On Picket Duty.

Send in your orders for the bound copies of the second volume.

I have been so delayed in the publication of this issue of Liberty that I date it a week later than I otherwise should have done, and shall publish the next issue a fortnight from the date of this one.

"Edgerton's" article in the "Truth and Life," of October 21, entitled "The New Land Projects," is one of the best and most original criticisms of Henry George's proposal to nationalize the land that has ever appeared in print.

The course of the "Irish World" in supporting Blair has driven Thomas Ainge Devry, the veteran land reformer, from its staff, and he has started a new paper called "Light." I think "Heart" would have been a more appropriate title. Either Patrick Ford's skin is uncommonly tough and thick, or his book has become one broad and burning blister under the withering wrath which Mr. Devry pours upon his adversary. But I can hardly vouch for the illuminating quality of a journal in which, in behalf of labor, supports one of the chief plunderers, Benjamin F. Butler.

Candidate St. John, says in his letter of acceptance:

"If we want an honest, sober government, we must have an honest, sober people, and we can never have an honest, sober people so long as the government sanctions which make its citizens dishonest, drunken, and corrupt." Between these two impossibilities the outlook for honesty and sobriety is disheartening indeed. This is the most perfect specimen of circular logic that I ever came across in print. Its curve is absolutely flawless. As a gentleman to whom I read the sentence said: "It is Giotto out of

French." The Prohibitory candidate is evidently the worthy of his party. As the latter in its platform made God the source of governmental power and then condemned all opponents of the Declaration of Independence which makes the people the source of all just governmental power, so the former in his letter makes the honesty of the government depend on the honesty of the people, and the honesty of the people depend on the honesty of the government. But how can people who place their faith in compulsion and force be expected to know anything of reason and right?

No man ever fought the principle of liberty with greater (seeming) bitterness than Edmund Burke. All the more surprising is it that he ever could have written the essay, "A Vindication of National Society," which is begun on another page. It was the first work that he published, and is a remarkably strong attack, not simply upon governments, but upon government itself. Later, when he found it necessary to the attainment of his ambition to turn his coat, he did so, and attempted to treat his early work as a piece of charity. But the claim is an absurd one, though the world allowed it. There never was a soberer argument. "As a satire," says John Morley, "the piece is a failure, but..." The simple reason that the substance..." Whatever the author's intentions, the effect is the same. Allowing that his purpose was<br />

Gradually Discovering Truth.

The two-faced attitude of the San Francisco "Truth" proves itself once more, most strikingly, in the September number, just appeared. The portrait of Michael Bakunine adheres to the first page, after which comes the most indelicate praise of Marx, his bitterest, most venomous enemy. To the Socialistic Workers' Party's first full page are devoted, covered with praise of its mission, with this, the International Working Men's Association receives a pleasant, hearty puff. Herrmann's death is commented on in three lines which say nothing, while the rest is filled with a heap of, for the most part, meaningless paragraphs. The self-interest of the advocate who edits the "Truth," his aim to make money, and to keep friendship with each and every one, makes up the whole drift of this pseudo-revolutionary journal. Hoping this in the least bit of this hating paper, we warn the working masses against such friends.

A new Anarchistic weekly has been started in Paris called "Terre et Liberté" (Land and Liberty).

The subscription price, including foreign postage, is $1.75 per year. Address Duprat, 166, Rue Montmartre, Paris.

It is to be regretted that the "Radical Review" finds itself compelled to publish at irregular intervals for a time because of lack of support. One of the few thoroughly honest journals, it speaks its mind regardless of consequences. There is never the slightest indication of a tendency on the part of its editors to cater to their subscribers' prejudices. Of such a paper one may hope much. So, with the same earnestness that I would plead for Liberty in danger, I urge all true radicals to extend a helping hand to the brave Mr. and Mrs. Schumacher now struggling to keep their excellent journal afloat.

