



Von Plehve.

I pity thee, low lying where thou art.
 Not for thy end or for thy dying pain
 I pity thee, or wish thee life again;
 But for thy nature, where love had no part.
 I pity thee thy soulless, chosen art
 Thou spying, torturing tyrant. Thy disdain
 Of human life I pity. Ah, that stain
 Blood red, of murder, thru and thru thine heart!
 Twisted abortion of great Nature's womb,
 Too long thou lived'st midst victims rent and torn.
 I pity thy manhood and its power to doom;
 I pity thy youth's foul bud of blossoming scorn;
 I pity thy childhood's stunted life of gloom;
 I pity thee that ever thou wast born!

William Francis Barnard.

The Epithet, "Anarchist."

The advocates of unpopular opinions often find themselves judged and condemned in the very earliest stages of their activity, and if they give their peculiar views a name that name speedily becomes the equivalent of an opprobrious epithet and stands for all or nearly all the crimes in the calendar. Further, unpopular persons, as unpopular acts, are without discrimination confused with other persons, or acts of persons who hold unpopular views, and the opprobrious epithet evolves into a shibboleth of bitter hate and extermination.

It was Professor Huxley who, in one of his controversial essays, remarked upon the weariness of wearing a tag, and blamed the world at large for being so prone to label a man while it was equally loth to understand him; and with Herbert Spencer and like men he labored for years to show that world that the term "materialist" did not properly describe him or any other prominent man of science in England. Nevertheless, the term "materialist" haunted him and his friends as an opprobrious epithet even until death, and all the evil deeds of men were traced by some ill-advised religious enthusiasts to men of science and their "materialism". The term "Christian" even in the days of the emperor Marcus Aurelius, connoted all the evil which man was capable of, and the wise emperor himself was not free from that prejudice against the Christians which from time to time broke out in the fury of indiscriminate accusation and horrid torture. The terms Protestant, Baptist, Spiritualist, have all at some time been used as opprobrious epithets; as have the terms Agnostic, Freethinker, Atheist. The Republican was once a marked man, and after him came the State Socialist. Every creed of teaching which has sprung up and developed to any proportions has in its infancy had to bear the pointing of the finger of scorn, and has had, too, to endure the stigma of having inspired every evil deed which men did for

any reason during the period of its unpopularity.

Today "Anarchist" is an opprobrious epithet with all that the term implies, and "Anarchism" is called upon to father every act of injustice which occurs in the world. The modern madness for creating unpopularity, an accentuation of an ancient madness, has resulted in applying the term "Anarchist" to men as diverse and far apart in their views and conduct as is conceivable, and all society is shouting "Anarchist!" without much more than a shadow of understanding of what is implied by the name. In its original use the term stood solely to denote an unbeliever in the institution called the State; a movement having started with the object abolishing the State, those who believed the State and its laws to be evil called themselves Anarchists. The conception proved to be an unpopular one; Anarchists were persecuted, all kinds of evil acts were imputed to them and laid at their doors, and finally, all persons who for whatever reason did any act against the laws, or rather any law were by many regarded as Anarchists. Capitalists are called "Anarchists" because in defiance of law they combine and raise the price of commodities; lynchers are called "Anarchists" because they do not wait for the law to take its course; discontented workmen who strike are called "Anarchists" because they do not appeal to the ballot instead of striking; there is hardly a man who would not be regarded as being an "Anarchist" by someone somewhere.

