Vol. II.—No. 17.

BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1864.

We Be No. 43.

NOT THE DAUGHTER, BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER.

On Picket Duty.

One of the oldest Land Reformers living writes to Liberty, paradoxical us it may be, that "Henry George could not have done great good if he had not been a great humbug."

"Were it left to me," said Thomas Jefferson, "to decide whether we should have a government, without newspapers or newspapers without a government, I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter." Jefferson came very near appraising government at its true value.

The lastest of Lewiston, Me., had the audacity to protest by strike against an additional robbery of 35 per cent. which their capitalistic proprietors proposed to commit last winter, and the law stepped to and included the strikers for unlawful assembly. Authority, as usual, on the side of the chief, and the victim stupidly voting to sustain authority when told to do so.

Liberty welcomes two more Anarchistic Journals to its exchange list,—one in Spanish. "Revista Social," published weekly at Madrid, the other in Bohemian, "Budocoust," published at 674 May Street, Chicago. Unfortunately I am able to read neither of them. The motto of "Budocoust" is: Zob za sob, oko za oko! I don't know what that means, but I presume "there's my sentiment."

"I took a splendid spear and killed a great many wounded men with it; it went into their hearts like lightning, and their blood flowed out on the sand." Only an extract from a letter of an officer of the Forty-Second Regiment to a British service paper, but it shows how Christian England wages war upon people who worship the same god but believe in another prophet. It shows, also, how property collects interests on bonds.

The Vanderbilts never have enjoyed much reputation for eloquence or wit, but they have clothed two of the principles of civilized cannibalism in terse sentences which shall live in the memories of the people. "Billy," said old Commodore Vanderbilt to his son William, years ago, "the men who take their seven per cent. interest will have all the money in time." William remembered this, and when his opportunity for condensing the rule of his life into a sentence came, he said: "The public be damned." These words will live in history.

T. Peron, of the Iowa Community in Corning, Iowa, writes as follows: "We consider Liberty the very best English socialist journal in the United States. The careful perusal of "Le Révolté," "Le Drapeau Noir," "L'Ennuye," and Liberty has greatly modified our views on the role of the individual in society, and the old laws and regulations as one would reject worn-out clothes, and have adopted among ourselves a simple libertarian contract of association which consecrates the principle of individual antimony. Yours in Anarchy,

If you are a woman suffragist, read "Edgeworth's" foreboding letter to Emma Schumm, printed in another column. It will show you what a bumble you are fighting for, and why you do. "Edgeworth" advises the people to wait until they are strong enough in numbers and then, once for all, to use the ballot to abolish the government. Such a manifestation will be entirely superfluous. Before the Anarchists become a majority, they, as a large minority, will have crippled and killed the government with a far more potent weapon than the ballot. They will have starved it to death by stopping its supplies. Taxes are the food of despotism, and States, no more than individuals, can live without their nourishment.

Illustrations of the misleading and deceptive influence of Herbert Spencer's writings are numerous. They can be found every day in the columns of journals generally intelligent, but misguided by so-called political economists. For instance, the Springfield "Union" says: "Socialism, disguised under the name of popular privileges, scores another advance in the decision of the Massachusetts supreme court that persons injured by the firesworks of a city celebration cannot recover damages against the city. So now it is understood that an individual has no rights that the community is bound to respect. The coming slavery that Herbert Spencer predicted is already here and full grown." O Socialism! What crimes of the mind are committed in thy name!

The march of what is called progress, starting from Europe and breaking up several peaceable nations enough, all for the glory of God and the elevation of humanity, has made nearly the compass of the earth and produced some results. The blessings of civilization and a horde of missionaries were raised upon the unobtrusive Japanese some years ago, and the other day arrived in this country a special embassy from Japan to examine the latest American improvements in deadly weapons. The highest civilization being that which employs the most effective appliances for committing wholesale murder, Ambrose Bierce can remarks that "Japan is now taking the last step upward to the light, and on the monstrosely-cultivated Christian nation her name will soon be inscribed in as red blood as the best of them."

General Butler has been contributing to the vast fund of misinformation already possessed by the separate labor committee, and making it more than ever impossible for that body of statesmen to arrive at any understanding of the things which it pretends to be investigating. He told the senators that the pre-sent suffering of the people was on account of overproduction, because we have a year's crop of grain on hand and are within three months of another crop. The General did not tell them how many people there are in this country lacking flour to make the daily bread which they vainly beseech an impotent god to send them. He said nothing about the inglorious contrivances which have brought about under-consumption by obstructing distribution. Is it possible that General Butler really knows nothing about these things?

I am indebted to the Boston "Post" for the following: "Mr. B. B. Tucker's "Liberty," which slept for a time, has roused up again as cranky as ever. Tucker is a good fellow and a bright fellow. It is a pity he should use his head for a football when rubber is so cheap." This is a marked advance, both in wit and courtesy, on the greeting which the "Post" gave Liberty on its first appearance in 1819. It is appreciated. The world moves so rapidly in these days that even the stiff old" Post," which loves so dearly to stay put, is forced to reluctantly hitch along a bit once in a while. Whenever the strain becomes too severe, I shall be happy to stand is a little of my superfluous elasticity. Cheap as rubber undoubtedly is, the "Post" cannot afford to put any on its heels until its old stock of lead is exhausted. The "Post," like Liberty, is poor. Poverty is a penalty that has to be paid alike by those too stupid to keep pace with the times and those active enough to outstrip the times. Ta-ta, dear "Post," ta-ta!"
AN ANARCHIST ON ANARCHY

BY ELISEE RECLUS

[From the Contemporary Review.]

To most Englishmen the word Anarchist is so evil-sounding that ordinary readers feel they had better leave the book behind without an attempt at a

conclusion; wondering how anybody could have the audacity to write them. With

the crowd of commonplace chatterers we are already quite past praying for; no

one of whom can see in the world a matter of a single pebble. Political anarchists

and political subjects find that abuse of Anarchists is an unfailing passport to

favorable results. Every conceivable crime is laid to our charge, and opinion, too;

to the point that Anarchists are all of them supposed to be stumped by a

machine gun, and to believe in the essential necessity of wickedness and chaos.

