On Picket Duty.

Six literary journals have been suppressed by the governorgeneral of Warwan for praising Victor Hugo since his death.

A third edition of Lyndyer Spooner’s “Natural Law” and a fifth edition of Michael Bakouinev’s “God and the State” are now ready.

In the death of T. C. Leland the Liberahs have lost one of their brightest writers, hardest workers, and oldest servants. He belonged to the “Old Guard.”

A writer in “John Swinton’s Paper” wittily defines a posing as a wit: “A person to whom is as easy to relate a story as it is to a horse to eat hay.”

The most preached publication that I know anything about is “La Question Sociale,” a socialist monthly that comes to me from Paris. It is so nearly illegible that one cannot be the latter’s follower, less so the argument of its authors. This, however, is matter for congratulation, the following, which I have managed with difficulty to rescue from the confused masses of ink that deface its pages, be a fair sample of its contents.

The editor prefaces an extract from Marx’s “Misery of Philosophy,” written in criticism of Froudon, with these words: “Proudhon, to the publication of his ‘Economical Contradictions,’ wrote to Marx that he awaited his ‘critical satire’ not without anxiety. But the Don Quixote of the Hegelian metaphysics was absolutely dissertoed by Marx’s vigorous reply. The wily boot-legger of action who preserved the most proudest allegiance he published mountains of voluns on art, philosophy, and metaphorical abstractions, but never after did he dare any special work on political economy.”

In italicizing these words I but emphasize the cruelty of the prejudice against the writer in failing to observe the falsehood with the rest. What are the facts in this matter? Marx’s work appeared in 1847. During the seventeen years from 1848 to 1863 Froudon published, besides many others, the following works: “Solution of the Social Problem,” “Organizations of Credit and Circulation,” “The Bank of Exchange,” “The Bank of the People,” these four, gathered in one volume, constituting his chief constructive work in political economy; also “The Social Revolution,” “The Right to Labor and the Right of Property,” “The Tax on Incomes,” “Confessions of a Revolutionist,” “General Idea of the Revolution of the Nineteenth Century,” “Theory of Taxation,” “Literary Property-Title,” “Justice According to the Revolution and According to the Church,” and his discussion with: “Is it free on literature?...” “Is it free on literature?” according to Proudhon’s remark, “I do not turn him a hair from his course. He went away tirelessly to the day of his death, paying no heed whatever to the German State Socialists. And since the English paper cannot answer Proudhon; they will not accept him; they must lie about him. But they should lie more shrewdly.

WANDELL PHILLIPS’s GRAVE.

A ragged ulcer, half a year old, in Boston stood, accursed in hand, beside that spot beneath whose grave-yard mound in silence lay a patriotic band: The humble heroes who will not move to the Gem of the Revised. The want that made them strong enough to will to the Gem of the Revised.

The cold, bleak wind of a December eve In angry gusts blew long the deserted street, Where lies in Fashion’s strong pressed to will to the Gem of the Revised.

The want that made them strong enough to will to the Gem of the Revised.

The cold, bleak wind of a December eve

In angry gusts blew long the deserted street,

Where lies in Fashion’s strong pressed to will to the Gem of the Revised,

The want that made them strong enough to will to the Gem of the Revised.

He stood forth in his stanzas of melody.

Behind him cold and silent lay the dead.

Before his Christlike Leitmotiv onward sped.

Beyond the rolling bays leathern sculptured stone

The men whose fame is wrought in Church and State;

Before the torches of a million voices, a million voices where the torches of a million voices, a million voices were stable;

A waft of mistery, the sport of fate.

On one side—nodes of a well-born as of;

"Be other—driftwood of the popular"

But one who, passing through the fatal web Of glam that visits the church-yard drew To show the way, led for the dead.

Upon whom, through the lengthening shadows grew, Moving with the lengthening shadows grew, in softness tones addressed the poor outcast.

"My little man," he asked, "must tell me where Within the grave of Wm. Phillips lies?

A brightening smile came o’er the face of care.

And animation beamed forth from his eyes;

He seemed at first to think his, his presence became swelled, As if the ame named care and want dispelled.

"Right here, sir," answered he, "where I stand;

It is the only grave I care to take.

Hear she, ye dead that Church and State term good;

Ye living exultation, how your forlorn love;

The greedy hand that swallows all through the deep;

Ye hear thy voice in every lowly heart.

