On Picket Duty.

The “Alarms” is dead. At least, it has not appeared for a fortnight, and John Most does the issue of another number improbable.

It was a neatly stand which Congressmen Butterworth of Ohio recently took in the house of representa- tives when he declared his intention of paying no further heed to the building methods employed by the Knights of Labor in pressing their demands for tyrannical legislation. “I recommend to the Knights of Labor,” said he, with grim satire, “to establish a whipping post in front of the Capitol and lick about twenty-five members of the house on the last Saturday in each month.” It is certain that the solitary effect which such a practice might otherwise have would be utterly lost if the lash should be piled by medievals tyrants like the Knights.

Speaking of the recent proposition to establish a State lottery in Nevada as a means of raising revenue, the Boston “Globe" condemns the plan on the ground that gambling is a sin and that the proceeds of the lottery scheme would go to the few it takes from the many. The “Globe" neglects to consider that, unlike our wonderful tariff, a State lottery scheme would take nothing from the "many" which the many were not willing to pay. The many must either pay the tariff or abandon their lib- erty to exchange with foreigners. But no man need buy a lottery ticket unless he wants to, and refusal to do so is visited by no penalty whatever. It seems to me that this peculiarity belonging to the lottery method of raising revenue establishes its superiority over all the schemes of compulsory taxation ever prac- tised or devised, from that of the highwayman to the single tax of Henry George. It can only be surpassed by a system of voluntary contributions involving the spec- culative element. But it is not destined to find favor for a long time yet. There are too many people in the world, who, like the Boston “Globe” and my cor- respondent, Egoist, consider equality of vastly more importance than liberty. To such people it is of no consequence that the highwayman robs, he robs everybody and in the same degree.

The aloofness of the physicians of Massachusetts, having worked in vain for several years to obtain a legal monopoly of the practice of medicine, have concluded that a sure half loaf is better than a steadily diminishing slice, and have gone into partnership with one or two factions of the Quakers to prevent all other "quacks" from following their profession. This year the aloofness has taken the homoeopals and selected into the ring, and by this political maneuver they hope to secure the valuable privilege which they are aiming at, on the plea that such classes always make— that of protecting the masses. The battle is being stubbornly fought at the State House, and at a recent hearing before the judiciary committee Geo. M. Beare of Chicago, who appeared for the "quacks," made a long, eloquent, and most uncompromising speeches in favor of absolute liberty in medi- cine that ever fell from a lawyer’s lips. It is a pity that some of his clients who followed him were not equally consistent. For instance, Dr. J. Bihler, Buchman, who is a sort of quick-in-chief, in the course of a long argument made to convince the substance of the right of the patient to choose his own doctor, declared that he would favor a bill which would make treatment of cancer with a knife malpractice.

The old story again. In medicine as in theology or dryness is my dysxy and heterodoxy is your dryness. This "quack," so-called because of the "regular" are supposed to suppress him, clearly enough ashes for a dictator’s power that he may abolish the regulars. His remarks on these secularists whose imitation being compelled to pay taxes for the support of churchmen which they do not believe is only equalized by the delight which they take in compelling churchmen to pay taxes for the support of schools to which they go against. And yet there are good friends of Liberty who insist that I, in condemning those people, show an inability to distinguish between friends and foes. The truth is that, unlike those cold-blooded people, I am not blinded to the distinction between friends and foes by a more similarity of skin color.

Mrs. Woodhull’s Colossal Lie.

In "Der Arme Teufel" of February 9 Robert Bietz, the editor, reverts to the subject of Victoria C. Woodhull, whose "nationalism is a ragged cloak in a great coat," and makes the necessary correction by the light furnished him by Liberty. As I had surmised, my comrade Bietz was misled by a prospectus which a friend of his had sent from London, and who on his part seems also to have been deceived by it. After reproducing the larger portion of my own researches, together with the substance of Woodhull’s letter to the London "Court Journal," Bietz concludes with these comments:

I myself have never heard Woodhull, but know from those who were once inspired by her lectures that this letter is but one colossal lie.

What amends can I offer after this but to excuse myself on the ground of not knowing? I knew only the bold chant of Smith’s revolutionists, of some who waged revolutions war in the most dangerous station of our time; and Tocqueville himself admits, indeed, that in those days she was engaged in much and important work. Like Tocqueville, I also strongly protest against any construction of this correction in favor of those who condemn the woman either from ignorance or cowardice; but, merely to offer my testimony in behalf of truth, here confirm the statement that Victoria C. Woodhull also, perhaps with the prospect of becoming a huckster’s wife, had joined the great army of renegades who have taken their wages for all they did in better years.

The Only Sure Escape.

[Salvation News.]

