The article in another column translated from "Revista Social" shows that the Anarchists of Spain are not to be feared by any Communitarian heroes from the modulated Anarchism of Proudhon and Bakounine.

The New Haven "Anarchist," which only by "non selected" is well informed with Anarchists of the most type, is dead, with a possibility of resurrection in New York as a daily under the charge of Most himself.

Miss Julia H. Vanderbildt is having a tomb built for herself and family at a cost of $30,000. The workers of America could afford to build him a million-dollar tomb for nothing if they could thereby hasten its occupation.

No General Guad could have cancer, after all. Did the doctors make a mistake, or did they lie? And if they lied, why did they lie? Those are interesting questions, which would not be asked if the patient in this case, instead of General Guad, were Caesar's wife.

Mr. A. Warren, in a letter to "Lucifer," making some rather frivolous objections to the use of the word Anarchy, says: "Man must not be allowed to govern his fellow-man. Each individual must be governed by the principle; but, in order that this may be the principle, must be universally recognized and accepted." The editor of "Lucifer," answers: "This is excellent Anarchistic doctrine. So long as an individual fails to "recognize and accept" the principle, the principle must be universally recognized and accepted."

The editor of "Lucifer" says: "This is excellent Anarchistic doctrine. So long as an individual fails to "recognize and accept" the principle, the principle must be universally recognized and accepted." But Mr. Warren does not limit his assertion in the way that "Lucifer" does. For instance, he believes, like his illustrious namesake, Josiah Warren, — and in this I am heartily with them, — in the principle that cost is the only limit of price. But he means to say that, given an absolutely free market, if any man or set of men choose to deal with each other by some other standard than the cost principle, they should be prevented from doing so? That seems to be what he says, and to me it appears anything but "excellent Anarchistic doctrine."

I dare not vie in prophecy with Josephine, Liberty's correspondent from the Boston of 2085, for that fortunate young woman with her time-simulating hat has a unfair advantage over me. Therefore, I do not question her account of the journal of the two hundred years hence. But I will venture the opinion that, if the newspapers of that day abolish the editorial columns, those of 2161 will restore it. Not the anonymous editor, but the signed editor. And the people who buy and read such journals will be true Anarchists than any of their predecessors. For men will never be free until they have mastered the power of studying the opinions and arguments of others with the same independence that they show in the study of facts. Another's opinion is as much a fact as any other fact, and the wise and truly free man will not exclude such facts from his data, any more than he forms his own opinions. The criticisms of the editor of 2085 whom Josephine has interviewed, upon the editorials of the present day, are perfectly just, but they tell against the editorials of policy rather than against the policy of editorial.

O'Connell kinds of news are of great importance to the public, but they can be presented advantageously in comparatively small space. Exclusive of the publication of these, editorial criticism is the most important province of a journal. No press is in the world so elevated in tone and so wisely influential as that of Paris, and in some with which I am familiar is the proportion of criticism to news so large. Perhaps Josephine's editor will heed this fact, if not my opinion.

A movement is on foot in New York to combat Comstock by certain amendments of the State Statutes. Of course, Anarchist, cannot place much reliance upon any such method of crippling tyranny. In their eyes those statutes and amendments are alike parts of a stupendous and horrible whole which Anarchist has come to pray out. They know that it will take a long time to make one job of it, but the final result will be more tyrannical. But descending a moment from the heights of Anarchism and speaking for the nonone after the manner of men, I certainly doubt, even from a governmental standpoint, the advisability of any legislation whereby a publisher or distributor may permit a work to a grand jury through a district attorney, and, in case of the grand jury's vote that the work does not come within the meaning of the law, obtain a certificate from the district attorney securing him against arrest for publishing or selling the work. In the first place, this would result in a one-power man as complete as Comstock's, it being a notorious fact that grand juries are usually the tools of district attorneys and do just as they are bid. The opportunists for blackmail, favoritism, and persecution would be as great as they are now, and those practicing them would be even less responsible than Comstock. Secondly, if a publisher does not apply for a certificate, or applies and is refused, this fact, if he is afterwards arrested and tried, must inevitably prejudice the petit jurors against him, though the work in question may be innocent itself. This would simply add one more to the already long list of legalized inequalities. Thirdly, if, as is also proposed, a law be enacted enabling a publisher to demand a trial before a petit jury simply to establish his legality or illegality of his work, without danger of punishment unless a second offense shall be committed, the result will be highly prejudicial to the interests of literature and art. At present ignorant jurors are often restrained from placers an innocent work in the government's index of obscene stories solely by sympathy for the accused. If the motive were absent and the accused stood in no danger, many valuable books and works of art would be unchallengeably branded as obscene and illegal by a dozen bigoted fools and their future publication hindered or prohibited. There are doubtless other serious objections to this proposed legislation which closer examination would reveal. The foregoing occur to me only at first blush. As for the other proposals of those forwarding this movement, namely, that all costs of prosecution by the agent of any society may be recovered by an aggrieved party, that expert testimony shall be admissible in all trials for obscenity, and that no conviction shall be had upon the uncorroborated evidence of informers, these plans would make us (still speaking in my temporary capacity of a governmentalist, and not as an Anarchist) well-calculator to cripple Comstock and to render the objectionable proposals has criticised unnecessary even if they could be made efficacious.
"My friend, you wish me well. Do you think, then, that I find it agreeable or no when you should confide it in yourself?"

