Liberty Vol. I. No. 18
Not the Daughter But the Mother of Order

Benjamin Tucker
An Explanation Called For.

To the Editor of Liberty:

At the close of the National Socialistic Congress at Chicago held in October last a committee was appointed to revise the records of its meetings for publication. I think that A. Spies of the “Arbeiter Zeitung” and P. Peterson, publisher of “Den Nye Tid” and the secretary of the congress, constituted that committee. The formation of a Revolutionary Socialistic Party, as provided for by the congress, depends upon the authoritative announcement of that body’s deliberations. Six months have gone, and that report has not been published. There are those in Boston who desire to form a group, and, I am told, have sent money for copies of the report. As one of the delegates of that congress I ask through Liberty the cause of this unfortunate delay. Grasping monopolies, concentrations of capital, enormous fortunes rapidly increase. The ever-increasing dissatisfaction of the despoiled workers indicates an approaching conflict. It may arrive at any moment. Yet we sleep as did the dwellers on the blooming fruitful slopes of Vesuvius when it belched forth its torrents of molten lava, turning smiling gardens into desolate wastes and overwhelming all with swift and terrible deaths. An eruption of Vesuvius is but a zephyr beside the social tornado that will come if we do not avert it.

Yours for a pacific Social Revolution through the abolition of the State,

— Swain.

Boston, March 24, 1882.
as “reformers.” Such disciples, I submit, are not safe guides, and they certainly are not competent critics or reliable teachers.

“B” grumbles because the newspapers had considerable to say recently about Judge Horace Gray when he was named for a very high office, the bench of the supreme court at Washington; but, as long as “B” was not compelled to read the despatches or editorials printed, what ground had he for complaint? If he, “B,” is a “nobody,” whose fault is it but his own in this free country where all men can compete on tolerably fair terms for almost any elective position or any place to be reached by holiest industry? There is a legion of such snarlers as “B” in the country, men either once badly disappointed or soured by fretting over their own lack of popularity and prominence. Such persons ought not to be jealous or hasty about airing their prejudices against men like Judge Gray, who attend steadily to their daily work, and go on to the end free from corruption at least, if they are not men of originating minds and workers in the ranks of what we call reform.

I hope, therefore, that “B” will consider his words next time his indignation rises, and try to be reasonably specific and clear. Truth, equity, and justice demand it, and we cannot have Liberty without reason.

— Wright.

Boston, March 10, 1882.

[Of the substance of the above criticism we shall say nothing. If “B” desires to answer it, he will have no trouble in doing so. But, to save him the annoyance of vindicating his own personality, we may remark that he is an editor, and one of much longer and larger experience than Mr. Wright; that he enjoys an acquaintance with Boston in particular, and with the world and its public men in general, much more intimate and of much longer standing than Mr. Wright’s; that, far from being a soared and disappointed man, he is a most genial and companionable old gentleman, of liberal education, who prefers earnest work in modest retirement to the glare of publicity; and that Mr. Wright, in supposing him to be other-
rhetoric as (I am sorry to say) appeared in your issue, March 4, under the heading, “Nobodies.” I venture to assert that “B,” its writer, is neither an editor nor a lawyer; and no one will assume that his judgment of current affairs in Boston is at all trustworthy. Why? Because his accusations and complaints are too general to be weighty and too indiscriminate to be beneficial. To my mind, no person who considers the progress of civilization can fail to see that reformers today must make specific indictments in order to command attention. And all criticism of present political or social affairs in this State or the Union, if designed to make men reflect and reform, ought to be precise, clear, and at least approximately true. Generalizations like the following, “B’s” opening sentence, ought, I say, to be studiously avoided. He declares, for example, that, “judging from the daily papers, one would infer that the great mass of the people in this community, or in this Commonwealth, are nobodies, and that only a small percentage of our population is of actual account” ask, is that true? Does any one who works for a living and moves about among men believe that it is even comparatively true? I am sure I know of no intelligent, sane person who would be so impressed by reading the daily newspapers, though “B” may have the acquaintance of such.

Then, following that sentence, he declares in the loosest possible way, as to politicians, that “the daily papers are full of their movements, sayings, and doings. When they die, a column or two are devoted to their biographies and obituaries. We are told how ‘smart’ they were, and how sumptuously they lived at the public expense.” Further on “B” throws himself into this false and foolish assertion,— that “the death of a prominent man is a real godsend to the newspapers, of which they make the most by spreading it over as much space as possible. Indeed, every incident and every notorious individual are magnified and dilated by the press out of all proportion to its or his importance.”

