On Picket Duty.

The "Workmen's Advocate" need not have gone to the trouble of declaring, a propos of nothing concerning it, that it had not "even faintly expressed admiration for Liberty. I am aware of it, and I am glad of it. Praise from that source would indeed be the worst

The present issue of Liberty concludes the fifth volume, copies of which, bound uniformly with the preceding volumes, will soon be ready for delivery at two dollars each. Those desiring copies will confer a favor by sending in their orders as early as possible, accompanied by the subscription.

I have often been asked for an English translation of the French song printed in the early chapters of "What's To Be Done?" A California friend has kindly prepared one for me, which is given in this issue and will be substituted for the French in the next edition of the book.

"There are two things needed in these days," says sagacious Edward Atkinson: "first, for rich men to find out how poor men live; and, second, for poor men to know how rich men work." You are right, Mr. Atkinson; and when the poor men once know this, the rich men will very speedily find themselves out of a job. It will be the greatest lock-out on record.

J. E. Hall writes essays and lectures on Individualism and Anarchism, in which he vainly tries to give profound and philosophical appearance to silly and crude ideas. He evidently has yet to read (or, at any rate, to master) the first Anarchistic book. Meanwhile let him answer honestly this simple question, which will clear up his confusion of experimentally-proven and voluntarily-accepted scientific truths with individual opinions enforced by majority-made statutes: Why do we not hear of any movement against the tyranny of the absolute rule that twice two is four at the same time that we hear so much against the idea which he and his friends advocate with such confidence in matters social and political?

"Only the righteous wrath of the people, backed up by physical force, can restore to its owners the stolen wealth," writes Henry F. Charles in the "Alarm." The righteous wrath of the people backed up by all the physical force in the world can never restore the wealth already stolen, because no one knows or ever can know to whom it properly belongs. Nor can it provide that all wealth hereafter produced shall not be stolen, unless it acquires some knowledge of economic law. Possessed of this knowledge, righteous wrath will need no other backing. It will need then only to stand back upon its rights and not budge therefrom. Immediately all wealth held by idlers will begin to drain away from them, and when it is entirely gone, they will have to work or starve. After that there will be no labor question and no need of revolution.

Opposing capital punishment in the columns of the "Christian Register," Edwin D. Mead remarks: "Society would have done much more to protect itself from bombs by sending Spies and Parsons to Joliet than it did by hanging them; and, if the prison is a rational one and not a brutal one, it would have done much more for their own moral culture." Let me tell you, Mr. Edwin D. Mead, that long before it shall become possible to place prisoners under the control of those who have much to do with the heights of rational and moral culture attained by August Spies and Albert Parsons the necessity for both prisons and gallows will have disappeared, and that, if at that epoch your words have not been forgotten, they will only be remembered to mark the depth to which either ignorance or cowardly hypocrisy can descend in the way of insincerity.

The Boston "Transcript" rebukes the New York press for devoting so much attention to the funeral of the late Courtland Palmer, and says that men of his dead record will stamp the character of every city of New England. As newspapers go, I hold the "Transcript" in relative respect as an occasionally fair-minded journal, and am the sorrier therefore to find in its columns this bit of New England snobbery. One would gather from the "Transcript's" paragraph that Courtland Palmer was simply a man of social standing who rejected the orthodox creed. The editor of Liberty happens to be on an intimate footing with a "young gentleman who produces headlines" for a daily newspaper who can inform the "Transcript" that Mr. Palmer was much more than that,—in fact, that he was an all-round radical, holding heterodox views of love and marriage, and even a pronounced Socialist, although a man of great wealth, and that he held the truth which he possessed, not after the fashion of New England dilettantes as a pretty bauble for the private admiration of the curious and of no more value than a lie except as a curiosity, but after the fashion of earnest workers everywhere as a priceless possession, growing in value in the proportion that others share it, and therefore to be actively propagated, not that it may be made the creed of a sect, but that its power may be utilized to the fullest for the destruction of social evils and the enhancement of social welfare. If the "Transcript" will point me, not to a whole blackberry bush, but to a single young man, in any New England city, of Courtland Palmer's wealth and social position, who affords anything approaching his parallel in these particulars, I will apologize to its editor for dubbing him a snob.

