Vol. IX. No. 17. NEW YORK, N. Y., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1892.

Whole No. 251.

For always in wise eyes, O Liberty, that sight, by which the world is saved; and though thou sayest we, we will trust in thee.

JON HAY.

Excerpts from Nietzsche's "Morgenröthe."

[Translated by R. H. B.]

THE PANDERING TO WORK.—Behind the glorification of "work," behind the tireless talk about the "blessings of work," I see the same thought as behind the praise of altruistic, impersonal feats: the fear of everything that is individualistic. In contemplating work—by which I mean the most hard industri-ousness from early to late—the bottom feeling always is that such work is the best police, that it holds everyone in check, that it knows how to powerfully hinder the development of reason, of desire, of the craving for independence. For it uses up an extraordinary amount of nerve-force and withdraws it from reflection, speculation, dreaming, worrying, loving, hating; it holds a small aim always up to view, and affords easy and regu-lar satisfactions. Thus there will be more security in a community which is constantly hard at work: and se-curity is now worshipped as the supreme Godhead.—And now, oh, the "chlorine" himself who has become dangerous! There are swarms of "dangerous individuals!" And behind them all the danger of dangers— the individual!

H. MORLEY, founder of a commercial society. Back of the principle of the present fashion in morals, — moral actions are the actions of sympathy for others. — I see a social tendency of fear to prevail, which in this manner intellectually disdains itself: this tendency has for its highest, most important, next immediate end to divest life of all possibility of danger which it formerly had, and to make every one in gaining this end to the extent of his power; therefore the politician, the "good" man, is to be given only to those ac-tions which aim at the common safety and the sense of safety of society! How little joy must there now be in men when such a tyranny of fear dictates their highest moral law! how they submit themselves to become commended to overlook themselves, but to have lynx eyes for every necessity, every sufferer outside of ourselves! Are we not, with such extra-ordinary determination to rub down all sharp edges and corners of life, on the best way towards making all mankind into sand? Sand! Soft, round, infinit-ite sand! Is that your ideal, ye heralds of the sympa-thetic affections? Meanwhile the question ever remains unanswered whether it is of greater benefit to the other to be continually running to his immediate rescue and helping him,—after which all can be done only very su-perficially, where it is not to become a dynamic force and transformation,—or to make something of ourselves which the other may look upon with plea-sure: for instance, a beautiful, quiet garden, complete in itself, that has no tops nor tails against tempests and the dust of the highway, but also a hospital portal.

To LEARN Solitude.—Oh, ye poor weights in the great cities of international politics, ye young talented men, tortured by ambition, who consider it their duty to say their say in every thing that happens—something is always happening! Who, because they are always listening, always lying in wait for the mo-ment when they can throw in their word, lose all true productivity! May they ever be so devoutly to achieve great works, the deep silence of pregnancy never comes to them! The event of the day drives them like chariots before the wind, while they think they are driving the event,—the poor weight! If one desires to act the hero on the stage, one must not think of managing the chorus, one must not even know how the chorus is managed.

DAILY THE WORSTS FOR WEAK.—These young men are wanting neither in character, nor in talent, nor in industry: but they have never been allowed time enough to direct their own course; rather have they from infancy been drilled in receiving a course. At the time when they were ripe enough to "be sent into the desert," something else was done; they were used, they were abducted from themselves, they were trained to be daily wasted, it was made a moral obligation on them; and now they can no longer do without it, and do not want it different. Only, these poor beasts of burden must not be denied their "vacation," as it is called, this ideal of leisure of an overworked century, where one can leave for once to one's heart's content, and be imbecile and childlike.

