Liberty

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NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER

On Picket Duty.

Knowing as I do the number of people who would highly prize a file of Liberty, I am surprised at the small number of bids that reach me in response to my offer (described in another column). The man who wants such a file and makes a bid for it, even if his bid be not more than five cents, runs no risk of having to kick himself afterwards because some one else got it for four cents. Moral: Don't fail to bid, however small the amount may be.

John Most tells all the reporters that Berkman is an Individualist Anarchist. This champion of propaganda by deed shirks all responsibility as soon as the deed is done, and magnanimously gives others all the "glory." Generous man, Most! As a matter of fact, Berkman, like Most, is a Communist. He is more individualistic than Most only in this,—that he is a brave man and dares to do his own bomb-throwing, while Most is a coward and asks others to do the work in his stead.

There are no crocodile tears in the duets of Burgess McCutcheon. Though under indictment for murder in the second degree, he did not, on hearing of Berkman's arrest, exclaim theatrically, "Poor Mr. Frick!" but, in a speech to ten thousand laborers at Youngstown directly after the shooting, he made the following remarks: "I certainly have no reason to feel any sympathy for Frick, and I am not sorry to hear that he has been shot, as he is now suffering as some of the honest toilers did at Homestead from Pinkerton bullets fired at his dictation. Frick's name should be hated by every honest man." There's stuff in McCutcheon, no doubt about that.

The raid of the Pennsylvania troops on the property of Farmer John Smith, first treated as a great joke by the New York "Sun," is now referred to by that champion of the right of property as "more or less expendable foraging." The only ground of excuse suggested is that the soldiers had not eaten anything for half a day. But not a word of excuse, nothing but the bitterest condemnation, has yet appeared in the "Sun" for the conduct of the men who tore down Andrew Carnegie's fence to keep themselves from going hungry for half a year. Why is Carnegie's fence so much more sacred than John Smith's? Why treat one of these violations of property so leniently, and subject the other so fiercely to the severest requirements of principle? Simply because the latter was the work of laborers, while the former was the work of the hirings employed by the brotherhood of thieves.

Nothing could better illustrate the servility of the human species than the cowardice displayed by the Pennsylvania militia in allowing one of their number to be strung up by the thumbs by the colonel of the regiment. Here were thousands of men, most of them sympathizing with the unfortunate victim, and holding everything in their own hands. With hardly more than a breath they could have annihilated their comrade's torturer. Murder, numbers, weapons, everything was theirs. But because they had been taught to obey, because they regarded an oath as sacred, in a word because they were a gang of miserable scabs, they allowed the cruel work to proceed. This was one of those emergencies calling for immediate action, when force is justifiable. It was not used. Private fames, apparently the one honorable man in the Pennsylvania militia, was drummed out of camp to the tune of the "Rogues March." If the laborers of America do not take him up and make a hero of him, they deserve no man's aid hereafter.

A Complete File of Liberty For Sale.

Readers of Liberty desirous of possessing the early volumes, now so rare, should remember that bids for them must reach me not later than August 13. The highest bidder will be given his choice of the following three sets, the second bidder to have second choice and the third bidder to take the remaining set:

1. A complete file of the first eight volumes of Liberty, unbound.
2. A set of the first three volumes of Liberty, bound in half morocco, red; first and second volumes bound together, the third separately.
3. Same as No. 2.

You Positively Must.

"Now you must eat this slice of beef; it is delicious." "No, thank you, Madam." "But you positively must; I will take no refusal. It is the last slice, and the best." My hostess thrust it firmly and hastily upon my plate. I ate it to avoid further parley about a mere detail. She eyed me with forlorn envy as I lowered it. I could see that she would have enjoyed it herself. And yet by a foolish sacrifice we both were martyrs. I swear there is no communian in stomachs.

Her husband entered later, a good fellow at a distance. "I see they do not know how to make you comfortable," he cried; "what are you sitting in that hard chair? You positively must take this lounge; it is my favorite, the best in the house." "But I prefer this seat, thank you." "Ah! you cannot deceive me. I declare, I must chop that wooden implement of torture into fine wood." He was a thin, nervous man, who worried over minute affairs as a terrier teases rats. These wearisome discussions would drag from his mountains to the mud.

