On Picket Duty.

"Actions springing from good qualities, but done in disregard of primary and moral commands, may increase the sum total of unhappiness instead of happiness." The "Alarm," in quoting from Herbert's essay, "It should have been headed a "Hind to Fools." The statement is one that no egotist ever dreamed of questioning, provided the phrase "primary and moral commands" be interpreted in the sense of fundamental social laws, which is Mr. Herbert's evident meaning.

When the executive committee which had in charge the recent services in memory of the Chicago martyrs held its first meeting after those services, it was found that there was a balance of thirty-two dollars in the treasury after paying all bills. There were four State Socialists and one Ancient present. One of the State Socialists, embarrassed by the possession of so much wealth, moved that five dollars of it be given to another State Socialist member of the committee, who had rendered services in the decoration of the hall. The motion was carried by the votes of the four State Socialists, regardless of the fact that the others who had contributed time and money did so supposing that they were cooperating with fellow-workers in a pure labor of love. The single Ancient, either in his duty or rendered helpless by the majority against him, neither voted nor made protest. This is only a story, but it indicates that the Socialists get control of the public: "treasury, as they desire, there will be no further difficulty about the reduction of the surplus.

The New York "Alarm" attempts to be satirical concerning the recent meeting at which the "Boston Anarchists" are made by charging it as an editorial, that a former writer for Liberty, what it describes as a "howling Anarchist before the Haymarket riots" and afterwards a silent one from motives of cowardice, has suddenly become a prominent position on a Democratic daily to accept the principal editorship of a "millionaire Republican" daily. It is correct that the gentleman in question has left one capitalist paper to serve another, but it is false that he was ever a "howling Anarchist" or that the Haymarket riots had any effect whatever upon his opinions or his conduct. To appreciate the "Alarm's" editorial it is necessary to know its authorship and its inwardness. I am convinced, look by the article itself and by circumstances that have come to my knowledge in connection with its appearance, that it was written, suggested, or inspired by a man who has not only declined at times, for bread-and-butter reasons, so to do a needed service for the Anarchistic cause, but applied a very short time ago to the journalist whom he now attacks for a position under him on the "millionaire Republican" daily, and was refused. Hence these tears.

Incurable by the State.

(From the Journal of the Economist.)

There is no such thing as a State, or, at least, as a body of men, whether of the same language and descent, or the same occupation and way of thinking, that live under the same government, are subject to the same taxation, and have equal liberty of person and property, a body so constituted as to be a moral and social unit, and having a will of its own distinct and independent of the wills of all the individuals who compose it. This is the only criteria, as I understand it, of a State.

Chiefs of Attitude.

Band on November 14, 1879, at the unveiling of the monument erected to the Boston Common in the memory of "Crimes Attacked, theenthal me.

Here the story of the stone of Resistance that Boston raises here! Try the Old North Church's lantern, and the watching of Paul Revere.

Not only the Paris of Ninety-Three, and Unter of Ninety-Right! By Smees in St. Sinnes by the honor of their Delphus' gate.

By Adam's word to Edinburshe by the tea that is bawling still. By the farmers that met the soldiers at Concord and Bunker Hill!

Not only not! Till the world is done, the shadow of wrong is dreed. The crowd that bends to a lord today, tomorrow shall strike him dead.

O, Planner of seed in thought and deed! Has the year of right revolved, and brought the negro patria's cause with its problem to the fore?

His blood streamed first for the building, and through all the centuries's years.

Our growth of story and fame of glory are mixed with his blood and tears.

Here lived with men like a soul condemned—detained, defamed, and made.

Deduced to the brutal law, and instructed to be a brute; his virtue was shares of benefits, his industry of reward; his love—O men, we are not worthy to have affection's cord:

Through the right of his age, no pity save that of his fellow-slave.

For the stage of his principles being the slavery block and the grave!

And now, is the tree to bloom? Is the bough of agony filled?

That little price paid, and the honor saved, and the word of outrage still!

And we who have told of freedom's law, we have sought for freedom's law.

