On Picket Duty.

A notice of Sada Bailey Fowler's new novel, "Irene; or, The Road to Freedom," is necessarily postponed until a later issue.

The rich is the determination arrived at by the judges of Pittsburg to refuse naturalization papers to Anarchists in order to check any further influx of these pestiferous beings. I expect to see an attempt made soon to discourage the immigration of Jews by prohibiting them from eating pork.

"John Swinton's Paper" prints the newest from Preston that stands at the head of Liberty's editorial columns. As it appears without heading or comment, it is probable that Mr. Swinton approves it. It is, so why does he advocate so many of those that clash with it? The State Socialism which he champions would make the "inauguration of politics" vastly more ridiculous and unpalatable than they are at present.

Having lately come into possession of a copy of Michael Bakunin's very rare work, "The Political Theology of the Church," written when Mazzini was alive, I have had it translated, and shall publish it socially in Liberty. The first installment is given in this issue. It will be read with the greatest eagerness by all who have acquainted themselves with that masterpiece, "God and the State," and, I hope, by many others.

I am especially pleased to be able to print the letter from Walter L. Ramsdell in another column. Mr. Ramsdell, of whom two years reading of Liberty has made an earnest Anarchist, is secretary of the Boston Typographical Union and served as marshal of the second division of the Boston procession on Labor Day. Moreover, he is young. There are no recruits so welcome, no soldiers so efficient, in Anarchistic ranks as young and intelligent workmen.

Prince Kropotchkin's brother, Alexander Kropotchkin, committed suicide lately in Turram, Siberia. Alexander, like Paci, was a man of high scientific attainments, being especially interested in astronomy, the story of which he pursued in an observatory built at his own expense. He translated into Russian "Garnet's Principles of Biology," and other scientific works. Addressed to Siberia in 1874 because of his relations with the Nihiatas, he was pardoned in 1885 on condition that he would reside in no Russian city where there was a university. For some time he had been a victim of mental derangement.

A dispatch from Charleston during the earthquake said: "A remarkable incident of the scene is the manner in which the respectable houses are all deserted, and that the bands of the streets praying for mercy and forgiveness."

"This was remarkable, that all those that were in the town would not stand upon the street and pray for mercy and forgiveness."

"Mr. Fowler's protest, as I explained in my leader in this issue of Liberty, while its source and ability as far as it goes, is at best partial. The "surprise" which Mr. Fowler expresses at the character of the<br>Vol. IV—No. 9. BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1886. Whole No. 87.

On picket duty.

A notice of Sada Bailey Fowler's new novel, "Irene; or, The Road to Freedom," is necessarily postponed until a later issue.

The rich is the determination arrived at by the judges of Pittsburg to refuse naturalization papers to Anarchists in order to check any further influx of these pestiferous beings. I expect to see an attempt made soon to discourage the immigration of Jews by prohibiting them from eating pork.

"John Swinton's Paper" prints the newest from Preston that stands at the head of Liberty's editorial columns. As it appears without heading or comment, it is probable that Mr. Swinton approves it. It is, so why does he advocate so many of those that clash with it? The State Socialism which he champions would make the "inauguration of politics" vastly more ridiculous and unpalatable than they are at present.

Having lately come into possession of a copy of Michael Bakunin's very rare work, "The Political Theology of the Church," written when Mazzini was alive, I have had it translated, and shall publish it socially in Liberty. The first installment is given in this issue. It will be read with the greatest eagerness by all who have acquainted themselves with that masterpiece, "God and the State," and, I hope, by many others.

I am especially pleased to be able to print the letter from Walter L. Ramsdell in another column. Mr. Ramsdell, of whom two years reading of Liberty has made an earnest Anarchist, is secretary of the Boston Typographical Union and served as marshal of the second division of the Boston procession on Labor Day. Moreover, he is young. There are no recruits so welcome, no soldiers so efficient, in Anarchistic ranks as young and intelligent workmen.

Prince Kropotchkin's brother, Alexander Kropotchkin, committed suicide lately in Turram, Siberia. Alexander, like Paci, was a man of high scientific attainments, being especially interested in astronomy, the story of which he pursued in an observatory built at his own expense. He translated into Russian "Garnet's Principles of Biology," and other scientific works. Addressed to Siberia in 1874 because of his relations with the Nihiatas, he was pardoned in 1885 on condition that he would reside in no Russian city where there was a university. For some time he had been a victim of mental derangement.

A dispatch from Charleston during the earthquake said: "A remarkable incident of the scene is the manner in which the respectable houses are all deserted, and that the bands of the streets praying for mercy and forgiveness." This was remarkable, that all those that were in the town would not stand upon the street and pray for mercy and forgiveness.