Overwhelmed with opprobrium and held up to hatred, we are treated on the principle that the soonest way of hanging a dog is to give it a

bad name.

There is nothing surprising in all this. The chorus of imprecations with which we are assailed is quite in the nature of things, for we speak in a tongue unhonored by praise. It is the language of the majority, and it is their right to use whatever

power. Like all innovators, whether they be violent or peaceful, we bring not peace, but conflict. We have no weapon, but that with which we.

Yet it is not with light hearts that we incur so much ill-will, nor are we satis-

fied with merely knowing that it is undeserved. To risk the loss of so precious an advantage as our humblest instrument of our subversive galleries and carefully considering our duty was an act of reckless folly. To a degree

never dreamed of by men who are borne unquestioningly on the great current of pub-

lic opinion, and who are not to be with so few words. "The Anarchist, or: a saying returned from one end of the world to the other, and the princi-

ciple of a "universal brotherhood expressed in this saying implies a complete

solidarity of interests, and a complete unification of wills.

Accepted in its integrity by simple souls, its true character is more than a mere

nominal justice. To "each according to his needs, from each according to his powers." "Well, we are simple souls, and we hold firmly to this ideal of human morality. Of a

surety, of universal citizenship, and the knowledge that the world will be built on

egalitarian egoisms of families, cities, castes, peoples, and parties have wrought on

this ground some startling variations. But we have not to do with this root of

selfish interests, nor with the central point of the divergence between the
towards which all partial ideas more or less tend. This focus of gravitation is

justice. If humanity be a vain dream, if all our impressions, all our thoughts,

are not put to rest, the experiment of the human soul dies with the generation.

Yet man longs for that fraternal equity which still remains unattained. Listen to

the pictures that one drawer of the English paints, 1000 years ago, of the

future, in which all men know their place in life and all men know their

betrayal, who before all these that contend that the struggle for existence dums to

eternal strife. Let fishes, the wild beasts and birds, devour one another — but our
law is justice.

Yet it is a vast distance that still separates us from the justice invoked by

the poet in the song of the shepherds. In its great the progress we have still to

make before we may rightfully cease comparing ourselves with wild creatures

fighting for a morsel of carrion! It is in vain that we pretend to be civilized, it

is in vain that we claim to be part of the human race, as has described the

ideal of individual liberty with the collective will." It is really too easy to criticise

contemporary society, its morals, its conventions, and its laws, and to show how

much its practices conflict with the justice formulated by thinkers and

desired by peoples. To repeat stale censures is to risk being called mere

declaimers, scatters of voices in the market-place. And yet so long as the truth is

not heard the evil is perpetuated, and it is to the young that the most

A sincere man owes it to himself to expose the frightful barbarity which still

prevails in the hidden depths of a society so outwardly well-ordered. Take, for

instance, the factory system, the slave system, the system of capital and

and, in many respects, the first of all — that international London, which gathers to

itself the riches of the world, whose every warehouse is worth a king's ransom

where to be found enough, and more "ill-enough, of food and clothing for

needs of the teeming millions that throng the streets in greater numbers than the

ants which infest the meadows, and who have no father for these treasures are amused hear, as a muffled wrigli-

ing, the bitter cry which rises eternally from those unseen depths. Below the

London of business and vice, London whose only food are the

stained fragments, whose only garments are filthy rags, and whose only dwellings

are fetid dens. Have the disintegrated the consolation of hope? No; they are

deprived of equal enjoyment of the game which live and die in dampsness and
gloom without ever raising their eyes to the sun.

What exists to the wretched outcast, baring with fever or craving for bread, that the Englishman of heavy men has no voice, no emotion, no thought, no

ritual than to the rich? Beside his present misery, are all these promises of happiness, even if he heard them, would seem the bitterest irony. Does it not appear, moreover,

judging by the advertisements of the newspapers, that the "paradise of the poor,

the delight, — that the words of Jesus are reversed, that the "Kingdom of

God" is the "paradise of the poor"? Still the sovereign power is not only in the

government on the best of terms, and religion leads as surely to earthly power as

to heavenly bliss? "Religion is a cause for prepayment, irritation to a bar to it," —

the famous commentator of the Bible, speaking to his sovereign, said in what

ought to be it.

Now ambition thus finds its account in pity, and hypocrisy praises religion.

In order to justify his ambition, he must see his conscience a better than the

value, is it surprising that the great army of the hopeless should forget the way

to church? Do they deceive themselves thinking that, despite official

invitations, there would not always be well received in the "houses of God"? With

out speaking here of churches whose sitting are sold at a price, where you

judge in.

*Note but the communistic Anarchists accept this notion. The mutualists Anarchists, who are the

original Anarchists, hold to the simpler and more direct rule: "To each according to his work." — Alfred

Jaur"e.

† Alexandre Crues, Prefect of the "Contemporary Review."
WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

A ROMANCE.

By N. G. TCHERNYCHEWSKY.

Translated by Benj. R. Tucker.

Continued from No. 42.

Maria Alexevas lost an attentive ear and tried to catch the conversation; but her knowledge of French was limited. However, she knew the meaning of certain words which perpetually recurred in the conversation: beautiful, charming, love, marriage. Beautiful! Charming! Maria Alexevas has long heard those adjectives applied to her daughter. Love! She clearly sees that Mikhail Ivanovitch is madly in love. That is why she is happy. Right! Complete! But when he speaks of marriage?

"You are very ungrateful, Vereotchka," said Maria Alexevas in a low voice to her daughter. "Why do you turn away your head? They certainly pay you enough attention, little stupid! Tell me the French for engaged and marriage. Have they said those words?"

"No.

Perhaps you are not telling me the truth? Take care!

No; such words have passed their lips... Let us go; I can stay here no longer!"

"Go! What do you say, wretch?" muttered Maria Alexevas, into whose eyes he had looked so closely.

"Yes, let us go! Do with me what you will; but I stay here no longer. Later I will tell you why.

Mamma," continued the young girl, in a loud voice, "I have too severe a headache; I can remain no longer. Let us go, I beg of you."