We have heard at last that human right is not a part, but the whole.

And that nothing taint the howling sin remains past unconfessed?

That the nature of the nation is purified or can be oppressed?

Has he learned—the slave from the rice swamps whose children were sold—has he

With broken chains on his limbs, and the cry in his blood, "I am free!"

Has he learned through affliction's teaching what our Chiefs At had?

When right is strikes the white and black are counted as one, not pitiful.

Has he learned that his country of grief was worth a thousand years in blinding his life and blood with ours, and that all his toils and travail were

Heaped and poured on him unceasingly, to give him a right to this

From the gloom of Aliston forests, in the waste of the Astral bow.

That his hundred years have earned for him a place in the Astral bow.

Which others have fought and for thought for—o! the world of wrong begun?

For this, shall his vengeance change to love, and his retribution to

Defending the right, the weak, and as poor, when each shall have his

For this, shall he be at work past all atonement on the streets of night;

For this, he forgets in all the world when dawn comes to light;

For this he forgets—o! all wrongs. Where darkness turns to light;

For this he forgets—o! all wrongs when wrong has changed to right.

And so must we come to the learning of Boston's lesson today.

On a hard wheat in the old home educating.

God made mankind to be win in blood, as one in spirit and thought.

And so great a "how," by a teeny whisper, how devilly fought!
LIBERTY. 125

THE RAG-PICKER OF PARIS.

By FELIX FYAT.

Extracted from the French by Benj. T. Tucker.

PART SECOND.

THE STRONG-BOX.

Continued from No. 127.

Frontin in turn swallowed the colour of Marie, who refused.

"Well, my beauty," he said to her, "you may believe Frontin; did he not tell you so? A dollar a day, with board, washing, and maintenance . . . no work much, no paying, and no thief, and love! Come and get your money, and see your room, dear little Marion."

And this airy talk, seating her around the waist, tried to kiss her on account, as he led her along.

"I am not a cellar fellow!" she cried, "let me alone."

And by a sudden effort she roused herself from this valet of the boudoir, nothing being more to a view of the priest of Saint-Benoit.

CHAPTER XI.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH OF FEBRUARY.

On the Twenty-Fourth of February, 1869, the municipal guard, composed in great part of the d"il royal guard of Charles X. which it had replaced under Louis Philippe, sharply defended the Tuileries; but at last was forced to yield to the pressure of the people.

The soldiers of the line were the first to turn up their gun-stocks and fraternize amid the popular cry of "L"ong live the People!" "Long live the King!" The Queen was at a distance, watching the affair, and to the sound of "Long live the People!" the word spread throughout the crowds, and in the streets and squares, that the Queen was gone, and that the King was gone, and that he had left the Tuileries, as the word was spread, in the middle of the night. The people were thus deceived, and the soldiers, in their turn, were ready to yield.

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And the unfortunate guard was thus taken into a cold-bath, as it were, by Charles X. . . ."

and with the same madness he said to his Polignac, to Gruyot:

"The troops will not fire, there is fire on the troops!"

In short, like him, he made concessions, and received the same reply: "Too late!"

So the Tuileries were taken by a handful of Republicans, at the head of whom figured Camille and the workman with a hammer.

The Tuileries were taken by a handful of Republicans, at the head of whom figured Camille and the workman with a hammer.

The room overheard with people singing the "Marseillaise," cutting up the throne, throwing the pieces through the windows, gilded wood and velvet hangings being torn into bits . . . . I am writing this story in stipples made from one of the rage.

And all this litter was burned by Camille on the Place du Carrousel, together with the scarfs and laces of the Queen and the Queen's and the Queen's box.

The sovereign People had sent their delegates, to take the place of the idle legislators. The Chamber of Peers had become the Senate of workers. Labor sac in vain to the bench, which had been occupied by the nobility of the dukes—barons, marquises, counts, and viscounts, the entire nobility old and new, pure-blooded like Garouste or mongrel like Paquier, from the prince royal to the viscountess of Espéray — were filled by the real nobility, not of peers, but of confreres, that of labor and the altar, these saviours of State and Church, had, the most of them, fallen of ancient blood and left the presbytery and the minor in the lurch.