"Mr. Fowler's protest, as I explained in my leader in this issue of Liberty, while its source and ability as far as it goes, is at best partial. The "surprise" which Mr. Fowler expresses at the character of the trial entails a previous confidence in the State which no faithful Anarchist would ever have been simple enough to entertain. Why, even poor Seymour, of the London "Anarchist," in the midst of all the fog into which he has plunged, still retains sufficient clearness of vision to discern that the verdict was "ordained by the American government in the interest of self-preservation."

H. M. Hyndman, the prominent English State Socialist, has an article in the September number of the "North American Review," in which he describes the growth and present condition of the Socialist movement in this country. After a careful and candid analysis of the Socialistic journals, he adds that there is also the "Anarchist," which preaches the doctrines held by Most, Tucker, and Schwab in America. Will Mr. Hyndman have of the radicals to state explicitly what doctrines he refers to? The form of his statement seems to imply that he refers to doctrines which Most, Tucker, and Schwab hold in common, as Anarchistic Socialists, in contrast with the doctrines of State Socialism. The implication is that the Anarchists are not bound by such a nature that it places them in the same category. Mr. Hyndman unquestionably knows better. He has read Liberty sufficiently to be aware that he cannot refer to Most or to Schwab's methods, and denies him even the name of Anarchist, and that, while admiring Justus Schwab personally, he does not share his Communitistic sentiments. Mr. Hyndman evidently wishes, as a State Socialist, to conceal the fact that there are Anarchists who do not preach blood-and-thunder as the first and last article of their creed. As far as the readers of the "North American Review" are concerned, his desire will fall of gratification, for an article is soon to appear in that periodical that will leave them in no doubt concerning the character of Tucker's Anarchism, which is precisely as far from Most's as Liberty is from Authority.

When A. R. Parsons was on the witness-stand during the Chicago trial, he was asked by his lawyer to state to the jury the substance of his arguments at the Haymarket meeting. This he did at great length and, according to the Chicago "Times," with great effect. What he said to the jury has been printed in pamphlet form, and copies are now for sale at ten cents each for the purpose of raising a defence fund. A very large sum of money is needed in order to appeal the case to the higher courts, and it ought to be forthcoming. The pamphlet is to be had of A. H. Simpson, 14 South Morgan Street, Chicago, and I hope that every reader of Liberty will send to him for as many copies as he can afford to purchase. In regard to the pamphlet itself, I confess I am unable to say whether it is an accurate and complete report of the Haymarket speech, but it certainly does not fairly and fully represent the teachings of Parsons for the past few years as editor of the American Anarchist. His policy has unquestionably been to urge the working-people to seize all property without regard to the lives of its present holders or, for that matter, any other lives. He has persistently preached appropriation and slaughter. This being the case, I am unwilling to advise the readers of the pamphlet (which goes far no further than advising the people to arm themselves) without cautioning its readers not to accept it as fully representative of the teachings of Parsons. I am sure that the work of the time Parsons and his comrades are now the victims of outrage and injustice, and everything should be done to aid them that can be done without endangering or misrepresenting genuine Anarchia.
IRISH!

BY GEORGES SAINTON.
Transcited from the French by Sarah E. Holmes.
Continued from No. 30.

"Irish!" they exclaimed unanimously.

"Hanging!" objected with a delightfully gusty blonde doll, "is a torture not at all original, and, among us all, I wager that we can find something better than hanging." And she smiled with such a grace of coquettishness, so entirely unlooked for, that Miss Arkel was charmed.

"Capitulate!" spluttered several young women; and a priss was dozed for the sibyls by the maids who had gathered about the Duke, embarrassed by the fact of nothing stirring, again commenced her exhortations.

The applause, the bravos, the shouts in the hall, in the poroir, made her famous.

Nevertheless, he lifted the points of his hairy ears, like an animal which foresees danger.

In the court lanterns were morin, song by the buildings, and a crowd of servants were hurrying about inside, questioning each other.

"Casper! Do you know what has become of him?"

"No, why?"

"The Duke has ordered that he be brought to him immediately, immediately!"

"Why?"

"To flay him, to torture him a bit, after the fashion of the guests, till death ensues, my faith!"

"That will be a famous amusement!"

"Yes, do you hear?" murmured Lady Ellen in his ear, "quick, come along, into the tower of the castle, across the garden, beside the hedge, and behind the stables, you will find him."

"Oh, yes?" said the Duchess, passing over his dripping mouth a hand which he bit.

"Quick, then!" she repeated, without the suspicion of a cry escaping her.