Small UNCONSUMABLE ACTIONS ARE NECESSARY!—To sometimes set outwardly to our better insight in the affairs of others: here to yield in practice and re-ceive one's intellectual freedom; to do as all do, and thereby to bestowed a courtesy and a kindness upon all, as a recompense, so to speak, for the divergence of our opinions,—that is held by many tolerably free-thinking people to be not only harmless, but "genial." "human," "tolerant," "not polemical," and whatever the fine words may be with which the intellectual con-science is bled to sleep: and so this one brings on his child for Christian baptism, while he is an atheist, that one submits to military service, like all the rest of the world, while he compiles international eminities, and a third hides himself to church with his little wife, because she has a pious relative, and offers to save the priest without being unseen. "Is it not essential if we do what all always do and have done,"—thus runs the vulgar proverbe: the vulgar error! For there is nothing more essential than that which is already powerful, long-established, and unanimously recognized is once more utilized by the action of one acknowledged as a man of sense: thereby it re-vives, lays on hands, and raises up reason itself! All honor to your opinions! But small unconsumable actions are worth more!

Reminiscences of Colonel Greene.

The following article appeared some months ago in the "National Tribune," contributed by R. S. Little-field, a member of the regiment commanded by Colonel Wm. B. Greene. Wishing to do my utmost to preserve all that relates to the remarkable personality of the author of "Mutual Banking," I reprint it.

During the fall and winter of 1861, Company D, 14th Massachusetts— the regiment changed later to heavy artillery—camped the Long Bridge, Virginia's connection with Washington City. The Army of the Po-tomac was then in process of formation, and its scattered regiments were encamped all about from the bridge to Munson's Hill, Va., then in the enemy's hands.

At this time the commanding officer of the regiment, Regular Regular officer had not acquired the respect for the volunteer soldier that was forced upon him later, and Kearny, the gallant General "Phil," somewhat dependent per-haps on this last, was only in the Meut, war, when late, would charge mounted: he posted at the Washing-ton end of the bridge, shouting "Get out of the road, you—milliman!" and would ride past or over him; which example of Kearny's had its imitators as a matter of course.

Our then Colonel, Wm. B. Greene, a West Pointer and participant in the Seminole war, an old man so en-lightened that for a time he was thought crazy, resolved, with his (Townsend) knew General Hancock, and knew also whom the order was meant for.

For a month and more afterwards General Kearny "passed" Long Bridge altogether, making a detour by the Chain Bridge, near Georgetown, as he was not then less inclined to turn in line when a new regiment crossed into Virginia, our band striking up as the approaching regiment reached our left, our Colonel out, mounted. It was the 22d Massa-chusetts, but marching, and the band at the precise juncture was a little behind time, when the Colonel, spurring his horse, charged the band, shouting: "Why in the name of heaven— don't you play a march?" One Sunday after "Holy Joe" was almost in Washing-ton, but as casual church-called sounded, the regiment, forming immediately for services, and, to the utter astonishment of all, Colonel Greene appeared in the place of the chaplain, prefacing his sermon by stating that after the Florida war he resigned from the army and became a Unitarian clergyman.

A propos of this preaching incident, one day the Colo-nel was very busy with his Adjutant over some per-fusing matter, when a Congregational minister from Lawrence, Mass. (two companies of the regiment were raised in Lawrence), entered Headquarters unan-nounced, and overheard certain strong expressions ap-plicable to the adjutant just then occupying attention;— wise, looking quickly round, the Colonel said: "Ah! Ah! Mr. Fisher! Am glad to see you! Since being here, you heard me swear a little,—use the term hell. Now, do you know I was where it would be sinful in you in such connection to use the word, I can adopt it.

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The Fools' Kingdom.