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Ah! it is done, and no damage.

She stuck her needle in her cushion, took off her thimble, rose, and, carrying her hands to her bosom, under her dress.

"Let it go if it fits," she said, fastening the waist and looking at herself in the little glass.

"That! Happy woman who will wear it! The pain for me, the luxury of looking at it for you!"

And the little piece of paper was continued with a sigh.

"But what's the use? What good does it do me? to be young and beautiful, if I must live thus isolated, in a corner, in abandonment? Shall I not always be poor? Shall I ever have such a dress again?"

As she kept on looking at herself, she spoke in a more affected tone,

"I have no heart, I can't think; if I could make myself a gipsy, I could go to the镜or, and there, in a tent, there, with the pantheon, I'd be happy.

"There! And then, thus dressed, I should have a carriage, with two horses, to go to an evening party . . . no, to the play . . . no, to a ball . . . yes, to a ball."

She leaped with joy.

"Our admirers would say in low tones: 'What a pretty girl!' I should pass for a woman who is used to seeing and being seen everywhere . . . and then hand-somed invites me to dance . . . then he loves me, marries me . . . and we live happily ever after in a temple of luxury and comfort, in a house of gold, which is the pFriess of Life, of the Union! Yet there are those who have all these joys. . . . Love, family, fortune. But I shall die without knowing them."

She stopped to listen to the sounds and cries of the carnival rising from the streets, then she continued sadly.

"I should never marry. . . . Oh! the ball-room, the masquerade which I have never seen, the music, the dance, the pleasures of others! But of what am I thinking tonight? These songs, these notes, make me lose my head. . . . No, no, all these joys as not made for me. . . . For me, an old maid, neither wife nor mother, a hospital clerk for a living, a tourist, a devil, a harlot, and a lecher.

She gave a last look at the glass, and was getting ready to take off the dress, when a swarm of young girls in disguise, acquaintances of the shop, whom she had met a few days before, entered the room and stopped her short.

"In front Magrana and Trampette, the one a muse, the other as a hussar of the fancy. Behind them -- a grisettes, less forward surely, and disguised as this and that.

"Up at this hour!" cried Magrana, surprising Marie at the mirror, "and in full dress! Gracious!"

To be continued.

LOVE, MARRIAGE, AND DIVORCE,
AND THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE INDIVIDUAL.

A DISCUSSION

BY

Henry James, Horace Greeley, and Stephen Pearl Andrews.

XV.

A LETTER FROM MR. JAMES TO H. Y. B.

My dear friend:

Mrs. Woodshull has labored very hard to make Mr. Beecher out a free-lover in a practical way; and certainly (from the presence of Mr. Tilley and the rest as I judge) with some show of success. But as to that I feel indiffere

He at all events is not a technical free-lover, and his infirmity will be condoned by society therefore as the result of the will not having any force . . . .

He has not, I think, come to the conclusion of assisting any hostility to marriage or the social sentiment. This is what makes the public bate technical or professional free-lover, -- that it is the enemy of all society: the fellow- man is he who does not conform, and is therefore an outcast. He is a free-lover, and his infirmity will be condoned by society therefore as the result of the will not having any force . . . .

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Money and Capital.

To the Editor of Liberty:

I have read attentively Mr. Westrup's further statement on mutual banking, and I am about to make some observations which may strike a vital point. He says that the system would not be making use of capital that belonged to some one else.

Then I cannot understand the purpose. The bank itself has no capital to save the pledges advanced by borrows, and if they take out more than they put in, they make no capital, but merely the expense of the transactions. On the other hand, if they do take out more, some one else must have put in. They do not increase their wealth by using their own capital but make advances to themselves. It is only when some one else accepts it as a pledge on which to advance his property that they have made a gain. And there is no way in the account but "this same borrower," that some one else will go unpaid.

