On Picket Duty.

"Henry George could say that throughout a life of controversy there was no single man to whom he could not give his hand." You are mistaken, Poulteny Bigelow. There was one to whom he could not give his hand,—one who would not take it. He tried it once, and was refused.

This is to bear the tidings to whom it may concern that Mr. Whidden Graham, Single Taxer and George nam-of-all-work in the late campaign, is a liar, a willful liar, a wanton liar, and withal a most loquacious and prolific liar.

"The best is," wrote seventeenth-century Thomas Fuller in his Church History of Britain, "that unconceivable thingies, though they most hurt themselves, do the least harm other, seeing no wise man will believe them.

I am in receipt of an interesting prospectus issued from England by an Anarchist contriver, formerly of this country, but for some years past a resident of Great Britain,—one who has occasionally contributed to Liberty over various pen-names. His prospectus announces a forthcoming bi-monthly, appearing, that is to say, in alternate months, beginning with January, 1898,—entitled "The Eagle and the Serpent." The publication is to be an organ of the philosophy of Nietzsche, and the significance of its symbolical title may be gathered from the sentence from Nietzsche which the editor selects as his motto: "The proudest animal under the sun and the wisest animal under the sun have set out to preen.

In the opening number this "will be criticized by Mr. Walter Crane, and to this criticism the editor, who is to be known to his readers as "Volcano," will reply. In form "The Eagle and the Serpent" will be a pamphlet of sixteen pages, and the subscription price is sixty cents a year, which may be remitted from this country, either by postal money order or in United States postage stamps, to "Eagle Publishing Company, 17 Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, London, E. C., England."

The venture is an extremely interesting one, and I shall watch it attentively. Furthermore, I urge all my readers to aid it by subscribing. When it has made its appearance, I shall have something more to say about it.

For the present I append to these words of encouragement a single criticism. The prospectus forebids inculcation of Egoism and opposition to exploitation. Good! But to oppose exploitation is to favor equal liberty, because there can be no exploitation save by violation of liberty. Now, equal liberty is to Nietzsche a thing abhorrent. Therefore this enterprise betrays a vital inconsistency at the start. In making Nietzsche central instead of incidental it virtually pledges itself to the exploitation of a class of serfs by a class of "Over-Men.

But, knowing the editor as I do, I am sure that he will not fulfill this pledge. Consequently he will satisfy neither the extreme Nietzscheans on the one hand or the Anarchists on the other. Nietzsche says splendid things,—often, indeed, Anarchistic things—but he is no Anarchist. It is for the Anarchists, then, to intellectually exploit this would-be exploiter. He may be utilized profitably, but not prophetically.

By all means read John Beverley Robinson's essay on "Ethics," printed on other pages of this issue of Liberty. It is strong, very taking, very true. It has given me great pleasure. Nevertheless I dissent from the incidental statement that "under egoism it becomes possible to hate the 'sin and love the sinner.'" The sinner is nothing but his sins plus his virtues, as such nothing but a Virtus minus hi. sins. It is according to the balance that either must be loved or hated, and that the sinner, though not to be morally denounced, must be passionately detested. It is one of the best things about egoism that it educes the taste, develops love and hate, intensifies sympathy and repulsion, distinguishes between the admirable and the despicable, and exposes the impotence of that worthless all-inclusive love preached by Jesus Christ and Leo Tolstoi, but not, I hope, by John Beverley Robinson.

The manner in which Liberty has been published for the past year is very unsatisfactory. The effort to maintain a regular issue not only fails, but makes it impossible either to increase the book and pamphlet propaganda or to conduct that which already exists. Therefore, although I am as determined as ever that the publication of Liberty in some form or other shall not be permanently abandoned, I have decided to cease, for the immediate future, the attempt to issue the paper regularly. In order that I may not lose touch with my readers, I shall publish three, four, or five numbers a year, according to my capacity and at irregular intervals, each of these numbers figuring on the subscription accounts as one of a volume of twelve numbers at the present subscription price. In the mean time I shall endeavors to dispose of all orders and correspondence now on hand as well as of all that may henceforth come, and shall begin the publication, very slowly, but as fast as my means may permit, of new books and pamphlets Anarchistic in character. I may also, from time to time, issue a work not specifically Anarchistic, but bearing in a general way upon the progressive trend, and thus gradually reestablish the publishing business which I was forced, several years ago, to abandon in Boston. If Liberty's friends will lend enthusiastic aid to the introduction of my publications to their acquaintances and to the booksellers, a business can be built up which will not only be self-supporting, but strong enough to warrant thereafter the regular publication of Liberty in a more effectual form than ever.

Possibly some readers of Liberty may care to read a symposium on education which appears in the January number of the "Educational Review," published in this city by Henry Holt & Co. The contributors are Charles H. Maturiott and Lucien Sanial, on behalf of State Socialism, and Dr. Gertrude B. Kelly and myself, on behalf of Anarchism.

So far as my contribution is concerned, my readers will find in it nothing new to them; it consists of three or four pages of chatter in answer to a reporter's questions. While, in substance, there is nothing in it that I would qualify, an apology is needed for the crudity of language and lack of system and finish which generally characterize the attempt of one who is not an accomplished talker to give off-hand expression to important truth.

M. Octave Mirbeau, translations of whose remarkable newspaper articles have so often appeared in these columns, has entered upon the dramatist's career with the production of an Anarchist play which the French critics, almost with one accord, pronounce a chef d'oeuvre. I wish I could print an account of it in Liberty, together with extracts from the criticisms. Sarah Bernhardt accepted the piece enthusiastically as soon as Mirbeau had read it to her, and straightway produced it at her theatre in Paris, she herself playing, for the first time in her career, the part of a working woman. The play is entitled "Les Mauvaises Bergeres," meaning "The Bad Shepherds," the shepherds referring symbolically to the politicians whose flocks the people are. Here it may be noted that the stupid and ignorant, "Sun" (I would not sneer at this paper's ignorance, were it not so boastful of its learning) gave, as a translation of the title, "The Bad Peasants," which of course is meaningless in this connection.
Liberty.

