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NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER

On Picket Duty.

Herbert Spencer, being asked recently by a French newspaper to give his opinion of M. Renan, declined on the ground that he had never read one of M. Renan’s books. Since when has Mr. Spencer been so scrupulous? He has never read any of Proudhon’s works, yes, but he does not hesitate to criticise Proudhon and condemn him as glibly as if he knew his works from A to Z.

As I expected, the Democracy carried the country. It is a good thing that they have carried it so thoroughly. They can no longer do the duty of responsibility now. There is no longer a Republican Senate to block the wheels of legislation. The Democrats for the next few years can do what they please, and we shall see what they please them to do. Undoubtedly they will wipe out every vestige of Federal interference with elections. On that issue the party is harmonious. But all the free trade we shall get will be the reduction of a few duties here, the increase of a few there, and a slight lengthening of the free list. And as for free banking, while there may be a bold man or two who will insist on broaching the subject in Congress, it is my belief that the party is so thoroughly scared on the subject that it will overwhelmingly vote down any appeal bill that may be introduced. It is to be noticed, by the way, that George F. Williams and the other free banking representatives from Massachusetts are elected to stay at home.

An Apology.

Mr. Tucker declares that, in my article in Liberty, No. 259, I have misrepresented my friends, the Anarchists; and that he is charged with learning at my long acquaintance with Liberty has failed to inform me as to what Anarchism is. I am surprised and gratified at his appreciation of my idea; and I am as deeply chagrined as he is that I have been, all these years, advocating Anarchism without knowing it. I see no need, however, of his chagrin. He is in no way responsible for my stupidity. Anarchism, if true, will survive without my aid, and if the compliment he has paid me be deserved, I must have been doing some good, though I have not adopted his banner.

But I acknowledge that I am a bit of an honest reader of an apology. I did, indeed, suppose that Anarchism had come to mean Equal Freedom. It is true, Mr. Tucker and one Tak Kak, whoever he may be, did, heretofore, advocate very nearly the same views that are set forth in my article; but they labeled them Egoism, and I have nowhere seen it stated that Egoism and Anarchism are one. Tak Kak virtually retracted these doctrines when he averred that he had nothing but contempt for anyone who should step to consider whether proposed act or course of conduct were expedient or not. I have not his words before me, but I think he have given the substance of them. As for Mr. Tucker, I still think his manner of using the phrase Equal Freedom justifies the inference that he regards it as expressive of the same idea as Anarchism.

With these two possible exceptions all the Anarchist writers in Liberty and other radical journals, so far as I remember, have used the two expressions as synonymous. In this I am corroborated by the fact that, whenever I have obtained a hearing in any one of these journals, I have been met by a storm of disapprobation, like the stirring up of a hornet’s nest; and do an Anarchist has ever yet offered me the least shadow of support. But I am happy, at last, to find myself in so much good company,—happy to find myself so greatly misinformed as to the real meaning of a word about which there has been, undeniably, much misunderstanding.

But if I am a good, orthodox Anarchist, what shall we call Jr. Henry Deming Warren, Herbert Spencer, and all those who are bent on dislodging freedom to all in equal measure? Is equal freedom only a conventional device, after all? Do Anarchists agree that equal freedom is subsidiary, and not fundamental? Let us have this question settled or cleared.

THORNBERRY, CLAY CO., TEXAS.

[Again I complain that Mr. Warren has read Liberty with insufficient care. Tak Kak and I are not exceptions among those who write for Liberty. Nearly all the writers for Liberty accept and advocate the views urged by Tak Kak and myself regarding Egoism, Anarchism, and discord. To use one or two who do not, but these, not Tak Kak not myself, are the exceptions. It is not true, either, that Tak Kak ever retracted these views, virtually or otherwise. Mr. Warren misquotes him. He never said, either in words or in substance, what Mr. Warren attributes to him. What did he say may be found in No. 112 of Liberty. For it he was taken to task, and in No. 115 he explained what he did say. He showed that the statement complained of was in perfect accord with the doctrine of Egoism. Mr. Warren has not seen it stated in Liberty that Egoism and Anarchism are one, for the very good reason that such a statement would not be true. It is true, however, that there is no inconsistency between the two, and that most Anarchists are Egoists. It is not improper, either, to speak of Anarchy and equal freedom as synonymous, as each is expressive of a condition excluding coercion of the non-invasive individual. Mr. Warren should strive to get it into his head that Anarchism is one who disbelieves in a-hoc coercion. But most Anarchists disbelieve in a-hoc; a matter of political and social expediency, not a matter of ethical obligation. These are Egoistic Anarchists. They do not deny the right to invade, but they think it is better not to invade or be invaded. They think that in an ideal society no one will desire to invade. But, before the ideal society arrives, they expect to secure an Anarchistic society by a combination of the non-invasive to resist invasion. The idea of society is necessarily Anarchistic; an Anarchistic society is not necessarily ideal. — EDITOR LIBERTY.]

