On Picket Duty.

The camp in Egypt is simply one more phase of the modern universal struggle between the people and the powers.

"Free thought." says the Philadelphia "Evening News," "is a glorious thing—in theory, but in practice it is a good deal like free love, free trade, and free rumor." Exactly so; and therefore a glorious thing in practice, too.

Postmaster-General Howe has written a letter in which he says that hereafter he shall rule out of the mails on the ground of obscurity no publications that have not been pronounced obscene by the courts. Liberty hastens to acknowledge that for once something good has come out of Nazareth.

One of our exchanges well says:—"The cry of 'Ireland for the Irish' is one which possesses real meaning when it signifies the transfer of the land to the occupiers. But it 'has little significance when you require that it be translated into a practical meaning that nobly owns the land itself, and that everybody is to pay rent to the government for it.'"

An international conference is to be held at Neuchatel, beginning September 19, by the British and Continental Federation for the Abolition of State Regulation of Vice, over which Emile de Laveleye is to preside. Of the many societies with long names this is the first, so far as we know, desiring to let vice alone and stop meddling from interfering with it. We trust that it may soon extend its operations to this country, and inaugurate a campaign for the extermination of all the active and penurious little pests of whom Anthony Comstock is the leader and typical representative.

Joseph Henry, late of Sallins, Kansas, is about to issue a series of six pamphlets, to be sold at twenty-five cents each, in which he will discuss the subject of death and sectional funerals, contrasting our own with the Christian death and urging the organization of free-thought societies whereby to make more prevalent the custom of what the French call 'a civil burial.' With Proudhon he looks upon the manner of a people's death as the decisive test of the value of their education and morality, and regards secular funerals as the symbol of the social renovation. Mr. Henry is an aged working-man who has given many years to an independent investigation of this subject, and those who feel an interest in it will do well to get themselves acquainted with his views.

We learn from "Le Monde d'Aujourd'hui" that Anicette Cipriani, the brave Italian revolutionist whose unjust trial and sentence have already been detailed in these columns, was unexpectedly released by aging under the threat of a strong guard of soldiers and policemen, to one of the galleries of the Italian municipality. He was informed of the change only a few moments before his departure, and neither his friends nor his family knew whether they would ever see him again. "They are courted," says "L'Internaute," "inspired by fear and a spirit of revenge, recall the dark days when the Bastille had not yet been demolished. "The Italian morality has shown itself on this occasion, as always heretofore, as cruel towards the revolutionists as the cause themselves."

We have offered to meet the enemy, but the enemy declines to be met. The actor displayed by District Attorney Stevens in opening his campaign against Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" seems to have cooled suddenly when confronted by an opponent who refuses to surrender when hidden, so lay down by his own authority, so that we still admire, the book for sale, and sell it openly and readily, but, so far as we know, no steps have been taken toward depriving us of our liberty for so doing. Contrast this with a ready sale for the work in Boston stores at "les, but pursue their commendable occupation undetered by the authorities. The grand jury for Suffolk county has held its usual monthly session, but, as its report in no way mentions us, we conclude that its attention has not been called to our alleged violation of the law. All of which goes to show that they have rights who know them, and, "knowing, dare maintain," it is to be hoped that the Boston booksellers will soon begin to keep the book in stock. Till then we shall continue to supply copies by mail, postpaid, at the rate of two dollars each.

Attorney General George Marston, after persistent silence regarding the charge that he prompted the attack upon "Leaves of Grass" (although we have excellent authority for saying that he has private denial all connection therewith), now tacitly admits its truth by giving to the press for publication a congratulatory letter from one Joseph A. Galbraith, of Dublin, who signed himself "Senior Fellow of Trinity College." This Galbraith, after pluming himself on procuring the exclusion of the book in question from his own University library, concludes thus:--I confess that it gave me a high moral satisfaction to find that so high a legal authority as you found it necessary, as the guardian of public morality, to forbid its publication within the limits of your State." In publishing this letter does he not wittingly compose the "Grandfather's Chair" of Mazzini's maxim of "forbid the publication of Leaves of Grass" within his jurisdiction, but allows its sale, the fact of which is now notorious? If he does, he makes himself ridiculous, and, if not, he appears no less so in publicly accepting congratulations on the issuance of an order which he does not dare to put into execution.

