On Picket Duty.

The present increasing political chaos is a good omen in Anarchistic eyes.—not because it is chaos, but because it is the forerunner, more or less immediate, of a truer social order.

Reaching Colfax, Iowa, on a Sunday, during his recent Western stump-riding tour, General Butler, being called on for a speech from the car platform, declined to respond. "I cannot talk politics on Sunday," objected the presidential candidate of the organ of the No. 3 and Liberal Leagues.

Liberty is in receipt from Mr. William Potts, Secretary of the Civil Service Reform Association of New York, of interesting documents setting forth what that organization has accomplished, and of a postal card, upon which I am requested to state whether.Lib. "I am in sympathy with a reform of the Civil Service upon the basis of competitive and other examinations to test the fitness of applicants and appointees, simply upon grounds of fitness, and not for partisan reasons." I returned the postal card to Mr. Secrecy Potts, with the following announcement upon it of my adherence to his movement: "Liberty regards all civil government as based on compulsory taxation as necessarily and essentially a fraud, and is interested to see it get as poor service as possible. In Liberty's opinion no poorer service could be given than that which would result from the system of competitive examinations, and on that ground only Liberty sympathizes with your proposed reform."

It is interesting to note contrasts of opinion. The attention of Liberty's readers has already been called to the humanitarian wish of the Providence "Press" that "such men as Ediss Reclus" might be "promptly shot." Now, one would suppose that to justify this wish of one of two things must be true,—either Reclus must be a very wicked man or his writings must be very disastrous in their effects. But both of these things are questioned:—"a journal quite as reputable as the "Press," the Boston " Transcript," which says: "Such an anarchist as Reclus may share of his harmless life and his work, but in this country his words will have little effect." Between these seemingly contradictory views I am forced to the opinion of my friend, Mr. Seaver, of the "Expositor," that "before Reclus is shot, it may be well to read what he says." Blunt's "Wind and Whirlwind" is the occasion of a similar discrepancy of view among the critics. For instance, Mrs. Sara A. Underwood tells the readers of the "Index" that it is by no means an extraordinary production, just a fair, every-day sort of thing, while John Boyle O'Reilly in the "Pilot's" pseudonym is a "poem of real merit and noble purpose to the..." subhuman race.

This question is less pressing that it is to the minds of those who read these, critics, for all such knowledge in advance must be the producing and not adopted by a person of Mrs. Underwood's lofty imaginative faculty and musical nature than that which satisfies the discordant and prosaic soul of Boyle O'Reilly.

George C. Siny, everything by turns and nothing long, has joined the Spiritualists. I wish him joy of his pottage.

Though Donn Platt, in his letter to John Swinton reprinted in another column, overestimates the importance of the tariff question and misapprehends the Democratic party's intentions regarding it, he "sizes up" Ben Butler as most accurately and graphically and shows the absurdity of the prevalent idea that there is anything Jeffersonian about that worshipper of Power.

Mr. Ross Winans has begun vigorous prosecution of crooks for trespass and his only game preserve of a quarter of a million acres. Mr. Winans and other preservers of game are devoid of undertakings needful to perpetuate. If they persist in depriving the crofter of the small pleasure of poaching for pleasantry, they will put into his hand the idea that it is his duty to go hunting for larger game.

Governor St John is: respectable man, and as for the cause he represents, though it may not be universally approved of, it certainly is not immoral. [New York Star.] Any attempt to interfere with the personal rights of others, any use of force to compel them to conform to our view of right in matters affecting their own conduct, is a violation of Liberty. Any statute of prohibition is immoral. The cause of prohibition is the cause of tyranny. Prohibition certainly is immoral.

Mr. Jones, the wealthy iron-manufacturer who is attending to the financial business of one of the swindling devices known as a political party, says that he himself has been govern by a cold deliberate calculation of cost. This is well enough perhaps, but what will become of Mr. Jones's swindling schemes when the laborer and the capitalist shall be governed by what is actually the probable calculation of cost? What Mr. Jones really means is that industry must be governed by cold calculation of the capitalist's interest. He uses the word "cost" without understanding it. He should, some day, calculate the cost of the political chicanery he is engaged in promoting.

The Boston "Herald," which enjoys the distinction of being one of the most ignorant and narrow-minded journals of its class, says there is no descent from Thomas Carlyle to Ozenk Wilde. "Wilde," says the "Herald," is "a crank; so was Carlyle. The Scotch philosopher was a man of brains. So is the aesthete. Both, believing in advertising themselves, and both, were fond of posting for popular admiration! Where is the descent?" If the extensively misinformed person who is employed to disseminate ignorance through the editorial columns of the "Herald" would take the trouble to read Carlyle's writings and borrow brains enough to understand them, he would discover that the author of "Sartor Resartus" was one of the creators by which the world is turned over, and that he devoted his life and genius to something quite different from the "Herald." While it has traits of the "Herald," it has not been from poaching for popular admiration. The descent from Carlyle to Wilde is even greater than from Sartor to Aribidales, but I have no doubt that the "Herald" would have no more than it does Carlyle, as much as the other three. While it has traits of the "Herald," it has not been from poaching for popular admiration. The descent from Carlyle to Wilde is even greater than from Sartor to Aribidales, but I have no doubt that the "Herald" would have no more than it does Carlyle, as much as the other three. While it has traits of the "Herald," it has not been from poaching for popular admiration. The descent from Carlyle to Wilde is even greater than from Sartor to Aribidales, but I have no doubt that the "Herald" would have no more than it does Carlyle, as much as the other three.
WHAT'S TO BE DONE?
A ROMANCE.
By N. G. TCHERCHENYCHESKY.
Translated by H. R. Tucker.
Continued from No. 56.