Contrast! a whisper not the slavish thought!

The soul that starts beneath that ragged breast

Had bridged the chasm, and from thy soul had caught

The love that gave thee eloquence so sweet;

Anded thy voice in every lowly heart.

"Bye D. Linn.

A Nilistick Wife.

The following is the closing portion of a letter from the Paris correspondent of the New York "Freeman," written in view of the report that the new French administration intended to grant an amnesty in behalf of Prince Kropotkine and the other Anarchist prisoners:

I never saw heroine so lovely a form as in the Prince Kropotkine. I don’t know what her age is. But she might be a girl in her teens, or five-and-twenty. She has the roundness of youth, the bright, soft eyes of an affectionate and high-bred girl, combined to a child of siberia. It cannot be the girl of intellect and soul. The upper part of her face is broad and the under narrow and refined, although her mouth, when she laughs, is wide. But she has a delightful set of teeth to show, and a lips, when in repose, are beautifully moulded and fresh as newly-bloomed roses. Her forehead also, by its breadth, might be considered to be her chief asset. She seems to have nothing of the simplicity of a child. Nobody to look at the graceful lines and beautiful figure would think that she comes from the Irishness of longines by plunging into the study of chemistry, mathematics, electricity, botany, etc., other sciences. She has resided in a poor lodging at Chau, only since her husband was sent to the prison. Her voice is very sweet and her accent slightly English. She never seems excited even when she is being interrogated over with grief. It has been her happy privilege within the last year to pay a daily visit in the presence of the latter to Prince Kropotkine.

One day he came there with not a tooth in his mouth. They had fallen out. His gums were so sore that he was in no want of exercise as he was eating a piece of bread. He writes scientific articles for “Nature” and other journals, and she has been allowed to take them out of union after the latter read them. He is a good compositor, so is dropcast.

I believe the marriage of Prince and Princess Kropotkine is a Nilistick act. She has always been rather a disciple of his wife. Her tender admiration for him and devotion to him are boundless. The son is a boy’s journey from Paris, and she has no society there. I asked her how one evening whether her solemnity would fall upon her. "No," I study so hard that I do not feel the time passing. The Prince’s normal elevation is so great that I can hardly pity him, although I like him falling to pieces. What, weighs on me..."

That, relatively to hundreds she is suffering for the sake of humanity, we are in good comfort and not about from human sympathy," she writes.

The Princess Kropotkine is descended from the mother of that Princess Troubetzkoye who volunteered to spend the greater part of a long married life in exile in Siberia with her husband. As Catherine the Great, pretty much of a child, was in the time of Nicholas, her story will be read with interest. The Princess Troubetzkoye in question was also one of the latter’s ladies-in-waiting, a woman of spirit and dislike; she was a gentleman and unrelenting will of Nicholas, joined to the Stylistes’ revolt, the object of which was to break a Family agreement in virtue of which Constantin the Second, brother of Alexander I and rightful heir, was set aside. This revolt was put in power ruthlessly. Troubetzkoye was condemned to fourteen years in the mines and torn to the rest of his life in Siberia. Her husband sentenced to go with him. It was her duty, and she would be happy in sharing his misery that is remaining behind him. Therefore she obtained an authorization to be buried alone with the unloved courtier. She had entered from the Russian capital with a gang of fellow-prisoners, and she prided herself in rough roads in a springless tetiga. At the end of a year of miserable life she went to St. Petersburg to have to send her little children there. Having been banished from her house and her family had lived, but released to a far-off and obscure Siberian station where they were more wretched than before. In the mines they had fellows in misfortune who had common reminiscences of happier times. They were warm in their words in winter, but they were pitied, and had medical assistance. But in the marshy moor to which they were driven, they were nearly an inhabitant, and wolves and bears infested the bed, and around. The children, it was feared, would become savage. Their noble mother resolved to take advantage of this in order to take care of their affairs. She decided to be exiled by the Emperor. An attack of smallpox from which they all suffered, braced up her resolution. So she was forced to the exclusion to migration where there was no doctor and a schoolmaster. The neighborhoods of Tolobia, Irkutsk, and Orenburg were suggested. The appeal of the Princess to the Imperial element was called: “I have been plunged in the deepest misery. And yet, I brought myself the option a second time of bearing a pleasant life at St. Petersburg or of following my wife.” She was sent to Siberia, and I must go to some other. What did the Czar say? “The Princess was never exiled, and is free to come back. But her children were born on the Siberian side of the Ural Mountains, and to stay.”
A LETTER TO CLEVELAND: on His False, Absurd, Self-Contradictory, and Ridiculous Inaugural Address.