The American groups of the International Working People's Association are rapidly increasing in number and growing in influence, and, though a good many of them are groping about in a fog, they are doing much good, especially in those centers where they have begun the publication of a journal. There ought to be an Anarchist paper in every large city in the United States. The Philadelphia "Zekaten," the New York "Freiheit," the Chicago "Budismus," and the Chicago "Arbeiter-Zeitung" (a daily with a weekly edition called the "Vorbote") are papers representing various degrees of Anarchism, supported, where not self-supporting, by international groups. There are no regularly organized groups in Boston or in Valley Falls, Kansas, but each of these places has, the one an "Anarchy," and the other "Anarchist Weekly." In the Anarchist Society individuals with the spontaneous co-operation of friends. The list is growing fast. The latest addition to it is the Chicago "Alarm," a little more than half as large as Liberty, but published twice as often, and costing only $1.50 per year. (All subscriptions may be addressed to A. R. Parsons, 107 Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.)

The first number was issued October 4, and its contents are in the main very gratifying to earnest thinkers and revolutionists. It has not developed distinctly its positive side as yet, but I am glad to find thus far no trace of State socialism in its editorial utterances, while there are many keen and bold expressions of Anarchistic principles. In short, it seems to have the true ring. The one disagreeable feature I find is the prices it sets on some of the books which is advertised. For instance, is buys "God and the State" at the wholesale for ten cents per copy, postage paid, and retails it at twenty-five, while I retail it for fifteen. For "An Anarchist on Anarchy," which I retail at ten cents, it prices me seven cents in dividends, and then sells it at fifteen. A pretty healthy profit for Socialists to charge! Of course it is for my interest that the "Alarm" should follow this course, for it enables me to sell more boonums than I could if the "Alarm" sold them as cheaply as I do, but none the less I dislike to see it. Since writing the foregoing the second number of the "Alarm" has arrived. While, like the first, it abounds in sayings bright and brave and keen and true, it spoils all its support of liberty by opposing the private ownership of capital. Pray, what are all other liberties worth without the liberty to own tools?"
WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

A POMAND!

BY N. G. TCHERNOY CHEWSKY.

Translated by Henri R. Falconer.

-from No. 32.

"Of the Russian faith. What a question!"

"And you belong to no sect?"

"To be sure, but what does that mean in your head?"

"This, Mistress (I do not know whether I am calling you Mama or Mother) do you like with Monsieur your husband?"

"She smiled. 'Certainly, my dear!'

"She asked. 'Certainly!'

"Why, then, this habit of never seeing him half dressed, as if you were not united with him?"

"In order, she answered, 'not to exhibit ourselves in unbecoming garb. As for sect, there is none.'"

"May I ask what it signifies?"

"We act in this way in order that there may be more love and fewer quarrels."

"But that seems to be correct, Petrunya; they are very reserved toward each other.

"She further said to me: 'I do not wish others to see me too carelessly dressed; now, I love my husband more than I love others; therefore it is not fitting that I should appear before him without first washing myself."

"And that, too, like an air of truth, Petrunya: why do we covet our neighbors' wives? Because we have not had the same concern for our own in careless array. So it is in the proverbs of Solomon. He was a wise king."

II.

All went well, then at the Lopukhovsk. Vera Pavlovna was away, but at the end of the month (May), after five months' marriage—Dmitry Serugoffich, on returning from one of his pupils, found his wife in a somewhat inexplicable humor; her eyes were hollow, her step was uncertain; and, further, she was -

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LIBERTY.

And what a lively footprint had Danilyche! Of English cloth at five rubles a yard. And this footprint, though green, was nevertheless polite, as he answered when questioned; he even allowed you to feel the cloth of his breeches, even if it was a bit worn. There were many more of these types of imitations, which were bought out of the window. They stayed about two hours, and our tenants talked with them very simply, just as do you for instance, and did not solicit them, and our tenants didn’t pay cash. We were not really sure about their authenticity, or at least, they weren’t arm-chairs and smoked. Once, our tenant’s cigarette having gone out, he took the one he had, and lit it with the general’s lost cigarette, which was to be given to our tenant’s beautiful wife! It is past description. What do you think of all this, Danilyche?