But after recognizing in a general way the causes of such confusion of terms and of the slanders which are put upon the cause of liberty, we may observe some secondary factors which operate to throw discredit upon Anarchism; factors which the peculiar social and economic conditions of to-day naturally driven press shouts "Anarchists" at every avert act of organized labor, though organized labor also most to the last man is a thoro believer in the State and its rules and regulations. It does this to cast discredit upon organized labor, of course; and is backed up in its lying by an ignorant public which reads its newspaper as men of old read the bible believing every word of evil which it reads. Then, when lynchers do some peculiarly atrocious piece of work, press and public join in the hue and cry of "Anarchists", and draw fearful pictures of the results of abandoning the deliberation of the law, declaring that Anarchists would produce chaos at once if they could have their way. Finally, capitalists are declared to be "Anarchists" by a large part of the "reform" press and by the people

whom that press serves to influence. The political Socialist press is in particular a great sinner in bad faith in its persistent reference to men like Carnegie and Rockefeller as "Anarchists". Those who are Anarchists and who find themselves thus bracketed with Trust magnates and lynchers, do not of course relish the comparison. But being prepared for the slanders which hunt out an unpopular cause, they endure with equanimity, only taking care to set themselves right whenever opportunity offers; full of faith in liberty, and caring less for reputation than wisdom.

The absurdity of confusing union men and strikers with Anarchists merely because they are union men and strikers is manifest. They majority of workingmen, even in a state like Colorado, are true believers in the ballot (sad to say), and have no more faith in Anarchism than they have in the man in the moon. But the press, a large part of the public, and the capitalistic hordes hasten to pick up a stick with which two blows may be given at once, and lay it about the heads of labor and Anarchism, condemning one by identifying it with the other. Union men and labor in general want more law and not less of it; witness their clamor for labor legislation; Anarchists, on the contrary, want less law and not more of it; in fact they want no law at all. The occasional strikes which labor indulges in are the sole bases of a comparison which cannot be sustained for a moment, face to face with reason.

When lynchers are described as "Anarchists" the comparison is ridiculous. Lynchers believe in law most implicitly. In acting as lynchers they give as a reason for their acts either that the victim is manifestly guilty and that they are only anticipating the course of the law and saving time and expense, or that they fear the law will not be carried out and so they take the matter into their own hands. To a man, these fiends believe in the State, and in national, state, county, and municipal rules and regulations. It is their worship of government and their belief in legal penalties which makes them so eager to act and so relentless in their acts. There is not the faintest shadow of a resemblance between the principles of liberty and the attitude of men gone mad in the name of law and justice.

As for designating capitalists as "Anarchists", it is almost funny because it is incongruous. To imagine a Rockefeller whose whole hoard of wealth was made his and is kept his by power of law, to imagine a man who would have absolutely nothing were it not for the laws respecting property, to imagine such a man to be an Anarchist — well

only certain types of "reformers" whose minds are in need of original formation, and the Political Socialist press and public could conceive such a thing and keep straight faces. The capitalist as such, wants all laws abolished, or ignores all laws which interfere with free accumulation of riches on his part, but regards with reverence and would preserve even at the cost of his own life all legal institutions and regulations which are favorable to him or to his class. The sole kinds of laws offensive to him are laws protective of labor. Haute Finance is the science of breaking such laws safely, legally if possible, for the sake of greater security, but anyway if must be.

The position of Anarchism is, strictly speaking, a negative one. An Anarchist is one who thinks that rules and regulations have no place in social life that would not be better unoccupied, and points to such places and their occupants as proof. He does not believe in one law or twenty laws; in laws to protect the interests of labor or the interests of capital, in penal laws or property laws. He believes that in the absence of all laws and the law making power human needs and human effort would without any form of coercion build up the essential bases of society in time-long solidity. He is an Anarchist first of all, and he conceives that when Anarchism had cleared the ground there will spring up spontaneously true Socialism. Taking this position the Anarchist awaits the verdict of history, knowing that the confusion in the mind of the world respecting Anarchism will pass away as confusions respecting other views have in the course of time passed away, and not turning back because of any opprobrium which opinion, public or private, visits upon him.

AMERICUS.

Give The Devil His Due.

A naphtha launch exploded one night last week in Oyster Bay at about midnight, and the whole town woke up. People rushed from their houses half-dressed, gathered on the street corners, and in ten minutes the report was spread that the Anarchists had made an attempt to murder the President.