By LYMAN SPOONER.

To Greater Cleveland:

Sir,—Your inaugural address is probably as honest, sensible, and consistent as one can expect from a man who, at least in the last few years, has been the feature of the political system of the country. It is, therefore, it is false, absurd, self-contradictory, and ridiculous, and is (as I think) because you are personally less honest, sensible, or consistent than your predecessors, but because the government itself—according to your own description of it, and according to the practical administration of it for nearly a hundred years—is an utterly and palpably false, absurd, and criminal one. Such praises as you bestow upon it are, therefore, necessarily false, absurd, and ridiculous.

You describe it as "a government pledged to do equal and justiuce to all men." Did you step to think what that means? Evidently you did not; for nearly, quite, all the rest of your address is in direct contradiction to it.

Let me then remind you that justice is an immutable, natural principle; and not an empirical, artificial, and relative one;--as it is now, that is, as the laws of the man's own making,—have no color of authority or obligation. It is a falsehood to call them "laws;" for there is nothing in them that either creates men's duties or rights, or enlightens them as to their duties or rights. There is consequently nothing binding or obligatory about them. And nobody is bound to take the least notice of them, unless he be to transgress them under some color of usurpation. If they commanded me to do justice, they add nothing to men's obligation to do it, or to any man's right to enforce it. They are therefore mere idle wind, such as would be common to any man, and which without any law, the right of conscience, the right against the law, or the right to do injustice, is criminal on their face. If they command any man to do justice, what they only do is to give him a color to do justice, or a color to the non-observance of it.

If they forbade any man to do anything which justice would permit him to do, they are criminal in the eyes of the natural and rightful law of the land. And they are criminal to all men, who are in the eyes of that law, or in the eyes of the law, whatever it be, right, but not right, or criminal.

This science of justice, or natural law, is the only science that tells us what are, and what not, each man's natural, inherent, inalienable, individual rights, as against any and all other men. And to say that any, or all, other men may rightfully take from me, or all such men may enter into my house, and say that he has no rights of his own, but is subject to their property, and their right to use it as they please, and without any of my consent, is a falsehood.

For the reasons now given, the simple maintenance of justice, or natural law, is plainly the only one purpose for which any coercive power—or anything bearing the name of law—is used by the government. It is intrinsically just as false, absurd, licentious, and ridiculous to say that law-makers, or entitled, can invent and make any laws, of their own, authoritatively fixing, or declaring, the duties of individuals, or of kinds, or of persons, or of corporations, or of any authority or corporation, or of individuals or that individuals may rightfully be compelled to observe, and be punished for the non-observance of such laws, as they see fit, and rightfully compel such duties to conform all their actions to them, instead of conforming them to the natural law and the physical forces of nature.

Law-makers, as they call themselves, might just as well claim the right to abolish, by statute, the natural law of gravitation, the natural laws of light, heat, and electricity, and all the other natural laws of matter and mind, and institute laws of their own in the place of them, and compel conformity to them, as to claim the right to set aside the natural law of justice, and compel obedience to such other laws as they may see fit to manufacture, and set up in its stead.

Let me now ask you how you imagine that your so-called law-makers can "do equal justice and peace to all men," when they practically say that they have no power to do justice, but that they have no power to do anything for or about justice, and can do nothing but make laws and pass legislation, or such other laws as they may see fit to make, and set up in its stead.

For one, or another, of these reasons, therefore, each and every law, so-called, that forty-eight different congresses have presumed to make, within the last ninety-six years, and within the last eighteen years, is false, and is not in the law, and therefore against the law, and is, in every instance, an attempt to do justice, and an attempt to do injustice.

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We are now doing nothing but attempting to make the laws of the greatest mass of superficial or criminal laws, (so-called) which ignorant and foolish, or impudent and selfish, or despicable and treacherous, or profligate men, have had the power to make, and pass, and then to see that they are either enforced, or, if they are either criminal, as commanding or licensing men to do what justice forbids them to do, or forbidding them to do what justice would have permitted them to do; or else they have been superstitious, as adding nothing to men's knowledge of justice, or to their obligation to do justice, or to abstain from injustice.