It is necessary to remark that I tend to obesity. I doubled up into his chair however, after a fashion, as an elephant might try to nestle in a hare's burrow. My chin and my knees were in close proximity.

What agony to my intervening azure! This is too much.

Yonder sits mine host, rubbing his angular back from time to time upon the chair I covet. I swear that I will not enter this temple of Discomfort and submit myself to these high priests of fashion for sacrifice again. I swear it by that which I hold henceforth most sacred. I swear it by myself.

Disrespect for a Superior Race.

[Paris Papers]

A cabby nearly runs over two guardians of the peace standing on the boulevard.

"Did you see that?" says one of the guardians. "A little more, and he would have crushed us—like people!"

Awake! -

See! Sons of Freedom, you have slain Your Mother to your hurt and pain:
No more your life from her great breasts you drain.
Base sons of Freedom! Slaves…

Awake! -

You slave of slaves—

Vile slaves of Dollars! You revile The torture of the past and live Dishonored, and no priest your souls may smite. One man in face of many spake His thought; the thumb-screw and the stake Must crush him lest a nobler freedom wake And man as man asserts his right To speak on earth by day or night His verdict, uncloud of Craft and Might. You hang a man up by his thumb, Good God! In Freedom's name what comes? Want savagery with blood and masks and drums! A Nation hiring men to slay Each other, so that it may play The thief's part, learned of peoples now grown gray. Slaves! You are fouled; the rich make war And blind you with the tinsel stars That you may not perceive your prison bars. They cry for articles, and they pay Them with your money, you essay To have your own, and straighten lined bayonets away. You dream, although long since the night Was beaten back by floods of light. Awake! Awake! Lead as you led the Right. Wash your stained hands in the pure Sea Where waves call loud incessantly. O States, to you to rise in Liberty.

Mariano D'Arcis.
Liberty.

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The instinct of self-preservation is the best college of old-time stoics. If he can escape the net that is being cast about his ears, the man who can escape, the noble of the race even the common folk of the department store, is simply a man of genius, which means Liberty points back with her head.

The Production of Crime.

Of all quarters from which I expect a rational consideration of the subject of criminals and crime a prison chaplain is one of the last. This assumption will be amply borne out by a perusal of an article on "The Increase of Crime" in a recent number of the "Nineteenth Century." Some official statistics and references to recent criminal legislation are included in the paper, and it should be reprinted in the paper may serve, however, to point a few truths not without interest to Anarchists and the intelligent reader in general.

It appears that the official reports on crime in England in the year 1863 created such a panic that Law and Order fairly quaked with fright. The omniscient law-givers at once set to work to discover the cause of such an overflow of criminal activity as was manifested or manufactured in the prison reports. Success soon crowned the efforts of these noble Solons. The source of all this evil was found. It was an Anarchist conspiracy, nor a fresh crop of revolutionary dynamiters. They were not on the carpet in those days, but well, something else was found.

The augmented criminal record arose from the extreme leniency of the sentences. That was all. The discretion which judges were permitted to exercise in sentencing prisoners to terms of three or four years' penal servitude instead of five or more was solely responsible for the calamitous and dangerous state of affairs. And on the strength of this discovery the legislative machine went merrily to work. A law was enacted abolishing all sentences between two and five years' imprisonment. The country was saved. Law and Order had solved the problem and averted the danger. For twenty-seven years this monumental piece of legal wisdom has been in force. The prison chaplain informs us that it has cost the people unnecessarily the sum of $1,250,000, besides the countless years of living death which its victims have paid for the injustice. In 1870 the great Compulsory Education Act, the triumph of Liberal reforms, was passed by the government of Mr. Gladstone. We can judge of its efficiency as a crime-producer when we realize that since then the offences tried under the Act (to say nothing of those that never came to trial) have exceeded half a million cases.