My old friend and associate in the newspaper business, W. Kilby Reynolds, has embarked in the publication at St. John, N. B., of a monthly pamphlet called the "Grip sack" and devoted to the interests of travelers in the provinces. This is little out of Liberty's line, but, in remembrance of "aud lang syn," and because Mr. Reynolds is one of the brightest men I ever knew, I am second to no third, and, if not third, an Anarchist, and because the words which I shall quote from his first number regarding the "Gripsack's" patrons apply with equal force to Anarchist's supports, I wish to say that this pamphlet is published at one dollar a year by Knowles & Reynolds, 105 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B., and that Mr. Reynolds's introductory article, "The Grip sack is Opened," concludes as follows: The Grip sack has come to stay. Yes, gentlemen, it will stay. Not in one place, but in many places. It will go where its authors have given it support through personal friendship, to help the thing along, will find that they have not devoted their money to a charity. Those who have reluctantly consented after much time, shoe-leather, and patience has been exercised on our part, will find that they have bullied better than they knew. Those who have become this principle, because they believe the investment a good one, are men of business, who will get just what they expect. And they are in the majority among the advertisers. There is one other class we want to thank. It is composed of those who intend to become patrons, if we make the venture a success without their aid. We thank them for their civility, and will see them later. Those are the kind of men who build up a country — after their neighbors have solved the problem of its settlement and destiny.

CA. IRA.

[Transcribed from the French for Liberty by R. B. P.]

Under our rag we all, Courious workers, wait in hope that science may all fail, To man, and a better fate. So let us study and work, For knowledge brings freedom to men; Yes, let us study and work; We'll see admission then. Ab! 'twill come! It will come! It will come! Now people united cry; Ab! 'twill come! It will come! It will come! Who lives shall see and by! And from our ignorance who Are sufferers, if not we? Let science then, come to do "twork that shall set us free: We are now bowed down with grief, And yet, by fasting We hasten the glad relief Of all humanity. Ab! 'twill come! &c.

Let the union scream take place Of knowledge with toil, and Our wicness to our test With love as the law, may live; Then, hoarding each for all As brothers and sisters dear, We'll, loving and learning, call Life better with every year. Ab! 'twill come! &c.

Yes, that misery may no more Be ours, we work and live; For those who love, we earn; In labor, and love, and song. All true good shall be known; Good — happy — taught: We long To call that the poor man. Ab! 'twill come! It will come! It will come! Now people united cry; Ab! 'twill come! It will come! It will come! Who lives shall see and by! Th'en live! Ta's coming fast! Ab! 'twill come at last To those who live!
THE RAG-PICKER OF PARIS.

BY FELIX PYAT.

Translated from the French by C. E. Tucker.

PART FIRST.

THE BASKET.

Continued from No. 12.

Then, again, escorted by the attendant, she passed a second time through the waiting-room.

The beggar, male and female, divined her failure in the confusion which covered her face.

Explanations of spite and satisfaction were exchanged.

"The blonde is lost!"

"The young woman got left!"

"The beauty is done for!"

The attendants lay pity on her, and as she disappeared in the stairway, he replied and said:

"Stay, go mingle with the crowd there. Talk with them, and you will find out what the soup, liquor, lighted, evening and evening, at the houses of the 'good heads,' as they call them."

Then, looking at her with a complacency and an absence of moral sense peculiar to his philosophy, he threw the basket on her and followed her to the offices of the other, the entire official and officious almighty machinery, failed a woman in the most sociable of societies.