No Place for a Promise.

A promise, according to the common acceptance of the term, is a binding declaration made by one person to another to do, or not to do, a certain act or some future act. According to this definition, then, I think, be no place for a Promise in a harmonious, progressive world. Promises and Progress are incompatible, unless all the parties are, at all times, as free to break them as they were to make them; and this admission eliminates the binding element, and, therefore, destroys the popular meaning of a promise.

In a progressive world we know more to-morrow than we know to-day. Also harmony implies absence of external coercion; for, all coercion being social discord, a promise that appears just and feels agreeable, when measured with to-day’s knowledge, may appear unjust and becomes disagreeable, when measured with the standard of to-morrow’s knowledge; and in so far as the fulfillment of a promise becomes disagreeable or impossible, it is an element of discord, and discord is the opposite of harmony.

H. OLKEN, JR.
HOLSTEIN, IOWA.

[But it is equally true, my good friend, that the non-fulfillment of a promise is disagreeable to the promises, and in so far is an element of discord, and discord is the opposite of harmony. You need not look for harm until people are disposed to be harmonious. But justice, or a close approximation thereto, can be secured even from ill-disposed people. I have no doubt of the right of any man to whom, for a consideration, a promise has been made, to insist, even by force, upon the fulfillment of that promise, provided the promise be not one whose fulfillment would invade third parties. And if the promise has a right to use force himself for such a purpose, he has a right to secure such cooperation from others as they are willing to extend. Those others, in turn, have a right to decide what sort of promises, if any, they will help him to enforce. When it comes to the determination of this point, the question is one of policy solely; and very likely it will be found that the best way to secure the fulfillment of promises is to have it understood in advance that the fulfillment is to be enforced. But as a matter of justice and Liberty, it must always be remembered that a promise is a two-sided affair. And in our anxiety to leave the promisor his Liberty, we must not forget the superior right of the promisee. I say superior, because the man who fulfills a promise, however unjust the contract, acts voluntarily, whereas the man who has received a promise is defrauded by its non-fulfillment, invaded, deprived of a portion of his Liberty against his will. — EDITOR LIBERTY.]
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In defending seat and interest, the last orders of old-time duty, the Revolution saddled to one stride of the executioner, the soul of the people, the club of the people-men, the men of the curtsey, the courtiers of the department, the clerks of the office, which group Liberty砣s beneath her bald.”

THE APPEARANCE of the editorial column of articles and letters offers signatures than the editor’s initial indicates that the editor approves any central purpose and general tenor, though he do not hold himself respon- sible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in the book is that the style and the number of Volume IX and the many writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

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Changed His Mind.

To the Editor of Liberty:

Some time ago I wrote you to discontinue Liberty, but you sent the book—Vol. XIX—and they were worth the cost of a whole volume to me. I profited greatly by the articles on money and especially Anarchism and the Democrats contrasted; so that since then I have come to mind and think I must have Liberty. Please continue me on your subscription list and forward back numbers from No. 5.

Please add my name to the subscription list for one copy of your proposed book.

 Yours respectfully,

UPON, PA., OCTOBER 24, 1862.

John G. Palmer.

Labor’s Fancied Victory.

For once I find myself in sympathy with capital.

If those who are familiar with my naturally perverse and eccentric disposition were to infer that the case the enlisting my sympathy must be one in which sympathy with labor is always universal, they would be far wrong. In no strike that I know of have the workmen been more generally admitted to be in the right than in the strike of the Carmaux miners in France; yet seldom have I known a strike in which they were more clearly in the wrong. Bearing public sympathy they have found it easy to win; but being right, they probably would have lost.

