One with Dynamite is a majority,—if there is an idea behind the dynamite.

G. F. Putnam’s Sons are about to publish a small work entitled ‘Man’s Birthright; or, The Higher Law of Property,’ by Edward H. G. Clark, of Troy, N. Y. Mr. Clark is a strong writer, and his book will doubtless be interesting.

I will give ten cents each for copies of the following numbers of Liberty: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 12, 15, 16, 19, 22, 24, 26, and 48. If every reader of Liberty who has back numbers to spare will look them over for the desired dates and send them to me on the above terms, a good fund will be contrived.

The Truth Seeker Company sends me its “Annual and Freshmen’s Almanac” for 1885, a large and handsome pamphlet containing interesting articles by and in some cases excellent portraits of eminent Liberals. These portraits are grouped, six on a page. On the fifth plate appears John R. Kelso arounded by five well-known ladies. Will not the gallant Colonel take this as a bit at his recent vigour of opinion, resulting from his giving too great weight to the last new argument for or against a given position. He was always afraid lest he might do injustice to his opponents’ thought. But there was really no disposition to waver, and after one of these conflicts he always found himself nearer to the position of perfect liberty. So it was that, beginning by advocating compulsory methods of reform, he ended his life in his fidelity to Anarchist ideals—sought the principles urged in Auberon Herbert’s “A Politician in sight of Heaven,” and so it is that Liberty mourns his disappearance.

Congress was recently on the point of reducing the rates of postalage to publishers from two cents to one cent a pound. This is as absurd as it is unjust. Being a publisher myself, of course I am very happy to be able to send a single copy of Liberty to a cent to every man who wants it. As it costs me the government almost as much to carry and deliver newspapers as letters. I am unable to see why my neighbor, who is not a publisher, should be taxed two cents for the transportation of his letter to San Francisco in order that my newspaper may go for very much less than cost. In fact, such an adjustment of rates is compulsory communism, or, in other words, robbery, and I am surprised to see so stanch a defender of individualism as the Galveston ‘News’ upheld it. Every article carried in the mails should be carried for what it costs to carry it, and competition would compel if the real and bottom outrage in the matter, the government monopoly of the postal business, were abolished.

Steinthal’s thrilling revolutionary sketch, “A Female Nihilist,” which was finished in the last number of Liberty, is now ready in pamphlet form at ten cents a copy. The author, whose work on “Underground Russia” has had such a large sale on both sides of the Atlantic, is a Nihilist himself and thoroughly Anarchist in sentiment. The sketch now published is of a typical Nihilist heroine, and all should read it who wish to know the stuff of which Russian revolutionists are made.

The somewhat useful intervals at which Liberty has lately appeared are not to be continued long. This journal is now to have its own printing office, where much expense will be saved and greater rapidity of publication ensured. It is also probable that the next number is to be clothed also enhance its beauty. It will appear March 21, after which the regular fortnightly publication will be maintained. By this important change not alone the paper will profit, but my facilities for pamphlet and book work will be greatly increased.

“...the one thing most wanted in the world,” according to Anarchist Benj. R. Tucker, of Boston, “is ... to make capital want labor more than labor wants capital.” He thinks “free banking” will accomplish this and that “therein lies the solution of the labor problem.” By free banking we believe Mr. Tucker means that every man who has credit shall be privileged to coin it and pass it off as money if he can. As a method of creating anarchy this would without doubt be a success, limited only by the positively unimportant fact that such a currency wouldn’t circulate. —Wash. Post. May I suggest to Greenbackers and Finneys, that it is none of his business whether such currency would circulate or not; that in any event he need not take it unless he chooses to; that those who wish to take it have a perfect right to do so; and that he and his Greenback companion, who believe his assertion that such currency would not circulate by proposing to provide legal penalties against its circulation, are swimmers of logic and invaders of right.

Of the many new French publications of a socialistic nature that have recently come to Liberty’s table, perhaps the best is called ‘Le Gleaner Anarchiste’ or ‘La Société Nouvelle’ (The New Society). The former is published at Paris every month, and its contents entirely consist, as its name indicates, of extracts from the works of the most famous authors inculcating doctrines of the uncompromisingly Anarchist. This important method of propaganda is one to which Liberty has contributed in publishing Burke’s ‘Vindication of Natural Society,’ finished in this number and to appear before long in pamphlet form, and I suggest to Paris contemporaries that it would do well to translate this remarkable essay into French and publish it serially. ‘La Société Nouvelle’ fills the gap of so many socialist and socialistic periodicals by giving us what it aims to be, —a free parliament for the discussion of social questions. It gives evidence of lofty tone and earnest purpose, and externally is the handsomest socialist magazine published. The early numbers have contained some powerful articles by these eminent scientists and socialists, Kollmann, Reclus and his brother Eille.
simply occurred to me that I wanted to go to the opera this evening. But this Kirsnoff is so inventive! He went too late to get the tickets. He ought to know, however, that when Bosio sings, tickets are not to be had at eleven o'clock for two weeks hence. Can he imagine that I had to wait until five o'clock, I am sure he would not have admitted it. But it is his fault just the same. He should have returned in time, as I will probably no longer go with him to the opera: my 'darling' will not leave me without tickets, and, as for accompanying me, he will be always very happy to do so, if possible. No, now, thanks to God, I have returned my horrid! I would have gone to the opera every evening, if there had not been an opera every evening; however, we must provide Bosio filled the principal of a voice like Bosio's, I would sing all day. If I could make her acquaintance? How can I do it? That artillery officer knows Tamberlik well, but he must not come to you: I am not his acquaintance. Of what use to make Bosio's acquaintance? Would she sing for me? Must she not look out for her voice? Where did she learn these verses? Are they so luscious? She probably studied the same grammar with the same interest at home. And if there is an example of punctuation, which is very stupid. If only those verses were not so luscious; but there is no time to think of the words, for one has to listen to her.