"We want a sentiment among the people," exclaims the Indianapolis "Sentinel," "which will bring a man who buys or sells a vote into contempt, and which will banish that he be deprived of the franchise or American citizenship which he has disgraced." What is it to be thought of the barrier of one hundred thousand offices at a value of one hundred million dollars for every and for partisan service in election campaigns? Vote "at is to be thought of the national campaign bucking in which contending parties offer to pay the influence and vote of certain classes with the pro- mise of an almost incomparable money equivalent in legisla- tion for the peculiar benefit of these classes? In the face of these facts a bank and such transaction of mercantile enterprise, is it any wonder that thousands of voters in every closely contested State, seeing no other way to earn a living, should lie on their backs, should sell the article for cash in hand at the highest market price? If the sovereign government itself, with all its prestige, power, of taxation and immoral conversion, is bought and speculated as a huge piece of money-getting anguish, why should not the humble citizen, who is left out in the wholesale trans- formation, see his poor fraction of sovereignty for the most it will bring at retail? The fact is that, when politics is a government by greed of class and control of wealth—when we are once committed to a trail of opulence, power, and commer- cial politics, there is no conceivable limit to traffic in suffrage, traffic in patronage, and traffic in legislation. There is but one sure escape from the final catastrophe of the weakness of mutual interest involving all classes and all interests—common sense. It is to retrace the steps already taken in this fatal course, to cease stimulating mercenary politics by making the government a dispensary of prince and bounty and an instrument with the business affairs of the people, and to confine the exercises of his authority to the one useful purpose of maintaining peace, justice, and order, pro- tecting the great national law and liberties, and re- moving rather than settling up any kind of barrier to the spontaneous activities of commerce and industry.

The Farce of Legal Justicr.

[Quoted from the New York Tribune.]

Human justice appears to us as the most farcical thing in the world: the spectacle of a man judging his neighbor would make me laugh so exhilarated, more welcome in me the feeling of contemptuous pity, and were it not now engaged in the study of that system of absurdities on the strength of my right to regard it as a right to other. I know of nothing more senseless than law and procedure, more perhaps, the study of it.

DESPORISM PERILOUSE BY DYNAMITE.

[The author’s last press.]

There is no other title in the world. So proud as mine; no one has been equal or absolute. The Wurzella Plan was impossible, full God, As Lord of Heaven and as Lord of Earth—

I look with terror to my crowning day.

Through half of Europe its dominions spread, And through from half of Asia to the shores Of Siam’s great ocean waiting the New World; And nothing bounds them to the Pacific Pole, They surge into the everlasting ice—

I look with terror to my crowning day.

Full eighty million subjects worship me—

Their Father, high priest, monarch, God on earth—

My children who hold their lives with mine For our most Holy Empire dear and great, Whose might is concentrated in my head—

I look with terror to my crowning day.

I chain and gag with chains and gags of iron The impious heads and mouths that dare express A protest against my rule—

The half of Asia is my prison-house, My raving convulsion in its immensity—

I look with terror to my crowning day.

I cannot chain and gag the evil thoughts Of men and women poisons by the West, Tolerant and soul by soul they rush to the front—

These thoughts transform themselves to dynamite; My soul flies to the sea to catch—

I look with terror to my crowning day.

My feet to their arrows still, And my sleep are watchful, waking my soul, Without the hope of any better life—

They sleep and eat the starchy food to peace—

I look with terror to my crowning day.

My passions are priests in myself, My officials are gods, and all is right—

I plant no footstep sure it will not stir Up the power of those who have the key—

I look with terror to my crowning day.

J. C. Thompson.

Aug. 18, 1869.
THE RAG-PICKER OF PARIS.

By FELIX FAYAT.

Translated from the French by Benj. R. Tucker.

PART THIRD.

THE MASQUERADE.

Continued from No. 142.

The baron watched her departure, and then, addressing Claire:—

"Give me your hand,—and let us embrace."

"Ah!"—cried Claire, for she felt all the warm pressure of his hand;—"Ah! you think that I am a child!"

"My poor child,—"—and he kissed her again.

"I am a child,"—she answered,、「 "but for you I am not a child."

Claire walked up to him reluctantly.

"You deceived me," she exclaimed. "You told me he was dead,—and he lives!"

"Perhaps," said the baron, "that more than one child born in a day.

And, taking himself, he continued: —

"I thought that you had deceived me."

"He lives," Claire burst out again. "I want to see him."

"He is here," said the baron, "in my study."

"A voice here tells me," answered Claire, forcibly, laying her hand on her heart.

"I am going to take him back."

The baron rang again impatiently.

"Mad girl!... what are you thinking of?" she said.

"Oh, of helping him at least... to get out of his position as a master of himself," answered Laurensent, and kissed his master.

"Silence, imprudent girl," said the baron, "she is too young for that."

"I will help him also, if you will not listen to me," said the baron to his daughter. and she became more calm.

"Mount a horse directly, and deliver this note to its address."—Laurensent took up the paper with alacrity.

The baron continued:

"Let us wait until at least a week. There is no connection between the two. When we find that she is in the house, in any case there is the more reason for hastening this marriage, which saves everything. No more hesitation! Now it is more necessary than ever that you should marry Camille."

"But, my God!... poor Camille in despair."

"And I fear him," said the infatuated baron. "He is the murderer of the man I love."

"He who gives you my ring to another woman," said the baron, sure of his effect.

"Ah!"—cried Claire, "why did you refuse to restore it?"

"Why?"—repeated the baron.

Remembering her love and excited by her hatred, Claire gazed boldly at him.

"Yes," said the baron, "I was not interested in the ring. My mother chose her on her death-bed. Why do you reject him? Speak!"