The borrower's object is to get the use of additional capital, not of the capital of some one else. If he gets it, "some one [else] is deprived of the use of that much wealth," as two cannot use the same property at the same time. It is only when some one else borrows $1000 and invests it, that the end of the transaction that he had at his &c. [30%] 30% of property. Now, where did the last $500 come from? If like most things, its ownership rested fully in its creator; the farmer was not that creator, or he would not have to borrow it. The bank is incurring a debt of circulating medium neither increased nor diminished the aggregate wealth of the country appreciably. It engaged in no "productive" industry. It did not create anything, it only changed the mode of property.

In fact, Mr. Westrup's rate of interest represents what it did create in additional value is in making out the transaction; paper money. All new, then, nothing is new, the bank nor the farmer created it, it is not clear that they "made use of capital that belonged to some one else?"

I do not dispute for a moment the terming as money, even many of the excess of its value or the use thereof. It is a form of exchange through adjustment and distribution. In order to break down the present bad arrangements in society that is composed of workers on one hand, and unemployed or useless persons on the other side.

If the cost principle was not in vogue, the result to my mind of the result of the same would be that the money would be made by a deal and a speedier trade, much speedier than now.

I neither do in the absence of the applying cost principle. No banker, or any other person, can deal to the same extent in capital as it did not produce the natural period of interest on capital.

In conclusion, I must say I believe in the "cost principle," and yet as an anarchist there seems something arbitrary in it. It is the application of "cost" and competition that may fit my mind cannot yet grasp.

Yours faithfully,

FRANK A. MATTHEWS.

The cost principle cannot fail to seem arbitrary to one who does not see that it can only be realized through economic processes that go into operation the moment liberty is allowed in finance. To see this it is necessary to understand the principles of mutual banking, which Mr. Matthews has not attentively studied. I do not know that there exists a wise considerate mind, and so is not of the same form as capital. It is the rate of interest on capital that is governed by the bank's rate of discount, or the normal rate charged by the bank for the service of exchanging its notes for those of its customers is governed, under competition, by the cost of that service, and not by the rate of interest that capital commands. The relation is just the contrary of Mr. Matthews's supposition. It is the rate of interest on capital that is governed by the bank's rate of discount, for capitalists will not be able to lend their capital at interest when people can get money at the bank when they want it, which is to 1 capital on account. It is the effect of free and easy banking upon the rate of interest on capital: that is, if it were, or rather constitutes, the realization of the cost principle by economic processes. For, the moist and interest and rent are all dependent on the cost of production. Competition is assured by the ease of putting capital, profits falls to the level of the manufacturer's or merchant's proper wages. It is well, as Mr. Matthews says, to have the bank in the market, for double bookkeeping, which society travels the path of progress is large, governed by the clearance with which its foresees it. But, foresight or no foresight, is "guts there just the same." The only foresight absolutely necessary is the foresight of the fact that liberty is its single essential condition.
editor tell me how it happens that he, who often advo-
cates measures not in harmony with these principles, summarizes to try these principles the editor of Liberty, who never deviates from them in any of his doctrines.

Ratio of Current to Bonds

The second of the questions given below is an answer to the question contained in the first, and is from a friend to which I had posted regarding the statistics of finance, to whom I have sent the first for comment.

To the Editor of Liberty:

Being unable to get reliable information as some of our present financial legislation, I should be pleased to obtain it from you, if you can give it.

What proportion of the present bonded debt of the United States is noted as a security in the balances of na-
tional banks?

Is there any law tending to restrict the issue of national bank notes below the value of the usual bonded debt as security; and, if not, why is it that a consol-
derable portion of the bonded debt is not so employed?

Yours truly,

Dear Mr. Tucke:
The report of the comptroller of the United States currency for December, 1867, states that on October 1, 1867, bonds on which circulation of national banks was issued were $180,000,000. The public debt of the United States was $1,707,775,000. The difference shows the answer to your question.