"Your lady comes from God, that is what I think, acquaintances of all sorts and relatives, all come from God." - added the general.

"And the devil I know comes from God, there is nothing else to say. For my part this is what I think, - that our tenant, or his wife, is the brother, or sister, of the general, or of the general’s wife. And, to tell the truth, I am sure you will be surprised, they would at last succeed in separating the indefatigable sound of serious conversation.

V. V. PAVLOVICH'S SECOND DREAM.

Vera Pavlovna, sleeping, saw a field in a dream; her husband — that is, her father — was saying: - "You wish to know, Alexander Petrovich, why one sort of soil produces the good, the pure, the delicate wheat, and why another sort does not produce it? You shall account for this difference yourself. See the roof of this fine car; around the roof there is soil, but fresh soil, pure soil, you might say; smell of it; the odor is damp and disagreeable, but there is no mouldy or sour smell. You know that in English language it is the word that is formal. So, it is, dirty, to be sure; but look at it closely, and you will see that all the elements of the soil are decomposed, watered and fertilized by the rain. And the unavoidable combination, but let the disposition of the atoms be a little changed, and something different will result; and this something will be equally healthy, since the taste of the wheat will be the same. But in the field in which the soil was enriched, and where the wheat was growing, you see there is that which is in the water, for example, that it cannot produce good vegetation, while it is very natural that real soil should produce good vegetation, the elements of this soil being unhealthy, it is natural that, whatever their combination and whatever the resulting product, this product must be in a state of corruption.

"Evidently, since the elements themselves are unhealthy," said Alexander Petrovich. "It is not difficult for us to discover the cause of this corruption.

"That is, this abnormal putridity," said Alexei Petrovich.

"No, let us pass to this part of the field. Here take likewise a plant, and examine it; - you see that the soil is unhealthy, and the characteristic by which it can be most easily recognized is activity."

"Thus, Alexei Petrovich, if the sun should warm this soil and the heat should separate the good elements and form them into more complex elements; - that is, combinations of a higher degree,—then the ear which would grow out of this soil would be a healthy, a beautiful, a healthy and beautiful ear."

"Yes, this is real soil," said Alexei Petrovich.

"Now, let us pass to this part of the field. Here take likewise a plant, and examine it; - you see that the soil is unhealthy, and the characteristic by which it can be most easily recognized is activity."

"That is, abnormal soil," said Alexei Petrovich.

"Thus, as I have already said, — the elements of this soil being unhealthy, it is natural that, whatever their combination and whatever the resulting product, this product must be in a state of corruption.

"Evidently, since the elements themselves are unhealthy," said Alexander Petrovich. "It is not difficult for us to discover the cause of this corruption.

"That is, this abnormal putridity," said Alexei Petrovich.

"Yes, absence of motion is absence of labor," said Alexei Petrovich. "For me, the soil which is the basis of all the other forms, — formation, rest, games, movement, within which the law of formation is not valid, and thus the world would not exist, even without motion there is no life, — that is, nonexistence; consequently this is abnormal, — that is, rotten. Not until modern times was it known how to cultivate the soil, and form elements into more complex elements; then the superficies water flows away, and there remains only what is necessary; this moves, and thus makes the fields healthy. But, as long as this means is not employed, the fields are rotten; it cannot produce good vegetation, while it is very natural that real soil should produce good vegetation, the elements of this soil being unhealthy. That is why was demonstrated; o-a-a-dum, as they say in Latin."

"How do they say in Latin? — "Which was to be demonstrated" — Vera Pavlovna could not clearly understand this.

"You seem to like kitchen Latin and the etymology, Al-lexei Petrovich," said her "darling" — that is, her husband.

