On Picket Duty.

A new serial is begun on the second page of this number with the first instalment of Mr. Yarros’s promised abridgment of Lymanee Spooner’s “Trials by Jury.”

Professor Throld Rogers quotes approvingly a saying of somebody that “free trade in banking is free trade in swindling.” Even if this were true, it would be far better than monopoly of banking, which is monopoly of swindling and extortion. Competition cannot fail to do much mitigation as a robber’s trust protected by law.

Florence Finch-Kelly, whose initials have often appeared in Liberty appended to editorials and communications, has written a novel entitled “Frances: A Story for Men and Women.” I have read a few pages of it as yet, but am satisfied that it handles the marriage question without gloves. The price is fifty cents, and I shall be glad to fill any orders that may be sent to me.

The editor of the “Workmen’s Advocate” is displeased with Mr. Pentecost for describing Anarchism and single-taxation as “great schools of economy,” wishing it plainly understood that only his economy has a right to the adjective “great” and “scientific.” To console Mr. Pentecost I impart to him my growing suspicion that his valorous critic’s sole sources of economic wisdom is Marx’s “Communist Manifesto.”

“Love, Marriage, and Divorce,” the triangular discussion between James, Grelley, and Andrews, which, after having been so long out of print, is recently reprinted in these columns, is now ready as a handsome pamphlet of one hundred and twenty-one pages. It is the best polemical exposition extant of the doctrine of industrial monogamy in its application to the relations of the sexes. Those who desire to obtain it in this more permanent form can obtain it of me at thirty-five cents a copy.

Labadie proposes the orthodox God for membership in the Anarchistic fraternity. He should be buried beneath a mound of black balls. Whether God made the orthodox man in his image or made by the latter in his image, he is totally unfit to be one of us. Free from free, independent, sovereigns, and willing to do good, he is represented throughout the inspired book as a despotic, vain, whimsical, contradictory, impotent, sulky, malicious character, with whom no noble mind can be on speaking terms. No, be it known once for all that no god nor godlike man need apply for fellowship among us.

“A truth if ever there was one” is what the London “Freedom” calls the statement, made by Hyndman in “Justice,” that “enthusiasm was never yet maintained in the history of human movement by trimming and compromising.” A truth if ever there was one, Mr. Hyndman’s oft-repeated statement that no real reformatory step has ever been taken under the inspiration of transient enthusiasm, and that not enthusiasm, but sober scientific thinking is truly valuable. As Borkus says: “The great difficulty is always to open people’s eyes; to touch their feelings and break their hearts is easy; the difficulty is to break their heads.”

Mr. Pentecost magnificently advises the single-tax advocates to reserve for God, and treat their Socialist and Anarchist critics with fairness and dignity in contrast to the “abuse and vituperation” which the latter heap upon Henry George. I would like to know if Mr. Pentecost honestly thinks that George’s conduct is above suspicion and his treatment of the Chicago revolutionists perfectly consistent with self-respect and fidelity to principle. Liberty tried to believe George sincere as long as it could, but proofs of treachery gradually accumulated to such an overwhelming extent that at length patience, mildness, and indulgence ceased to be virtues. Let Mr. Pentecost say the word, and the crushing indictment shall be produced for his benefit.

The attention of those who think that laws and governments are necessarily such as the intellectual and moral condition of the people makes it possible for them to be is called to the following observation of the historian Lockey, whom certainly no one will accuse of immoderate partiality for radical ideas or of extravagant language: “Not unfrequently, by a curious moral paradox, political crimes are closely connected with national crimes, and the people who are the objects of rapine, are often the means of escape, and aggression being attributed in history to the nation they represent, the national character is wholly misinterpreted.”

Lloyd S. Brisco, a bitter enemy of all laws, especially of Anarchism, thus speaks in the “North American Review” of the “shadow that is stealing over the American landscape”: “The shadow is of an unbridled plutocracy, created, caused, and cemented in no slight degree by legislative, aide-manche, and constitutional action; a plutocracy that is far more wealthy than any aristocracy that has crossed the horizon of the world’s history and one that has been produced in a shorter consecutive period; the names of whose members are embazoned, not on the pages of the nation’s glory, but of its perversions; who represent no struggle for the country’s liberties, but for its boudoir; no contest for Magna Charta, but railroad charters; and whose cupola-grip is extending over every branch of industry.” The believers in the laws can only cheer such talk: and instantly cry “hear! hear!”

A State Socialist of my acquaintance, who is handler with the withelesses of others than with arguments of his own, came to me in great glee the other day to tell me that Louis Kranz of Providence, a subscriber to Liberty, declared that he had been made a State Socialist by reading this paper. Now, here is a fine chance for Mr. Kranz and his comrades to show their devotion to their cause. Liberty costs but a dollar a year, and, if they think it so effective as an agent of State Socialist propaganda, what better can they do than circulate it far and wide? Until they do something of this kind, Mr. Kranz’s remark may pass very well as a jest on the lips of his unthinking friends, but will hardly be taken in earnest by any man of brains. I venture the prediction that at the end of the year in which this book is read the world will begin to make Liberty less able than ever to go on making converts to State Socialism. Curtis Guild on one occasion, after hearing me read a paper on “State Socialism and Anarchism,” approached me with the remark that, as an opponent of both State Socialism and Anarchism, he would like to have a better time than to see my essay posted in the hands of every person in the United States. I promptly responded that, if he would furnish the capital (which I knew he was amply able to do), I would gladly cooperate with him to that end. The eagerness with which I took him up put a sudden damper on his enthusiasm. Mr. Guild and Mr. Kranz are probably birds of a feather.

