Vol. VI. — No. 10.
BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1886.
Whole No. 140.

Liberty

Not the Daughter but the Mother of Order.

On Picket Duty.

Of course Liberty wishes its readers a happy and prosperous new year; but it can do nothing to turn its wish into palpable fact. If the readers wish Liberty a happy and prosperous new year, they have the fortunate advantage of being able to realize their wish by swelling its circulation and extending its influence.

Said Mr. Markham, in the antieditorial reasoning of "Wheelbarrow" on the sources of poverty to make its deserving an conspicuous place in the columns of "Fair Play," I cannot surmise. Mr. Walker thinks that "privilege is it that robs labor of its pittance," which is an argument by the appeal to the workingmen, whose interdependence and impotence he conceives the sources of their misery.

Indebted as I am to Col. Greene's "Mutual Banking" more than to any other single publication for such a declaration as that of the principle which it sets forth, I do not feel myself entitled to say that it sets forth many of its principles upon which the rich have no more no the laws which the Anarchists are hanged for violating. Nevertheless the very journals that are bitterest in denouncing Anarchists as reckless enemies of law and order declare almost with one accord that the Anarchists are unjust and that no self-seeking popular will make the slightest attention to it, but will violate it at every opportunity. How different things seem since our ox was white.

The Boston "Globe" calls upon its New York contemporaries to resist the new law excluding representatives of the press from the scenes of execution of criminals and bring about its repeal. The law, it alleges, conflicts with the duty of furnishing news to the public. Will the "Globe" answer a respectful question: Is not a paper a government of, for, and by the people; and are not legislators simply servants expressing and enacting into law the wishes and opinions of the sovereign people? How, then, can newspapers ever give it to the people to violate a law made at their own bidding and in their own interest? Or does the "Globe" mean to deny that we are self-governing?

In the last election, according to the New York "Globe," the Republicans said that the Democracy was unfit and incompetent to govern the country. After a four years' trial, they have found it wanting and defeated it at the polls. Now if this is so, then in 1884 the Republicans were similarly pronounced unable and undesirable. And as there is no reason to suppose and no evidence to show that the Republicans are now better and wiser than four years ago, it seems, by the admission of the "Globe," that after March 4, 1885, we are to be ruled by dishonest and stupid politicians. Great is the ballot! Long live law and order!

Mr. Yarner's reference to Bernard Shaw's citation of the English postal service as an example of what the State can do in the way of administration reminds me of an incident that occurred recently. I sat in a hall in Boston one Sunday afternoon listening to an American State Socialist as he extolled the United States post-office department as the most wonderfully well-managed institution on the globe. A very prominent English State Socialist, who is also a government official, sitting beside me, whispered in my ear: "That's what we say of ours at home, but it's very doubtful if the claim is a true one." This gentleman was either more candid or better informed than Mr. Shaw.

"Freethi" and the "Alarm" are edited in the same office, though the former is tasked with the propaganda of communism, while the latter champions liberty. But in a recent issue of "Freethi," Most has expressed his contempt for the "anarchy espoused by a certain American school," describing it as "nothing but unchristian balderdash, liberal Manchesterism of close 1848" in a very elegant phrase. Poor Lam, I shall now expect him to strike his tent, like the Arab, and as silently steal away. He has my sympathy, but he ought to have known at the start that it would never do to run counter to so eminent an authority. It is the reach of any amount of evidence as is that in Mora.

The Chicago "Unity" is made heart-tick by the report that a London dealer sold two million birds last year for the decoration of women's hats, and the editor asks in a half-mocking, half-despairing tone: "Shall we reprint our bird issue of two years ago?" By the "bird issue" is meant a number of "Unity" which was entirely devoted to "pleading for the birds and trying to shame women out of the criminal atrocities of fashion." When I reflect upon the number of women who feel it a needful and moral duty to feed and clothe the congregations of the clergywomen who edit "Unity," and upon the fact that no entire issue of their paper was ever devoted to arousing a sense of shame in those who profit by these murders, their offensive concentration of sympathy upon bipeds with feathers not only makes my heart sick but my stomach nearly turn.

Under date of December 12 Comrade Wehrly writes to me from Chicago as follows: "I have been meeting a few friends for some months past to inquire into the economic question. Last night the meeting was held at the house of Mrs. E. H. Bartholomew, 923 W. Jackson Street. After the discussion had lasted about two hours, the following resolution was unanimously approved: "Repeal, that free money, or the abolition of all interferences on the part of the State in the subject of money, is necessarily the first step in economic reform; and that the establishment of mutual banks, in order to eliminate interest above cost in the issue of currency, is the first step towards economic freedom." All the signers are H. E. Bartholomew, William Trinkhaus, Hans Rosen, Mrs. H. E. Bartholomew, and the writer. At the next meeting, which is to be held next Tuesday, it is proposed to go farther and keep a record of the proceedings. So far they have been of little use."

This work is in the right direction.

It is stated in the newspaper reports of the general assembly of the Knights of Labor, lately held in Indiana, that that body gave its unanimous assent to the parliamet and tyrannical scheme of law, Wil- ler F. Crafts for the passage of a bill by congress for biddling all Sunday traffic and work, except works of religion, necessity, and mercy, in the nation's mail and military service, and in inter-state commerce, and in the District of Columbia and the territories. Liberty has been asked to pass it as a champion of freedom. It means a State church, but this fact tends strongly to confirm that position, for the platform of the Knights of Labor is mainly State Socialism. I do not believe, however, that the adhesion was "unanimous." George Schilling of Chicago was a member of that body, and it is scarcely possible that he voted for so Archiastic a proposition, even though he be a devotee of the religion of compromise. If so, this stampede is a material blow to the theory by which I thought. One should not be surprised, however, for compromise, once begun as a method of propagandism, knows no stopping-place.

