On Picket Duty.

And now we are seven. The "Alarm," of London, has adopted the new typography. When there are ten, we will make a cross.

Time was when a man of brains and culture found less to offend and more to please in the columns of the "Sun" and the "Evening Post" than in those of any other New York daily newspapers. *Corruptio optimi perit.*

The Secularists of the United States so bitterly criticised Colonel Ingersoll for his utterances on the stump in the recent campaign that he canceled his engagement to take part in the Secularist congress in Chicago. S. P. Putnam, in commenting on this at the congress, lamented that there are so many people who are unwilling that others shall think for themselves. His remark was directed against Ingersoll's critics, but it really hit Ingersoll himself. Most of Ingersoll's campaigning was carried on in Illinois. Now, the issue that took precedence of every other in that State was the success or defeat of John P. Altgeld in his candidacy for a second term as governor. The principal event of his administration had been the striking of the bravest blow for the freedom to think that has ever been struck in America. Colonel Ingersoll, who has always put freedom to think ahead of every other question, did his utmost to defeat John P. Altgeld. In so doing he proved that he is one of the "many who are unwilling that others shall think for themselves." Mr. Putnam, in his remarks at Chicago, fired a good shot at the wrong target.

It is not quite a year ago that I was told by Mr. Yarros in these columns, in his criticism of my attitude on the Venezuelan question, that, "if England is unwilling to submit the entire dispute to arbitration, it is manifestly because no other nation would do what she is urged to do. No self-respecting nation would submit to the dictatorial demands of Cleveland's message." I demonstrated to Mr. Yarros in my answer that even at that time England had virtually backed down. Almost a year has been consumed in the endeavor to effect that back- down as gracefully as the embarrassing circumstances would permit. Now the step has been taken. Salisbury, who at first absolutely refused to submit the territory within the Schomberg line to arbitration, has now consented to such submission, and has done it in obedience to Cleveland's "dictatorial demand." In the language of "A Leading Publicist," writing in the London "Speaker," "what had to be done had to be done, and that is the long and the short of it. We may not like it, but there ought to be no difficulty in choosing between the absurdity of complaining over the inevitable and the dignity of smiling acquiescence." I presume that Mr. Yarros no longer considers England a self-respecting nation.

An agency for Liberty and all books and pamphlets published from Liberty's office has been opened with Murdoch & Co., 26 Paternoster Square, London. Patrons in Great Britain and on the continent will do well to make note of this, as it is probable that they can save time by ordering of the London house.

It turns out that I did a grave injustice to Mr. Arthur Wastall, the editor of "Natural Food," in attributing to him a disposition to willfully ignore Liberty's claim to credit for the new typography. He declares most positively that he did not know that such credit was due. I unreservedly accept his disclaimer, and offer him my sincere apology, regretting that I allowed myself to act upon circumstantial evidence, even though it was so strong as to seem almost tantamount to proof.

Some months ago the "Truth Seeker" discarded hand-composition, and introduced the linotype into its printing-office. In the full flush of its pride and with a patronizing air it forthwith declared, through the pen of one of its editors, Mr. George E. Macdonald, that Liberty's abolition of "justification" in type-setting would have been a most glorious and valuable improvement, had it appeared earlier in the world's history, but that, coming contemporaneously with the linotype, which "justifies" automatically, its inventor must share the fate of those martyrs who arrive too late. Now note the brief and inglorious sequel. After a few months' use the "Truth Seeker" has thrown its linotypes into the scrap-heap, and the merry click of the types is heard once more in its printing-office as nimble fingers rattles them into vindicated composing-sticks. Every Thursday, when the paper arrives, I hurriedly remove the wrapper, expecting to see the ragged edge, and to learn thereby that the "Truth Seeker" has joined the noble army of martyrs who are in season. But with each week's disappointment my hope grows fainter. I remember that there are two Macdonals, and I begin to fear that Belle-Plante has clipped the wings of Cornelius. Well, any rate, the "Truth Seeker" has for once got near enough to the object of its search to know that "Truth, crushed to earth, will rise again." P. S.—I learn from good authority that the Mergenthalers broke down under pressure of the learned "Truth Seeker's" vocabulary. I once heard a Japanese maiden say to a man who was taking advantage of the limitations of her English to abuse her in polysyllabic language resembling that with which Sheridan silenced the fishwife: "You talk too heavy." That was the trouble between the Macdonals and the Mergenthalers. The talk was too heavy.

I desire to notify all friends of mine who read the daily newspapers that I have not lost my mental balance. The caution is necessary, because fears as to my sanity are doubtless entertained by such of them as are aware that the daily newspapers tell the truth only in exceptional cases, just to prove the rule that they are liars. On the morning after Governor Altgeld's speech in Cooper Union it was stated in the various reports descriptive of that event, appearing not only in New York daily, but in the telegraphic columns of journals throughout the country, that Benj. R. Tucker sat on the platform; that he was recognized as he entered the hall; that he was cheered during the evening; and that he stood in the front row and waved a flag. In none of these statements is there any truth; for none of them is there a shred or a shadow of foundation. I went to the Altgeld meeting as a simple auditor; not once did I set foot on the platform; neither as I entered the hall or at any other time was I voiced raised or a hand lifted in my honor; I took a seat not far from the middle of the hall, and remained throughout the evening buried in a compact throng of enthusiastic men and women; and, far from waving a flag either in the front row or elsewhere, I was almost the only person present who did not wave a flag.

In fact, I did not even have a flag in my hand once during the evening, save for a single second, when a good Single-Tax woman seated beside me thrust one upon me, which I straightway handed back to her with the remark: "You must remember that I am an Anarchist!" the remark being intended to distinguish myself from the flag-waving throng, which was made up for the most part of people who are not Anarchists, but who are called such by the press. And even this incident was entirely quiet and private, known to only my Single-Tax friend and myself. The matter is of small consequence, but is worth correcting, first, to prevent anyone from thinking that I have entered into politics, and, second, to indicate, by a trivial instance, the utter recklessness and willfulness with which Republican editors and reporters lie throughout the late campaign.
Liberty.

Issued Monthly at Sixty Cents a Year; Two Years, One Dollar; Single Copies, Five Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 54 Gold Street. Post Office Address: Liberty, P. O. Box No. 1562, New York, N. Y.