And at the same time Vereotchka rose.

"It is nothing," said Maria Alexevas, severely; "promenade in the corridor a little while with Mikhail Ivanovitch, and it will pass away."

"Mamma, I feel very ill, come quickly, I beg of you.

The young people hastened to open the door and offered their arms to Vereotchka, who had the impertinence to refuse. They placed the ladies in the carriage. Meanwhile Vereotchka had raised an arm, which seemed to say, "See, how eager these fine gentlemen are in their attentions, and that one there will be my son-in-law, and soon!"

"Must you be obstinate, stupid that you are! But I will put you on your good behavior... Stay, stay, my future son-in-law is speaking to her; he arranges her in the carriage. Listen: health, said, permit (he is asking her permission to call and inquire after her health) Without becoming any the less angry, Maria Alexevas took consideration the words she had just heard.

"What did he say on leaving you?" she asked, as soon as the carriage had started.

"He told me that tomorrow morning he would come to our house to ask after my health."

"And you, Pavel Konstantinovitch, of what are you thinking with your chilly visit of the morning? I am only your paternal authority, that you order her to obey her mother in everything!"

"Maria Alexevas, you are a wise woman; but the affair is difficult, and even impossible."

"Impossible! That is very appropriate now! And before Vereotchka, too! The proof is quite right: do not stir up order if you fear its, is not. It is your house, my daughter; I don't want only; only that a daughter obey her mother?"

"Certainly! Certainly! Maria Alexevas, that is just."

"Then do as I said, and order Vereotchka, obey all things your mother, who is a wise woman, an experienced woman. She will not teach you to do evil. This obedience I enjoin upon you now."

On stepping from the carriage Vereotchka said to her mother:

"It is well; I will talk with him tomorrow. But I am very tired, and I need rest."

"Yes, go to bed. I will not disturb you. Sleep well; you need to rest tomorrow."

In order to keep her promise Maria Alexevas entered the house without making a disturbance. How much that cost her! How much it cost her also to see Vereotchka enter her room directly without stopping to take tea! Vereotchka, come here!" she said, to her, pleasantly.

Three times in succession she blessed her daughter, after which she offered her her hand to kiss.

"No, mammas. I long ago told you that I will not kiss your hand. Let me go now, for I really feel very ill."

"The eyes of Maria Alexevas blazed with hatred, but she again restrained herself, and gently said:

"Go! Rest yourself! Vereotchka, spent much time in undressing.

While taking off her dress and putting it in the closet, while taking off her bracelets and ear-rings, each of those simple operations was followed by a long time, the looks of Vereotchka. She was very tired, and she had sunk into an arm-chair, being unable to stand erect before the mirror. At last she perceived it, and made haste to get into bed.

She had scarcely lain down her mother entered, carrying on a tray a large cup of tea and a number of biscuits.

Come, eat, Vereotchka, it will do you good. You see that your mother does not want you to suffer. Why has my mother done it? Why do the things that Vereotchka? She does not believe that Vereotchka, and he does not believe that Vereotchka.

This kind and gentle voice which Vereotchka had never heard surprised her very much, till, looking at her mother, she saw her cheeks inflamed and her eyes disordered.

"Eat!" continued Maria Alexevas; "when you have finished, I will go for more."

The tea and cream which she had brought aroused Vereotchka's appetite, and, raising herself on her elbow, she began to drink.

"Tea is really good when it is fresh and strong, with plenty of sugar and cream. When I get rich, I shall always drink it so; it is not like the warm-over, half-fawstioned tea, which is so unpalatable. Thank you, mammas."

"Do not go to sleep; I am going to get you another cup. Drink; she continued, as she came back bearing an excellent cup of tea; "drink, my child; I wish to stay with you longer."

Accordingly she sat down, and, after a moment's silence, she began to talk in a somewhat confused voice, now slow, now rapidly, more.

"Vereotchka, you just said. 'Thank you' to me; it is a long time since those tears escaped your lips. You think me wicked; well, yes, I am wicked! Can one help it?"

"But, dear me! how weak am I! Three punches in succession — at my age!"

"My life has been a very hard one, my daughter! I do not want you to live one like you. You shall live in luxury. How many torments I have endured! Torments, tortures, to what end? How! How are they?"

"You do not remember the life that we lived before your father got his stewardship. We lived very poorly; I was virtuous then, Vereotchka. But now I am so long ago, and I will not burden my soul with a new sin by falsely telling you that I am still virtuous. I have not been for a long time, Vereotchka; you are educated, I am not; but I know all that is written in your books, and I know that it is written there that no one should be treated as I have been. They reproach me for not being virtuous, too! and your father the first, the imbible."

"My little Nadine was born; he was not her father. Well, what of it? What harm did that do him?"

"Was it he who received the position of chief deputy?"

"And was it not his fault now slowly, now rapidly."

"They took my child to put it with the foundlings, and I know not what that Afterwards. Now I have hard care of her. Whether she is still living; but then I suffered more, because I have no life; and Vereotchka made my sons eyes are red, beware! I shall be pitiable; your pretty face will be gone; but shall I"

"I long since ceased to weep, as you well know."

"That's right! But talk with him a little more."

"I will try, Nadezha."

"That's right! It is time to become reasonable. Fear God and have a little pity for your mother, boldface that you are!"

"Vereotchka, do not be angry with me; it is through love for you and for your good that I torment you. Children are so dear to their mothers. I carried you for nine long months, and I work only out of gratitude and obedience. Do as I tell you, and tomorrow he will propose."

"You are mistaken, mammas; he does not dream of it. If you knew of what you speak...

"I know it. If he does not think of marriage, I know of what he thinks. But he does not know the people with whom he has to deal. We will reduce him to say ell if you please, and, if necessary, I will carry him to the altar in a sack, or I will drag him there by the hair, and still he will be content. But a trace of balshing! I have already said too much to you; young girls should not know so much. It is the business of their mothers. The daughters have only to obey."

"Yes."

[Continued on page 5]
Liberty.

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A Gratifying Discovery.