As to the first part of question two, numerous laws and statutes have been passed in one form or another in all other in-
vestments, have introduced a preference for investment of treas-
ury money and savings in United States bonds, without regard to rate of interest, the larger the amount the larger the pri-
tests the banks. Other facts are that many bonds are not on the market at all, the investment being prescribed by will or devise. The only way a man can make a call for a bond is one per cent. a year on their currency for cost of issue and government administration of the said currency. The expec-
tation of the public that bonds at a certain rate of currency with the treasury surplus has probably induced some persons who con-
trolled banks to secure bonds and hold the same ready for sale to the government, if a change is made. To use such bonds for currency would be a contrary movement.

Coming to the last portion of the second question, the main and direct object of the movement of bonds is all the more the same, as a protection, and a permanent investment means the pay-
ment of that premium without recovery. Whether we take the bonds of a government at a time when the long term bonds are at a higher premium, the bank which wants $100 currency has to pay $100, plus the premium, plus one per cent. a year, in return for which it will get the annual interest and uti-

I find the following in the Denver "Arbitrator":—

"If Henry George, Edward McGlynn, Ben H. Tucke, Dyer D. Lam, Jesse Harper, Samuel Gompers, T. V. Powderly, George B. Vincent, Richard H. Veit, Donald H. Wilson, and all the honest reformers could only be induced to test their particular doctrines, beliefs, or hobbies under the doctrine of natural rights; if they would measure each and every of their speculations and postulates by Herbert Spencer's scientifically derived First Principle for the govern-
ment of human social action,—then there might be some hope of uniting the various schools of thought.

"To me, my dear Sir, your article in the Liberty is a plea to the people of this great republic, who are over-
whelmed, pleased that in the doing thereof he infringes not the equal rights of any other man. Do you admit the above principle to be logically true, gentlemen? Will you submit your theories, doctrines, and beliefs to the test of the fundamental principle of the science of society that successful and stable society is only possible where the rule is observed that every man may do whatsoever he will, provided that he obeys the equal rights of any other man. To these principles I am willing to submit all my beliefs. Now will the "Arbitrator" do me the favor to call out the truths of my teachings and espoused faiths?

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This gospel would go down together with the body of a Chimaeras. For in that case, knowing absolutely nothing else than that of your organization, should know nothing of the social sentiment, nor consequently of the marriage sentiment in which it is originated. But then I am, as I am in the case of marriage, and as marriage is only one of the instincts or the social sentiments. For there is a great deal of difference between marriage and any other sentiment. The latter are to obey their organization, the former are to obey a higher law. In a word, every man, by virtue of his birth in a well-organized family, is more or less subject, inwardly, to the social sentiment. And this sentiment early awakens in his bosom a sense of personality or self-righteousness. So that, when he marries, his feelings are not less strong, and his desire of new and better conditions of life is not less strong, than in former times. But the result of all this is that the marriage sentiment is strengthened by the marriage itself, and that the marriage itself is strengthened by the marriage sentiment.

Especially is this the case in respect to the sexual sentiment and its promptings. Love has now ceased to be purely animal with him and is becoming human. He now no longer wants the imposition of his ego as it were, for the marriage is no more than the recognition of his sex, and the marriage itself is strengthened by the marriage sentiment. And this sentiment early awakens in his bosom a sense of personality or self-righteousness. So that, when he marries, his feelings are not less strong, and his desire of new and better conditions of life is not less strong, than in former times. But the result of all this is that the marriage sentiment is strengthened by the marriage itself, and that the marriage itself is strengthened by the marriage sentiment.

Marriage has two aspects: one, as a civic institution; the other, as a bonding of lives and passages of love. And this sentiment early awakens in his bosom a sense of personality or self-righteousness. So that, when he marries, his feelings are not less strong, and his desire of new and better conditions of life is not less strong, than in former times. But the result of all this is that the marriage sentiment is strengthened by the marriage itself, and that the marriage itself is strengthened by the marriage sentiment.

As regards the personal and physical aspects of marriage, it is an absolute necessity that the person and physical aspect of marriage is an absolute necessity.