About once a month J. W. Sullivan of the "Twentieth Century" puts himself in public in his great act of trying to make it appear that he has taken over the Anarchists, bag and baggage, into his camp. According to him, the Anarchists, who have been found fault with by the Constantinople of social evils to the manufacture of so-called laws, have suddenly come to share his peculiar notion that there is a law because, when the elect manucript. a law, the electors have not the privilege of saying "Anax!"
The only foundation for Mr. Sullivan's claim is this: there have always been a small percentage of Anarchists who believe that the way to achieve Anarchy is to take political action for the purpose of stupidly and thereby Anarchists think that the Referendum is a pretty good scheme, since it may stop more laws from being made while they are repeating the old ones. But the Anarchists who believe in political action are very few in number, and of course those who do not believe in it have not the slightest interest in the Referendum. In fact, the interest taken in it by those whom Mr. Sullivan claims by name does not seem to be of a very ardent character. Those who read Mr. Yarros's explanation in another column will see that his affections for the Referendum is much too platonic to be considered a disaffection from Anarchism. Mr. Schilling, who has been for some time actively engaged in an effort to secure the publication of that work of Proudhon in which he makes his strongest attack on the Referendum, certainly cannot be looked upon by Mr. Sullivan as a very faithful disciple. And if my friend Kosman showed no more enthusiasm for the ideas advanced in Liberty than he exhibited for the Referendum when I last talked with him about it, I should regard him as a lukewarm comrade.

However, those gentlemen unembodied look upon the Referendum with so much more favor than I do. They at least think it harmless, while I am sure that if it were to be adopted, it would prove distinctly harmful. Taken as a whole, the people are more tyrannical than those whom they elect to represent them. My respect for the average legislator is not great, but certainly he is less ignorant than the average voter. There are many measures for which the former would hesitate to make himself responsible which would not frighten the latter in that respect. But the effect of the Referendum is to lift responsibility off the legislator and place it entirely upon the voter. Consequently the legislator will be careless, and will allow many laws to go to the people for a second vote which would not for a moment take the responsibility of enacting them. And when a law goes to the people for sanction, the chances are ten to one that it will get. As a rule, those who are strongly in favor of a proposed law will be induced by their positive enthusiasm to go to the polls and vote for it, while the opposition, generally less ardent because negative, will not take the trouble to express itself. Take the question of female suffrage, for instance. I have no doubt that public opinion, is that in the states where the women are at home in large numbers. As a result, very probably female suffrage would become a reality, in spite of the fact that public opinion is overwhelmingly against it; and yet it is certain that many a legislator good-naturedly casts his vote for female suffrage in the legislature who would not do so but for the fact that, as a constitutional question, it must go to the people. Female suffrage, of course, if there is to be suffrage at all, is not a very dreadful thing. But just as female suffrage would probably succeed at the polls though favored only by a minority of voters, so any one of the many tyrannical measures which are championed by enthusiastic minorities would have equally strong chances of success. Thus the Referendum would plunge us into abomination after abomination, placing the intelligent and liberty-loving individual utterly at the mercy of a mob, the most dangerous of fools, — the average man.

A Donkey Without Ears.

Some weeks ago the press announced the fact that one of New York's sensational preachers, Rev. Thomas Dixon, had, in his passion for "sport," so far forgotten the piou tradition that the robin is one of the two birds upon whose lives God has set the seal of sacredness that he went hunting and bagged a large number of those innocent but harsh-voiced members of the feathered race, — enough, in fact, to cause the consequent fines of five dollars each (which is the penalty in the State of New York for killing Jehovah's chosen fowls at that season of the year) to amount to so large a sum that the reverend sportsman was obliged to scrape his pockets in order to prevent his being taken to jail.

But it seems that killing harmless birds is not the only weakness of "Rev. Tom," as the newspapers familiarly designate him. He has a decided penchant for the opera. He does not attend, however, for the purpose of revelling unarrestingly in the beauties of "Die Meister-Singer" and "Tannhauser," nor does he make any distinction between these and "The Spectre's Bride"; he cares nothing for Litzl, Beeethoven, Gounod, Tschaikowski, and Saint-Saens; even the de Rezaeke do not move him, and of Henry Seidl himself he stands not in awe.

What then, attracts this virtuous parson with the large field-glass? It is simply this. The ballet has charms to soothe this savage breast which music possesses not. When he can focus his glass on the ballet, — and the more "Franziska" it is the better, — his whole being is in his eyes, and his gaze is taken off the scene only by the falling of the curtain.

