On Picket Duty.

A free labor reading room and circulating library was opened a few weeks ago in New York at the Central Labor Union Hall, at which free access may be had to all labor publications. Donations for this project, which involves no cost to the subscribers, are sent to the New York Labor Library, 141 Eighth Street, New York, N. Y.

"La Presse" of Montreal has issued an illustrated pamphlet of nearly one hundred pages giving an interesting account of the life, trial, and execution of Louis Riel. It is the most intelligible and satisfactory exposition yet published of the causes which induced this brave man to lead his countrymen in insurrection against British tyranny, and of the fanaticism and duplicity which made him suffer a martyr's death upon the scaffold. Those who read French and admire human heroism will want this pamphlet, which the Mutual News Company of Boston supplies at ten cents. I must add my regret, however, that its very first pages should be disfigured by a most outrageous lie. It is double upon the article in the column of the same number, which, by other nations to political offenders, it says: "France, s'èr la hore of the Commune, punished with death only the bandits who had personally committed acts of murder and pillage." In view of the x. undesirable fact that in the famous Bloody Week of May, after the entrance of Thiers and his troops into Paris, men, women, and children were tied together indiscriminately and mowed down by the militiamen and the streets became as red as many rivers in which at least thirty thousand corpses of men, women, and children were cast, the man must be cynical indeed who can talk of France's mercy. There has been no such butchery since the days of Inquisition in Spain.

Henry Appleton has become the editor of "The Newsman," the monthly organ of the newsdealers published by the Mutual News Company of Boston. In it he will wage steady and unremitting war upon monopolies in general, and the American News Company in particular. While in liberty he will continue to do the same incomparable work that he has been doing ever since its start, his new capacity will greatly extend his sphere of usefulness. I wish him all success in it. He will do, I judge, as well as I did, and if I add that I look with grave interest to the streets because those red rivers in which at least thirty thousand corpses of men, women, and children were cast, the man must be cynical indeed who can talk of France's mercy. There has been no such butchery since the days of Inquisition in Spain.

The beautiful simplicity with which the millions rise to the Olympic heights of speculation, unaided by the grace of the gods, affords food for reflections. Here are some nineteen hundred million of rain flowing into the pockets of lenders; why not into the treasuries of that great collective being, the seer of Nature's beauty? But capitalization is invasions, and to strike at a cause, that 1.000 em. Thus, one might think the worm's soul at one tributary sweep, which we call the mercantile. This idea was left out of the Georgics of Virgil, but the whole world gossips as it rolls.

In gathering moss, too, it must be considered that small properties naturally are assessed higher in proportion than large ones. Assessors are not insensitive to the reverence which magnitude inspires, nor to the benefit of friends in power. To impregnate the ballot with my idea, a bee and cry against landlordism will suffice for them, while the landlords themselves and all capital interests do not need to be told that under heavier taxation their coupons and longs will take the wind out of the sails of the small farmer, collapse the small stores.

But as all other production, as well as consumption, must draw its material from the soil, he who can hold on to it will only have to raise the mortgage who adds the rent tax to the prices of his goods. It is always the consumer who really pays. But there are consumers and consumers. Some demand bread and meat, and sell upon the soil. Some sign foreign wines and rustle in foreign silks. Having secured the suffrage of the stockholders against the landlords, and of the landlords against the clothiers, we set our cap for the free traders. Rich by taxes equivalent to the rental of a continent, why need Uncle Sam bother with custom houses? He can afford to take down fences and abolish toll gates.

The costs of our Government having been comfortably adjusted on the packskid of labor, foreign luxuries may be expected to fall in fair cream of our soil, which goes out to fatten absentee landlords and English cattle kings. Abounding in this sense of liberty, we may also expect the very good face of some of our own millionaires. The country will thus attach its capital to the pillars of government. A noble reorganization of political architecture.

The majestic simplicity of a continent's "unmeasured increment" rising in one golden jet from the gulf to seek its destined s|avel in Uncle Sam's pocket is a picturesque and stimulating idea.

Certain State Socialists felicitate the proletariat on the promised exemption from revenue taxes. Their champagne will come cheaper along the plans, all but the paper, in fact. But the hero of taxation is less in love than Marx with the ideal proletariat. He contemplates complacently the equalization of the land tax by diffusion through the prices of produce over all consumers impartially. This spontaneous form for the benefit of labor by economic laws is a lovely idea of the "beauty of Nature" and the genius of its author. (I don't mean the author of Nature, though I would not exclude him from the honor of inspiring so noble a sentiment, and of conferring on the human mind this treasure of material form of the accumulation of political science.)

To the editor of the "Leader:"

Dear Sir,—Specimen Copy of your paper received and contents carefully read, and will say I want no paper so almighty against any class of persons as your article on lawyers, no matter how many good things you may say, nor any paper that leaves God and the teachings of Christ out entirely and Beecher's Religion.

H. C. VROOMAN.

TO A VANDERBILT'S BURIAL.