Liberty made its first appearance in August, 1881. Of that issue a great many sample copies were mailed to selected addresses all over the world. Not one of these, however, was seen from this office directly to Nantucket, for I had never heard of a radical on that island. Through some channel or other, a copy found its way thither, for, before the second number had been issued, an envelope bearing the Nantucket postmark came to me containing a greeting for Liberty, than which the paper has had none more hearty, more sympathetic, more intelligent, more appreciative.

But the letter was anonymous. Its style and language, however, showed its writer to be a very superior person, which fact, of course, added value to the substance of its contents. The writer expressed his unqualified approval of the political and social doctrines enunciated in the first number of Liberty (and certainly in no number since those doctrines have been more boldly and nakedly than in that one), saying that these views had been held by him for years, and that the advent of an organ for their dissemination was what he had long been waiting for. He gently chided Liberty, nevertheless, for its anti-religious attitude, not so much apparently from any counter-attitude of his own as from any personal sensitiveness in that direction, as from a feeling that religious beliefs are essentially private in their nature and so peculiar to the individuals holding them as to exempt them from public consideration and criticism, and advising Liberty to abandon this objectionable feature of its policy, the letter closed by saying that I did not need to know the writer's name, but, for the dollar enclosed, I might send the paper regularly to "Post Office Box No. 22, Nantucket, Mass."

Only the substance of the letter is given above—the manuscript having been inadvertently destroyed with an accumulation of others some time ago. To the given address Liberty has regularly gone, and I never failed to wonder, when writing-day came, as to the identity of the mysterious Nantucketer.

Lately came the revelation. It will be remembered that a death occurred in Nantucket a few weeks ago, which attracted the attention of the whole country and occasioned an elaborate and touching tribute and comment. In reading the various obituary of the deceased, I learned that he was a man who had thought much and written radically on political subjects with a most decided trend toward complete individual freedom, and who had been brought up in the Roman Catholic church, and to the end of his life was outwardly connected with it, though refusing on his death-bed to admit the priests to his presence for the administration of the sacrament; and that, though a number of a profession which necessarily made him a public man, he had always shunned publicity and notoriety in every way possible.

As these facts simultaneously presented themselves, the thought suddenly flashed upon my mind that I had found the holder of a bequest No. 22. Through a relative visiting Nantucket I instituted inquiries at the post-office on that island, and was promptly notified that the box in question had been rented for the past few years by the late Charles O'Connor. It was as I expected. The text of his letter, alas, is gone, but not its substance from my memory.

From his published articles to appear in these columns will show how extreme a radical he was in his attitude towards governments, although in them he never expressed the fundamental thought acknowledged in his letter to me. Perhaps he regarded that as too strong meata for bacon.

I am no hero-worshipper in the usual sense of that term, and among the friends of Liberty there are a number of humber men than Charles O'Connor whose approval I value even more highly than his. But none the less is it with gratification that I now authoritatively record the fact that the great lawgiver whose wonderful eloquence and searching intellectual power kept him for two decades the acknowledged head of the American bar, far from his profession, has pictured him, was a THOROUGH-GOING ANARCHIST.

The Cause of Crime.

My Dear Kelly:

It is with some trepidation that I venture to approach you on a subject so deeply connected with the principles enunciated in "Anarchy in Alaska," under which caption I suspect you wrote in the last Liberty. I tremble, because I have found traces of the same attitude so successfully employed to destroy the results of my own effort, to upset the structures of my thought, and to show me for all my trouble a poor thinker. Yet it does not say anything to the" causes of the crime of all crime." While I ascribe the doctrine of total depravity, I observe that man is merely perfectly developed in all his features and characteristics. I see that the reason why I am myself tending to wrong doing of one kind or other, I do not believe that the restrictions imposed by our social system are effective as a safeguard against the increase of Anarchist crime, but I ask that on the one hand I may see everything that will tend to protect man from his ignorance and weakness! Modern education is a humbug; but ignorance or maladroitness, which, and the circumstances, will of necessity, dictate, exist and are accompanied by miseries resulting in breaking, are responsible for many crimes against property, human and national. Whether the system of judicial and authority have nothing to do here, much may be as great as to their door. Will you show me that Anarchist presents an actual effective help to erring and shaming humanity? That you know of some local situation that shall shame our accursed sham, and abides individual Liberty from its apparent devotion to self, and develop it to the grandest philosophy of mankind? F. R. B.

The questions asked by F. R. B. are such as must occur to one whose nature revolts against the manifestly unjust conditions and relations of civilized society, but who has not studied the economic priludes involved in Anarchist deeply enough to see their full significance and effects. It is precisely because Liberty does offer that which must emancipate man from ignorance and weakness that I believe it will abolish crime. I think it will be conceded by F. R. B. that poverty is the breeder of ignorance, anarthism, and anarthism, and that only by the most essential conditions, opportunities, and fortunes is social disorder, of which crimes against possession are but manifestations. Crimes are committed from motives of anarthism and revenge and through ignorance of the great social truths of the human condition, practically and theoretically. Social order is adrift by F. R. B., although perhaps he did not follow out the idea in just this direction. Now, it is easy to prove that injustice is the cause and the sole cause of poverty, wealth, inequality, social discord. It is equally true that one man could live in luxury upon the product of another man's labor, but that is precisely what the institution of property, with its rights of increase maintained by authority, permits the proprietor to do. Property thereby restricts production and consumption, makes labor competitive, forbids exchange, and finally destroys society and abolishes itself. Property—possession plus legal privilege—is injustice, and produces all the conditions which make crime possible. Under such conditions it is clearly impossible for man to reach perfect development in mind, morals, or body; or to advance perceptively, in recognition of himself or understand the laws of nature. The restrictions imposed by our social system are not only ineffective as safeguards against crime, but are in a great measure incentives to crime. Man has always striven against fate, and has not succeeded in curing a single one with all his statutes and prisons and gibbets. The pseudo-homoeopathic method of treating diseases of the social system is a gigantic failure, for all this legislation which has been in operation (under the modern education of which F. R. B. speaks) is a sham because it does not even aim to teach the truth or to point out the way to knowledge of the needs of society. If it did teach the truth and encourage man to think, there would be no need for such anarchy as Liberty. If Anarchist did present an actual, effective help to erring and shaming humanity, there would be no excuse for the publication of Liberty. Poverty, ignorance, quibbling, and crime will disappear when the science which shall have been developed for the knowledge of the needs of society is applied by those who understand it. As Liberty is not a sociable, it presents no doubt that it needs to be understood by all people.