Entered at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

NEW YORK, N. Y., NOVEMBER, 1896.

"In abolishing real and artificial, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolished at one stroke the social aristocracy, the end of the caste system, the clerical bar, the gong of the aristocrats, the cringing false of the government, all class barriers of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel." — Proudhon.

The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the writer does not believe in the central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself bound by such rules 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 disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

The Illusions of G. B. S.

G. Bernard Shaw's lately-printed essay on "The Illusions of Socialism" is, of course, extremely clever and readable. He divides illusions into necessary ones and flattering ones, useful and misleading, good and foolish. No movement, he says, could succeed without illusions, for the average man must be bribed to pay the least attention to things that do not directly appeal to his passions. Socialism as pure science, as scientific politics, would interest but a few; to enlist the sympathetic concern of the many, the truth must be presented in attractive guise. Let us assume the truth of this theory, and test it by applying it to Mr. Shaw himself. As he is not an ordinary man, the theory would lead us to expect him to see the free of all illusions, and perfectly ready and able to look reality in the face and accept truth without any mask or adornment. We shall see, however, that Mr. Shaw has his full quota of illusions, and that his greatest illusion is his compliant assumption that his illusions are demonstrated scientific facts.

But first a remark or two on a rather significant admission made by Mr. Shaw. He says in all seriousness: "It will be admitted without argument that Socialism, if it is to gain serious attention nowadays, must come into the field as political science and not as sentimental dogma. It is true that it is founded on sentimental dogmas, and is quite unmeaning and purposeless apart from it. But so are all modern democratic political systems."

Mr. Shaw does not specify what the fundamental dogma of Socialism is, and we cannot but regret this omission. But to say that which is founded on sentimental dogmas is "political science" is something which no truly scientific thinker would tolerate with any degree of patience. Science starts out with certain assumptions, it is true, but they are invariably assumptions which the human mind finds itself compelled to make, and the negation of which is absolutely inconceivable. No other dogmas are admitted by science, and the acceptance of any gratuitous and superfluous dogmas is fatal to one's pretensions to scientific authority. If Socialism sets out with a sentimental dogma, it is unscientific and doomed, just as other modern democratic political systems are unscientific and foredoomed to failure.

If Socialism started out with the dogma of the fatherhood of God, would Mr. Shaw regard it as scientific, and refer to the fact that other systems have not their dogmas? Clearly not, and yet he assures us that the "raisons d'être" of the industrial organization is not unexplained, while he makes no attempt to show that the industrial system is not a system of slavery under the political forms and pretensions of freedom and equality. In short, unless the government controls industry, it is useless for the people to control the government.

When this became plain, the Manchester school was superseded by the Collectivist or Socialist school; and democracy became social democracy, their objects being the regulation, the promotion, the protection, the organization, and control of industry by the State. Now it is to be observed that we have no reconstruction or revival of the dogmas of the American constitution. Democracy still pursues happiness, and attains after a better life and liberty; but it still disregards the teachings of asceticism and pessimism. And Socialism is quite on the side of democracy, quite agrees that the system it proposes must stand or fall by its success in making the people freer, and happier than they can be without it. Consequently Socialism is not distinguishable on its dogmatic side from the older-fashioned democracy, republicanism, rationalism, or even from English conservatism; and there is hardly a word used by it to the organ of a class as against the people, and which is, in fact, more advanced practically than German social democracy. The sole distinctive lies in its contention that industrial collectivism is the true political science of democracy.

Can there be a greater and stranger illusion than to regard this jargon as "scientific"? In the first place, what does Mr. Shaw mean by "democracy"? The term is used in a larger sense by men like Morley, and in a narrow and technical one by writers like Lackey, Sir Henry Maine, and others. If Mr. Shaw means "popular government," majority rule, as contradistinguished from the rule of one or a few, it is surely absurd for him to assume that democracy is an established and permanent system which no longer needs any defence or apology. Socialism, he says, is on the side of democracy. Then Socialism assumes the burden of justifying it. There are people, as Mr. Shaw knows, who look upon democracy as political superstition,—who claim that it is philosophically and scientifically as revolting and impudent as any of the systems which prevailed in the past. Mr. Shaw brushes aside the objections of individualists like Spencer and Anarchists like Proudhon, and he does so simply because he is laboring under as gross and comical a delusion as the conceived illusion which permits a partisan to treat his opponent as a moral delinquent and imbecile. Democracy is on trial, and Mr. Shaw is blind to the fact. He is blinded by his illusion.

The second "conceived illusion" of Mr. Shaw is his notion that Socialism is an improved and enlarged and rationalized edition of democracy. He tells us that democracy has failed to yield happiness and harmony, because industrial organization has been neglected and abandoned to individualism. But Mr. Shaw knows that there are many who deny that the failure of Manchesterism implies the failure of liberalism, who contend that the remedy for the evils in the present system is found in greater freedom, in more consistent individualism than the Manchesterian. Mr. Shaw knows this, but he ignores it. He complacently assumes that the only alternative to Manchesterism is Socialism, and that political science backs him up in that assumption.

Is there anything scientific in the meaningless talk about the control of industry by the government? What is a government under democracy? A set of politicians elected by a majority of the voters. Of course these politicians can control nothing, if those who elect them have no authority to do so. As a utilitarian Mr. Shaw admits no criterion other than the greatest amount of happiness of the greatest number of people, and, whether or no Socialism, or the dictation in all commercial matters of the majority through its agents is conducive to greater happiness than a system of economic Anarchy is certainly far from being a settled question. The average man does not believe it, because he is ignorant, while the competent disagree, and there is, from an impartial and abstract point of view, just as much reason for saying that Anarchy is the next step in social evolution as that Socialism is. Mr. Shaw mistakes assertions for demonstrations and emphasis for theoretical strength. The most debatable propositions are laid down by him in a manner permissible only to the framers of maxims and universally-accepted truths. What but illusion is responsible for this?

Mr. Shaw will have to revise his theory. He has accounted for the illusions of the average Philistine, but he has failed to account for the illusions of so able and acute and witty thinkers and writers as G. B. S. v. y.

Anarchists in Politics.