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

R. T. TUNICK, Editor and Publisher.

Office of Publication, 24 Gold Street.
Post Office Address: Lauriston, P. O. Box No. 152, New York, N. Y.

Received at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

NEW YORK, N. Y., DECEMBER, 1867.

In absolute and interest, the last selections of old-time slav-er, the Revolution decide at all or to be saved of the execr-able, the want of the men, the death of the policeman, the gague of the condiments, the death of the department clerk, all these bundles of Politics, which cannot Liberty articles beneath her belt.” — Proudhon.

The Account of Henry George.

187—That the People has nothing to expect from any Party.

But the disappearance of the government, the annihilation of the governmental institution, the triumph of liberty of which all parties talk, would really suit no party, for I have super-abundantly proved that a party, from the very fact that it is a party, is essentially governmental. Consequently the parties take good care not to let the people think that it can do without government. The upshot of their continual controversy is that the government behaves badly and pursues an evil policy, but that it might become better and that its policy might be better. After all is said, beneath each journal’s article lies this thought: If I were there, you should see how I would govern!

Well, let us see if there really is an equitable way of governing; let us see if it is possible to establish a directing government, a government of initiative, a power, an authority, on the democratic basis of respect for the individual. It is important that I should examine this question searchingly, for I have said that the people has nothing to expect from any government or from any party, and I must hasten to give my proofs.

Let us suppose that 1852 has arrived, and that you—you of the State, you Socialists, or even you Moderate—have the power which you hope to have. The Left has an imposing majority; I applaud; give them welcome. Complaints passed, what is your conception of your task?

I overtop your internal divisions; I shut my eyes to the fact that you have among you Girardin, President; among the Right, two; M. de la Soignard, Considerant, Cabiet, Raspeil, and their disci-plines; I grant that perfect union prevails among you; to serve you, I suppose the impossible, for my main desire is to facilitate the argument.

You are in accord then; what are you going to do?

Set free all political prisoners, a general amnesty! Good. Of course you will not except the princes, for thereby you would seem to fear them, and this fear would betray distrust of yourselves; it would be a confession that they might be poisonous to you, and would imply that you are not certain to produce general happiness and prosperity.

Injustice repaired in the political sphere, let us come to economy and social problems.

It is needless to say that you who have denounced Foullé will not declare the nation bankrupt; national honor will lay upon you the duty of respecting the Bourgeois to the detriment of thirty-five millions of taxpayers; the debt created by the monarchies is so noble a character that the French people must not think of refusing to bleed themselves annually of four hundred and fifty millions for the benefit of a handful of stock-jobbers. You will begin, then, by saving the debt; we shall be ruined, but still honorable. These two terms scarcely harmonize in these days, but, after all, it is the old time that you continue, and the involved people will think, as before, what it please.

But you intend, first of all, I imagine, to lift the burden from the poor, the laborers, the proletaires; you will come with a law taxing the rich. Well and good! I am a capitalist, and you ask me for one per cent. The devil! how am I going to get out of that? On reflection, I do not use my capital, I lend it to industry; the manufacturer, having great need of it, will not forgo its use for an extra one per cent; upon him, then, I will unload the tax. The tax on capital falls squarely on the nose of labor.

I am a bondholder, and you tax the coupon; this is disturbing, indeed. Still there is a way out. Who is it that owes? The State. Since it is the State, the misfortune is not great; the tax on the coupon immediately depreciates by so much the value of this coupon; the coupon being depreciated to the prejudice of the debtor, who is the State, and to the profit of the Stock-jobbers. The State takes from its pocket to deposit in its vaults; thus it is quiet, and so am I. The trick is a very pretty one, and I confess that you are extremely clever.

I am an owner of apartment-houses, and you tax my flat; so that I have nothing, absolutely nothing, to say. You will settle the matter with my tenants; for certainly you do not think me so stupid as not to cover myself in the rent.

The most senseless phrase uttered since the revolution of February is this: Tax the rich! a phrase, if not perverse, at least utterly thoughtless. I know not whom they call rich in a country like this, where everybody is in debt, and where fashion and custom impel most proprietors, bondholders, and capitalists to spend annually more than their resources. But, for my part, I defy you to reach him; your attempts to do so show nothing but gross ignorance of the elementary laws of social economy and solidarity of interests. The blow that you would strike the rich will fall straight upon the manufacturer, the proletaire, the poor man. Would you relieve the poor of burden? Then tax nobody. Administer France with two hundred million franes; two hundred millions, in a country like France, are to be found almost without looking for them; do we not give a hundred simply to smoke bad cigars?

But then you could only administer, and you want to govern,—a very different thing. Suppose, then, that you strike the rich, and will settle your accounts with the poor later.

Already, through the formation of your budget, you have a considerable number of malcontents on your hands; these questions of money, you see, are very delicate. But let us pass on.

Do you proclaim unlimited liberty of the press? That is forbidden you. You will not change the basis of taxation, you will not touch the State treasury, without exposing yourself to a discussion from which you will not easily extricate yourself. I feel personally disposed to prove, as clear as daylight, your incapacity in this direction, and your preservation would make it your imperative duty to silence me, so you see anything of the fact that thereby you would do well.