"My dear friend, but you love me so much!"

"Much, Vérochka, but what is love? Does it not consist in this,—to rejoice in the sufferings of the one who has the misfortune to love you?"

"That is true, my dear friends, but you will suffer also if I yield to this sentiment, which is the true one. Ah! I do not understand why this feeling was born in me! A curse upon it!"

"And why it was born, it makes no difference; nothing can be changed now. There is nothing left but to choose one of these two things,—either that you suffer and I love you, or that you cease to suffer and I cease to love you likewise."

"My dear friend, I know it, and you will see that it will pass away;"

"Oh, yes, you are reconciled, my friend. Only do not work against me. I have not quite given up, you know."

"And it is in vain, Vérochka. You have taken time to examine your feelings, and you see that it is more serious than you were willing to believe at first. What can I do for you?"

"No, my friend, it is you whom I wish to love, and I do not wish, I do not wish in any way to offend you."

"The best relief from such ideas is to be found in labor," thought Véra Pavlovna (and she was quite right): "I will stay in the shop from morning till night until I am cured. That will cure me.

"She said to the first of her family who came alone in her chamber, after having sent her husband away, and half the time he was seated near her, her mind running in a few keen remarks on the latest news in the world. The second voice—yes, the second, professional voice, not gay, of course, but not sad on the other hand,—simply a little melancholy like his face.

"Yes, it is the case, she thought with greater firmness, and the thought prevailed: How could it be otherwise within the hearing of this gentle voice which said that there was no significance of any kind.

"Véra Pavlovna went to sleep to the soft whisperings of this voice, did not see the apparition, slept quietly, and woke late and thoroughly rested.

"The best relief from such ideas is to be found in labor," thought Véra Pavlovna (and she was quite right): "I will stay in the shop from morning till night until I am cured. That will cure me."

"I am not to be talked to thus," Véra Pavlovna rose. "I will permit no one to approach me with equivocations. Explain what you mean, if you dare!"

"Forgive me, my friend, that, having taken our interests into consideration, we could profit?"

"Again! Be silent! Who gave you the right to set yourself up as my guardian? I have only to kneel to you; or, if you must put yourself above me, put yourself within my reach, and I shall push away with the hope,—yes, with the hope of triumph."

"Forgive me, my friend, for having approached the question so radically.

"We are after all only a quarter of a century advanced in life; we are realizing the old and popular belief that the shoemaker always goes barefooted and that the tailor's cloth never fits the tailor; that the economist is not accordant to our economic principles, and we scarcely desire of governing our own life in accordance with these same principles. One large household is much more advantageous than several small ones."

"Yes, it is the case, she thought with greater firmness, and the thought prevailed: How could it be otherwise within the hearing of this gentle voice which said that there was no significance of any kind.

"She rised into her room to get the letter, tear it up, and burn it,—but where is it? It is not there. She looks for it hastily. But where is it, then? Already Macprop is removing the door."

"Yes, it is the case, she thought with greater firmness, and the thought prevailed: How could it be otherwise within the hearing of this gentle voice which said that there was no significance of any kind.

"Do not follow her, but enters his room directly. Coolly and slowly he examines the letter, and something that he finds to his tastes around the outside, and then reads his new-found, wrote a few lines, and sealed it; but half an hour afterwards she took the letter, tore it up, and burned it.

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"Yes, it is the case, she thought with greater firmness, and the thought prevailed: How could it be otherwise within the hearing of this gentle voice which said that there was no significance of any kind.

"You have found it, you have read it! How mad am I! What have I written is not true; this letter is the result of a moment of fever and delirium."

"It is not true, my friend. There is no need of paying any attention to this letter, since you have written it in so agitated a mood. Things of this importance cannot be judged in such a moment."

"It is needless to say that she did not know herself whether she was listening or not, and she only thought that she was in her right senses."

"I beg you," said she, "to suspend this conversation. It is out of place."

"What is it?—the question was raised by such a fashion of interest?—Luminous?—or according to our economic principles, and we scarcely desire of governing our own life in accordance with these same principles. One large household is much more advantageous than several small ones.