I have received the first number of the “Nationalist,” the organ of the Boston “cultural” State Socialists. Had I expected to find in it real evidence of intellect and culture, I should have been grievously disappointed. Happily my faith of it proved to fully harmonize with the reality. The issue is replete with those good intentions with which a certain subterranean place is said to be paved, and bristles with every thing—sentiment, enthusiasm, prophecy, sense of self-importance (the history of the movement is already given in the number)—except true intelligent discussion of social and industrial problems. Col. Higgens, with charming simplicity, chooses as a motto for his poem, which he inscribes to Edward Bellamy, a “The Free-soiler alphabet abhorrent to all believers in majority government; since it declares that “no man can alienate his own sovereignty, because he cannot abdicate his own nature or cease to be a man; and from the sovereignty of each individual springs, in society, the collective sovereignty of the people, equally inalienable.” Mr. Bellamy describes the genesis of his “scientific” social system, thereby exhibiting more frankness than sagacity. We learn from the previous to the publication of “Looking Backward” he had no sympathy with social reformers and reform; that in undertaking to write his novel, he had “no idea of attempting a serious contribution to reform literature; that it was to be a mere literary fantasy, or fairy tale of social felicity, a cloud-palace for an ideal humanity”; and that “it was not till” he began to work out and explain the detail of the scheme that he perceived the full potency of the instrument he was using and “realized in the modern industrial system, not merely a rhetorical analogy for a national Industrial service, but its prototype, furnishing at once a complete working model for its organization.” Then the book “is instead of a mere fairy tale of social perfection,” Mr. was made “the vehicle of a definite scheme of industrial reorganization.” Between a tale of ideal social life modelled after military organizations and a definite scheme of industrial organization constructed on the same basis the choice were difficult indeed, did not a beneficent providence make the absurdity glaring in the one case as in the other. Finally, announcing a German translation of “Looking Backward” which is shortly to appear, the editor remarks that “Bismarck will probably read it with immense disgust.” In which sentence the last word is doubtless a grave mistake, the writer having misread some word equivalent to delight: for there is nothing more likely, in the estimable place of the mass of military forces to object to initiation of his schemes. Has it not been said, on the contrary, that imitation is the sincerest flattery? Besides, has Bismarck himself been contemplating a similar plan of national industrial service? On the whole, I predict for the new monthly great popularity among the old women of both sexes.
FREE POLITICAL INSTITUTIONS: THEIR NATURE, ESSENCE, AND MAINTENANCE.

AN ABRIDGEMENT AND rearrangement of Lysander Spooner's "Trials by Jury."  Edited by VICTOR YARRO.

I. LEGITIMATE GOVERNMENT AND MAJORITY RULE.

The theory of free government is that it is formed by the voluntary contract of the people; individually with each other, to which contract (although it is not, as it ought to be, the fact) in all the governments in the United States, and in all the states of the government of England. The theory assumes that each man who is a party to the government, and contributes to its support, has individually as fast as legally, and by a positive consent, to have a castigate philosophy that is an abstraction, but generalization and abstraction are not sufficient, as in the simple formulae, these philosophical conceptions of the nature of such relations was of secondary importance. I am here, on the contrary, to demonstrate the fact, in the States of all, except such as the parties to it have individually agreed that it shall have, and expect that it has no power to pass any laws except such as all the parties have agreed that it may.

This theory supposes that there may be certain laws that will be beneficial to all, or comparatively beneficial to the entire body of mankind, and that these laws, being necessary for the maintenance of those specific laws, in which all are interested, all associate. And they associate for the maintenance of those laws only in which all are interested, it would be absurd to suppose that any law or ordinance could be passed, except such as the parties to it have individually agreed that it shall have, and expect that it has no power to pass any laws except such as all the parties have agreed that it may.

Taxation, without consent is as plainly robbery when enforced against one man as it is when enforced against a whole community. The principle involved is also as much robbery when it is done by millions of men acting in concert and calling themselves a government as when it is done by a single individual acting on his own responsibility and calling himself a highwayman. Neither the individual is subject to the same considerations which are commonly held in the case of the several characters which are sometimes as a cause for the destructive interference of the state.
The baron then determined on his course.

"Very well," said he, "I understand your sympathy, and, in spite of your resti-
tions, I am willing to take you back to that house, just to see what can be done, and, that I may not be disturbed and may be wholly at your
service, I am going to dispatch a pressing matter of business and return. Wait
until I return and find you, and then you shall know my plans.

"All right," said Jean, "but don't be long,—in your interest as well as my own.
A word to the wise is sufficient. . . . I await you."

And moment for me."

CHAPTER III.

FOREVER WINE!

Jean watched the banker go out, and then said, as he shrugged his shoulders:

"So that is Monsieur, with his cross of the Legion of Honor . . . and the Mon-
archy, perhaps . . . and a seat in the Senate . . . and his face dilto, a face that I have already seen, I know not where. I have seen
so many of his stamp, decoro, and otherwise; and that pale pink of proprietor who was here a month ago was this Monsieur who would give her the good God without
confection and the flower of Nanteux besides. That's the sort of children these
people have. How the devil is it that people capable of killing their children can have any all at? To be sure, some who kill their offspring have enough of them.
But then, the poor class do not always have anything else to eat, whereas these
createurs."

Looking at the table, he continued:

"What luxury, for one man alone! Just look! Enough for a whole hospital of
orphans and old people. Does this grog need us at all? How many of our share
does it take to make him?"

He went to the sideboard.