Because of the budget, then, the press would not be free. No government with a large budget can proclaim liberty of the press; that is expressly forbidden it. Promises will not be wanting, but to promise is not to keep; ask M. Bonaparte.

Evidently you will keep the department of public instruction and the university monopoly; only you will give education an exclusively philosophical tendency, declaring atrocious war upon the clergy and the Jesuits in consequence of which I shall become a Jesuit against you, as I am now a philosopher against M. de Montalembert, in the name of my liberty, which consists in being what I please, without you or the Jesuits having anything to say about it.

And will you abolish the department of public worship? I doubt it. I imagine that, in the interest of the governaniances, you will prefer the creation of departments to their suppression. There will be a department of public worship, as there is today, and I shall pay the priest, the minister, and the rabbi because I go to neither mass, meeting-house, or sacrament.

You will preserve the department of commerce, the department of agriculture, the department of public works, and, above all, the department of the interior, for you will have prefets, sub-prefets, State police, etc.; and, while maintaining and directing all these de-
Then talk to us no more of politics. Fill your columns with economic and communal studies; tell us of the useful things that have been invented; tell us of the discoveries, in any country whatsoever, materially or morally, advantageous to increase of production or to promotion of comfort; keep us informed concerning the progress of industry, in order that from this information we may derive the means of earning our living and of living in comfort. All that is of more importance to us, I declare to you, than your stupid dissertations on the balance of powers and on the violation of a constitution which, had it remained virgin, would not have seemed to us, to speak frankly to you, very worthy of my respect.

A. BERLECARIGUE.

(The Be continued.)

The Missing Word.

High up in air, with the rumble of the world below coming to us as from a distant cataract. "Click, click," went the types, as I set up the wordy nothingness of a great Sunday newspaper. It was Saturday night. The full force was on; we had hardly room to turn. The foreman was bustling about to get to press on time. A hungering public anxiously awaited the appearance of the "Daily Monumental Fake."

Suddenly a strange voice at my elbow:

"We want you to speak a few words at Kropotkin's."—

"Stealth! Not that name here. Man, are you a boy? When, where, what—be quick!"—

"Cooper Union—Monday next—Admission five cents."

"Very well. I'm no five center. Mine's straight goods. But," in a whisper, "he's brave a little. I'll be there."

And now am I on the platform of Cooper Union. The pleasing cadence of Kropotkine, soft and gentle, spreads over a sea of upturned faces. It is a motley gathering, presenting a composite of all nations. Woman, as usual, is there in all colors; so is man; fair, dark, tan, pallid,—largely pallid. Attentive, eager, expectant.

"How do you like it?" This from a member of the committee. I hesitated. For a full half-hour I had listened closely, and had yet to hear the word spoken.

"Too much Socialism; not enough Anarchy," said I.

"Oh, well; he will come to that later." And so I waited, and waited, upon this fee of authority for the much-dreaded Word. Here was the red of reds. Surely he had not forgotten it. At his feet a staff of taking reporters; in front, a breathless audience—all waiting, waiting, waiting. And still it did not burst forth! from his bearded lips with either telling force or mild acclaim.

Patience, patience, I repeated softly; surely in all those words he must find it.

And I. There was I, with serious demean and more serious tongue, ready to hold up that one particular Word against all comers. It was I who was held up.

Another half-hour sped on, and yet, and yet. Alas and alack! "Socialism, Socialism, Socialism,"—such was the rounding-off of almost every period. Would that I could have fled the scene! My hat was lost; I could not.

Oh, that my head was in it!

And where was Tucker? Where, indeed? Dropped off at Chickerling Hall. Now left me standing alone on the burning deck. Now, I'll bet, smiling, laughing, in his den.

"Socialism, Socialism, Socialism," came the mocking refrain.

Oh, damn Socialism! Give me that Word, or give me—my hat!

At last it ceased amid a roar of broken accent, deep gutturals, and woman's lovely Abs.

"Combinations of men for whatever purpose," I began, "be they governmental, fraternal, religious, or trade-union, have, at one time or another, a tendency to go wrong, abusing the trusts imposed."

"Cut it short," cried he of the committee, behind me. I assent, having no desire to prolong the agony. The reporters scribble vigorously.

"A compulsory combination, such as a State, can give away the sustenance of the people to a few, and then protect the latter by force of arms paid for by the taxation of the disinherited."

"It can emancipate the courts of law, imprison men without trial, levy injunctions on labor, intimidate, browbeat, fritter time away in legislative 'nails,' and never fail to draw a salary; promise relief on election day, and never attempt to give it; it can look on undisturbed at the sufferings of labor, and cry out, with increasing insolence, 'Pay up!'"

"Cut it short," again said the voice.

"It can shoot down its victims who rise in protest, in Cour d'Alene, in Leadville, in Buffalo, in Homestead, in Chicago, California, Hazleton; wherever it is, it holds full sway. Still its taxes are paid. Aye, should the victims refuse, their property is taken without a trial."

"In voluntary combinations, such as Anarchy."—

"Cut it short, cut it short," fairly yelled the voice beside me.

At the word "Anarchy," heard for the first time, the reporters sat bolt upright and the audience started. The very air asked: "What next?"

A creepy feeling stole over me. It was a creepy atmosphere. Here I was, in a house of Anarchists, so-called, and yet not one about me.

It was then my youthful athletic training stood me in good stead. I skipped sentences, handed paragraphs, and jumped a page or two.

"Kropotkin," said I, in closing, "Kropotkin is the only all-around mental acrobat in this performance. He is the great If."

That is, I might have said so. As it was, I dwelt briefly upon his courage—in Europe; spoke a few words of greeting to foreign workers; and ingloriously retired amid experience.

And—I found my hat.
SECRETARY WALKER.