These quotations will suffice, and, I may say, they fairly show the style of fault-finding too many careless talkers and writers follow
man against parties, and establishments, and vested privileges, and
corporations, and courts, and customs, and cannon, and capital,—
against the false system of land, holding, the wrongful features
of trade, the crashing contrivances of legislation, and the ruinous
practices of society.

It is not with malice or levity, but with serious mind and purpose,
that we approach the fundamental principles that must be properly
solved, under penalty of death. We know the powers that are de-
figing the people,— their might and insolence. We behold their rav-
ages and their victims. We can see into what a state they are bring-
ing our beloved country. It is too grave for bitterness, too alarming
for charlatanry.

The world-builders, the men who do the world’s work, have
a right to take up these questions, and they have the power to
settle them. This is the feature of our Democratic-Republican
Constitution,— the one about which flourishes all our cheer for
the future. To you, men of Pennsylvania, all power is given over
all things within your dominion, and you can fashion everything
here according to your judgment of the proper nature of things.
Yours is the land of the State, if ye do but know it; yours are its
mines of coal and iron, if ye do but take them; yours are all its
swelling resources as soon as ye assert your right to them; yours
are its institutions, yours its laws and legislature, if ye will but lay
hold of them.

The world belongs to its builders, and theirs is the loss if they
permit the plunderers to seize it, or the gamblers to cheat them out
of it.

The Perils of Prejudice.

To the Editor of Liberty:

I had supposed that your discrimination and judgment would
save the readers of Liberty from such vague growls and aimless

“For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee.”

— John Hay.

On Picket Duty.

“Conduct,” well says the editor of the “Index,” “must have be-
neath it a logical basis of rationality, or else it has no validity.” But
in that case what an appalling amount of invalid conduct will the
“Index” have to answer for, if its efforts in behalf of law-made virtue
shall materially increase the amount of that shoddy product in a
moral market already overstocked!

Auberon Herbert, the radical English nobleman, says in a recent
letter to the London “Daily News”: “I have not a word to say against
the speculators. We are all speculators in something, and we can
all speculate with as much enthusiasm as we like, if only we have
grace enough not to ask that the rest of the nation should be at
the back of our speculations.” On the strength of these words and
many similar ones that he has uttered, Liberty recommends Mr.
Herbert as eligible for membership in any thorough-going society
of Anarchists. When the State ceases to back the speculators, its
occupation will be gone. It exists for little else than that.

Wendell Phillips is often caught napping on questions of
Liberty, and with mental recklessness frequently does violence
to the principle for which his life has been a battle. But when
the special issue with which Liberty confronts him is one of
race-discrimination, he is always wide-awake enough, and sees it
in its true light. Consequently, while keeping step with the army
of authority in its campaign for compulsory taxation, protective
tariff, money monopoly, and prohibitory liquor laws, he is prompt
to part company with his cronies in compulsion when the disputed
Chinese question presents itself. Being misquoted in Congress
recently by one of the howlers against the heathen, he telegraphed to Representative Candler his “detestation of all restrictions on Chinese immigration as inconsistent, absurd, unjust, and wicked.” Amen to that! say we.

The rights of American citizens abroad are becoming a political question of absorbing interest. For many months several naturalized Americans have been imprisoned in English jails without a trial, and that no trial is intended is evident from the fact that they were arrested by the English government under the Coercion Act, which provides for no trial. These men have appealed in vain to James Russell Lowell, the United States minister to England, who, instead of demanding, as he should have done, their immediate release or else the speedy trial which the United States constitution declares the right of every American citizen, attempted to draw distinctions between naturalized and native Americans and impudently informed them that they could not expect to be Irishmen and Americans at the same time, after which he went back to his familiar hob-nobbing with the men guilty of this outrage. This delinquent envoy, whose character, once so thoroughly democratic, flattery and station seem to have transformed into that of a fawning flunky, should be instantly recalled, both as a rebuke to himself and as a warning to England. A meeting to demand this as well as instant and determined interference on the part of the United States will be held in Cooper Institute, New York, next Monday evening, and other meetings should be immediately called in all parts of the country to echo the demand. But we fear that there is little to be hoped for from the administration. Governments exist not to protect the people from other governments, but to protect each other from the people whom they oppress. The boasted protection afforded by the State is a chimera. If there were no States, from whom should we need to be protected?