"What deceives the tongues and flasks of all sins and shape, of all prices, of all
flavors, of all growths! It's curious, all the same."

It's frightful! Champagne, Spain, Germany, the whole earth laid under contribu-
tion. What a wine-collar! A regular seraglio, of Brunelleschi and brick-red,
brick-red with the wine.

"Ah! the dreamer of headache, . . . What is he here?"

And raising his voice, he responded:

"I do not know you. Who do you want?"

He followed his nature, went straight to the point.

"I come, recommended by Madame Pomard, to talk with you concerning the re-
verted property of a personage of some note."

"Ah?" said the banker, disconcerted by this atta-
ck."

"Yes," insisted Jean, "a poor girl accused of infanticide."

"And what have I to do with a poor girl, asaccused of infanticide?"

"Do not pretend to be ignorant, Monsieur baron, said Jean, coldly.

The baron began to reflect anxiously.

"What does he know?"

And he added:

"What do you want?"

"Since they call me Father Jean," he answered, "I surely must be to some ex-
te the father of somebody,—especially of her who has lost her own."

"There is no longer any doubt. It is he," confessed the banker to himself.

Jean, raising his eyes upon him, as if surprised.

"I have a father's heart, you see, though I have no child. There are so many
others who have children. . . . Well, never mind that, I am for her."

"And what are your intentions of this girl," asked the banker, recovering his
courage in the presence of danger.

"Much," said Jean.

"Ah!"

"Yes."

"Well."

"You," said M. Hoffmann at last, seeming to yield.

"What do you wish me to do about it? Let us see."

"It is not necessary for me to tell you," answered Jean.

"Some money," worried the banker.

"Oh! better than that," answered Jean, "Madame Pomard . . . you know her?"

"The infamous creature!" thought the baron.

Then, determined to deny, he said, haughtily:

"Who is she?"

Jean rose and, standing opposite the baron, explained himself in a tone that
broke the furniture.

"The mid-wife whose bank-notes I found told me that the whole thing is in
your hands. She has a long arm; you know as well as I what you have
to do to secure her justice. That's all I have to say."

"He knows something," thought the banker.

"You are mistaken, I am not a judge."

"Much more," said Jean, "you are rich."

"You have nothing to fear," he said, as if nothing.

"Bah! money is always king. You are sure that Marie Didier is not guilty;
that he even saved the child when she is accused of killing it. . . . Come, isn't that
easy? I have Monsieur Pomard as a descantor.

"He is ready to speak," said the banker to himself.

And he added:

"Yes, certainly, that would be quite sufficient to interest me in her . . . and I
shall be able, if only you have some means of justification, some proof of her
innocence."

"You have only to tell what you know," answered Jean, ever on his guard.

"You know very well that we have not honor enough, we others, to kill our
children."

Now the baron fully understood the danger.

"He knows all this," he said, "what you can tell? He must speak."

The râg-picker sat down with reflection by saying squarely:

"You will speak for her this very day, will you not? I count upon it. In the
name of your daughter you will save mine."

Continued on page 6.
Liberty

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

BENJ. H. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 18 P. O. Square.

2nd Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 223, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., JUNE 8, 1889.

"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery are destroyed. The tenant, the salaried magistrate, the club of the policeman, the system of the tenantry, the entanglement of the deplorable class of people, which, which Liberty grande lights, is abolished.

The appearance in the editorial columns of articles on other subjects than the editor's initial indicates that the author approves their control and great freedom, however, although he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he approves them in whole, with great disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

The Philosophers of the Disembodied.

Connected with the Massachusetts branch of the National Woman Suffrage Association is a body of women calling itself the Boston Political Class, the object of whose meetings is for the use of the ballot. On Thursday evening, May 30, this class was addressed in public by Dr. Wm. T. Harris, the Concord philosopher, on the subject of State Socialism, Anarchism, and free competition. Let me say parenthetically that this existence eagerly wish to learn how to use the ballot, they would do well to apply for instruction, not to Dr. Harris, but to ex-Supervisor Bill Simmons, or Johnny O'Brien of New York. In the choice of the moderator, Matthew Quay, or some leading Tammany brave, or any of the "bozos" who rule the State, and nation; for the great object of the ballot being to test truth by count noses and to prove your opponents wrong by showing them to be less numerous than your friends, and these men having practically demonstrated that they are masters of the art of rolling up majorities at the polls, they can teach the members of the Boston Political Class a trick or two by which they can gain numerical supremacy, but Dr. Harris, in the most favorable view of the case, can only elevate their intelligence and thereby fix them more hopefully in a minority that must be vanquished in a contest where ballots instead of brains decide the victory.

But let that pass. I am not concerned now with these excellent ladies, but with Dr. Harris's excellent address; for it was excellent, notwithstanding the fact that he intended it partly as a blow at Anarchism. Instead of being such a blow, the discourse was really an affirmation of Anarchism almost from beginning to end, at least in so far as it dealt with principles, and departed from Anarchism only in two or three instances, and then only when he attempted to state the principles laid down to and to identify existing society with them as expressive of them.