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succeeded in obtaining for these teachers payment from the owners of the factory, having been able to show the latter that educated workmen injured the machinery box, worked more slowly, and were more frequently absent. He told how he had watched workmen die from lives of drunkenness, with which object he often frequented their taverns—and I know not what besides. But the most important thing was that he knew how to wring from the factory directors an act of justice, a workman who had begun to talk about the affairs of the house into his own hands, so that the conocion of the story, and the part that Lopshikoff had most at heart, was this: the worker and the bread. The man had been granted the franchise, the—

But it was not the power conferred that concerned Lopshikoff; the essential thing with him was that he would receive a salary of thirty-five hundred rubles, almost double the amount he expected to get before, and he was more pleased with his employers, much to his delight. This story lasted more than half an hour, and toward the end Vera Pavlovna was already able to say that she really felt very well and very well and very well...

But then we must go back a little. After dinner Masha had given eight kopecks to get a cab with which to carry in all directions a note from Lopshikoff, saying: "I am at leisure, gentlemen, and shall be very glad to see you." Shortly after appeared the horrible Rakhmetoff, followed soon by a number of young people, and a learned discussion began between the resident and estantebate. They seemed each other of all imaginable violations of logie; a few traitors to this elevated dissertation aidèd Vera Pavlovna to pass a tolerable time. Arzrum she had divested the object of Masha and Discovered that "how good he is" thought she. This time Vera Pavlovna was glad to see her young friends, and, though entering into no frolics with them, she looked at them all, and was glad to be in the company of them. They did not separate till three o'clock in the morning. Vera Pavlovna, tired, was in no sooner in bed than her husband entered.

"It has been a very good day at the factory, I may say Verevotche, to say one thing, which, however, is not of great importance. Passing over the details,—for we are both equal to the story in the above, without an instant, superintended, I have reserved the privilege of taking a month, or even two if I like, before entering upon my duties. I wish to make good use of this time. It is the only time that I have had during the last few weeks; hence you'll excuse them. Till tomorrow, Verevotche. Do not disturb yourself. Tomorrow you will have time. Sleep well."

XXVII

When the morose and Vera Pavlovna left her room, her husband and Masha were filling two vials with this thing that we have called very bussy. Lopshikoff had given her so many things to pack that she could not manage them. "Here they are," said Masha.

All three drank their tea while the packing was going on. Scarcely had Vera Pavlovna begun to come to herself when her husband said:

"I'm going to the station.

Dear Verevotche, I shall have two vials; there will be no room for you. Sit with Masha in another car.

"That is not what I said. To Rizanov.

"Well, in that case Masha shall take the vials, and we will go together."

In the street the conversation would not be very intimate, the noise of the pavement was so deafening.

Lopshikoff did not hear; to many others he replied in such a way as not to be heard himself, or she did not reply at all.

"I am going to the station."

And your things? How can you go without your things? Get ready, if you wish to: you shall do as you think best. I will ask only this of you: wait for my letter and you shall know whether I will be coming tomorrow; I will write by some one coming this way. How she kissed him at the station! What names she called him when he was bowling the train! But he did not stop talking about his money affairs, of what a good God he had been, how glad he was to see her, and how he would like to see her. Nothing in the world is so precious as health; she must take care of herself. At the very moment of putting he said to her through the car shapy cannot be abandoned. Much as to tell, the truth, the shap required some such management as her own to keep it from falling to pieces. For the rest, the business was now well under way, and the management was not so difficult after all. He had been going to this sale, and at the same time sent Masha first to Madame Merzaloff to ask her to come, and then to a bookkeeper named shear to her. Vera Pavlovna was the only one who had been left at the hotel's clerk, whose Pavlovna's books had been deposited for safekeeping, and then, with the help of their luggage, came to the country. A week later, after estimating the value of the goods, might buy them all at once.

Masha stopped through the carriage entrance, she met Rakhmetoff, who had been rumbling about in the vicinity for half an hour.

"You are going away, Masha? For a long time?

"Is Vera Pavlovna alone?"

"Then I will go in and see her. Perhaps I will stay in your place, in case I can be useful."

"I do so: I am afraid on her account. I have forgotten to notify any of the neighbors; there are, however, a cook and a child's nurse, two of my friends, to serve her at dinner, for she has not done it.

"That is nothing; no more have I; I have not dined; we can serve ourselves alone. But you, have you dined?"

"Yes, I have; and I'm going to me go away without."

"Well again! I should have supposed that it would have been forgotten."

Except Masha and those who required or discovered her in it, she was a little lonely, a little cold, a little far from the world, with Rakhmetoff, Kirianoff, and all those who were afraid of nothing sometimes felt in his presence a sort of fear. Vera Pavlovna did not regard them all as treacherous, but they were all her society. She had been a little afraid of her society. But he was Masha's favorite, although less amiable and talkative with her than were Rakhmetoff's other visitors.