Converse a l'amour
Tous ces beaux sentiments
Et Gorée suit et joue
C'est grave.

Vera Pavlovna

Then you are Bosio.

No.

Vera Pavlovna: You recognize quickly, but we must now attend to the business on which I have come. I wish to read your diary with you.

I have no diary; I never keep it.

Vera Pavlovna: But what is your book, then?

It is my clasp to the little table?

Vera Pavlovna looks on the little table near the bed lies a writing-book inscribed Diary of F.<br>
And there was no writing-book come from? Vera Pavlovna takes it, opens it, it is written in her hand; when: but when?

Read the last page.

Says Bosio.

Vera Pavlovna reads: -Aha! It is about what I was telling you.

No, you do not read all. You cannot deceive me. And what is this here?

Vera Pavlovna: The book which was so beautifully this hand is? No, this marvellous hand is not Bosio's. And how did she pierce the curtains without opening them? The hand touches the page; at its contact new lines stand out which were not there before.

Read.

Says Bosio.

Vera Pavlovna reads: -No, now I grow weary in my solitude. Formerly I used to go out for a walk in the evening.

Why did I not grow weary before, and why do I grow weary now?

Turn one page back.

Vera Pavlovna turns the leaf: -Summer of this year "(who is it that writes her diary in this way? says Vera Pavlovna: -it should have said 1852, June or July, with the date). -Summer of this year. We are going, as usual, on the city to the islands. This time my darling accompanies us; how contented I am!" Ah! it is August. What day of the month, the fifteenth or the sixteenth? Yes, yes, about the sixteenth; it was after this excursion that my poor darling fell sick, thanks Vera Pavlovna.

In that case?

No.

No, you do not read all. And what is this here? (And the marvellous hand again writes forth, and more new lines appear.

Vera Pavlovna reads without wishing to: -Why does not my darling accompany us oftener?

No, another leaf.

My darling is so busy, and it is always for you, always for me that he works, working." (That is really the answer, says Vera Pavlovna with joy.)

Turn one page more.

How honest and noble these students are, and how they esteem my darling! And how pretty they are in their company; with them I feel as if I were with brothers, quite at ease.

In that case?

No.

No, read farther (and for the third time the hand stretches forth exclaiming joyfully as if to assert itself).

Vera Pavlovna: -Unconsciously: -August 16 (that is, the day after the excursion to the islands, in which case the time must have been nine). Happy day! This sad spirit has, on her heart. But the book falls from her hands. She reflects and says to herself: Why does exist sometimes come over me of late, or rather, not exist, but something like it? The noise these words are! But what a voice and what sentiment! Yes, her voice is much improved; it is remarkable now. How did Bosio succeed in reaching such a point? I did not know how to make her acquaintance, and here she is-I take her a vic. How did she learn of my desire?

You are a great measuring Bosio, in Russian.

He - I could have done so, when I am unknown to you? No matter, I am glad.

Vera Pavlovna opens her curtains to extend her hand to Bosio, but the singer, with a smile, said: -It is not so easy; it is not a matter of my playing the piano in the Rigelotus. But if the gay laugh is De-Merick's, then you are Bosio's; she draws back abruptly and hides behind the curtain. What a pity!

Do you know why I have come? said the apparition, laughing as she were De-Merick instead of Bosio.

Who are you? You are not De-Merick?

No.

Then you are Bosio.

No, no, I am not.

Vera Pavlovna: -You recognize quickly, but we must now attend to the business on which I have come. I wish to read your diary with you.

I have no diary; I never keep it.

Vera Pavlovna: But what is your book, then?

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and so little to me? He does not work all the time. For that matter he says he himself thus without rest labor is impossible, that he rents a great deal, and that he reflects upon the idea in order to rest himself; but why does he meddle, then, with me?

"Turn another leaf."

"I think of the year when we have had the students twice, as usual; I have played with them a great deal, I was so gay. Tomorrow or day after tomorrow they will come again, and again I shall be gay."

"Is it all?"

"All."

"Read farther" (the hand reappeared, and now lines responded to its contact).