(Translated from the French.)

On Staten Island stands a monument, a most magnificent of a hero. Adorned with splendid tablet and lettering: "We've never, still love the ancient name of Bore.

About it hangs, today, a golden crown. Despite the threatening gale and cold bitter, of cutaneous pears. There, within his shroud, to rest in peace. From freedom to freedom with tears on his cheeks, and misfortunes from his heaven to earth.

What greatness did the dead achieve in life?

As statesman did he fake acquire, or honor?

As soldier did he wage a life-long strife

For freedom with foes who trampled on her?

As thinker did he guide, with wisdom's cloud,

The gods of men through paths till then untrodden

As artist did he so painting praiseworthy

That masters old wounds cradle beside the modern?

Oh, no, my friend, it is not as you think:

By unconsciously did he not win his glory:

From fighting, he was ever to shudder:

This an idea as turning the land gory.

Yet nor as artist had he any glory.

He could not sit a painting from a chесть.

That throne sit on, till the hour is tall;

His ignorance disgraced the great home.

I wrong him: he one branch of science knew

And understood: twas of money-getting.

The famous art, known only to the few.

Of living all the fees into his netting;

Of being the human brain as displayed;

Of rolling thousands over their ruin going.

Yes, that he understood; for sense to waste.

He left behind two hundred millions growing.

For others what once I'ly puzzled you:

He damned the public: he saved our thunder.

The rich man now needs nothing but his bed;

To his new house he cannot take his plunder.

Today the public pays him back in kind;

It burns on costs of ruin, but beats less.

The people 's end, his movements are bad.

But "Vanderbilt be damned!" cry all their voices.
IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.

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

Continued from No. 72.

“Wait, I have not finished. His name was James Farcy. After some days I learnt that they had carried the two bodies into the church and that the family of the murdered man was in a state of wretched ruin and tears upon their breasts. Good! What do I do? I give orders to the constables: ‘To horse!’ and we gallop across the country to Alton, where we set fire to the chapel! A real bloodbath!

“A deed absolutely mistress to which you will be recompensed on high, and in your heart and in the world, for they had their motive, and the whole of the nation is moved to fury. Indeed, I am driven to this by the request of the people. For the work is already too long, and I feel that I shall be held in the sluice of the struggle; for this death watch was at the same time, do not arm, an armed watch. In your place, I should have even proceeded to the arrest of this man. But still, it is better that you should not waste your time.

“And it would have been better to surprise them at the foot of the coffins and to shoot them in a lump!"

“Don’t shoot! Shoot from the hand!"

“Sir Archibald skived disapprovingly.

“The point is, without passing his judgment and without showing the least repugnance in regard to this monstrous proposition, explained himself.

“He professed an intense desire to see all this blood in the head; this sentiment, instinctive in him and which, as a result of the wholly feminine delicacy of his nature, was all the stronger because it was a matter of religious conscience with him. For the sake of the people, he thought that the helmet ought to arrive at the tribunal of God in their integrity.

“Quite recently, Mr. Cope, the pastor of Carnwath, had been exercising at the execution of two men. He had been right in giving up the charge of conspiracy against them: Gowans had surely heard of it.

“Among the number fighting was Peter Mushet, the brother of Archibald and William Young, a priest of the parish itself; but many Protestants were already affrighted on the ground of patriotism. In short, Mr. Cope had them ranged in a file and shot them in a lump. And they had the courage!"

“Perfect!” said Gowans, smacking his tongue as if he were tasting a liqueur.

“Oh, well!” As for me, I would have hung them,” concluded Sir Archibald, listening to the whispering of the crowd, they would have had in the head, they would have had in the head, he did not in the least approve the agitation which was spreading among the masses.

“This declaration conformed to the sentences of Sir Archibald and, with William Grobe, the minister of the parish, they would have silenced all the tumult. And if the pastor fears a theological dispute which may degenerate into a quarrel, I will set myself between you two.

“Sir Archibald saluted him, and then his colleague of the Catholic faith, who, introducing him, told off his titles and functions,—already previously announced for the sake of his subscribers, with the object of publishing a name of the people. Clinging to the apron of the carriage and the hand that Tom held out to him, he installed himself on the seat, at the right of the driver, who judged it more prudent to act all the same, to see for himself, to take a seat in the back of the carriage, on a footstool, he prepared to get up; but first the patron, lifting his cap of knitted worsted, presented himself to Sir Archibald, one of the prominent members of the Philadelphia Society of Glasgow, of the temperance societies of Southampton, Merioneth, Dolgelly, etc.

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“A precaution absolutely needless, as, barring some slight differences, they immediately fell into accord.

“Brandy was returning from administering the sacrament to a miserable victim of the civil disorders, whose left breast had been almost entirely cut off by one of Gowans’ agents, causing a Blinded blind, the priest of Bun-

“Condemn those who shed blood!” protested the pastor, quickly and in good faith; and, in exchange for this good word, which in no way pledged its author, the single word of a confessor: ‘Not in public, my father!’