This idiotic conduct was solely due to the slush printed in the yellow journals about Anarchists. Ever since the Haymarket murders, the perpetrators of which have never been discovered, the yellows have howled Anarchy whenever any one with long hair has been seen in the immediate neighborhood of our public officers — the little tin gods who boss the people. No wonder the Clamdiggers of Oyster Bay were scared.

The police encourage this talk, and occasionally arrest Emma Goldman to cover up their own thievery and criminal conduct. If the yellows will only talk about the Anarchists the people will forget the grafters in office and the acts of oppression of the officials. There may be some Anarchists in this town and country who are in favor of using force to destroy the government, but we never came across them. John Turner was defended by such men as Ernest Crosby, a peace disciple; Bolton Hall, another; Edward M. Shepard, once Democratic candidate for mayor; John De Witt Warner, one of our most prominent lawyers; Hugh O. Pentecost, wellknown to our readers; Clarence Darrow, of national fame; Henry Frank, a theological metaphysician, and others of lesser note but equally above suspicion. The Anarchist writers are Ben Tucker, a literary gentleman of marked ability; Mr. M. Harman, who would not crush a fly; Mr. A. Isaak, of FREE SOCIETY, James F. Morton, Jr., Stephen Byington, whose name appears in these columns this week; Emma Goldman, Lillian Harman,

Gertrude Kelly, and some others who are among the most industrious and inoffensive people in the world. They are all non-Christians; some of them anti-Christians. William MacQueen, who is in prison in New Jersey for making an Anarchist speech, is but a labor agitator, and never advocated the destruction of the government.

There have been no great crimes committed by Anarchists. The police of Chicago were not killed by Anarchists. Neither was Lincoln, nor Garfield, nor McKinley. John Turner is kept out of the country because he dreams of the time when there shall be no wars, and no killings; no oppression of man by men, of the individual by society. Yet notwithstanding these facts a noise by night arouses a whole village to cry Anarchy. They have been taught this by the yellow journals.

So far as Anarchy is concerned, the yellow journals make the meat they feed on. There are more murders committed in a week by the graduates of Sunday schools than all the Anarchists in the world have ever committed. The constant talk of Anarchy excites the hare-brained and incites the naturally criminal. The editors who permit their reporters to make "good stories" out of nothing incur a heavy responsibility. — *Truth Seeker.*

Copyright and Anarchism.

Referring to the item "A Pleasant Rebuke," in the issue of July 3, a few thoughts anent copyright and Anarchism obtrude themselves on me, and I wish to set them down—as far as possible without any unfriendly personal application. I say "as far as possible," because it is not possible entirely to dissociate the following remarks from the incident and person on which they are founded. Elbert Hubbard boasts himself an Anarchist; but still asks the government to give him monopoly of copyright for his ideas. Does he think the ideas set forth in "An Inquiry Into Respectability" will help people to think correctly, and thus aid in destroying the present false standards of worth? Then, one would think he would rejoice at any opportunity and hail with delight any vehicle which gave them wider currency. Only under the pressure of need—as of one who lived solely, and poorly at that, by his pen—would he grudgingly demand a royalty for communicating his thought. But, leaving Mr. Hubbard, let the question be considered in an entirely impersonal manner.

Some things Anarchists may be expected to do now, to show their good faith. At least, one would look for them to refrain from hampering the free diffusion of knowledge and advanced ideas, by means of patented books. This patenting of books looks too much like shop-keeping in ideas—"so much royalty for my thoughts on this subject, so much more or less for my thoughts on that subject"—ideas let it be repeated, which are not exclusively our own; but which are derived from various sources—books, people, events—besides our own individual cogitations. Do we look for the advent of Anarchy in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye; or shall we more rationally think of its coming by one person and another, and by dozens or hundreds, ceasing to conform to the methods of the present exploiting regime, and by setting the new pace for society? We continue to do some things we disapprove of, because we think it will cost too much in the way of present comfort to refuse. But we should sail as close to the wind as possible, if we have not courage and strength enough to drive directly in its teeth.