No question seems to be simpler at first blush than that of the proper attitude of Anarchists toward political struggles. Absolute non-participation is obviously the clear deduction, the inevitable corollary from the general Anarchistic philosophy. Yet so much human nature is there even in Anarchists that during exciting and stormy campaigns abstract principles are easily lost sight of by many, and some uncertainty is felt with regard to the propriety of holding entirely aloof. Of course, no difficulty arises when all of the contestants are equally bad and reactionary, or when such superiority as one of the parties may have refers to a matter in which no particular interest is felt. But when class feeling runs high, and one's sympathies and antipathies are aroused, he is tempted to make an exception to the rule of rigid abstention, and to "go into politics" for the occasion.
A friend and reader of Liberty recently put this query to me: When some practical, immediate good can be accomplished by the election of a particular man or the victory of a particular party, is it not part of wisdom and propery for the most determined opponent of government to hold aloft the flag and abet such election? Admitting that but little good can be accomplished in and through politics, should not that little be secured by temporary excursions into practical partisan affairs?

Now, the first thing to remark concerning this problem is that it overlooks the fact that the Anarchists themselves are a political party fighting for political ends. They have a platform and are "enlisted for the war," employing such methods as seem to them most efficacious and best adapted to the objects in view. Surely it is not without reason that ordinary political methods have been alijured by them, and surely it is no new or surprising discovery, originally neglected, that occasionally some good can be accomplished by political action. The real question is whether the immediate and practical good which, by our hypothesis, can be secured is not overbalanced by indirect and remote injury to the essential "mis and purposes of Anarchism. Answer this question in the negative, and all reasons for boycotting politics vanish. It is to be borne in mind that there are no other considerations than utilitarian ones to be considered. Anarchists have no religious or moral objection to voting and party warfare, and, although they regret the fundamental principle of government and insist on doing away with all coercion of the non-invasive, they would not: deeming it ethically improper to use the ballot (which means aggression) for the purpose of furthering the cause of freedom. Were it expedient and profitable, they would not hesitate to do as the Romans do, and govern themselves by the ethical and political standards of their age. This is not because the end justifies the means, but because, from the rational and revolutionary point of view, we are entitled to use the ideas and sentiments of the present as a stepping-stone to higher and better ideas.

Here the fundamental difference between the Tolstoi philosophy and the utilitarian view plainly emerges. Coercion, government, legal violence, say Tolstoi, are sinful and ungodly, and hence the man who in any way countenances or identifies himself with these things is guilty of immorality. That which is sinful today was sinful two thousand years ago, and the sinners of the past and present are equally guilty. The scientific view, on the other hand, is that the ethical propriety of men's acts must be determined by the requirements and possibilities of the situation and not by the ethical principles of an individual.

Some would unhesitatingly make an exception to their general rule, while others would adhere to the rule. In saying that I should vote under the peculiar circumstances supposed, I do not intend to convey the impression that I should consider myself inconsistent principles is as firm as ever, my distrust of "exceptional cases" as profound as ever. But, as I have indicated above, non-participation in politics is not enjoined by any high ethical principle; it is simply, in my judgment, a necessary condition of successful Anarchistic propaganda under ordinary circumstances. In an extraordinary situation the very interest of Anarchism might call for different behavior.

Henry George, Traitor.

The present oft recalls the past, and events of the recent political campaign forcibly reminded me of the shame of 1887 and the shameful part therein of one whose infamy shall not be forgotten. To the end that it may not, I purpose here to link the present to the past by a simple statement of facts.

In May, 1886, occurred the now historic tragedy of the Chicago Haymarket, when a bomb was thrown and policemen were killed and wounded. It is needless to review the details. As a result eight men—Spiess, Parsons, Fischer, Engel, Lingg, Fielden, Schwab, and Neebe—were arrested, tried, and convicted of manslaughter. All but Neebe were sentenced to life imprisonment. The trial was a long one, and after it months were occupied in attempts to secure a new one and to save the lives of the condemned. During the spring, summer, and fall of 1887 the matter filled the public mind. Public opinion, inflamed by a prostituted press and cowardly high in place, was at fever-pitch against the victims. Efforts were made to secure the intervention of influential persons in their behalf. But few responded to the call. Perhaps most notable among the few, because he risked the most and because his aid was most needed, was the ex-cop, Sam Dean Howells. However brilliant the literary fame that he may leave behind him, his fame as a man, resting chiefly on the brave and simple appeal that he then made for justice, will far outshine it, and I am sure that to him this act is the most precious of his career. But because he was almost alone among the mighty his appeal was vain. The supreme court of Illinois, in a long and labored opinion, sustained the verdict of the lower court; the supreme court of the United States gave an adverse decision regarding the points of law upon which an appeal to that tribunal had been taken; the governor of Illinois listened with ears of stone to all prayers for clemency; and on November Eleventh, Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-Seven, Lingg having previously taken his own life, Spiess, Parsons, Fischer, and Engel were hanged, the commutation of the sentences of Fielden and Schwab to life-imprisonment being the only crumb of comfort flung to an enlightened minority hungering for justice.