The recent arrest of Henry George by the English authorities was an act of tyranny which we are ready to go as far as any one in denouncing. There is absolutely nothing to be said for it. But it seems to have excited an indignation in the breasts of some of our contemporaries—the New York "Truth," for instance—so completely disproportionate to that aroused in the same quarter by the street and imprisonments of other naturalized American citizens who of late years have visited Ireland on errands very similar to George's. The excess of rage manifested on George's account appears to be based on the fact that in his case the victim is an author and gentleman of culture. We cannot look with any favor upon this discrimination. Mr. George's authorship of "Progress and Poverty" entitles him in the minds of some to great respect, and in the minds of others to unlimited ridicule,—in our mind, to something of both,—but we are not aware that it endows him with a single right as an American citizen which he did not enjoy before, and in common with the humblest of his fellows. Remembering this, the detention of Mr. George for three hours, down though it be it seems a trivial outrage beside the imprisonment of Mr. McSweeney, for Lasson, who has been languishing in a British jail for many months.

It is generally recognized in these days by the best editors of encyclopaedias and biographical series that one of the first requisites of a good biographer is a more or less substantial sympathy with the subject of whom he treats. Mr. Morse, the editor of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s "American Statesmen" series, seems to have forgotten this in selecting a biographer of John C. Calhoun. Dr. H. von Holst, who was chosen for that office and whose work has just been published, is a German who believes in German methods, an advocate of extreme decentralization, a bitter opponent of the liberal ideas of government for which Calhoun so steadfastly struggled, and a man altogether about as fit a biographer of Calhoun as Robert Toombs would be of William Lloyd Garrison. The book which he has produced is what might have been expected—therefore sufficiently successful to keep the book in stock. Till then we shall continue to supply copies by mail, postpaid, at the rate of two dollars each.
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BOSTON, MASS., AUGUST 19, 1882.

"A free man is he who enjoys the use of his reason and his faculties: he, likewise, being in his own behalf or behalf of others, not restrained or driven by oppression, nor deceived by erroneous opinions."—Pufendorf.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The next issue of Liberty, No. 26, will appear September 16.

The Red Cross Fund.

RECEIVED TO AUGUST 15, 1882.

Previously acknowledged: W. J. Grover, New York $3.00.
Welcome B. Darling, Utica, N. Y. $1.00.
R. M. W. H., St. Louis, Mo. $2.00.
Sales of "English" "French and Irish Sufferers."

Total, $245.75.

HUMERS TO NICOLAS CHALAEY, LONDON.

March 31, Draft for $10, cashing.
April 3, Deposit for $10, draft for $10, cashing.
April 21, Draft for $10, cashing.
April 29, Deposit for $10, cashing.
May 16, On hand, $245.75.

Where We Stand.

Mr. B. W. Bell writes the best articles that appear in the American Press, and among the best that appear in any of the weeklies, which is saying a good deal. We were the more gratified, therefore, to find his treatise in a recent number the most lucid, best delineating, impression to the existence of the State. He at least is clear-minded enough not to understand the importance of the advent into social and political agitation of so straightforward, consistent, unadorned, determined, and, withal, philosophically rooted a factor as modern Anarchism, although with the ablest of our passengers, Mr. Underwood, declares that the issue which the Anarchists present "admits of no discussion."

But even Mr. Ball seems, by his article on "Anti-State Theories," that, despite his prominence and soundness of purpose and being impressed by the appearance of this new movement, he has as yet studied it too superficially to know anything of the groundwork of the thought which produced, animates, and guides it. Indeed this first shot of its files as wide of the mark that certain incidental phrases indicative of the object of his aim were needed to assure us that Anarchism really was his target. A word, he has opened fire on the Anarchists without inquiring where we stand. Where, then, does he suppose us to stand? His central argument against us, stated briefly, is this: where crime exists, force must exist to repress it. Who denies it? Certainly not Liberty; certainly not the Anarchists. Anarchism is not a revival of non-resistance, although there may be non-resistants in its ranks. The direction of Mr. Ball's attack implies that we would let robbery, rape, and murder make havoc in the community without lifting a finger to stay their hand. If they are so far beyond the reach of the law, which are the external enemies of invasion of person and property, and, although it be so destroying the community's existence, they are to be allowed to destroy the community's existence. It is true that we look forward to the ultimate disappearance of the necessity for force for the purpose of repressing crime, but this also involved is it as a necessary result by us means a necessary condition of the abolition of the State.

In opposing the State, therefore, we do not deny Mr. Ball's proposition, but distinctly affirm and emphasize it. We make war upon the State as the chief invader of person and property, as the cause of substantially all the crime and misery that exist, as itself the most gigantic criminal existent. It manufactures criminals much faster than it punishes them. It exists to create and sustain the privileges which produce economic and social crime. It is the sole support of the monopolies which concentrate wealth and learning in the hands of a few and disperse poverty and ignorance among the masses, to the increase of which inequality the increase of crime is directly proportionate. It preys in part upon the people with the ability by methods too subtle to be understood by the victims, and these preys upon uninnocent members of the majority as to attempt to plunder others by methods too subtle to be recognized by the State as legitimate, crowning its outrages by deluding scholars and philosophers of Mr. Bell's stamp into pleading, as an excuse for its infamous existence, the necessity of repressing the crime which it steadily creates.