“They rebelled against the trooper a proposal of a marriage which they seized; a rejection, however, which was rather abrupt and informal; but soldiers are not especially intended for such changes of marriage and divorce from the upper classes! They pushed on, a big devil drawing his sword.

“Room! Room!” Ah yes, they crowded still more; the stifled horses neighed, pawed furiously, and reared, with moaning nostrils. A demoniac, a certain Breich, a member of the committee, leaning on the head of the horse, the rider by the hand.

“The latter drew his sword, but Breich’s wife had seen the action, turned it aside from her husband, and received it herself”...

“Then,” said Lichfield, “a hand as culpable.”

“They pretend, indeed, resumed Sir Richardson, “that he let fall some unfortunate comments; he might have said, ‘Now, you will nurse no more little rebels!’ She carried a scar what and the shock of rain. The leather; the man, it would have been wholly consumable if he had used such language. I maintain, in any case, that he had shaved the unfortunate woman’s face. I knew her, she exercises the en-...
sons those who took shelter there were exposed night and day to the risk of their falling in.

A. the priest, or the pastor, and the merchant — turned aside from this somber picture with a movement of repulsion, their touched hearts rising to their lips.

"And to think," said Englishman, muffling his whip briskly, "that they swarm about in there, some eight or ten of them, lying on the hard ground or in the mud when it has rained, smoked like herrings or pigs with their primitive firesides (two rough stones laid together, on the floor, with meat strung, and vegetables, and of what variety?)

"They are not even paupers, in order to lose nothing," said the priest, between two lines of his breviary, which he had begun to read with con- trition. "They set the kettle on a bench, and each dips into the dish."

"And they have soup and bread, and everything, but bread except at Easter," added the pastor, who was devoting ginger lozenges to facilitate the work of his laborious digestion. "I have visited," continued he, "those who ate grass like the cattle, and in one case, those who ate nothing but fish, ate sea-water thrown up by the tide.

"And the years of famine," said Litchfield, "neither potatoes, nor turnips, nor anything else. We can always put our hands into the sack to chew, or to touch, or to eat; we are, that of relatives and friends succumbed to hunger.

"So," said the merchant, "who are paupers, but never bread except at Easter."

All of this was done finally, in a minor voice, with the drawing, nasal tone in which they were accustomed to read their services, with no real emotion, in their certainty of never seeing themselves reduced to the necessity.

"No," resumed Litchfield with conviction, "let a demagogue summon them to re- bellion, promising them a table set daily, with abundance of roast beef, fish, tarts, and each meal washed down with wine, wines, and liquors in plenty, and with their hearts in their stomachs and rage in their teeth, they will rush upon so- ciety like hordes of barbarous, packs of forsaking hounds."

To be continued.

A LETTER TO GROVER CLEVELAND,
or His False, Absurd, Self-Contradictory, and Ridiculous Inaugural Address.

By LYSDANDER SPOONER.

[The author reserves his copyright in this letter.]

SECTION XVII.

Although, he has already been said, the constitution is a paper that nobody ever signs, because it is common sense, that the great body of the people never read; and that has, consequently, no more claim to be the supreme law of the land, or to determine the justice of particular causes, than any other paper that everybody reads, that few persons ever read, and that the great body of the people never read; and although it purports to authorize a government, n which the laws make no more provision for the protection of the individual liberty whatever to the people, whose liberty and rights are at stake; and although this government is kept in operation only by votes given in secret (by secret ballot), and the general voters from all personal responsibility for the acts of their agents,—the lawyers, judges, etc. and although the whole affair is so audacious a fraud and usurpation, that no one could be expected to agree to it, or to submit to it, for a moment; yet, inasmuch as the constitution declares itself to have been ordained and established by the people of the United States, for the maintenance of liberty and rights and their posterior inasmuch as all its supporters — that is, the voters, lawyers, judges, etc. — profess to derive all their authority from it; and inasmuch as all lawmak- ers, and all judges, and all lawyers, and all people with whom the constitution declares itself to be inasmuch as they claim the right to kill, and are evidentlv condemned to kill, and expect the highest glory to kill, all who do not submit to its authority; we might take it for granted that, from motives of common decency, if from no other, those who profess to administer it, would pay some deference to its commands, at least in those particular cases where it expressly forbids any violation of the natural rights of the people.

Especially might we expect that the judiciary — whose courts claim to be courts of justice — and who profess to be judges, impute, condemn and deplore all such violations of the individual rights as the constitution itself expressly forbids — would, in spite of all their official dependence on, and responsibility to, the law- makers, have sufficient respect for their personal characters, and the opinions of the world, to induce them to pay some regard to all those parts of the constitution which expressly require, rights of the people to be held inviolable.

It might be expected that the judges, or in those cases where the constitution expressly commands them to do it, and where they have solemnly sworn to do it, it is plain that they have sunk to the lowest depths of servility, instead of exercising the one power which makes a judge useful: to his position.