It would require, it has been shown, much more clearly than I could hope to show it, if I had volumes in which to explain it and the knowledge with which to fill the volumes. And yet one may discover much by diving beneath the surface of things. He may discover what the general character of the bottom of the sea is, even though he does not explore the entire bed and cannot describe every variety of shell. Having realized that what equality of conditions means and what Liberty actually is, he has the foundation upon which to build an ideal and practical social structure, in which every fact known to him may be used as building material and fitted into its proper place. Conceive a state of social organization in which all men are enabled to enjoy all the products of labor, in which it is more profitable to consume than to hoard, in which no man need labor more than three hours a day, and by which you will not find it so hard to believe in the possibility of the improvement of human nature.

Misleaders of Public Opinion.

The ignorance of the men who pretend to instruct and advise the people through the daily press is the greatest obstruction to the advance of scientific knowledge of political economy. The people are in the habit of believing what the newspapers tell them, and when an editor assumes to speak as a teacher on questions in which he is no measure understand, he succeeds only in muddling the heads of his readers and propagating error. The Boston " Transcript" is one of the papers that gets an occasional glimpse of the cause in its remarks on social questions, but its knowledge of the subject is so tangled with a mass of misinformation that it only confuses the questions it discusses. Misled perhaps by Herbert Spencer, the organ of Boston culture says: "The foreign elements of our working classes are the elements in whose discovery and protection is Socialism. . . . Which is the safer principle to spread among our working classes,—that of European socialistic subsidy-giving paternal and protective or that of the American Socialistic element the soil it can flourish on in this country, and protection is Socialism . . . ."

What a curious mixture of race prejudice, preposterous ignorance, wrong conclusions, and the unselfish love of liberty and equality is here presented! The able editor understands furnishes an illustion of the truth of what was said in the last issue of Liberty about the misdeed of the term "Socialism."
Then he will be row, fat, and jolly. He will smile at you blandly, when you "air your theories."

But now he rages if you but lay a straw across his path.

He can brook no slightest check to his ambition.

"You're a damned interfering fool," he cries, "and you ought to be locked up, you had it. I ought not to be allowed in this country and prosperity."

There's that Harr Most! I'd send him to hell quicker, if I had the chance.

And this man,—this poor man,—this capitalist,—this poor man who is a billionaire in his heart,—who would trample life, liberty, and all men's happiness under his feet, and his own in the dust, if need be, to provide employment for his brains,—this poor man in the corner foamed at the mouth. He raved himself hoarse. He sank down exhausted, quiescent.

Then his tormentor said: "You say a man's brains are his own; you mean, a man's brains are the devil's."

The exhausted would-be billionaire whispered:

"You lie!"

"But I will show you I do not lie. What is a devil? A devil is the incarnation of ignorance, darkness, wrong, cruelty, murder; a destroyer, a gluton, and a gourmand; a roaring lion going about seeking whom he may devour—for his own benefit: he is also—a savior."

"And for this last—which is but the sum and result of all his other attributes—he is doomed.

"All the brains in the world won't save him.

"There is a black drop in his heart,—a drop of poison."

"A little drop; but, as it mounts to his brain, it puts confusion there. The man sees as through a glass darkly, sees men as trees walking: sees so many trees to be chopped down and cast into the fire for his benefit.

"With all his brains he is a fool, an ass. He makes this fatal mistake. They are not trees, these men; they are also selces."

"Assailed, at length they turn and rend him."

"What did he expect? He expected that he could go on despoiling all mankind of life and property, and that same mankind, despotted and starving, would submit, subside, go placidly to perdition, and leave him alone to fluorish."

"A more sinister conclusion could not be reached."

This champion of brains has regained his breath. He is also, in a measure, calmed.

He comes a little way from his corner.

He looks out of the window.

A neighbor, passing, notes him.

"There goes a man, now, too honest to live. He's poor, but he don't seem to mind it. Or, at any rate, it don't fret him. You see he's not ambitious. He has plenty of brains, nevertheless. If you don't think so, just tackle him. But he's a deal sight better to other people than he is to himself. He's too fussy. Has too many principles, chetotes, hobbies. It don't pay to have hobbies,—to oe winner and better than the rest of mortals. Your lot is cast with yours. If you're in Rome, to do as the Romans do,—or go under. But that man—I don't suppose he ever wronged anybody in his life."

"Astonishing! The miserable fellow! How he must suffer! Not to do as the Romans do! And he's going under, is he?"

"No, he isn't; because he's never been over. He's always stayed down."

"But he must be miserable! "

"Yes; but he don't know it."

"He never wronged any one? That's his sin, is it?"

"Well, yes, it's a sin to be too supercilious that way. I don't believe myself in deliberately wronging any one, but one can't help thinking how not to do it. He must go ahead, and keep an eye on business,—legitimate business."

"Oh! your propitiation now is: a man's brains

(Continued on page 8.)
WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

Continued from page 1.

II.

Maria Alexevas, while she knew what had happened at the theatre, did not however know the sequel. While she was sitting on a chair, Storchenkoff, his two friends, and the other French mistress were finishing supper in one of the most exclusive restaurants in Paris.

"M'sieu' Storchenkoff!" — Storchenkoff beamed, this being the third time that the name was mentioned since the beginning of the evening.

"M'sieu' Storchenkoff! let me call you so, it sounds better and is easier to pronounce; you did not tell me that I was to be the only lady in your society. I hope to meet Adele here; I should have been pleased, for I see her so rarely!"

"Adele, unfortunately, has fallen out with me."

"The officer said nothing else to speak; the change in his mind, kept silent. It was the civilian who said:"

"Do not believe him, Mademoiselle Julie. He is afraid to tell you the truth and confess his habit was to be no woman for a Russian."

"I do not clearly understand why we came here either," muttered the officer.