People in general and the governmental socialists in particular think they see a new argument in favor of their beloved State in the assistance which it is rendering to the suffering and starving vic-

nation. The means which succeeded in 1572 seem to him as good as ever in 1882: a feigned reconciliation, promises of amnesty, liberty, and general pacification,— will not these suffice to put to sleep the vigilance of the Russian revolutionists?

The Russian government thinks so, and, we repeat, it has adopted the plan of General Ignatieff, at once so simple and so monstrous.

This plan might have succeeded, but only on condition of nothing leaking out, of no warning coming to put the Nihilists on the alert.

Now our friends in Geneva and London are warned, and certainly not one of them will put his foot in the trap.

The World for its Builders.

With the following earnest and eloquent words John Swinton introduced an oration delivered by him on the evening of March 16 before the largest audience of working-people ever gathered in Philadelphia:

This is a new idea, these great conferences of world-builders in the chief cities of the country to examine the groundwork of things. It is a genuine democratic idea, worthy of the American people.

Outside of political parties, beyond the control of party leaders, looking to other ends than those pursued by the cormorants of office are the men of the new movement. I have observed, in these great conferences at which I have been present in New York, Chicago, and elsewhere, as well as here in Philadelphia, a readiness to take hold of questions from which the pusillanimous parties shrink, but which are advancing inexorably to the front, and which must be grappled with if we are not to succumb to their menaces and dangers.

It is not with foolish audacity, but with due regard to the public safety and welfare, that we confront these great questions — that we demand a hearing for the millions against the millionaires, for
Several ministers inclined to the opinion that the establishment of a liberal regime, the concession of a constitution, could alone restrain the revolutionary movement. And one of them, whom we could name, said that in his view a general amnesty was not only necessary but absolutely indispensable to the extinction of the hatreds aroused by bitter persecution and the re-establishment of peace in Russia.

General Ignatieff remained silent while his colleagues spoke. When all had expressed their opinion, he arose, and very oddly addressed the council in substance as follows:

“There is a better course than a constitution and an amnesty. Let the government promise both; let it officially announce its intention of allowing the return of the exiled revolutionists and of setting at liberty those now detained in Siberia or in prisons; in short, let it permit the establishment for a few weeks of a regime of tolerance.”

“The Nihilists will grow bolder; this intangible Executive Committee which the Third Section bat pursued in vain for several years will uncover itself; many revolutionists now in hiding will reappear under the broad day; of those in foreign countries a large number will come back to Russia. And then, knowing its enemies and having them in hand, the government of the czar can take advantage of their unsuspecting weakness to wipe them out at one swoop, at the same time crushing the Revolution.”

Such are almost the exact words of the wicked proposition made by General Ignatieff a few days ago to the emperor, Alexander III., which the latter — we affirm it in the most positive manner — has accepted.

But the Muscovite plan is not novel in its bloodiness. It was conceived, in its general outline as well as in the details of its execution, by Catherine de Medicis a little more than three hundred years ago. Then as now the problem was to draw into an abominable trap people whose presence was embarrassing; consequently General Ignatieff has not found it necessary to draw heavily on his imagination.

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satisfy him. *This the capitalists and their political tools well know,*
and because they know it, they are willing to humor and even
foster the delusion of the laborers and grant their short-sighted
demand for the exclusion of the Chinese. By this means they hope
to postpone the inevitable exposure of their own villainy, obscure
the true causes of misery and crime, and prolong for a few more
years their opportunities for plunder. But the crash will be only
the more terrible when it comes.

“A free man is one who enjoys the use of his reason
and his faculties; who is neither blinded by passion,
not hindered or driven by oppression, not deceived by
erroneous opinions.” — Proudhon.

The Red Cross Fund.

The appeal of the “Red Cross Society of the People’s Will” for
aid for the suffering exiles in Siberia is beginning to take effect. Re-
turns are already coming in from some of the localities to which
subscription lists have been sent, though many weeks will elapse
before Liberty, with its limited means, can succeed in arousing all
sections of this vast country to the necessities of their suffering
fellow-beings on the opposite side of the globe. But the results
which we are able to announce are not at all discouraging. Here
are the

Receipts to March 28, 1882.