But even then there is still employment for his "big, black field-glass." He carefully scrutinizes the different boxes until he discovers the one in which the female occupants are dressed the most diletto, and, with his glass levelled at these, no music, however grand and impressive, can win his attention. Only when the ballet reappears can he be induced to unnerve his gaze from the boxes.

The only evidence given the public of his appreciation of the opera is a sermon, in which he made the truly sane and comprehensible statement that "ballet dancers were an element of the corruption of Tammany!" It would seem from this that, after he had left of a gentleman before leaving the theatre, "What does it all mean?" and had been informed that he "must have every element of a donkey except its ears," he has discovered, by some process peculiar to his craft, what it all meant.

C. I. Swartz.

Corollaries.

—The news from the pen of Henry George just announced, entitled "A Perplexed Philosopher," deals, as I gather from the press notices, with Spencer's inconsistent and unsuccessful treatment of the land question, — with the interesting story of Spencer's self-contradictions and deliberate changes of opinion. The topic is, no doubt, a fruitful and instructive one; there are some important things to be said on it and useful lessons to be extracted. But George is hardly the proper person to undertake this delicate task; he is, I fear, likely to make a fool of himself and weaken rather than improve the general case — otherwise strenue — of the land reformers against Spencer. That these are not gratuitous insinuations, taking their source in short-sighted and partisan refusal to recognize George's merits as a writer on the land question, may be easily established. The press notices referred to state that George's book contains incidental references to Spencer's synthetic philosophy, these same being neither more nor
When Freedom on Her Mountain Height!

As I sat in my office thinking that it was about time to leave, entered two well-dressed gentlemen. With easy confidence they sat down unmasked, and the elder bluffed of the two began in a hearty voice: "We have called to inform you, sir, that you need a new hat; and that we are about to purchase one for you; the cost of the hat will be five dollars, and our commission will be three dollars. Eight dollars, if you please."

I looked at him with astonishment.

"What do you mean?" asked one of the gentlemen.

"What business have you to dictate what hat? I admit that it is shabby, but what business is it of yours? Moreover, what do you mean by demanding money in that fashion? Leave my office at once."

"Gently," replied the younger of the two, "let me explain. We are the Messieurs Government, et — my companion Mr. D. Government, myself Mr. R. Government. It is our duty to see that everybody does what is for the public benefit. Now, it is manifestly very unpleasant to have to encounter so many people with shabby hats like yours; it is degrading, too, to the wearers, deprives them of self-respect. Briefly, you are required to get a new hat, through us. Put up the cash at once, or we will make you.""

"Robbers!" I shouted. "Help! Help!"

They rushed upon me with drawn revolvers; they cried, as they tied me to a chair and proceeded to go through my pockets. "Impious rebel! It is your duty to do what we require. folly, to talk of us as if we were robbers. Don’t you understand? You really need a new hat, and you have voluntarily commissioned us to go around the corner and buy one for you."

"What do you mean by voluntarily?" I cried. "nothing of the sort. I need a new hat, but I prefer not to spend my money for that purpose just now. Besides, if I were going to buy one, I would buy it myself, and not ay such an extortionate charge for nothing. Yet you have the impertinence to say that I voluntarily commissioned you."

"You certainly did commission my friend Democrat here, last November. Don’t you remember? We let you choose which of us should do it, and you chose him. So you are perfectly free in the matter."

"Free! Do you call that free? As a matter of fact, I never did vote for either of you, and, if I had voted, you could hardly call me free, for you both carry revolvers, and you both announce your design to plunder one. To choose which shall rob me is hardly freedom."

"Yes, we do work in partnership," said Mr. D. Government. "Have to, you know. One works, the other lays off. But the one that lays off has to make his keep until his turn comes. But drop your talking; and pay up."

In the face of heavy odds, I paid, and they departed with my eight dollars.

I never saw the new hat.

John Beverley Robinson.