"Well? Have you not always told me that everything rests on money?"

"And do you really think me, then, so stupid that I cannot understand books and draw conclusions from premises?"

"No. You are very clever. Really, my dear Vorchtscha, I do not understand you."

"What a subject! He too wants to be a despot and make me dependent upon him? No, that shall not be, Dmitry Serguevitch; do you understand me now?"

"Speak, and I will try to understand."

"Everything rests on money, you say, Dmitry Serguevitch; consequently, whoever has money has power and freedom, say your books; then, as long as woman lives at man's expense, she will be dependent on him, will she? Not! I thought that I could not understand that, and would be your slave? No, Dmitry Serguevitch, I will not suffer your despotism! I know that you intend to be a good and benevolent despot, but I do not intend that you shall be a despot at all. And now this is what we will do. You shall cut off arms and legs and administer death. I, on the other hand, will give lessons on the piano. What matters shall we form about our life?"

"Perfect, Vorchtscha! Let every woman maintain with all her strength her independence of every man, however great her love for and confidence in him. Will you succeed? I know not, but it astonishes little; whoever arrives at such a decision is already almost secure against reversal life; 1/3, at the worst, he can always dispense with another. But how resolutions are, Vorchtscha! You say: 'I will not live at your expense,' and I praise you for it. How can we talk in this way?"

"Resolutions or not, that matters little, dear friend. We are going to live in our own way and as we deem most fitting. What further plans shall we form about our life?"

"I gave you my ideas, Vera Pal'orovna, about one side of our life; you have listened to them and some you have seen; you have chided me tyrant, despot; so good enough I have made your own plans. It seems hand in hand they move, dear friend, think as you will with which to disguise my idea to render them powerless that I propose. What plans, then, would be your choice, my friend? I am sure that I shall have only congratulations to offer."

"What! Do you pay me compliments? You wish to be agreeable to me? You flatter yourself that you are going to rule, while appearing to submit? I know that trick, and beg you not to make it. It is better for you to be more yourself."

"I am amused. Do nothing of the kind; I shall grow too proud."

"Very well, Vera Pal'orovna. I will rule, if you prefer. Your nature has so little of the feminine element that you are undoubtedly about to form utterly masculine ideas."

"Will you tell me, dear friend, what the feminine nature is? Because woman's voice is not listened to, and if you wish, my dear friend, you may be false to me."

"Worse than that, Vorchtscha."

"Then I am going to throw off this femininity and put forth utterly masculine ideas."

"What? When you talk this way, I shall not believe you. You shall be rebuffed, false plans be your first friend. Oh! I have not yet told you how my despot Dmitry Serguevitch have deceived you."

"Beware of detecting him; he is an excellent man."

"I detect him, and I shall forbid you to see him."

"And you are so afraid of Nirsanov that she desires to make a doll of her husband. How am I to see no more of Kirsanov when we live together?"

"Are you always in each other's arms?"

"We are together at breakfast and dinner, but our arms are otherwise occupied."

"Then you are not together all day?"

"Very near together. He in his room, I in mine."

"Well, if that is the case, why not entirely occupied about your personal affairs? Consequently I shall have no right to demand anything of you. If you, dear friend, decide it useful to speak to me of your affairs, you will do so of your own motion, and I think you will do so."

"The second rule requires some explanation, Vorchtscha. We see each other in the kitchen and the parlor, which I do not dare to show myself in yours; then I shall not see you until dinner-time."

"No.

"But who tells you that we quarrel? That has never happened once. We live well-nigh separately; we are friends, it is true, but how can that concern you."

"How nicely I have trapped him! You did not intend to tell me how we shall live, and yet you have told me all! Listen, then; we shall act upon your words; if we have two rooms, we shall leave you one room for you and one for me, and a little parlor where we will take breakfast, dinner, and receive our visitors,—those who come to see us both, not you or me alone. Second, I shall not dare to enter your room lest I disturb your peace. I will not dare to, and that is why you do not quarrel. No more shall you dare to enter mine. So much for the second place. Third, you are my dear friend, I forget to ask you whether Kirsanov muddles with your affairs and you with his. Do you have a right to call one another to account for anything?"

"I see why you ask this question. I will not answer."

"But really I detect him! You do not answer me; it is needless. I know how to tell the right, I know better about your personal affairs. Consequently I shall have no right to demand anything of you. If you, dear friend, decide it useful to speak to me of your affairs, you will do so of your own motion, and I think you will do so."