John Swinton, New York, ... $40.00 Wm. B. Wright, Boston, ...
2.00 Emil Ross, Boston, ... 1.00 A Friend, Baldwinsville, N. Y., ...
1.00 Mel. Herbert, Boston, ...50 E. Plisworth, Boston, ...50 Cash, Boston,
...25 P. K. O’Lally, Boston, ... 1.50 G. V. Williams, Boston, ... 1.00 H.
W. Brown, Boston, ...50 F. C. Freigang, Boston, ... 1.00 W. L. Sex-
auer, Boston, ... 1.00 Walter C. Wright, Medford, Mass., ...
2.00 J. W.
Holland, Boston, ... 1.00 Friends in Providence, R. I., (names to be
acknowledged in next issue) ... 7.00

law did they base their decisions? On all and on none. And what is
the result?

Ten condemned to death. And the others.

Let the Russian government beware!

It is a regular government. It has nothing to fear from a regular
government; it has nothing to fear from a free nation, nothing to
fear from an army, nothing to fear from a legal State, nothing to
fear from a correct power, nothing to fear from a political force. It
has everything to fear from the firstcomer, from a passer-by, from
any voice whatsoever.

Mercy!

Any voice whatsoever is nobody, is everybody, is the anonymous
immensity. That voice will be heard; it will cry: Mercy! I cry mercy
in the shadow. Mercy below is mercy above. I ask the emperor to
spare the people; if he does not, I ask God to spare the emperor.

To these exposures of Russian horrors past and present may be
fitly added the following revelation of one still more frightful that
perhaps is yet to come. Again we quote from “L’Intransigeant,” this
time under the head of ”A Russian St. Bartholomew:"

Let our friends, the revolutionists of Russia, who struggle with
so much courage and perseverance for Liberty, be on their guard:
at this very hour, in the palace of the czar, a plot is being hatched
against them for the extermination of all Russians who have com-
mitted the unpardonable sin of not considering the despotism of
the czars as the ideal of governments.

This plot a mere chance, an extraordinary circumstance, has re-
vealed to us. The information that follows reaches us from the most
reliable source, and we can certify to its absolute accuracy. We get
it, in fact, from the czar’s own household.

Here is what happened but a few days ago at the imperial palace:

The ministers were gathered in council. Alexander III. was
present at the sitting. The discussion bore on the rapid and instant
progress of Nihilism and the measures to be adopted for the
suppression of the impending revolution.
in Russia but judges to condemn the innocent, soldiers to cut off their heads, and dogs to lick up their blood?

European friends, we call you to our aid. Send our condemned comrades a word of encouragement. Let them not die without the knowledge that they will be avenged! For our cause is your cause, and it is the struggle began long ago on your barricades that we continue before the palaces of the Neva. If you abandon us, you deny your fathers, and — mark this well — you also condemn your children to a new slavery!

While the backbones of our governors bend lower before the czar with each crime that he commits, stand ye the stiffer, friends, give us your strong hand to reassure us that we are brothers. Tell your masters what you think of their friend, the hangman of all the Russians!

To these voices have been added the potent one of Victor Hugo, whose words, it is rumored, have frightened the czar into commuting the sentences of five of the condemned, though the truth of this report is yet to be established.

Strangely novel facts are taking place.

Despotism and Nihilism continue their war. Shameless war of evil against evil; a duel of the darkness. At intervals an explosion rends the obscurity; a ray of light appears, and night becomes day. It is horrible. Civilization must intervene.

Here is the situation at this hour: Unlimited obscurity; in the midst of the shadow ten human creatures, two of them women (two women!), are marked for death. And ten others are destined for the Russian cellar, Siberia.

Why?

Why this gibbet? Why this dungeon? A group of men has assembled. It has called itself a high tribunal. Who assisted at its sessions? Nobody. No public? No public. Who reported the proceedings. Nobody. No journals. But the accused? They were not present. But who spoke? No one knows. But the lawyers? There were no lawyers. But what code was cited? None at all. On what

From Liberal, Missouri.