A social purity agitation, got under way mostly by a parcel of fanatical, meddling old women (male and female) and brought to a head by an hysterical journalist posing as a moral Saviour of society—who afterwards admitted that the whole thing was a scheme to increase the circulation of his paper—culminated about the middle of 1885 in the passage of the Criminal Law Amendment Act. Law makers again to the rescue. If it meant anything, it meant that all women under the age of eighteen were either irresponsible brats or helpless labes. Relations under any circumstances and abduction by consent of the girl or not rendered the male conditor a criminal under the Act. Morality was vindicated. Law and Order still reigns supreme.

The heavy increase in indictable offences since the measure has assumed the statute-book are chiefly due, according to our chaplain, to its potent and providential operation. We are not informed whether all the trumped-up charges and blackmailing cases of which it has been so fruitful are included in the enlarged statistics.

Anyhow many a lusty young fellow has had occasion to taste its blessings and ample leisure to contemplate its moral value to society while doing a term of from two to ten years in accordance with the statute.

While the mill for the manufacture of criminals and crime is kept steering in full work, how far it is or has been is but an item in the report—particularly when a corresponding reinforcement of the staff employed to handle the increased product. Between the years 1870 and 1880 the police force in England expanded 44 per cent. In the last decade, while the population increased 11 per cent., its liveryed guardians and protectors added 23 per cent. to their valuable numbers. The consequent financial increase in the burden of cost is much more rapid. The law-abiding and free population of about 27,000,000 are now paying over $29,000,000 a year to be thus taxed.

And that last per cent is rising very fast. Of course the law-and-crime-producing machinery continues in full swing.

Our worthy chaplain casually admits that much of the apparent growth of the criminal classes is owing to the annual creation of new crimes by statute, to the continual enlargement of the policeman's catechism of offences that were not illegal before. He never mentions, however, the effect of the Compulsory Vaccination Acts on statistics of crime. Nor the Custom House regulations which create the crime called smuggling. Nor the excise laws, nor the multitudinous liquor trade regulations. Nor the restrictions upon carrying arms and keeping dogs, and the thousand and one domestic and private affairs which legislation has seized upon to erect into illegibilities and crimes. And employing language "which might tend to incite some person or persons unknown to murder certain other person or persons unknown" is not referred to as a cause of the swollen statistics, although recently D. J. Nicoll in London was apportioned eighteen months for putting the Saxon idiom to such a dreadfully criminal purpose. He does not even hint at the possibility of police-hatched plots, turned into Anarchist conspiracies, adding to the number of miscreants in English prisons, although a few months ago two men got ten years and one five for having in their desks pencil-drawings of what were supposed to be bombs with imperfect instructions in French for their manufacture. And the Irish-Americans who are now felon in the same jail because of the ingenious skill and professional ability of certain Brummagem detectives in planting dynamite about the said I.A.'s lodgings, and digging bombs out of their gardens after having sown them there, —
not one of these explanations of the increase of crime is even dreamt of by the good chaplins in his laborious article. No! Civilization, he fancies with J. J. Rousseau, enlarges our criminal classes. Large cities account for the growing tendency. Every 517 persons in London require a uniformed protector. The growth and concentration of property have much to do with it.

And there the matter rests—with our State stipendiary jail bearers.

Well, my good masters, what do you think?

Has the State, think you, with its law-making mill always forges new fetters, its ever-increasing army of bailiffs carrying stout clubs to rivet the links, its judges and lawyers to mystify its productions, its compulsory taxation to maintain all this, and its exacting, restrictive, prohibitive privileges, and powers over the public, the individual, over everybody, in short,—has this state of things, I say, got something, anywhere, everything to do with the increase of crime; and a great many evils besides? The State is the arch criminal; the others are for the most part merely its victims. Some day, when all men of intelligence see this—well, there will be less need for an Anarchist paper to point it out to them.

William Biddle.

Political Duty: A Confession of Skepticism.

(Concluded from No. 267.)

"Invariable obedience to the officials is a duty because laws and men to enforce them are a necessity. Without them we should have more law and anarchy, and peaceful prosperity would be impossible."