Again Véra Pavlovna reads unconsciously:

From the beginning of the year to the end of spring. Yes, formerly I was gay, it was all I was gay at all! Now it is all over! Now it is all over! These are children's games; they will probably seem amusing to me for a long time to come. But I shall be old. When I shall be old, I shall be old. Now it is all over, and I have not yet learned to transform myself into a vivid Vorcholok since "to rest myself with serious thoughts and labor. I am already Véra Pavlovna, I am already Véra Pavlovna."

As if the idea of Vorcholok were pleasant from time to time, but not always. Véra Pavlovna would like distractions which would permit her to return to Vorcholok.

Distractions with her equals in development.

"Turn a few pages farther back."

"I went to Julie's to get her orders. She did not let us go away without breakfast; she ordered champagne, and made me take two glasses. We began to run, she was so gay! Now it is all over! Now it is all over! Now I am not gay."

"Is that quite all?" says the apperition, again stretching forth the hand, which always produces the same result,—the appearance of new lines.

Véra Pavlovna reads:

The picture was colored and laughed. Why did he not play with us? It would have been even merrier. Would he have acted clumsily? Not at all, but in his jests he confessed himself to the avoidance of interference, he approved, rejoiced, and that is all.

"Turn a page forward."

The story of the man who, my darling and I, for the first time since our marriage, saw my parents. It was so painful to me to see again this interior which oppressed me and which I feared to leave. Oh, my darling! From this day he has delivered me! At night I had a terrible dream: I saw Masha, whom reproaching me with being ungrateful, as it seemed to me that was her last farewell. My darling, hearing my name, ran to my aide; when he entered my room, I was singing (though still asleep); the presence of the fair one, whom I love so much, had soothed me. My life became a dream. I was a little child again. But often I said to myself, he only kissed my shoulder.

"Is it really all written there? You cannot deceive me. Read again."

Under the fatal hand other characters arise, and Véra Pavlovna reads them, still unconsciously.

And as if all were offensive?"

"Turn a few pages back."

"Do I not wish to read," says Véra Pavlovna, seized with fright; she has not seen clearly what these new lines say but she is already afraid.

"I command you: read!"

Véra Pavlovna reads:

The picture was colored, because he delivered me from my cellar? No, I love him, and my deliverance.

The picture was colored, the first page.

The picture was colored,

"Today,—the anniversary of my birth, for the first time talked with D., and formed an affection for him. I have never heard any one speak such noble and strengthening words. How he sympathizes with everything that is worthy, how he longs to aid all that calls for aid! How sure he is that the happiness of mankind is possible and must come some day; that wickedness and pain are not perpetual, and that a new and peaceful life is approaching, with ever hastening steps! How my heart beat with joy when I heard these thoughts from a learned and serious man? They confirmed my own thoughts. How good he was when he spoke of us, poor women! Any woman would love such a man. How wise, noble, and good he is!"

"Exactly! Read again to the last page.

But I have already read that page."

"Read again!"

"Read, read! Do you not see? So much is written there."

And the contact of the hand calls forth lines which were not there at first.

"I do not wish to read; I cannot."

"I am not, I am not."

"I am neither willing nor able."

"Well, I will read what you have written there. So it is: He has a noble soul, he has nobility. He has an inborn disposition to act in concert, friendship; the liberator is rewarded by gratitude, devotion, and that is all. His nature, perhaps, is more ardent than mine. His compassion is stronger, he has a softer heart and less reason; he needs to slumber peacefully in tender sentiment. Does he know all that? But, alas, this little child is ready to die for you, for him. But is that enough? Does he live in the thought of me? Do I live in the thought of him? Do I love him as much as I need to love? In the first place, he is indifferent, he is a soft and tender sentiment; no, my father; towards him is not...

"Is that more?" and Véra Pavlovna indignantly throw away the diary.

"Wicked woman, why are you here? I did not call you; go away!"

The apparition laughs, but with a gentle and good laugh.

"No, you do not love me; these words are written with your own hand."

"I be assured!" Véra Pavlovna awoke with this exclamation, and had no sooner regained possession of herself then she rose and ran.

"My darling, embrace me, I have just a wonderful dream! She pressed herself against her husband. "My darling, embrace me, be affectionate with me, protect me!"

"Yes, they are beautiful, my Vorcholok. You are trembling all over," said Logoshkov, as he embraced her. "Your cheeks are motled with tears, and your brow is covered with a cold sweat. You have walked in bare feet over the floor: let me kiss your feet to warm them."

"Yes, caro me, save me! I have had a horrible dream; I dreamed that I did not love you."

"But, dear friend, whom do you love then, if not me? That is a very strange dream.

"Yes, I love you; but caro me, embrace me! I love you, and you I wish to love."

She embraced him with intensity, she pressed her whole form against him, and, soothing his caresses, she gently fell asleep in his embrace.

XX.

That morning Dmitry Sergeitchich did not have to call his wife to take tea; she was sitting, pressing herself against him; she still slept; he looked at her and thought: "What is the matter with her? What has frightened her? What is the matter with her?"