Among the mighty in that day of trial, in that hour of national dishonor when every individual, especially every individual of prominence, had to choose between the path of
Shame and the path of glory, it is not unfair to include Mr. Henry George. A man of unquestioned ability; a writer of almost unparalleled lucidity and force; a public speaker whom vast audiences acclaimed with apparently unqueenable enthusiasm; a reformer who, in completely winning the love of the masses, had not failed to attach himself to many men of wealth and power among the classes; and, withal, a man whose honesty only a few of the more clear-sighted had then begun to doubt,—to him perhaps more than any other single person did lovers of liberty and friends of labor confi- dently look for willing and effective aid and leadership through and out of a crisis pregnant with results beyond all human vision. Less than a year before, he had astonished New York and the entire nation by rolling up a vote of 68,000 as an independent candidate for the mayorality of this city. With the prestige that that event had given him, with his command of popular attention, and with his wonderful power of advocacy, it was not impossible that he should turn the tide of opinion, and compel authority to comply with the demand of a people who were to a realization of the horror that was impending. At the very least he could have tried. For the hope that he would make the attempt he had given reason—so it is said, though I cannot vouch for the statement—by sending a message of encouragement to the men in their cells at Chicago. That at the time this message is said to have been sent he believed them to be innocent victims is on record in black and white over his own signature. At that time he had not been nominated for the office of secretary of State for New York. This nomination came to him some months later,—in the summer or early fall of 1886. His remarkable campaign of 1886 had inspired him with insatiable hopes of speedy political victory. In January, 1887, he had started his weekly paper, the "Standard," and by this and other means he was bending all his energies to the creation of a new political issue in the Single Tax with himself as standard-bearer of a new political party. He claimed that he would poll 250,000 votes for secretary of State, and that with hard work he could be elected. The month of September, 1887, found him in the thick of this mad campaign. It was in that month, too, that the Illinois supreme court filed its opinion sustaining the verdict against him and his comrades. The time for action had arrived. Appeals to Henry George began to pour in upon him from friends of the con- demned men and from readers of the "Standard." He was in a dilemma,—one of those embarrassing dilemmas which men afflicted with the political itch have so often to con- front. What should he do? Should he spring to the side of these innocent victims, upon whose fate turned the question of free speech in America, and thereby absolutely ruin his prospect of immediate political advance- ment, or should he continue in his mad struggle to attain the goal of his ambition, and leave the innocent to die? For some weeks he dog- gedly maintained a policy of silence. But the demand that he should take a stand became too loud to be ignored. And it was under this pressure that at last, in the "Standard" of October 8, 1887, appeared on its first page, over the signature of the editor himself, the article that at once damned Henry George forever in the eyes of every decent and unbiased man. In substance Mr. George declared that, although he formerly looked upon the con- demned men as innocent, he now believed them guilty of murder, because the supreme court of Illinois had so pronounced them, and that settled it. So well-nigh incredible is it that a man of Henry George's intelligence and boasted mental independence should ever have given utterance to a conclusion so foolish and atavish that to-day, nine years after the fact, if you venture to attribute it to him in talking with one of his admirers, the chances are ten to one that you will be vehemently told that Mr. George never could have taken, and never did take, such a position, and that you ought to be ashamed of yourself for so misrepresenting a noble man. That there may be no mistake about the matter, then, let me quote his exact words: 

There is no ground for asking executive clemency in behalf of the Chicago Anarchists as a matter of right. An unlawful and murderous deed was com- mitted in Chicago the penalty of which, by the laws of the State of Illinois, was death. Seven men were tried on the charge of being accessory to the crime, and, after a long trial, were convicted. The case was appealed to the supreme court of the State of Illinois, and that body, composed of seven judges, removed, both in time and place, the excitement which may have been supposed to have affected public opinion in Chicago during the first trial, have, after an elaborate examination of the evidence and the law, unanimously confirmed the sentence.

That seven judges of the highest court of Illinois, men accustomed to weigh evidence and to pass upon judicial appeals, should, after a full examination of the testi- mony and the record, and with the responsibility of life and death resting upon them, unanimously sustain the verdict and the sentence, is inconsistent with the idea that the Chicago Anarchists were condemned on insufficient evidence.

Unmistakable, is it not? No room for mis- representation here. So clear is the meaning that everyone who read the sentence which I have taliced, and who was capable of judg- ing its author impartially, in his inmost heart put Henry George down as a liar and a coward. Some went farther, I among them; and put him down in print as such. The lamented William Morris, for instance, who was then editing the "Commonweal," found nothing less than capital letters adequate to the branding of George as TRAITOR, in a pithy paragraph of four or five lines, signed, if my memory serves, by the poet himself.

Nine years have passed since then, during which the man thus branded has made no acknowledgment of error, utter no expression of regret, given no sign of repentance. But meantime significant things have hap-pened. Let us move down a little from the remotest past toward the present.

In the fall of 1893, John P. Altgeld was elected governor of Illinois. In January of 1899 he was inaugurated, and before he had been in office many months he granted what the law calls a pardon to Fielden, Schwab, and Neebe. Governor Altgeld is himself a lawyer. He once held the office of prosecuting attorney, and later was a judge of the supe- rior court of Illinois for a term of five years. Nevertheless, before deciding on this pardon, he called to his side, as trusted friend and counsellor, another judge of one of the high courts of the State. I suppose that I reveal no secret in naming him,—Judge Samuel P. McConnell, of Chicago. Together they went over the record of the famous case. At a certain stage in their examination, or at its end,—I am not sure which,—Judge McConnell said to the governor:

"Though I think that these men should be pardoned, and though I ask you to pardon them, I desire to express to you, as your friend, my conviction that, if you pardon them, you will thereby seriously injure your political future."

"Damn it, Sam!" replied Altgeld, "if these men were unjustly convicted, I'll set 'em free, though it should prove my political death."

And so the pardon issued. It was a long, convincing, bold, and soothing document, prob-ably the most merciless message of mercy ever penned. With unanswerable evidence and argument Governor Altgeld assailed the guilty conspirators against free speech, and, far from bowing to the decree of the Illinois supreme court, he ripped it completely up the back. As a result he has ever since been a target for the abuse and ridicule of the entire capitalist press. Nearly four years have elapsed since the document was promulgated, during which its author has been careful to improve every opportunity to intensify the hatred of which he is the object among the privileged classes.

And now we come down to the present time. On Saturday evening, October 17, 1896, Governor Altgeld made a notable speech at Cooper Union in this city. The chief objects of this speech were condemnation of government by injunction and demonstration of the fallibility of courts of justice. One minute before the opening of the meeting and the entrance of Governor Altgeld, Henry George crossed the platform and took a conspicuous seat. The Single Taxers present rose to their opportunity, and made the hall ring with their applause. Any other man than Henry George, in a meeting in no sense his, would have acknowledged the greeting with a bow and then steadfastly kept his seat. But not he. Rising and crossing the platform with that pompous strut with which every one who has ever seen him parade before an admiring audience is familiar, he stood at the desk the incarnation of egotism, and with characteristic impudence began a speech. Before he could utter a half-dozen sentences he was cut short in the middle of one of them by the playing of the band in greeting to Altgeld. I contend that I do not like the looks of the Illinois governor. He is distinctly a disappointment to the eye. Yet I could not help contrasting, and greatly to his advantage, this slight figure of a modest, retiring man, free from any trace of vanity and plainly bored by the long-kept-up applause, with the swelling turkey-cock whose strut had just been so ingloriously cut short.