Mr. Channing Burns, in writing to "Fair Play," says that the typograph of that paper and general get-up of it are the best in the literary line. I am sorry to note in an old subscriber to Liberty such a hopeless difference between him and its editor as to the nature of liberalisms, for I certainly would not insist upon it being made clear to me that the words that "Fair Play" is superior to Liberty in point of typograph.

People may do and do more about liberalism, but it is utterly out of the question that there should be two opinions among experts as to the comparative typograph utility of the two journals. Mr. Markham appreciates more than I the efforts of the publishers of "Fair Play," struggling under difficulties, to give their paper a presentable appearance, and no man is more gratified than I at such degree of success as they achieve. In this they enjoy great support from those liberal editors who seem to take pride in their ineptitudes in the ratio of their typographical clumsiness to a staid-board poster. But in this grudging credit where I can render it, and where I am in sympathy with them, their comparisons that not only do injustice to ourselves, but involve treason to the first principles of the "art preservative."

Henry George's "Standard" makes a protest against the attitude of the Chicago authoritaries toward public meetings and proceedings. It is too late in the day, Mr. George, for you to pass a law against freedom of speech. You once had a chance to vindicate that cause which as comes to a man once in a lifetime, and in the trial hour you not only failed the cause, but betrayed it. Let one of the meetings against the suppression of which you now protest be held; let some one present throw a bomb and kill an officer; let the speakers be arrested on a charge of murder; let a jury hang them with the hirings of capital convicts them; let this culminate in the middle of a political campaign in which you are running for office: under such circum- stances should we not see you do what you have done once already,—declare that a supreme court can do no wrong, that in face of its opinion you will not require that the convicts must not be hanged, and that you will not lift voice or pen to save them? We have known you, Henry George, in the past, and we know you for the future. The lamp holds out to burn, but for no such vile slander as yourr.
THE RAG-PICKER OF PARIS.

By FRÉDÉRIC BAZILLE.

Translated from the French by Benj. H. Tucker.

PART THIRD.

THE MASQUEMARADE.

Continued from No. 130.

So we find these gentlemen again swapping these ladies in a private dining-room of the Hotel de la Paix, facing the boulevard. Chandeliers, gilt decorations, a carpet, carved chairs, a velvet divan to sit or lie upon, a table supplied with fruits and flowers for show, silverware and choice dishes, the entire scale of glassware large and small, for half. Mme. Soudre and in bottles, warming in the basket or freezing in the ice, in short, all the usual luxury and comeliness of a great fashion- able hotel.

Camille Berville, in a black coat, with a camisole in his boot-hole, a new flower then, was reading a newspaper before the gaily flaming wood fire. Grippon had just taken a seat, this was a little grating, while Louvard and Léon were in their seats. Frinlair, very nervous and over-excited, was standing, steadfastly eyeing Camille and in anything but a good humor.

"I am not the bill of fare," said the notary, breaking the silence.

"Wait, a round of cards," demanded the broker.

"Wait, some paper," requested the journalist, in his turn.

"Wait, some cigars," added Frinlair.

"There, gentlemen, there," said the waiter, serving them promptly, with a haste proportioned to the fee.

"Absinthe first," said Léonard.

Louvard approved.

"Oh! a very good dinner, make out the super order, and give me the rest of the paper for my journal."

"Which one?" asked Léonard.

"The Charier (Chère)," said he to Louvard.

"No, that's supposed to be the Appeal to the People," said the broker.

"I should prefer a game of horses, ha, ha! It is night and it is freezing; I will bet five hundred dollars that I can go now from Paris to Saint-Cloud backwards in an hour and a half without your Camille, will you bet?"

"No," answered Camille, warily.

Grippon tried it on his turn.

"Do you play, Camille?"

"No," repeated the latter.

"What do you think you will have?" asked Léonard.

"I am not thirsty.

"What soup?"

"I am not hungry.

"Camille, my good fellow," said the facetious notary, "you are turning into an octopus."

And he wrote:

Ten dozen.

"The after joying his joke, he continued:

"We shall be ten, in spite of the old rule: Neither less than the Graces, nor more than the Muses. Is that what vexes you? But you are not a classicalist. Why, you, then?"

"I am not.

Louvard had just finished his writing. He had heard Camille's reply.

"I am, said Léonard. You are troubled with ennui. Listen to this wind-up. It is homosapience.

And he read:

The Appeal to the People: The Republic agitates in vain among the crowds of Paris after having expelled the best of France. France will not submit to the danse Macabre, the orchestra of a bloody death. But you may be sure that I do not allow the state of the Revolution, its laws, its justice, the power, its talents, its history to be destroyed by the mistresses of the Napoleons, who are the logical successors of the great generals. The Pretender is sure of the love of the French. (Thanks to him, anarchy will not prevail, and France will follow her progress in order and liberty under the sovereign of her choice.)

"I will be a bull in stocks," exclaimed Grippon, decidedly.

"Write," interjected Camille. "Hear this.