"And how is it altogether? Rakhmetoff has not had time to come."

"I have seen Alexander Matveitch, and I know all. Hence I thought that it might be useful to you in some way: so I will stay with you all the evening."

any one else in Rakhmetoff's place would have have preferred himself, to unpack the luggage, but it was bearable. Vera Pavlovna pressed his hand and said to him with sincere feeling that she was very grateful to him for his attentions to her.

"In the study," he said, "if you need anything, you will call me; and, if any one comes, I will open the door; do not disturb yourself."

Having said this, he went quietly into the next room, and took out of his pocket a large pile of bank notes and a slice of black bread, weighing in all about four pounds, sat down in an armchair, ate the whole, and in trying to masticate it nearly passed out for water; then he went up to the bookshelves and began to look through something to read.


...This idea of "familier" referred to the works of Molière, Guiot, Thiers, Ranke, and Gervinus.

"Here there is something which falls essentially to my hand," said he, reading on the shelves of large volumes "Newton's Complete Works;" he turned over the leaves, found what he was looking for, and gave a smile exclaimed:


"Yes, I know little of such things as these. Newton wrote these treatises in so old an age when he was half mad. They constitute a classic source for some one studying the question of the mingling of intellect with insanity. This is a logical, and by an intellectual question, considerably surpassing the rest. It is a profound and all-encompassing thing. It is in all books, is in almost all heads. But here must necessarily be a typical form of it. In the first place, it concerns the greatest genius known. Then, the man is not mingled with the intellect; the man is the intellect. Therefore this is a capital book of his kind. The most delicate indications of the general consensus must appeal to the fact that the man is the intellect and not in the other individual, no matter who he may be, and no one can doubt that these really the indications observable in phenomena concerning the mingling of intellect into the intellect. So he began to read the book and with pleasure,—this book which no one had read for a century, except, perhaps, those who corrected the proofs. To any other than Rakhmetoff to read this book would have been like eating sand or sawdust. But he had a keen taste for it.

People of like Rakhmetoff there are but few: I have met but eight (of whom two were women); they resembled each other in nothing, save one point. There were among them the amiable and the stern, she-ancholev and the jovial, the fiery and the phlegmatic, the limpid and confiding (with a stern countenance, and even to insolence, and another with an apathetic face, having seated several times in conversations like a hysterical woman, and that not because of their indifference to the things around them, but because of their indifference to the people from other all men. I laughed at those whom I knew, when I was with them; they got angry or not, but they could not help doing so as much themselves. And there were many at the time of Mr. Rakhmetoff, and it was in that respect that they resembled each other. I like to laugh at such people."

In the evening, when I met in the theater, and whom I am about to describe, serves to prove that the opinions of Lopshikoff and Alexey Petrovich on the qualities of the soil, in Vera Pavlovna's second dream, alike those of Russian life, and that they are very little patches of ground capable of producing healthy ears.

"The genealogy of the principal persons—Vera Pavlovna, Kirano- noff, and Lopshikoff—has not been traced beyond their grandfathers and grandmothers. What is the use of saying anything about the great-grandfather when the great-grandfather is no longer alive? It is only known that he was the husband of the great-grandmother and that his name was Kiranoff. The surname of Kiranoff having been used up by the Kiranoffs during the eighteenth century, that is, to the end of the 18th century only in Russia, but in all Europe. Among the nobility generally, it is known. They are charged with the task of conveying the people to Mohammedanism, according to the reports (an intention}
Liberty.

Liberty.

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A "free man is one who enjoys the use of his reason and his faculties; who is neither hindered by passion, nor hindered or driven by error, nor deceived by erroneous opinions."—Proudhon.

Reform Machinists.

Show me a man whose motive in wanting to get the existing governmental machine out of the way is to make room for his own pet machine, and I will show you a man who is not a reformer, but a quack masquerading as such,—a man who has an ax to grind.

It is astonishing, even among those who try to pass for Anarchists, how deeply rooted is the superstition that human society cannot go on except some compact, overlapping machine be set up to cover all social concerns.

The State Socialist hates the existing governmental machine, and longs for a new one. But if you tell him that society can get along without any machine at all, he thinks you a fool and a fanatic. What he is after is to knock out the machine of Thomas Jefferson and set up the machinery of his own place.

I have been reading with great interest some recent articles in Johann Most's "Freiheit," explaining the mutus or pernicius of his scheme. Most and his adherents have a mortal dread to cover every race and all the humanities. Curiously it is to see Most wriggle and twist to avoid exposing what is inevitable in every such scheme to take care of everybody,—a square ressort to brute force.