"Stay here, Vorcholok, I am going to bring the tea: do not rise; my darling, I am going to bring the water for your toilet that you may not have to disturb any one."

"Yes, I will not rise, I will remain in bed a while longer, I am so comfortable here, you are so good you are, my darling, and I love you! There! I have not wasted; now bring the tea; so, embraces me first."

And Véra Pavlovna held her husband a long time in her arms. "Ah, my dearest strange dream I am not without love for you now! We will drink this from her. Bring me my clothes. Carreus me, my darling, carreus me; I wish to love you, I need to love! I wish to love you as I have not yet loved you!"

Véra Pavlovna's room remains empty. Véra Pavlovna conceals nothing more from Masha, and is completely established in her husband's room. How tender and assembled she appears to me. I imagined that I did not love you! How strange am I!

"No, you are not; you are calm, tell me your dream of day before yesterday."

"Oh, that nonsense! I only saw, as I have already told you, that you were not very demonstrative. Now I am well contented. Why have you not lived in your capacity to love always? I should not have had the dream, which I do not like to recall."

But had it not been for this dream, we should not be living as we are now living.

"True; I am very grateful to her, this bad woman; she is not bad, she is good."

"Who is she? Beyond the beauty of former days, have you still a new friend?"

"Yes, still a new one. I saw a woman come to me with an enchanting voice, more so than Bolou's, and what hands! Oh, what admirable beauty! I only saw her hand; she hid herself behind the curtains; I dreamed that my bed (I have abandoned it because I had this dream there) had curtains and that the woman hid herself behind them; but what an admirable hand, my darling! and she said to me what love is; now I understand it. How stupid I was; I did not understand; I was only a little girl, a stupid little girl." She lived in its time, but living in its time, I lived before, we live before, as we live now, it is love: some need one, others the other; at first the former was sufficient for you; now you need the latter. You have become a woman, my dear friend, and that which you did not need at first has now become necessary to you."

Two weeks pass Véra Pavlovna takes her ease. Now she stays in her room over her husband is not at home; when he is at work; but now, even when he is at work, she stays in his study, except when Dmitry Sergeitchich's task demands all his attention. But such tasks are rare, and very often scientific tasks are purely mechanical; so three-quarters of the time Logoshkov saw his wife by his side. They lacked but one thing; it was necessary to buy another divan, a little smaller than her husband's. This was done, and Véra Pavlovna took her ease after dinner on her little divan, contemplating her husband sitting before her.

"My dear friend, why so little you kiss my hands? I do not like that."

"Truly, I had quite forgotten that I offended you; and besides, what does it matter, for I shall do it just the same." You delivered me for the worse, my darling; you have saved me from wicked people, you have save me from myself! Carreus me, my dear friend, carreus me!"

A month passes. Véra Pavlovna still willingly takes her ease. He sits down beside her on the divan; she throws herself into his arms, becomes penitent; she embraces her; she is still penitent, and her tears are ready to flow.

"Vorcholok, dear Vorcholok, why are you so penitent?"

Véra Pavlovna weeps and does not say a word. "No, she weeps no more, she lays down her tears."

"No, do not embrace me, my dear friend! That is enough. I thank you."

And she gives him a glance so soft and so sincere.

"Yes, but you are not satisfied. You have no need of words, do you?"

"Good, Vorcholok! What do you mean?"

"Good, yes, my dear friend, you are good!"

Two days pass. After dinner Véra Pavlovna, penitent, lay stretched upon her bed. Her husband was near her, held in his arms, and seemed equally penitent.

"No, that is not it; that is lacking."

"How good he is, and how ungrateful I am! thought Véra Pavlovna.

Such were their thoughts.

She said in a simple tone and without sadness;

"To your room, my dear friend; to work or to rest."

Continued on page 6.
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BOSTON, MASS., FEBRUARY 29, 1880.

"A free man is one who enjoys the use of his reason and his conscience, and his freedom of action, not restrained by force, not driven by oppression, nor deceived by erroneous opinions."—PENROSE.

At Last an Answer.

Liberty has repeatedly called in question the consistency of "Le Révolté," its Anarchist, but has always been unsuccessful in inducing that paper to assume the defensive against these criticisms. The last comment made in these columns, however, has brought an answer, such as it is. Here is "Le Révolté" defending itself.

Liberty of Boston, in its issue of January 3, reproaches "Le Révolté" for showing so much reserve in welcoming it among the number of Anarchist journals, and finesses its little article in the way of saying that it is in its nature to be reserve. It has the choice of its companions. It acts as we act, we can recommend the violent seizure of all wealth without thereby violating the Anarchist belief. Otherwise it is in its nature absolutely incompatible with its will of independence and change. We answer by repeating what is said in every one of our articles, that liberty of production implies liberty of consumption, and that all the exercise of personal will, in the measure of the products of labor when these products have been stolen from the community. In our turn we ask, Liberty how can it be "liberty of the solution of the social problem in free banking," as is declared in the third paragraph of its issue of January 3. This is not the question we ask, nor indeed the answer we might. Nowhere, we thank Liberty for all the criticisms that it may see fit to make upon us, and we will undertake, should occasion arise, to medically return the compliment.