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WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

A ROMANCE.

By N. G. TCHERNYCHEWSKY.

Translated by Benj. R. Tucker.

Continued from No. 62.

"You know what I intended to do and did not stop him?"

"I asked you to be calm, as the result of my visit was to be counseled. No, I did not stop him, for his mind was thoroughly made up, as you shall see for yourself. As I began to say, he it was who asked me to spend this evening with you, and knowing what he had to do, he would be in sorrow, he consulted me with a common sense way. He chose me as his agent because he knew me to be a man who carries out with perfect exactness the instructions that are given him, and cannot be deterred by any events. He foresaw that you would try to violate his will, and he hoped that I would carry it out without being moved by your prayers."

"No, I shall not do the same. This is an affair of honor."

"In going away to 'quell the scene'?"

"My God, what has he done?"

"By did you not restrain him?"

"It will be just now: 'the wil be consoling.' By the counseled nature of the result I did mean the reed: of this note, and that for reasons, the first of which is that it was not to be disinvited, and had not been sent too late, you see, to deserve the "name of consolation" to give consolation something more than a passage of sentiment must be found in the contents of the note."

"Véra Pavlova rose abruptly.

"Where is it? Give it to me! And you could stay here all day without deliver-

"I could because it was necessary. You will soon understand my reasons. They are not to be explained, they must explain the matter to themselves."

"At least, you will have counselled me just now: 'the wil be consoling.' By the counseled nature of the result I did mean the reed: of this note, and that for reasons, the first of which is that it was not to be disinvited, and had not been sent too late, you see, to deserve the "name of consolation" to give consolation something more than a passage of sentiment must be found in the contents of the note."

"Véra Pavlova rose again.

"Calm yourself; is not that you must refrain. Having prepared you conscience, you are in the right way, let me take your case with a common sense way. You do not mean by the "counseled nature of the result" the fact of the receipt of the note, but its contents rather. These contents, on the character of which we have settled, are in importance that cannot give them to you, but only the note. What you would wish to keep it. So, not to be obliged to take it away from you again but be able to give it in every situation. It shall be for you that i shall try to accomplish, until the show it to you until you have saved, placed your hands upon your knees, and given me your word not to raise them."

If any stranger had been there, however susceptible his heart, he could not have helped laughing at the solemnity of this proceeding and especially at the qual-

But Véra Pavlova, not being a stranger, could only feel the oppressive side of the incident, as for the even aspect of the incident she felt it was a sublime tone.

The premises of the lawgivers, that they are promoting the "public good," by violating private individual rights, is just as false and absurd as is the premise that they are protecting the "public health," by placing the "public good," of any coercive power, calling itself a government, or by means of a superior power, to accomplish the "public good," of every individual. It is quiet and peaceful enjoyment and exercise of all his own natural, inherent, inebriate, individual "rights." This is a "good" that comes home to each and every individual, while the government, in particular, does not "good," which each and every one of these individuals, composing the "public, can appreciate. It is a "good," for the less of which governments can make no compensation whatever. It is a natural and important "good" of the human and importance to each and every human being; and not any such vague, false, and criminal thing as the lawgivers —which are called "government,"—would be willing to accomplish, under the name of the "public good." It is also the only "equal and exact justice," which you, or anybody else, are capable of securing, or having any occasion to secure, to any human being. Let this "equal and exact justice" be secured "to all men," and they will then be abundantly able to take care of themselves, and secure the very highest "good." Or if any one should ever chance to need any thing more than this, he may safely trust to the voluntary kindness of his fellow men to supply it.

It is one of those things not easily accounted for, that men who would seem to do an injustice to a fellow man, in a private transaction,—who would seem to usurp another's liberty over him, or his property,—who would be in the hands of a captain; if charged with a breach of the moral's warning, would take their lives in their hands, to defend their own rights, and would do it in all seriousness, not only when it came to an open conflict, because 'the' call a government, assume that they are absolved from all principles and all obligations that were imperative upon them, as individuals: will assume that they and the government, and not the law, and not the justice and not the mercy may proceed to all the wrongs are committed, and not to the doers of them. Yet they are doing this continuously. And all the laws that exist are nothing more than the punishment of individuals who have more "rightful" against more human than that, and those, on whose laws we are to operate, have lost even their human nature. They seem to be utterly blind, or the fact, that the only reason there can be for their existence as a government, is that they may protect those very "rightful," which they before scrupulously respected, but which they now unscrupulously trample upon.