After positing the proposition that the object of society is the development of self-conscious intelligence in its highest form, or, in other words, the perfect individuality, the lecturer spent the first half of his time in considering State Socialism from this standpoint. He had no difficulty in showing that the abhorrence of a proposition that State Socialism is indeed a "looking backward,"—a very long look backward at that communism which was only the form of society known to primitive man; at that communism which purchased material equality at the expense of the destruction of liberty; at that communism out of which we have already proceeded with its tendency toward individualism, has been gradually lifting mankind for thousands of years; at that communism which, by subjecting the individual rights of the individual to the interests of the mass, has made it necessary a central political tyranny to at least partially secure the right to life and make possible the continuation of some semblance of social existence. The lecturer took the polity of society as dependent upon freedom in production, distribution, and consumption, and that such freedom is utterly incompatible with State Socialism, which in its ultimate implication the absolute control of all these functions by arbitrary power, such as economic law, is a requisite. Therefore Dr. Harris, setting great value upon civil society, has no use for State Socialism. Neither have the Anarchists. Thus far, then, the Anarchists and the lecturer of the Boston Political Class walk hand in hand.

Dr. Harris, however, labors under a delusion that just at this point he parte company with us. As we do not follow his logic at all, it is probably false. The philosophy of society, he continued in substance, is coextensive with a ground covered by four institutions,—namely, the family, civil society, the State, and the Church. Proceeding then to define the specific purposes of these institutions, he declared that the object of the family is to assure the reproduction of individuals and prepare them, by guidance through childhood, to become reasonable beings; that the object of civil society is to enable each individual to reap advantage from the powers of all other individuals through division of labor, free exchange, and other economic means; that the object of the State is to protect each individual against aggression and secure him in his freedom and the equal freedom of others; and that the object of the Church (using the term in its broadest sense, and not as exclusively applicable to the various religious bodies) is to encourage the investigation and perfection of science, literature, the arts, and those higher qualities of human nature that make life worth living and tend to the elevation and completion of self-conscious intelligence or individuality. Each of these objects, in the view of the lecturer, is the exclusive province of any society worthy of the name, and the omission of any one of them disastrous. The State Socialists, he asserted truthfully, would ruin the whole structure by omitting civil society, whereas the Anarchists, he asserted erroneously, would destroy the State. Right here lies Dr. Harris's error, and it is the most vulgar of all errors in criticism,—that of treating the ideas of others from the standpoint, not of their definitions, but of your own. Dr. Harris hears that the Anarchists wish to abolish the State, and straightforwardly, he jumps to the conclusion that they wish to abolish what he defines as the State. And this, too, in spite of the fact that, to my knowledge, he listened not long ago to a speech from an Anarchist from which it was clearly to be gathered that the Anarchists have no quarrel with any institution that contents itself with enforcing the law of equal freedom, and that they criticise only for failing to define it as an institution that claims authority over the aggressive individual and enforces that authority by physical force or by means that are effective only because they can and will be backed by physical force if necessary. Far from omitting the State as Dr. Harris defines it, the Anarchists expressly favor such an institution, by whatever name it may be called, as long as its raison d'être continues; and certainly Dr. Harris's very method of undemanding its preservation after it had become superfluous.

In principle, then, are not the Anarchists and Dr. Harris in agreement at every essential point? It certainly seems so. I do not know an Anarchist that would not accept this as the final word.

Defining the object of the family as he defines it, the Anarchists believe in the family; only they insist that free competition and experiment shall always be allowed to the family to determine in order that it may be determined such form of family best secures this object. Defining the object of civil society as he defines it, the Anarchists believe in civil society; only they insist that the freedom of civil society shall be complete in itself instead of part of

Defining the object of the State as he defines it, the Anarchists believe in the State; only they insist that the greater part, if not all, of the necessity for its existence is eliminated by the establishment of the freedom of civil society, and that the completion of industrial freedom may one day so harmonize individuals

that it will no longer be necessary to provide a guaranteed civil freedom.

Defining the object of the Church as he defines it, the Anarchists most certainly believe in the Church; only they insist that its work shall be purely voluntary, that its discoveries and achievements, however broad and many, shall not be imposed upon the individual by authority.

But there is a point, unhappily, where the Anarchists and Dr. Harris do part company, and that is the C.

Looking Forward.

In the State Socialistic scheme there are many flaws and points about which the less said the better. But the weakest spot consists in the expectation and faith that officials will solemnly resolve to sin no more and to institute a "general welfare of the masses." While State Socialists are to be congratulated on the incorruption and competency of the awkward governmental machine, which they are not slow to expose and denounce, they, with singularly perverse inconsistency, almost in the same breath, propose to enlarge its functions and augment its power for mischief. Often, on listening spell-bound to the enchanting prophecies of the visionary Socialist idealist, like Ruskin or Morris, one is led to fall prostrate at his feet and explain, "Almost those principles!" but when poetry gave way to prose, and the effects of emotional elocution vanished like unto smoke before the hard facts of daily experience and cold reasoning, it becomes painfully evident that the State Socialists could never beught except a rhetorical ornament, a vague fancy. It became evident, but not to the State Socialists, who would not be prevailed upon ever to consider the absurdity in this aspect. Which indeed has given rise to the objection that the Socialists are ingenious and carefully avoiding the difficulty in the
path, albeit their method is only that of running their own heads into the sand.

However, at last one level-headed and frank National- alists has appreciated and conceded the grave character of the error of Edward de Bury, who, "Looking Backward"—heaven knows!—surpasses anything in the line of utopia and illusion ever put in black on white or painted in words of mouth, nevertheless, by a remarkable stroke of political art ("Twentieth Century Science") shows that there is still some hope of his ultimate salvation, hope that he may yet come to look back upon his romance and the wild fantasies therein with a feeling of true repentance.