"But," replied Julie, "why not, Serge, since Jean invited us? I am very glad to make the acquaintance of M. Storchenkoff, though he has very little of the type of beauty. You have no bronzines and blondes in France? Adele and I consider the Frenchwoman a beautiful woman, but I consider the Russian woman a Tartar Sibyl."

"That is what I am thinking," answered Storchenkoff, "that is what I am thinking."

"But Adele for the beautiful Georgians whom you visited in her box, but to exchange a Frenchwoman for a Russian! I can fancy her pale cheeks, — no, I beg pardon, that is not correct; I have seen her, and you call her a dish which only you Euximous are able to relish. Jean, hand me the cigar-ash tray to pass to M. Storchenkoff that he may humble his guilty head beneath the ashes."

"You have just said so many foolish things, Julie, that you are the one to humble your guilty head beneath the ashes. She whom you call Georgians is precisely the Russian, and the Russian, in a word, is the Tartar Sibyl."

"Adele is a pure-blooded Russian."

"It is impossible for you to separate the two.

"You are wrong in supposing, my dear Julie, that our country has but one type of beauty. You have no bronzines and blondes in France? Adele and I consider the Frenchwoman a beautiful woman, but I consider the Russian woman a Tartar Sibyl."

"I thank you, Serge; Karaezinab historian. Poachers: — knew. The Euximous in America, the Russians, Semoydotes. — Saborides, that name sounds strange. I shall remember, gentlemen, and I will make Serge repeat it all to me when we get some. These things are useful to know in a conversation. But I was here, and I know for a pass. I want to be a Scotch. But there is another affair. Let us come back to the question, — her foot."

"If you will allow me to call upon you to-morrow, M'ulle Julie, I shall have the honor to bring you her shoe."

"I hope so; I will try to go; that excites my curiosity."

"But you would be polite? Hibierto he was the fellow of Jean, who had been the fellow of Serge, who had been the woman of Julie, one of the most elegant of the Frenchwomen in her society; they caused her to repeat it."

"The foot is satisfactory," said Jean; "I, as a positive man, am interested in that which is more essential, I looked at her neck."

"Her neck is very beautiful," answered Storchenkoff, flattered at the praises bestowed upon the object of his choice, and he added, to M'ulle Julie:"

"Yes, ravishing! And I say it, though it be a sacrement in this presence to praise the neck of another woman."

"Ha! Ha! Ha! He thinks to pay me a compliment! I am neither a hypocrite nor a liar, M. Storchenkoff; I do not praise myself, nor do I suffer others to praise me where I am unworthy. I have plenty of other charms left, thank God! But my neck! ... Jean tell him what it is. Give me your hand, M. Storchenkoff, and feel here. I say, there is more there, I wear a dress, a petticoat, a chemise. Not that it pleases me; I do not like such hypocrisies; but it is admitted in society: a woman who has led the life that I have, a woman who has been in Storchenkoff's company, is a companion with what I have been — such a woman cannot preserve the beauty of her throat."

And Julie burst into tears, crying:"

"It is my youth! O my purity! O God! was it for so much infamy that I was born?"

"You lie, gentlemen," she cried, rising suddenly from her seat and striking her hand against her knee. "Did you see the young girl; you would not have loved her, not his mistress; I saw it all. He wishes to buy her of her mother. I saw her turn her back upon him, quarrelling with insignificance. Your conduct is abominable."

"Yes," said Jean, languidly stretching himself. "My dear Storchenkoff, you must pay me attention. We will discuss this matter after all, whether it be a week before or a week after. For you will not be disenchanted, and the reality will surprise your imagination. I surveyed her you will be convinced."

Storchenkoff held back no longer:

"Pardon, Mademoiselle Julie, you are mistaken in your conclusions; she is really my mistress. It was a cloud caused by jealousy. She had taken offence because during the first act I had remained in Mademoiselle Mathilde's box. That was all."

"You are lying, my dear," said Jean, yawning.

"No truly!"

"Prove it! I am positive, and do not believe without proofs."

"What proof can I give you?"

"You yield already! What proof? This, for instance. Tomorrow we will take supper here again together. Mademoiselle Julie shall bring Serge, I will bring my little Berthe, and you shall bring the beauty in question. If you bring her, I lose and will pay for the supper; if you do not bring her, we will banish you in shame from our circle."

While speaking Jean had rung, and a waiter had come.

"Is it Storchenkoff?" said he to Jean, "I have been sent for six persons. A supper such as we had here at the time of my marriage to Berthe. Do you remember it, before Christmas? In the same room."

"The soup is there, I will not trouble you, love. Who wishes to eat? I will be the one who might thus be able to preside at the table."

"Aboimabile pepe" — "Yes, the soup is there. Do you not see that he will set some trap for her? I have been plunged in all the filth of Paris, and I never met a gentleman like thee! But the social world must I live for? What crime do I deserve such ignominy?"

And falling on her knees:

"My God! I was only a poor and weak woman! I endured hunger and cold in Paris. But the cold was so intense, the temptations so irresistible. I wished to live and to love! Who could think to expel me? And the fact that you met me there?"

"Aboimabile pepe" — "Yes, but you are not the one to live among such people!"

"She rose suddenly and ran to the officer:"

"Serge, are you like these people? No, you are better."

"Butter," echoed the officer, pietistically.

"Aboimabile pepe" — "Yes, you are not the one to live among such people!"

"The young girl has doubtless said a few words! You shall have it."

"Aboimabile pepe" — "Yes, but you are not the one to live among such people!"

"Come, walk in my lap, my child."

And he began to caress her until she grew calm.

"Come, now, you are a brave little woman; I adore you at such times. Why should I not marry you? Will you accept me?"

"Marriage! Yoke! Appearance! No, never! I have already forbidden you to talk to me of such nonsense. Do not vex me. But, my beloved Serge, defend her; he fears you; you are a monster."

"Be calm, Julie? What would you have me do? If it is not he, it will be another; it comes to the same thing. Do you not see that Jean, too, already drives her from the house? She is not to be found in the house by thousands. One cannot defend her against everybody, especially when the society of the house is the least you need not put her demand."