And he took up another sheet and read:

The social democracy: At last the people can celebrate their deliverance. Instead of the great wheel of kings, priests, and masters, the entire cast-off clothing of a past never to return; for the Republic is definitively established, and more and more tends to become democratic and social! Who is it, let us ask, that the Baugues and the emigration we descended upon a smoking volcano. Its lair, submerged, in a flood of mud and blood, frivolous sheets, pandemonium, uncertain duties, and watching minutes. And it is justice: royally, as uncrowning as unfeeling, it has rejected the reform and offered the Guillotine to the people who asked for bread and the ballot. It was a time to say so in 1830: Under France! At last this reign of misery is ended... and we shall never be more except in exaggeration!"

"I will be a beast," said Grippon, shaken.


"Baa! Baa! less than the masquerade," said Camille, shrugging his shoulders.

"Sheep!" called Louvard, vexed. "Take those to the printing-office... and don't return them!"

"What a marvellous one!" cried Léonard.

"No, not that," said Camille, despondently in ill humor.

"That's what I meant," exclaimed Léonard, in his turn.

"Kept on account of the necessity," said Camille, loudly, to the advertiser. "But it's not for us to play doubts. Here it is Jesus who laughs and now it is Jesus who weeps. He has to change his humor according to the act. Thus this morning I drew up a dying man's will at his bedside. Until noon I was sepulchral. Later I drew up a marriage contract, and I again became gay. Now my last book indicates fair weather."

But seeing that his remarks were not very successful, he, pointing to Camille and addressing Frinlair:

"I know no man who takes pleasure more sadly than Camille."

"Oh!" said Frinlair with secret malice, "on the eve of marriage there is good reason for that. You know what I mean."

"Oh! a little," observed Louvard, "as a matter of form, as Bridgman said."

"Or of horns," added Grippon. "I never take my wife out except when I move." said Léonard. "If a man is to go on as we have done, he must go on, continuing to come back to Camille, to make him the subject of another witticism, I have always seen my aunt... croque a champignon."

He added these items to the menu.

"Well," said Louvard, "we have puns at least. We might eat them."

"And we will eat them," said Léonard, as gay as if he were drawing up a marriage contract.

Camille continued to dream about talking to himself as well as to his friends.

"Quelques plats, monsieur," said the waiter, and ordered them all of these bawdy and men for sale, where virgins girls to seek a husband who, some, against Camille to leave the people. It is as gay as a fish."

"So be it," returned Léonard, "but the soup! Come, finish up the table, and swallow your wisdom. A host may be moral and a victim of ennui— all these things are natural, but he must be entertaining."

"Baa!" exclaimed Camille, "I am disgusted with everything, even with your witlessness."

He rose, and, throwing his cigar into the fire, said:

"Fortunately I am going to marry. It is a way of committing suicide."

"Why, that is serious, upon my word! he is going to die," chuckled Léonard."

"Wait, the soup!"

Camille went to sit down at the other end of the room, sobers and demoralised. Diplomatist, financier, notary, journalist, here we are students again. Nobility, bourgeoisie, and plebeians, national unity. What a "valeur is love!"

Camille shook his head.

"What a woman is only for business or pleasure," declared Grippon. "What do we ask of her? Money or her bed. Half of one... or all the other."

"And it is enough for what is left to us," said Camille again.

"But Camille had not had the last stage of despair. He had not learned to believe and could not. To such a point had the liberty of his strange guardian carried him."

Frinlair, who seemed to be seeking an opportunity for a quarrel with his old friend, could not repress his impatience.

"We will see, monsieur," said he, suddenly in a language of a gentleman of the stable, "change your black horse for a white one, or a white one for a black one.

Louvard interfered and, addressing Berville, said to him in a tone of genteel reproach:

"How can you be so gloomy, you, the darling of the ladies and of the bank, with everything on your side, youth and wealth...! Yours the key of hearts, your pink of dainties, your hand, your arm, your brow, your hair, your breath!"

"Stay, I forget the vegetables," cried Léonard. And he began to write again, while the waiter served the soup.

Camille allowed the dishes to fill his head, and went to the window.

"Well, yes," said he, "it is true... I have everything, and I have nothing... because I have done nothing."

In the face of this severe judgment, he looked at his wife, as if he could call you, if he will, when you are good; and she, as if she could be made master of his fate and fortune. I have run, like a madman, as you already know, and have been deceived, as you have been, have mistaken pleasure for happiness, love for my future father-in-law, the baron, mistakes honors for honor. Quantity is not quality, friends; and in these events, there is no recipe, there is no surety for conducting us for a woman. The beauties, as you call them, wisps, cars, horses, the possible and the inaccessible. I have fought with friends and enemies, at random, sometimes even with reason... I have drawn up the glass to the bottom, and found at last only bitterness and drugs, esses and disgust, laugh if you will—vanish. Intoxication has left its after-taste, but without killing desire."

Forgetting the sceptical society in which he found himself, carried away by the air of his rank and his order, he said aloud, crookedly at the justice of the jury and justice; let it be, I have been right, I have been wrong, I shall be right, perfect justice; let us know."

"I am a horse," said Camille, despondently. "I am a horse."

When the last body had left, Louvard resumed his bantering, demonstrative.

"How much will you charge for this speech for my journals?" he asked. "Those for the newspapers are only to be had for--no, they are not to be had, especially here and today. Pure love in the Messire-Doré, in the restaurant on Mari-Grégoire! You sing out of tune! Your heart empty! Nonnette. Ah! what a beautiful expression, a post! Come down quickly to procé, Doctor Vonroux's soup and beer... those women would do very well if you were to reason. Intoxication has left its after-taste, but without killing desire."

Camille shook his hand.

"No, I am a dead man, I tell you," he continued, slowly. "Oh, of course I can see that, and laugh about it, and laugh about it, and laugh about it. But it is a fact. It is in my heart. Life, the only real life, is love, and of that there is more for each one person as ourselves. That is our punishment and our revenge."