Their case is this,—a very simple one: 250 miners, forming the bulk of the population of Carmaux, elected one of their number mayor of the town; the mayor’s municipal duties required so much of his time that he could do but little work in the mine; his services as a miner becoming thus unsatisfactory, the mining company discharged him; the miners, though admitting that the town was in a bad way, but two or three hours a day, claimed that the company was bound to continue him in its employ, and they struck against what they described as a blow at the armed right of universal suffrage. If this description were accurate, still it would not justify the strike in my eyes, for I know nothing less worth defending than universal suffrage; but were I the devoutest worshipper of the ballot, I could see no blow at it in the action of the Carmaux corporation, it never having been a part of the theory of representative government that corporations instead of the people should pay the salaries of public officials. For, if the owners of the Carmaux mines had consented to pay wages to a miner who was not working in the mine but was performing the functions of mayor, they would virtually have been paying the mayor’s salary. But when the corporation, as a solution of the difficulty, proposed, while insisting upon the right to discharge the miner, to take upon itself the permanent burden of paying out the mayor’s salary, I can now perceive they were satirizing the offer, rose in a howl of indignation against the impropriety of this franker form of the very thing which the Carmaux miners, backed by all France, were in substance demanding. Even the leading members of the Extreme Left joined in enthusiastic adhesion to this novel republican proposition that the freedom of the ballot is assailed when private interests refuse to accept as pensioners the persons elected by ballot to perform representative functions in the mining town, in such a pitch that at last the corporation, to avoid more serious consequences and knowing that it could well afford to humor the foolish workmen and the foolish populace by granting this paltry demand, consented to accept the prime minister of France as arbitrator, who in that capacity decided that the mayor of Carmaux should be reinstated in the employ of the mining company.

And now the sacred right of universal suffrage is vindicated, and the Radicals and Socialists of France are flushed with victory. One of the most prominent State Socialists declares that this triumph has advanced the social revolution by twenty years. As Bebel, the German Socialist, said, before the occurrence of the Carmaux strike, that this revolution would be an accomplished fact ten years hence, it requires but a simple mathematical calculation to show that this strike accelerated the revolution ten years ago. These absurd people forget that, if the miners of Carmaux had struck for higher wages, they probably would have lost the strike; that if they had asked for bread, they would have been given a stone, and that their demand has been met solely because it was for a glittering bauble.

The Irreparable.

A Comedy in One Act.

[Translated from the French of Charles Requia-Sainty by Benj. R. Tucker.]

CAST.—Madame LAFLORET, aged forty; Andrieu, aged eighteen; Girod, Valbert, aged twenty-seven.

SCENE I.—A scene in a certain house at Montmartre, near the Church of the Sacred Heart. The windows, half-open, command a view of Montmartre Hill, the Sacred Heart, and the Moulin de la Galette. The table is set for five; and in the distance the setting sun sheds a rosy glimmer. The curtain rises on an empty stage. The curtain rises on an empty stage. The curtain rises on an empty stage. The curtain rises on an empty stage.

Chapel bells are heard. Madame LaFrotr enters hurriedly. She falls into a chair, exclaiming: "Oh! mon Dieu! mon Dieu!"

SCENE II.—Madame LAFLORETT.—Ah! mon Dieu! mon Dieu! (She takes off her hat; then she listens to the chapel bells. She disappears for a moment in X's dressing-room, and comes back with a small jacket. She takes from its pocket several letters, which she carelessly looks at; finally she comes to one which she reads a long time. Then she takes from the same packet a box containing a bracelet, and a moment later lays all these things upon a table.) Well, God always places the cure beside the ill. What he does is well done. (The bells have stopped ringing.)

SCENE III.—(Andrieu enters softly, with a tilted air; she takes off her hat and lays it down in a corner.)

Mme. L.—pereceiving her.—Ah! there you are! Andrieu.—Yes.

Mme. L.—Where have you been? A.—You know very well, Mammie; I have just

Mme. L.—Ah! you have just been at Valbert's. A.—But

Mme. L.—I followed you... A., hiding her face to his hands.—Oh! (Pause.)

Mme. L.—In a low voice.—You have no shame! Ah! if I had known, when you came into the world, that you would begin in this way, I would have strangled you, do you hear? So you did not think of your family, your parents, were you good boys? Of me, of me, who love you, my mother? (Grown tender.) To think that you, whom I held in my arms, so little... Ah

A.—You are right, Mammie. I will be more careful.