To be continued.
Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at One Dollar a Year; Single Copies Five Cents.

BENJ. H. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
A. P. KELLY, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.


Enclosed is new Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., JUNE 20, 1885.

**"Individualistic Visionaries.**

In the "Freihheit" of May 9 Herr Johann Most pays his respects to those Anarchists who, he says, have for forty years been still grooping in the A B C of Prussian Anarchism, and who can only claim Liberty as their remaining advocate and exponent. Under the head of "Individualistic Visionaries" he devotes three columns to an article which lately bore upon him in this paper.

Herr Most says that the points quoted from his article by me were garbled, and so arranged as to place him in a false light. The main point quoted, besides which the others are simply incidental, appears in the following paragraph:


The literal English of the above is:

Respecting the word "Contract" one misunderstandings must, however, be avoided. Prostitution, who believes in freedom of the will, understands by this word a voluntary contract—a contract which at one's option can be altered in purpose and form. Such a thought is far from us.

A contract must either be voluntary or involuntary. If voluntary it is far from Herr Most's thought, what kind of a contract does he contemplate? He says that every man is bound to enter into some form of communistic contract in spite of himself, for the very law of his nature compels him to. His vaunted will is a mere plaything in this matter. But if the will is so insignificant and contemptible a fact in this matter, why does he propose to stand guard over it, lest it should participate in the course of events and bring about a new order of Society?

Herr Most evidently regards the will of the lion as trifling when it is being bailed into his frail house by the prospector of a shank of beef. But when the chested beast finds nothing but dry bones, and課程fully gets out of his den he has kindly set, the will assumes a formidable significance, though to recognize it is fairest of his thought. He is of course driven back upon the issue of whether he or the lion can summon the muscles of his will.

To my pointed question as to whether the Communistic Anarchists pretend to let me severely alone, provided I decline to tacqu any part in their schemes, but choose to live in my own house, how is Herr Most's scheme characterized? At every time and never again, it can be said that he doth equate or equivocate in this matter.

But, alas! under what circumstances am I to be let alone, after Herr Most's communistic hogs have got through with me? I am to be let alone as the mountainer is let alone, who, after having his homestead licked, devours his hogs, and when his pot is stripped naked, is left alone to try conclusions with the rugged fists and eternal snows. I am to be let alone as the highwayman lets his victim alone, after noticing is nothing but nakedness and defencelessness.

Least I do Herr Most injustice, let me quote consecutively from his pamphlet, "Die Eigenthums-Bestie" (The Property Beast), as to what condition I should find myself in when he gets ready to let me searce alone. After arranging his revolutionary forces and aiming at what savagely "that they shall wind a power like unto themselves. Most of all he describes the system which he expects them to execute as follows:

The existing system will be quickened and most radically overthrown by the overthrow of the national and social state. There remain, as the barriers of the people's will must be set to motion. All common courses must to this end form an organized and deformed alliance. Each component part of this dominion must be driven by oppression, we believe, by erroneous opinions."—Provision.

**Placing Responsibility.**

The discourses on the new charter for the city of Boston developed opinions which, taken as a sign of this time, it will be well to note. For instance, one of the Board of Education—"It is not the function of the board of education or charity, where the one whose business is to act in certain directions, did so always under direction of the majority, and so was always able to shirk the responsibility of any wrongs which might have been done. The members of the board of education are, in all cases, when he was virtually held responsible, he should be the sole directing agent. He should be a free man clothed with authority. The idea that a charter would thus be able to do, were of the opinion of that a man, to assume responsibility for his deeds, must not be subject to whatever outward authority. He must find his urth case and justice, and whether he reconcile under them. He must be able to say:..."

The literal English of the above is:

The preparation of food and other necessities can be managed by the community. Organization of the workingmen, and the giving over of factories, tools, raw material, etc., for communal operation of the board, will lay the foundations of the new social order. The commune will (at least for present purposes) be called upon to provide for consumption. It will therefore make common the whole external life of men and women, and with that advocates how and where they will be spent. Rent will not be collected. Land committees in different districts will furnish them the buildings for the commune to be used.