"But we change for the better, we change for the worse, we change for the better... We give us happiness instead of selling it to us. At any rate, not in the ball-room."

Louvard began to laugh.

"Mélanie, Tante Géméline, Madame... these things are out of date, Camille; be a bi-
tive, positive. Do as I do. When I enter the ball-room, I leave my heart in the cold, damp, gloomy oak-wood, or under the stars of the open air. As for me, I do not cherish a heart, nor do I put my heart in the glass. Old wives before young girls. Waiter, Madame !

"One does not present to others," said Frinair, "with a smile that resembled a grin, "any more than the other. "Let me be the broker. Gripom, a mistake for business and without pleasure... an end, not justifying, but justified by my means. Yes, it is to end that I leave."

"After you, Miss," said Camille: "You are not the sole heiress of the great banker banker, your noble and rich brother, Mila, Claire Hoffmann ?"

"I marry her," answered Camille, simply.

"And what a philosopher," exclaimed Maguran, appraising her abandon by lashing her with her tongue.

And, going toward Marie, she inquired of her:

"What do you say to me, little dear?"

Marie answered in a low voice:

"Fuss, keep still. Oh! how foolish I have been! I am dazed, stunned... do not question me."

"Who is this unknown beauty?" said Gripom, interested.

"How do you know she is beauty?" asked Looine.

Frinair took up this doubt:

"I'll bet a hundred dollars she is!

"But she isn't," said the notary.

Gripom, Looine, and Looine, exchanging their impressions, looked at poor Marie, who seemed to want to disappear through the floor.

"She doesn't show herself."

"She doesn't eat."

"She doesn't drink."

Frinair started toward her.

"Are you made of marble or of wax?" he said, teasingly, "an object of art to put in a museum or first prize? a Venus or a Virgin, behind your wolf's mask? timid or cocky? Come, pose less as a master-piece, or we shall be harder to please. If it is a surprise that you have in store for our dinner, give us less cause to be willing to give you all we can, and make me a winner. You will not lose by it. Reserve is a good thing, but not too much of it."

Camille could not restrain a movement of pity:

This young girl seems to me," he exclaimed, looking at her with his soft and sympathetic eye; "timid because she is among beasts; masked because she is among men; masked because she sees us unmasked, spied the views if not the ground of more than one of our appearsances. Journalistes, harlequin diplomats, clown journalists, merry-and-novels, and mistress of your "

With a circular gesture he had passed in review the Count de Frinair, Looine, Looine, and Gripom, all dispossessed with his salty.

"In short," he said, "because she is afraid of us."

"Oh! we will break her in," said Gripom, drawing nearer to Marie. "When one has tame Cabrones, a ravenous animal cannot gastrify him. Besides, for taming purposes the Mataro-bulldog is good as a riding-school."

And addressing Marie, who was still masked, he said:

"Come, no trickery; ye are to be weighed. Show your foot, your neck, your head.

With a quick movement he snatched off her mask.

"Right costs nothing," he said, "the lure! A! Ha! I have won."

"Plead your own case," said Gripom, appealing to the public.

"Or you can refuse, but you may be declared a crook."

Gripom quickly burst out a frank peal, singing with all her voice:

"Ah! que d'este beau nature, Les prés, les bois, la verdure..."

Then, with an exclamation and like a flash, she said:

"In fact, I take you at your word; which makes you owe me four louis. Agreed."

"No, I decidedly prefer to lose. but twenty francs," concluded Gripom.

"You are not galant," said Maguran. "But I don't care, for between ourselves you have never been a good and honest friend."

And, addressing the core, he could not help saying:

"You know, you will return it to me. Gambling money is sacred. It is a debt of honor in France."

"I am starting," confided Trompette.

"I am dying," said Camille.

"And I am both," exclaimed Pauline.

"And I," cried Maguran, glancing in the direction of her old admirer,

"I am the captain of a very insignificant company of the legion of the solitary tape-worm."

"Yes," said Looine, "eat and drink, my dear. You have reason to drown your sorrow. Doubly by this means Camille deuces you; worse than that, he abandons you."

"He would have deceived me much more if he had not abandoned me," said she, earnestly. "He goes to the poisons of a husband, he dies. I am a widow, and consider myself as such."

"But, returning to his looks, I see:

"With you, if you like... Pass me the pickles."

Looine held out the plate and declined the offer.

"That is all," said Maguran, "that is enough."

"It is dislike," observed Looine.

"And without expense," said Trompette.

"I am borrowing," said Marie. "What are you doing?" they asked.

"Stronger than you at your own game."

"What manners does that amongst you," approved Looine.

"And what manners does that amongst you," said Maguran, folding back the ball on the "

"Oh! if that's all," retorted Maguran, "you will live to be as old as Abraham yourself."

"He threatened indeed," said Gripom, "to become the Eternal Father. At last he is dead. God keep his soul, as the earth keeps his dust!"

"And the inheritance is yours?"

The feast continued in this strain. The wine flowed in torrents. The gaspety became insatiable. Marie, trembling, tried to conceal it as much as possible, with the assistance of a "cooked arm", fixed to her hand, at a distance."

"Say there, the late Camille," cried Maguran, suddenly. "Come and pay us something to drink. Because you are dead, my dear, no one is in the least interested in you."

She rose and passed near Camille, who did not answer.

"You know to whom these words bind you?"

"To anything you please."

Continued on page 5.
Liberty

Issued Fortnightly at One Dollar a Year; Single Copies Five Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, Editor and Publisher.