"The second rule requires some explanation, Vorchtscha. We see each other in the kitchen and the parlor, which I do not dare to show myself in yours; then I shall not see you until dinner-time."

"No."

"But suppose a friend comes to see me, and tells me that another friend is coming at two o'clock. I must go out at one o'clock to attend to my affairs; shall I be allowed to ask you to give this friend who is to come at two o'clock a seat as he seeks,—can I ask you to do that, provided you intend to remain at home?"

"You can always ask that. Whether I will consent or not is another question. In the meantime, you will have to call the person to ask him not to do what he sent to do a service, that you can always do."

"Very well. But when we are at dinner, I may not know that I need a servant. I cannot order you now. How shall I make my want known?"

"Oh, God! how simple he is! A trivial instance! You go into the neutral room, and ask: 'Vera Pal'orovna, may I have you a glass of wine?' Dmitry Serguevitch! You say: 'I must go out; Monsieur A. (giving the name of your friend) is coming. I have some information for him. Can I ask him to come to you, Vera Pal'orovna, to deliver a message? I shall be glad to do it.' I am sure that you will accept this offer. If I say yes, I go into the neutral room and you tell me what reply I must make to your friend. Now do you know, my little child, how we must conduct ourselves?"

"But, seriously, my dear Vorchtscha, that is the best way of living together. Have you ever found these ideas? I know them for my part, and I know where I have read them, but the books in which I have read them you have not seen. It is that I gave you the choice, and I gave you the choice because you have heard them, for I believe I am the first now man; that you have met?"

"But is it, then, so hard to think in this way? I have seen the inner life of families; I do not refer to my own, that being too isolated a case; but I have friends, and I have been in their families; you cannot imagine how many quarrels there were between husbands and wives."

"Oh! I very easily imagine it."

"Do you know the conclusion that I have come to? That people should not live as they do now,—always together, always together. They should see each other only when they need or desire to. How many times I have asked myself why people live together, and why they desire to be better in their presence than in our families? And really we are better in the presence of strangers. Why is this? Why are we worse with our own, although we love them better? Do you know the request I have to make of you? Treat me always as you have done heretofore. Although you have never heard me speak a rude word or pass a bad thought, you have not found me unkind to you from loving me. People say: How can one be rude to a woman or young girl whom one does not know? I do not know. I seek no sweetness and smooth to become your wife; treat me always as I am customary to treat strangers; that seems to me the best way to preserve harmony between us."

"Truly, I don't know what to think of you, Vorchtscha; you are always astonish-
ing me.

"But much praise, my friend; it is not so difficult to understand things. I am not alone in entertaining such thoughts: many young girls and women, quite as well as men, say that we do not care to say so to our fathers or their husbands; they know very well what would be thought of them: immoral woman! I have formed an affection for you precisely because you do not think others do in this matter. I fell in love with you when, speaking to me for the first time on my birthday, you expressed pitty for woman's lot and asked me:"

"And,—when did I fall in love with you? On the same day, as I have already told you, but exactly at what moment?"

"But you have almost told me yourself, so that one cannot help guessing, and, if I guess, you will begin praising me again."

"Guess, nevertheless."

"And at what moment? When I asked you if it were true that we could not set as to make all men happy."

"For I must kiss your hand again, Vorchtscha."

"But, dear friend, this kissing of women's hands is not exactly what I like."

"And why?"

"I do not know yourself; why ask me? Do not, then, ask me these questions, dear friend."

"In the case that you are right; one should not ask such questions. It is a bad habit; hereafter I will question you only when I really do not know what you mean. Do you mean that we should kiss no person's hand?

"Yes."

"And you have begun to dislike men, Vorchtscha?

"Yes, I have. Since I have never succeeded in etching you mapping. I meant you to put through an examination, you do not even know that I stay in my room, and do not dare to kiss any person's hand, but I was not speaking from so general a standpoint: I meant simply that man should not kiss women's hands, since that ought to be offensive to women, for men that do consider them as human beings like themselves, but believe that they can in no way lower their dignity before a woman, so inferior to them is she, and that no marks of affected respect for her can lessen their superiority. But such not being your view, my dear friend, why should you kiss my hand? Moreover, people would say, to see us, we were betrothed."

"It does look a little that way, indeed, Vorchtscha; but what are we then?

"I do not know exactly, or rather it is as if we had already been married a long time."

"And bat the truth. We were friends; nothing is changed.

"Nothing changed but this, my dear friend,—that now I know I am to leave my cellar i r.i. A._-J._"
then, what you have renounced for my sake? she will say to me. Pecuniary sacri-
fices are rarely so sure that neither she nor my comrade can impute to me. It is fortunate that at least she will not say: ‘For my sake she remained in poverty, which can be considered as a virtue; and will know that I am not the least a scientific celebrity, and that that aspiration I have given up. Thence will come her sorrow: ‘Ah! what a sacrifice made by me! it was a sacrifice for nothing, no one makes them; one may really believe that he does, and that is always the most agreeable way of viewing one’s conduct. But how explain to that the incomprehensible, when we see a before we are moved. ‘You are my benefactor,’ we say. The term of this coming revolve has been known to me, and you have done it, I know from my cell: ‘How good you are to me?’ she said to me. But are you under any obligations to me for that? If so, I shall labor for my own happiness, I delivered myself. And did not I make it easy for you by not doing it? If I did not, I shall do it myself! I wish to live, I wish to love, do you understand it? It is in my own in-
terests to act as I act always.