"Oh! do not ask it," said the baron, "unless you are convinced."

"Do not ask me, I do not know you, to tell you of a name, in which my presence for the knowledge and fulfillment of our duties. All that you know, poor Claire, is that fact, which says: ‘I must, because you have any reason to have the I love your, and I love you."

"This marriage is necessary, and immediate."

"Never!"

"Foolish girl," exclaimed the baron, "you are not worthy of life."

"How so?" Claire could not help asking.

But her doubt returned.

"Why?"—cried the baron.

"She is desiring me again. I believe you no longer."

"The baron, who had made crime an art, now saw success for the plan which the energy of a daughter of him had almost wrecked."

"But what is the idea that I am not worthy of my duty? I no longer appeal to your duty, I have the right. I put my bowler at your feet. Your old father, your knees and his face, are not the face of a father. Do not dishonor me in your eyes. Anne. Be merciful. . . be self-sacrificing. Your multiplication depends upon you. You will not even repel me."

Claire interrupted him.

"I detest you, Monsieur. I committed a sin to force your consent to an honorable marriage; I will do more to resist an odious marriage. Death will not be enough."

"Well, since you insist upon it," cried the baron, "be pleased to inform me, what more do you wish to impose upon the baron, on the necessity of my consent, and that you will never forgive me for making it known to you?"

"I tremble," she answered, frightened by the baron's excitement.

She added in a lower voice:

"Learn then, if you will," said the baron, in a hallow voice, "this terrible secret, the fatal part that engages and governs our future. A youth as reckless as Camille's father threw me from the height of fortune into the depths of misery, and I feel lower yet in trying to save myself and those to lift myself up."

"You make me shudder," said Claire, terrified.

The baron continued:

"I have a guilty man, a criminal."

"Enough," cried Claire, recoiling.

"What is my punishment?", asked the baron, lowering his head; "I horrify you as well as myself. Now you will not dare to touch my hand. But you wanted to know all, and you shall know all. Poverty, stern teacher, had instructed me."

It stopped in breathing, and all was quiet.

"With gold found in blood, I gained an entrance under a false name into the house of Camille's father, who, ruined by my crime, took me first as a partner, then as a housekeeper, and finally, as guardian of his son. I hoped that the first crimes would be the last... but alas! crime has its fertility. It became necessary to make me your wife, son of the man whom I had ruined, my own son-in-law. You will justly live to make one declare you as guardian of his son. I hoped that the first crimes would be the last... but alas! crime has its fertility. It became necessary to make me your wife, son of the man whom I had ruined, my own son-in-law."

The baron hesitated again.

"I cannot tell you all. Have mercy! Save me, he stammered.

And in a lower voice he faltered:

"But it was necessary; Gertrude... she was an obstacle, and her sickness needed only to be added."

"Claire sank down, overwhelmed.

"No more hope!" she exclaimed.

The baron resumed:

"There remained your passion for the count and the cursed fruit of that dis- tincture between the two. I had to become as exactly as possible the other, break your heart, poor Claire, sacrifice you to the same necessity... for it was necessary, and it is still necessary, for me to have Camille for a son-in-law."

"It is death," said Claire, "so I am right."

The baron insisted further, ineffectually in his logic of evil.

"Heaven itself has condemned the marriage. Submit, then, to this one, a marriage of aversion for all. Even this aversion it isstill more of consequence than your father, than yourself. For you too have a secret to hide... with the taint of a terrible secret... still more of consequence... I must not make known to you, for my victims are no more, while yours perhaps still live, and the count, the count... is dead!"

"Oh! unhappy woman that I am!" she said. "For you all that gold can give the superfluous and the necessary, jewels and a dowry, millions in your hands. Distance is a cloak, the love I have for you. Love what you hate! Kill what you love! Shed your blood, drink your tears; live in the man you love, in their lives; make yourself a living sacrifice to your father, to your father; to your brothers, to the Count."

"I am the County, and... I am straightening up again, preparatory to going out."

"Ah! unhappy woman that I am!" she said. "For you all that gold can give the superfluous and the necessary, jewels and a dowry, millions in your hands. Distance is a cloak, the love I have for you. Love what you hate! Kill what you love! Shed your blood, drink your tears; live in the man you love, in their lives; make yourself a living sacrifice to your father, to your father; to your brothers, to the Count."

"I am the Countess, and... I am straightening up again, preparatory to going out."

"What a struggle!" he exclaimed; "a woman's conscience dies hard. She re- verses the pyramids in a moment, by her tears. She, herself, her tears take possession of me. I would rather kill a man... And yet what is work that is! It is to kill him!... Im- partial crime."

"My life is now lost one long murder of myself and of myself, perpetuating itself like the turkey. March on, wandering Jew of crimes! Revolve in this circle of blood and tears, without other issue than death. Oh, oh! who will save me?" she exclaimed. "I am the Countess, and... I am straightening up again, preparatory to going out."

But he heard a knock at a secret door, which he opened, after having secured the door at the back of the room.

At Madame Potard entered.

"Ah! here you are, Madame," said the baron, recovering his self-possession.

"Yes, Monsieur, at your service."