And now, he followed her at an indifferant pace, turning round with the design which she checked of clearing the funkeys who were opening the doors and inspecting the corridors, aside from him. He knew them all too well. He saw the stables where he had been drinking and sleeping of his intoxication. A corroboration like his did not dissemble his fear. He was not to pass through a mouse-hole; the cats had not swallowed him in a yawn.

"He must have felt the need of taking the air and emptying his too full stomach," said Casper to his mother.

"Consequently," concluded he, "they are inquiring in vain for him in the interior of the castle, and they have only to search in the court to discover him in the midst of his victims."

"The gang of drunkards!" growled Casper. But once more he had snatched him.

"Silence! silence and come, come!"

All the servants out, made such an uproar that the Duke approached the window and poured on him a mouthful of black looks.

"Well! no Casper!" said he, stouping; "hurry up, then! And, addressing Locry, who seemed to be following in the darkness an interest in the scene, as they were just:

"Is it my man whom you see? With your acuteness and refinement of vision, it is true, it is true, at the bottom of the well we can discern nothing. If he has not swallowed a corner in a corner, he must be soaring; if he is ascending away, he is certainly paring for breath, and the inconceivable delicacy of your hearing can not fail to note it.

Miss Hobart, with half-opened lips, puffed dilated by her attention to what was passing at the end of the court, beyond the lanterns' field of light, in the dense shadow, did not answer; she did not breathe.

"What is it?" questioned the Duke.

"Oh!" said the young girl, closing her eyes, and moreover vailing them instinctively with her hand.

"What is it? What is it?" repeated Newington, impatiently; "speak!"

Just then the dogs, who had been meaning for some moments, smirking and whining at the approach of game, rambled about the entrance to their meadow, all set up an informal chorus, in which prelumined fury, passion, excitement, break for broke in which the油画 at the base of the walls, the rage and pain of the conquered.

"The quarry is beginning again," said the Duke, ordering his men to run and see. Zounds! That imbecile of a Casper, in his flight, had wandered into the dog kennel, thrust himself into the den, and the pack were regaling themselves.

After the venison, the meat of the domestic bear.

"Exactly!" said Hunter Gowan, who, in the hunting season, when he was not too fond of hunting, and, like some others who were very fond of hunting, had gladly resumed his former functions; "and no way of tear ing them from then except in pieces!" he added.

All the windows were filled, but the drama escaped them: it was being enacted in the high minster, and a rumour of the apoplectic jerks, owing to this mischievous, when the Duke ordered that the culprit be at least pulled up on the pavement of the court, in order that they might have the difference of a glimpse of death.

"Good!" said Gowan, swearing and vociferating; and instantly whipping away the draperies, he hold a ledge by a leg and dragged him outside, howling, his neck lacerated by deadly bites.

"Perfect!" said the Duke.

The gory masses having been execrated admirably and promptly, the gilded lackeys, in their hands, ran to gather themselves around the some of carnage, as had done just before for the quarry, and, grouped behind them, the squire and his eunuchs, proud blazes, avenging jests echoes in the neighboring mountains.

And the tragedy began again, furious, sickening, hideous, chilling with fright and filling with disgust the least timorous, the least impressionable, at the fearful bloodshed, at the horror of the scene, at the crisis of the falling visitors; and the windows were closed while the sinister tragedy concluded to the sound of the dying flourishes of trumpets.

"Oh, the frightful nightmare, the sudden scream of the Duke, who had reappeared; and, appealing to the Duke, he reproached him for having sanctioned this bloody and grandiose fancy.

Condemned by such a dose of hypocritical assurance, Miss Lucy, holding her arms, walked towards Lady Ellen, ready to say to her:

"But you who opened the doors of the kennel buildings, who pushed the unfortunate man to the dogs, when the prunent blood on which he had just been treating allured the pack, still unsatisfied and eager for a feast."

And the instant the Duke, Miss Hobart, and with a mechanical precaution concealed in a fold of her dress the slight bite on her right arm, which was still bleeding, the, the godard, which from the silence of the night, assumed a character truly dismal.

Suddenly, by a stroke of good fortune, for her, Lucy heard the lamentable appears of the widow Arklow in the distance.

"Oh, indeed, Madam, was it for him or her?" she asked Miss Arkel, whom she urged, through space, to hear her, to answer her, if he had the strength, if he was not dying.

She hesitated, waiting the solicited response; then, at the end of some minutes, hopelessly, she retired in a voice still more prolonged and sad, her exovation, which, in the silence of the night, assumed a character truly dismal.

And immediately, sedulously circumstanced, she forbade Michael, if he had the power, to reveal to her his existence, or heed her prayer.

"No, no, she said, do not answer me. They would kill you."

But this did not prevent her from recognizing, the next instant, the distressing supplication of a weeping mother at bay.