"It is of course plain," says he, "that the business departments which the progress of Nationalism will add to the government should be organized on a purely business basis, non-political and non-partisan. By way of illustration of this, it is shown that the proposal for the complete application of non-partisan principles to the conduct of the purely business departments already under its control should be demanded. The partition of such offices is absolutely repugnant to the very essence of Nationalism. There is no more pressing or preliminary work for Nationalists than to unite popular sentiment against this evil. Before the post-office department will be an entirely satisfactory argument for the adoption of Nationalism, we must withdraw politics out of it. The Nationalists of the country will, I trust, at an early date unite in a petition to the president of the United States upon this point, and follow it up with salutary addresses to Congress. Good citizens, who have long opposed the petty doctrines, but not with the reason which we have, for it stands squarely across our path. Between it and the National plan there can be no possible compromise. There must be our first great battle, and our first great victory.

Hardly better employment than this can be recommended, our Collectivist friends. It is time they ceased giving us stones when we want bread and provisions. A great deal more depends on the result of the "first great battle." If they carry the day, their subsequent task will be comparatively easy, and the opposition to them will of necessity speedily follow. But if they fail, as they certainly must,—perhaps they may even be taught a useful lesson. And that truly would be a great victory for progress, while to themselves it would be "a fall that meant a rise."  

V. Y.

Definitions of Gov't. 

Consider the misunderstanding of 'we term govern- ment, and the principles on which it should be based, whether or not the rules and regulations of a voluntary association constitute a government, the following de- finitions may be of service.

J. A. T. Sparrow, speaking of the old Continental Con- gress, says:  

In the first place there was an utter want of all coercive authority to carry into effect its own constituted measures. This of itself was sufficient to destroy its whole efficiency, as a national government, if that may be called a government which possesses no real attributes of power. In this Congress possessed only the power of recommenda- tion. It depended entirely upon the goodwill of the States whether a measure should be carried into effect or not.

"If a reformer today talk of improving the govern- ment by restoring its original simplicity, and having it based on goodwill rather than compulsion, and the average critic will at once object: 'What's the use of calling that a government! A great deal more, as a matter of fact, may be accomplished by the efforts of men than by any direction or indirection and of force or consent as he pleases. There must be some authori- ty, or head, or it can't be a government.' Here the critic, with all common-sense people, will agree with Stowe. But if the next day, call yourself an Anarchist, and advocate substantially the same thing,—voluntary membership in one or many associations, absence of compulsion and taxation, a sort of insurance society where your policy would lapse with your direction or indulgence and of consent, and he will insist that you advocate a government after all; he will prove, moreover (to his own satisfac- tion), that the United States enjoy just such a govern- ment as you propose, with perhaps a few unimportant differences; and he will vote you a quibbler and hair-splitter.

But the truth is the Anarchist is not: the quibbler: he uses the words government and law in their strict legal sense, being used by all the "authorities" and professional lawyers.

The government is the power or authority which rules a community, or the body of persons charged with the making and enforcing of law. Now, what is law? A law in the literal and proper sense of the word may be defined as a rule laid down for the guidance of an intelligent being by an intelligent being. Every law properly so called is a creation of the superior to an inferi- or or inferior; it is set by a party armed with a sword to be obeyed, and, in her part, to be respected. A law is either set by the sovereign immediately or by a person or persons in subjection by the delegation or permis- sion of the sovereign. It is either set in the property legislative mode or in the judicial legislative mode. 

-Austin's "Jurisprudence."  

Then, in order to leave no doubt as to what is meant by inferior and superior, he says:

"Taken with the meaning whereby I here understand it, the term superiority signifies might; the power of affecting others with evil or pain, and of forcing them, through the fear of that evil, to fashion their conduct to one's wishes. In short, those who are able to comply with his wishes is the superior of that other, so far as the ability reaches; that other being to the same extent the inferior.

Regarding non-governmental rules and regulations he says:  

"Closer analogues to human law ... are a set of objects, frequently but improperly termed laws, being rules set and enforced merely by the opinion of an intermediate body of men—such as judges, honor, laws of fashion, laws of benefit societies, etc., etc.

Of course the critics who insist on their own def- initions of government and make out that Anarchists cannot escape the necessity of recognizing some form of govern- ment have a right to ignore our explanation, but it is merely the right of being foolish.

A. H. Simpson.

When I read the other day in the "Nationalist" the article by your friend Hildreth championing paternal govern- ment and its control of the post-office, schools, li- braries, gas works, water works, and almost everything else, I shuddered at the thought of how narrowly Ly- sander Spooner's precious manuscripts escaped a fall into Mr. Hildreth's hands, and I congratulated myself more than ever on having rescued them from such a fate, even though, in order to do so, I was obliged to convince Mr. Spooner's ignorant but greedy relatives of the value that these documents might be offer- ing and paying them several hundred dollars for what they had proposed to give to Mr. Hildreth outright.

Mr. Hildreth is a gentleman and a scholar, and per- sonally I esteem him highly; but it would have been an unfair and unphilosophical interference of the great individualist's writings to a despotic nationalist as have appointed the Pope of Rome the literary executor of Voltair.

Laissez Faire and the Body Politic.

To the Editor of Liberty:  

In the "Workman's Advocate" of April 6 Mr. W. T. Horn answers the question I asked of State Socialists, which was reprinted in Liberty, and expressed a great regret for not seeing Mr. Horn through the columns in which this article appeared is that the editor of that paper will not publish my side of the debate. Hence rejecting one of my articles he has published one from the opposite side. I know that I cannot claim the right to be heard, for in the So- cialist state as one of a race, the top good is the thing sought, and that is decided by a public official. The A. F. L. P. runs the "Advocate" on Socialist principles, and in that capacity, he must know better than any individual car what is for the public good.  