What shall I do to extinguish in her that detrimental feeling of gratitude which will be a burden upon her? In what way can I ever do it; she is indifferent, she will understand that these are sentimental illusions.

Things have not gone as I expected. If she had been able to get a place for two years, I could during that time have become a professor and earned a

woman. Boots, an overcoat not out at the elbows, slippers on the table, my

room warm—all, what else do I need? Now all that I have. But for a young and promising teacher, the means may be plentiful and social. For that she will have no money. To be sure, she will not dwell upon it. But she will say: ‘These are things I despise, and indeed will she despise them. But because you do not feel what you lack, do you really lack nothing? The illusion does not last. Nature should not be gold, is silent at first, and a silent life is a torture. No, is not the way for a young woman, a beauty, to live; it is not right that she should not be dressed as other. And should not be in some-

the two days have lasted longer than the three that preceded them. Ah! what anguish! What infirmities surround me! If you know, my friend! Au revoir, daughter, my angel—till Tuesday. The following three days will be longer than the five just past. Au revoir! Au revoir!"

(Hum, hum! I do not do so much counting; when one is at work, the time passes quickly. But then, I am not in the cell. Hum, hum!)

Saturday.

Ah! my darling, still sixty-four days! How wearisome it is here! These
two days have lasted longer than the three that preceded them. Ah! what anguish! What infirmities surround me! If you know, my friend! Au revoir, daughter, my angel—till Tuesday. The following three days will be longer than the five just past. Au revoir! Au revoir!"

(Hum, hum! I do not like to weep. It is not well. Hum, hum!)

Tuesday.

Ah, my love, I have already stopped counting the days. They do not pass as at all, my good friend; I have a request to make of you. We must talk freely together. Your servitude is becoming too burdensome to you. We must talk.

Then you have finished your affair with this young girl?"

Yes, I have finished it. Is she going to be a governess at Madame B’s?

No, she was engaged to be married, but she was arranged otherwise. Mean-
time, she will have an esthetic life in her family.

Very good. The life of a governess is really a very hard one. You know I have got it at last; I am going to begin another subject. And where did you leave off?

I have still to finish my work upon . . . and anatomical and physiological
terms followed each other in profusion.

XX

It is now the twenty-eighth of April. He said that his affairs will be arranged by the end of July. Say the tenth: that is surely the beginning.

To be sure, still feel the fiftieth: no, the tenth is better. How many days, then, are there left? Today does not count. Only five and four, but five hours have been added to each day. In May, added to two, make thirty-three; June has thirty, which, added to thirty-three, make sixty-three; ten days in July—a total of sixty-four days. I am nearing her approaching deliverance; the third, the cell; as she called it, seemed to her twice as intolerable as before; the fourth day she cried a little; the fifth she cried a little more than the fourth; the sixth she was already past crying, but she could not sleep, do not sleep and unimpaired was her anguish.

Then it was that Lopashov, seeking her red eyes, gave utterance to the monologue, ‘Hum, hum!’ At the same time she could not know; but in the second monologue he explained to himself his influence from the first. ‘We cannot be left in slavery one to whom we have shown liberty. He reflected for the last three hours, and a half, after going from the Semozhenovsky Bridge to the district of Wyborg, spent an hour lying on his bed. The first quarter of an hour, he was without saying anything; the second quarter he reflected with brown knit. Then, the two hours

She still has it, if you go fast enough.

XXI

The marriage had been effected without very many difficulties, and yet without some. During the first days that followed the betrothal, Vórotschka re-

ceived communications from her approaching deliverance; the third, the "cell," as she called it, seemed to her twice as intolerable as before; the fourth day she cried a little; the fifth she cried a little more than the fourth; the sixth she was already past crying, but she could not sleep, do not sleep and unimpaired was her anguish.

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A Tóerétov is a coin worth twenty-five copecks. A Tóerétovskaya is its distinctive.

A Petrovnítsa is a coin worth fifty copecks. A Petrovnítskaya is its distinctive.
LIBERTY. 51

The founders of this government attached but little meaning to the words "free and equal." They did not know what they were saying when they spoke of the inalienable rights of men. They did not know that they were talking about the rights to life, liberty, and property, and nearly all of them paid homage to wealth and position. Twenty-five years ago but very few of their descendants and successors could detect any inconsistency in their views. For instance, under govern mental privilege capital pays no taxes, shirk all responsibilities, and throws the cost of all its misdeeds and mismanagement up to labor. Abolish privilege and say that capital and capital as against labor can only aggressize itself to the extent that it behaves itself, pays its own bills, and refrains from disinhaling and enslaving the masses. Out it to aggressize itself except under those limitations, and is not the present method spasmodic and sublud, being—in the language of Proudhon—simply impossible, capital ultimately devouring itself?