Vera Pavlovna approached them and said: "Knob of your analyses, identities, and anthropologies. Vary your conversation a little, gentlemen, I beg of you, in order that I may join in it; or, rather, let us play."


"Let us confer," said Vera Pavlovna. "But, as you started the idea, it is for you to set the example.

"How old are you? Eighteen, are you not?"

"Nearly a dozen," said he. "You will see eighteen, then, and confide, all of us, up to that age, for we must have equality of conditions. I will confess for myself and for my father was brought up there, I was brought up there, and how this people was brought up there, I was brought up there, and then, I followed the trade of bookbinder, and my mother rented rooms to theological students. From morning till night they did nothing but talk and worry about their works. My father was an educated man, and then, and I have kept a PoliteNightly with which to drink a little drop in honor of our present day occasions. We have many serious and amusing and very often, and sometimes best me, but this was when times as; she had turned her back by lifting too many iron pots, or by doing the washing for five and the five, or by scrubbing the floor with our twenty without galoshes, or by taking care of the cow; in short, it was because of necessity. When we were in the country, we were in a clean and con/charted, with all that, 'the two ends did not meet,' as she expressed it, — that is, when

Continued on page 4.
Liberty.
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"A free man is one who enjoys the use of his reason, and has freedom: when free men are not压迫, nor hindered or driven by oppression, nor deferred by erroneous opinions." - PINDAR.

Lessons of the Hour.
The ordinary American has a tremendous faith in what he calls "the masses." Individuals, cliques, syndicates, and connoisseurs conspirators may be over the vail and vam, he will tell you, "but the masses are all right." "I trust the masses, after all," he says, with an air of satisfaction and resignation, as though he had fallen back under the mantle of some divinity.

But who are the "masses," and does the expression really have any intelligent meaning in the light of a scientific social analysis? Any conceivable block of persons or class that is large enough to be treated immediately resists itself into distinct individuals, with infinite diversities of thought, motive, opinion, and wants. When the whole people of the United States is called the "masses," it is a term having no scientific value and utterly meaningless in sociology. It is, moreover, misleading and stultifying, and conducive to an entirely false drift as to progress in correct thought.

But for the purposes of political blocskeinf, priests, and tickers in general in Church and State, there is what may be called the "masses." It consists of certain great blocks in the population, usually the lowest order of intelligence and education, and are so few and whose superstitions are so firmly knit into the spiritual fibre that they can be carried in the lump, if only the right doctoons and tricks are dramatized may be over the populous places blocks of voting caste may now be soon kept after night tramping behind brass bands and decorated with gaudy shoddy, somewhat after the style of the signals which paint and plant the forces for battle. The battle which is chiefly overshadowing their thin wits is the so-called "protection of American labor." a swindle so thin and so puny that the common man is astonished to be outdistanced by associations, the sun is fast disappearing. However, it has never again found its appearance to deceive and aid in tricking the people. It has reappeared, and it gives yet another form and pharaoh as dishonest, and cowardly as they were before truthful and fearless. I hope they do not come from the same pen.

Contrast with what I have already quoted this extract from an editorial on the workingman in the "San Francisco" of September 20:

Too many of the men who do the rough work of the world are inhabiting the permission that their poverty is owing to other men's greed, and that they should revolt, to stand to their own impoverishment. It is a pity, for the workingman's own sake, that there are not more pictures of the gospel savants who are so much for the common and courteous to the hungry-hands of toil:

Be assured, my friend, that if you work steadily for ten hours a day all your life long, and get nothing but water, and live on the plainest food, and live never wear your temper, and go to church every Sunday, and always remain content in the position in which Providence has placed you, and never grumble, then however poor you may be, and however honest you are, and however ready, and ever so clever, and ever so deceptive, you will be fitting yourself all the better for the harder work. I do not say that it will be easy, but I do say that it is the way to be fitted for the hard work.