Certainly liberty of production implies liberty of consumption, but consumption only of one's own product, not of another's, unless another's shall become one's own by process of exchange uncontroverted by any law. Otherwise, let there be liberty of consumption necessarily violates another's. Liberty is not liberty, unless it is enjoyed by all alike. As for resuming possession of products that have been stolen from the community, that it is nonsense. Products can be rightfully possessed only by individuals and voluntary associations. The community, if it is anything, is a compulsory association, and anything obtained without the individual's free consent is the thief's title. Therefore nothing can be stolen from it. If "Le Révolté" means that nearly all existing titles are vicious and represent simply what idleness has directed out of labor, I agree, and I should waste no tears were "Le Révolté" to succeed in wiping out these titles, though I do not see how that would help us to the discovery of true titles. But, as I read "Le Révolté," it will not be satisfied with this, but proposes to have the community stand guard over the sum total of wealth and prevent any individual laborer from using any of the land or capital to produce on his own account for purposes of exchange with others. "Le Révolté" mean this, or does it not? If it does not, let it say so clearly. If it does, then it has no claim to be ranked as an Anarchist journal, for it squarely denies individual rights.

Until met here, I decline to be drawn upon any other ground. I charge "Le Révolté" with violating Anarchist principles, and this charge is the first point to be settled. "Le Révolté" may have the opinion that it is of the utmost importance of free banking, but it certainly cannot charge that, in advocating it, I am going counter to Anarchy. Show me my first, my brave commune, the "you belong to me" and not a commune, and not a slave, and I will put you in a way to see that the road to its realization is through free banking.

P. S.—At the last moment I learn that "Le Révolté" will be unable to pursue this discussion in consequence of a seizure of its office. This shameful offense against a free press, committed by the Swiss authorities, commands, of course, my most earnest condemnation and regret.

Dynamite, the New Apostles of Liberty.

The recent explosions in London carry with them a lesson which we must not fail to emphasize by a comparison with the friends of Liberty. Thanks to the terrors of dynamite, the potency of individual assertion as against collective assertion embodied in the State is being daily increased. The Revolution of late reveres the dynamite as the weapon of the weak, as a broadsword is to an air-rifle in the age of steel. The dynamite is to an age of physical equality, as the dueling against assault is morally indefensible. So sacred to me is the Individual and the soul of a human being that I could not justify the premeditated taking of life, except under the most unqualified probability that thereby a far greater number of lives would be spared. The Individualist who once accedes to any limitation of the right of an Individual to take life, necessarily accedes also to the taking of one's own life, is treading with very the base of his system and moving Stateward. To this extent I shall remain a peace man until convinced that the solution is possible.

But Liberty has little or nothing to do with the abstract moral question of the right to take life or the method of taking it. It has essentially to do with equal rights in war as well as in peace. It has to do with the question of the individual's right to take life as he sees it. This is a moral abstraction; it is a plain issue of fair play brought home to men of common sense who dare think, and not to a stroke the State dead at one blow when any considerable portion of society accedes to it. Not a few men and women, men and women, exterminating themselves from the society, are the effect of the ignorance of common custom, are already acceded to. Every thinking of dynamite in answer to man-killing governments leaves clearer and clearer proof of it behind.

Mr. E. L. Godkin, in the New York Review, recently stumbled into a surprising bit of level sense, though unıficial to a professional lawyer and politician. When the interview's go-ahead, he loosed his volley of recent explosi ons, he said essentially: "I know little of this matter; but I see before me two belligerent forces, each of which has declared war against the other. I think there is no more war than the dynamiters; the other belligerent party goes by the name of England. Now, since everything is fair in war according to recognized social rule, I suppose that neither belligerent party permit the other to distance them, and then, on their principles I suppose the dynamiters are consistent."

"Belligerents!" cries the canting American seererully: "are these murderous people who sacrifice innocent women and children, belligerents?" Belligerents! I answer emphatically: "are these murderous crew called English statesmen, who today sacrificing innocent women and children in Egypt by dynamite, and tomorrow? Are these belligerents, who for centuries have deliberately murdered by hunger and the sword millions of innocent women and children in Ireland, and blown rebels out of the name of dynamiters; the other belligerent party goes by the name of England? Is the responsibility of a belligerent to be gauged by the number of innocents who have been sacrificed to his murderous war?" These are the questions that are raked up by the shooting to the cut and hyperbolical feigning of horror, and honest men must answer them squarely.

To be a respectable belligerent the oppressed and hounded party there must not only make an open public show of its designs and its material of war. In other words, the omnipotent State must first call up the handful of dynamiters in review and recognize it as a respectable branch of the enforcement. Before David goes out to meet Goliath, he must first be recognized by a few other Goliaths in conspiracy with Goliath No. 1. Then he becomes respectable in the eyes of the American citizen. Even a nest of skunks would know better than to travel through such a trap. To the American the sight and a statified coward has the recognition of the dynamiters by the American Congress anything to do with their respectability as belligerents, or with their right to immediate recognition.