No, we Anarchists are arch-enemies of license, and it is to the fullest extent of license itself to which I subscribe for Liberty. After timidly looking over the paper, the Reverend gentleman replied: "Well, sir, I believe in liberty, but not in license." "If you believe that," said I, "then you are already an Anarchist, and you certainly cannot afford to be without it."

"No, I am not an Anarchist," he replied, sharply, "and I fail to understand what you are driving at."

"The nature of license is the very nature of license itself. I. Do you mean to insult me, sir?" replied my punctilious friend.

By no means," I answered, "but are you not a licensed clergyman? and if you were not the creature of a license to preach, could you collect your salary? Now, if you do not believe in license, as you assert, throw away your ecclesiastical license and go out and preach as Christ did, on your own merits. What we Anarchists are after is to strip clergymen, doctors, lawyers, landlords, and capitalists of license (monopoly of privilege), and put them on their merits. We are all anti-license men, and that is why we cry Liberty. The fullness of Liberty is the utter extinction of license."

It had already become too hot for my Reverend friend, and—to use a little German phrase—and, asked ich aus dem Staub—sometimes vulgarly translated by the boys, "he departed." Significantly enough, I was once similarly answered by another of my neighborhood boys: "we must distinguish between liberty and license; yet this pompous fellow was also a creature of license, and without. It would probably be impossible to earn an honest living at all and still maintain a respectable reputation for the study or recognition any practitioner who has not the orthodox license of the American Medical Society is also afraid of liberty, because he so terribly dreads license. Alas! what fools these mortals be! Consistency, thou art indeed a jewel! Exacting governments hinge upon license. It is their chief stock in trade. Through our national titles to the soil landlords are licensed to dislodge the masses. Through legal grants of monopoly capi talists are licensed to exact usury and rob labor. Through discriminating restrictions in money and trade bankers and industrial lords are licensed to rob the necks of producers. Through the marriage system brutal men are licensed to commit unchastity and practice marital rape. It is license from top to bottom, and what of Liberty remains is due to the impossibility of superseding the monstrous license of men and to the persistance of the aspiration for Liberty itself.

But I have no desire to pervert the sense which politicians intend in using the word license to no doubt the conscientiousness of their motives. They mean rash and unrestricted conduct in which all restraint is absent and in which the liberties of others are entirely ignored. Now, if I thought Mr. Tucker had starter a paper to encourage such conduct as this, I should consider him one of the worst enemies of the human race and myself a fellow criminal of blackest stripe. But what Mr. Tucker and his co-

Masters and Slaves.

"There are no classes in this free country," say the politicians and the newspapers, and they have said it for so long and it is now believed to be just what we all believe it to be. They are afraid of offending the laboring class,—to put the least describable construction first,—and so they say there is no laboring class. They say there are only two: there are just as many as us, in fact a little less of us, and as any of us. We are not going to argue this with so many, and we would not for the world have you get into your heads the notion that we regard you as other than an equal. You have a vote, and that makes you the equal of any man or woman, in the American sense of the word. It is the Declaration of Independence says there are no classes, and that all men are free and equal. Therefore it is an insult to you when anybody speaks of the laboring class, the poor class, the rich class, or the free class."

And yet the fact that there are classes is no obvious, so persistent, that we find the most democratic politicians and papers trying in vain to avoid using the word "class". They object to it as "too objectionable", as "too embarrassing". The words are full of allusions to the "inequalities of men". They are loaded with words of a class that carry with them the connotation of speaking for classes in American society. A few days ago one of the really big editors retorted with a dozen exponents from the columns of the Sun in which the "un-American" expression appeared, and the great Mr. Dana felt called upon to explain that some of his young men had written the matter and to solemnly deplore its inability to watch every line printed in the very democratic "Sun." And so he apologized to the working man and reiterated the old stupidities about freedom and equality under the law. In spite of themselves, these trembling editors will get to thinking about classes, whenever they attempt to deal with facts, simply because the division of society into classes is as obvious as the division of time into the past, the present, and the future.

The two great classes are the masters and the slaves, the floggers and the workers, the robbers and the robbed. There are besides many sub-divisions,—the poorer class, the criminal class, the upper, middle, and lower classes, the educated and the ignorant. Why, except to fatter and wheedle the voting class, should any one deny the existence of these distinctions? Because there ought to be no classes in a free country! No, sir! The whole world, there are no classes. The man who says there are no rich and no poor is a fool. And this is not a free country. It is an appropriately, fenced-in country. Its freedom is a lawyer's lie; its boasted equality, a bitter mockery; its citizens sovereignty, a shallow pretense.
tune from her fair skirts upon the night the silver linage of re-opposition. A friend to the powers be, she trims her mails to. 't is to fight, and fight, and fight again, and remain a patriot, like Fedora in "La Peña de Chimpan." It is.

The "National" Nominee.