Mr. Ball—to his honor be it said—during anti-slavery days, was a steadfast abolitionist. He earnestly desired the abolition of slavery. Doubtless he

The Unholy Root of Despotism.

Congress has adjourned. Hardly is the fact announced when a general cry of relief goes up from all quarters. Taking up the great dailies one sees such announcements of the adjournment as "Thank God it is done!" "Thank God they have adjourned!" "The heated term a blessing!" etc., while the very political organs of the congressmen are lavish in denouncements of them as a recognized body of thieves who have "let up" for a season to cool off. In the scolding, rooms, clubs, and wherever people come together to talk over the daily news the adjournment of congress is made the subject of grim jokes, of which the understood inference is that a body of professional thieves has temporarily assumed the disguise of statesmen, and given editorial paragraphs materials enough to last a week or more.

And yet all this joking is carried on by the editors, capitalists, and politicians themselves in the face of our moral dilemma, in the face of the fact that, in the councils, rooms, clubs, and wherever people come together to talk over the daily news the adjournment of congress is made the subject of grim jokes, of which the understood inference is that a body of professional thieves has temporarily assumed the disguise of statesmen, and given editorial paragraphs materials enough to last a week or more.

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To the Vessel That Carries the Cash.

The following article is a translation of an editorial written by Maurice Talmey, which appeared in "J'Interrogeant" of July 13, just after the bombardment of Alexandria.

The most touching news that has reached us from Egypt—news that will make the heads of all our statesmen, Including the most ardent admirers of public peace, feel a sense of concern and regret—is this.

A vessel carrying the cash of the Ottoman Bank, of the Credit Lyonnais, and of several other banking houses, has already left here.

At the present hour, therefore, news tells us, at the mercy of all the hazards, all the accidents, and all the vicissitudes of the journey, a vessel carrying the cash of the Ottoman Bank! The cash of the Credit Lyonnais is entrusted to the safety of a few planks, precisely as was Virginia when Paul nailed her, all breadthwise, on shore.

The Cash— those empty hopes and empty hopes of M. Gambetta, of M. Sharer, and of M. Pasquier, is dependent on this moment upon a tempest. A gust of wind may throw to the sea the first three of these vessels, the last one may not reach the harbor, and it may happen that the news will reach us from Egypt that the vessel has burned beneath the water, to the total loss of the strong-boxes for more than a thousand victims have already been massed in these strong-boxes, and in which the Egyption government, the Austrian government, the French and British, the Prussian and Turkish, so many twenty-thousand franc-seals, so many pounds sterling, yellow offerings of the Golden Calf in whose name the rabble and the ignorant contemporary politicians have decided to soak Egypt in blood.

This vessel bears the divinity of the day. For this godless minister makes empty the empty hearts of chambers, and the discontented men commit murder by wholesale. Deputies and senators who came into political life six or seven years ago not worth a sou, and who have since become rich and powerful, these ministers, these men of administration, are servants of this god. It is because he has been touched by the grace of this providence that such and such a minister, such and such a minister, such and such a minister, has been chosen by the people, by the people, by the people.

The cash is entrusted to the safety of a few planks, precisely as was Virginia when Paul nailed her, all breadthwise, on shore.

Today this Cash-Box is the Ael, Ares; reasons of buffer have replaced reasons of faith.

It would be a fine thing to see the Orienteering get to our bank account, as in the olden times, mingled up with the English fleet, war unshielded everywhere, the Mehemman covered with bullets, dirhams, and slaves, and all for the immortal principles of the great Monarch—"Before and above all," M. Gambetta, dictator of the seas, would tell us, "do not forget that you are to save the Credit Lyonnais and the Bank of France and the Arabians with all the people of the country, the vessel that bears their interests. Sacrifice yourselves all, to the last man, on behalf of the "Jour- nal des Debats." Allow the capture, if you must, of the vessel that carries the flag, but do not allow the capture of the vessel that carries the Cash.

The "Mael" and "Ares," the_ "Orient-Express," the "Traveler"—all requisitioned, all requisitioned for the government. Behind the foot of the road, behind the road, behind the road, the government takes the means of the Ottoman Bank, of the Credit Lyonnais, and the government uses it for the government, for the government, for the government, for the government.