Now this matter of copyright is one of the things which may be refused without any social ostracism or loss of caste. So of the taking of interest, and a dozen of other small matters, small, but in the long run important, if for no other reason than this, namely, the practice of nonconformity strengthens the nonconformist spirit and faculty.

Geo. PYBURN.

Rally, Comrades!

I observe in No. 29 of FREE SOCIETY a short article calling the attention of the delinquent subscribers to the fact that the treasury is empty and that there is a possibility of discontinuing FREE SOCIETY.

Now that applies to me as I have been receiving the paper several weeks and have not advanced any payment.

Friends, Anarchists, and countrymen, lend me your ears.

Does it not seem like deserting the cause of liberty and freedom? Does it not seem like laying down your arms and bowing resignedly before the greed and covetousness of the Bourgeois?

Does it not seem like a great step toward the unconditional surrender of principles and rights to the tyranny of government, to let the best and strongest advocate of justice and freedom go under from lack of financial support?

If it must die let it die gloriously at the convivance of government hirelings endeavoring to hold jobs thru the graciousness of those they serve.

Never was the need of this denouncer of governmental rottenness greater; never was the revelation of philosophical truths more appropriate than now,—at this time when the thinking element of the people are facing the political situation and reading the handwriting on the wall — written with the blood of the Colorado martyrs. Never before did the American people so clearly interpret the signs of the times thus vividly portrayed by the thugs of the bayonet and the sword.

Now of all times should the propaganda be before the free thinkers — those with eyes to see and minds to grasp.

Friends and comrades, let us respond to this appeal of FREE SOCIETY. Let us keep this organ of philosophy and freedom, this teacher of truths and inspirant of liberty in the field of education. Let us in this critical period of pecuniary embarrassment put our shoulders to the wheel, as we well know we can and must in the future struggle.

I herewith enclose one dollar — about the last in the till — and I feel assured that the other negligent subscribers will do the same.

In regard to a change of editor I should like to ask, why comrade Isaak should think "his resignation would improve the paper in every respect"? I think I voice the sentiment of the majority when I say that I see no reason for a change and believe no improvement would follow.

I enjoy the writings from the pen of Comrade Isaak, and so long as he edits the paper I want it.

DR. J. PRAISTED WHITMAN.

Buckfield, Maine.

Everyone who wears a uniform and a chevron on his sleeve, and is entrusted with a share of authority, becomes inevitably a despot.—Urbain Gohier.

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TO OUR READERS.

Owing to the removal of our printer's plant
we failed to get out the regular issue last week.

By the Wayside.

By giving Russian tyranny a lending hand in signing death warrants against those who refuse to go to war and murder their fellow man, the United States government has again demonstrated that the letter of a law is of greater importance than human life and reason. A young Russian, Judel Kraskin, escaped across the Russian border and with \$250 made his way to this country with his family in order to save himself from going to the front. Commissioner Sargent has found that Kraskin came to America in violation of laws relating to the contracting of foreign labor and must be deported to Russia, where he will be shot for deserting the army in time of war. He has harmed nobody, has committed no crime, yet will be killed simply because Commissioner Sargent decides that Kraskin had violated — tho unconsciously — an absurd statute. There is no man or woman in this country who would have consented to deport Kraskin under the circumstances; but there is the law — the irresponsible idol — standing in the way of sympathy and reason.

"Society can overlook murder, adultery or swindling; it never forgives the preaching of a new gospel," says Frederick Harrison, and it seems as tho not even the "aged and esteemed British novelist", George Meredith, could preach a new gospel with impunity. Meredith has lately been interviewed as to his opinion on the church, army, and government, and his frankness has called out the wrath of the "prominent" newspapers. After stating that both the army officers and clergymen are usually worse than uneducated, and that he had given up going to church forty years ago because he "could not listen to the nonsense he heard spoken there any longer", he says of government: "The power and functions of government are undoubtedly diminishing. I don't know whether we shall reach the time when there will be no government at all, as some people hope. But certainly that is the tendency. Tyranny, which is the complete form of government, has been tried and proved to be impossible. We shall never have that again, unless democracy betrays itself."