This sort of doctrine is not so welcome to the workingman, of course, as the pretty trifle about the dignity of his position that he gets from the priests and the stump; neither is it so uncomfortable as the usury on the stocks, on the speculations, and other kinds of boodles, that his hardships are due to opposition at the hands of the rich and powerful. But it is more of the kind to live by, and I think you will find it an advantage for the workingman. In this country, my man of industry and moderate ability can in a few years raise himself above the necessity of daily toil, secluded he does not drink, does not consume, or otherwise waste his earnings on vices. The workingman who can keep this fact in his mind, and live up to it, will find it a source of dignity and solace to him. The one who believes what he hears from stumpers about his dignity and wrongs, and at the end of five or six years will find that he is in as bad as before, objecting to the theories of the Socialists, who would make the idle or wasteful workingman believe that he can secure by his inactivity the indigence and sordid workingman has had to labor and save to get.

It does not seem possible that the atrocious misquote of Ruskin could have been made through ignorance or carelessness. In his lecture on "The Dyeing of Man," Ruskin says that "Ruskin says that at once more ludicrous and more ruinously than the way the people of the present age usually talk about the morals of laborers," and then he puts in quotation marks: "he says to me the words that it is the way people talk to the laboring man. Ludicrous and melancholy enough to him are such words,—not his gospel at all. He sees "oppression of the poor at the hands of the rich and powerful" on every side, and protests vehemently against it. Before advising the workingman to "practice the virtue of Socrates, the philosophy of Plato, and the heroism of epicureans," he thinks it "would be well if we sometimes tried it practically ourselves" under conditions similar to those in which the workingman is placed, and he ranks first among the various forms of the oppression of the poor in "the great fact of their misquote from them." He tells the rich and powerful that the unintelligent, the idle, the improvident are the "kind of people whom you can oppress, and whom you do oppress, and that to purpose,—and that the more cruelly you oppress them because it is just their own fault that puts them into your power."

It is indeed a pity that there are not more such articles of the kind according to Ruskin. Much greater is the pity that there is such a perverter of that gospel as the "San Francisco," sowing lies in the minds of workingmen, preaching quackeries and untruths, and a great garb of lies and iniquity to the mass of the people in the State of the Union. From the very lecture so mischievously misquoted I take a few things which show Ruskin's view of way of viewing the effects of the industrial laws:

"We steal habitually from the poor. We buy our livery and gild our prayer-books with pilfered pine out of children's and sick men's wages."

"We never loved Borgius such as live now in the midst of us.

"Whosoever has not his hand on the stilt of the flouest has it on the till of the daggar."

"By the greater part of the suffering and crime which are seen at this moment, the idea that the world is safe in the hands of the poor.

Europe arises simply from people not knowing that produce or wealth is eternally connected by the laws of heaven and earth with resolute labor, but hoping in some way to cheat or arrogate this everlasting law of life, and to feed where they have not foreborne, and be warm where they have not worn."

But there is little need to expand Ruskin's gospel for Liberty's readers; they know that he proceeds justice. Still less need is there that the editor of the "San Francisco" be told that the working classes, who "cannot live without the assistance of the labor of others," can never have the necessity of daily toil by temperance, prudence, and repression of their vices. I wish I could be assured that the writer of the "Educational Cure-all" did not write the other two articles of expectation of the "Workingman," for I have known him as an honest, earnest man and a bitter foe to every form of knavery, and it is stinking to think that the railroad rogues have cared such a man down the bank.

John Swinton warns off the "old hack" who are "doctors of the legal law" in the newspaper, and says: "They cannot sell out the People's party," he tells them. No, indeed, they cannot; for the bargain was made by the boss old hack of them all at the outset of the campaign. He proposes to deliver the goods on the 1st of November; I may let his price.
Save Me From My Friends.