After some introductory speeches, the hero of the evening rose to address the audience. And then was witnessed the astounding spectacle of the man who, nine years before, had given his specific sanction to the legal murder of innocent men, that he might not damage a political future which, though in reality the baseless fabric of a dream, was in his eyes a shining certainty, rising with both hands lifted
in honor of the man who, four years before, without the slightest hesitation and as if the most ordinary decency commanded it, had cast into the balance a political prospect which only the most ambitious of statesmen could have despised, in order to do all that lay within the bounds of human power to right the wrongs of persecuted innocence. An astounding spectacle, I say. Yet it would have been an inspiring one, had those who saw it been able to look upon it as an honest effort at atonement. But such it emphatically was not. It was only too evident that the man who had once endeavored to conceal his infamy behind the extraordinary and pusillanimous plea that a unanimous court can do no wrong was now appealing the man who holds no court at all, not to repudiate his past, but to make the people forget it,—that he had come to Cooper Union not to confess that he had been a coward, but to exploit in his own behalf the bravery of another. In vain did I try to imagine what went on in Henry George's mind as he sat listening to these rebuking words as they fell from the lips of a former occupant of the bench:

I say to my countrymen that there cannot be in a republic any institution exempt from criticism, and that, when any institution is permitted to assume that attitude, it will destroy republican government. The judicial branch of the government is just as much subject to the criticism of the American people as are the legislative and executive branches. The judges of our federal courts are as honest as other men and no more so. They have the same passions and prejudices that other men have, and are as liable to make mistakes and to move in the wrong direction as other men are, and the safety of the republic not only requires but demands that the action of the courts should be honestly and thoroughly scanned and freely criticized. The mere fact that the supreme court has all through its career repeatedly reversed its own decisions shows its fallibility. The decision of the supreme court does not in any case become a rule of political action the correctness of which the voter dare not question.

As Henry George listened to this simple truth, which the most ordinary mind must accept and which every honest mind openly acknowledged, did he reflect that he had once declared the supreme court incapable of error and its decision beyond question? Probably. It is my belief that he regrets his course in 1887 most bitterly. Not that he is in the least ashamed of it; not that he would not repeat it, if he felt as sure as he did then of a political gain in prospect; but simply that he realizes that he has lost in his own name, not gaining what he hoped to gain, and losing what he now would like to have,—the honor which might have been his, but which another has bravely won.

I have no use for repentance. I regard it a deplorable waste of precious time and valuable material that any man, no matter who, should don sackcloth and ashes. But none the less am I certain that no frank and sincere man, razing with shame that he has been guilty of an enormous folly in a matter of vital public interest, will neglect for a moment to expose his heart to public view. And the fact that during the last few years, a gentleman who once sought no opportunity to lay his heart bare assures me that the liar and coward and traitor of 1887 is, in his heart, a liar and coward and traitor still. So that which he refuses to lay bare I strip. The corruption thus made viable is not a pleasant sight, but it is a useful one, and I am determined that it shall never vanish by concealment. My hope, rather, is to fan the flame of a purifying indignation that shall dissipate the pestilence forever.

BENJ. R. TUCKER.

Principle, Policy, and Politics.

In discussing the question of the attitude of Anarchists when political campaigns are in progress Mr. Yearos does well in insisting on the principal argument that Anarchists, by participation in such campaigns, would impair that force which they aim to exercise in their own distinctive work. But some of his incidental remarks make it necessary for me to add a word. It is true that Anarchists, once convinced that freedom could best be furthered by the use of the ballot, would not deem its use to that end an impurity. But it seems to me, that, in asserting this truth,—which is almost a truism,—Anarchists should be careful to make it plain that to them the use of the ballot is in itself something more and worse than a trivial act of inutility. Mr. Yearos, to be sure, declares parenthetically that use of the ballot is aggression, but certainly the tendency of his article as a whole is to make light of it in his aggressive aspect.

For my part, when I say that I would use the ballot if I thought that thereby I could best help the cause of freedom, I make the declaration in precisely the same sense and with precisely the same conception of the gravity of my utterance as when I declare, as I sometimes do, that I would use dynamite if I thought that thereby I could best help the cause of freedom. But I am as reluctant to use one as the other. If, however, I were to decide to use either or both, I would not try to deceive myself with phrases, or resort to euphemism by talk of stepping stones, but would base myself, in that matter as in all others, squarely on the excellent doctrine that the end justifies the means. The article which Mr. Yearos substantially asserts by his article, despite his verbal disclaimer. In declaring that he would vote if absolutely sure that his vote would decide the fate of a libertarian measure,—that is, would commit an aggression,—that is, again, would violate equal liberty,—he surely acts upon the doctrine of "exceptional cases," even though in the same breath he contradicts himself by reiterating that distrust thereof which he has previously expressed in these columns. His utterances, moreover, are a confession that in practice he would find exceptional cases often than I. Which was quite the thing to be expected. It is all a mistaken purpose, as many people do, that one who holds to a doctrine as an absolute moral principle is less likely to depart from it in practice than one who holds to it merely as a generally safe rule of conduct. The first man to be trusted should not be he who declares that it is always wrong to lie.

Five Men in a Forest.

There was once a Good Man who lived all alone in the midst of a great forest. But, since all good men love company, he was very glad to see a Quiet Man coming through the woods toward him. The Good Man cried out: "Come, settle here with me!" and the Quiet Man consented, that he might be less disturbed by wolves. So they lived together very happily, till a Stupid Man came by. They asked him to join the colony; he knew no reason why he shouldn't, and soon proved to be a very worthy keep. Then a Lazy Man came, and was invited in. He accepted, because there was nothing easier to do; and, though his work was never paid for his hearth, he knew that they all were very glad to have him there. And everything went well till a Bad Man appeared. If they had known who the Bad Man was, they would not have asked him to breakfast, for he looked like a nice, respectable man, and so he was taken into the colony at once. Then they soon began to have trouble. For the Bad Man had a tremendous appetite for beer, and was all the time brewing and drinking it, to the end when he had plenty to drink, he did things that were not at all pleasant to the Good Man and the Quiet Man. He also sometimes got the Lazy Man and the Stupid Man to drink with him, and thereby the company became to add a word.