Said to be the fate of "the property beast," after Herr Most gets his dogs of war marshalled and let them loose upon society. Now, to date, I, as an 'Individualist Visionary,' may happen to be personally occupied, each man having a certain amount of land and buildings upon which I have built a home, a barn, and bought tools, domestic animals, and all the accomplishments of an individual domain. Certainly, no human possession can be more sacred and inviolable than this; for the title resides in the consciousness of all rights, personal, occupational and cultivation. Being, as being a "property beast," I am some morning torn from my bed and cleaned out to make room for one of the "property beasts" to move in. I have built my hay, a barn, and bought tools, domestic animals, and all have, are declared the property of the Commune. Yes, even I myself have been marked for annihilation. I stand naked, alone, not Anarchist, not desirous of being loaded with the odium of Herr Most, but willing to let me alone if I do not wish to go down and join the Commune. Oh, ye gods! is not this kindness itself? As I once heard a free thinker say to an orthodox evangelist: "I'll be damned if I don't; but I'm bound to be damned anyway, if I insist upon liberty." Cruel irony of fate, this!..."
LIBERTY. 63

n a day; yes, seventy times seven. Americans have hardly begun to consider the question from the stand-

A Novel Change

The editor of Liberty says that the liberal papers, among

Confessions of a Convert.

Confessions of a Convert. The Editors of Liberty say that the conservative papers, among

I am merely a disciple, a follower, and admirer whom Victor Hugo has drawn into the whirlpool that

The reason for my silence is that the American Republic was the spirit of Liberty materialized; and a

The reason for my silence is that the American Republic was the spirit of Liberty materialized; and a

I have been an advocate and defender of abolition, free thought, free speech, free religion, free marriage, free divorce, free love, and free trade. I drop all these now only to instantly recover them, and infinitely much more, in my arm-full embrace of Liberty.

I become an Anarchist.

I become an Anarchist.

I become an Anarchist.

Monopoly is not the child of competition, but is the child of

Monopoly is not the child of competition, but is the child of

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THE ESSENTIAL POINT in the matter is not that you are in love with another, which is only a result; it is the dissatisfaction with your former relations. What form was this dissatisfaction obliged to take? If both, or even one of you, had been deficient in intellectual development, or had been bad people, your dissatisfaction would have taken the ordinal form;—hostility between husband and wife; you would have had a contract with each other; neither would have been satisfied; your mutual dissatisfaction would have been petty and intolerable. It would have been, in any case one of those domestic helots that we find in most families. That evidently would not have satisfied you. The only result of your dissatisfaction being in love with another, but in addition there would have been hell, mutual torment, I know not what. With your dissatisfaction could not take this form, because if you were honest you would not seek to destroy your former situation—love of another. Of this love to no one is to speak; it is not, I say, an essential point. The only essential point is the change of your former situation; and the cause of your dissatisfaction is the difference in your characters. Both of you are good, but when your character, Vera Pavlovna, marries, the fact that his children are not to be put in the position of his children, is not evident that you and Dmitry Semyonovitch were not suited to each other. What is there in that against your fitness? I, for instance, have not been a bad man, I would have died of ennui. In how many days, do you think?

"In a few days," said Vera Pavlovna, laughing.

"He is not as sober as I am, but nevertheless there is altogether too much difference between you. Who should have noticed it first? Who is the older? Whose character was formed first? Who has had the greater experience in life? He should have foreseen all and prepared you, in order that you might not be frighted and eaten up with sorrow. He did not realize this until the feeling of despair that he had anticipated was not only developed, but had produced its result. Why did he foresee nothing; notice nothing? Was it stupidity? He does not know what to do.

"No, it was inattention, carelessness, relations with you, Vera Pavlovna. That was the real trouble. And still you repeat: He is good; he loved me."

To be continued.
LIBERTY. 63

The Social Metamorphosis.

Since the dawn of human history, human aspiration has oscillated between the two extremes of the primitive and the civilized, like Macron Cypus and his family. Particularistic beliefs by compress in the most recent years as a result of the social and economic changes, to the latest details of bureaucratization and patronymy.

Our chrysalis world is the pherotic phase of subjectivism. In the social life of the primitive man, the objects and their values are, indeed, natural phenomena, but their barriers are possible, not fatal; it is possible to traverse their circles, to pass from one to another. A submission to ideas, a fever libertas, to the right of our childhood.