"Michael! . . . Michael! . . . My child . . . You are not dead?"

"I have a question to ask you, Michael!"

"My lord!" begged the Duchess, "do accord to the request of this miserable mother, receive her, or at least, come to the signal in the solitude in such despair, rings in the depths of my heart like a knell."

The Duke for some seconds had been looking at Lady Ellen, whose solemn pallor and strange look forced his attention. I could see that something was the matter with her, he answered; but I beg you, take me to her, and put me some security."

"But, my friend, this faithful of Casper seems to me of a nature to overthrow the less hardened."

"Not me?"

"This event . . . having imparted to my nerves a sickly susceptibility, the least comotion causes me perturbations which account for my pallor and from which I am not recovering."

"Then I consent to accord an audience to your protégée."

"I find time enough."

"I thought that the last of the fair would touch me keenly, and, setting aside the question of sentimentalism, and that I should grieve your death. Listen to her."

"Since I have said so," said the Duke; and, dismissing Tom Lichfield, he added, "I must study the case as I go along to the one who stands to be engraved in the memory of her; she represents herself just in time to serve me."

Standing at a Machiavellian design, he prepared to give the order that led the woman in.

A new tumult in the court, the rush of a lively pursuit, drew the distressed eyes towards the window. It was the blood that the soldiers with an agility not to be suspected at her age and from her rather clumsy look, leaping into the body of the castle, overturning a servant who barred their way, andellowing aside others who tried to oppose her entrance.

"The Duke! I wish to see the Duke!" repeated she; "I will see him!"

"You are a half-American woman," said the Duke, "I order you to this and by right of my name, you are not to be touched by this man."

Now she was climbing the airaces, still running, distracting all those who hurried at her heels.

She was just on the point of reaching her; on the landing-place, Sir Walmur, who had run in 5 out of her, had planted himself solidly to throw her, if need be, to the bottom of the wall.

"My son!" said she, hardly inside the door.

And as Newington encased himself in a lofty silence, she continued:

"My son . . . Will you answer?"

"When you question me in my presence, of course, I will see what I shall have to answer," said he.

On this appropriate observation, clashing her manner, suddenly softened, resulting in haste an apparently orderly bearing, in lieu of her disheartened condition, she began to explain, still, however, a trifle inelegant.

"It is true, it is true, it is true. I am wrong, I am wrong. The Duke, where he is imprisoned so cruelly in the darkness, I have remained in expectation, although at moments very curious. Now I restrain myself! I curse no more: I implore you."

"If I killed myself for you," I will kill myself for you. This will be my punishment. Now then, speak, I beg you, I implore you."

The woman, who, hitherto, had looked at him with such all her anxious soul dwelt, on the watch for a movement of Newington's face, desperately impassive.

"Answer! answer! answer!" she sobbed.

"If he has escaped death, have you indication of his?"

To the anguish of her previous prayer, a flame of anger was now added in this interrogation.

To a soldier who dares?" answered the Duke drily, in his accent of authority which made the boldest tremble.

"No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no," exclaimed the woman, as if knocked down by a blow on the head or a thrust in the stomach; and, for some minutes, seeing nothing, tottering, her tongue paralyzed in her parched mouth, straggling, she could not recover her senses.

Then, stammering, with broken words, trying to appease the thirst for vengeance, she said:

"You have executed him? . . . Answer, enlighten me . . . Execute a wounded man! Oh! no, you have not been capable of such cowardice . . . I express myself badly: I mean, of such severity . . . Father Arklow, my husband, you wish . . .
EIGHTEEN CHRISTIAN CENTURIES: 
By DYER D. LUM. 
Continued from No. 56.

The fourteenth century opened with a papal year of Jubilee at Rome—a departure in the fortunes of the Church. The Free Spirit and the Reformers of the Reformation. The Second Coming of Christ. The Church divided into two independent bodies; the Church of Rome and the Church of the East. The Hussite and the Calvinist. 


Liberty.

Issued Portotypy at One Dollar a Year; Single Copies One Cent.

HENRY C. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
A. F. KELLY, Associate Editor.

Office of Publication, 18 P. G. Square.
Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 2566, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., SEPTEMBER 18, 1866.

The appearance in the editorial columns of articles on other subjects than the editorial indicates that the above is accepted and paid for by the readers, and that the offence for which the victims are to be punished was not actual, but purely constructive. Setting aside the doublet manufactured but certainly direct evidence put in evidence of the man who swore that he saw Spies light the fuse and hand the bomb to Schneault and has not Schneault threw it, Mr. Fowler’s position is a sound one. Sound also is the position taken by “O,” who says, “If they quotes the witnesses once and it is the testimony of the detectives. Sound also is my own position, that the convicts would have been impossible without a packed jury.