Assuming that by "anarchy" is meant confusion (though such a use of the word is straining it from its derivation), we will look at this reason. It may be admitted in the most general sense laws and men to enforce them appear to be as necessary to civilized life as many other things called necessary. It is highly probable that, if the fundamental is, or most of them, should be suddenly abolished, much confusion would follow, for a time; at least. But not all laws are fundamental; not all are even necessary in any sense; some are positively destructive to peaceful prosperity, while others exist, apparently, for no better reason than to remind the populace that they have masters. And surely it does not follow, because a certain measure of regulation seems to be indispensable, that officials who have, even with the authorization of other officials, done unjustly, should not be taught, in the most effective way, that some degrees of tyranny will not be endured. Besides, to allow any one class to exercise a monopoly of the use of force endangers freedom; men should be encouraged, and not forbidden, to defend themselves against outrage.

"But obedience to law is an American custom, and we ought to reverence and follow the traditions of the fathers."

It is true that our laws are based upon the customs of the fathers, and moreover it is probably true that the various theories that have been invented, in all ages, to justify the ways of the officials to their fellows have been far less effective in restraining aggrieved subjects than the simple inherited custom. Curiously enough, however, while the man who, in this age, practises ancestor-worship by clinging to the mechanical devices or the business methods of his grandfather is in danger of open ridicule, and the man who worships his grandfather by holding fast his theological prejudices subjects himself to a mild yet steadily growing contempt, the political and social dogmas embalm in the constitutions of our great-grandfathers and in the judicial decisions of their great-grandfathers are, in changed and unchangeable forms, still moralities and ideals. The invention of market-values attaching to offices, special legal privileges, permissions, and immunities from arrest, which market-values are as surely p. duced by legislation as a head of water is produced by damming a stream; compulsory contribution, or taxation, with its wasting of wealth and destructive diversion of industry; political wars, in which the persons most to blame, instead of killing each other, are able to involve millions of their respective countriesmen, who, might, but for them, mind their own peaceful business; and many others. The evils of habitual government, instead of arising, as some think, from imperfect administration of a body of substantially perfect laws (though they may, as well as others, be made no other than those of a predatory, favorites, bribe, hypocrifies, and slaves will be encouraged. So long as the nature and environment of humanity compel men to differ on many matters of common interest, so long will habitual government, no matter what fashionable fallacies it may be cloaked, be the rule of one class of men over the rest. It is extremely improbable that any class of men exists with sufficient intelligence and forbearance to rule a large community and give substantial equality of privilege; it is certain that there is no known method of securing such men. Apoplexy for the entire species; governments which seem not to understand that the only thing that could make legislative and judicial decrees binding, in spite of private judgment, upon the consciences of intelligent men, is precisely the thing that has never yet appeared and probably never will,—to wit, a demonstration that the men who enacted the said decrees possessed, at the time, that ideal wisdom and goodness which is generally considered (and with good reason) to be out of human reach. From nothing comes nothing; how, then, can a law be more sacred than the man who makes it? It is not here contended, of course, that our rulers are always useless or harmful, but that, while they are as likely to be useless and harmful as other men, a superstitious regard for ancient customs causes men to act towards them, in many ways, as if they were not. There is, it is true, a desirability, which sometimes may fairly be called a general necessity, that many of the things they are chosen to do should be done. It does not, however, follow that men who either cannot see the necessity or prefer to have it satisfied in some other way are any object of public objection to assist or pay the politically-authorised persons merely because the men called legislators have commanded it, nor that they who do the necessary things have any more or less right
The Coach and Four.
Here's a millionnaire, Bill!...
Come along and stare, Bill. Ain't 'em five galores? But how did he get rich, Bill? Often puzzles me; How did he get rich, Bill? We make slops dubs for he. If I'd get an hour, Bill, I'd see that out why. He's on a coach and four, Bill; Do the same would I. 

Triumphant Democracy.
Foxey Prick Takes the trick; He's got my Genet's Scott; He backs the pot; Men ask for bread, Feed them lead; Triumphant,—see? 

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