So John Swinton supports Ben Butler for president? Indeed, John Swinton supports Ben Butler for president. Perhaps, in a sense, he is a "true patriot." A loyalist, a supporter of the government, and a devoted patriot. His support is based on the belief that Butler is the right candidate for the presidency. Swinton believes that Butler is the best person to lead the country forward, and he is willing to put his name behind him.

Mr. Andrews: "I move the adoption of the resolutions.

Remark now that the idea which in Mr. Andrews' formula is verb and substantive, denounces malicious hypocrisy, indicates the victims of injustice, and, in doing it, places the basis of the conspiracy for wrong, becomes in Mr. Underwood's merely a tool of the tax cutters; the object of taxation, for the government is a failure to supply the necessities of the country. It is a failure to supply the necessities of the people; and that they should be the object of taxation, and not the products of luxury and the luxuries of life, is what Mr. Andrews explicitly requires, and finds the income tax with which he is charged with the income tax.

To mortality, tax evasion, the illusory and fictitious, a very characteristic, a very characteristic, Mr. Andrews is one of the most prominent of the Anglo-American Beecher traditions, and may well make the American Eagle flap its wings and echo a note.

A National platform goes in for State socialism. Government is to own the land for us, and build our roads for us, and run our railroads for us, and our national armies, the army and the navy.

Go, honest Government! Descending from this sublime moral altitude, let us breathe! As the specious, deceptive banner of the United States, its peacefulness is forever a lie. With a few words, the American people are being blackmailed into voting for a system which is designed to rob them of their liberties, and to make the government a tool of the rich and powerful.

Suppose, then, a jury of several, their objection vanishes. No question is raised as to their discretionary power. He admits that legislation should frustrate the circulation of obscene literature, and that that discretion should be delegated to the proper authorities. He admits that the influence of the press is not the influence of the people.

On further reflection, he says that the wealthy should not be excluded fromfringe benefits of life, and not deprived of their advantages in the income tax. The wealthy should not be deprived of their wealth.

That is the real issue, and that is the significance of the "National" platform.

The "National" platform is a failure to supply the necessities of the people; and that they should be the object of taxation, and not the products of luxury and the luxuries of life. That is what Mr. Andrews explicitly requires, and finds the income tax with which he is charged with the income tax.

To mortality, tax evasion, the illusory and fictitious, a very characteristic, a very characteristic, Mr. Andrews is one of the most prominent of the Anglo-American Beecher traditions, and may well make the American Eagle flap its wings and echo a note.

A National platform goes in for State socialism. Government is to own the land for us, and build our roads for us, and run our railroads for us, and our national armies, the army and the navy.

Go, honest Government! Descending from this sublime moral altitude, let us breathe! As the specious, deceptive banner of the United States, its peacefulness is forever a lie. With a few words, the American people are being blackmailed into voting for a system which is designed to rob them of their liberties, and to make the government a tool of the rich and powerful.

Suppose, then, a jury of several, their objection vanishes. No question is raised as to their discretionary power. He admits that legislation should frustrate the circulation of obscene literature, and that that discretion should be delegated to the proper authorities. He admits that the influence of the press is not the influence of the people.
WHATS TO BE DONE?

Continued from page 5.

So, in four days, or in three.

"Ah, how good that will be!

"I don't think I shall have found some rooms; I shall have purchased everything needful for our household; can we then begin to live together?"

"Certainly."

"And what must we marry?

"Ah, I forgot; yes, we must first marry.

But we can marry at once.

[To be cont'd.]

THEN AND NOW.

Continued from No. 40.

VI.

LAW, JUSTICE, EIGHT, AND WRONG.

BOSTON, September 29, 1841.

My dear Louisa:

When Mr. De Demain told me that Anarchy prevented crime to a great extent, I did not doubt his words, for he is unquestionably honest, but an enthusiast is very apt to exaggerate the benefits of the thing in which most of the rest of the community believe, and to even a systematic reading of the newspapers to see how many crimes were reported. I know you will say: "You can't talk anything by the newspapers," but newspapers are not today what they were two hundred years ago. Now the papers tell the truth according to the best knowledge of those who edit them; then it was a notorious fact that policy and expediency determined whether a case went to trial or not. But I did not mean to say the papers for your information that there might be certain classes of cases that would be omitted. I mean to publish at every day for the past two weeks I have attended some court and watched the proceedings and studied the calendar. I think that I need only say that there is no shade of exaggeration in Mr. De Demain's account.

In all there are but four courts in Boston. Each is in session for two hours each day unless some important case which may be on trial requires more time for its consideration. I am at liberty to attend any of these courts as I please. I have not been present at any of them since the last week I was in jail. In all my attendance upon these courts, I have not seen one case that required more than an hour for trial, save a few rare occasions when I was not present at all for various reasons. There are no lawyers today. Those having cases before the courts in charge are termed jurists.

The amount I have learned by attending the courts. When Mr. De Demain called last evening, I told him of my experience, and many questions by me brought out from which I am able to give you a little essay.