Some of the readers of FREE SOCIETY have been wondering why the Anarchist press has not hailed the French government for its endeavors to combat the Catholic church. It does not seem to occur to these people that, if the Anarchists justify the suppression of a religious institution by force, they thereby also justify the persecution of Anarchists or any other movement not in harmony with the French government. And the so-called Free-thinkers, who have been eulogizing the attitude of the French government toward the Catholic church will have no reason to complain if they sooner or later share the fate of the Catholics.

"What is sauce for the goose, is sauce for the gander". Besides, the contest between the government and the church is a battle for supremacy and not one for freedom. Let us not be deceived by having a mist cast before our eyes, simply because the government happens to attack an institution which is hated by every liberty-loving individual. So far this would be socialistic and atheistic government has not distinguished itself from the Catholic monarchies. The striking and rebellious toiler is shot down in France as quickly as in Italy or Spain, and men and women who attack militarism and the institution of property — the props of government — find no more grace in France than in any other country.

There were two honest and thinking officials in the United States, and both are dead. Both were hated by the rich and the ignorant. But the names of John P. Altgeld and Samuel M. Jones will remain the shining stars in the pages of the United States history. "Golden Rule" Jones was a true Anarchist at heart, and would not have a man punished if he could help it. He took his meals with the men at the shop as often as possible, because he disliked to be waited upon by servants. Not wanting to interfere with his family, he frequently staid away from home because he could not endure the luxuries of the big house with its servants, as Herbert S. Bigelow says. "In Toledo we have abolished the police club", he said once in Chicago, "and since then crimes have diminished. I would like to abolish the police also, and I am sure crime would disappear altogether, but they would not let me." Once he was asked by some of his rich neighbors what he would do with those people who would not work if there was no government. ("I am one of those parasites who get rich by robbing others", he interrupted himself as he related the story, and thus I live among the respectable rich.") "Well", he replied, "I am not worried at all by the mass of mankind in this respect. I know they will all work if they have the opportunity to make themselves useful. But what I would do with you rich folks, who absolutely won't work, has always been a puzzle to me."

"Can anything be greater or more desirable?" asks the editor of the *Cap-Makers' Journal*, in speaking of Socialism or "industrial democracy." Yes, Mr. Edlin, freedom, a state of society in which man shall not be ruled by means of force is certainly greater and more desirable than a system of industry in which government is directly exercised or controlled by the people collectively; for one can imagine no greater tyranny, no more abject helplessness of the individual than in state of society where there is an "administration of things", or where the people collectively control the means of production and distribution. Hell itself could not devise a more pernicious system of society than that in which criticism and discontent could be quelled effectively by merely withholding the means of subsistence from the discontented individuals. Already the Socialist press is controlled so thoroughly by the politicians that those who have been anxious to prevent the party from becoming a mere reform movement have either to keep mum or leave the party. "Those who do not conform have to take leave", says Bebel. And aside from all this there is no greater folly than the belief that justice and freedom can be attained by majority rule. Even of the wisest in a collectivity the German poet, Schiller, had a very low estimate, and aptly said:

"Each of them, taken singly, is passably gifted with reason;
Let them assemble — and straight into a blockhead
he turns."

Blow after blow falls upon Russian despotism. First Sipiaguin; then Bobrikoff; then