My friend E. C. Walker, secretary of the Sunrise Club, must be an etymologist. I am driven to this conclusion by his letter in another column, in which he defends himself against my charge that he was false to the duties of his office in declining to read to the club a letter of resignation which I sent to it through him. It is evident that he has been delving into Latin origins, and, finding that the word secretary comes from the Latin secretarius, meaning a secret, and that a Latin secretarius was originally a confidant or depositary of secrets, he has concluded that, when he, as secretary, receives a piece of information, it is his duty to see that it goes no further. Acting upon this conclusion, he pocketed my letter of resignation, and thereby forced upon me the task of its further promulgation.

But my friend Walker is too literal. Even an etymologist is expected to use his brains. He cannot be allowed to look too strictly to the letter. He must enter a little into the spirit, and, in tracing the history of a given word, must endeavor to understand the rationale of its growth. Had such been the method of Mr. Walker's radical inquiry into secretarial beginnings, he would have discovered that, when the Latin secretarius ceased to be an ordinary confidant, or secret-keeper in particular, he ceased to be a keeper of all secrets entrusted to him by anybody and everybody, and it became as truly his function to convey to his employer the secrets entrusted to him for his employer, as to withhold from others the secrets entrusted to him by his employer. And similarly it is now the duty of a secretary, not to keep everything secret, but to put his master in possession of all information sent to him, and to keep secret only those things that his master bids him keep secret. Therefore Secretary Walker of the Sunrise Club, in failing to read the letter to the club, in possession of the information conveyed to him by the club through him, must be considered, in the absence of instructions from the club to withhold from it this information, an unfaithful officer.

There is no truth whatever in Mr. Walker's contention that the secretary is not the servant of the individual club-member. Of course I do not deny that the secretary is primarily the servant of the club. But the very fact that the club, in appointing a man its servant-secretary, assigns to him, among other duties, that of reading the individual club-member in a certain capacity—for instance, the capacity of intermediary for correspondence with the club,—makes the secretary the servant of each member. To say that he is not as ridiculous as to say that a hotel-waiter, simply because he is appointed by and responsible to the hotel-proprietor, is not the servant of the hotel-guest. And the secretary who refuses to present the letter of a member to the club is just as recreant to his duty to the member as is the hotel-waiter to his duty to the hotel-guest whose order to bring a napkin he refuses to obey.

Plain as this point is, however, I need not insist upon it. Mr. Walker's acknowledgment that he is the servant of the club is enough for my purpose. For, if he is the club's servant, then surely he is not the club's master. Yet, if his claim be admitted that he need read to the club only such letters as are germane to its purposes, and that the right of the letters is germane and exclusive in him, then as surely is he the club's master, however stoutly he may claim to be its servant. I cannot suspect Mr. Walker's good faith, but certainly he may be charged with gross carelessness in asserting that I demanded that he read my letter to the club in the presence of Mr. Pentecost. I did nothing of the kind. My demand was that the letter be read at "the next meeting of the club." The demand was entirely independent of the question of Mr. Pentecost's presence or absence, and independent also of the fact that Mr. Pentecost was scheduled to address that particular meeting.

To so misstate an opponent's position as to give to a mere coincidence the appearance of a cause, inspiring motive, is not good behavior in controversy. Mr. Walker may believe it or not, but the truth is that my motive was simply a desire for the communication of my letter to the club at the earliest moment. With an ordinary club the earliest moment would have been the next business meeting. But the Sunrise Club never holds a business meeting; it holds only social meetings. Therefore in this case the earliest moment was the next social meeting. And, according to my demand, Mr. Walker was bound to read it at that meeting, whether Mr. Pentecost was present or not. For, if a secretary may, at the bidding of his own caprice, hold back a member's letter from one meeting to another, then he may equally hold it back indefinitely or permanently, which absurd prerogative, indeed, the situation has forced Mr. Walker to claim for himself. It is this that I branded as an assumption of the position of PAPA to the club, and there is no gainsaying it.

If Mr. Walker did not desire to read my letter at the meeting specified, two other courses were open to him. He could have resigned, thus permitting the choice of a new secretary, or he could have submitted to the club, at the opening of the meeting, the question whether it would then listen to a letter which, in his opinion, it would be improper then to read. In the latter event, if the club had refused to hear the letter, my quarrel would have been with the club. As it is, my quarrel (though that word is rather too harsh) is with Mr. Walker for being unfaithful, not only to his duty to me as an individual club-member, but to his duty to the club whose servant he pretends to be.

In the case of an agricultural society supposed by Mr. Walker, I say unhesitatingly that it would be the obvious duty of the secretary to pursue one of the three courses named above, provided the society held no business meetings.

Much that Mr. Walker says about the creedlessness of the Sunrise Club is irrelevant. I have not characterized his invitation of Pentecost as a violation of duty or a warrant of abuse of power. In this particular I question solely his judgment and discretion. He did not exceed his official powers in extending the invitation, and I, on the other hand, had an equal right to protest by resigning. It is true that the Sunrise Club imposes no moral tests; but neither does it (or, rather, as the event shows, it does) go out of its way to select notoriously insignificant persons who have nothing of high value to contribute, to help it in its search for truth. When Pentecost shall have made an economic or political discovery Darwinian in its importance, perhaps the revolting members of the Sunrise Club will descend to the ignominious necessity of association with him. But the necessity of damaging self-respect by touching glasses with a hypocrite in order to be reassured by him of the state truth that people generally get the government which they merit is, to say the least, not imperitive. And no such plea can cover Mr. Walker’s too obvious purpose to utilize a freak to draw a crowd.

HALF AN HOUR WITH JUSTICE.