Behind the dirty cart of a dirty knacker, drawn by a dirty horse, loaded with a dead jade, its feet in the air and its neck hanging and bleeding, follow a file of beasts old and valueless, utterly worn out, with nothing but skin on their 'bones,' walking hares, somnambulists in the left foot, others in the right foot, some in both feet. They walk or rather are dragged to the slaughter-house, whipped toward death, unconscious and docile beasts, who, serving man all their lives, now go to fill the gutted abattoirs and farms after the slaughter, leather with which to bridle and lash their fell-was.

Sad emblem of the poor man, in spite of his right professed by modern society, gives all but to dumb, to filthy, and, dead, gives also to science even his body to cure him.

In the bosom of the Tiber of ancient Rome, on a deserted island, the pagan slaughterhouse doctors, they banded the old and useless slaves, there to die of hunger; but at least after having sufficiently fed them, as horses are fed, during their lives of servitude and without social dignity, as the modern housewife, subject to the will of the master, is in the midst of abundance, hunger at the doors of Paris restaurants.

Animals, you have no reason to envy the "king of creation," slaves of Rome, you were tortured less than the "sovereign people" of France!

Even in Rome, when Paganism was at its height, death was only for invalid old go. In Paris as in Italy, amidst European civilization as amidst Asiatic barbarism, death even for children?

CHAPTER XII.

AT AUCTION.

Jean, who was neither a deputy, nor a peer, nor a judge, nor a priest, and as little a deist as a royalist, had kept his oath, faithful to his conscience, to the promise which he had given himself over the body of Jacques.

He drank a little, slept still less, and worked a great deal, watching incessantly over Didier's wife and child.

"I will do what I can to aid them," he had said to the dying collector.

But what can a rag-picker do for others? Scurvyly can he do anything for himself.

He did more than he could. Every night a double basket, beginning early, finishing late, was his hole before twilight, returning to it after daybreak, the first and the last of the night-walkers. He went to the muck-heep with the same ardour with which he formerly went to the wheat field.

Hence, on the night preceding the third day after the murder of Jacques, Jean had gone out and come in twice with two full baskets.

Having taken quarters in the very house where the widow lived, a benevolent spy, he never abandoned his watch except to help her.

"Poor woman," he continually said with an irresistible fit of piety, said to Jean: "Where did you get that basket, I should like to know?"

"That doesn't concern you, friend," said Jean, in little humor for talking, especially on that subject.

And again plunged in his hook.

"Oh: what's that! an infant!"

His hook had caught the lullaby, which contained a stillborn babe.

"Another crime! Police! Police!" he cried with all his might.

Then the individual wheeled about as if to run away.

"What! the coat fits you? Stop!"

And Jean seized him, shouting at the top of his voice:

"Police! Where are you going? Sleep with servants or hidden in doorways? Hurry up; don't be afraid! It's only a dead baby!"
The midwives came first, no disputing this privilege with them; then the liquefied woman advanced to offer her bud.

"If I refresh a present I make you," said she to the clerk. "Soon you will have a pauper." The bureaucrat turned away to avoid breathing the odor of brandy which the creature exhaled.

"Pish!" he exclaimed. "Why don't you keep your child?"

"Can't. My husband drinks disgracefully."

"And?"

"I never. Besides, my husband beats me, and my milk spoils. Understand? It is to save the brat."

"All right, hand it over!"

There you are. Good luck, little glutton, you will suck at the municipal bottle. Don't deprive yourself! get full, like papa.

"And mamma," said the clerk; "she ought to be condemned to a water.""To water yourself! Oh! it's poison... not good even for drunks."

"Another! and quickly!"

The workingman stood up to speak, his hand suspended over his head, his face contorted with rage.

"Confounded clerk, attend to your scribbling," he cried. "Ah! one of these days, and before long too, we'll give it to you."

"Threats!"

"Until we can do better. To think that we have to pay all these quill-drivers for bullying us!"