"The sight of her restricts me to myself," said the baron, "help yourself, and heaven will help you."

"Then, Madame." said Madame Potard. "Is Mademoiselle indisposed?"

"No, she has only changed her opinion. Woman varies. She would like to see the child again, if possible."

"Ah! so much the better!" exclaimed Madame Potard.

"So, then, Madame," said the baron, in a threatening voice, "you have violated all the secrets. You promised to put it out of the way."

Madame Potard stammered.

"But... Monsieur..."

"Do put it out of the way forever, added the baron.

"Ah! Monsieur, forgive me," begged Madame Potard. "I am wrong, I confess. I did not have the strength... And then, doubtless it was not Mademoiselle's will. I did not know what she wished... I have lost the child as much as you. It is with a poor girl, where it will never be found."

"But she is not dead, added she.

"Any more than the money that I lost at the same time."

"Capable of 'nothing,' swore the baron; "so dishonest that she even does good when she practices to be bad."

"Ah! I am punished enough by the loss of the notes."

"Lost like the child... I don't believe a word of it, and you must return them to me."

"I haven't them! cried Mme. Potard. "I haven't them, as true as God hears me."

"So you have lost them all?"

"Yes, Monsieur, the whole ten."

"Yes, I will replace them, from all, from you especially, and which you would force me to reveal to you. Do you not see, then, from my despair, that a mortal secret lies beneath it, and that you will never forgive me for making it known to you."

"I tremble," she answered, frightened by the baron's excitement. She added in a lower voice:

"Learn then, if you will," said the baron, in a hollow voice, "this terrible secret,
CHAPTER X

FATHER JEAN.

Marie had hurriedly returned to the Rue Sainte-Marquerie. The idea that her adopted child might want milk for lack of money sent her wings. She forgot everything, the insult suffered and Camille, who was to come that day,—for the young man had kept his promise to himself, and had returned. The prudence of the petty trade of valise carrier was too tenderhearted, compliments to sentiments and oaths. Between the young people, at last on Camille's side, it was no longer a question of love, but of love and hatred. 

Father Jean did not view these attentions favorably, but he had patience, showing himself as discreet as he was attentive and devoted to Marie. He was disconnected from her doors, but drew her in with a haste made all the greater by the shrill voice of the new-born infant proceeding from the sleeping-room adjoining the chamber.

"He sleeps," continued Marie, listening as she looked for her family relic. "This watch which has marked all the hours of my life; this ring with which I have lived! Ah! but that is left of my own,—I must give them up at last, pawn them for the nurse's mouth's pay."

Just then came a knock at the door.

"Ah! it is you, madame Marie, opening the door for the old raggycloak, who came in, with a poster in his hand, shouting;

"Good news! I have for the raggycloak the news! He is better!" said the young girl.

"Yes," continued Jean: "this morning I picked up a poster a month old; see!"

And he read: "Le Matin, on the night of May 19, in going from the Faubourg Saint-Honoré to the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, ten thousand francs in bank-notes. The finder is requested to return them to the widow Potard, midway, at No. 4, Rue Saint-Antoine, where he will leave his purse."

"At last, the 1, I can restore them," he said, as he finished reading.

"Good riddance!" approved Marie.

"Yes," said the young man, putting the poster and putting it in his pocket.

"Madame Potard, you say?" said Marie, suddenly; "why, she is one of my customers.

And still hunting, she added:

"Where did I put that watch?"

So completely confused, she should also like to find the owner of the child, venus! Father Jean, who had immediately disclosed his first thought of suspicion."

"Ah! Father Jean, that's a different matter."

Jean was not so sure of this.

"Now that I think of it," said he, "perhaps this madwoman can tell us something. Who knows? It is such a great change, and among her acquaintances I may say, you can bet, I am not as anxious to see you rid of the child as myself rid of the money."

"Why not?"

He admitted it; in fact, perhaps it would be better for him. But no, Father Jean, he was not lost by choice; and those who abducted him did so because they could not keep him. He is far better off with me than with those who led him here."

Jean shook his head.

"That's all very nice; but no doubt you have spent another night in working for him: it will kill you."

"On the contrary, Father Jean, it keeps me alive; but for him I should be dead, and he would be doing me a good turn."

Jean made a movement of affectionate broquerie.

"Oh, yes, I know; it is he who obliges you; it is he who is ruining himself for your sake, I suppose, and he is fighting for you."

Poor child! All your poor efforts will go the same way. Again you have stripped yourself for him, I am sure. Be seated while I talk to you a little. I have not finished.

Marie, having found the watch, yielded to his desire.

"Ah! here it is!... Well, Father Jean, be quick; what more have you to say?"

Jean sat down beside Marie, and went on with embarrassment.

"On the contrary, Father Jean, it keeps me alive; but for him I should be dead, and he would be doing me a good turn."

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Liberty.  

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BOSTON, MASS., FEBRUARY 29, 1880.

"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery are swept away."—Rufus Jones. The abolition of rent is the abolition of the slave master; of interest, the last vestiges of the vestryman, the club or policeman, the gang of the_enableer, the loan-shark of the department clerk, and of all the forms of the creditor, which young Liberty grants beneath her laird.—[PROCTOR.]

