ever signed, which few people ever read, which about whose meaning no two persons ever agreed, is "the Supreme Law of this Land;" That it is "the conscience of the American people?" That it is the voice of liberty itself? That it is "the observance of the"... the true and only source of maintaining liberty in this 'and'... and so on.

And again, throughout your speech, you repeat the idea, that this so-called constitution, which nobody ever signed, which few people ever read, which about whose meaning no two persons ever agreed, is "the Supreme Law of this Land, the constitution which nobody ever signed, which few people ever read, which about whose meaning no two persons ever agreed, is "the Supreme Law of this Land, that you should describe it as "the Supreme Law of this Land."" Was it set down from the skies by a higher power? Was it a revelation from a higher than human wisdom? Did it originate with any body who had any right authority to impose it upon the people of this country? Was it not concocted in secret conclave, by a thousand men, who had hitherto been the people of this country, than any other forty men in it? Was it originally sanctioned by any body but a few white, male adults, who had prescribed amounts of property... and who, by virtue of this imposition, was demonstrated to be the government of the United States?" and to "ordinance and establish" this constitution on their own authority alone? Was it not practically a conspiracy, on their part, to impose their arbitrary will upon a poor, ignorant, and I trust, to resist it, or to resist it?

And is not this constitution: kept in operation today solely by men — not more than thirty, at the height of the feverish excitement in secret ballot), solely because they dare not give them in to make themselves personally responsible for the acts of any of them, but, on the contrary, that the whole fifty millions of people — four-fifths of whom are allowed no voice in the matter — surrender all their natural rights to life, liberty, and happiness to the four hun-

*The above extract from your speech is taken from the Boston "Sunday Herald" of April 4, 1844.*
and "disobey," that our liberty is lost; or, rather, never had an existence. And if you and your audience do not know that such is the truth, your and your ignorance is entirely your own.

And let me repeat, what I have heretofore saith to you, that justice is a science to be learned, like any other science, and not any thing that can be made, unmade, or altered, by any other human power, law, or act, of which you or other legislators, as you call yourselves, are strangely oblivious.

In a speech, you attempted to picture to your audience how "the loss of liberty," in this land, and all the direful consequences of that loss, result from the "unbridled will of a corrupt Senator." Can the words "corrupt" and "will" be used in that way? Is it possible that you do no harm, and may perhaps do good, to be reminded of it again. Let me now say to you again, that all this "unbridled will of a congressional major- ity," which you view as the cause of our "loss of liberty," had its origin -- its fountain head -- in that very constitution--that same "Super- me Law of this Land," whose observance you tell us, "is the true and only means of maintaining liberty in this land?"

For any speech, or debate, or vote, in either house, they [the senators and representatives] shall be questioned [by any legal accountability] in any other place. (Note: Appx.) Sec. 6.

Here you see, Sir, that this "unbridled will of a congressional majority," of which you speak so much, is (art. 1, sec. 6, as well as the rest) a part of our constitution, which is made entirely and in every instance "unbridled" will, and for which you have no accountability, and cannot be questioned to the "true and only means of maintaining liberty in this land?"

Have you ever voted in your constitution? or are you so ignorant of it as to make an insinuation of that kind?

If you have ever read the constitution, what do you mean by telling us that it gives any authority at all, except such as "the unbridled will of a congressional majority," as such a declaration is but a mere speculation on the part of the legislators, or representatives or representatives; has it any authority whatever under it, except such as you have derived from "the unbridled will of some majority or minority, which they are as much free to exercise, and as much to do, as if they had taken it upon themselves to destroy the liberty of their fellow-men, and usurp an irresponsible dominion over them. And you and all your associate and co-conspirators in your legislation are today the agents of the "unbridled will of the majorities, or minorities -- no matter which that selected you to do their bidding; and that will discard you, and punish you in your place the humblest, if true. And I do not wonder that you felt the necessity of uttering it. But if it be true, perhaps you can tell us what power, or what process, five millions of people become of all their natural, inherent, inalienable rights; and if you wish to comprehend the impossibility of what you assert. Yet you are bound to say that all this was possible, if you say that the four hundred have now power to make all others do what they wish, and control all the natural, inherent, inalienable rights; for, if they have any valid authority for trans- passing upon the least of them, they have an equally valid authority for striking the whole body of our constitutions, and destroying our government now acts. It acknowledges no limits to its own power; and consequently denies the existence of any natural rights whatever remaining in the people. If, in fact, you take the power of government away from the people, there has been no "trick," and no "swindle," it is because the whole transaction has been a simple, open, naked, unadulterated usurpation and robbery.

You are not so blind as not to see this.

If, Sir, you should ever again pay your adoration to the "Superme Law of this Land," and should call upon the rest of mankind to kneel with you, let me advise you to prevent any confusion of ideas, and avoid any apparent contradic- tions -- while expressing the same sentiments, you make some slight changes in your phraseology. I would suggest the following, as being more simple, more clear, and therefore more convincing, as well as more lucid.

Room for their Majesties! Room for their Majesties! Room for the unbridled will of all legislative majorities, state and national! The more we have of them the better. They are our masters, our rulers, the true and only means of maintaining liberty. And I do not wonder that you felt the necessity of uttering it. But if it be true, perhaps you can tell us what power, or what process, five millions of people become of all their natural, inherent, inalienable rights. And, if you wish to comprehend the impossibility of what you assert. Yet you are bound to say that all this was possible, if you say that the four hundred have now power to make all others do what they wish, and control all the natural, inherent, inalienable rights; for, if they have any valid authority for trans- passing upon the least of them, they have an equally valid authority for striking the whole body of our constitutions, and destroying our government now acts. It acknowledges no limits to its own power; and consequently denies the existence of any natural rights whatever remaining in the people. If, in fact, you take the power of government away from the people, there has been no "trick," and no "swindle," it is because the whole transaction has been a simple, open, naked, unadulterated usurpation and robbery.