Who is to be saved? The laborer. What is to be saved? Not his life, precariously, for that, however compromised by milk and oatmeal, is threatened with an ever-present danger from the industrial class. Not his property, for he has none worth saving. Not his character, for that is relative to his social station. Not his opportunity of his redemption from misery,—in a word, his future,—that is in question. Not his education, for the work of the schools is self-contained, the influence of the polytechnics, in which political ambitions blend with ingenuity and compulsion. Electoral and eloquent, worth little, their influence is small, and they are useless to him, who is not yet exalting his public standing to the level of the aristocratic classes, to which he belongs.

Vigil answers you: No, no no, non, non, mifidicata, amis. The management of State socialist capital must be entrusted to political groups, to the owners of the million-dollar monopolist, Ben Beaty, great protector, to the manufacturers and dealers in the great capitalist goods, to the captain of industry, or to the combinations of political and party traditions to be subjected to "nudging the ox that is treading out the corn." There is a reason, Mr. Brown's view that "the whole trouble of society today is the private irresponsible control of the means of labor," but what maintains their irresponsibility? It is the limited ownership of capital, and the monopolistic grip that has been tightened on the rivalrousness in our society. It must be overthrown, and labor must be set free from its bonds to become the free, independent, and free-thinking citizens of the future.

A Word to the Donkey Brigade.

There is no Republican party today in this country, and there is no Democratic party. There are several organized bands of public robbers, who are banded together above mention. Their only object is spoil. Their leaders are partisans, the leaders of the Democratic, when elected, will honestly try to alleviate the lions we suffer under.

A Billiot Doux to the Radical Review.

Notwithstanding your professions of radical independence, your professional anarchy, we are not so innocuous as to suppose independence possible without money. C. K. D.—not Anderson's cakery—are a real problem, and a very serious one. As regards the government, the public is more likely to turn to the Brown, the Republican, and the Democrat, in order to correct the present "dreadful misunderstanding of capital" and in order to kill his "prolets," "proletarians," capital is the real trouble of today. He dismisses his arbitrary pendulum accepted, "the danger of the private control of capital will be more apparent."
WHATS TO BE DONE?

Continued from page 5

they dream of your new order of things, of the way which men may be made happy? Do they dream of it? Speak out!"

Voretzka, trembling, said not a word.

"You have lost your power, it seems to me. Is it your honorable, I ask you?"

Voretzka maintained her silence and felt a shudder.

"You have then really lost your power of speech? Is it their life honorable? Are they virtuous young girls, I ask you again? Would you like to be as they are? I say they are wretched! But now turn away your face! Listen, then, Voretka, to what I am going to say to you. You are learned; thanks to the money that I have given you to educate. You are able to be proud of this, but I say this.

Voretzka, you wicked, you never now have known what the good is. Do you understand it? It all comes from you; you are my daughter. I am your mother.

"You are wretched and shameless."

"What do you wish of me, Mammy? I cannot love you."

"Do I ask you to love me?"

"Yes."

"I like at least to esteem you, but I cannot do that either."

"Do I need your esteem?"

"Yes,"

"Why have you come to talk to me in so dreadful a way? What do you wish of me?"

"Be grateful, without envying or esteeming me, ingrate that you are. I am wretched; is there any chance for love? I am dishonored; is there any chance for esteem? But you should understand, Verta, that, if I were not what I am, you too would have been only pawns. But because I have been dishonored you are good for the reason that I have been wicked. Understand it, Voretzka, and be grateful.

"Will I have Maria Alexzeva; it is now my turn to speak to my sister."

Maria Alexzева disappeared.

The sweetheart of so many lovers, the sister of so many sisters took Voretzka in her arms."

"I have always wanted to be good with you, Voretzka. for you are good for yourself. Now, I am active."

"I am good for you, for you are good for your mother, who am I talking. At present you are sad; so am I. Look! Though sad, am I still good?"

"Always the best in the world."

Voretzka; both in distress. Your mother told you the exact truth. I do not like your mother, but I need her."

Voretzka did not without tears.

"Later I shall be able to, when it shall be useless for men to be wicked. But at present I cannot. The good, you see, cannot get a foothold of themselves, the wicked are strong and unchangeable."