The appearance in the editorial column of articles over such signatures that the editor's initials indicate that the same is the editorial opinion of the paper, does not mean that the articles by the same or other writers by no means indicate the editorial opinion of the paper. It only means that the several parts of the paper are not necessarily governed by motives of convenience.

The Distribution of Rent. To the Editor of "Liberty:" Before replying to your rejoinder regarding land vs. skill, I should be pleased to know whether in an Anarchiast state, in the distribution of rent, there is an equal liberty to all, or does any social party have any right to even legislate respecting the distribution of rent? In the one case the unavoidable difference of opinions must be a source of intolerable disturbances; in the other, we have the operation of an organized society with laws and a power, in fact, a State. If an agreement exists, who is to execute its provisions? And if none exists, what is to take the place of those agencies and what is to be the condition of society? Is there any claim to the assistance of the organization, have they any social rights? Until we have a clear understanding on these points, we cannot have a stable or workable social order.

Assuming that equal liberty can be attained only through some social compact, I fail to see a distinction between the monarchical and the social order. The idea of an invention. The exclusive possession of either is the result of a social compact, all persons agreeing not to exploit the natural deposit of the precious metal, or to make use of the device suggested by the inventor. The monopoly of a gold-mine can, therefore, have no existence except by mutual agreement, or eventually a forcible prevention of those who claim equal. liberty and attempt to extract gold from the same deposit. In like manner, every other reasonable enjoyment of a natural or legal description, is an agreement by power without which the agreement would be a dead letter. The occupier of superior land or location is therefore indebted to all the surrounding area; but that collective society of equals will naturally confer this right to the highest bidder, who will then, as now, determine the rent. An occupier of inferior land liberty and skill to claim and receive this right without giving an equivalent in return, and the return is equitable if it equals what others are willing to give for the same right.

If we keep this in view, I may be able to more intelligently convey my views on the land vs. skill question. The social agreements, and not the "physical constitution of things," is the factor determining the distribution of land, while the distribution of skill is absolutely independent of this agreement, depending upon the mental and common will of men. Some men may have reason to be dissatisfied with the distribution of land, knowing that it can be changed, while a dissatisfaction with the distribution of skill is like the crying of a child because it cannot fly.

Having shown that a vital difference exists between land and skill, the distribution of the one being due to human laws, that of the other to natural laws, I will further demonstrate that only by inequitable, despotic laws can an equal distribution be given the one without injustice to the other.

In a state of liberty rent will invariably be offered, by the occupiers of the poorest land yet needed, for the possession of better land. Rent is the price paid for the use of the land, other than that of the law. Rent may be due for such oases, or invalidate contracts made in compliance there with, incidentally suppressing competition; shall it permit certain individuals to own the land-capital and spread the rent; or shall (as I think) distribute it so that no citizen has any reason to complain of political favoritism? Is there a foundation on which the rights of the monopolist rest, with the law of equal freedom? Which tend to establish artificial inequalities? It reiterates my conviction that a natural property of all men will be an inevitable result of the establishment of equal freedom.

If I were the possessor of land on which the productivity of labor exceeds that obtainable by land held by others, they would be willing to lease my land and pay a rent of nearly the same proportion of the product as rent allowed under the system of occupying land ownership such a contract must be void, I shall never vacate the land, whatever inducement should be placed before me, for the lessee would continue to receive, for the same services a less return than if I had retained possession of the said land. If for any reason some valuable improvements should be made on the land they would also be the property of the owner, and any number of applicants would naturally be very large. Each would be willing to give very nearly the annual excess of productivity afforded by the several degrees of skill, until the last could not obtain admission. Who shall become the future occupier? Shall an applicant decide, or shall the land be given to the highest bidder? In the one case, favoritism would reign; in the other, the materialization of rent would be realized, which you condemn. Moreover, if production is carried on in groups, as it now is, a group is the holder of the patent, the employer, the manager, or the ensemble of those engaged in the co-operative work? The latter appearing the only rational answer, would naturally appeal to the masses, and be most effective in the struggle for existence who encourage production by protecting the producer in the peaceable enjoyment of the fruits of his labor, provided he is industrious. The desire not to encroach too much on your space determines me to defer my reply to Mr. Yearns. 

I cannot excuse Egost, for several years a subscriber for Liberty, when he requires me to answer to the thousand-and-first time the questions which he puts to me in his opening para, raph. It has been stated and repeated in many ways that the age of retribution, that voluntary association for the purpose of preventing transgression of equal liberty will be perfectly in keeping with Anarchism, and will probably be a stronger and more complete instrument than it comes to; that the provisions of such associations will be executed by such agents as it may select in accordance with such methods as it may prescribe, provided such methods do not themselves involve a transgression of the liberty of the innocent; that such association will restrain only the criminal (meaning by criminal the transgressor of equal liberty); that non-membership and non-support of it is not a criminal act; but that which destroys the non-member of any title to the benefits of the association except such as come to him incidentally and unavoidably. It has also been repeatedly affirmed that, in proposing to abolish the State, the Anarchists expect to replace it by a State such as that just referred to, and that whoever excludes from his definition and championship of the State everything except such associations has no quarrel with the State beyond a verbal one. I should trust that the "understanding of these points" is now clear, were it not that experience has convinced me that my command of the English language is not adequate to the construction of a foundation for such trust.