But sound as all these positions are, what do they amount to? Something, perhaps, as so many instances of the inhumanities practiced by the State; but nothing more. If urged in the hope that the State will ever do better, they are futile in the extreme. Is not the State an infernal institution? Why expect from it, then, anything but infernalisms? “Let the people of Chicago,” says Mr. Fowler, “learn that there is no such thing as the crime of incendiary speech.”

Then they will no longer prosecute anarchists. Then there would have been a bomb, and then what would have been the bomb.

It is evident that Mr. Fowler uses here “the people of Chicago” as one with the State, because it is the State which is prosecuting anarchists. But why should the State not contempt men who threw the bomb? Why should it do anything in this matter but prosecute anarchists? Is it not for the purpose of the bomb?”

The lesson of Chicago.

Seven men are to die in Chicago, and the pulpits and the press, the gigan-tene, and even the proletariat, unite in joyful hymns to the God that he has saved. Seven men of more than usual intelligence, and far more than usual devotion to principle, weary of seeing age-long injustice, of hearing the groans of the down-trodden millions, on, what is worse, of seeing them suffer, tried, all in an attempt to set things right. They failed, and by the laws of war they are to die. Yet it must be remembered that the worst that can be said of them is that they are the men who would have stood up against evil.

Without all doubt they are not, but they sinned through the excess of their love.

At this same time a scab who is known to have done a great deal of mischief, and not possessed of a noble thought, who makes it his boast that he has been a constant enemy of labor organizations, is under arrest in Mexico for violating the laws of that country. He is an American citizen, and the honor of our country must be protected, though it cost “as thousands of lives and millions of dollars; for, in protecting our honor,” many of our distinguished citizens will be able to enormously increase their wealth by robbing their fellow men of their property, that is, by making themselves in the same attitude, now as eighteen hundred years ago, concerning them who have given all for love of it, cries: “Crucify them, crucify them! Give us Barabbas!”

The object of the Association declared it axiomatic that the emancipation of the working-classes must be effected by themselves, and it is in accordance with these axioms that the proclamation of the declaration. It does not mean simply that we are not to place our reliance on the bourgeois and aristocracy, as is generally understood by half-trained revolutionists, but that a revolution, to be effective, must be popular. A social revolution can not be accomplished by a man or a clique. The people can be freed only by themselves. As long as they remain in-different, no one can set them free. But if they feel convinced that it is to their interest to be free, and that they can work together to make themselves free, it can teach them the advantages of freedom in the most effective way,—by example.
they were innocent; or—what is the same thing—that he knew that there was evidence that would have acquitted them "a thousand times" over, if they had been allowed an opportunity to produce it. But he glooms, he says, "it was too smart for that, by keeping his evidence secret from both them and the public, he was enabled to bring them into the trap which he and "one other man" (evidently the State) had enjoyed for them, and thus secured their conviction.

If this is not a confession that he (Schaeck) and "one other man," his accomplice, set themselves deliberately at work to procure the judicial murder of several innocent men, surely we need not wonder that the person, and any of them, is not innocent—what is it?

Plainly it is nothing else in the world.

Schaeck's confession, that he, on the part of the prosecution, and "one other man," a fact acknowledged by the prosecution, and charged, would have acquitted them "a thousand times" over, is equivalent to a confession that it was true; and that to procure their conviction, by the suppression of this evidence, was to procure the judicial murder of innocent men.

And this work, says Schaeck, is to go on, until we all have the Anarchists in jail, hanged, or driven out of the country.

And this end is evidently to be accomplished by the same methods that have been so successful in procuring the conviction of these seven men; that is, by evidence "made up, little by little, piece by piece, and put together."

And the prosecution was kept secret from the accused persons, and finally sprung upon them at the trial, when it was too late for them to contradict or explain anything.

Is this superior evidence to be required to prove the infamous character of what are called our criminal courts? Evidently the courts themselves are criminal, whether the persons convicted are criminal or not. What is the use of having no color of justice or reason, or being anything else than a conspiracy to convict, whether the accused person be innocent or guilty, unless he is permitted to know beforehand, as fully as the government officers themselves, every scrap of evidence that is to be brought against him, and then have all possible reasonable time allowed him in which to find and produce all the rebutting evidence that can be found and produced.

And yet I suppose that nearly every accused person is brought to trial, in our courts, in greater or less ignorance of the evidence that is to be given against him.

And I suppose that some, at least, if not all, of our presenting officers really consider it a smart thing to go on with evidence with which the person knew nothing of, and was unprepared to meet.