Office of Publication, 14 P. O. Square.
Post Office Address: Liberty, P. O. Box No. 338, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Matter at Boston, Mass.

BOSTON, MASS., JANUARY 5, 1869.

"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery are removed from the laboring man; he becomes the master of the tools he uses; he becomes the master of the soil he plows; he is the owner—Nicholas and Anna; the owner of the means and processes of production, and, in the last analysis, the owner of the product of his toil; in this, and in no other, lies the true spirit of liberty.

EDWARD T. ABBOTT.

Modern Utopia.

Stating, in his lecture on "The Transition to Social Democracy," that the Socialist "problem is to drop the rent arising out of the people's industry, not into the pockets of private proprietors, but into the people's pockets," Mr. Shaw offers several suggestions for the time being.

Yes; but where is the people's pocket? Who is the people? What is the people? What is the people? Ten or fifteen years ago, Mr. Shaw, and Dick, and Harry, and every one of them, knew and understood the question of the rent. Now, the people's pocket is empty, and they don't know what to do with it.

Troubled by the fact that the State has hitherto proved itself anything but a faithful trustee of the people, Mr. Shaw offers a long exposition of the evils which follow from the failure of the State to enforce the law properly. He begins by asking us "to form a happy picture of the government which called itself the 'pillar of the community' in the days of Ricardo . . . their class interests, their shameless corruption, and their waste and mismanagement," in order that we may understand why Ricardo, who was the first to clearly perceive the economic consequences of private appropriation of rent, could not for a moment entertain the idea of State appropriation as a possible alternative. Mr. Shaw, in his eloquent plea for the State to enforce the law, says in effect: "I confess that my mind is not prejudiced against Ricardo as to make it next to impossible for me to contemplate him in the character of a land reaper. Indeed, the thought seems to me utterly preposterous; and for this sin, and injustice, (if such it be) I do not hesitate to call out my native countrymen, Clinie Leslie and Bagehot, to whom we are chiefly indebted for the estimate formed of Ricardo's personality. But this is immaterial. What we need is the political conditions of the days of Ricardo, but those of our own day. Are the governments under which it is our good fortune to exist such as not only to allow speculation regarding the alternative of State appropriation of rents, but to render this alternative either possible and beneficial? For the modern Social Democrat Mr. Shaw does not hesitate to answer affirmatively. For, unlike Ricardo, no one accepts the incorruptibility and purity of Ricardo's example. It is also clear that the power of the State is not sufficient examination preliminary to entering into the executive, to make the executive responsible to the government, and the government responsible to the people.

Orthodox Society Statesmen love to designate their school as "scientific," and they base their claim on the fact that since the advent of Marxian Socialism it has been completely emancipated from "skepticism in the nature of things precluding the possibility of making the existing State practically and entirely trustworthy."

This is a great mistake. It is the sufficient examination preliminary to entering into the executive, to make the executive responsible to the government, and the government responsible to the people.

The Freidenruck's Folly, or Wors.

For one without any comprehension of the theory of Anarchy, the editor of the Milwaukee "Freidenruck" exhibits more valor than discretion in antagonizing it. The theory appears to have given him considerable trouble, and it is of no use that he makes the theory of special interest in the discussion in its main points, which establish the inferiority of official management to interested personal control of enterprises, to which portion I would fain direct Mr. Shaw's attention. But I am afraid that Mill will be classed among Ricardo's vulgarizers.

V. YANO

The Freidenruck's Folly, or Wors.

For one without any comprehension of the theory of Anarchy, the editor of the Milwaukee "Freidenruck" exhibits more valor than discretion in antagonizing it. The theory appears to have given him considerable trouble, and it is of no use that he makes the theory of special interest in the discussion in its main points, which establish the inferiority of official management to interested personal control of enterprises, to which portion I would fain direct Mr. Shaw's attention. But I am afraid that Mill will be classed among Ricardo's vulgarizers.

V. YANO

The Freidenruck's Folly, or Wors.

For one without any comprehension of the theory of Anarchy, the editor of the Milwaukee "Freidenruck" exhibits more valor than discretion in antagonizing it. The theory appears to have given him considerable trouble, and it is of no use that he makes the theory of special interest in the discussion in its main points, which establish the inferiority of official management to interested personal control of enterprises, to which portion I would fain direct Mr. Shaw's attention. But I am afraid that Mill will be classed among Ricardo's vulgarizers.

V. YANO

The Freidenruck's Folly, or Wors.