Andrieff; and now Plehve, the incarnate fiend of bloodthirstiness and murder. Plehve, the supporter of tyranny and darkness, was torn to pieces by the explosion of a bomb; and his death is hailed by all liberty-loving people. Nobody was surprised when the dispatches announced his fate, for all knew that his regime of shameless persecution was bound to call forth an act of retribution. Only the czar and his sycophants shed tears at the bier of this servile and notorious official, who had spread terror all over Russia. Perhaps the czar realized that he was standing at the corps of vanishing despotism, and that czarism is doomed in Russia, and hence the tears. But while despotism bewailed its most true friend, the people rejoiced and hailed the assassin, who had delivered them from a man who throughout his career harbored tyranny and obscurantism; who instigated the massacre of the Jews in Kishinev; who tried to subdue the rebellious spirit of the learning youth by the knouts of the Cossacks; who ordered the shooting down of the toilers who clamored for more humane conditions; who appeased the hunger of the peasants by flogging; and who thought that the yearning for freedom could be extinguished by brutality and imprisonment. It would be folly, of course, to expect that the execution of Plehve will be the beginning of a more liberal era in Russia. Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad, and the Russian government will not heed the admonition. A reign of terror will be inaugurated. But this will only kindle the spirit of revolt and hasten the downfall of despotism. Disaffection and discontent must be great and intense when the people are stoning even the messenger who carried the news of Plehve's death to the emperor, and such hatred against the present regime cannot be intimidated by persecution. It will only hasten the eruption of the volcano upon which Russian despotism is dancing. To be sure, much blood will yet be shed before the dawn of freedom. But, "what matters it," says George Etievant, "if the dawn of this great day be impurged by the glow of fires; what matters it that in the morning of that day the dew be bloody? The tempest also is useful to purify the atmosphere; the sun shines more brightly after the storm."

INTERLOPER.

Some Things of Several.

Steven T. Byington is again upon the trail. It was, we now learn, to convince me the populace were the real lawmakers, that he wrote that two-column article of irrelevant personalities where, under the grimacing title of an Introduction to my Vindication of Anarchism, my chance allusions to astronomy, Hebrew literature and whatever else has nothing to do with Anarchism, were misrepresented and ridiculed till every reader must have thoroughly realized the ancient truth that a minister of orthodox Christianity seldom lacks any qualification for gracing the center of a circus tent! Well, we all have our own ideas of modesty; and to expect that it should pass for a cardinal virtue with the wearer of a cap and bells would probably be too much. But do you remember that astronomical criticism—"a babe in science is just about right," "this about extending to the fixed stars" (I quote from memory, so there is no occasion to jingle the sistrum * any more, if this should not be verbatim) "has been for several years in the newspapers and the *Popular Science Monthly*, and therefore it is current coin with James"? Now, if I had executed such a scalp-dance and uttered such warlike howls over the corpse of a blunder which proved to be my own, and had got off with a one-line demonstration that the mistake was mine, I should think I had been treated very leniently,

* "An Egyptian musical rattle used in the worship of Isis; commonly a thin, oval, metal band, fastened to a handle and crossed by movable metal rods bearing rings. — *Standard Dic.* A. I.

and feel like singing uncommonly small. But we shall quickly see that Byington has learned no candor and forgotten nothing about quibbling.

He informs us that Mr. Horr has sunk a lot of money and hard work in making an experiment which, so far, has resulted in misfortune. Then Mr. Horr is entitled to the thanks of science; tho perhaps the misfortune might have been averted if he had been willing to learn by the previous experiments of others; which is not unscientific. But why did Mr. Horr write that article which called forth my "sharp" criticism, in disparagement of experiment and glorification of pre-Baconian logic? Or did he not write it? I am not acquainted with his style; but the article sounds like Byington—no part of it more than the epithet "newly-fledged and half-backed aspirants to fame." And what can Byington mean by insinuating that I took this for a pseudonym in order to satirize Horr? It was Horr, Byington, or some other writer in *Freeland*, who gave me the name, as he must know; for the allusion to me was equally transparent with my own pseudonymity. I adopted the name to show it did not hurt.

Simpson, it seems, is crowing on the top of the wall, because I said "organizations purely for defense against invasion had degenerated into invasiveness," and since have said that what "invasion" may be is among those things "no fellow can make out." Well, let him crow—and "think the sun got up on purpose to hear him," if he likes. I shall take the liberty to repeat that no one can make out what "invasion" is and that is one reason why all organizations (ostensibly) to resist "invasion" have degenerated into invasiveness." But this about crowing on the top of the wall illustrates the spirit of the Byington, and indeed all anticratic literature. The anticratic mind has never risen above "desire to be victorious in controversy." It is "an Aristotelian of the fifteenth century born out of due time;" a scholastic, a logic chopper, a quibbler, a word-butcherer, a Bible-banger, a lyceum orator, devoted to syllogism, because "men may come and men may go, but that runs on forever."