"Oh, I see," said the clerk, "you are a red... or rather a loafer."

"Yes, a forced loafer; I am out of work and I have only my arms with which to feed my child. I am not in the same case as you, who have enough to feed the child that perhaps you do not possess or that you lay in the test of others."

"Enough, we know the tune. Your name?"

"Brutus Chaumette."

"Good, the name goes with the principles. You are a spirit of the great epoch, it seems."

"Yes, republican from father to son."

"Well, this shall end the race. We will bring it up differently. It shall be a royalist."

"We shall see."

"You had better take it back. Why leave it with us?"

"Why? Because her mother is dead, and I cannot give her suck, and I wish her to live."

"What is her name?"

"Marianne."

"Oh, that's promising! Here, put your name at the bottom of this sheet."

The workingman signed, kissed the envelope, and then went out, turning back toward the clerk and shaking his fist at him.

Meanwhile, who was filling out Marianne's registration paper, gave a lecture on morality ad hoc to the poor woman whom he was urging to treat harshly in order to turn as many of them as possible away from the budget of the State, for the benefit of the budget-eaters, the biggest, fattest, and most insatiable of beggars.

So the official, faithful to this order of exclusion, growled away as so scribbled: "I know you, my wrinkles, and it will be vain for you to deny what I say; only unnatural mothers come here."

"No excuses! Without work?... Without work?... a rule? without work, yes! When people make children, they must keep them. No excuses. Without work. Indeed, without work it would be too convenient. They come from the country to Paris, believing that labor is going to fall all roosted into their laps. ... Think of it!... And what happens? They do not work, the children become to be left over, and they commit a sin, as you call it."

After the performance comes abandonment. They are left a cue... the man goes and the kid comes. ... Then they whine and cry poverty; and then at the same time they bring up even as at your market. Ah! but you know, it is not the same.

... Two years, two months, no bread. Cannot receive the bread, the love of the State."

"Chars... a child is lost for the man... A warning... such as have hearts."

"That's all right.

"Fah, ingeniously drawn up and learned an "as a result of" by heart, had on this occasion, as it always had, an excellent result for the... the very best of them, rose and went out, taking... or babies."

But praise: poverty does not lose its rights; mothers and child, will be found...

... eight drown in the Seine or hanged to some nail or suffocated in their room."

In the Public Charities building a bare and gloomy room, divided into two by a wooden barrier, was devoted to the reception of abandoned infants.

The corridor, indifferently disturbed or constrained, rattle like the noise of the street, and the doorknockers, only a dollar. It's no price at all; it's worth the double money.

The dollars and the women, wise and gloomy, sold to all advantage that they had looked after the old and young, who paid double and triple according to their necessities. Then all was over... the furniture removed, the room vacated, the door closed; and each retired... to the most capricious of the old and even the most capricious of the new."

Meanwhile Jean had overaken Madame Duiller with his eyes, and was following her as if she were her dog.

CHAPTER XIII.

RETURN TO THE BOARD OF PUBLIC CHARITIES.

In the Public Charities building a bare and gloomy room, divided into two by a wooden barrier, was devoted to the reception of abandoned infants.

There was always a considerable number of unfortunate in this ante-room of the hospital for foundling, or rather lost, children.

The aspect of the room was terrible from the very variety of its phases of despair and social anomalies. Some were, the women who were suffering, and the men, who were in despair, had to see their children die. Those who were suffering, had to leave their children in the care of others. Those who were in despair, had to leave their children in the care of others.

The poet who had driven a number of unfortunate to this ante-room of the hospital for foundling, or rather lost, children.

Some of the women, silent or excited, resigned or maddened, with eyes moist or burning, offered for the last time an exhausted and withered bloom to the fruit of despair. The habit of abandoning this strange and frightful sacrifice of Carthage to Paris by the side of the mothers was step-by-step, with eyes and hands, in the form of an indiscipline or in favoring inquiry as to paternity. Yes, most of these destitute who had committed their fate to poverty! Their babies had no father... no father! O law of nature! O so-called civil code!