Readers of Liberty probably remember the court incident in which Judge McAdam questioned my native Americanism. Lately I have had another and somewhat similar experience. Being summoned for jury duty in the criminal branch of the supreme court, I responded to the summons. A: I sat in the court-room, wondering for what type of judicial insouciance I was on this occasion to be made a target. Who would ascend the bench having to extort, old "Chess Come Again, the ex-recorder, Frederick W. Smyth, looking, to use the language of Joe Choate, as if his judicial face had just been freshly ironed. As usual, after jury roll-call, those claiming legal exemption were formed in line for private hearing of their respective excuses. In due course I reached the bench.

"What's yours?" curtly inquired Judge Smyth?

"I have already been pronounced incompetent to serve as a juror," was my answer.

"On what ground? On the ground of insanity?"

Though this seemed, at so early a stage, more than the usual savagery of judicial demeanor toward the inoffensive and the helpless, I managed to smile feebly, as I replied:

"You might think so. But the real reason is that my convictions regarding trial by jury are such as to prevent me from accepting the instructions of the court on points of law as absolutely binding."

"You think you know more than the court about the law?"

"I must judge for myself."

"Well, you'll have to serve. Remain in the court-room. We'll examine you on that later."

So I stepped down into the court-room and took a seat, though not much perturbed at the prospect, knowing perfectly well that the court was bluffing, and that, on being called to serve in the trial of an actual case, I should have only to restate publicly what I had already stated to the court in private, in order to be peremptorily challenged by either one side or the other.

When the remaining excuses had been disposed of, a case was called for trial,—a case of two policemen charged with blackmail,—and the examination of jurors began. The judicial sieve had rejected a number, but suffered the passage into the jury-box of four eminently
correct personages who seemed to stand in due awe of the sacred presence, when the clerk
sonorously called:

"Benjamin A. Tucker."

"Tucker," said I, by way of correction, as I started for the chair.

"Oh! Benjamin A. Tucker," said the clerk.

"R. Tucker; A. Tucker," I insisted, mindful of the example of Tony Weller in telling His Lordship to put Sam's name "down with a We."

Reaching the chair, I was about to make oath that I would tell the truth regarding my qualifications to serve as juror, when the court solemnly interrupted. With forefinger ominously lifted, Judge Smyth asked:

"Are you the man who said just now that you would not obey the instructions of the court?"

"What I said, sir, was that my convictions regarding trial by jury are such as to prevent me from accepting the instructions of the court on points of law as absolutely binding."

"But you would not obey the instructions of the court?"

"I would give great weight to the instructions of the court, in view of its expert knowledge.

"But,"—and with each reiteration the voice grew more menacing,—"though the law tells you that you must obey the instructions of the court on points of law, you nevertheless would not obey?"

"The principles in which I believe prevent me from saying absolutely that I would." I

I surely thought, from the judge's manner, that the next words to fall from his lips would be nothing less than an order that I be put in irons; but, instead, there came this antig

"You are discharged; no such man as you

I walked quietly out.

And, as I went, I wondered how this judge, who at ten o'clock ruled as a matter of law that I must do jury service in spite of my stated convictions, and at half past eleven ruled as a matter of law that I cannot do jury service because of these same convictions, could expect me to accept his instructions on points of law as those of one infallible.

I wondered also, remembering that he asked me if I think that I know more than the court about the law, whether he supposes that I do not obey the instructions of the court, and, in view of the fact that he is no one of the judges, he has no right to assert that the jurisdiction of the judge of the fact implies in the jury a capacity to weigh evidence superior to that of the judge.

I wondered also whether he supposes such a theory to be the foundation of the law of Maryland and Illinois, which makes the jury judge of the law in all criminal cases.

I wondered also whether he supposes that the law, not only of New York, Maryland, and Illinois, but of all States and civilized countries, which makes the judge judge of the fact implies in the jury a capacity to weigh evidence superior to that of the judge.

I wondered also, whether, in ordering me to remain in the court-room, he was governed by spite and a desire to punish; or whether he did so in order to create an opportunity for a bit of theatrical display; or whether he did so, thinking that he would vanquish me in a public argument, and in the half-hour's interval allowed his discretion to overcome his valor; or whether he hoped, by lording it over me, to terrify others into obedience; or whether he wished to give public notice that thought, education, and mental independence are not desirable qualities in the administration of justice, and that the fate of men charged with crime is to be determined solely by martinetes.

And about all these and many other things I am still wondering.

A Noble Life and Death.

William Hanson, a good and faithful and uncompromising comrade in the cause of Anarchism, died in Brooklyn on Sunday, December 19, in consequence of a draught of cyanide of potassium in brandy and water, administered by his own hand. The motive of his act was his inability to support himself, due to the decline of the trade by which for many years he had lived a life of modest independence. He forsook this trade several months ago, resolved to make a last, if Quixotic, effort to gain at least a meager living at the congenial work of lecturing in favor of Anarchism. I knew he would fail, but I first learned of his plan after he had entered upon it, and I had not the heart to try to dissuade him,—knowing, moreover, that it would be useless to try, for he was inflexible. The day after his death the mail brought me the manuscript of his last lecture, "The Incompatibility of Business with Christianity," wrapped in the following bit of autobiography, written partly in the third person for the public, and partly in the first for me:

William Hanson was born, March 15, 1831, at Hudsonfield, York County, England. He left Liverpool for the United States January 16, 1849. From New York he went with his mother to Wisconsin and Illinois. There they hired a forty acre farm, with a dog
house on it, and kept bachelor's hall. Mr. Hanson ploughed and sowed, reaped and mowed, milked cows, made butter, cooked game, felled trees, sawed logs, split rails, built fences, cut cordwood and firewood, dug ditches, built houses and barns, darned his own socks, and patched his own trousers.