But we have been too much accustomed to see all expectations from justice in the judiciary, may be, the group of the courts — and especially in that of the so-called Supreme Court of the United States — in regard to men's natural right to make their own contracts.

Although the State lawmakers have, more frequently than the national lawmakers, made laws in violation of men's natural right to make their own contracts; and although, though they have, as a matter of course, sanctioned by all the other courts of the State, and national. And this work has gone on, until, if these courts are to be believed, every act of men's natural right to make their own contracts.

This is the truth, I now propose to prove.

And, first, as to the State governments.

The constitution of the United States (J. 1, Sec. 10) declares that:

No State shall pass any law impairing the obligation of contracts.

This provision does not designate what contracts have, and what have not, an obligation; but it clearly goes to prove, implies, asserts, and asserts that there are contracts that have an obligation. Any State law, therefore, which declares that such contracts shall have no obligation, is plainly in conflict with this provi- sion of the constitution. Any State law, therefore, which declares that such contracts shall have no obligation, is plainly in conflict with this provi- sion of the constitution.
Liberty.

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"A free man is one who enjoys the use of his reason and his personal freedom, as when his will is not subjugated to some external force, be it a lord, a master, a taskmaster, a jury, or a government. The freedom of the individual is the result of the freedom of society." —Proudhon.

Anarchy Necessarily Atheistic.

To the Editor of Liberty:

If Anarchy, as you advocate it, is the abolition of all law and authority—except the laws of self-government and self-righteousness; and you believe that with these laws of self no man would injure his neighbor, how would such a condition of things, realizing the highest ideals of Socialism and imitating all authority, differ from a society governed by the laws of God? "These shall love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbour as thyself." These are the words that the child of God is to follow. The law of the thought of the sacred doctrine of the Holy Church, is the commandment of God, and no other law of the world holds the moral authority of the moral. This is the reason why liberty marks this principle its own guide and test of the course of others.

Afflicted with Blind-Staggers.

The editor of "The Truth Seeker" is a great bountiful good fellow. He scours the air as though it be his business to impress upon us all the palpable, palpable truths. But he would spurn to descend to such dishonest tricks as a certain old fox in the free-thought line in Boston is capable of. Neither does he pretend to "culture," and lets alone the most cutting applications which could be made on the subject of Free Religious sequester high priests maquerade in, as forms hardly risen from the dead. For ordinary purposes he is a good, square, level-headed fellow, and publishes the best free-thought journal in America.

But he is, alas! no philosopher. Give him a good rounded philosophical statement, and he will prance around it like a monkey, chattering such disconnected and incoherent things that it is very hard to get a grip on him. Yet, if he is honest, he is worth saving, for he tells the truth from utter fear. The first good thing I ever heard from him was that he was utterly illogical he is in fighting the Church while at the same time defending the State, when the two are simply different arms of one identical body.

In attempting to criticise my late article, "Institution-Ridden," he steps into a cham-bone and gets over his head. Then he does flourisher and splash. After calling my analysis of true social law a mere "bundle of assertions," he says that Anarchsy is unjustifiable, and makes a crude mistake. Mr. Tucker say that it is "impossible of realization." Mr. Macdonald does admit, then, that at the millennium, which occurs about a thousand years from now, Anarchy will be in order. This is certainly no mean concession, for Anarchy was radically impossible. It was a mistake, a wrong, it could not live so long and capture the world just in proportion as progress moves. What progress have the old left-handed guns such as are still wielded in the "Truth Seeker" office made in the last four thousand years? Priests were never so numerous or so powerful so far as they are today. And yet in one thousand years Anarchy is to take the field and priestcraft be no more. Friend Macdonald, you had better get on board our train, considering the slow progress of your old team through several millenniums.

When the editor of the "Truth Seeker" asserts that full voluntary individual cooperation would be an institution as fully as any, I pass such ignorance gently by with a smile. Friend Webster's unbridged, if nothing better is at hand.

Our friend asserts that the "best of governments is a necessary evil, yet that it is necessary no man in his senses could consent to. Why but why is this true of civil governments and not of theological? The vital point, which will not go into Friend Macdonald's brain, is that civil government and theological are one and the same thing. Upon this plain proposition the whole inconstancy of his position hinges. Both rest upon authority. Both are defended as conservatives of good order. Each invokes the other when violence is threatened. Each advertises itself as a restraining force. Both are based upon authority. Both levy compulsory taxes. Both have pain and penalties for disobedience. Neither contains the right of private judgment, when expressed in acts. Both are monopolies of natural wealth and the means of well-being. There is, in short, not a single principle that applies to one that does not exactly fit the other. Why, in short, do you not attack the other? Why a theological Anarchist and a civil politician? Why skepticise here and cleft-footing there? This is the one point that I cannot hold these free-thinking people to. They hedge themselves in, and hide behind a totally self-interested re- aly meet them exactly like the editor of "Zion's Herald" when replying to him.