On the bench between the midwives, in a hurry to finish their professional duty, a man in the prime of life, she workingman of the Mount of Poverty, dallied an infant feverishly upon his knees. In his whole person there was something tragic, an immense sensitiveness of tenderest mingled with indignation and even rebellion.

In front of him a violent, sublimely drunk, was constantly on the point of dropping her offspring, which, all emaciated, with parties, seemed to have an alcoholic head.

The lady in charge of this infernal office registered the abandonees, talking to the women in a supercilious and bullying manner, and then while the mothers stirred their soiled and embrased their crying babies, her foot became forlorn, and the roll of a cigarette.

From time to time he stormed.

"A little ariel! Whose turn next?"

The head of this diabolical and calling had hardened the bureaucrat against cutho. Through handling from the blacksmith's gets. hands called this clerk had a... bluestone. He wrote rapidly, unmoved by the mothers' tears falling under pen and motivating the fatal registry.

Continued on page 4.
LIBERTY.

Issued Fortnightly at One Dollar a Year; Single Copies Five Cents.

H. E. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 412 Boylston Street.

Entered as Second Class Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., AUGUST 4, 1888.

"In abolishing civil and moral, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the revolution abolishes at once the sword of the execration, the seat of the authority of the sovereign, the pomposity of the crown, the ermine of the judge of the department, all these images of Politie, which never lifted a hand in her behalf." - THOREAU.

The appearance in the editorial column of articles on certain subjects than the editor's interests indicate that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

A Confession and a Suspicion.

Discussing the policy of boycotting and the outrageous decisions and action of the courts in relation thereto, the "Workmen's Advocate" arrives at the following disagreeing conclusions:

There are two ways of opposing the schemes of the capitalist courts. One is to go into politics upon a radical platform and win; the other is to adopt a system of passive resistance, and boldly continue in the exercise of rights, no matter if the power of the officials of the courts can be enforced to extort from them or to put them to jail. When one man is arrested and prevented from doing his duty by his organization, another should take his place; and when another man is arrested and the law is nullified, there should be a successor. In short, the whole system of popular and practical propaganda can be made effective by a proper system of participation or cooperation the truth expression of that mutual trust and fraternal good will which alone can replace present forms of authority, usage and custom as the social bond of union.

The answer seems obvious enough. Competition, it is true, can be carried so far from tending to enhance the growth of mutual confidence, must generate division and hostility among us. If egalitarian democracy demands competition, and nothing but competition, every man becomes equally infected. The idea of valuing want is implied whereunder underhand cunning takes the place of open force is doubtless not without its attractions to many minds, but the price paid for the privilege is that there has all the appearance of making a declaration of war in terms of peace. So, surely credit and mutuality confidence, in which you are to compete and thereby to be an order of things where unity and good-will characterizes all human relations, and would flourish best where cooperation finds its complete expression, - cit. in Communism.

W. T. HORN.

The supposition that competition means war rests upon old notions and false phrases that have been long current, but are rapidly passing into the limbo of exploded facts and forgotten words. The instant when it is or becomes restricted, either in scope or intensity, for that is, when it is not perfectly free competition; for then its benefits are won by one class at the expense of another, instead of by all of us at the expense of nature's forces. When universal and unrestricted, competition has always been the best test of the system of cooperation; for then it becomes simply a test of forces resulting in their most advantageous utilization. As soon as the demand for labor begins to exceed the supply, making it an easy matter for every one to get work at wages equal to his product, it is for the interest of all (including his immediate competitors) that the best man should win; which is another way of saying that, where freedom prevails, competition and cooperation are identical. For further proof and elaboration of the proposition, refer to Horn to Andrew's "Science of Society" and Fawcett's pamphlets on "Cooperation." The real problem, then, is to make the demand for labor greater than the supply, and this can only be done through competition in the supply of money or use of credit. This is abundantly shown in the former edition of "The Anarchist Banking" and in the experiences of Proudhon and Sporzer. My correspondent seems filled with the sentiment of good-fellowship, but ignorant of the science thereof, and even of the fact that there is such a science. He will find this science explained in my works and elsewhere. After studying and mastering these, he still should have any doubts, Liberty will then try to set them at rest.