In Mr. Horn's answer he says: "Now, the relations are of the body physical of old Socrates. Upon the contrary, it is one of war sympathy and mutual cooperation.

"The question of who shall have the use of a church is a question of who shall have the use of a public building. Do you know any one ever, in this country, is accused of stealing from a church?" (p. 9.)  

This means the non-interference of legislators or parliaments. The de- mand of a right to use a church under a sys- tem of Socrates, unless Mr. Horn insists that the laws which govern the circulation of blood in the human body were statutes passed by Congress; even a State Socialist hardly make that claim. Mr. Horn says farther: "As at the moment Cooney asks us, 'If the body personal has been able to do any good, then there can be no advanced state, what reason have Socialists for believing that the body polit- ical will do any good?' Why, we believe that the body politic will develop in the same way, and it is for that we contend that Spencer's analogy and the political evolutionism and against individualism.... Collectives is nothing more than a patient study of natural laws, coupled with a prac- ticable effort to apply them intelligently to new social develop- 

ments.

From this it seems that nature makes the laws, and the Socialists will apply them; they must think that nature is unable to apply and enforce her own laws intelligently. Nau- rale ought to feel encouraged by this offer of help, and per- haps do so in her part, to the pained spirit that she succeeded so well in the past, before the Socialist Labor Party was organized. She perhaps felt discouraged at the thought that the Socialists became interested in "apply natural laws to new social conditions." Mr. Horn uses the words "bigoted and egoistical Anarchists"; of course we know that we must appear egotistical beside the modest State So- ciety, who thinks that, if he were elected to office, he could, in his invariable wisdom, apply "the science of socialism with knowledge and experience" to all human activities.

Henry Cohen.

April 20, 1889.

[Mr. Cohen expresses himself vaguely, and is liable to misinterpretation. Indeed, I am not sure that I understand him. He speaks as if nature and "nau- rale" in a narrow sense, excluding human consciousness, action, yet he speaks of nature's ability "to apply her own laws intelligently." Such teleological notions are not to be tolerated in scientific argument. Nature is a name meaningless in isolation of any other. Man is obliged to study the laws (ways) of nature in order to adapt himself to the conditions under which his short life has to be spent. The more he knows, the more comfortably he arranges his affairs. Nature is a social animal, and existence has its laws, which every unit of society must understand. Their violation is followed by social evils, and deference to them guarantees peace and stability. Nature looks to man; man is practical, and as he is an outsider observer and :v/rd
g:rai/; in the second he watches his own growth and development. Society elevates man; man perfects society. What the State Socialists should answer for is their endeavor to "do" nature, to establish compatible and with healthy social life. Believers in majority govern- ments say no; Anarchists think yes: nature is exasperatingly dumb; and society meanwhile is an Inferno.  

-V. Y.

Spread the Light.

Out of a world of unwashed but an unwashed can be made. Arrange it, constitution-build it, sift it through hol- low-boxes as thou wilt, it is and remains an unwashed, the new press of new quacks and useless things, the better and of it slightly better than the beginning. Who can bring a wise thing out of a man unwise? Not one.

Power of Progressive Minorities.

[Frederic Harrison.

The force of public opinion is naturally nothing numerically, for the social conviction in a cultivated community can rarely be expressed by counting heads. The organized resolve of one-tenth of the community is often a greater thing than the public sentiment of the whole. How often do we see, in every meeting, group, or occasion, the clear intelligence and will of one at least the floating inde- nite and unexpressed thing, the active and energetic. With the active support, at least with the passive consent, of the rest. And yet these very men, who unconsciously yield to the na- ture of the issue, must have the power. Even when the ballots were used, would tell their own judgment and go back upon their formal decisions. Almost all great things that have been done in the history of society, great and must great changes in history have shown a resolve new asserting the ascendency of conviction.
Laurent indignantly removed the doencer from his reach.

"Ah! you spell it," he said.

"Father Jacob," answered the doencer.

"Be seated," advised Laurent; "it makes you still hotter to stand."

"I mean, I can't sit here, this heat is too much for me," he added.

And he turned his head about, looking for a place where he might get a breath of fresh air. The store was roasting, sending out a torrid heat through every opening.

The valet, decidedly generous, took advantage of this opportunity to refill the glass.

Jean drank again and threw himself back in his seat, while Laurent emptied his own glass into Jean's, saying:

"If you had no pocket-money, I would buy you some."

"You are still at your first bumper. I am ashamed of you. Just do as I do and quench your thirst. . . . there . . . tranquilly. How do you like it?"

"I don't drink anything to compare with it," confessed the ragpicker, emptying his glass with one swallow.

"Such wine is not to be had at the first corner (coin)" said Laurent, beginning the same in spite of his own, always preferring to drink.

"At any rate," answered Jean, good-humoredly, "it is of a good brand (coin)."

Laurent continued the bottle.

"One finger . . . without water . . . this time, that you may taste it better.

Try this."

Jean tasted.

"Yes," he said, "still better. It does one good.

"Come," said the servant, passing to another. "This is at least its equal. Let's emptypout the rest of what's in the bottle and you and I'll have our refreshment.

"Oh, you've had too much already; I am not accustomed to it."

And Jean pushed back his glass.

Laurent took a third bottle and used colored glasses.

"Yes, you see, you don't get this wine every day. Then make the most of the opportunity when it comes. It is so rare taken from the enemy. This is better yet, Monseigneur's wine . . . Beauséjos, the wine of the comte.

"And pouring it out freely, he made a pretence of drinking, as he added:

"Did I do it?"