Seeing this, the Good Man made up his mind that a remedy must be found. So he went to the Quiet Man and said: "The way the Bad Man is carrying on is unendurable. We must have an autocratic power to prohibit him from drinking and making beer." The Quiet Man agreed. Then they sounded the Lazy Man and the Stupid Man, and decided that the proposition could be carried. So they called the settlers together, and the Good Man said: " Liliberto each of us has done as he chose. But we now see the bad results of allowing one to do what is unpleasant to the others. I move, therefore, that we now establish a government, which shall have power to regulate our lives by the law of the people." The Stupid Man seconded this, and it passed unanimously. Then the Quiet Man brought out a draft of a constitution, drawn up by the Good Man; and, after a few minutes, with a look of solemnity, stood up and said: "This preamble, it was adopted. Then, just as the Good Man was about to move a law against beer, the Bad Man rose and said: "We have done a good day's work for social progress. To-morrow we can begin enacting laws, and have everything ship-shape. Now we need fish for dinner, and I know where I can get a mess that will break the record, if the Lazy Man and the Stupid Man will go with me. I move to adjourn till tomorrow." The Lazy Man seconded this at once, and it passed by 4 to 1. The Bad Man and his two companions went off fishing, with big bottles of beer in their pockets, and fished with great success. While they fished, the Bad Man talked to the others persuasively, and the results of his talk appeared next day. For, as soon as the meeting was called to order, the Bad Man said: "Now we ought to begin having public business done by public authority. The most important industry of this community is brewing, and, by making this a public charge, we can make beer absolutely free to all who want to drink, which is extremely desirable. I move, therefore, that the Good Man be appointed Chief Brewer, with a salary to be hereafter fixed; that his duty be to provide all the beer that anybody wants; and that, if he fail to do this, he be punished for malfeasance."

The Stupid Man seconded this, and moved the previous question; the Lazy Man seconded this, and the motion was put through at once by 3 to 2. Then the Bad Man moved a bill of eighty-nine sections to regulate the currency, and the law was done for some months, except to discuss this bill. The Chief Brewer refused to brew at first, but gave way under the threat of a prosecution for malfeasance. The things that he did came around, so to see how the brewing got on may be imagined; but the Bad Man only replied: "This proves what I always suspected,—that you are a lazy fellow at bottom. Your claim to know more than the majority of the voters shows you are just a pretense to get rid of the work of making beer. But it won't do. Next week there is a picnic up at the falls, where we shall want at least twice as much beer as usual; and if the supply is not ready, you will get just what you deserve for your insubordination to the decrees of the public council." And he went off.

"Ah!" said the Chief Brewer, as he turned away to get his corks ready. " why won't I a Wise Man?"

STEPHEN T. BUTLER.
Happiness.
Sought by many, found by few,
From my lap I ever drew
Roses of delight and mirth.
Only in heart's deep earth.
But mankind reject my gift,
And imploringly doth lift
Its dim eyes in hope and pride
Unto shadows delitled,
Valued half for naught.
From its misery and grief.
Me man loves; for me ye years,
But in sport often turns
From the path that leads to me,
And my trace he fails to see.
Hollow does he make his breast,
Death and danger doth face,
Missing life's diviest creed,
Cure and worry are the mood
For his days of strife and toil,
For his years of wild turmoil.
In ideals great and sound,
In aspiring I am found.
Courage is the iron shell
In whose vaults I ever dwell.
Justice is the sunny height
On whose summit I alone stand.
Freedom is the boundless sphere
In whose glory I appear.
Reason, feeling, knowledge, art,
The devotion of the heart;
And the vigor of the mind,
With the soul's pure flame combined,
Are the founts from which I flow,
And the springs through which I grow,
Bringing peace and joy and calm
Unto men, and healing balm.
Seek me not within the skles,
Nor below in fraud and lies.
Seek me not in strife and fears,
Nor in others' tears and woes.
Seek me in the light of truth,
In your love's undying youth.
Seek me in simplicity,
In the world's felicity.
Man engrossed by greed and fame,
Woke from sleep and see thy shame.
Purge thy hands of lewd's and blod,
Of thy brothers' sweet and blood.
Cease thy struggles dire and vain,
And thy joy's the true and merciful.
From destruction's dark abyss
To a simple life of bliss.
Man enraged with war and slate,
Rise serene and just and great
From the swamp where thou hast sunk
With thy vileness and base-born drunk.
Shake the night from thy soul,
And thy being's farthest goal
Make the sweet and soft caress
Of thy longed-for Happiness.
Busti Ílch.

Land Speculation.

To the Editor of Liberty:

As Mr. Yarro's criticism of my article took two months to break the shell, I will be excused if I defer my reply till after the election in Delaware. In the meanintime, I will ask Mr. Yarro to explain the economic distinction between economic rent in agricultural districts and cities, and whether there are other kinds of economic rent in the suburbs or on oyster beds or mines.