The confession of this scoundrel, Schaeck, is one that the whole country is bound to take notice of. In fact, a confession that men were actively engaged in planning only, not of the Anarchists only, but it was also a trial of the government of Illinois, and still more of the United States government itself. The oppressions of which these so-called Anarchists complained (if they were oppressions) were such as the government of the United States is responsible for, and as such many millions of persons—in fact, nearly all the people of the country—were not only innocent, but all in their rights that it will not do for any government to disregard.

In this state of things, a murder is committed by some one—not by these seven, nor any one of them, but by some of us as yet unknown. They are now being tried, and the case is the same as with all, that a person known to be innocent, and to have had abundant proof of their innocence, if they had been permitted to produce it, would not be treated with the same disregard.

But the government, which, in the opinion of these despairing, if not desperate, millions, is responsible for their wrongs, does not break any forcible resistance by the people. No such thing! It is too smart for that, too strong for that, too clever for that. They are the best confidential agents of the government, and the master of the art of concealment. They can discover the one guilty man, the machinery is set at work to convict seven innocent ones instead of him.

And now all these suffering millions, who have not yet been brought quite up to the point of open rebellion, are taught that this is no country for those who are liable to become desperate under its oppressions; that it is only the patient sufferers who are tolerated here.

Well, perhaps this verdict will have that effect. But perhaps it will not.

A Time to Beware of Passion.

If there were a time in which the true friends of the revolution were especially called upon to keep their reason unclouded and to possess their souls in tranquility, that time is the present. The force of the hirings press is directed against the men under sentence of death in Chicago; now, every impulse of common human sympathy tends to make us range ourselves in their ranks. But let not the sympathy which we feel with them in their unjust sentence make us forget for a moment that, however honest and devoted these men were (and their honesty and devotion they have proven beyond a doubt), however pure their motives, the methods by which they sought to attain their ends are not those by which the social revolution can ever really be accomplished.

O my brothers! let no blind feelings of revenge against the State make you play into its hands by attempting to meet force with force. Remember that the use of force must always react with most deadly effect upon us; that an economic revolution can never be made by force. Remember that the employment of force leads to the redeployment of the military spirit, which is totally opposed to the spirit that must exist in the people before anything we wish for can be brought about. Remember that the government is really not, not by the bayonets by which it is surrounded, but by the ignorance in the minds of the people, and it is this ignorance, and this alone, that we are called upon to combat, and it is only by the enlightenment that success is possible.

Remember that every appeal to brute force tends to retard the dissipation of this ignorance.

To the most peaceable of us, however, today, seeing the domineering, gloating spirit of the government, and the press, the temptation to meet violence with violence is very strong, but it is to our interests above all others to resist the temptation. To the men now suffering in Chicago, and to their wives and mothers who are suffering as much as, if not more than, they, we extend our heartfelt sympathy, because we recognize that, however mistakenly, they have devoted their lives to the cause which is our cause—the emancipation of the toiling millions.

"Society is saved; we can now sleep quietly in our beds," cries the hirings press, gloating over the fact that seven men are to lose their lives in Chicago, as if society were saved by not having these few men who have been unable to destroy the government by the injustice which they see everywhere around them, while this very press teems day after day with accounts of corruption, public and private, with Pan-Electric scandals, Broadway steals, Aqueduct robberies, with the wholesale murder of men in the Aqueduct, etc., from lack of precautions taken by those who are scoping in the millions, with men, women, and children, as well as all the little shifts that it will not do for any government to disregard.

In this state of things, a murder is committed by someone—not by these seven, nor any one of them, but by some of us as yet unknown. They are now being tried, and the case is the same as with all, that a person known to be innocent, and to have had abundant proof of their innocence, if they had been permitted to produce it, would not be treated with the same disregard.

But the government, which, in the opinion of these despairing, if not desperate, millions, is responsible for their wrongs, does not break any forcible resistance by the people. No such thing! It is too smart for that, too strong for that, too clever for that. They are the best confidential agents of the government, and the master of the art of concealment. They can discover the one guilty man, the machinery is set at work to convict seven innocent ones instead of him.

...
LIBERTY.

EIGHTEEN CENTURIES.

Continued from page 5.

But out of the social anarchy arose a higher order,—a new extension of freedom.

The right of private judgment in the affair of government! God's anointed has a

sweat of blood, blessed by the priest, possessed of

no imagic virtues. The illusion had vanished.

To be continued.

THE POLITICAL THEOLOGY

of

MAZZINI AND THE INTERNATIONAL

By MICHAEL HAKONINE,

MEMBER OF THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WORKING-PEOPLE.

Translated from the French by Sarah E. Holmes.

INTRODUCTION.