Editor Macdonald's greatest fear of Anarchy lies in the idea that men will not want to pay their taxes. Why does he not think that the people are thieves? What people? Does he mean everybody? Still more does he insist the people by saying that, if they do not want to be robbed, they can modify the thieving institution. Have the people, then, been engaged in setting up an institution to rob themselves?

According to Mr. Macdonald it is the "public welfare" that demands a government. Who is this indi- cated by the "public welfare"? What right does he have to demand anything? Individuals just as good and wise as Editor Macdonald declare that Public Welfare de- mands that we should not have a government. Public Welfare, then, seems to be talking both ways at once. It is on both sides of the question. Mr. Macdonald that we have a government, and he demands of me that we have not a government. He seems to be about as irresponsible and uncertain a nonentity as that other incomprehensible thing, "the people." Can- not Editor Macdonald give us some accurate description of these two great potencies of his? Are their pictures to be found in any theses gallery, or their biographies in any known library? Try it, Mr. Macdonald. Nature is about the blankest piece of pessimistic savagery that I have seen for many a day. He says that Nature is as vicious as God, which is equivalent to saying that the existing Christian God is as good an ideal as Nature is capable of producing. Hence he charges upon Nature all the crimes and cruelties executed by the God of the Spanish Inquisition. Could I believe that Friend Macdonald had sunk so hopelessly low as this, I should despair of him. The fact is that, when he gets tangled up in these inconsistencies on this subject of Anarch- y, he becomes mad. If there is no more virtue in natural law than in the God of scripture, where, then, are we to look for help? Nothing is left us, I fancy, but to smite Macdonald's brains, if that is indeed a hard outlook.

Try again, Brother Macdonald. I repress that you are worth saving. The fact that you lose your head on this subject of Anarchy alone shows that your conscience is ill at ease in your ridiculous position. There is no use of monkeying with this subject of indi- vidual liberty. You want to make liberty a secta- rian thing. You cannot do it. Your arguments for full individual liberty on the theological side are pure Anarchism, and yet you say that Anarchism is non- sense when another takes them out of your mouth and applies them to civil affairs. In setting up this war with yourself and chasing your own tail, you get dizzy and lose your head. I do not know where it will end, but shall still labor and pray for your soul's conversion.

A Truth Seeker! Paah!

If "X," before writing the foregoing editorial, had seen the "Truth Seeker" of January 2, he would not have done Editor Macdonald so much honor. Not that he has given his character far beyond his desert. The paper of the date men- tioned contained the following:

AN ANSWER AT LAST.

From Liberty.

And knowing, too, that after-dinner speeches are apt to be folly, we thought no more about it.

But now the "Sunday Herald" comes to hand to remind us of probably the one notable utterance of the evening. Senator Edmunds, "speaking stiffly to this manufacturing and capitalist before him, said, with much seriousness: 'I wish to tell you that it is well worth your time to begin to study more closely how much we all owe it to that long future which is coming to the relations between ourselves and those who furnish the muscle and toll that give vigor and success to our enterprises.'

In the same serious strain the senator went on to say: 'With labor, Capital, Communism, and every other kind of isms, wild and violent and wicked as much of it is, grew out of a fundamental sentiment, and instinctive and intrinsic discontent, showing that something is wrong at home.' Again, to give emphasis: 'There is no general discontent in a considerable body of any part of society that does not have some small basis of truth and justice to start upon.'

The editor remarks that, in saying this, the senator "left out of the question the small percentage of agitators who are knaves or lunatics."

One more quotation from the Vermont senator's speech, and our readers will have the case fairly before them. He said also: "If you men who have a large amount in your bank accounts and in your factories, and who hear one little squeak in one corner, you know that the machinery is out of order; and if you let it go on, and if that unpleasant noise happens to be near the engine, you will have an explosion." Thus we have stated the substance of the senator's 'insight' and 'foresight.'

And we have the editor's comment to the effect that these qualities constitute statemanship in contrast with the characteristics of the average politician. "The average politician in office thinks of men only as voters, and directs his plans to carrying the election. The statesman, who answers to the definition of a 'philosopher in action,' thinks of these human beings with needs and wants and interests, and he shapes his course to secure for them the best and happiest conditions of living."

It is in this direction that the thoughts of Senator Edmunds are turning, and with particular reference to the 'relief of public capital and labor.' As a matter of common sense the senator is informed of the existence of 'Nihilism, Communism, and other species of isms."

Other than the politician — allow such news free passage through one ear and out of the other. The "philosopher in action" — the statesman — arrests such news as it enters his mind, and ponders over it.

His insight tells him that something is wrong: "There is no general discontent that does not have some small basis of justice and truth to start upon." He knows that the machinery of society is out of order.

Then, his foresight assures him that, "if the unpleasant noise is allowed to go on, the end will probably be an explosion." Hence, it is wisdom, at least, — it is also just and humane, to pay attention to the matter before it is too late.