"Of the comet," said Jean, under a spell. "Ah! just a sip of the comet."

Then his face became more serious.

"That makes one feel by some words, undoubtedly thinking of the widow Didier, who had died after a few weeks' treatment with watered milk."

"Ah! well, many comets will cross the skies before they give such Beauséjos as that in the hospice (asparagus). Where you go next year, that one won't pass the

"Why, it is the wine for invalids," said Laurent, pouring it out in floods. "It is a health drink, makes a year to pay for it. Exemne me for helping myself first; this is the foam."

"Oh! the lips are as good as the foam," said Jean, unable to resist. "Besides, I don't wish to take anything from you."

He continued nevertheless to drink, and with delight.

"Better and better," he cried. "That would revive a dead man."

"As to the comet," answered Laurent, "the joy of man. Another glass to drink your health.

"You are too generous," said Jean, in a thick voice. "A last glass for a hob-nob.

And they touched glasses and drank.

"Here's to you!" said Jean.

A minute passed. His moved about on his chair, swaying big drops and growling:

"Ah! but your music! I'm forgetting me. I am in a hurry."

"I'm going to leave you," answered his friend from behind the tapestry, made a sign to Laurent, and disappeared without having been noticed by the ragpicker.

"Father Jean tried to rise, but, seized with giddiness, fell back again.

"If I must go," said he.

Laurent picked up the bottle again.

"Here's your health," he said. "It is at the bottom of the bottle, saving your respect . . . with a biretta . . . the bread of Beauséjos.

"Well!" to off with, "conceded Jean.

"And Laurent went on:

"We must not leave this . . . It would be wasted."

"That would be a pity," said Jean, drinking and smacking his lips. "It's astonishing how thirsty I am today. The more I drink the more I want it, if I were salted. I am melting with heat, impatience, and rage. This room feels like an oven. My body is on fire. I am burning up."

He seized the bottle himself and tried to pour it from.

"There's nothing left in the bottle," he exclaimed, looking at Laurent stupidly. The latter had drunk it all full of ice.

"Here's another," he said, "and just what you need to drive away the stuffy taste.

Champagne, champagne frappé.

"What do you mean by frappé, asked Jean. "Do you believe it, then? For my part, I would rather kiss it."


"No!" said Jean.

"Good! This time I shall be refreshed.""

"What is in the thing? So old, boy, you are not acquainted with champagne frappé?"

"Why, no, I never drank any. Let's see what it is like.""

Laurent must have seen some nests out.

"The devil! how you go at it! Full to the brim. It's easy to see it costs you nothing."

"But, what do these glasses hold? A mere trifle?"

"That's all right, but I need my head, you see."

"Oh! this is a fine glass; it makes me want to cry."

"So much the better. For I've got to talk to your boss."

"All the more reason, then; this will inspire you."

Laurent continued for him autobiographically.

"Heal?" asked Jean, shakily.

He emptied his glass, and the servant straightway refilled it. Then, drizzling again, he continued:

"In fact, I've often said that there's nothing like champagne to give one an idea. It's the son of light and the father of wit."

Laurent paused continually, looking about.

"Didn't I tell you so? Come, another idea!"

"But, yes, the devil take me, it is a spirituous wine . . . the blood of France.""

The valet nodded his head approvingly.

"With champagne, take some of the wine of the four beggars. Eh, sly dog! Because it asks to be drunk . . . four times! To make amends, you silly fellow, pour some out.

Laurent hastened to obey.

"Out upon you, old joker! He made me the sign of the cross; he seemed not to touch it. He sipped and mouthed, but never swallowed it."

And, filling Jean's already emptied glass, he added:

"Now for a bumper! That's the talk!"

"Youngster," said Jean, "if you did not restrained myself . . . I would swallow the whole wine-cellar, to the last drop, and you with. . . . Formerly, twenty years ago, if you had seen me, it was a very different thing; I have talked of a quart a year. That's what it does for us. Come, pour away, you neglect me, you worry me."

"Ah! what a pity! There is no more here," said Laurent, pretending to refuse in order the more to excite him.

"Well," said Jean, warmly, "turn on the faucet.

Laurent exclaimed:

"Oh, here's some sauterne."

Jean looked at the bottle admiringly.

"See how it sparkles," he cried, in a low voice. "Nothing stupid or dull about that, my boy."

The valet went for a plate.

"And with some oysters," said he.

But Jean, raising himself up, sent them flying in the air with a blow from one hand of his back.

"Oyster yourself!" he articulated, with effort.

He began to drink again, pouring the wine himself and filling the glasses to the brink as he shouted to Laurent:

"But you drink no more. I am just getting a taste for it."

And he continued to swallow, stammering:

"Ah! are you, sir, you drink only when you haven't been running about this half I have. . . . You were right . . . doctor . . . this winds up the mainspring; it puts heart in one's stomach. Ah! your race of a master can come back when it likes."

"I shall behave myself," said Jean, "I am going to talk to him and with his wine."

"I am going to rinse him as I do this glass."

"Drink again," taking off his cravat, his head on fire, excited, and growing more and more thristy.

The door opened, and a new lackey appeared.

"Laurent," said he, "Monseigneur is in the resting-room for you. . . . I will serve Monseigneur in all his places."

"All right, Léon," said the valet, going out.

"Ah!" as he was leaving from right to left, "As I am at home to see Jean and Jere at Léon.

"As many raîtes as wines," said he; "and what face! They're a good condition, all these fellows! Ah! they have only this to say: 'What, are you doing? Nothing.' And you're not thinking of helping Peter? And then, with such an allowance of wine! What nectar!"