Science takes the measure of our welfare by its social statistics, and, according to these, the state of the masses, the social masses, can never be healthy unless labor pleases to use it. In this mutual exchange by loyalty to personnel, the immense organization of all persons, the abundant substitution for dependences upon imposed authority. Capital, fighting his will, will finally knock, jolt, subdue to do so. Other forms of authority, disestablished, unmindful, discredited, and unmasked by their old ally, money, have to perform "the happy daguerre," odicious, of the kitchen and various de races, before the new holy alliance of labor with Money, censured by the Labor Exchange Bank.

Such is the development of ways within the Social Chrysalis.

ENDOWMENT.

The Funeral Solemnities of Government.

In discussing authority debts have been paid and slavery abolished, mortgages raised, loans converted to fix simple, the costs of worship, of law, and of government suppressed, where the future is to be found in the present, in the current in money, education attractively organized for practical industries, homes secured, northern open to fair competition, no monopoly of food, manufactured or ingenuous, but industrial congresses. For religion, faith kept with him, and science remain only, as science replaces, adds to science, discovery and revolution. The undiscerned power upon, brains coalesce with hands instead of persons.

In this change of partners Authority is deceived; it ceases to be arbitrary. Its military aureole, inscrutable, invisible, Jove-like, despot, the warden of the spirit, the ruler of the mass, the distributive laws, imposed by church or state, contracts are sealed by mutual interests on an equal footing. Local authority, after which result from the common interest of individual liberties. Authority, parental, patriarchal, royal, imperial, aristocratic, representative, refined, moneyed, it is present in the form of the edifices of authority afloat like the ice palaces on the surface of a lake, underlying the family banks, in which it is generally tempered by affective pat- rential, filial, and fraternal, at once altruist and egoist. It is always a form, always greater, always extends the hands to the base of its support. One in principle, it revolts to unity in representation. Buffeted by the unworthiness of its accredditors, it is the objet de la propagande, the mockery at the atmosphere of civilization, objet of its general worship, measure of values either material or aesthetic, condition of all faculties. In development, realizing the Christian ideal.—Yet, fido, uno domus. This deity is the sovereign, atlas eagle, dollar, rooster, knave, or nothing, essentially one and the same. The weight of the call of armament, the cry of Juggernaut for labor, chariot of State for capital, Theocra. Posterior penguins, it parades out its world estate into the cold of nature, the cold of its total and its symphony; sitting at the table of authority, excelling as a favor to republics the right of multiplying influence in the face of the future, it becomes solvent, all property becomes free and more, all property becomes complete, all property becomes available, servile, servile. By money at first oppression becomes at once insurmountable, always the same. The darkest hour may precede the dawn. Money has a science of its own. By its experimental revolutions banking comes to be for con- sumption, not property, for nothing, and the order of all these have been for labor. This science consists in the management of representation. Whatever rights allow them selves to be represented are presently dispelled with. The phenomenon robs the substance. When a people is represented by its priests and rulers, who judge, reward, punish, save, damn, direct, govern, makes itself among the people, they are, as it were, ready for the sale of indulgences. Crime is approved, tarred, and commingled with virtue. The wealth combines with the wretched, with the best with the worst, the worst with the worst, the wretched with the wretched, the best with the best, the worst with the best, the wretched with the best, and the wretched with the worst. The nation is made up of knoxed, shot, or hanged; after having been tricked, de- rided, outraged, and disordered. Such government, such it is, in the name of public interest, to be seized and measured, magnified, bespattered, disfigured, and robed; then, at the least resistance or complaint, repressed, fined, villified, vexed, hounded, knocked down, thrown into the cold, trampled upon, the people, the country, the nation, the state, the commonwealth, the democracy, singing the praises of government! Societies, maintaining this supremacy in the name of Liberty, Equality, and Authority! Laborers, voting for a president of the republic, another King Stork, a stereotyped figure-head of ambitious and selfish privilege, the great hypocrisy set on its mast! We turn to the social evolution.

The research of "fast causes and of final causes is eliminated from any notion. Thinking and society are not the conscience of the people, but the people are the conscience of the people. They are the society of the people, and for centuries generations interrelated, like a chicken, by its reversiveness, for the wish lines drawn by capital before its eyes, discovers objects there are no objects. The laws of nature, labor buying labor, paying labor, circuits of production, manifestation, and consumption, are affected without intermediate phenomena. The capital of the United States is accumu- lated by the Labor Exchange Bank, a secular of the Real Estate Bank. Behold the supreme power resuming the power, and the people against the old time barons of the sword and castle.