Fool Voters and Fool Editors.

Uncle Sam carries one hundred pounds of newspapers two thousand miles for not two dollars, but for one dollar, pays the railroad more than its services are worth, and loses about five dollars a trip. Yes, an express company would charge twenty dollars for the same service; yet some people think it foolish to pay the express companies millions and the people getting poorer. In fact, some people don't know anything at all and don't want to. It is very unfortunate that such people have votes. — The Anti-Monopolist.

Yes, Uncle Sam carries one hundred pounds of newspapers two thousand miles, not for two dollars, but for one dollar, pays the railroad more than its services are worth, and loses about five dollars a trip. Yes, an express company would charge twenty dollars for the same service, because it knows it would be folly to attempt to compete with the one-dollar rate, and therefore charges for its necessarily limited business such rates as those who desire a guarantee of promptness and security are willing to pay.

In the meantime, the newspaper man at the one-dollar rate, knowing that is a good way to induce the newspapers to wink at his villanies, and that he can and does make up in two ways his loss of five dollars a trip, — 1, by carrying one hundred pounds of letternes to the public libraries, and 2, by allowing anybody else to carry them for less, although the express companies would be glad of the chance to do the same service for sixteen dollars; and, 2, by taking toll from all purchasers of whiskey and tobacco at home and of various other articles from foreign countries.

And yet some people don't know why the thousands of officeholders who are pulling away at the public teats are getting fat while the people are getting poorer. In fact, some people don't know anything at all and don't want to. It is very unfortunate that such people are entrusted with the editing of newspapers.

An editorial in the "Alarm" lays down the following: "With liberty to capitalize all products of industry, in other words, to obtain credit upon labor, and to use the natural powers of animals, the ability to exploit nature would be secured to all, and in the absence of rent and interest nothing else would remain to exploit. Profits are but a sequence to interest and would fall with it." How about this, Herr Most? Is this orthodox Communism or heretical private property? I have understood you to reveally tell me that Communism is essential to the abolition of human exploitation, so that to hope to abolish it by liberty of credit is all "moonshine," and very anti-social. And is it any wonder that you do not explain to the streaming forth from your adopted sister organ, the "Alarm," "Is it sunshine when it emanates from that quarter? If so, what kind of sunshine is "Freihheit," that of a star or a toad shell? Is your right hand aware of what your left hand is about, Herr Most? Does your real purpose in writing on this subject lie in being the readiness to harrow for dynamite?"

"To secure this healthful action of the units of society," says the "Alarma," the Anarchist has but two points to lay down, both destructive, it may be, in so far as they propose the abolition of barriers which
My Explanation.

To the Editor of Liberty:

I was born. I am beginning to understand the foundations upon which I stand, and I am beginning to build. I had thought considerably more about the matter, and had read in Liberty as it came in any way, and I'm still far from being able to judge it. I am not sure that I have not made a mistake here or there, but I am not sure that I have not made any mistakes. But I am not sure that I have not made any mistakes. I am not sure that I have not made any mistakes.

I am a realist, and I am not a moralist. I am a realist, and I am not a moralist. I am a realist, and I am not a moralist.

I have been asked whether I think that the condition of the times is such as to make our work worth while. I am not sure that I think so. I am not sure that I think so. I am not sure that I think so.

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Love, Marriage, and Divorce, and the Sovereignty of the Individual: A Discussion

Henry James

Mr. Greeley's Reply to Mr. Andrews.