The aseveration that there is no land speculation "worth mentioning" in Germany, Austria, Italy, and other European countries is simply ludicrous, but I suppose that Mr. Yarro will concede that much land is monopolized by the wealthy few, and that whenever population is increasing, rents advance. The European, then, must be very slow if they do not speculate therein. Nevertheless, I will preserve that aseveration later. The question as to the effect of land monopoly in Ireland is answered in Henry George's pamphlet, "The Land Question"; as I will not spend space upon it here. If Mr. Yarro was familiar with that, he would have learned that Mr. de Laveleye says (p. 8) "that the Belgian tenant-farmers—for tenancy largely prevails even where the land is most minutely divided—are mounted with merciless landlords. In the States of Hampshire, Morisson Davidson, having read "Instead of a Book," yielded to the logic of liberty, and loses no opportunity for sounding its praises and endorsing its teachings. In his regular articles, written for "The Times and Echo" (which has no connection with the daily evening "Echo") he exercises a great influence among social workers and thinkers. The cry is: Still they continue, and Blatchford, author of "Merrie England," seem to be pointing forward, to judge from their vigorous denunciation of the Hyndman-Aveling autonomy in the late London congress. Blatchford never has a kind word for parlamentary socialism. He came back from Denver to tell his followers, in the "Labor Leader," that the Tuckerists, Aug. McCarth, was the best-posted man on economics that he had met. Mr. Shaw is known as a matchless critic; well, it seems to me that the greatest joke he ever perpetrated is his invitation to the readers of Liberty to leave the Old Guard and unite with the Fabians. I will here make an odious comparison. I begin by saying that the intellectual equal of Mr. Tucker; perhaps the modest editor of Liberty would admit that Mr. Shaw, in some respects, is his superior. I ask myself, then, the reason why Mr. Tucker and his students have not achieved so splendid results, while Mr. Shaw's are practically barren,—in this sense, at least, that they have inspired no other writings. I take it to be simply this,—that the one stands on the right platform, the other on the wrong one.
The day can show such a host of able and grateful disciples as Yarro, Mackay, "Tak K," Tandy, Robin,
Walker, Fulton, the Replogles, the Schumms, Bedrock, Byington, Cohen.
Would Mr. Shaw's 23 years of sociological teachings, if collected, make a text book of opportunists as inspiring and helpful as the Libertarian's satirical manual. Instead of a Book? I will say that Mr. Shaw's contributions to sociology, thought, and action have been a fractional part of the clean-cut, error-dispelling definitions which bristle on every page of Liberty's fifteen years' struggle for straight-thinking and clear-thinking. Can Mr. Shaw find 400 men willing to sacrifice from 4 to 400 shillings each for the cream of his sociological writings? Can he find a work equal in ability to Tandy's "Voluntary Socialism" with his same gratefully inscribed on the title-page? Yet it breaks one's heart to think that all those letters might have been sent to him, and that he had but the one thing needful,—the right logical basis. I cannot but think that Mr. Shaw has never fully appreciated the deep saying: "If there were more extinction in evolution, life could be no revolutionary period." The real teachers are always extremists and relentless logicians. Half way men may be needed to do the dirty work of opportunists, but they teach no doctrine, and far oftener hinder terribly the work of the real instructors of mankind.
The Great advantage (to some it may seem a disadvantage) of standing on the whole truth is that you can't "wobble," even if you want to. The great disadvantage (to some it may be an advantage) of standing on something other than the whole truth is that you can't do anything but "wobble." Liberty's essential teaching is the same to-day as it was in the beginning. Standing on it or not would not "wobble"; hence the ease with which its teachings were united into one consistent whole. This explains also why the late William Morris did nothing but "wobble." He was the whole course of his career. He assumed in rapid succession a wide variety of erroneous positions. What an inestimable loss to the world! What a power would William Morris have been, if his sociological teaching had had the intellectual beauty of symmetry, the strength of argument! In the instructive correspondence between Mr. Shaw and Mr. Hyndman, provoked by the former's comments on the dead poet, Mr. Shaw himself tells us that Morris changed over and over again "from the SocialDemocratic Federation under Mr. Hyndman's leadership to the Socialist League under his own; from an attempt to make something out of 'Anti-State Compromise' to a decisive rejection of that and every
other variety of Anarchism [1], from revolutionary Socialism to constitutional Socialism, etc., etc. Able to detect the fatal weakness in each false position he assumed, Morris seemed to despair of finding a true basis for his beliefs. Most of his earlier works, and his lectures, had dropped indifferently into the swan of State Socialism, which is now, Mr. Shaw says, 'super-acceptable in England. Well may Mr. Shaw and autocrat Hyndman quarrel with 'em, and spread the word, that the 'splendid rule!' But it is a most eloquent and
instructive ruin for all who have a will and mind to learn. On that mourners' bench let them sit till the
horrors of an exultant and advancing Anarchism shall be longer than the prey is lost, wandering
and wobbling souls with that knowledge which is the
power of truth unto salvation,—till they shall know
that liberty is the mother, and not the daughter, of
order, and that order and only in her high throne, the world is saved.
E. M'CAll.

P. S.—The following interesting "straw" has just
to hand. At a largely-attended meeting, held
in Bradford, of delegates to the trade union congress
in Edinburgh, the opinion was unanimously expressed
that it was of the utmost importance that the
Labour societies should devote more attention to the
currency question. To further this end it was suggested
that arrangements should be made for addresses to
be given to trade societies by men who have de-

An Ascendency of Money-Bags.

[Newcastle Chronicle, November 5.]

There is something rotten in the state of America. It is not very easy perhaps to suggest with confidence the cause of this condition. A few consider-
tions of the unmistakable indication of some social disease, insidious and dangerous. It seems only the other day that America was still regarded as a land of promise opening to the weary peoples of the old world. The United States were regarded as a land of political freedom and individual independence; the country of peace, plenty, and prosperity; where every
man should reap what he sowed, and labor have its due. A considerable change has taken over that dream. At this very moment we see the great republic, the land of promise, seething with revolutionary discontent from sea to sea. It is an ab-
solute fact. There has been a kind of revolution in the
attitude of the people. An ascendency of arm's, an ascendency of money-bags, has never yet been acknowledged by a stable society. That is what is the matter with America. Nowhere else in the world is wealth so enormously powerful, so unthinkingly resolve, so utterly
heartless. Nowhere else in the world is labor so
feverishly eager in its desires, so self-conscious of its
status, so rebellious. And there are few places in the
world where labor has so little hope. And there are few in the
American republic, wherever it has measured itself against capital in a set struggle. The American re-
public, whose state of freedom and happiness was won at the expense of millions of lives, and is the envy of the great and the slave of the small, in the
mercy of the millionaires in a way to which Europe
presents no parallel; when they realize that the
golden days of democracy in America seem to be al-
ready over, and that life presents to the majority of
men in the United States a hard struggle, and that
when farmers and artisans feel that there is no
talismen against disappointment and oppression in the
blessed word republic,—they imagine in a vague way
that they too will have their day, their way to
right themselves, but their temper grows more and
more vengeful.

The farmers who went out west, who took land,
and built a house and then cast their fortunes on the
wheels of industry, when they thought of gold.
When they brought their wives home, they faced the
world in good heart: they dreamed of nothing but industry
and prosperity: they were prepared for the hard
work, and were not afraid to do so long as they
would enjoy the fruits of it. Now the
larger part of the farmers are mortgaged to the
town. To these the fall in prices means the appreciation of
gold. They bother not; perhaps twice as high in price as it is now. Like all debtors, they
felt sure of paying off every cent in a year or two;
but every year prices fell, and every year they found
that a larger and larger part of their produce had to
be sold at a loss, and that they would have to
roll over the year's interest, and possibly be
the victims of such a cheating fate as has
overthrown it, and would by now have been pro-

Anarchist Letter-Writing Corps.
The Secretary wants every reader of Liberty to send in
the name for enrolment, and to help people to write, when possible, a letter
very fortnight, on Anarchism or kindred subjects,
with a view to propagating the doctrines of
freedom and non-intervention, and to notify the secretary promptly in case of
any failure to write a target (which it is hoped will be
not frequent), and in case of failure to
withhold the fall of the letter from the work of the Corps.
All help is welcome, but the Corps will provide the
opportunity of informing the secretary of suitable targets.
Address, STEPHENS T. BYNORTH, Belvidere, N. J.