For one without any comprehension of the theory of Anarchy, the editor of the Milwaukee "Freidenruck" exhibits more valor than discretion in antagonizing it. The theory appears to have given him considerable trouble, and it is of no use that he makes the theory of special interest in the discussion in its main points, which establish the inferiority of official management to interested personal control of enterprises, to which portion I would fain direct Mr. Shaw's attention. But I am afraid that Mill will be classed among Ricardo's vulgarizers.
ever hope to solve." But there is no mistake about it. Confronted with the choices between liberty and authority, we have unreceivably pledged ourselves to the service of the former, because the latter is a drug to which we have been addicted out of the fog and fear of social wrong into the pure and airy uplands of human life. Invoking, as liberty does, economic consequences of the highest importance, such as the cessation of man by man, and the more equitable distribution of wealth, and satisfying further, the more refined needs of civilized man, we cannot content ourselves with championing any thing short of the complete abolition of Liberty, although Mr. Tucker may have already done so. Mr. Tucker says in substance that, if the mutual bank 'did not lend capital that belonged to some one other than the borrower, he did not see how it would answer its purpose. If Mr. Tucker will carefully analyze the transactions of a bank doing a strictly "giltedge" business (and a mutual bank is to do none other), he will have to confess that the borrowers of its paper money are simply utilizing their own capital (as he would of the bank's loans as the same idea of service is not for the time the money is loaned, but that it is the reduction of the public currency's circulation. The public currency is what we want to reduce in its circulation, and the mutual bank is a deposit of money. The treasurer will therefore be ready to offer the services of its bank. Mr. Tucker says that, if there is any such thing as demanding gold or silver now, the paper money of the mutual bank is much more secure. In the mutual system the people will have even less desire to demand specie, as they will be the security of the money, and more defensible. Mr. Tucker is not so clear as the mutual measure, if it is to be offered as a substitute for the money, it will be bought with the same price. The idea of a mutual bank would be to have the same idea of service. The money of the mutual bank will be the same idea of service. The idea of a mutual bank would be to have the same idea of service. The money of the mutual bank will be the same idea of service. The idea of a mutual bank would be to have the same idea of service. The money of the mutual bank will be the same idea of service.
LOVE, MARRIAGE, AND DIVORCE, AND THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE INDIVIDUAL.

A DISCUSSION

By Henry James, Horace Gneoey, and Stephen Pearl Andrews.

Continued from page 139.

"I trusted, I have the choice of weapons," said Franklair.

"Yes, it is your right and your habit," assented Camillo, alluding to the affair of the convent. "Do you choose the pistol again?"

"No, the sword," said Franklair, now fairly lively.

"Very well," assented Camillo.

"At the Porte Malboul, then, at eight o'clock."

Camillo bowed slightly.

"I shall await you there," he said, cutting short the interview. "It can't be any harm," said Loic, "see here, Camillo, I want to draw up your contract."

"I will but kill, unhesitatingly, the matterer."

"With such an adversary one must expect anything," said Camillo, intentionally. And upon this last word, which increased the count's hatred tenfold, the young Benefactor cut off the conversation.

"Ah! gentlemen," cried Louchard, trying to smooth the matter over. "A duel to the death for a wager, rather than for revenge."

But Camillo had closed the precinct, definitely completing the entire affair. Manzara had lighted a cigarette.

"What a scoundrel," said also.

Franklair took her around the waist.

"Supplanted by your pupil," said Castrum, "the novice who will not be a novice long."

"And our game?" said Gripon.

"And the champagne," said Loic, "filling the glasses to overflowing."

To be continued.

XIX.

COMMENTS AND REPLY BY MR. ANDREW.