Reminiscences of Colonel Greene. (Continued from page 1)

whenever it will fit, for I don’t believe in the place; you do."

A recruit on camp guard one day, with foot wide apart, "presented arms" on the Colonel’s approach, mounted, with the barrel of his gun outward. The Colonel rode around the sentry, gravely surveying him. Coming to the front, the following orders were issued: "Soldier! turn your gunstock outward! Soldier! bring your feet together! So, that’s better. He was very dexterous handling a musket, and, disembowled, took it and went himself through the manual of arms, when, passing the piece to the recruit, he put him through every motion; and thereafter that recruit was proficient in so much of the technically pertaining to the profession of arms.

This kindly manner of his, with an end in view toward acclimating the new patriotic volunteer’s things every bit in his new life, won the love of the men; and his ideas of discipline were net of the Regular sort; for, while punctilious as to every needed military observance and act, he could not treat volunteers as Regulars were treated.

The regiment was changed permanently to heavy artillery in January, 1932, garrisoning the line of fortifications adjacent to Long Bridge, and, during that year, continued resigning out of poor health, in the love of the men; and his ideas of discipline were net of the Regular sort; for, while punctilious as to every needed military observance and act, he could not treat volunteers as Regulars were treated.

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battery, L. A., the 3d New York H. A., and the 1st Massachusetts H. I., went to that center, and the old industry, the house of the enemy’s cavalry, Fitz Lee commanding, turned the battery, which, with the regiment in advance, passed pell-mell through Grenier’s line, which were now, as soon as the hill was crossed, mounted on the line of battle of a large regiment presented, as to deter Lee’s further advance: his regiment here giving promise of being able to make the condition of their status, which were better in the New Jersey and on other fields.

Died old Colonel Greene! The mound covering his ashes in Forest Hill Cemetery, near Boston, each recurring Memorial day is lovingly decorated with wreaths of flowers placed by the hands of comrades of his command, who were now grizzled, like himself in the years of the war, which touching tribute to his memory, in its remembrance of a past association, must ere long cease. He was highly connected in Massachusetts, by marriage into the family of Chief Justice Shaw, the State’s great jurist, which family furnished Colonel Robert G. Shaw, of Fort Wagner fame. To quote Bowen’s “Massachusetts in the War.”

"Colonel Greene was a Petersburg graduate, who in the Regular Army had seen active service in Florida and elsewhere, but at the opening of the war had for some years been living in Paris. He at once hastened to his native State and entered the State in the midst of a Bill Government, and, on receiving the commission of Colonel, set about perfecting his command, according to the standard of his experience at home and abroad. The result when the war became really organized, in fact, on the front, August 7, it had already attained a great degree of efficiency."

Time Enough Yet to Do Mischief.

Dear Mr. Tucker:

The N Y Post's question: Who can estimate in dollars and cents the worth of the Fifty-second Congress's success in preventing the enactment of the 12,967 bills which failed to get through at the last session? reminds me of the sentence in the boy's essay on "Folly." The boys have saved a great many poor fellow's lives—by not swallowing them.

The "Sue" is premature. The Fifty-second Congress has all this winter before it in which to pass the worst of the bills. The best have no show, and, as Aun Sojourner Truth said of the Maryland people who had jobs under the Freedman's Bureau: "Twasn't de less of dem Marylanders nudder, and de less of 'em wuss nuff." Yours truly,

P. T. BOWEN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 19, 1892.

The Lay of the politician.

I am an American—
Politician, I am.
What I say you do—
Go. No—don't give a damn—
Who's—
Elect me. I am always in.
Our way of getting there—
Today, now. Bet—
You the voting—I do the selling—
That's where I've
Got the bulge
On you, anyway.
In it for the boodle.
That's what I come in—
You're not in it—
You just pay the bill. That's all you're for—
I'm on top—
Going to stay there—
It's comfortable—
Very—So—
So long—
 Till next election.
Then I'll have another one
On you.

George Forrest.