If there is a man universally respected in Europe and who, by forty years of

active life wholly devoted to the service of a great cause, has really merited this

respect, it is Mazzini. He is incalculably one of the most purist and purest individu-

als of our age, and he might say even the greatest, if greatness were compatible

with the stubborn worship of error.

Upon the one hand, the career of the programme of the Italian patriot, who has

been, from the first, an essentially false principle, which, after having

paralyzed and maimed baron his heroic efforts and his most ingenious combi-

nation of subtle and too complicated for the vulgar intelligence, is the

ideal of an idealism at once metaphysical and mystic, anchored upon the

patriotic ambition to which he refers his "genius of God," his "holy

fatherland" (i.e., the pope of the revolution): he is the faith of the Messianic

prophetess of the kingdom of pressure, power of the world, the capital of the

realm: it is the political passion for the restoration of the dignity of the

conquered and subjugated. To be the child of the people. He is, in short,

in religion of all dogmatic and absolute minds, the pas-

sion for uniformity which they call unity and which is the grace of

liberty. Mazzini is the last high expression of personalism which, after having

attained to a sort of diorama, which is disappearing.

Mazzini repays us with not believing in God. We reproach him, as a set,

of pretentious, from his name, or rather, we do not even reproach him, we only deplore

that he believes.

We infinitely regret that by this intrusion of mystic sentiments and

paranormalism (he calls it moral) nature is forced to range

against us with all the enemies of the emancipation of the

popular masses.

For, in fact, we cannot longer deceive ourselves. Who are now found under

the banner of the rationalism of the Savonarola diocese, in the mountainous

isolation of the Castle of Queen Isabella; and between them the pope with his mystical

rock which they gallopantly, during the day, and the other. There are all the

emperors, the popes, the priests, the archbishops, the patriarchs, the

executions: without forgetting the popes, constituting today the black

policies of souls for the benefit of States; there are the generals, those humane defend-

ers of public order, and the editors of the review, public representatives of

all the popular morality.

Behold the banner under which Mazzini is ranged today, doubled in spite of

himself, drawn by the logic of his ideal convictions, which force him, if not to bless

all the sacrifices, to find God and man in them.

And in the opposite camp, what is to be found there? The revolution, the

audacious deniers of God, of the divine order and the principle of authority, but, on

the other hand, the absolute power in the state, the immense domination, the

human order and of human liberty.

Mazzini, his twofold; we between two opposing currents, was once priest

and revolutionary. But the inspirations of the priest, as to was to have been expected,

finally stifled in him the instinct of the revolutionist; and today all that he thinks,

all that he says, all that he does, he(scale the present age. In consequence,

is not with a light heart that one can decide to attack a man like Mazzini,

a man whom one is forced to serve and love even in combating him, for, if there is

one thing certain, it is that the character of his generosity, of his solemnity,

we have always connected his most eloquent and commendatory

not to say his insults and calumnies, against us. The past year, in a letter

addressed to him, and written in his own face, I was forced to say that it is a

bitterness and anger of Mazzini are natural. To have been more than

thirty years at the head of the revolutionary movement of Europe and to feed now

that this management is ceasing him: to see this movement take a road in which his

parties and factions do not take part, he is deserted, abandoned, not understood, and

therefore indispensable of himself understand

him: to feel that all is going on under his eyes! For a great soul, for a proud

one, for a man who has lived, for a man who has dedicated himself

wholly to the service of humanity, this is a tragic and cruel position.

To be continued.
Anarchy in Australia.

"It never rains, but it pours." A short time ago Victorian lovers of lilies were made to find that the flowers were not growing in their gardens and now they are beginning to experience the inconvenience of its transpiring with the mails. The postmaster general, after several peremptory censures, has ordered that all parcels be subject to a penalty of from five to fifty pounds! Are we not advanced in a world of ideas? Are we not a model of perfection? Are we not to set an example that shall make the copy of the "Liberator" to the editor of Liberty or elsewhere. I run the risk of being robbed of fifty pounds by the State-appointed pickpockets, or else being befuddled off to jail as if I were a criminal! And why? Because I have done any wrong to a neighbor! Oh, dear, oh! I could do that every day of the year, and the law would put me on the back.

It is not that I seek to utilities of this means without paying for it, for I have already paid for it in many ways. The evil is that I am making a profit on it in a receipt that the freight has been paid, besides which the money which has already been forced by the State upon us in the form of rent, taxes, license, and all the other taxes, which I have nothing to do with my business being, in the persons of the community, and not of the individuals. If the community of men or women were to be taxed with the goods, there would be no more burden, and the profits of the advertisement for the advertisement. And if it be true that the fact of obeying the law will be in the benefit of the thousands who read and admire it, for it will teach them not to rely on any means which are not for their own or the public good. And if it be true that the object is to supply their requirements themselves, and to kick against paying to support those regimes in business. In short, it will help to make them Anarchist.