Benj R. Tucker:

Dear Sir,— Having read the heart-rending appeal of the really noble man and woman, Vera Zassoulitch and Pierre Lavroff, in your issue of March 18, I thought I must do something in their behalf as a Russian, a freeman, a Nihilist,— as a human being whose heart is not tamed into stone. But, poor as I am, my mite must be a very insignificant one. Therefore I propose, if you would bestow the honor of a collection in this little town upon me, to undertake it, and shall be happy to do my best in this direction.

Yours very respectfully,

— Weyler.


From Chicago.

Benj. R. Tucker:
Dear Sir,— Your circular to the press concerning the appeal of the Russian Nihilists has been received by the “Sentinel.” I publish it in full with my hearty endorsement. At some future time I shall contribute something myself. When I think of the desolate condition of the Russian prisoners and exiles, I cannot help wishing that I could be God Almighty for about one hour! I would either soften the hard hearts of their oppressors, or I would blast them with avenging wrath!

Yours for the Liberty of Mankind,
— Norton.


No one will wonder at Mr. Norton’s righteous indignation who will take the pains to read the accounts of the terrible deeds and more terrible purposes of the Russian government printed in this issue of Liberty. Truly, in view of all the appalling facts, the Springfield “Republican” puts it mildly enough in saying of our fund, “there is no exception to be taken to this society’s purpose, and unhappily there is no doubt as to its need.” Come, friends, down deep into your pockets, and roll up the Red Cross fund!

Organization, False and True.

The philosophy of Liberty is emphatically opposed to organization, as generally understood. We regard what is commonly recognized as organization as a great and serious obstacle in the way of true progress, and one which Liberty’s intelligent disciples should seek on every occasion to frustrate and oppose.

But we by no means would be understood as opposing any rational method by which large bodies of people, having a common purpose in a given sphere, may be brought to act in harmony. We are in perfect accord with the popular truism that “union is strength.” Our position is that the basis of popular organization is utterly unscientific, and is a certain source of disunion and weakness. We once

In a hospital? Which one? In what ward, in what bed has she been cared for during the six months that these interminable “results of her confinement” have lasted?

As for the child, seeing that it would be going a little too far to make it die on the same day as its mother, the executioners have hit upon the ingenious device of changing this missing body into a boarder at the foundling hospital. Whenever any one shall express a desire for ocular evidence of the truth of this story, he will be shown the first baby he comes to, with the words: “There is the little Helfmann. He is the very picture of his mother.”

We shall see how the sceptics of the cringing press will receive this new yarn, whose enormity certainly passes all bounds. The real stranglers are certainly as cruel as any of the great bandits whose names have been handed down by history. Only they are infinitely more crafty. The Genghis Khans, the Cambyses, and even the Neros brought a certain bluster to the execution of their massacres. They exposed to the light the cruelties of which they willingly boasted. The Neros of to-day commit their crimes with closed doors, and then try to pass themselves off as the benefactors of the people of whom they have got rid in the darkness by means of the dagger or the rope.

It will be admitted that the revolutionists who blew to a height which he never could have expected to attain the csar, Alexander II., made no pretence of having pardoned him.

And yet some people profess astonishment that half of Russia has become Nihilistic. The surprising thing to us is that the other half has yet to become so.

In anticipation of the approaching executions, Vera Zassoulitch and thirty-five other Russian socialists who have sought refuge at Geneva have issued the following eloquent appeal:

Ten more gibbets erected by the executioners in the employ of the crowned coward who hides behind the walls of Gatchina.

Shall we allow all the brave to be hanged, all those who still feel the dignity of life and the pride of thought? Shall there be none left
tor of the Third Section to announce his desire not only to see and embrace his nephew, but to take charge of him, was usable to find the new-born babe. Nevertheless, it was greatly for the interest of the Russian government to produce this human document in order to refute the charges of assassination circulated by numerous German, Italian, and French journals, especially by “L’Intransigeant.”

The czar has finally come to see that this comedy could last no longer, and here are the words with which he puts an end to the inconsiderate questionings of public opinion:

Hessy Helfmann, condemned to death and then pardoned because of her pregnancy, died last week at St. Petersburg from the results of her confinement. Her child, who had been intrusted to a nurse, has been placed in the foundling hospital.