The courteous, kindly, and generous remarks of Mr. James, in the opening of the preceding letter, would discom at once every disposition that might otherwise have existed toward an... small topic of criticism. It is far more euphemistic to say, however, that it is an idea that before the order of its particular point, that a... of the life-blood of the poem. When, instead, the veristic prudence of my man, or his utmost love of himself, blinds him to the society of his being, he may surely be al... what freedom and liberty meant. Suppose, for instance, that he were in need were... over every act of his, his method of living, to the life-blood of the poem. When, instead, the veristic prudence of my man, or his utmost love of himself, blinds him to the society of his being, he may surely be al... of the life-blood of the poem. When, instead, the veristic prudence of my man, or his utmost love of himself, blinds him to the society of his being, he may surely be al... of the life-blood of the poem. When, instead, the veristic prudence of my man, or his utmost love of himself, blinds him to the society of his being, he may surely be al... of the life-blood of the poem. When, instead, the veristic prudence of my man, or his utmost love of himself, blinds him to the society of his being, he may surely be al... of the life-blood of the poem. When, instead, the veristic prudence of my man, or his utmost love of himself, blinds him to the society of his being, he may surely be al... of the life-blood of the poem. When, instead, the veristic prudence of my man, or his utmost love of himself, blinds him to the society of his being, he may surely be al... of the life-blood of the poem. When, instead, the veristic prudence of my man, or his utmost love of himself, blinds him to the society of his being, he may surely be al... of the life-blood of the poem. When, instead, the veristic prudence of my man, or his utmost love of himself, blinds him to the society of his being, he may surely be al... of the life-blood of the poem. When, instead, the veristic prudence of my man, or his utmost love of himself, blinds him to the society of his being, he may surely be al... of the life-blood of the poem. When, instead, the veristic prudence of my man, or his utmost love of himself, blinds him to the society of his being, he may surely be al... of the life-blood of the poem. When, instead, the veristic prudence of my man, or his utmost love of himself, blinds him to the society of his being, he may surely be al... of the life-blood of the poem. When, instead, the veristic prudence of my man, or his utmost love of himself, blinds him to the society of his being, he may surely be al... of the life-blood of the poem. When, instead, the veristic prudence of my man, or his utmost love of himself, blinds him to the society of his being, he may surely be al... of the life-blood of the poem. When, instead, the veristic prudence of my man, or his utmost love of himself, blinds him to the society of his being, he may surely be al... of the life-blood of the poem. When, instead, the veristic prudence of my man, or his utmost love of himself, blinds him to the society of his being, he may surely be al... of the life-blood of the poem. When, instead, the veristic prudence of my man, or his utmost love of himself, blinds him to the society of his being, he may surely be al... of the life-blood of the poem. When, instead, the veristic prudence of my man, or his utmost love of himself, blinds him to the society of his being, he may surely be al... of the life-blood of the poem. When, instead, the veristic prudence of my man, or his utmost love of himself, blinds him to the society of his being, he may surely be al... of the life-blood of the poem. When, instead, the veristic prudence of my man, or his utmost love of himself, blinds him to the society of his being, he may surely be al... of the life-blood of the poem. When, instead, the veristic prudence of my man, or his utmost love of himself, blinds him to the society of his being, he may surely be al... of the life-blood of the poem. When, instead, the veristic prudence of my man, or his utmost love of himself, blinds him to the society of his being, he may surely be al... of the life-blood of the poem. When, instead, the veristic prudence of my man, or his utmost love of himself, blinds him to the society of his being, he may surely be al... of the life-blood of the poem. When, instead, the veristic prudence of my man, or his utmost love of himself, blinds him to the society of his being, he may surely be al... of the life-blood of the poem. When, instead, the veristic prudence of my man, or his utmost love of himself, blinds him to the society of his being, he may surely be al... of the life-blood of the poem. When, instead, the veristic prudence of my man, or his utmost love of himself, blinds him to the society of his being, he may surely be al... of the life-blood of the poem. When, instead, the veristic prudence of my man, or his utmost love of himself, blinds him to the society of his being, he may surely be al... of the life-blood of the poem. When, instead, the veristic prudence of my man, or his utmost love of himself, blinds him to the society of his being, he may surely be al... of the life-blood of the poem. When, instead, the veristic prudence of my man, or his utmost love of himself, blinds him to the society of his being, he may surely be al... of the life-blood of the poem. When, instead, the veristic prudence of my man, or his utmost love of himself, blinds him to the society of his being, he may surely be al... of the life-blood of the poem. When, instead, the veristic prudence of my man, or his utmost love of himself, blinds him to the society of his being, he may surely be al... of the life-blood of the poem. When, instead, the veristic prudence of my man, or his utmost love of himself, blinds him to the society of his being, he may surely be al... of the life-blood of the poem. When, instead, the veristic prudence of my man, or his utmost love of himself, blinds him to the society of his being, he may surely be al... of the life-blood of the poem. When, instead, the veristic prudence of my man, or his utmost love of himself, blinds him to the society of his being, he may surely be al... of the life-blood of the poem. When, instead, the veristic prudence of my man, or his utmost love of himself, blinds him to the society of his being, he may surely be al... of the life-blood of the poem. When, instead, the veristic prudence of my man, or his utmost love of himself, blinds him to the society of his being, he may surely be al... of the life-blood of the poem. When, instead, the veristic prudence of my man, or his utmost love of himself, blinds him to the society of his being, he may surely be al... of the life-blood of the poem. When, instead, the veristic prudence of my man, or his utmost love of himself, blinds him to the society of his being, he may surely be al... of the life-blood of the poem. When, instead, the veristic prudence of my man, or his utmost love of himself, blinds him to the society of his being, he may surely be al... of the life-blood of the poem. When, instead, the veristic prudence of my man, or his utmost love of himself, blinds him to the society of his being, he may surely be al... of the life-blood of the poem. When, instead, the veristic prudence of my man, or his utmost love of himself, blinds him to the society of his being, he may surely be al... of the life-blood of the poem. When, instead, the veristic prudence of my man, or his utmost love of himself, blinds him to the society of his being, he may surely be al... of the life-blood of the poem. When, instead, the veristic prudence of my man, or his utmost love of himself, blinds him to the society of his being, he may surely be al... of the life-blood of the poem. When, instead, the veristic prudence of my man, or his utmost love of himself, blinds him to the society of his being, he may surely be al... of the life-blood of the poem. When, instead, the veristic prudence of my man, or his utmost love of himself, blinds him to the society of his being, he may surely be al...
Letters from Italy. III.

Florence, ITALY, December 1, 1863.

To the Editor of "The Liberator".

The social and economic conditions of the people in the northern part of the peninsula are very different from those in the southern part, including the islands of Sicily and Sardinia.

In the north, the social condition of the people is not unlike that of free citizens in the United States. In the south and in the islands it is entirely different. If one were determined to find a term of comparison, he would have to compare the north of Italy with the American states of Massachusetts and New Hampshire. In this shameless promiscuity the very name of democracy is unknown, and incest is frequent. It is not unusual to find the remainder of a family of ten or twelve, the human creature reduces itself to the level of the beast.

These wretched people eat only black offtake and a few vegetables. Salt, the sale of which is a state monopoly, is so dear that these human creatures cannot afford the purchase of the salt of the Roman custom. In case of sickness they receive no aid; the communities, to be sure, have a doctor for the poor, but the poor, being unable to buy the doctor's services, are deprived of the remedies prescribed for them. After a life of suffering, the man who is old and sick retires into a corner, like a beast, and dies there abandoned.

Even if in certain localities, owing to favorable natural conditions, the people are not so poor as in others, they remain near the base of an absolute dependence upon the upper classes. For them there is no justice. In their communities all authority is in the hands of the government, who are in league against them; if some functionary of the central government sees fit to defend them, the government, appeal to the deputy whom they have elected, and the latter can do nothing or else he is afraid of appealing to another in the place of this too reasonable functionary. The same fate awaits the judge who is not sufficiently independent of the government. He is made up for them, exclusively, the poor man cannot look to the state.

The state of misery is really incredible. The proprietor who lends a measure of wheat to the unfortunate farmer with which to sow his land makes him return a measure and a half a year later, and he has to pay 30 per cent a year for it. To prevent such robberies the old government had established institutions called morti, which lent to the farmers an amount of grain and to the farmers who had passed into the control of the communities, and the community would administer them, make these institutions lend the same to the community as an outlay to the farmers. Now they are gradually abolishing these institutions everywhere, such a scandal as administration becomes.