Here Most warns the faithful to be wary of Proudhon's notions of "free will" in social contracts. His patent machine for social grouping is to rest upon free contracts, of course; but they must not be contracts which may be declined, changed at will, or rescinded from. This, he says, is farthest from his thoughts. Furthermore, he asserts that there is no such thing as "free will,"—that the will is simply the plaything of our social interests, which force us into groups, instead of leaving us to vol'tory option.

Evidently the thing referred to, which forces us into social groups, instead of leaving us to vol'tory option, is the State. If there is no such thing as a free man, it is the will simply the plaything of our social interests, which force us into groups, instead of leaving us to our own tastes.

The circular sent me does not make it quite clear whether the above resolution was adopted, but I infer that it was. In that case, Henry Appleton being a pronounced Anarchist of the anti-Communist school and a believer in labor solutions diametrically opposed to those proposed by the eminent State Socialists with whom his name is thus unwarrantably associated, it is his clear duty to himself and to Anarchism to publicly protest against this resolution and expose its author's delusions in confounding ideas that have nothing in common. No doubt he will do so.

Because I said, in answer to the "Investigator" editor's interrogative argument, "Would you like to see supports of government? I. H. Murphy and William Morris of England, Benettson O'Brien and Michael Davitt of Ireland, P. M. of Spain, Andreas Schau of Austria, and John Lovejoy, Wendell Phillips, Henry George, and Laurence Godlamb of America, we, the Pacific Coast Congress of Trades and Labor Organizations, unanimously declare that every individual who is willing to work has a right to demand from organized society the opportunity to labor and to receive for that still free fruit of the whole work the full products of the people in their collective capacity to so administer the affairs of the commonwealth as to assure to all its just demands.

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A Household of Four.

Taking for his text a recent sociological sensation, Edward Hoar writes as follows of polygamy in the Paris "Radical": All Paris is talking about the strange Odyssey of Leocisty, a Pickwickian forty or fifty surnamed "Leucys," whose history is a secret known to no one. Leocisty, therefore, is the hero of the day; he is in the newspaper every day, and is the talk of all the world; but without any abhorrence, for the crime which he has committed is not of those which bring down upon their authors the most solemn of all forms of social ostracism.

Vain to call him criminal, for he is interested just the same: men, astonished, pity him, and women, who are not tied to any religion, love him. The newspapers love him, and so do all his creditors, for in their eyes a man who has the courage to marry two women at once is not an ordinary being. It is known to him that he is a pickpocket, and adored his child; hence he was a good husband and a good father. Moreover, this Leocisty is highly moral, for, being greatly attached to Miss Milly, Leocasty did not try to divorce her, as so many others would have done in his place; on the contrary, like an honest man, he went to her father and asked him for his consent. He could not be made to do anything. He had no right to do this, you will say; he was already married once, and should not marry another woman.

Who told you that he wished to abandon her? That matter has never been in question; Miss Leucysty (the first) is not aware that her husband has never ceased to show the kindest regard for her. There is nothing to prove that after his second marriage he would not have continued to treat her as a husband towards his first wife.

Now, what is going to happen? Leocisty is going to be arrested and condemned for the crime of having married two women at once. He will have to take to his wife who is called Milly; Leucysty will be annull ed, and very likely Miss Leucysty (the first) will obtain a divorce.

Two women who were formerly married to a man whom they loved and who are about to find themselves unmarried because the law takes their husband away from them.

What is going to happen is that all those fathers are going to find it difficult in these days to marry one's daughter suitably. For, as the law does not provide penalties for two wives at once, how many girls never marry at all, knowing that if a marriage and grow old with the orange-blossoms or turn into the paths of vice, then increasing the number of unproductive factors in society.

There is nothing very frighted in.polygamy per se, how
LIBERTY. 61

ancy people there are, reputed to have pure morals, who produce pure children, — convey bodily and disembodied wives! Only that goes outside of the household; it is known, but never spoken of.

10. Keep your mouth open, your yard shut, your head cool, and your whisky pure and good. - Dr. Bob Ingersoll, the game of poker, and the courts of the Dis- rict of Columbia.

11. Beware of statements with great moral ideas. You will find immoral ideas more honest as well as more interesting.

12. Whatever happens, do not relinquish hope. As Christopher observes, nil desperandum, do not despair. You have once been a respected member of the Addison county bar. Reopen the file and retain that position. Live for the future and live towards the present.

Perserverance!

Liberty takes pleasure in translating from "L'Intransigeant" the following tribute from the pen of Gramont to one of the foremost revolutionary spirits of this age, who succumbed to death with characteristic fatalism and with his own life's one of the most important realities of life, — music.