For, as certainly as two and two are four, "the little squeak in one corner" — if allowed to go on — means — if near the engine — explosion!

The statesman — eternally vigilant — will permit no such catastrophe.

He will study the social machine.

He will discover the cause of the "little squeak."

He will stamp out the cause of the "general discontent" and the remedy.

He will accuse the country.

He will stop the "little squeak."

The senator from Vermont has not gone quite so far as this.

He concedes that "something is wrong at the bottom;" and he urges "manufacturers and capitalists" to study more closely to "secure a more careful adjustment,"

But what that "careful adjustment" is, or should be, he has, so far as we are aware, refrained from as yet from stating.

The editor has evidently noticed this. He has, therefore, proceeded, in a manner all his own, to clear the way and by no means least important factor in the business in hand, — concerning which we shall have somewhat to say at another time.

Giving attention, on this occasion, principally to the senator, we are left to discover his probable opinions as to the methods by which the "little squeak" is to be stopped, from the tenor of his remarks announcing it.

He was addressing merchants, manufacturers, capitalists. He says in substance, and I can only say, [you] employ those who have the means and toil that give vigor and success to our enterprises are not quite secure in our position. In fact, there is a great agitation against us. Of course much of it, most of it, is wild talk and wild stuff. But still it must have at least a small basis of truth and justice to stand upon; else it could not exist. The discontent would not be so gruelling. Now, we must look to it. This discontent must be allayed. Labor must be conciliated, or capital will go up in an explosion.

Thus, by iteration and reiteration, we have sought to impress upon the reader's mind the pith and scope of the stateemanlike utterances of the senator from Vermont.

Of course the reader still is left considerably in the fog, so are we.

Perhaps in our next, when we come to deal with the editorial utterances of the senator, we shall see some of this fog clearing away, and permitting a ray of light.

We do not forget that the senator says the discontent of labor is based on "a fundamental sentiment"; that it is "instinctive and intrinsic."

But, then —

Random Comment.

To the Editor of Liberty.

Your correspondent, Theodore B. Kelly, speaks the social dry rot to the bottom when he says: "Both the drawing of dividends and the drawing of wood, coal, and provisions signifying the taking something and giving nothing to return." Interest and dividends, rent and profits, by which the capitalist who neither toils nor spins expends labor, are never thought of as suznet by "Culture," "Charity," or "Syrupathy." If entire justice were observed in all the dealings of man with man, poverty would be associated only with the perdition of justice. Which voluntarily ignores all its members against misfortune or unavoidable loss by accident or forces of nature.

Other than the social forced poverty, by which I mean unnatural poverty.

I wish to express my pleasure with the elucidation of the local situation by Professor Lyman of "Greater Cleveland." It is refreshing to find such pure reasoning after reading suchot as the "Irish World" that "fills its columns with a deep sense of the desire of the desperate straitened sufferers are reduced to by sheer necessity to load their cause with such drivel and pettiness as that betrayer of labor weekly inflicts on its readers.

I am glad to identify and to find myself again in companionship with "Honoria" and "Phillips." I extend greetings. But where is "Eliza Lou" of Kansas?

By the way, why is the term "Free Love" so persistently misunderstood? Is it because of its associations — or mal-treatment by those believing it? To me it is the absolute marriage! As I think.

Why does the "Galveston News" fall into such inconceivable confusion in speaking of "money" as to make the terms "metal" and "capital" seem absurd? Why does the editor not see the word "money" — the necessity — for abolishing all laws for the collection of debts, as no money can be one a success with which they should purchase the government's products from year to year.

E. H. BOSTON.

Greea, Nebraska.

FREEDOM.

In socialist freedom I revel at will. No value my expenditure it can still. Political freedom inherent give; ’O’ther action. Liberty lives. Industrial freedom — also I crave.

The right to toil with the men of a slave.

I have to command my thought, I right that on command. The right to command my thought in word to "powers" behoove.

The right to command the muscles of a man.

The right to command the muscles of a man. The standard of progress — welcome the arrival.
A LETTER TO GROVER CLEVELAND.

Continued from page 6.

A LETTER TO GROVER CLEVELAND.

By N. G. TUCHERNYCHEWSKY.

Translated by Benj. R. Tucker.

IV.

Kirsanoff talked a long time in this tone. And at last the patient told him the name of the man she loved, and gave him permission to speak to her father. Polossol was greatly astonished to learn that the cause of his daughter's exhaustion was a desperate passion; he was still more astonished when he heard the name of the man she loved, and let her die rather. Her death would be the lesser misfortune for her as well as for me.

The case was the more difficult from the fact that Kirsanoff, after hearing Polossol's reasons, saw that the old man was right and not his daughter.

IV.

Suitors by hundreds paid court to the heir of an immense fortune; but the society which thronged at Polossol's dinners and parties was of that very doubtful and tone which ordinarily fills the parlors of the suddenly rich like Polossol, to whose door it is true the knocking was at first rather reluctant. Consequently these people ordinarily become the hosts of sharpers and crooks as destitute of external polish as of internal virtues. That is why Katerina Vassilievna was very much alarmed when her son, with a real grain of the best tone: his deportment was much more elegant, and his conversation wiser and more interesting, than that of his father.