The howling silences of Parnell and the many expressions of Davitt, Egan, Boyle O'Reilly, Collins, and other respectable Irishmen, are to me most gratifying as a sign of the awakening of the public conscience. Alas! With Wendell Phillips died the only American of prominence not utterly sunk in the low level of popular hypocrisy which pervades our national life. The American can no longer go about under the almighty dollar in the face of popularity and respectability and sound a rebuke word for Liberty and equal rights. But even here in this land of the free and home of the brave the popular conscience will yet get waked up, for sure as fate, whether we will or will not, dynamite has come among tyrants to stay.

The Death of Chinese Gordon.

The New York "Evening Post" of February 11, writing of the death of Gordon, says: Of the effect of his death on the war there is little doubt. It, of course, makes the capture of Khartoom and slaughter of the Chinese of Arzalu certain. The present is as a good a time as any in which men have ever drawn the sword. They are struggling to be free, after long and patient endurance of shameful oppression.

And yet neither the "Evening Post," nor the press of China country generally, nor the stinking political hypocrites in Congress, like Bayard, How, Edmunds, Halsey, etc., have uttered one single anathema against the government that is carrying on these bloody, incessant, and despicable civil wars, but have nothing to say in condemnation of the innumerable oppressions and crimes, which England, or any other so-called "civilized government," may choose to practise upon either their own, or any other, people. They look unmoved upon all these horrible oppressions and wrongs as occurring in the natural order of things; and as being all within the legitimate functions of those "civilized governments," with whom we have such "friendly relations," that we must never speak of the crimes they are committing against all weaker than themselves.

They are one of the hundred millions, and more, on whom England is grinding her heel, and attempts to blow up her parliament house,—the den in which she collects all her crimes,—these putrid and stagnant swamps and fluxes to which we and others—start up as if struck by an electric bolt, and exhaust all the epithets in the language, in trying to express their horror and dejection of such "wretchless" and "friendless" as dare to raise their hands against a government, or defend themselves, in the only way left to them, against its oppressions.

These things show that our own government is made up of men who are at heart sympathetic with the most bloody and despicable atrocities committed outside the world. With them, governments are everything, human rights nothing. With them, a government is the very holy of holies, and any attack upon it, by them, is a sacrilege that words cannot describe.

Well, we have this comfort left us: Even such dirty political bones as they are, have now shown that there is a power that can shock them into life; that there is a power they cannot suppress, and that there can be an attack upon their craft. Perhaps the next bolt may strike nearer home. If it should, it may teach them that they have no call to defil all the monuments of all the worth and good of the ages, as if it were their business to destroy all the monuments of all the ages, as if it were their business to destroy.
LIBERTY.97

To Jog a Friend’s Memory.

"I expect to see you favor voting next; why not one kind of force as well as another?" said a friend to me recently, one of whose contributions have often strengthened and heightened these columns. I have been reading my defense of the dynamiters.

Well, my friend, I accept your logic; and, if I could see that voting would break men’s chains or even prevent an extra rivet caked over, it might be a stronger argument.

But I vote without hesitation. If other methods had been impracticable. The ballot and the bomb are both instruments of force; it is true, but I am ready to use force in self-defense when forced to it; and then the question to be considered is which force is the more forcible. And here there is equality in the favor of the bomb. The ballot can and may be rendered by the oppressor, but there is no dodging the bomb. If my friend’s remark means anything, it means that there is no difference between force used for occupation and force used for resistance, and that there are no legitimate instrumentalities. But what he means, he shall answer himself. Does he remember that he ever wrote something like the following?

I do not forget the ‘philosophy of evolution’ that will historically justify the pretensions of the Czar; but it will also justify the Revolution, which cries, Down with him, and all the undeclared devices he employs, in the name of Progress.

I know a sentiment of this nature has an unpleasant sound to you; but it seems to me it is not necessarily self-seeking and bloodthirsty. But a previous question it was well to ask, who is responsible for this disturbance of social peace? If it be seen that the government itself is the real tyrant, the lawless party that robs and murders without restraint, then the question of ‘Revolution’ may assume the aspect of the party that is actually the aggressor of the cause of the oppressed and imprisoned, while the government is the just and necessary protector of society and the rights of property. I am certainly no advocate of war; but, if it must come, I believe that it is no more aggressive, or deserving of apologist, when instigated by despotic governments than when resorted to by oppressed people impatient for their liberty. My sympathies are generally with the latter. Mr. Seward used often to report that ‘under despotic governments the people must redress their grievances by the lottery, and that if the lot does not fall on the ballot, the only feasible course is to set up the ballot, and the best one can say is, “May the best side win, be it established government’ or Revolution’.”

And so I say: In Ireland, success to Revolution! That is all. My friend’s sentiments are my own. I simply rejoiced when Revolution struck a telling blow a few weeks since. If he hates the Irish, he must rejoice also. Wherefore, then, his hint that I am wavering in the faith?