The anarchistic mind has imbibed the Baconian spirit. It aims to be "victorious over nature." It has no inclination to employ itself in labors like those of the damned in the Grecian Tartarus; to spin forever on the same revolving wheel, to draw water forever in the same bottomless buckets, to gape forever after the same deluding clusters." And because it aims at doing something, not merely talking about something, it scarcely, as Macaulay says again, can miss the means to that end; which are, of course, inductive. "It would have been hard to bring Thomas Aquinas down from making syllogisms to making gunpowder." But Thomas Aquinas would never have doubted that it was only by a series of experiments, careful in proportion to the object and the danger, that gunpowder could be made. It is hard to bring an anticrat down from moulding formulae to moulding society. But when he does get there, Byington is my witness that he at once tries experiments—and meets misfortune, for want of having observed how a great many previous experiments have worked. When he has tried a few more, he will probably learn that institutions do not spring, like Minerva from the brain of Zeus, out of contact between a theorist's head and an uninhabited prairie, but out of modifications in existing institutions, the result of existing tendencies, whereof the experimentalist can avail himself, but which the theorist will only sap sorrow by flying from.

It is true that I have often myself engaged in verbal controversy with Anticrats and others. But Byington is much mistaken if he thinks I like it. The unpublished Twelfth Section of my "Vindication of Anarchism" is wholly devoted to the practical question how Anarchists can materialize the results of the

previous sections; and the reason it remains unpublished is that it is so much larger than any other part of the book. Refuting formalists and hobby riders after side issues, I find a very great bore, principally because it takes up space in the radical papers, which is valuable, and takes up my time, which has grown short enough for me to realize its preciousness. I do it; but only as Suwarow drilled the awkward squad. The job seems necessary for want of a corporal. My kingdom (if I had one) for a corporal! who will show the awkward squad that real live Turks are not beaten by words, but experiments, on fascines if you have nothing better to begin with; leaving me free to bestow my less hackneyed observations on comrades who know that already.

* * *

Byington's remarks on the use of the name Jahveh are interesting in themselves, though they have not much to do with Anarchism. The discussion all began with his making monkey faces at my alleged ignorance of Hebrew, because there are different etymologies. Does he mean to accept that which because the Anamic verb of similar pronunciation with *ללל* or *ללל* (to be) may signify "to fall" would have Jahveh "him who causes to fall" (rain and thunder) i. e., the Hebrew Zeus? He hardly can maintain that one which derives the name, in the *Pentateuch*, from the Hiphil instead of the Qal (ex. iii, 14, 15); but the other or a modification supposing an archaic transitive sense, is possible. However, I, at least, do not believe it *Ps*, xxix appears to be an early one. Compare it with these lines of Virgil.

"Ipse, Pater, mediâ nimborum in nocte, corusca Fulmina molitur dextrâ; quo maxima motu Terra tremit; fugere feræ; et mortalia corda Per gentes humilis stravit pavor: ille flagranti Aut Atho, aut Rhodopen, aut alta Ceraunia telo Dejicit; ingemmant austri et densissimus imber; Nunc nemora ingenti vento, nunc litora plangunt."

These are both spirited descriptions of the thunder-storm. Both recognize it as a stupendous display of divine power. But the Hebrew poet is archaic enough to describe the thunder, etc., as "mighty ones," while the Roman knows enough of science to regard them only as physical phenomena.

"Saepe etiam immensum coelo venit agmen aquarum, et fœdam glomerant tempestatem imbribus atris Collectae exalto nubes."