The father was quick to notice that she showed a preference for him, and, being a positive, resolute, and firm man, he instantly had an explanation with his daughter, and she found herself alone with her brother in a carriage. Kirsanoff asked her: "Is he a very bad man, utterly heartless; you would be so unhappily with him that I would rather see you dead than married to him; it would not be so painful either for you or me."

Katerina Vassilievna loved her father and was accustomed to heed his advice, for he never laid any restraint upon her, and she knew that he spoke solely from love of her; and, further, it was her nature to try rather to please those who loved her than to satisfy her own caprices; she was of those who love to say to their relatives: "You wish it; I will do it." She answered her father: "Solovtsov pleases me, but, if you think it better that I should avoid his society, I will follow your advice." Certainly she would not have acted in this way, and, in conformity with her father's wishes, she would have laid aside all affection for him, if she had loved him; but at that time she had but a very slight attachment for Solovtsov, almost none at all; she simply seemed to her a little more interesting than the others. She became cold towards him, and perhaps everything would have passed off quietly, had not her father in his ardor gone a little too far, just enough for the cunning Solovtsov. He saw that he must play the role of a victim, but where should he find the pretext? One day Polossol happened to indulge in a bitter jest just at his expense. Solovtsov, with an air of wounded dignity, took his leave and ceased his attacks on Polossol. Kirsanoff at last became convinced of his brother's extreme timidity, and made the following confession: After that all was happy in lov'ing her even hopelessly, and so on; but no prayers or desires. He did not even ask for a reply. Other letters of the same style arrived from time to time, and ended, as they had begun, by an extremely cold and unmeaning "good morning." Not very quickly, however. After Solovtsov's withdrawal Katerina Vassilievna was at first neither sad nor pensive, and before his withdrawal she had already betrothed herself to Polossol, whose counsel towards her heart was the utmost calmness. Consequently, when, two months later, she grew sad, how could she imagine that Solovtsov, whom he had already forgiven, had anything to do with it?

"You seem sad, Katia."

"I? No, there is nothing the matter with me."

"A week or two later the old man said to her:"

"But are you not sick, Katia?"

"No, there is nothing the matter with me."

A fortnight later still.

"You must consult the doctor, Katia."

The doctor began to twist and turn, and the old man felt entirely easy again, for the doctor saw no danger, but only weakness and a little exhaustion. He pointed out, and correctly enough, that Katerina Vassilievna had led a very fatiguing life; she had been in the country every year, and often five o'clock in the morning. "This exhaustion will pass away." But, far from passing away, this exhaustion continued. Why, then, did not Katerina Vassilievna speak to her father? Because she was sure that it would have been in vain. He had signified his ideas in so firm a tone, that she could no longer think of the marriage of his daughter to a man whom he considered wicked.

Katerina Vassilievna continued to read, showing Solovtsov's humble and deader, before and after his marriage, and his intervention seemed indispensable; to sum up, she did not drop a single word that could lead her father to think that he was responsible for her sickness. She was as tender toward him as ever.

"You are discontented with something."

"No, papa."

"Are you not in sorrow about something?"

"No, papa."

"It is easy to see that you are not; you are simply despondent, but that comes from nothing, from sins, from something, or from sickness."

But whereas the sickness? As long as the doctor considered the sickness trivial, he continued himself with attributing it to dancing and tight lacing; when he considered it had become serious, he discovered the "suspension of sensory nutrition," the atropin serrurum.

V.

But, though the bigwig practitioners had agreed in the opinion that Mademoiselle Polossol had atropin serrurum, which had been developed by the fatiguing life, he begged in vain of her natural inclinations towards reserve and melancholy, it did not take Kirsanoff long to see that the patient's weakness was due to some moral cause. Before the consultation of physicians the family doctor had examined Kirsanoff on his own, for the sake of all the family. The family doctor did not, but what did that mean? It was evident that the young and independent in concealing her illness so long from her father, and in so acting through the whole of her illness, he could not be more responsible to repell her at the medical consultation confirmed this opinion. She endured her lot with firmness and without any trace of exaggeration. Kirsanoff saw that a person of such a character was not to be taken lightly; such an one was not to be deceived; to be sure, light some day might be thrown upon the matter in one way or another with him, but would it not be too late? Consumption was about to set in, and soon all the ease imagined would be in vain. For two hours he had been striving to gain the patient's confidence; at last by had succeeded; now he had got
very complex by the young girl's ideas and the character of the man whom she loved. With her ideas of the indispensability of marriage she would continue to sacrifice her life and to make herself a slave, until she was quite sure that she could not tolerate to her husband was worse than to kill her. Consequently there was but one way left,—to cause her death or give her the opportunity of coming back to her right mind.