The fact that Egost points out a similarity between the monopoly of a gold-mine and that of an invention by no means destroys the difference between them which I pointed out,—this difference being that, whereas in the former case it is impossible to prevent the one or nullify the monopoly without restricting the liberty of the monopolist, in the latter it is impossible to sustain it without restricting the liberty of the would-be competitor. For this reason, for instance, in the minimum of restriction upon liberty, this difference is a vital one, quite sufficient to warrant him in refusing to prevent the one while refusing to sustain the other. If we consider, however, that Egost, as occupier is not a transgressor of equal liberty unless on account of the right of free and undisturbed possession without giving an equivalent in return. Anarchism holds, on the contrary, in accordance with the principles stated at the outset of this re-joinder,—that an occupier is not a transgressor even if, not claiming it or paying for it, he does receive this right. This question of "Liberty in the incidentals" has been taken up and clearly answered within a few months by J. Wm. Lloyd, and an extract in confirmation of his position has been reprinted from Humboldt. I refer Egost to those articles.

The assertion that "the distribution of skill is absolutely independent of social conditions" is erroneous. In proof of this I need only call attention to the appropriations regulations of the trade unions and the various educational systems that are or have been established. Next, it has all been done in the direction of controlling the distribution of skill, but as an indication of what more may be done if State Socialism ever gets a chance to try upon humanity the interesting experiments now being made in the distribution of the right to use the products of the collective effort does not necessarily affect the distribution of rent. The right to use the products resulting from differences of land, and it is likewise possible to distribute the products resulting from differences of skill. Now until this position is overthrown (and I defy any one to successfully dispute it), it is senseless to liken labor for the sake of the "crying of a child because it cannot fly." The absurdity of this analogy, in which the possibility of distributing products is ignored, would have been apparent if labor for the sake of the "crying of a child because it cannot fly." The absurdity of this analogy, in which the possibility of distributing products is ignored, would have been apparent if distributed by the admittance of this possibility which Egost places in several paragraphs further down. To be sure, he declares even there that it is impossible, but only in the sense that Proudhon declares interest-bearing credit is impossible,—the social results which eventually kill it or compel its abandonment. I contend that similarly anti-social results will follow any attempt to distribute by law the products arising from differences of land, and I ask, as I have repeatedly asked, why the whole matter is not left to the collective, if in its right of might it may see fit to distribute the rent of land, may it not find it equally expedient to distribute the rent of skill? why it may not reduce all differences of wealth to an almost level; in short, why it may not create the worst and most complete tyranny the world has ever known?

In regard to the attitude of Anarchiast associations towards rent and its collection, I would say that they might, consistently with the law of equal freedom, except from their jurisdiction whatever cases or forms of transgression they should not think it expedient to attempt to prevent. These exceptions would probably be defined in their constitutions. The members could, if it is done, enforce the payment of gambling debts or rent contracts. On the other hand, the association organize, on a different basis which should enforce such debts or contracts would not there be a violation of the law of equal freedom. The collective association would be a transitory which should attempt to prevent the fulfillment of rent contracts or to confiscate rent and distribute it. Of the three possibilities specified by Egost the third is the only one that tends to establish a social inequality,—and that the worst of all inequalities, the inequality of liberty, or perhaps it would be more accurate to call it the equality of slavery. The first or second would at the worst fail to establish inequality.

The possibility of valuable land becoming vacant is hardly worth consideration. Still, any occupant of valuable land should be foolish enough to quit it without first selling it, the estate would be liable to seizure by the first comer, who would immediately have a covenant similar to that of other land-holders. If this be favoritism, I can only say that the world is not destined to see the time when some things will not go on favorably without confiscation, and the competition will tend to distribute rent by a radiational or geometric progression, exactly to my purpose. Have I not told him from the start that Anarchists will gladly welcome any tendency to equality shhingliberty? But Egost seems to object to doing what would have been done by law, or not at all. If, rendered by competition, "competition would be harmed." In other words, competition would harm competition. Tala wears the aspect of another absurdity. It is very likely that...
of satisfaction that Socialists are fond of referring to as the "capitulation". I think it is even not improbable that "class distinctions" would be developed, as Egoists say. Workers would find the places which their capacities, conditions, and inclinations quality them to fill, and would thus be classified, or, as we say, "organized". I have no reason to think that in such an event life would not be worth living? Of course the words "harness" and "class distinction" have an ugly sound, and competition is decidedly more attractive when associated with the word "organization". But Anarchists never recoil from disagreeable terms. Only their opponents are to be frightened by words and phrases.

Limited Liberty.

Marie Louise, for whom personally I have great respect as a friend and sincere truth-seeker, has just sent me a marked copy of the "Alarm", containing her article on "Jaurès-Faced Liberty"; evidently intended to check me in the argument (G. B.) in Liberty: "Anarchy does not contemplate favorably, if it is necessary to say it, the absolute liberty of the individual, but proclaims simply the highest liberty of each, limited by the like liberty of the other. And the lady, I think, has fully succeeded. I do not believe I have ever read a more reasonable, womanly, fair, truth, willing to be convinced.