Subsequently he educated himself, taught school, took a partial collegiate course, and married in 1865, since which time he has worked at the watchmaker's bench, that being the trade to which he was originally apprenticed by his father.

After President Lincoln's proclamation of emancipation he became a citizen of the United States, in Elmina, N. Y., in September, 1863. During the past twenty years, however, he has not voted at any election.

His religion is pure Christianity without dogmatic theology; his politics pure Anarchism. He is an optimist, and believes that all things work for good on lines of evolution. He also believes in freedom to suicide when the environment is too selfish and oppressive for the weal of the citizen.

This is my experience now. So farewell, friend Tucker, and don't be too hard on me.

WILLIAM HANSON.

"Hard," old friend? I am not apt to be

Liberty has gladly and more than once commended and praised Judge Gaynor, of the New York supreme court, for his manly and intelligent defense of popular liberty and personal rights. It is disappointing and astonishing to read that in a recent case tried before him, he so far forgot himself as to "rebuke" a jury for exercising its undoubted right. The jury, after deliberating for twenty-three hours, brought in a disagreement, and this so displeased Judge Gaynor that he petulantly and impertinently told them that "anyone who could not see into this case cannot see beyond his nose." In the first place, this is only his own opinion, and the jury did not ask him to express it. In the second place, even if Judge Gaynor was right, what right had he, under the law, to instruct the jurors? Would he have been permitted to criticise any ruling of his as stupid and ignorant, even if he had so thought? Even the fact that Judge Gaynor was probably right in his characterization of the jury's intelligence in this instance does not excuse his ex cathedra condemnation. Evidently it is impossible for even good and fair-minded men to control the tendency to usurp and abuse authority.

A Disclaimer from Mr. Brown.

To the Editor of Liberty:

My good friend Mr. Wright has set up an amusing man of straw to knock down in his communication on "Liberty and the Money Question" in the last issue of Liberty.

I have not by me the text of what I said at the Iroquois Club, but I certainly know that I never meant to say that the money question might not come up in a form which would make it a most vital issue for Democrats and Anti-Democrats to divide upon; nor that, because money was a "tool," the question of liberty to use that tool in any form desired might not become a political question of the most overshadowing importance.

Despite Mr. Wright's apparent belief that I did say some such thing, I do not believe that I said anything which, by fair construction of all my remarks, could be so interpreted. I base my opinion not on memory, but on the proposition that one man, even by mistake, state a proposition as my own which seems to myself absurd. And these positions, whether I took them or not, certainly are absurd.

I don't believe people should either as individuals or associations from using promises to pay money, based upon their credit, as a currency or circulating medium. I am in favor of absolutely free banking,—as a good free trader in money matters as in all others! And, as far as I see, this is not a prohibition important, I should be willing to make a political issue even of a prohibition to use some particular "tool" of carpentry, and fight to the death over it,—so fond of asserting and sustaining individual liberty am I.

Mr. Wright will have no warmer supporter than myself if he can get the "money question," in his sense, into practical politics, and nobody willing to work harder to align the Democratic party on the right side.

But Mr. Wright knows as well as I know that there is no such question in practical politics now, and no such issue between the Republican and Democratic parties. What I did mean to say at the Iroquois Club, and what I believe I did say, was that Democrats and Anti-Democrats would never permanently divide on the question of a "double" or a "single" standard, or on "monometallism" and "bimetallism," or on the issue whether two labor products rather than one should be given an absolutely inde

Edward Onslow Brown.
LI BERTY. 357

Ethics.

"All things are lawful for me, but all things are not expedient."—

The traditional character of the present period is especially seen in the heterogeneous teachings that constitute its moral code, and the curiously incompatible and of accompanying actions. This discrepancy between word and deed in the domain of morals has existed, indeed, at all periods since man left the savage condition, but with an increasing complexity of civilization the discrepancy might be expected to increase as it is of itself.

The contradiction between deeds and professions is often humorously noticed; the deacon who is clever at a horse trade, the temperance preacher who asks for a glass of beer if it looks like water, are familiar jokes. Yet in all societies, what are the prospects of a social condition where formulas and their interpretations are so much at variance?

What are we to think of people who send their children to Sunday-schools, where is there taught that to turn the other cheek is part of the Christian character, and to week-day schools, where they are trained in military battalions to admire delinquent shiftless soldiers, and at home, in social procession with banners announcing them to be "Little Lambs of Jesus," and in their chilidrens are urged on to fasteulla by their elders, with a warm approval "fighting it out" as the best way of settling differences?

Or what shall we say of a clergy which preaches the religion alleged to be of love, but which was never yet known officially or as a leesy to protest against war; which rather urged it upon both sides by prayers for victory?

It is unnecessary to follow up these extraordinary discrepancies, in every part of modern life they are found. In the laws, which is scarcely more than a synonym for injustice in the popular mouth; in business, which, it is publicly announced, only a fool would expect to be conducted in accordance with the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount; in the family, which is only about as well on sex relations, in order to make the moral code not hold, until casuistry came to be regarded as a specious justification of immorality. It is no wonder that it did come to be so regarded, for these teachings were taught with the idea that the moral code is divine and perfect, and at the next admitting that, after all, it is impracticable.

Contrary to the usual opinion, the very worst condemnation of a moral code is that it should be impracticable. Usually it is held that a moral code must not be practicable; that, after all, it need only be a distant ideal, toward which we may aspire, but not attain which we need never expect. This is why we put up so calmly with the absurd discrepancies between current theories and current practices.

These discrepancies, however, cannot be longer glossed over in this:

The times call for a practicable code of action.