Henry R. H. Y. R. Answers to...
A Sermon to Donkeys on their Packs.

(Ludwig Bohn.)

Yesterday I read again in the pages of the destruction of the donkey, what he is old or the new story. Probably the former, since you have written nothing of further happenings lately. It is a pitiful story. You can imagine how the packhorses, forearmed with the donkey as late as the Donner party in his very best clothes, are treated. The packhorses are tormented, the donkey is killed.

"Now follow me attentively. The merchants finally considered: 'Were it not better to give the donkeys at the outset so much money as to secure them? Our goods!' These crooks exist from the double price they pay the donkeys. It was a gain of half the amount, and the thrivish merchants let it happen. The donkeys were sent a death sentence into their own hands. A robber who robs and maltreats us whenever we pass. So we come to make you this proposition: whenever we reach your castle, you pass the castle of your respectable neighbor, protect us, and do not tolerate that he rob and destroy us. For this kind service we will pay you one hundred florins. You are an honest, kind, grateful, and to Knight Burelech, they said: 'Sir Knight you are an honest man; you have never done us wrong. But you are a robber who robs and maltreats us whenever we pass. So we come to make you this proposition: whenever we reach your castle, we give you an escort past the castle of your respectable neighbor, protect us, and do not tolerate that he rob and destroy us. For this kind service we will pay you one hundred florins. You are an honest, kind, grateful man.'

"Many of you have, some time or other, paddled down the Rhine; there's John,—I know how often he came to the riverside with the ladies, and the noble and generous wife— and such a fateured goose she sent me yesterday! But those of you who ashamed the Rhine, perhaps know your way but not to the head of the Rhine. All the same, crowing on either side, the Rhine, you see the ruined castles, called Burgs. But they were not always ruins, they were once magnificent palaces within whose walls dwelt wealthy knights, and time and spoliation have ruined them. My dear brethren! Those knights were generally the kindest of men. They were generous and hospitable. When they scattered their wild oats within their father's garden, while the old gentleman visited his youthful performances. However, they were not always as good as they were once. You say: 'Yes, very fine health is about me.' Such a knight was the picture of health, strong as a bull; and when he had made his cross in the face of the 'brave gentleman from below,' he became utterly fearless. Such a fellow could overawe every day some ten pounds of Vienna and bad linen, six pounds of meat, a pretty slice of saus, a huge banana cake—and little bread.

In addition to the bill, he drank a bucket of Bacchus or three quarts of hot-spiced wine. I tell you, brethren, there is nothing so wholesome as this hot-spiced wine. Yesterday I met a venerable knight, who, devoid of everything except his appetite, did not let either his light or his knowledge; who knocked his head and wept as often as it pleased him, with his right hand, a piece of spiced wine. When he had made it, he went to the kitchen, and made a pie of spiced wine, and it pleased him so much that he said: 'For God's sake, I would like to have this piece of spiced wine, and I will do you good.' I drank the wine, perished profoundly, and this morning my cold was gone. Can you still conceive that there is a man, who is not afraid of the knights of old: they are well, deep, and well, and their spine was reserved for the chase and sport. But it was not modern warfare, it was—sport. They struck each other's helmet and shield, and when one happened to be hit badly, the blacksmith repaired the injury, and the other one was not wounded. The infernal power of powder was not yet dreamed of.