"That is not the way of wisdom, I, a Frenchwoman, struggle; I may succumb, but I struggle. I, for my part, will not tolerate this infamy! Do you know who this young girl is and where she lives?"

"It is well, Véra; your eyes are not red; her feast you will be tractable, not Véra."

"Verotchka made a gesture of impatience."

"Come! Come! " continued the mother, "do not get impatient; I am silent. Last night I fell asleep in your room; perhaps I said too much; but you see, I even do not believe to what I told you. Believe none of it, do you understand?" she repeated, threateningly.

"The young girl had concluded the night before that, beneath her will be beast's aspect, her mother had preserved some human feelings, and her hatred for her had changed into pity; suddenly she saw the wild beast reappear, and felt the hatred returning; but at least the pity remained."

"Do yourself," resumed Maria Alexevas, "he will probably come soon."

After a careful survey of her daughter's toilet, she added:

"If you behave yourself well, I will give you those beautiful emerald ear-rings left with me as security for one hundred and fifty roubles. That is to say, they are worth two hundred and fifty roubles, and cost you four hundred. Act fast." "Verotchka had pondered as to the method of winning his wager and keeping his word, and for a long time sought in vain. But at last, while walking with her mother, she said to her, "If the restaurant, he had been in the steward's apartments. Having inquired first as to the health of Vera Pavlovna, who answered him with a brief "I am well," Verotchka had learned that Pavlovna and her mother to take a ski-ride that very evening in the fine frosty weather. Maria Alexevas consented, adding that she would make haste to present the face of a monster. "Verotchka had said something.

"Sing us something, Verotchka," she said, in a tone that suffered no reply. "Verotchka sang "Troika," which describes, as we know, a girl of charming beauty, whose eyes to see an officer is something."

"Well, now, that's not so bad," murmured the old woman from the adjoining room. "Well, let us go to bed."

"They are very agreeable at least."

"Soon Verotchka stopped singing and began to talk with Storchenkoff, but in French."

"Imbecile that I am!" thought the old woman; "to think that I should have forgotten to tell her to speak Russian! But she talks in a low voice, she smiles; it is well! It is well! Going well! Yes, it's well! But I do not see such big eyes! It is easy to see that he is an imbecile, and that is what we all are. Good! She extends her head to him. Is she not agreeable, this Verotchka?"

"Verotchka was ill-natured mistress of Véra."

"(To be continued.)"
The Mathusians.

The following article, written by F. J. Proctor, appeared in the New York Times on August 11, 1848, in the journal of which he was then editor. It is one of the most famous of the shorter pieces from his brilliant pen:

Dr. Mathus, an economist, an Englishman, once wrote the following words:

"A man who has been born into a world already occupied, his family unable to support him, and society not requiring his labor, such a man, I say, has not the least right to claim any nourishment while there is one in the world to be had from the earth. At the great banquet of Nature there is no plate laid for him. Nature commands him to take himself away, and she will not be sorry to see him go away, or at any rate to have no more children. A family, that is love, like bread, is forbidden such a man by Nature."

Dr. Mathus was, while living, a minister. The Holy Gospel, a mild-mannered philanthropist, a good husband, a good father, a good citizen, believing in God as firmly as any man in France. He died (heaven grant air peace) in 1848. It may be said that he was the first, without doubt, to reduce to absurdity all political economy, and state the great revolutionary question clear and simple, labor must be paid.

With us, whose faith in Providence still lives, in spite of the casuistry's indifference, it is providential — and hence consists the difference between all thought and all action. Capitalist, the body must live."

And our people, in saying this, think themselves as truly Christian, as conservative of good morals and the family as any people. But:

Now, what the people say in France, the economists deny; the lawyers and the sociéistes deny; the Church, which preaches to be Christian, and also Gaultier, deniers; the press denies; the laws deny, the government, which endeavors to represent them, denies.

The press, the government, the Church, literature, economy, wealth, everything says: "The problem is a Christian problem."

The problem is: the name of God and his holy providence, the name of morality, the name of the sacred interests of the nation: is that not enough? But in the house of labor, there is no room in the country for all the children of the country — and that they warn our women to be less prolific. In France, in spite of the desire to produce, in spite of the national belief, eating and drinking are regarded as privileges, labor a privilege, family a privilege, country a privilege.

M. Antony Thiers, minister of the interior, without which there is neither country, nor family, nor labor, nor morality, would be irrevocably hanged as soon as it should cease to be a privilege, in clear words of the fact that, to abolish all the privileges which one speaks, exclude a portion of the people from the law, from humanity, we must abolish, first of all, all the fundamental privileges, and change the constitution of property.

M. A. Thouret, in saying that, agreed with us and with the people. The State, the press, political economy, do not view the matter in that way: they agree in the hope that property, which without which, as M. Thouret says, there is no labor, no family, no Republic, may remain what it always has been, a privilege.

All that has been done, said, and printed to-day and for the last twenty years, has been done, said, and printed in consequence of the theory of Mathus.

The theory of Mathus is the theory of political murder; of murder from motives of philanthropy and for love of God. There are too many people in the world; that is the first article of faith of all those who, at present, in the name of the people, reign and govern. It is for this reason that they use their best efforts to diminish the population. Those who best acquire themselves of the priests, who practice with pie, courage, and fraternity the maxims of Mathus, are good citizens, religious men; those who protest against such conduct are anarchists, socialists, revolutionists."

The Revolution of February was the result of this protest constitutes its inseparable crime. Consequently, it shall be taught in schools, such is the best intentions of the state, such is the best intentions in the world. They would ask nothing better than to make the human race happy; but they cannot conceive, without come sort of an organisation of humbles, a balance between population and production can exist.

Ask the Academy of Mère Sciences. One of its most honorable members, whose name I will not call, — though he is proud of his opinions, as every honest man should be, — being the prefect, I know not which department, sat one day in a college, preparing the students, after having therefor fewer children with their wives. Great was the scandal among the priests and gossips, who looked upon this as an act of slander, knowing well that the act was a fraud. The day before, when I spoke was none the less, as all his fellows, a scoldious defender of the family and of morality; but, he observed with Mathus, at the banquet of Nature there is no room for all.