Mme. L.—You are a heartless girl! Is this the way you show your gratitude for the trouble that I have taken on your account? You have a sweat and water and bring you up. We are poor; I sent you to school. You have received as good an education as the daughters of the rich,—yes, better. I have told you to give true ideas of life. Six months ago, when you were so ambitious, I found you a good place, almost a position. To succeed you had only to give yourself up to the current into which I had thrown you. Do I tell the truth? Answer me!

A.—It is true.

Mme. L.—Well, I hope that your good conduct would reward me for all these sacrifices. To repay the fruit of one’s toil is the least that one can expect, is it not? Now you, careless of our honor, upset in a day the entire scaffolding of my projects and plunge me into the greatest disappointment that a mother can experience, by silly conduct without profit or advantage, with an ordinary girl at your theatre!!!

A.—Such is life!

Mme. L.—How long has this been going on?

A.—Four months.

Mme. L.—And did I not see it until today? Now I understand why he comes here to see you so often. I could not suspect anything. He had such a mild way. Anybody would have been deceived. Ah! if I had known!

But how could this have happened to a sensible girl like you?

A.—I don’t know.

Mme. L.—There are moments when one loses reason.

A.—I have no longer resist.

Mme. L.—That nature should speak, why, that is not your fault. But you might have made a better choice. There were enough who were paying you attention,—the manager and swell gentlemen, counts, viscounts, nobles. I have often said to you: "My daughter, if you do not feel yourself strong enough to..."
walk erect, and if you must do silly things, try to do them intelligently. Don't you remember? A. —Yes, so I tell you.

Mme. L. —And then, it is always the same thing. The experience of others goes for nothing. An actor... you have no idea what that means... What will Madame Léa Dufay say when she hears of it?

A. —What's that to you?

Mme. L. —It was through her that you got upon the stage; do not forget it. She might deprive you of her protection.

A. —She need not be so severe. Little she embarrass herself... she?

Mme. L. —Yes. She conducts herself very well. She is very virtuous.

A. —Oh! dear! dear! (Rollew up her eyes.) Very virtuous! She has a new lover every night.

Mme. L. —It is for her mother's sake! She has succeeded in getting a very honorable position. She has horses and carriages. Consequently everybody respects her. Ah! she would not have done what you have done.

A. —She sells herself; I give myself. I do not think that is... Mme. L. —But, you little stupid, what profit do you get out of it?

A. —I live... Mme. L. —You are crazy! She is crazy! She is completely crazy! Come, let us talk more about it. It turns my blood. Let us pass to something else. Have you been well?

A. —Show it to me. (She reads the letter.)

Mme. L. —What is it?

A. —Always the same.

Mme. L. —A woman who has been-devoting you so long...

Mme. L. —Count Ogé de Lancre?

A. —Yes; yesterday he sent this bracelet to me at the theatre.

Mme. L. —Well, here is something worth talking about. What does he write?

A. —He asks to visit me at my home today. How stupid men are!

Mme. L. —After what you have done, you must know what remains for you to do.

A. —rolling up her eyes. —But I tell you I love Valbert! Don't you understand, then?

Mme. L. —Ah! this is really too much. And all this for a penniless fellow who hugs st you! He will make you a child and then drop you...

A. —silly. —You are utterly mistaken regarding Valbert. He loves me with the truest, dearest, sincerest love; and if you were to happen, he would be incapable of such cowardices.

Mme. L. —So you think he would marry you? Well, what if he did? A free leg that would give you Madame Valbert's life of an actress?

A. —Well, why not? An actor... an actor is a man like another... and often better than another.

Mme. L. —Ah! my poor child, you entertain illusions, because you are only eighteen. When you have been a little maltreated by life, you will know men and you will see that they are all alike,—all rascals. The best and those who have money, etc. are at least good for something.

A. —Money! Money! Then there is only that in life?

Mme. L. —You speak of it very indifferently. Do you think that one can live on air? It is easy to see that nothing costs you anything: It is who I pay. But your mother, little care you for; she comes last.

A. —Oh! Mamma! you know very well that I love you first of all.

Mme. L. —If you love me, you ought to prove it. For eighteen years I have supported you; I am old. I am tired. I am gradually going from you. Soons I shall be helpless. It seems to me that it is your turn now, that you should earn your mother's living. It is very natural, what I ask of you.

A. —Be it so. But anything rather than that!

Mme. L. —What will you do?

A. —I will work.

Mme. L. —At what?

A. —At what, at what...

A. —At your theatre? Ah! yes, think of it, eighty francs a month! How do you expect us to live on that? You will go out to work by the day, at two

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