"The admirable thing about this man, Richard Wagner, — one of the things which contributed to make him great, — is that he continued. It all lies there. I mean that he allowed himself to be discouraged by nothing — neither by poverty, nor by illness and ridicule, nor by disappointment. Never did he allow doubt to invade his mind. He continued, he persevered, he had the sublime stubbornness of genius. He has always been working. And he has accomplished it exactly in accordance with his plan. He might have been disheartened, or disturbed, without compromising, without granting the slightest con- cession. Ah! there is no more need of compromise in art than in politics and society. And one is always rewarded for being inflexible.

It is because he did what he did, as he did it, and as he wished to do it, that he excelled everyone, — that Wagner has finally triumphed, and found hearers and admirers and fanatics and nations to cheer him. That is why his apathy is now beginning. He might have acted otherwise; compromised; yielded, listened to the criticisms of some, surrendered to the good advice of others.

Perhaps in this way he would have achieved success more quickly, sooner have attained an unquestioned position. But he could not have become immortalized from the divin- gates of music.

He might have occupied an excellent rank among the com- posers of his day, he would not have become the formidable creator of the lyric drama and the musical comedy.

He would have written some "Rienzi." He would not have produced "Tosca, and Don José; or "The Meistersingers," or "The Ring of the Niblung," or "Parsifal." He would have been a remarkable musician. He would not be a unique man.

Nothing was able to turn him from the path which he had undertaken to pursue and to the end of which he was determined to go.

He said: "I shall overbear, I will revolutionize, I will transform the lyrical theatre. I will make music thus, and no otherwise. I will make such and such works, conceived and executed in such and such a way. And I will set up a new principle, no part of my ideas, of my system. I will not cut out a measure, not a note. So much the worse for those who prove unable to understand me! So much the worse if they outrage me and scoff at me! To insults and sneers I am im- different."

And he said thoughtfully said to himself he did: Perserverance, — that was the condition necessary to change the course of art and insel into an immense clamor of triumph.

"Genius is patience," said Hebbon. "Too absolute a formula to be exact. But patience is one of the essential qualities of genius. Certainly! Wagner, Balzac, all the great names that have been disputed, all the great men that have been despised, act with patience. — Patience, — or, better, obstinacy, stubbornness, which no objection can convince or conquer. The little and great, the artist, when attacked, ridiculed, or advised, should answer impartially, in the words of the Jesuit concerning the statutes of his order: Abit et sententia non est!"

"There is my drama, my symphony, my picture; there is my work: I wished this, I made it, and it shall be, — if it shall not be at all!"

Henry Maret lately recited — in one of his articles so ad- vised of, — the following story of the "Thousand and One Nights" whose heroine started on the conquest of the marvellous singing tree, would not allow him to be disturbed by his way by the jingling voices of bad allies.

A symbol of the conduct which the artist ought to follow! Has he started, he will go on to the goal; he must close his ears to the vain and foolish din without, and listen only to his own genius; his fine familiar spirit.

A shot that way reaches the radius remotia, and some day rises up to splendor before the eyes of the stupid and enthusiastic crowd.

But even though one should not arrive! Even then one should not give way! Great and true artists are never rewarded, for triumph, for his obstinate perseverance!

What matter?

These are the rewards, other joys, for the artist! These who — to use the beautiful expression of a contemporary thinker — "do not carry within themselves their own pleasure and dignity but are like those who feel they upon their lips the devoring, the terrible, the de- ficences fire of the kiss of the Immortal."
WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

Continued from page 3.

They certainly did not have, but in reality simply for having exercised tyrannical power over one man, the son of a Russian whom he had abducted, a prince of the principal court official at Tver,—I at into the air the mad little man who had been the master and regarded as Latyef-Miklukh. It is from Latyef-Siklukh link not territory that the Rachmoffe descends. At Tver they were boys, at Moscow they were men, and their residence in the capital was not less solid, since they were general-chiefs,—not all of them, of course; the family having become very numerous, certainly all its members could not be general-chiefs. The father of the modern head of the family, Ivan Fedorovich, a man who got him out of the disgrace into which he had fallen in consequence of his father's sentence, and for which the colleagues had attached the rank of general-chiefs, and was killed at the battle of Nov. His grandson, Alexander, was a fine fellow, and would have been far richer than his father, but for the misfortune which befell him. Speransky put an early end to his career. At last his father's son, the late governor, in the government without success or disgrace. At the death of the elder Rachmoffe the latter left a life-interest of a minor general and a private of the army on account of the breach of the law of the Medvedita and near its source. The estate, however, was not very large, containing in all about twenty-five hundred souls. But, he had many children, eight, we believe. Of these eight children, Rachmoffe was the next to the last, there being one sister younger than himself; consequently his inheritance was rather small: he received about four hundred souls and seven thousand acres of land. What he did with this sum of money, five hundred acres of the land no one knew; so also no one knew that he kept fifteen hundred acres closed, and that he derived an income of three thousand roubles from the leases of that part of the land which he kept; no one knew that while he lived among us. We did not learn it till later, but we supposed of course that he belonged to the family of Rachmoffe containing so much rich seigniory, whose aggregate wealth was estimated at seventy-five thousand souls. The seigniory lived near Moscow, the source of the Medvedita, and the Tosa; they have always been marshals of the nobility of their district. The marshal of the nobility for the government in one or another of the three Russian provinces, he was Speransky's son-in-law, and Sp Lessy put an early end to his career. We knew also that our friend Rachmoffe spent four hundred years for a student that was much in those days, but for a student who ranked with the great universities of the United States, and we simply said to ourselves that our Rachmoffe belonged to some branch of the nobility. When we saw him we were a little surprised to learn that he was a seller of some financial board who had left his children a small capital. But of course all the things interested us but little.