All the gazettes of moderately good breeding printed yesterday this necrological paragraph. Never did murderer, surprised with his knife in the throat of his victim, make more stupid confession of his crime,— the crime in this case being one of which we had been long aware and which we have revealed to our readers in all its details. It was said to the government of all the Russias:

“We accuse you of having executed Hessy in her cell, not having dared to hang her publicly because of the storm of indignation which the execution of a pregnant woman would have provoked. You affirm that you have pardoned her. We call upon you to show her to us pardoned.”

Thus driven to the wall, or rather, to the gibbet, the Russian government replies:

“She died last week at St. Petersburg from the results of her confinement.”

At St. Petersburg? In what part? In her dungeon under the Neva? In that case it was not worth while to save a woman from the gallows for the purpose of keeping her during her confinement in a freezingly cold cave. It was more than evident that that would only change the manner of her death.
have no right to stand up and lead their fellows, unless authorized by some artificially equipped and officered machine. Authority, in some form or other, has its grip on everybody.

All organization which it is safe to countenance and defend rests on spontaneity, free agency, and choice. In the natural order of things the noble fellow who should post himself in the public square and there, in plain language, give his assembled fellow-workers sound advice as to ultimate ends and immediate measures, would do more effective work for Liberty and emancipation than the despotic fiat of a thousand labor organizations. That fellow is probably there, but, bright and brave as he is, still too servile to authority to feel that he has just as good a right to lead the people as has the grand master of the Knights of Labor, who boasts of his organized following of 250,000 strong. When men first learn to cast off the shackles of authority and office, then we shall see an organization, not founded on compulsion, red tape, and parliamentary hocus pocus, but on the irresistible inspiration that can alone come of intelligence and Liberty.

Royal Rubbish.

Upon the occasion of the celebration of his eighty-sixth birthday last week the German emperor made a very notable speech in reply to an address by a deputation of conservatives from the Reichstag. He said the times were very serious; anarchy threatened both sovereign and people. The worst doctrines were promulgated, and well-intentioned people were led astray. He therefore considered it necessary to again remind the country what the crown of Prussia was. It was a symbol of absolute authority given by God, and not to be taken away by man.

This latter remark is said to have made a deep impression upon those who heard it. No wonder it did; and this deep impression, stripped of diplomatic hypocrisy and translated into plain and pro-
which refuses him the right to summon witnesses or present any
other defense.

The public is excluded from the court-room, to which police
agents and the servants of the czar are alone admitted, so that no
one outside knows what goes on within the four walls from which
the accused never emerge except on their way to the scaffold.

And when men rebel against these monstrosities, Messrs. Gambetta and Freycinet have them escorted back to the frontier un-
der the pretext that they are preaching revolution. What the devil
would these two cronies have them preach? The status quo per-
haps? Then let our government have the courage of their abom-
inable opinion.

If the strangling of pregnant women, the suppression of judicial
trials, and the closed-door condemnations of accused parties for-
bidden to defend themselves seem to them to constitute so supe-
rior a political system that they arrest and violently expel Russians
guilty of dreaming of another, let them, then, apply to France the
Muscovite regime, and no more deafen us with their liberal and
progressive declarations.

The day when the cabinet yielded to the executioners’ demands
for expulsion, it took sides with them against the executed. Its duty
was to answer as England, America, and even Austria would have
answered: “We cannot prevent you from making martyrs of your
countrymen and sending them to the gallows when they are at
home. But, while they remain with us, we shall protect them from
the rope which you twist for them.”

After the execution of Sophie Perovskaya, Jeliaboff, and their
companions, we are to witness a new massacre, which certainly
will be followed by many others.

Well! it is humiliating to have to admit it, but it is the French
government which, by the baseness of its attitude toward the exe-
cutioners, has encouraged them thus to double the number of their
victims. They say to each other as they exhibit their gibbets to the
crowd: “We are upheld in our little job, not only by monarchical Eu-
fane English, probably was that Wilhelm was a damned old fool,—
an impression, however, which is no very new one in Germany.

Yes, there is no mistaking the signs of the times. The doctrines of
anarchistic socialism are being promulgated throughout the world,
and in Germany especially are rapidly absorbing the social democ-
Frac. It is a harmless thing for Wilhelm to fall back on God with
his shaky old traps of despotism. God has had to shoulder worse
rubbish than he. By natural limitation this royal old coon of Hohen-
zollern must soon come down. His successor will probably again
seek to repair the throne with divinity finishings but the old con-
cern is worm-eaten and bound to crumble and rot. It must come
down, and the royal tribe must go. This “God-given” trick is be-
coming very diaphanous. Take away your army of a million blind-
folded butchers, Wilhelm, and let us see how long God will back
you against man.