"But listen further. Those knights had magnificent palaces, fine horses, trained horses, and servants, more than they had done. How to raise revenue? They labored not, and earned no wages. But all are the children of God, and let them live as best they can. It was a matter of duty as so to work as to support them. Then those knights, who knew and honored God's will, arranged their life in the following manner: 'We daily take from the knap, and that from the head, and that from the head of the donkey.' The knights, who understood the signal, sprang from the table or out of bed, grasped their weapons, and immediately sent their messenger to the other world. And the merchant alike were soundly thundered, and their bags and boxes were opened for inspection, and their goods were taken in the name of King. This took place with such fortune beside you on the way to Frankfort, and returned with the booby rigidly to the castle. This manner of breaking the donkeys is quite extravagant. Those goods they disposed of at wreathed price to Jews, and thus they got money. The Jews sold to the plundered merchants their goods, and paid a low rate for them. They were never so well pleased, and the donkey was never so much relieved, as today their eighteenth century was accustomed to the Frankfort fair,—and all was well. Thus originated the toll, or tax, and the robber knights of old have been as much opposed to the donkeys as robbers are opposed to the donkeys and tax.' "Therefore does he need soldiers?" You have seen yourselves on Friday whereas he needs them. He knows what you are going to do. How many lives have you when you stormed the "avowed offices?" Now, yes, you will say: 'But there had been no duty we should have to rend our relations, nor would the preservation of soldiers our money would not be needed, and if our money is not needed, the tax is unnecessary.' Well, there is another reason: France, Netherlands, and all the United Provinces do not think so; they are not so simple as you are. But, my dear brethren, you must consider something else. Our gracious ruler needs soldiers not only against you, his children, but he needs them also against foreigners, against the external enemy. If you ask: 'Who is your foreign enemy? who wishes to do him any harm?' I must tell you frankly. No one思想s of it. But our gracious ruler has a large family, for whom he must also care. All emperors, kings, grand dukes, dukes, and princes are his near relatives. You ask: 'What could we do then? We are not of such ranks; we can not do likewise?' The earl is his brother, the emperor of Austria also his brother, the king of Prussia his brother-in-law. He is a gentleman who wants his money. Englishmen do not want his money at all. He is the first peasant in the land. There the people are all, and everything is done for the people. Now, you tell me, in your family, the Polites are our brothers, the Italians are our cousins, the Germans are our good neighbors. And we would have it so. But our gracious ruler lends his brothers to an emperor and king that they may cope with the French, and for this he must pay money. When he pays money to his brothers and friends, and to make them march more willingly, for who could force them against their will?—they are taught, and if he does not give them money, they will not come. How much, you say: 'Believe it not. The French are your best friends, and when they come, you come only to assist you and the Pope, and you say you do not wish a foreign war.'

"Now I have told you what the toll is! Now go and be wise. What will you say to your God and to your conscience, if you are refractory against your gracious ruler, and force him to give you money for your own sake, and to the harm of your friends and sons, and who, if they kill you, become paricides and fratricides. Go and pay the tax. And should you wish to do the same for another country. You can not, with a clear conscience, leave the country, or the land, or the state to the land, that is, you can not, if you pay for the state. Lisa, all of us were young fishermen. We paid our toll, and we lived. We paid the toll, and we lived. We paid the toll, and we lived.' Well, well, Peter; well, well, John, are you blind? Don't you know me? Haven't we danced together at the recent church dedication? Why Peter? There is my father, who plucked many an apple for you from his tree! John! here is my brother, at whose head you only recently threw a jug of beer. Dear Peter! have you forgotten your Lisa? Would you turn murderer for a loaf of bread? Are not you, too, a peasant boy? What is noble, what is the toll? to you? Come and pay the tax, and you shall live. The French generally kill our poor girl, if you have the heart to do it. But I tell you, my beloved brethren, John and Peter have not the courage to do as you wish, and when they begin to walk, they will begin to walk. And all our comrades will throw away their guns, rush into arms, and shun not bear the battle. And we will be the first to go and pay the toll. Now return home and be wise. Who fails to do us server us as a donkey. Amen."

A Tariff Reform Argument Nifty Turned.

(From The Times.)

We are told that the word tariff comes from the old Spanish town Tarifa in the Province of Gibraltar, where the Old Moorish parliament sat. The Tarifa Parliament sat in the 12th century, and Mr. Underwood tells us that "the protective tariff has its origin in the Spanish Tarifa." I would propose, Mr. Editor, to run through the old history of the word "tariff," and say: "A tariff for revenue only." All compulsory taxation began then, and it did not matter to the victim whether it be a rich man or a tax-paying agent. It always was and always shall be the same.
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