To some of them it is necessary that the world should grow worse and worse, to others that it should be as it is. In the end you will understand."

Voretzka, the mother of such a mother must be a puppet. Because they are of the other sort you are good for the reason that I have been wicked. Understand it, Voretzka, and be grateful.

"Well, Maria Alexzeva; it is now my turn to speak to my sister."

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Voretzka; both in distress. Your mother told you the exact truth. I do not like your mother, but I need her."

Voretzka did not without tears.

"Better later I shall be able to, when it shall be useless for men to be wicked. But at present I cannot. The good, you see, cannot get a foothold of themselves, the wicked are strong and unchangeable."

To some of them it is necessary that the world should grow worse and worse, to others that it should be as it is. In the end you will understand."

Voretzka, the mother of such a mother must be a puppet. Because they are of the other sort you are good for the reason that I have been wicked. Understand it, Voretzka, and be grateful.

"Well, Maria Alexzeva; it is now my turn to speak to my sister."

Maria Alexzева disappeared.

The sweetheart of so many lovers, the sister of so many sisters took Voretzka in her arms."

"I have always wanted to be good with you, Voretzka. for you are good for yourself. Now, I am active."

"I am good for you, for you are good for your mother, who am I talking. At present you are sad; so am I. Look! Though sad, am I still good?"

"Always the best in the world."

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A VINDICATION OF NATURAL SOCIETY.

BY EDMUND BURKE.

PREFAE.

The history of the remarkable Essay before us—Burke's Vindication of Natural Society—cannot be considered as a mere example of the power of publication to be met with in English Literature. We have all heard the anecdote of the aide-de-camp of a prince of the blood, who, in a court of law, against his client, instead of in defence of him, and who, when reminded of his error, readily got himself out of the scrape by professing that he had made no mistake at all, but that he was simply forward the arguments which he knew his learned friend on the other side would advance, in order that he might attend to his duty of defending his client. Burke proceeded to do, logically refuting every point which he had previously maintained.

Burke's denial of the legitimacy of his own mental offspring is, however, more barefaced than the subterfuge of the counsellor in the anecdote; because, instead of attempting a logical refutation of what he had said before, he sought to destroy the whole fabric of the argument, by reducing it to absurdity.

It is, indeed, one of the subtler productions ever written, in the world of literature. Burke's Vindication was not supposed to be the work of a philosopher, but of a wit, which was why it was reproduced in the newspapers, which was why it was not supposed to be the work of a philosopher, but of a wit, which was why it was reproduced in the newspapers.

Burke's pretending that his Essay was written in an ironical spirit appears to have had a very liberating effect on its readers, who had not been able to understand it. To an over-subjective view of all established opinions—would be an effectual task to the realisation of the ample place which he had subsequently found for his advancement in the political world of the day; and, as no other subtleties were at all available, he adopted the very shallow one of irony, although, as every reader of his works will quickly perceive, irony was a branch of rhetoric which he had mastered with equal facility and in its moral sense of right and wrong, in deference to worldly and selfish interests.

The "Vindication of Natural Society" appears to have been Burke's first essay, and its anonymous character (it was written in 1746, in the form of a letter to Lord Bute) is the subject of much discussion. We do not know when the author accepted its paternity, but it appears to have been, at least, contemporaneously, if not before, to the "Reflections on the Revolution in France," which was published in 1776.

The object of Burke's Vindication was not to show the iniquity of the French Revolution, but to demonstrate the folly and absurdity of those who had undertaken its prosecution, and to show that it was a mistake to believe in the infallibility of virtue and the infallibility of the revolutionaries.

Burke's Vindication was not a work of scholarship, but of popular appeal, and was written in a language which was not supposed to be the work of a philosopher, but of a wit, which was why it was reproduced in the newspapers.

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TROWBROOK WILLS, ENGLAND, September 27, 1844.


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