You are not so blind as not to see this.

Here you see, Sir, that your ideas have been scrupulously preserved, while the form of expression has been, I hope, a little improved.

But lest some persons, who may listen to your eulogies, should be so dull, as not to be able to imagine that your tenets are but a"sublimity and" a "sublimity of their value," and that in "so mighty in truth," let me advise you that you throw none more of genial polit- ical wisdom, before such insupportable creatures, but turn your back on them, and let them to "loss their liberty."
A Lesson to Apostates. (Continued from page 5.)

elings to Davitt and the contemptible shallowness and stealthy political cunning of Parnell. Yet who-
ever will realize that the speech will see that the career of Davitt, is sinking in the Henry George salt with a gulp and vomiting up all that made the Land League possible, hays him utterly helpless under Parnell's political scheme, and logically bars him from any manner of activity with any branch of the recognized Irish movement.

When this fatal apostasy of Davitt and Patrick Ford appeared at a critical juncture, the dearest and deepest friends of both, foreseeing the inevitable result, adjured them by all means to save the monstrous falsehoods of George in the columns of the "Irish World." They were deliberately barred, while praises of George flowed from week to week the columns formerly headed by Davitt's old Land League associates. The day, when George comes home in failure to roost and Davitt banished from the Irish movement, the editor of the "Irish World" may well indulge in some profitable reflections upon the dangers of swallowing with a gulp "the idol" and feeling that he had "tasted himself against an antidote by the illiberal device of barring out honest criticism."

Thou Shalt Not Steal!

Joseph Cook, the new Boston oracle, had a partially lucid "interlude," recently, and attempted to wrestle with Henry George's theories on the land question. The oracle is quite right in rejecting Mr. George's scheme for the nationalization of land, but his Interlude does not give any good reason for the faith that is in him. Mr. Cook regards with pinion horror any proposition to take the land away from the hands of the absentee landlords, because that would be an attack upon the institution of property, and so he does Henry George the wretched injustice of saying: "The trouble with him is that he is not enough conversant with the commandment, 'Thou shalt not steal.' " Mr. Cook has taken the mere letter of the commandment without the spirit, and anyone who knows him would trust to his honesty as confidently as to that of the oracular Jo Cook. In fact, the latter takes the more narrow view of the scope of the commandment.

It is not yet dawned upon the eminent theologian's mind that rent is robbery and that all men have equal right to use the soil as they have to light and air. To take from the landlord the privilege of levying taxes upon the occupants of the land would be a violation of his property right which Mr. Cook professes to be so conscientious. It would be substantial just to the human race. Actual possession and use of land is one thing. Possession plus legal privilege is quite another thing.

The first is a natural, equitable right which belongs to all the residents of the country; the second, with Henry George is that he thinks it would be right to substitute one great robber landlord for a score of small robber landlords, and that it would "save the merits of the case to call the plunder "taxes" instead of "rent." (I wonder how the writer of 'Coops and Henrys" has a superstitious reverence for proprietorship, and thinks it stealing to compel a robber to make restitution. On the whole, brother Cook and another George both need to inquire much deeper into the matter before they can understand the full significance of the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal!"

The Generation of the Horse-Leech.

The insatiable Grant family, gone forth to shear the lambs of Wall street and come back shorn again, stands before the people in the attitude of an impudent and pertinacious beggar, demanding taxes the people shall be taxed for the General and his gambling gravy. When General Grant retired from office, his friends made up a purse of $750,000 for him and upon that sum and numerous other gifts and spoils which he had accumulated, it was supposed he w our, given out in the shape of assistant secretaries, bookkeepers, lawyers, public relations men, and so on, they are doing work that is not done within the walls of libraries or law schools.

Down with a demagogue! The slaves did not bother their heads with "Liberty," until the demagogues poisoned their minds with pestiferous notions. Birds that are born and educated in cages don't worry about "Liberty," but are content to be在国内 that God has placed them. Our free and enlightened citizens—those who are not citizens—are satisfied, serene, happy, band, knowing the fixed law that well governed our forefathers, the last years, banks, soldiers, and other professionals. Yet you, forthwith, must invert the old evil and persuade our citizens to approve of the proposals of a Knec-

The DRAMES. [BOSTON] A dramer, seers the worker, But the dramer never serves at his who works; The dramer never knows the flesh, That has been just and the world more free. It stands upon the mountain top above the clouds, And with the glass of lifeoses' in hand, White didly looking at the struggle of the world, Within his mind the box-office of life are being born. The laborer gives up life by giving food, But the dramer that makes life worth living. Tomorrow, with bare hands, they'll pause before his grave. — C. H. RYLAND

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A L E X A N D R E. 174

A dramatic, seers the worker, But the dramer never serves at his who works; The dramer never knows the flesh, That has been just and the world more free. It stands upon the mountain top above the clouds, And with the glass of lifeoses' in hand, White didly looking at the struggle of the world, Within his mind the box-office of life are being born. The laborer gives up life by giving food, But the dramer that makes life worth living. Tomorrow, with bare hands, they'll pause before his grave. — C. H. RYLAND