"Brandy! Time to drink the latter, the arm, he continued; "Brandy! And then toasting Jean with the arm, continued; "Brandy! I'm with you. Oh! I'm not tired yet, my boy."

"Especially of that," said Léon, taking from the side-table a bottle of old cognac, brandy a hundred years old.

"Brandy! Wages of life!" cried the ragpicker in a transport of enthusiasm.

"What a beautiful name! Do I want brandy, 1? Ah! ah! that's my weakness too; shake, old boy, give me your hand; in you I recognize myself. Brandy a hundred years old, older than I am, born at Ognon and before the revolution; let's see it! Pass her to me, this virgin. Isn't she beautiful? Love, away! Still she seems a little small for her age. Let's see, then, what she has in her: a color, oh! how it shimmers, rays, gleams, as of melted tops, the entire sun bottled up."

Turning to the bottle glistening in the light, he said:

"And do you mean to look at me like that with your golden eyes, coquette? Un scorn, my son, un scorn."

Léon opened the bottle.

"There you are," said he.

Jean completely lost possession of himself.

"Ah! hurry, hurry, David," he cried, "give it to me! You torture me. I can't resist, because I haven't drank any of it for a century. I am getting jolly. Ah! death of my heart, beats for a while. . . . I am dying."

"Here it is, passionate old lover that you are," said Léon.

Jean grasped the bottle and said with ardor.

"Ah! darling, kiss upon your very neck, with both hands and full mouth."

He began to drink from the bottle itself.

"Enter the caws," he continued with delight, "they want you in the chorus, and make a huge, gaudy spectacle of it."

"In clover, desir. . . Buried, the bourgeoise! Priver joy! Priver boasting! Priver with this brandy! What a bravery to life! Brandy! That warms and revives me when I am dying of cold and hunger! Wine. What restores me and sets me up when I am falling sick? Brandy."

To be continued.
Cranky Notions.

Here is a set for the governmentalists to crack. The report of the Select Committee, on application of the Staten Island and New York Rail Road Company for a charter, which was submitted to the Michigan legislature two years ago and adopted shows the amount of delinquient taxes due the city of New York. The taxes upon business connected with the dispossessed, as we have already seen, have been paid over the total of uncollected Staten taxes returned to the auditor-general's office was $11,050,000, and it cost the State $60,000 to collect them. And yes, it is true that the State can do things cheaper than individuals.

Mr. Pounto's "Twissquint's outtry" is a very nice little paper, and Mr. Pounto himself seems to be a man whose heart is in the right place. He says many good things, and it would be a very great help if the newspapers could be more like him. The discontented, a class of--I gather, it is an idea that God is a monster who created man and then lets man go on in a state of sin. And yet, in spite of all this, we must insist that the State can do things cheaper than individuals.

The patient and vigilant observer will see that the ideas of the Antichrist. It must follow, then, that those who do not believe in an Antichrist will have no idea of the standard that is to be applied to it. I do not believe that Antichrist would be a very desirable condition of things. It might be a good idea, as Mr. Creasdale has said, but I do not believe that. It is an easy way Mr. Creasdale has found to escape from the responsibilities of his position. "I will be an Antichrist by sending it off to dreamsland, and in that he is wiser than Mr. Creasdale. No, Antichrist is not a dream, but a reality. Creasdale's notion of Antichrist is a mere chimera, a delusion, not worth consideration, because it is a living, active protest against theft, injustice.

Several weeks ago the idea came to me to get the pictures, biographical sketches, and opinions on Antichrist and the movement of Antichrists from all over the country, and make an article of them for publication in a largely-circulated newspaper. The object in doing this was to give the lie to the popular newspaper Antichrist, to show that the real Antichrist is a human being and a good deal like other folks; that he has neither horns nor humps; and public has been a substitute for a band of, that they are not all ignorant foreigners; and that their ideas are not pell-mell and mutter and blur. I sent out for a few weeks with a view of getting pictures and biographies of Antichrists, and I learned that the Antichrist is really an extremely wick and retiring animal, and I had to do some considerable coaxing before I could get them to come. The letters are bright, well-written, intelligent, but some of the objections made to my method of propaganda are hardly valid. A lady writes: "(1) That you plan, is a very bad picture Antichrists in their true colors... It is really not worth the trouble. (2) Do you not for the opinions of the average man and woman? I do not. (3) It seems to me that the man who tries to see himself in the right light to the average mortal, the worse it is. I go right ahead, do the best I can with my way, and don't care a damn what name I am called."

(1) Why, my dear little woman, our whole propaganda is to put Antichrists and Antichristians in their true color before the public, and certainly it cannot be that it is not worth the trouble. If our principles are true and good, it is worth any amount of trouble to have other people adopt them. (2) Of course I care for the opinions of the average man and woman, but I do not think that a man of average intelligence and experience will be among those who will go to have them adopted, and second, it will do others good to adopt them. (3) Of course I care for the opinions of the average man and woman, but I do not think that a man of average intelligence and experience will be among those who will go to have them adopted, and second, it will do others good to adopt them. (2) Of course I care for the opinions of the average man and woman, but I do not think that a man of average intelligence and experience will be among those who will go to have them adopted, and second, it will do others good to adopt them.

The fatal mistake of the Antichrists was made at the very outset of their public career; it was their selection of the business by which to earn a living. They went into the business of passing for champions of the laboring class, without a sufficient knowledge of the laboring class. In the first place, they were laboring men, and laboring men, they were afflicted with an unfortunate dis-
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