A Disgusted Politician.

Within the borders of that political pigmy known as Rhode Is-
land, the land of Roger Williams and “soul liberty,” it is a crime to
have been born a foreigner, in that it deprives the citizen of a vote
unless he is a land-grabber to the extent of $134. The bottom mo-
tive of this discrimination is to put the laboring masses entirely at
the mercy of the manufacturing barons who run the machine.

Certain misguided friends of “equal rights,” Lowever, have so
much agitated the matter that the legislature recently appointed a
committee to hear their grievances, the committee, of course, being
a jury packed in the interest of the manufacturers’ ring. During the
hearing one of the protestants against the injustice entered into a
laborious argument to prove that a minority rules in Rhode Island.
The chairman of the committee, a tool of the ring, named Sheffield,
after he had listened long enough in disgust to the logic and the
facts, suddenly shouted out contemptuously: “A minority rules in
Rhode Island! Doesn’t a minority rule in every State in Christendom?"

And yet there were scores of intelligent reformers present who looked up in surprise, as if they had just learned something new. It is astonishing, but true, that we have sane men on every hand who still believe that in a republic a majority rules. Of course a majority has no better right to rule than a minority; but supposing that the majority theory has any virtue in equity, it is utterly preposterous to assume that even that right was ever long established in fact anywhere. Even a professional politician like Sheffield could not patiently listen to a man so “fresh” as to argue seriously on such a point.

A recent issue of the Springfield “Republican” contained a labored article in which it was maintained that the mathematical custom of neglecting infinitesimals cannot be safely followed in politics. In illustration it was argued that the Chinese should be excluded notwithstanding this fact that we have five hundred Caucasians to each Mongolian. But, curiously enough, a subsequent paragraph contained these words: “Barbarism neglects the infinitesimal, the individual, the petty. The savage gorges himself so long as he has food, and starves until he has it again. He knows nothing of slow accumulation and patient saving; he acquires wealth in mass, if at all, and lacks the percentage virtues. Rudely civilised society in a less degree deals only in the gross.... As civilization progresses, smaller coin comes in, doner reckonings are made, until it is the man who looks out for the nickel who succeeds.” Now it is well known that the Chinese surpass all other peoples in slow accumulation, patient saving; he acquires wealth in mass, if at all, and lacks the percentage virtues. The “Republican,” then, assumes the awkward position of advocating the exclusion from our shores of the very people whose virtues it commends to Americans and who, by its own standard, have reached a higher point in the scale of civilization than any other element from which our population is increased.

Sixteen Deaths for One.

Upon the announcement of the result of the recent Nihilist trials in Russia condemning ten more victims to the gallows the following editorial from the pen of Henri Rochefort appeared in “L’Intransigeant:”

It will be with the death of Alexander II. as with that of Archbishop Darboy. The platoon which shot the latter was composed of twelve men. That is why the councils of war sentenced twenty-eight to the galleys and ten to the gallows as guilty of having fired at him.

So, for two bombs thrown under the carriage of the czar, five Nihilists, of whom one was a woman, have already been hanged. As for Hessy Helfmann, the sixth, who was pregnant, imperial pity was worth to her the privilege of being privately strangled in her prison, she and her child, of whom there has never been any news in spite of the most persistent demands therefor.

Nevertheless, in six condemnations to death for two bombs there was not sufficient food to appease the hunger of the Muscovite ogre. The tribunals of St. Petersburg now offer him ten more victims, of whom this time two are women, who, not being pregnant, will have the opportunity of being publicly suspended from the gallows with their comrades, instead of being secretly choked in their dungeon by an executioner instructed to submit them to torture.

We understand the eagerness of M. Gambetta to sign, the day after his accession to power, decrees for the expulsion of twenty-two Russian refugees, and the haste of M. de Freycinet to honor his signature in the case of the proscribed Lavroff. Evidently the Russian monarchy, to every possessor of power, is the ideal government. When a citizen becomes troublesome, they arrest him without telling him why, and confine him in a casemate dug beneath the level of the Neva. There he dies or goes mad in a very few months; or, should he have the impertinence to endure this freezing process, he is dragged before a court more or less martial,