Yet the former "looks through Nature up to Nature's God." "He rode upon the cherubim (winds) and did fly." The "mighty ones" are but a part of his train, whose function is only "to give him glory," while Virgil brings in quite secondarily that "Pater" in whom perhaps he did not believe. And the "glory" of Jahveh, in the midst of all this sensible magnificence is mainly a moral glory: it is "the beauty of holiness": the psalm concludes with "strength unto his people" and "peace," where the pagan band can see only the deluged fields, the tempest scouring the forests and the shores, the summits scattered by lightning, the frantic stampede of the cattle, and human hearts "cramped with humble fear!" Indeed we can hardly open the psalms anywhere without lighting on the double radical thought, that the power manifested in nature is righteousness, and that righteousness is eternal. "Thou, Jahveh, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth; and the heavens are the work of thy hands. They shall perish; but thou shalt endure: they all shall wax old as doth a garment; and as a vesture shalt thou fold them up; and they shall be changed, but thou art the same, and thy years shall not fail. The children of thy servants shall continue, and their seed shall stand in thy sight." Where in all the multitudinous worshipers of the Thunderer or the Creator—Brahma, Armuzd, Tieu,—can we find anything even in the least suggestive of all this? It seems strange so orthodox a critic as Bying-

ton should overlook it even for the pleasure of sneering rudely and ill-naturedly at me because I preferred the interpretation of such men as Bunsen to that of dealers in mere philological possibilities equal to the most belittling in Tübingen criticism.

The Song of Deborah (in its present form too!) may possibly be older than Samuel; but it is far from as good evidence to the date of the name Jahveh as use of that name in composition (Ur-iah, etc.) which begins at his generation. Joshua's name was originally Oshea (Hosea). If Byington never heard it doubted that Je-hoshua is later than Samuel, he never read Colenso (the "Jehovistic" writer in the *Pentateuch* is addicted to etymologies), The Prophetic writer "E," according to Colenso and Colenso's German guides, terminated his narrative with the revelation of the name Jahveh, making it as emphatic as the "Ipse" in *I Geor* 16. According to a more modern view (Enc.). But Art. (*Pentateuch*) he continued it as "the Priestly Code" (Byington's "P," in which Jahveh is used habitually, as it is, on principle, avoided before Ex. iii. Of course, Byington knows that all such theories are uncertain enough. The standing defense of orthodoxy, which he represents, against the higher criticism consists in calling the latter "purely subjective." This is unjust; for the higher criticism, like other legitimate hypothesis, leads to comparing or refuting discoveries (the Egyptian Logos, for example). But no man deserves to be tainted with ignorance of Biblical criticism because he does not swallow every new notion with the haste of Kronas,—gives it a little time to grow—or because in allusions to a subject so foreign as that was to my "Vindication of Anarchism," he does not discuss the possibilities of all the callow nestlings. I confess the theory that "E" was not acquainted with the name Jahveh, or did not write to introduce it, is a novelty as far as I am aware; and so it is that which seems to identify "P" with the author of Jehovistic interpolations in Genesis. Did Byington originate them? No one supposes the Jehovistic prophets did "abandon" the older name (El Shaddai, Ex. vi. 3). It occurs continually in their writings. As to disuse of a divine name not being priestly, did not the Roman priests turn Capitoline Jove into the Greek Jupiter (Dios Piter)?

C. L. JAMES.

An Appeal for Help!

Dear Comrade: — You will do me great favor if you will kindly publish this letter in *FREE SOCIETY*. I am in distress; confined to my bed by rheumatism, I am practically helpless. Change of climate and complete rest for a short time are absolutely necessary. I am totally without means whereby the change or rest can be obtained. Indeed I am without means upon which to subsist unless the progress of my disease can be arrested. No Comrade has ever appealed for assistance and failed to receive ready response from me. I never anticipated that I would be reduced to this extremity, but it has come, and I am now compelled by imperative necessity to solicit aid from the comrades. I can assure the comrades, one and all, that whatever aid they can and will render me under these distressing and humiliating circumstances, will be profoundly appreciated.

J. ALLEN EVANS.

P. O. Box 923, Cripple Creek, Colorado.

Letter-Box.

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