Private initiative alone has furnished some slight remedy for this state of things by the institution of popular banks. These lend at eight or ten per cent. a year, provided they are in the hands of the government or of the communities, that is, to follow a path opposite to that which has led us to the existing bureaucratic Communities, and which will lead us to the future bureaucratic Societies.

This is not with me an a priori opinion, but rather the argument of consequences forced upon us by immemorial facts: I will even add that I have often thought, in certain special cases, that the intervention of the State might furnish a remedy for social diseases, but experience and a more attentive study of facts have always convinced me of my error, and have consequently made me more prudent in other similar cases.

The difference between social classes is much more marked in the south than in the north of Italy. This situation may be characterized in a word: in the north of Italy the classes are not well distinguished. In the south, the classes have no common name to distinguish them from the rest of the people, while in the provinces of the ex-Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, the only word used is asalariato, which is applied to a part of the population who specially founds themselves with an extreme and reproachful relapse. In Italian this word is really equivalent to gentlemen. It is joined to the people of the north and in Tuscany; the southern people does designate simply anyone who is above the simple artisan, peasant, or day-laborer. In the same sense ancient Greek persons belonging to the lower classes called themselves palai apostatai, the beautiful, the good, although history shows them as often as necessary as the rest of the people possibly could, and even more so.

Between these social classes there divided a struggle has existed since time immemorial in the Neapolitan provinces. It is less sharp and acute, the latter having elevated the general level of comfort, the sufferings of the people are less; it is more intense where poverty is reducing the people to despair. This poverty is really incredible in certain provincial situations. Those who are acquainted with Ireland can form some idea of it by imagining a condition even more miserable and abject than that of the poorest classes in Ireland.

In most of the villages the people live in cellars. There is a single room, only an entire family with one or two pigs, pigs which are the only property the peasants have. In the cellars, on the wall, is a big stone, on which is engraved the year of the amount of salt paid. In these cellars the human creature reduces itself to the level of the beast.

These wretched people eat only black offtake and a few vegetables. Salt, the sale of which is a state monopoly, is so dear that these human creatures cannot afford the purchase of the salt of the Roman custom. In case of sickness they receive no aid; the communities, to be sure, have a doctor for the poor, but the poor, being unable to buy the doctor’s services, are deprived of the remedies prescribed for them. After a life of suffering, the man who is old and sick retires into a corner, like a beast, and dies there abandoned.

In the same manner, it is true, but this result has been obtained by force and overcome...
Proudcon Library.
For the Public in English of the
Entire Works of P. J. Froudon.
Published Quarterly.
$3 a volume; 50 cents a copy.

Each number contains sixty-four elegantly printed octavo pages, each one of which contains an essay of an average, required to complete books. A set of sixty-five vol-
tumes, uniform, are to be had for 3 dollars 60 cents. The Lib-
rary gets the works at One Dollar a volume less, including binding, which is one of the most solid and cheap bindings that can be had.

The publication in English of these fifty volumes, in which

The Great French Anarchist

discusses with a master's mind and with a master's power the vital question whether the progress of the field of political economy is to be regarded as the progress of progress or as the progress of

It is only in England, in literatures, but not so much to the good So-
ation. An elaborate descriptive directory giving full details of the enter-
ings, including full account and partial contents of the works, fur-

ished to all applicants.

Address: BENJ. R. TUCKER, Box 325, Boston, Mass.

The Science of Society.
By Stephen Pearl Andrews.

This work, long out of print, is now republished in a de-

This book, first published forty years ago, and yet its teachings still find a wide

The first part of the work, as the Individual, is the final development of Professors

The second part, as the Social, is a vast system of the Social

Price, in Cloth, One Dollar.
Address the Publisher: SARAH K. HOLMES, Box 305, Boston, Mass.

System of Economical Constractions:
U.'s, The Philosophy of Henry.
By P. J. Froudon.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY F. TUCKER.

This work, one of the most celebrated written by Froudon, cons-

The fourth volume of the Complete Works, and is published in a style equally with that of The Philosophy of Henry. It shows a remarkable knowledge of Labor, Machinery, Competition, Monopoly, Taxation, and Provi-

The third volume, as the Individual, is the final development of Professors

The second volume, as the Social, is a vast system of the Social

Price, in Cloth, $3.50; half calf, blue, gilt edges, $4.50.
Address: BENJ. R. TUCKER, Box 325, Boston, Mass.

Liberty—Vols. III and IV.
Complete files of the third and fourth volumes of this journal, handsomely bound in
cloth, now for sale at Two Dollars Each.

People who desire these volumes should apply for them early, as the number is limited. The first and second volumes were sold long since, and we believe that the number of copies still left are paying ten dollars a copy for a copy of the first volume. The second will soon be equal in price.

Address: BENJ. R. TUCKER, Box 325, Boston, Mass.

The Story of an African Form.
A Novel.
By RALPH W. (Ono) Scherer.

A romance, out of sentiment, is the beautiful life and
growth of young English and German people living among the

This volume, as the Individual, is the final development of Professors

This volume, as the Social, is a vast system of the Social

Price, in Cloth, G. O. O. Ona.
Address: BENJ. R. TUCKER, Box 325, Boston, Mass.

Honesty.
An American Organ of Anarchism.
By RALPH W. (ONo) Scherer.

It is a continuation of "Honesty""s principles to say that

Eighty-Five cents a Year, postage free.
Address: BENJ. R. TUCKER, Box 325, Boston, Mass.