Rachmoffe, we must say, had been a student since the age of sixteen, but he had spent almost three years away from the University. At the end of his second year he gave up his studies, and began his career as a merchant. He was a man of great industry and extraordinary ways,—on foot, for instance, and in decked boats, and in boats of all sorts. He met with many adventures; he took two individuals to the University of Kazan and five to that of Moscow,—they were his brothers,—but to St. Petersburg, where he intended to come himself; he brought none; this accounts for the fact that no one knew that his principle was the book recommended by the board of education. The Volga was not long, and three thousand. That was not accorded till later. Then we only saw that he had disappeared for a long time, that two years before he had entered the philosophical faculty, that earlier he had been in that of the national science, and that was all.

But through some of his St. Petersburg acquaintances knew anything of his relatives or his fortune, at the other hand, knew him by two surnames; one of these, the "rachia," the reader knows already; this name he accepted with his daughter. The Rachmoffe, for whom the diminutive Nikitka was given by or by his full surname, Nikitkoucha Lomov, a broad smile lit up his face, which was justifiable, since it was not by birth, but by the temper of his will that he had adopted this name. He was a man of strong and firm will, his name is gloriously only in a strip of land one hundred versts wide crossing entire Russia and in the northwestern province of Korea this man is known by the explanation. Nikitkoucha Lomov, a boat-hauler who went up the Volga fifteen or twenty years ago, was a giant of Hercelean strength; two archives and fifteen versters long, as he was clothed, his coat and shoes were so large that he weighed fifteen pounds; although he was not fleshly, but simply solid. As far as his strength is enough to be satisfied with the fact that he is somme times the usual wages. When the vessel reached a town and our man went to the market, or, as they say on the Volga, to the bazar, the young villagers in the neighboring alleys were heard to shout: "There's Nikitkoucha Lomov! There's Nikitkoucha Lomov! and every body ran into the street leading from the wharf to the bazar, and the people followed in crowds their hero-athlete.

The story of the sixtane, came to St. Petersburg, he was an ordinary youth of somewhat above the average height and strength, but very far from being remarkably robust. He was of his equal age in asking at random two surely would have thrown him. But in the middle of his seventeenth year he formed the idea of acquiring physical strength and acted accordingly. At first it was not easy. There was no original material; it was necessary, therefore, to equip himself with the material, and the material was found in a glacial cradle, in a glacial cradle, in a glacial cradle. He undertook work at once, in each new task, with each new task, new muscles were developed. He adopted the diet of pigsmen; he ate food known exclusively as strengthening, especially advantageous to men of age, and thus he lived. He finally took his journey, and found in it still more favorable opportunities for developing his physical strength. Not only did his muscles, but his muscles, came to the man, and a worker at all sorts of healthy trades; once he even went along the Volga from Dabovka to Rybinsk as a boat-hauler. To say that he wanted to be a boat-hauler is a sort of absurdity, but a boat-hauler is the mate of the boat and to the boat-haulers, and they would not have accepted him; but he took the bank simply as a traveler. After having put himself on friendly terms with the boat-haulers, he began to tell them in the rope and a week later became a capable boat-hauler in his crew, the life which he had acquired strength with him; he vanquished four of the strongest boat-haulers; he was then removed, and his fellow-travellers, learned that he had been called Nikitkoucha Lomov. In fact, by devoting his time and labour he had acquired strength and power, and the only one who must do it, he: "it will make me loved and esteemed by the common people. And it is useful; some day it may prove good for something. And thus it was that he acquired this extraordinary strength, which at the age of sixteen he came to St. Petersburg, as an ordinary school-graduate, who had wrought completely his early studies. He passed his first months of study after the manner of beginners.

WHEN AND NOW.

XV

A newspaper editor tells of the trials of a trader.