"All criminal cases are tried before a jury of twelve, and the jury decides all questions of law, and fact, and punishment. Of course there is no statute law and no statute law that carries force without being heard; there can be no jury trial in the case. The criminal cases are all based upon the same facts as in the public courts, but the expense is somewhat less and the proceedings may be kept private. It is a jury that keeps a secret which it always has before the court. There are no decisions upon complicated questions of law to be appealed from to higher courts, and so higher courts are unnecessary. Justice is less hindered by the formal forms. Most criminal cases are not tried before a jury, but before the judgment of one man, who carefully investigates the matter as to details.

In the time of the State, when a man may have used a weapon, and was seldom used at all. It was personified and placed on a bright pedestal where it might be admired as a beautiful image. Then, that the people might have known how to use it, it was kept beyond the reach of judges, and to make this hinge and fence was the constant aim of legislatures and congresses. The shadow, even, of justice could not fall outside of the enclosure in which it was so sacredly kept.

"Legal" is a word no longer used. "Is it just?" is asked, instead of "is it legal?" Justice always meant more than law, never mind how rigorous laws were, and if there were legal, that was enough. If justice instead of law had defined the bounds of right and wrong, people would have questioned whether a thing were just before doing an injury to a fellow being. I think it was Codereide who said there was no definition of right and wrong except in the technical language of the law. If "technical" language is the only language for no man or no man of men to decide upon a question and settle it for all time, saying: "this shall be right and this shall be wrong," as I said before, every case in which I examined presented the question of what law or laws were to be consulted which must decide. So long as nature knows right and wrong, man will know none, and nature has always been the basis of law, the law of the impulsive 'first' impulse. Forces which have been at work through all time determine such acts; nothing determines that these forces shall cause a man to do this thing or that. That is, do we have a controlling hand? Every man, when he is about to act, must decide for that time whether such act will be just. There is no absolute justice by which he can measure his act. Still there is justice in the world, but it is simply an ever-changing law of human nature. The moment you define justice, that moment it ceases to be justice. Natural justice — was the greatest fault of the State; this was the greatest barrier to liberty; this was the greatest barrier to human happiness; this was the greatest curse of the human race.

The people of your time could not resemble nature acted well without an outside controlling power. They could see, too, that man was a part of nature, and with other parts of nature acted well on his own account. But he needed an outside hand to guide him. "God and the State!" Well did Babson connect them. One is as absurd as the other. One is as unnecessary as the other.

The same being the case, I am unable to believe that the people will never need an outside influence. And as the hour was quite late, he took leave of me. What he said seems, to glance at it hastily, very sensible, but I shall give it more thought, and I trust you that I will.

Yours affectionately,
Property- Robbery.

Among the little liberties in which Liberty indulges is that of property in which we claim the right to own the fruits of our toil, the proudest of which is the right to use and enjoy it. It is our right to make use of our produce in such a manner as suits our taste, and to enjoy the fruits of our labors in any way we choose. This is a liberty which is sometimes trampled upon, but which is the symbol of our independence, and the foundation of our social and political freedom.

1. Property is the right of robbery.
2. Property is not to be robbed.
3. Property is the right of robbery.

The American government recognizes the right of property as the foundation of all other rights. It is protected by the Constitution and by the laws of the land. It is a natural right, and cannot be taken away by man, for it is based upon the necessity of having food and clothing.

Well, then, in 6884.

In the Editor of Liberty:

A man of the August 9th number of your paper has charged to come into my possession today. I wish to hear from you; and, should I not succeed, to have the fact recorded in the next number of the paper. I have never been a subscriber to your paper, but I have been a regular reader of it. I have always found it very instructive and enlightening. I am a subscriber to your paper, and I hope to continue to be so. I am your obedient servant,

Yours truly,

WINTER, CONNECTICUT, August 17, 1884.

[If Mr. Case diligently reads Liberty, he will gradually glean all the information that he seeks. Meanwhile, let him study. His experience has been quite different. When I first met, comprehended, and embraced the Anarchistic doctrine, I did not dare to hope, though a sanguine boy of eighteen, for its realization much this side of Mr. Case's millennial age, the sixtieth century. Since then twelve years have passed away, during which my wonder has not ceased to increase daily at the rate of the world has been forging ahead. It is now my firm belief that the millennium is not a free and easy period, but a long and hard journey, and I am sure that the complete triumph of Liberty throughout the civilized world. But what difference does it make, as far as our duty is concerned? Mr. Case may be right in thinking that this event will not happen until heaven shall be 6884. The great point is that the journey is begun. Let us see how long the distance can be: If so, we may not get there until 6885. —Editor Liberty.]

An Anarchist's Singular Confession.

To the Editor of Liberty:

I have just read E. H. Benson's letter on currency, and your reply thereto. It seems to me that you are both in the wrong. Taking Anarchism as a standpoint for a "new departure" in thought and action, what are your mortgage words? What can you do without the State, and mort-}

ELEANT AND CHEAP.

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LIBERTY. 57

CLEAN THE WAY!

[Full Male Dignity].