The bombardment commences: "Nothing can prove more clearly the state of infancy in the development of our races than the way in which the majority of people give to the principle "Liberty.""

This truth she forcibly illustrates in the next paragraph by the child-like enthusiasm of her own definition: "Liberty means unlimited freedom of activity and unlimited liberty of conscience."

There is something so deliciously Hibernian about this, that I am reminded of that celebrated "bull", in which Pat defines one, to wit: "If ye see a field of nothin' but cows, all thim laid down, and wan of thim standin' up, that's wan's sure to be a salt--be j'bers!"

Does not Marie Louise perceive that she has here proclaimed an absurdity, an impossibility—something that the lips can indeed utter, but which the mind can not think? Can she imagine a universe of forces in which each natural force has unlimited expansion? Can she suppose a society in which each individual has unlimited freedom of action? Unlimited freedom of action is an absolute impossibility. Can she conceive of an action without re-action? Can she think of force without resistance? And reaction and resistance mean limitation. Action and force have relation to the maintenance and alteration of limits, and every limit is a restriction of infinite and incalculable words. Not even as an abstract idea does it exist. We speak of abstract ideas, but as a matter of fact we never have them. Truly, the "purity" of each liberty as this, "pure, untrammeled, unconfined" by any relation to actual facts "is too damping for our gaze." Limit freedom to the freedom of any product of action, and the vitality of the object is threatened. So far as this is true, the fact that the thought of every action is threatened and limited, proves that its "indispensable" "twin", liberty, is likewise limited. Everything in our environment limits and bounds our liberty, and actively or passively, even our "habits".

"O Liberty! sole salvation!" she eloquently cries, but cries mistakenly. Liberty is not the salvation, nor opportunity for the salvation to save. I have somewhere said that knowledge is the only salvation, but that also that the knowledge of the use of weapons is indispensable to the survival of life. "O Liberty! sole salvation!" she eloquently cries, and cries mistakenly. Knowledge is the only salvation, and the survival of life. Without knowledge and the use of arms, we cannot avoid the adverse possibilities, thus increasing our liberty, life, and happiness to the widest possible limit. Wisdom is the sole saving, with the facts of knowledge, in liberty, to save both itself and its liberty. Without the liberty the saviour cannot save, that is true, but liberty without wisdom saves nothing, is nothing.

This absolute liberty which Marie Louise proclaims is a chimera,—say, I can hardly admit even so much as that, for, as I have said, it is entirely unthinkable. The finite mind refuses utterly to grasp the infinite, because it cannot grasp it. In spite of itself, when it is brought too near the infinite, it grows fierce, bound-aries, and relations, limits,—it or stops in despair. All infinite, absolute, unlimited things are to us words merely,—things suitable in the limbo of Spencer's Unknowable, or some other such region of our consciousness. Wherever words must touch the unnameable, we shall be the laughing-stock of philosophers, the delusion of thinkers.

This definition commits Marie Louise to the defence of certain arguments to which I should like to real-ize unlimited liberty, the autocrat, perhaps, comes the nearest to it,—certainly tries it.

And "to protect," she says, has "no affinity with freedom." Then the Car which invades is all right, but the poor Nihilist, who would protect himself, has "no affinity with freedom." Faith, he may think so himself; but Marie Louise does not intend to be humorous. According to this doctrine, the tyrant who invades acts consistently with a "life smiles more than the rebel who resists act consistently with his, for she says: "Where the liberty of the individual commences and when it ends cannot be defined by any human individ-ual except the subjective one." Truly can she say: "Faith is, to imagine that we are supposed to be clearly conscious of our needs, but too much evolved to retain the blind carelessness of our primier years, we stand in a puzzling dilemma." Evidently, however, the protection that Marie Louise contemplates is the protection imposed without the protected one's consent. But such "protection" is unworthy of the name; is another form of invasion; is on the principle of certain doordozers, a "stink stuf" with the same sticky appeasement of liberty. "Liberty and life" are "twins," "indis-soluble," and yet the "protection" of that life has "no affinity with freedom!" I wonder not that she cries: "To be or not to be is our present position!" I am not surprised.

Her proposition: "Where the liberty of the indivi-dual commences and when it ends cannot be defined by any human individual except the subjective one."" How can such a proposition be defensible? The subjective one can not be defensible, he in all cases exists only as a subject of liberty. "Liberty and life" are "twins," "indissoluble," and yet the "protection" of that life has "no affinity with freedom!" I wonder not that she cries: "To be or not to be is our present position!" I am not surprised.

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LOVE, MARRIAGE, AND DIVORCE,
AND THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE INDIVIDUAL.
A DISCUSSION
by Henry James, Horace Greeley, and Stephen Pearl Andrews.

Nothing can, in fact, escape his own worship of the Most High. I prefer this to the term God as equally orthodox and as less implicated with existing dogmas. The Most High of Kosos was the Catholic conception of a personal God. The Most High of Mr. James is a perfect good; complete; perfect love; perfect justice; in every respect, what he calls "marriage," as the counterpart and major element in this question, as compared with mere love. No free lover has ever denied this, because he has always been led to think that love is good and right, and under these circumstances of love he is well off, better off than I am; she shall take the bread out of her mouth and her clothes off her back for Monmouth, and she turns out well.