The same old meddlers, or a similar clique,—for legislators are "birds of a feather,"—successed not long ago, in New South Wales, for "A Factory Act." And it is worthy of them. It starts off by appointing a regiment of inspectors and medical practitioners, as a means of enforced labor. And it requires the State, if it is not to refuse to apply some other Act. Then it proceeds to pay the inspectors, and to pay them each a certain number of times a week. Then a board of inspectors is to be appointed the tender

The Real Extortions.

To the Editor of Liberty:

I believe that the knowledge is gradually dawning upon a great many work-owners, that Labor, and others who are working for the amelioration of the condition of labor that the present industrial agitation is not related found, for the present, to the interests of the State. The socialists, I believe, are making steps for the development of this idea. The better, living, more comfort and leisure, can be obtained by society must be more interest and leisure, when taxes are unassessed, when profit becomes a thing of the past, capital will cease to exist. It is but the natural result of the union of the people, and the natural result of the union of the people, and the natural result of the union of all mankind.

Again, capital is more often labor itself, enabled by accumu-

the capitalists. The present system is based upon the idea that the employer is not the only master. The present system is based upon the idea that the employer is not the only master. The present system is based upon the idea that the employer is not the only master. The present system is based upon the idea that the employer is not the only master. The present system is based upon the idea that the employer is not the only master. The present system is based upon the idea that the employer is not the only master. The present system is based upon the idea that the employer is not the only master. The present system is based upon the idea that the employer is not the only master. The present system is based upon the idea that the employer is not the only master. The present system is based upon the idea that the employer is not the only master. The present system is based upon the idea that the employer is not the only master. The present system is based upon the idea that the employer is not the only master. The present system is based upon the idea that the employer is not the only master. The present system is based upon the idea that the employer is not the only master. The present system is based upon the idea that the employer is not the only master. The present system is based upon the idea that the employer is not the only master. The present system is based upon the idea that the employer is not the only master. The present system is based upon the idea that the employer is not the only master. The present system is based upon the idea that the employer is not the only master. The present system is based upon the idea that the employer is not the only master. The present system is based upon the idea that the employer is not the only master. The present system is based upon the idea that the employer is not the only master. The present system is based upon the idea that the employer is not the only master. The present system is based upon the idea that the employer is not the only master. The present system is based upon the idea that the employer is not the only master. The present system is based upon the idea that the employer is not the only master. The present system is based upon the idea that the employer is not the only master. The present system is based upon the idea that the employer is not the only master. The present system is based upon the ide
ADVERTISERS can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of advertising in American papers by addressing Geo. P. Rowell & Co., Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 40 Vesey Street, New York.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE? A Nihilist Romance.

BY N. G. TCHERNYSHEVSKY

translated by BENJ. R. TUCKER

written in Prison.

Russian Edition Worth $600 a Copy.

First American Edition Exhausted in Four Days.


press comments.

7. call the book the "Under Ten's Cabin" of nihilism is sheer extravagance. - Boston Advertiser.

It is perhaps the book which has most powerfully influenced the youth of Russia; its style and structure, its teaching, its aims, its conclusions, its criticisms, its statements, its views, and its treatment of a multitude of current topics, are eminently suited to its age and the times. - Young Men's Tocsin.

"What's To Be Done?" is worthy to rank with "Father and Sons" and "Anna Karenina." - Boston Traveler.


Standard Labor Literature.

E. B. MARX.--Capital: First English translation. 2072 pages; in 10 volumes; each, 250 pages.

Wage Labor and Capital; 46 pages.

Extracts from Capital; 10 pages.

August Bebel.—Woman in the Past, Present, and Future; 272 pages; cloth, 75 cents; paper, 10 cents.

Tom Strang Killed and Anti-Syndicalists Two Thrilling Facts; 10 pages.


The Historical Basis of Socialism; 20 pages.

The Socialist Catechism; 20 pages.

Socialist Rhymes; 20 pages.

The Co-operative Commonwealth, by L. Grooman; 20 pages.

Ferdinand Lassalle.—The Workman’s Programme; 20 pages.

The Factory Bell; 20 pages.

Peter Kropotkin.—An Appeal to the Young; 20 pages.

CAMPBELL.—Robbery of the Poor; 20 pages.

The Eight-Hour Stand and Work-Day, by A. Jonas; 20 pages.

REPORTER AND SOCIALIST, by A. Jonas; 20 pages.

J. BORDOLLO, 705 Broadway, New York.