The next day the medical council resumed. It consisted of half a dozen very grave and celebrated personages; each one of whom had had any effort on Polosoff's part to get him to give up his marriage. But he continually said, "Surely they keep saying it because they don't like me!" As a child he had been much loved by Katerina Vassilievna, his father's sister; she had always been very fond of him, being a daughter of Dr. Vassilievna, his mother's sister. The latter had loved her relations with the girl of fifteen, and thought it was a mistake to have married her.

"But why are you so tense on this point? I am willing to admit that the lover is bad, but is he as bad as death?"

And Polosoff, in his usual way, explained that he had found out that the local power was no reason why she should not separate from her husband. But you know that this is a question of the young girl's life and death. There is no marriage, no separation, no divorce, no separation; and the same is so in all cases. You cannot separate a husband from his wife.

"But all the world's talks! We have been told that the marriage is a contract, and that the contract is for the benefit of both parties."

And Polosoff, in his usual way, explained that the contract is only for the benefit of the man, and that the woman has no rights in the matter.

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Is Anarchy Practicable?

The following address was recently delivered by M. Frank- lin in the New Haven Equal Rights Debating Club.

CHAS. CAMPBELL: If the resolution read: Anarchy is practicable, I am afraid that only one of us will speak on the negative, because every one of us holds that justice is not only a practicable virtue, but that it is the only true foundation of a true human society. Why, then, speaking of the other resolution: Anarchy is practicable, which, as I will show you hereafter, is but another statement of the same proposition, is not even practicable, nor does it hold that the means to which we are to go for the achievement of justice, will not be practicable. Indeed, it would take too much time to state here all the erroneous definitions that have been given of these two words. Many men have tried to write books on the subject, but the blood that has been and is still to be has been mostly in the name of an imaginary justice. Gentlemen, if any one doubts my statement, let me point to the present day, and the great number of the people has been growing up under the yoke of servitude and slavery, in spite of all the changes of government and the increase, of men to do justice. I say that this fact proves more clearly than all the philosophies in the world that this justice, as declared by all the great philosophers who have clamed for it, is not practicable.

What is justice, then?

Gentlemen, if a man should ask me to define in order to be sure that I am not mistaken, I will show him the ancient and old age: Don't do unto others that you would not do unto you, and even from the most enlightened of our Socialistic friends. Now, let us see, does what do most the most? Slavery, if I am not mistaken. Slavery, as Proudhon says, is the greatest of them all, and not in his will, his thought, his personality, and make him dependent upon others. It matters little whether he is dependent upon one or many persons; whether they are few or many, a majority or a minority; whether such persons call themselves cures, priests, pre- sides, or doctors; whether he is dependent for all his life or but for a moment, and, above all, in any case, in any certain respect only—men, the man is in such a slave as he is prohibited from using his own reason and facultues, and, the matter of fact, be a slave and even to be such is a position. Consequently, if we are to define justice, true justice, we must beware of making others dependent upon our persons, our ideas, or our instructions, whether we call them States, Churches, or Legislatures. It is, according to justice, and it is precisely that which anarchy demands. The right of every man to a state of society proves what I stated. And upon what is based legal absolutism, and compulsory ruling; hence, the absence of slavery. —Liberty.

But right here, I suppose my State Socialistic opponent will say: "You have a liberty in a very nice state of society proves what you stated. And upon what is based legal absolutism, and compulsory ruling; hence, the absence of slavery. —Liberty.

The Virgin and Her Children.

[Hint: Riel's letter to L'Emancipation.]

Verevichka, a young Russian peasant woman, who recently took to its head, and in the cabin exhibited his principal paintings at Vienna, among them being a "Holy Family," a subject not much admired by the critics. Only, being a faithful observer of the Gospel, it gave him Christ and Joseph, his brothers, and his sisters,—which transformed the pretended Virgin Mary into a peasant's wife by the name of Gagie, he has thought it his duty to represent this most important event by one of the most exquisite of Russian art, and which is not a child. But if any one is guilty in the reproduction of this historical detail, it must be the Evangelists, Saints Luke and

Matthew, who have eulogized for us all the members of Jesus' family. But with cunning trickery the Church, in its early youth, filled our ears with parables till we could not understand one single one of them with which it attrib- uted to God, true care not to entertain us with any account of this boast of children which makes the al- ready problematical virginity of the transactions Mary a not so private.

In fact, even though she remained a virgin in spite of the coming into the world of the children, she evidently renounced the promise of marriage. Indeed, she was under the most intimate and little visit to the unfortunate woman of whom he made an adulterous wife.

Subsequently Verevichka's picture has been sold and the Aus- trian clergy on their leads; Cardinal Gaunghaiber, arch- bishop of Vienna, perceived that the sight of this Virgin marred with eight bannings was an awkward thing for the doctrine which he was propounding every day. With that order always to be noticed in official sole salaries are threatened, he threw himself at the feet of the Emperor and the court in order to make it known to the world as an adulterous wife.

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