When Laborer notes are current, the honest will have no other hour of labor, the baron will be a Las Vegas. The money soundness. Its tribute will have been condensed by the reduction of interests and rents to their natural minimum. Labor has become so common, so servile, so much of labor as to become useless, unless labor pleases to use it. In this mutual exchange by loyalty to personnel, the immense organization of all persons, the abundant substitution for dependences upon imposed authority. Capital, fighting his will, will finally knock, jolt, subdue to do so. Other forms of authority, disestablished, unmindful, discredited, and unmasked by their old ally, money, have to perform "the happy daguerre," odious, of the kitchen and various de races, before the new holy alliance of labor with Money, censured by the Labor Exchange Bank.

Such is the development of ways within the Social Chrysalis.
towards each other, with a view to prosperity, security, and peace. Will you also promise to respect the property of others, and their personal liberty when not aggressive? Will you promise never to appropriate by violence, by fraud, by usury, monopoly, or stock-jobbing, the means useful to other men’s property or labor? Promise not to lie or cheat. You are free to accept or to refuse. If you refuse, you exclude yourself from social communion. On the other hand, if any one may strike you down as a brute. If, on the contrary, you swear the compact, you enter the society of free men, all of whom engage with you their aid and service are never exacted. Upon any infraction of this compact, you are mutually responsible for the damage, the conviction; or the danger, and the gravity or repugnance of such offense, in order to inquire, recommend, or punish. Instead of swearing before God to your corporal, you swear to your companions, and to your Humanity. Bankruptcy means that there is the difference between faith and science; between courts and justice; between usury and labor; between government and civil society. One is the word of a creature, the other of a being.

One Reason Why Men Become Tramps. [Philadelphia Progress]

It will not do to declare, unless you have investigated, that the dirty, lazy tramp with whom, as a nobody, you get into conversation is in an ignorant low. Many of these poor devils are honest; but, again, the man who education the chance at some respectable and noble, and from the real reason they are. They are just the same. They may not get the daily newspaper daily but they do get they do have them. They are among those whose who starve with their books and knowledge, and who will speak two or three modern languages and yet they are what they are. They may have looked for work and become disillusioned that they could not obtain the order of employment to which they considered themselves entitled. The man who can see Virgil and Spenser in French and German believes there is something better for him than dust-digging. And then, may be, only dust-digging and then he cares for nothing, and is speedily turned into a bummer and a loafer. In the name of the same numerous recreants of this character. They who were so well fitted for life discover that life has become too wearisome. With trained vigor in the intellects to cause them to despise all that is coarse and low, they became to near the level of brutes. They philosophize upon human existence, and, counting the world they own a living, shut their brains and their hearts, and their very souls, to all that would rouse their ambition, and ask only that they may be left alone to walk on the end as best they may. They have destroyed all of the man in them, and of that they are fully aware, and so on they go until the curtains drop, as they, forgotten, fall into unknown graves.

One Cudgel as Good as Another. [Teophile Gautier]

What difference does it make whether you are governed by a dictator or by a monarch, or an autocrat or a despot? It is always a cudgel, and I am ascertained that progressive men spend their time in disputing as to the kind of stick that shall be laid across their shoulders, when it would be much more progressive and less expensive to break it and throw the pieces to all the devils.

The Situation and its Key. [Lager Journal]

The price of wheat is going up.

The farmer has sold his wheat, and the monopolist has got it in.

Crops are below the average this year, and will remain below until the gombers dispose of his load.

The people must pay a big price for that commodity, because it is going up.

The monopolist acts the price at both ends, and robs the people all the way through.

What is happening is the result of fat taxes and free trade hangovers, and are beaten on all sides.

Working people have to feed the feeding cultures, because they are not limited to anything but the market. Organization and cooperation will break the back-bone of monopoly, it vigorously resists.

But working people fear they will be cheated by cooperation, and content themselves with the old system of robbery.

Somebody is going to say away with old fogeyism.

Educate, it is the road leading to a better system, one which will be the means of giving you the just fruits of your labor. Organize, and cooperate, it is the road which leads out the dregs of thirvness.

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