Anarchist Letter-Writing Corps.
The Secretary wants every reader of Liberty to send in
the name for enrolment, and to help people to write, when possible, a letter
very fortnight, on Anarchism or kindred subjects,
with a view to propagating the doctrines of
freedom and non-intervention, and to notify the secretary promptly in case of
any failure to write a target (which it is hoped will be
not frequent), and in case of failure to
withhold the fall of the letter from the work of the Corps.
All help is welcome, but the Corps will provide the
opportunity of informing the secretary of suitable targets.
Address, STEPHENS T. BYNORTH, Belvidere, N. J.
LIBERTY. 347

2290

Charles A. Dana's Plea for Anarchy.

Proudhon and His "Bank of the People.

By Chas. A. Dana,

Editor of the N.Y. Sun.

Being a Defence of the French Anarchist, Showing the Fallacy of His "Cash and Credit" and Ought to be Abolished by a System of Free and Mutual Banking.

Price, 10 Cts.; Leatherette, 25 Cts.

Voluntary Socialism.

By F. D. Tandy.

A complete and systematic outline of Anarchist philosophy and economics, written in a clear and easy manner. The author is a Frenchman, and the book is a treatise of books of service to those who wish to study the subject more deeply, and contains also a complete index. 296 pp. 15-oo.

Price, Cloth, $1.00; Paper, 50 Cts.

For any of the following Works, address.

Benj. R. Tucker, Box 1310, New York, N. Y.

Liberty's Library.

Mutual Banking.

By William B. Greene.

A large, well-printed, and excellently cheap volume of 200 pages, consisting of articles selected from Liberty and classified under the following headings: (1) State Socialism and Anarchism; (How Far They Agree, How Far They Differ). (2) Free Banking. (3) The State Bank; (4) Money and Interest; (5) Land and Rent; (6) Socialism and Science; (7) Socialism, Nationalism, and the Calamitous Welfare interest.

Price, Fifty Cts.

Mutual Banking.

By Emile Zola.

Translated from the French by Benj. R. Tucker.

In this latest novel by Zola, four typical marriages, - one from the mobility, one from the bourgeoisie, one from the petty bourgeoi, and one from the working people, - are described, with the power of his wondrous art, how each originates, by what motive such and such a marriage, and what form it takes in the life of those involved.

Price, 15 Cts.

The Science of Society.

By Stephen Pearl Andrews.

A well-printed book of 160 large pages, coming off of two heavy leaves bearing the following device: "The Science of Society." The difficulties of the Government in the Supervision of the Individual and its Final Development are discussed, with "Cost List of Price: A Scientific Measure of Honesty in Trade in One of the Fundamentals of Industry, the Solution of the Social Problems. This work is a valuable contribution to the teachings of Josiah Warren by an able exponent of his doctrines.

Price in Cloth, $1.00; In Paper, 50 Cts.

For any of the following Works, address.

Benj. R. Tucker, Box 1310, New York, N. Y.


God and the State. One of the most eloquent pleas ever written on behalf of the modern "Man emancipated and improved." It attacks the idea of a transcendent power, and shows how all the good that is wrought on this earth is due to a human activity that can be and must be abolished by the French by Benj. R. Tucker. 50 pages. Price, 15 cents.

Mutual Banking: Showing the radical deficiency of the present banking system, and how it can be abolished. By William B. Greene. 25 cents.


System of Economic Conclusions. The results of eight years of labor from the French by Benj. R. Tucker. This work constitutes the foundation of our social and political system, and is in complete accord with the idea of a universal uniformity with that of What is Property? It discusses, in a series of novel but profound, the nature of labor, power, and capital; of Labor, Machinery, Competition, Monopoly, and Taxation; and finally, the question of the most economical development of the nation's capital and labor means. The book is divided into six sections, each section representing a section of the social economy of the nation. 450 pages octavo, in the highest style of the up-to-date art. Price, cloth, $5.00; paper, $1.50.


The International IDELE. An exposition of the views of the Free Thinkers' Committee, relating to the supply of and the demand for and the protection of the Free Press. By Hugo Bhurgmen. 116 pages. Price, cloth, 50 cents.

A Letter to Grover Cleveland On His High Tariff Policy. By Chas. A. Dana. A defense of the American system of interstate and national tariffs, and the consequent property, ignorance, and servitude of the people.

Price, 10 cents.

The Anarchists: A Picture of Civilization at the Close of the Nineteenth Century. A poet's true contribution to the history of political economy and political economy. The greatest service of Grover Cleveland in 1887, the manifestation of the untypical, the ruling at Tariff on the literature of the twoeste's only book on the question of the conditions between Communism and Anarchism sharply brought out. By John Hay, 215 pages. Price, with portrait of the author. Price, cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cents.

Taxation or Free Trade; A Criticism upon the tax system as it is. By John F. Kelly. 10 pages. Price, 5 cents; 6 copies, 25 cents; 100 copies, $1.00.

Socialism, Communitarian, Mutualistic, and Duroceutarian. An exposition of the conditions of the worker, of the place of the worker, and of the place of the worker. By Jno. W. Foster. 10 cents.

Co-operation: Its Laws and Principles. An essay showing how the monopoly of railroad, telegraph, etc., may be abolished without the intervention of the State. By U. T. Foster. Containing a portrait of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Price, 8 cents; 100 copies, 50 cents.

Corporations. An essay showing how the monopoly of railroads, telegraph, etc., may be abolished without the intervention of the State. By C. T. Foster. Containing a portrait of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Price, 8 cents; 100 copies, 50 cents.

The Reorganization of Business. An essay showing how the corporation has been, and is being, transformed into a voluntary principle into the Family and all its relationships. By C. T. Foster. Containing a portrait of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Price, 8 cents; 100 copies, 50 cents.

No Treason. No. II. By Lyman Harper. 10 pages. Price, 5 cents.