To be continued.

Love, Marriage, and Divorce, and the Sovereignty of the Individual.

by Henry James, Horace Greeley, and Stephen Pearl Andrews.

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To be continued.
Cranky Notions.
It is rather late to notice Mr. Franklin's criticisms, in Lib- 
erty of December 1, of cranky notions, but it is never too 
late to correct error. I did not want to help the Demo-

crats by pointing out that the system was undemocratic. It 
seems to me that everyone who knows anything about 
the history of political parties in this country knows that the 
Republican is the successor of the party of which Jefferson 
was a member, and that its theory was and is less government. 
I do not want to have the Constitutional Union party return 
and that it has to account for many political sins, but I am 
not one of those who condemn forever those who do wrong. 
I am one who will point out when they do wrong and then 
remedy. The Republicans made no secret that they desired 
their hands deeper into our pockets and to interfere more 
with the working of our government. Indeed, it is a new 
plea to inform me to the Red-

crane so no obstacle in their way to accomplish 
that. I am willing to aid anybody going in my direction. 
I believe that the government should be more actively 
advocated by the people and not merely by the mass. 
I want to know that that government will grow rapidly and 
by piece-meal. Anarchy is a practical theory because 
it aims at the pockets of the industries that are the lifeblood 
and not the labor. We must take advantage of every 
opportunity to reduce governmental taxes, and on every 
occasion show our desire to reduce those taxes, and the 
people will see that they are not being taxed because 
the tax collector. You, Anarchy means lessening government, lessening taxes; 
with the view ultimately of doing away with them entirely. 
And if we give the people the means to accomplish that. 
We as to the best way of accom-
plishing the desired result, and where we differ so widely, 
I forget the policy of any individual or set of individuals 
laying down a line of action and jumping on every one who 
do not follow it. As an Anarchist I claim the right to follow 
that mode of action that seems to me most effective. That 
Anarchists should advise with each other as to the best 
means of course is wise and good. I am always ready to 
consider advice, no matter from what source it comes. 
Mr. Franklin's opinions do not carry any authority; for 
their unchangeable, and I have better reasons than that: 
I shall throw my influence on that side, politically or otherwise, which seems to 
go "again the government." 

Joseph A. Lamarre.
Plain Talk to "Slummers." (New York World.)
The scarcity which attended the regular monthly meetings of the Women's Conference of Charitable Societies was unexpectedly diversified yesterday afternoon by the presence of Miss Mary A. Kellogg, whose performance for the women of the city was a revelation. The Young Men's Christian Association Hall, on Twenty-third street, was comfortably filled, and Mrs. Joseph R. Lowe, of Chicago, was received as the first speaker. That lady was very enthusiastic on the subject of making the children of the poorer classes as happy as those of the rich, upon which she spoke at some length.

Dr. Gertrude Kelly was the next speaker. Her first remark was:

"I fear," she said, "it will be a mistake on any part to enter this Aliens Act."

Mrs. Lowe looked surprised, and several ladies in the audi-

ence looked in unmistakable dismay at one another. Con-
tinuing, Miss Kelly said there was little sincerity, she thought, in the attempts of the society women to smite the con-
sumption of the tea. The overzealousness of self-sacrifice, 
satisfaction and self-sufficiency that such ladies interested themselves in charities. The speaker in a general way at-
tacked the popular notion that it was necessary to censure the 
misconduct of others. She declared the socialist theory. She 
mentioned the fact that the working classes, the very creators of 
wealth, had so very little of this world's goods.

"And we wonder," she continued, "or better wrenched condition, the police are ready, a was shown in the recent strikes, to club them or 
extort them from the thing."

Miss Kelly closed with a very generous applause, and three or four ladies at once rose from their seats and asked for the floor. Among the speakers was something to the effect that the vastness of the address, and expressed the opin-
ion that for the most part the working people were mostly at 
peace. So much of the work of social things as Miss Kellogg 
view of the work of such societies as the Women's Conference, 
and Mrs. Neyler was said to be evident from the papers that the 
quoted the Speaker. She was speaking of the prevailing 
displayed so little feeling against violators of the law as did the 
New York police in the recent strike of the railroad em-
ployees.

Chairwoman Mrs. Lowell thought that Miss Kelly mis-
derstood her and her associates. She thanked the speaker for 
her services and acquiesced with them the condition of the 
working people.

Radicalism in Washington.
Morgan, the Washington correspondent of the Boston "Globe," and one of the keenest observers and brightest 
writers in "Newspapers," was better a few weeks ago, which I copy into these pages, thinking that the facts and reflections contained in it will be as new and in-
teresting to the readers of Liberty as they were to its editor.

Washington, Jan. 25—This town is never heard of ex-
cept when there is some great movement in the political world. 
It is now is informed of Washington events, nothing ever happens here except the defeat or enactment of a bill, the appointment; or 
disappearance of an officemonger, and Mrs. Senator Million-
naire's tea. The list of people in Washington who ever get 
talked about in the newspapers is as narrow as limited 
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