The Shadow of the Revolution.

The spirit of discontent, of which the rapid growth of socialism is the more advanced symptom, is not confined to the few who really know what are the evils of the social organization and search intelligently for remedies, but creeps out in all quarters and in ways that are different, though often confounded. Recently a Democratic organ in Lowell, laboring under the delusion that the tariff is the sole cause of hard times and poverty, declared that we must have tariff reform ‘pretty soon’. Not altogether a delusion is this party organ’s notion, for the tariff is but the most palpable and conspicuous form of the governmental interference with the business of the nation, which is the fundamental evil of society. The tariff is the nosiest growth from a poisonous root. It can be seen without effort, but only those who dig around it find the root.

Yet it is something that, like Dupuis see the necessity of extinguishing the growth.

Another daily paper, commenting on a headline, seven people held under the derbies of the United States Senate [note], said: ‘If public life at Washington does not become pleasant, it will not be long before the ‘derbies of the United States Senate’ will be all that is left of a once glorious republic. And instead of seven people, fifty millions will be held under the rules till they free themselves by revolution.’

The conviction that a revolution is imminent seems to be gaining ground, although there is only a vague kind of sense in the word revolution, a vagueness that is characteristic of the intellectual impudence of its impulsive. The fact that so many persons are beginning to, even in a dim, bewildered way that there ought to be a revolution, is an encouraging sign. It is my opinion that we shall see how the revolution can be brought about without violence, and to so guide the initial impetus that there shall be no recoil.

In the ‘Index’ of January 29th B. F. Underwood said: ‘In despotic Russia, where men are under constant governmental surveillance and are deprived of freedom of speech and act, it does not so much surprise us to find dynamite resorted to as a terrorizing argument; but in a country so intellectually advanced and so politically free as England, it is difficult to imagine how anything so ignorantly brutal as to resort to such cruel and foolish methods of demanding that their grievances be adjusted.’

Of course, with England Mr. Underwood includes Ireland, the country where there is no point to his words; for the grievances are those of the Irish living under England’s rule. It was my intention to show Mr. Underwood how groundless his distinction is, and that the policy of repressive legislation was initiated by the English government, and it has been explained to me that in his ‘Progress and Poverty’ there is nothing about Russia’s civil war that Mr. Underwood’s (own words about Russia) that ‘the best men and women, those of genius and courage, are exiled and imprisoned, while the country is cursed by censorship of the press, suppression of freedom of speech, espionage, and a despotism pervading the government which paralyzes the mind and heart of the nation.’ Not to know this shows astonishing ignorance. Especially in one who glories in the possession of contemporary thought upon men so vastly superior in scholarship and mental grasp as Michael Bakunine and others like him. But it has become unnecessary to pursue the criticism that I had began, since one of the editors of the ‘Index’, Horace L. Traubel, has discussed the dynamite question in the issue of February 26 with a fairness, discrimination, and intelligence that refutes the position of his chief and ought to put him to the blush.

Commenting on a New Bedford workman’s assertion that he would be better off were he to give up his wage pittance at the mills and accept the city’s charity, the Boston ‘Globe’ urges workers to attend to the problem illustrated by this fact, and adds that, if Judge McCafferty, who had referred to the fact in his court, will help in the solution, the world will thank him. The ‘Globe’ is mistaken. If Judge McCafferty ventures any assistance in that direction, the world will curse him, just as it has cursed and still curses all persons who seek to save it from its folly. Moreover, it may not stop with a curse; if his help proves too efficacious, it probably will hang him.

The persons all over the country are getting very much excited over the success of the roller-skating rinks in their recently inaugurated competition with money restraints buying and selling.

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A VINDICATION OF NATURAL SOCIETY

BY EDMUND BURKE.

Before we finish our examination of artificial society, I shall lead your Lordship into a closer consideration of the relations which it gives birth to and the benefits which such societies yield. We shall see that the artificial world is so constructed as to frustrate the natural and become a stumbling-block to the human race. Indeed, it is not less obvious that the number of the former bears a great disproportion to those of the latter. The whole business of politics is to minister to the idleness, folly, and luxury of the rich, and at the same time to make the rest of the rich, in return, to find the best methods of confirming the slavery and increasing the burdens of the poor. In a state of nature it is an inevitable law of human nature that a man’s acquisitions are in proportion to his labours. In a state of artificial society it is a law as constant and as invariable that those who labor most enjoy the fewest things, and that those who labor least enjoy the greatest number of enjoyments. A constitution of this thing, strange and ridiculous beyond expression! We scarce believe a thing when we are told it which we actually see before our eyes every day without being in the least surprised. I suppose that there are in Great Britain upwards of a hundred thousand people employed in lead, tin, iron, copper, and silver; and yet they are not buried in the bowels of the earth; there they work at a severe and dismal task, without the least prospect of being delivered from it, and yet, excepting sleep and rest, they are almost as much in health miserably impaired, and their lives cut short, by being perpetually confined in the close vapor of these malignant minerals. All those men are tortured with the continual fever, asthma, intense fire, and constant drudgery necessary to refine and manufacturing the products of those mines. If any man informed us that two hundred thousand individuals are condemned to so intolerable slavery, how would we pity the un-happy sufferers, and how great would be our just indignation against those who inflicted so cruel and ignominious a punishment! This is an instance—I could not wish a stronger—of the numberless things which we pass by in our common dress, yet which show the most colossal and the slavery, with all its baseness and horror, which we have at home, is nothing to what the rest of the world affords of the same kind. Millions are daily suffering the constant fever of frits in all the parts of the body; and of this one is in the strength of what has written on slavery. And there is another article of luxury,—my portrait for six months has been in consideration in order to be employed. How they have all been brought to me with that young painter! Two portraits, and that is all. To buy engravings and photographs like mine would not be agreeable, but to buy a new photo other, and I have so many in my room, in fact, does he not want flowers, since I want them? Is it because I am a woman? What nonsense! Or is it because he is a serious and learned man? But there is a connection between the two, for there are many other characters and characters and characters who are also serious and learned men.