Some kind of a guide which we are called to traverse demands, and a guide which is admittedly impracticable is worse than none; whatever rule we adopt, it is absolutely indispensable that it be both practicable—ide practical.

The union between theory and conduct must be perfect; only by such a union can we escape the disastrous differences between Sunday professions and week-day doings, which are in the condemnation of all existing codes.

The foundation of the new system is the denial of the primary postulate of the old, and the assertion of the contrary.

Natural desires, held by the old system to be essentially depraved,—that is to say, abnormal,—are, by the new, perceived to be essentially normal.

Although at times persecution has existed, yet even those who have learned to regard as symptoms of disorder in the organism, rather than as spontaneous aberrations.

We have learned to regard desire as an indication of the need; for it must be to some extent gratified, under penalty of partial death. Thus the desire for dainties in eating, once held to be reprehensible, is now seen to be a natural demand of the system for the maintenance of health. The readiness of children was once sternly repressed, while perfect stillness and staidness, so repellent to the childish mind, were enforced. By our later light we know that restless activity points to the necessity for muscular system before the expanding of the mind.

So again we begin dimly to perceive that highway robberies, burglaries, forgeries, defaults, are acceptable if they occur on the relation of original depravity, which our fathers, with their less critical minds, postulated for every moral delinquency. We are beginning to see that such things are done more for the expression, when it is harder for everybody to make a living; and that the desire for sustenance which propels them is a desire which cannot be denied without incurring death as a penalty, which men fear more than the penalty of guilt.

Desire is really only the conscious link between the circumstances that constitute motives and the consequent actions.

Let him be a man who does not make the creature of the whole past, a dry leaf blown by the wind. Can he do nothing, then? Far from it. Though he cannot change himself, he may change some of the circumstances that make his life.
The Liberty. 357

The word "acts" is an act of God in general, with
reference to ethical distinctions in the quality of
acts as right or wrong. If you were to ask one of
the generation, or one still preserving the traditions
and modes of thought of a generation ago, and
there are yet many with us who are free to ask such a one
what the difference is between right and wrong,—
what ultimately determines acts as right and what
as wrong,—there would be no hesitation about his
reply. But it is that which God wills; wrong is that
which is contrary to God's command.

Entirely apart from any benefit to doer or sufferer,
he would insist, obedience—blind obedience—to God
is the only solid rule. Although this is still the position of the majority of
men, it is not worth serious contest. The
majority of intelligence has quite relinquished it.

More than this, the great mass of the people has been unconsciously
influenced by the same conclusion—"any
that have consciously the more useful,
so that most of those who think that they
... to the old theological moral standard are adherents of
more modern ideas.

This more modern standard is the recognition that
right and wrong are but phrases indicating what
is beneficial and what is deleterious. The battle fought
over this question years ago and never decided by
the majority of thinking people is settled by
me now. I am not doing anything wrong" and "I am not
doing anything that hurts anybody" today are syn-
onyms.

When it comes to the practical determination of
what acts are to be done and what to be avoided,
several criteria are proposed. The "categorical
ought" of a certain school would be admirable, were
it only true that there is such a thing as
the only useful, simple, unanalyzable
perceptual instinct of what is "right." The trouble is
that for each individual there is a different
"ought." One brought up in the old school of the
doing thing, like there is one in the
for the day. Right and right is to be
itself by imposing a dictum of his
natural conscience as that which impels the
Quaker to abstain from the worst of evils.

That would find in conscience in confession
and purchase, as to the equably devout Protestant confessor and
at least worse, than when they are expected to remedy. The
"oughts" in these cases are central acts.

The story carrier thinks that it is his "duty" to beat
his wife and children; the village storekeeper
may a moral standard seems comprehensible.

Hardly I know what "ought to" be done throughout;
how can anyone's conviction of what
ought to be done be a standard for any-
body else?

A more frequently expressed formula is the familiar
"greatest good of the greatest number." This,
while more intelligible as a principle than the instinctive
"ought theory, is less available as a practical

He who is convinced that he must do what his
institute tells him is right has a chart that is at least
clear enough. If many have rocks marked where
there are harbors, and deep water where
there are shoals, to go by it may mean destruction.

Still, he is sensible, and a man may do as he
"ought," and try to compel everybody else
to do as they "ought" all his days, and never
know why he and they find doing as they "ought"
so disagreeable and unprofitable an occupation.

On the contrary, if we start with the proposition that
we are to act for the "greatest good of the greatest
number," we are brought up by questions.

Shall I, in these hard times, make strictly true
representations, and say an old man has not
his due? I do, I may fulfill, my family suffer for generations,
my creditors receive only twenty cents on a dollar.
If not, my customer may after all be perfectly aware of the
deficit; he will not; I am in mind, and glad
to get the bargains notwithstanding. If the old man
may make the purchase useless, the loss may
volve: him in other losses to: know not what extent,
his family and creditors,—so on and so on, in an endless,
impede the series of consequences on both sides.

Or, if it be a public matter, how is one nearer to a
solution by talking of the greatest good of the greatest
number? Shall there be, let ... protective
tariff, or a tariff for revenue, or no tariff? Who
determines ultimate federal prejudice in favor
of his own interests, and judging of what is for the
for the greatest good of the greatest number?

Who can tell, even with the study of years, how
many acts we are either side; or, if the exact number be determinable, the
intensity of the aggregate of happiness or unhappiness
involved.

As the former criterion was too narrow, so this is
too broad, to be of service.

But beyond this lies another question.

Gettting for a moment that it is conceivable that
we might determine the greatest good, we must first
determine what is it. This simple answer to one
who thinks that good consists in obedience to a code of
suprahumanly imposed commands, becomes ex-
tremely complicated to one who holds that "good-
ness" is some quality corresponding with need received and given.