Clear the way, my lady and my laird, you have had your day. Here you have your ministry. Regard all your words. Long enough your House has held you up; on, and clear the way.

Laws and freedom, craft and treachery, proceed and gold, Tongue of courtier, kiss of barb, promise bought and sold, and the dust of the dead sea. Now that all these things are rotten, all their gold is rust, Quenched the pride they fired by, fed the faith and sold the last, Shall their heraldry no longer turn again to dust?

By the grace of those they regaled, who left their name away; By the grace that they found good enough till the last; Clear the way, and on, and clear the way.

By the grace of trust in treason knaves have lived and lived; By the force of fear and false folks have fed their pride. By the grace of the reason standards lately made.

Last purchase reckoning on some later day be worse, Hall and haunch, lords of land and princes of the sea, Pore the tide be full that comes with blessing and with curse.

Where we stand, as where you sit, scarce fails a spitting spray; But the wet that wrinkle, the wave that follows come and we seek Spread no more sail of shipwork: out, and clear the way.

Alphonso Charles Stoddard.

Proudhon's Bank.

While the principle of equal representation of all available values by the notes of the Exchange Bank is what I have advocated, it does not necessarily follow that in the generalizing of the system, as Proudhon would do (I refer to the paragraphs translated by Greene), we are to avoid the chance of failing or of the failure of the one, or of the failure of the other, of fraudulent issues by the officers of the Bank.

A Bank, moreover, is equivalent to a general insurance society for the people, and the condition of the notes must depend on security against confiscations and other catastrophes affecting real estate as well as "personal property." I hope that the first essays will be local and limited. I think the commercial activity of modern civilization dangerous, if not finally, exaggerated and disloyal.

The Railroad is a revolver in the hands of a maniac, who has just enough sense to kill himself. Even were we not in our blind passion for rapid and facile transportation, hanging ourselves by the slip-noose of monopoly, the impulses were as strong, because they had to defend it against any life, as before, the establishment of a conservative sewerage system, by which the stream of souls would be restored to Ganymede; rapidly drained and wasted, as in the life of its waters, and restored to render America a desert. The flawless check to this "populating consumption" lies in localizing the circuits of production with manipulation and consumption in non-commodity associations.

The smaller area in which such self-sufficing circuits is effected, the greater the economy of force in transportation.

Men and Gods are too extreme;

Herein lies the difference and the confusion.

I suppose you see the correlation of this idea with that of the safety of Exchange Bank notes, as in a locally restricted community, where it would be possible, and therefore would be seldom attempted. Edgeworth.

[Proudhon was accustomed to present his views of the way in which credit may be organized in two forms,—his Bank of Exchange and his Bank of the People. The latter was his real ideal; the former he advocated whenever he wished to avoid the necessity of combating the objections of the governmentists. The Bank of Exchange was to be simply the Bank of France transformed on the mutual principle. It is easy to see that the precautions against forgery and over-issue now used by the Bank of France would be equally valid as a transformation. But in the case of the Bank of the People, which involves the introduction of free competition into the banking business, these evils will have to be otherwise guarded against..."

A Poet's Opinion of a Poem. (John Ringo, Octavo in the "Puck.""

"The Wind and the WildWind," by Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, is a poem of remarkable strength and noble purpose. Its theme is the submission awaiting the slaves of Egypt, the unhappy and which Mr. Blunt, almost alone among Englishmen, has championed with voice and pen already. No extract can do justice to the strength of feeling and endowment. It abounds in striking figures and excited thoughts. The indignation of a poet, standing Alone against the mighty many, to force a breach in the weak and few, finds expression in barbarous ways of prophecy. It is a poem to be read and admired, as much for its literary merit as for its noble sentiments, by all who share the poet's hatred of "Injustice, that hard stepmother of heroes."

The Value of Liberty's Influence.

To the Editor of L.:-ury.

While by no means agree with all the doctrines taught in Liberty, it is apparent that the tendency of the day to a rapid centralization of power and accumulation of wealth in the hands of the few, to the consequent down-pulling of the many, is an evil which may be caused by the spread of the doctrines calculated to cast an influence on the opposite side of the balances. For this reason Liberty and periodicals of a similar character will do good. It seems to be the basis of humanity to wish to look up to somebody. This may be due to man's inherent knowledge of his own infirmities. But it is also his last to want to look down on others.

With respect,
J. W. DEAN.

CREATON, MISSOURI, August 7, 1846.

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This document is a page from the magazine Liberty, Volume 1, No. 57, dated August 7, 1846. It contains articles on various topics including Proudhon's Bank, the role of the Bank of Exchange, and a parable about a lion and a mouse. It also includes a note from Creations, Missouri, dated August 7, 1846, expressing gratitude to Liberty for the self-respect it fosters, and the value of respect for others in a just society. The issue also features a review of Michael Barone's book, "Good and the State," translated from the French by Benj. R. Tucker. The book is described as an elegant proposition for liberty, with a call to action similar to blowing a trumpet. The magazine also promotes the importance of the "Fallacies in "Progress and Poverty" by William Hammond."