And why does it worry him to devote much time to me? I know well that it costs him great effort. Is it because he is a serious and learned man?

This is the style of Mr. Burke. . . . No, no, he is good, very good, he has done everything, he is ready to do everything for me. Can anyone love as much as he does? And how can he, and am I not worthy of him? I feel sorry for him... .

And why does Verotchka...?

"My darling, why do you not have flowers in your room?"

"Very well, my friend, I will have some tomorrow; they are indeed very pleasant..."

"What else do you want? Ah! buy yourself some photographs, or rather I will buy you others and photographers."

"Then they will be doubly agreeable to me. But, Verotchka, you were pen- sive, you were thinking of your own. Permit me to beg you to relate to me in greater detail this dream which so frightened you."

"I think no more about it: it is too painful to me to recall it..."

"But perhaps, Verotchka, it would be useful for me to know it..."

"Very well, my dear friend."

"And now, my dear friend."

"Pardon me, my friend, if I ask you one more question: is that all you saw?"

"If it were not all, should I not have told you so, and besides did I not tell you so as I am right?"

This was said so sincerely and simply that Lopukhov felt an ineffable sweet emotion, one of those intoxicating moments of happiness which he had never felt before. The happiness hitherto known by mankind could not have been felt by him, for he understood nothing of it, having no concepts of it, and nothing to which he could relate it. It fills the heart of man forever with the purest and the most lasting joy.

In Veron Pavlovna’s words, spoken with a certain sadness, were conveyed a reproach, but the meaning of the reproach was: My friend, do you not know that you are right? And you, my confidant, so confident in the state of our mutual relations a wife must conceal from her husband the secret movements of her heart, and gladly give him the meal? And, if I have nothing to conceal, my heart is as open before you as before myself. That is a very great reward for a husband, a reward purchased only by a high moral sense. We have the right to consider him a noble and a worthy man, to be sure that his confidence is pure and always will be, that we are the only beings for whom he has confidence. The man may find himself, and that destiny has almost no hold on the peace of his soul. We are well enough acquainted with Lopukhov to know that he is not senti- mental: he is too much of a man to be touched by the thought of his wife’s face growing pale with emotion.
THIN AND NOW.

Thomcord, February 28, 1866.

My Dear Louise:

I think that the following conversation between Mr. De Doman and myself may be of interest. It grew out of an idea of one of Mr. Doman's books which I have not read.

I said to him: "A few weeks ago I was looking over an old scrap-book containing some of the most moving and beautiful letters, which have been handed down in my family for two hundred years. I could not understand how any one could bring out so much from so little." He replied: "But it is the little things which are the most important. If instructed by my experience, and even by my errors, you come early to make such an estimate of things as may give freedom and ease in your life." I am happy that such an estimate promises to be of use at my death.

[The End]

OIO-PRODUCTION AND UNDER-CONSUMPTION.

Mr. De Doman continued: "This brilliant editorial writer in the "Tribune" says:"

"I have simply to quote facts to you to prove that the young man who wrote the above was a false prophet. We have not reached the end of time, and over-production is not an evil, and we do not obliterate it by juggling with words and numbers."

"Do you mean to say," I asked, "that it is possible at all times and under all conditions to exactly estimate the quantity of everything the people will want for a given length of time? or that the supply is always kept below the demand?"

"I mean that without the intervention of the State supply and demand are so nicely balanced that what was once called over-production is never an evil. It was not Mausius who first discovered the fact that the increase of humanity is held in check by the wants of humanity. This fact was realized several thousand years before Mausius was born. Two hundred years ago your political economists and social reformers in the same breath spoke of over-production as one of the necessities of life and told the laborers that they should have smaller families. Was it not the voice of ignorant laborers who the State respected and over-produced the same thing, but it will be fresh and new, and will possibly have a more healing sound. It may be that a rigorous impulse will be given to the workers' Alliance and to the political economy of under-production."

"Yes," I answered, "and it is the same thing."
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