Take such a matter as the prohibition by law of the
sale or use of alcoholic liquors.

Is it beneficial, or otherwise, that such a law be en-
acted? We have, on the one hand, the certainty that
the excessive use of alcohol is physically injurious
and that habitual drunkards are apt to be unhappy
themselves and to make others unhappy. On the
other hand, it is also certain that much pleasure and no
appreciable evil is gained by the individual who
really enters alcohol. Beyond this there is the consideration that
heavy drinkers may be adopting the best treat-
ment to kill themselves off; and the counter consid-
eration that the drinking habits are so characteristic
of conquering races, and that we stand no chance
with the drinkers, unless we learn to drink too.

Or, in less warmly contested matters what is the
measure of goodness? Is it good for a man to leave a
worthless husband, and do the best she can to support her children; or
is it good for her to stay with him, and let her own life
and her children's be blighted?

Is "good" to make a long journey and perhaps ruin, a com-
petitive in business; or is it "good" to let him under-
sell us, and be ruined ourselves?

Is it "good" to insist upon unquestioning obe-
dience in children; or is it "good" to teach them
rather to gently advise than to dictate?

The "greatest good of the greatest number" is lack-
ging as a guide to action, both because nobody can
determine what really is the proportional number
of lives, and because nobody can tell what will be
be, if this could be ascertained, it could not be de-
termined which of two courses of action is good and
which is not good.

Relinquishing such general formulas as useless for
for the daily actions that are required of us, we must look for
a rule of action as flexible as the conditions of action
are variable.

We have admitted that acts are prompted by
desires, and that happiness, or pleasurability, is in the
adaptation of actions to gratify desires. The only
good guiding principle in the adaptation of an
action is the desire of the individual who experiences the
desire.

Do what pleases you is the practical rule of the new
ethics.

There is no doubt that the mere statement of this
rule will raise upon many lips a cry of protest.
What, then, is it that is morally sound. a blind and bestial gratification of all
desires? Do you mean to say that an unreasoning, mad rush by all,
strong and weak, refined and brutal, to satisfy each
his heart, and therefore most powerful, instinctive and passions,
regardless of the sufferings of others, would be
an advantageous state of affairs? Can you dare to
set up such an ethical ideal?

Nothing but the deadly sin of self-interest. Such a pos-
sibility exists only in the imagination, startled by a
sudden, unexpected view.

Indeed, the general revision from such a fanciful
picture is sufficient indication that a mad rush for the
indulgence of all selfish desires is not the dominant
desire in most people.

But the only reason for not indulging ourselves in
the gratification of the lowest desires is that it might prevent
the gratification of higher desires.

The problem ceases to be a moral problem in any
proper sense of the word, and becomes a mere

Because we most completely gra-
tify all, or as many as possible, of our desires? Or
that our own desires, say, for fishing, for
forgo? Or shall we compromise, by gratifying some
a little, some to a greater degree, some entirely?

Shall a man go a fishing every Sunday, and neglect his
good dinners, or shall he give up fishing,
until he hates the very sight of his family; or shall he sometimes go and sometimes stay?

For such one the answer will differ; but, as there are
caring men that have families and have no pleasure
in their society, so there are men who can always go
a fishing without diminishing the total amount of their
gratification. Moreover, in a state of freedom,
if a man finds no pleasure in taking care of his family,
his freedom has itself lost all meaning, though lesser ones, or immediate pleasures will be
in hope of future advantage, which may, after all, fail
us; yet, on the whole, actions will be better regulated than it conformity to a fixed standard were the rule.

Suppose, for instance, that an amount of self
requirement that each person should eat just so many ounces of
meat, bread, vegetables, and the rest, daily.

Some would easily conform; others would itself
outrage, and can as much as they please, trusting

Thus it is that we may have a temperance
law, and eat it on the sly, and boast at the delight of illigit
enjoyment.

Perhaps some defender of the old code will say: "
After all, these moral precepts are but abstract
state of what has been found to be the best advan-
tage of each of us. It is because truthfulness, and
honesty, and so on, are for our advantage that they
are laws.

Indeed, they who say so are partly right; yet they
themselves never thought of taking such a position, until
they were forced to fit by newer views.

Their old view was that truth must be told at all
costs: it was often, as a precaution against
falsehood, that people must abstain from
lying, in accordance with supernatural command. To recommend truth-
lying as a desirable virtue would have seemed to
them almost sacrilegious.

The new view has shown them the weakness of
their former position, and now they seek to justify the old moral code, not grounds of its utility.

They may be right, and they may be wrong.

Doubtless many of the old precepts will be justified
by the new standard, while others will be abrogated.
It matters little; it is in the principle of rational
criticism that is to be established against the principle
of blind deference. Ethics is to be made a matter of
brains, not of heart.

This exclusion of sentiment as a criterion of
criticism means no plain, unmediated plea,
or the gratification of sentiments as desirable
pleasures. On the contrary, the highest pleasures
are the indulgence of certain sentiments, and the
performance of the inspired acts. Hospitality, bene-
volence, when these can be borne disinterestedly
without too serious disadvantage otherwise, are desires
in the satisfaction of which we find our highest
happiness. Nor are there any stronger or more persistent desires
than human nature itself.

The hunter will share his last mutton with a com-
rade; the father will sacrifice his own life's object to
make his son's life more complete. When circum-
stances require us to gratify these, an un-
satisfied and painful feeling exists as when
the multiplied delights of beggars make it impossible to indulge
ourselves in the pleasure of almsgiving,—compels us to
harshly and call our hearts, and knowingly reduce
ourselves to a lower grade of immediately pleasurable feeling.
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