As a consequence of this great principle, Mathus recom- mends, with the most terrible threats, every man who has neither labor, nor property, nor morality, to abandon the world, and to take himself away, or any rate to have no more children. A family, that is, love, like bread, is forbidden such a man by Mathus.

The government was inspired by Mathus when, having a hundred thousand laborers at its disposal, to whom it gave gratuitous support, it desired to labor them at useful labor, and when, after the civil war, it asked that a law be passed for their transport and, while the expenses of the pretended na- tional debt would be reduced by this labor, the nation, by the war and the national transport, it might have given the insurgents six months' labor, and thus changed our entire economic system.

But labor is a monopoly; the government does not wish revolution industry to compete with privileged industry; at the work-bench of the nation there is no room for all.

Large industrial establishments ruin small ones; that is the law of capital, that is Mathus. Wholesale trade gradually swallows all the retail: against Mathus.

Large estates encroach upon the smallest possessions: still Mathus.

Soon one half of the people will say to the other: The earth and its products are my property. Industry and its products are my property. Commerce and transportation are my property.

You who possess neither reserve nor property, who hold no public offices and whose labor is useless to us, take your place and work. Beneath the securities of the Republic there is no room for all.

Who will tell me that the right to live and to live is not the right of all the people? But who will tell me that the right to live is the right of all the people? Who will tell me that the right to live is the right of all the people? What is for having published such things as these, — for having exposed the entire society and sought the remedy in good faith, that speech has been forbidden me by the government, the government that represents the Revolution?

I, too, have been spoken of as the slanders, treach- ers, cowardice, hypocrisy, obscurantism, and failings of all those who hate or love the people! That is why I have been given over, for a whole month, to the mercy of the judg- s of the press and the speech-owls of the platform! Never was a man, either in the past or in the present, the object of so much execration as I have become, for the simple reason that I wage war upon capital.

To slander one who could not reply was to shoot a prisoner. Mathus has put me to you: I have discovered you! Go on, then; we have more than one account to settle yet. And, if calumny is not sufficient for you, use iron and lead. You may kill me; no one can avoid his fate, and I am at your discretion. But to be the protector of the people, to be the protector of the people, while I live and hold a pen, that, with the exception of yourselves, there is one too many on the earth. I swear it before the people and in the name of the Republic!

TRUTH.

LIGH-

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are his own, and to be used for his own benefit, in doing legal and honest business."

"Exactly! I supposed that was understood."

"You will be as honest, then, as the law allows you to be? You are in a legal virtue?"

"As the law allows; as, also, public opinion allows."

"And don't your benefit amounts to no more than they said. Thus we say. There may be a God; there may be not. All you get, if there be one, is your ability to see things, power to invest and to understand the natural world about you and the man which, it appears, is nothing more than this: to see, to understand, to live. Now, this ability, this power, increases with use. It grows like the muscular tissues of the body. Every age inherits the past, and adds to it by its own growth. If we are not wise, we shall not judge as our fathers did."

"Well, now, there you stand, half-way out of your corner. You first said God gave you brains for your own benefit. But, if you ought your own benefit in the way you proposed, you would start on a war for those of the race. You're not the God I know about; it is not God's work."

"No, it is not."

"And yet this public is speaking as with the authority of the Most High. Enacting laws in the name of liberty, despotic laws, and enforcing them with all the appliances known to tyranny."

"It is this public that establishes legality."

"Is it to this public opinion I have bowed, and said, it is good enough for me?"

"Is it?"

"No!"

"By God, I will cease being the thing this ignorance and superstition, mixed in popular opinions, has fashioned me up to be for my own use to cut a highway of thought to the very throne of Truth and Justice!"

"Help! I have done no thinking."

"Henceforth my path shall be Thought-clear."

"I have read the poet who sang:"

The world was set to order,
And the atoms matched in tune.

"I see, to use my own brains for my own benefit to find the harmony in which mankind may live, now, and have their being."

"Not legally enough."

"No public opinion shall deter me."

"Onward to the new goal!"

"Such the picture of yourself you may behold in the mirror of light."

"On some other occasion I will ask you to permit me to accompany you upon the journey onward."

H.

Shall Woman Become a Slave-Maker?

To Mrs. Emma Schenck, of the "Radical Review." The first question kindly asked by you has been your "Woman's View of the Woman Question," about which I will give you my impressions while fresh. You speak of the work of the shoe-makers' union. A step of progress could be made there because both sexes were equally interested in it. Your personal attitude of co-operation with your husband in the business of ideas is the same propriety. Success and prosperity are for your amazement, and are for your etcetera. Domestic complications entail classes to the common advantage.house of mortals, whose motto is still, 'Every man for himself; the best man wins;' but now the stakes are the not world. That sort of dice-throwing has come to be illegitimate. You think with a few bullets you ought to be contented and stop, and go get the rest of mankind a chance."

"Before, you were governed only by your wild greed, which reared unchecked to the entire substance of kingdom, principalities, and dominions."

"Order 4 and 5 to the emperor, king, despot, despot, for your own benefit."

"But now look! You are in a realm where the motto is, 'Be greedy; but not too greedy.'"

"You may devour widows' houses, afflict the fatherless and oppressed, but you must do it legally, according to law, in harmony with public opinion."

"Will you call to your aid your imagination? It may be necessary for you to realize fully the picture you present in the shadowless mirror.

society an inch. It is simply a national mania. It is on a par with what medicine would be, if the sick man were presented to a catalogue of medicines which does not choose a name among them for his healing. I am sixty-two years old. Ever since I could think, I have been trying to discern the advantage to myself and weight of a reform that has been too essential for all? Could I possibly enjoy it alone? Must not all possess it for me to retain it?"

"Ah, me! If my brains are for my own benefit, it is not clear that they must help, and not hinder, the public."

"But what say I of offending?"

"A vast multitude, the great public, needly, lacking wisdom, lacking understanding."

"And yet this public is speaking as with the authority of the Most High. Enacting laws in the name of liberty, despotic laws, and enforcing them with all the appliances known to tyranny."

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