For ourselves, we think it was very honest in the Egyptians not to lend council of security, nor to lend the cash of the "Orient Express," nor to lend the cash of the "Traveler"—all requisitioned, all requisitioned for the government. Behind the foot of the road, behind the road, behind the road, the government takes the means of the Ottoman Bank, of the Credit Lyonnais, and the government uses it for the government, for the government, for the government, for the government.

The only natural right Capital has, as seen by the law of debt that is controlling all property, is the right of devastation. The law of debt forces every man to give in three sacrifices of that labor as reward for the use of his land, decay, decreasing, capital, to lend to us, to save, to invite us, to invite us to work and to pay out, to pay for our food, to pay for our wages, to pay for our rent.

New, if new they do this for hire, they are a robber, or a representative of a robber system. The robber takes his debt and he has the right to do so, and the robber extinguishes and cancels the right by the use of his power.

Capital's Only Right.
TO MRS. LUCY N. GOLMAN.
Read July 28, 1839, on the occasion of Walter C. Wright, of Medford, being one of the first ladies to celebrate the fiftieth birthday of Mrs. Lucy N. Gollman, the venerable ambassador.

O Friend! the severer hours of our experience,
Rend the hidden page of Deceit a Wrong.
May, glad years,—Earth's trembling Day,
That all of Peace be restored.
Hours of work! years! Love, love, sweet soul.
Who's glad to be born?—Is it so? At all,
Ah, no! but who we now,
Rejoice that we are what we are.
That sea of sorrow, solemn sea,
That glass of silver sheen.
By the light of the moon,
They of prophetic sight.
Wishes, they, as they pass by.

The Assasinated Guiteau.
Henri Rochefort, with characteristic bravado and acrimony, at once in the cockpit of the presidium of the Republic. His career it was justly destined by history in one of the earliest articles on Guiteau's act.

The act of Guiteau, the assassin, or, rather, the murder of President Garfield,—for assassination implicates a will,—the act of Verger, the murder of the assassin, and also of the hydrophobie MENÉS, is simply a judicial assassination. It is not to be doubted that these men were wickedly diseased, and that the jurors are more responsible for their death than the wretches who had lost all responsibility.

Three terrible manifestations of public anger testify to the profound immorality which makes the scaffold the pretended avenger of the society. They do not measure the crime by the mental condition of him who commits it. They estimate it in the importance of the victim. It is evident that, if Guiteau had been a peasant and not the president of the United States, it would have been the grandeur born of a family of madmen, could only be confined in a lunatic asylum as one afflicted with a dementia that had become dangerous.

But the universal grief provoked by this unpunishable crime rendered the judges impecunious, and even made the doctors, who did not hesitate to declare the possession of the free will a lunatic absolutely condemned. If, so, the judge, Verger had stabbed one of his penitents instead of his chief bishop, it would have been demonstrated by all the authorities that this violence had never for a moment had his own hand.

They decided before the lord, destructive of the whole principle of authority, that even, out of that surface, could contrast with d's evil to a prince of the church; and Verger was guiltless, though in no view a subject for the guillotine.

The death-penalty is thus being gradually transformed into a punishment of hatred, not of protection.

The deep and startling story of the last moments of the wretch whom the Americans have offered as a sacrifice to the memory of their lamented president clearly shows that the Saint Anne Asylum and that of the Ville-Everard never harbored a more thoroughly stripped of his reason. This restless man, who composing himself for the occasion, desired to be read upon the name of the judge, and was to be strangled at the very moment when he shall pronounce that line of his poetry, and who, addressing the people, expresses the desire that some one may set himself in the face of the demon to show him his true cost twice as many.

In his case as to Yerges: it is evident that his frightful deed was the most part of the fact that his victim was unsatisfied with him, and consequently he could not have secured his ill to any extent whatever. It is probably because the use of these powerful, and therefore the jury and from all disposition to be indulgent, had absolutely determined that he was concerned by no disease, he could not have recovered his senses, could not have affected by any excessive, and somewhat, and that he was guilty.

We do not continue to detect the cunning that falls upon your eye, and do not miss in this the leaguer in that press your body. Men like Guiteau are living anarchists, no more to be called to an account than the clouds which pass over your head. Men like Guiteau are living anarchists, no more to be called to an account than the

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The tragic death of President Garfield moved us as deeply as any other event of the century. The death of the beloved Henry Clay, of the New York Review, made us grieve for the country. But the death of Garfield is the death of the Republic, as the passage of the English Union was the death of the Revolution. Garfield was the last to die, in this and the affair which has just produced its second corpse, the more assassinated of the two is Guiteau.

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