Boston, April 25, 1888.

My Dear Louise:

Four weeks ago I was introduced to Mr. De Demain to the chief newspaper in Boston. It is a daily of thirty-two pages, each page about twelve inches long and nine inches wide,—quite convenient to read. The circulation is six thousand, and since receiving it I have sent in every edition. Editors are printed every hour from one a.m. to seven p.m. I will attempt to describe the paper for you, but will let the editor do that in his interesting talk with me.

"Without our papers," said he, "I think a newspaper could be impossible. Anarchy is more, or less than nothing to the individuals. The newspaper acquires its facts, and thus enables the individual man to conduct his business and to acquire a business of his own if he cares. The individual man is a very great value to every individual. No.id curiosity that prompts men to read the newspapers. It is absolutely necessary for their welfare that they do so. That newspaper which gives the greatest number of correct reports of events of the day is most valuable to the reader, and will naturally have the largest circulation. But the newspaper not only warns men against evil tendencies, but, by giving the news, shows them when they are going right, when they are advancing. In this way the newspaper is a most potent factor in the development of human nature."

"The province of the newspaper is not to criticise, not to advise. We simply print information, nothing else."" But," said I, "you print advertisements?"

"Yes, but those are information. We receive payment for them according to the space they occupy, but they are all written by men connected with our office, who order the goods offered by the advertiser and then write the notice for the paper in accordance with the facts. Our intention is to print nothing but reports of things as they actually are, of past events as they actually happened, and of future events which are controlled by man as it is proposed they shall actually happen."

"Then you do not believe in making comment, favorable or unfavorable, in presenting events of human nature?"

"I most certainly do believe in it, but not in a newspaper. Such comment is not necessary, and has no place in a newspaper, which is a mirror of the nation's life, which comprehends events, and is not concerned with the amusement or the amusement or the amusement, but the amusement, but the amusement, the amusement of the amusement of the amusement."

"Are there no papers which publish both news and comment?"

"There are a few, but, for the reasons that I mentioned above, they are not successful. There is a sort of man who cannot be in news and comment in large quantities both at the same time any better than he can deal in silk and gold. On the contrary, a man who has the one, he cannot do the other. I think it is always well for a man to give his attention to one kind of work at a time, and the rule applies to papers as well."

"Of course he must be right, in whatever way it be, his paper is very interesting to me, and everybody reads it. I may send you a copy sometime."

JOSEPH.
Social Evolution in the Thought-Spheres.

Our personal experience may foreshadow upon consciousness the more complex evolutions of society as well as those which we recognize.

As to property, outlined in my individual life, are the three successive phases:

1. In primitive self-sufficiency in exclusive proprietorship.
2. Expansive frugality in common possession of goods.
3. Materialism and exploitation.

A recent conference, St. John Baptist Hay, and Ricardo, have been the most important exponents, plays a social evolution in the thought of the English-speaking man; the cosy days of the into the future, with two main currents of controversy, repudiating all external laws. The earliest phase — the instinct to appropriate, accumulate, and hoard — the characteristic of the savage and the primitive, and with external motive or pressure, in small, before the dawn of history, it was perhaps a savagery reflected from the mind of the gods of the Greek time. I once saw two copper coins, and buried them in a little grove on my father's big lot. I put under my pillow for tomorrow morning the suggestion that I could have enjoyed the evening. I had my own private library under a sod, and a green curtain, apart from the big family book-case which I had read from, I became more private, and time and again shared freely all I could command with the neediest, as members of our human society. I was in the last phase of the social evolution. This was the phase of communism, an institutional sentiment, which never took the form of a rational principle. I ha...
Spanish Anarchists Not Communitists.

For the following translation from the Spanish journal, "Revista Socialista," Liberty is indebted to the "Miners' Journal" and its editor, John McLaughlin:

Number three of "La Question Sociale," of Paris, publishes a letter from an old friend and comrade in Barcelona, in which he says:

"The Anarchist-Collectivists of our region (the Spanish) are in accord with the Anarchist-Communitists of other regions; all desire the same thing, and the only difference is in the form in which the object is. The International Congresses that have taken place have not altered this fact. Our old friend is mistaken in regard to the line of conduct to be pursued, and the economical ideas, as we shall demonstrate further on.

The Collectivists are in accord with Communists in the desire to abolish all authority and all power, but they believe that the Collectives do not have the ambition to take the control of all power. The true, collective, free society is the one in which there is no dominion but in which each man or woman is a free agent with the right to full enjoyment of his or her works. The Community sees in the abolition of all political and social laws the existing society. They are for the free federation of all free working people.

This is a mistake on the part of our friend. The true social order is that which eliminates the absurd idea of authority, and the true social order is that which eliminates all forms of authority.

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