It is very clear, then, Mr. Andrews, that your path and mine will never meet. Your socialism seems to be synonymous with egoism; mine, on the contrary, contains many selfish and inhuman elements; one is the product of the highest good of the community, the personal to the universal, the beneficent to the everlasting. I utterly abhor what you term "the right of woman to choose the father of her own children," — what has been called the "father of a thousand fathers," that is to say, the right of choice for many different children, — seeing that it conflicts directly and fatally with the paramount right of each child, through minority, to protection, guardianship, and intimate daily counsel and training from both parents. Your sovereignty of the individual is in palpable collision with the purity of society and the sovereignty of God. It renders the family a smoke-screen which the next puff of air may dissipate and dissolve, disuniting father and mother, brother and sister, in a diabolical way, where we will go hence in vindictive madness. So long as those who think as I do are the majority in this country, the practitioners on your principles will be dealt with by law like other malefactors; and, if ever you dare cast your lot with them, you will see your system die. Were I to believe in the dislocation of society by marriage, I should not necessarily wanton, love is not lust, and the selfish pursuit of sensual gratification is not dignified with the honours due to wisdom and virtue.

Mr. JAMES'S REPLY TO MR. ANDREWS.

IX.

To the Editor of the New York Tribune:

I decline controversy with your correspondent, Mr. S. P. Andrews, not because of any personal disrespect for him, but chiefly for the reason stated at the time, that his objections to marriage were trivial, fallacious, and insipid. I may now further say that the generalisations on the subject in the discussion between the "Observer" and myself did not, besides, seem to me of sufficient weight to demand the exercise of any political power. I have been mistaken, but such was, and such continues to be, my conviction. It is, accordingly, mortifying to me to observe that your correspondent's "vanity has converted what was a question of the most profound importance to society into a mere matter of personal argument, if not of popular abuse." There are, indeed, a large number of your readers who should partake this delusion, let me say a few words in vindication of my own conviction.

It is the union, legally ratified, of a man with one woman for life. And we all know, moreover, that many of the subjects of this union find themselves in very unhappy relations to each other, and are gril-n of reciprocal infidelity and insincere consequences, in consequence which society in a perfect commotion. Now, in speaking of these infidelities and barbages, I have simply asserted their occurrence in the highest grounds of experience. For, holding, as I do, that the human heart: the destined home of constancy and every courteous affection, I cannot but believe that it will shun in the present state of society the marriage tie, and that it will make the separation one of the saddest and bitterest results of the divorce. Thus have I insisted that, if you allowed two persons who were hardly ascertained to separate upon their joint application, to the State for leave, and upon the contrary, evade it at every opportunity: and it is matter of daily observation that no mere legal bond secures conjugal fidelity, where cohabitation is still a strong, and where mutual love and confidence is still a strong, and where mutual confidence is still a strong, and where mutual love and confidence is still a strong...

...As the case is, the result of the present laws is, that a con-

jugal fidelity which should oblige that moral chieft should be a reproach to the name. You feel that all man's relations to his fellows, and especially to women, must be formed from things that are so important as life itself, and that where this sanction is absent, consequently the relation is either strictly infantile or else inhuman. In respect to this higher sanction and bond of conjugal fidelity, the State has done the right thing by no means securing the people, but, on the contrary, the most powerful of all motives to renewed affection. For, unquestionably, a man admits that his marriage is not of love, but, on the contrary, creates it at every opportunity: and it is matter of daily observation that no mere legal bond secures conjugal fidelity, where affection is...
"Freedom and License in Love.

"Honesty is the best policy," we hear men declare, and perhaps it is true; but in some quarters it is far from true, though not always the case that it is not true. It is not always true, as it is sometimes true, that honesty is the best policy because it is the policy of good men. It is sometimes true that honesty is the policy of bad men, though not always true. It is sometimes true that honesty is the policy of good men, though not always true. It is sometimes true that honesty is the policy of bad men, though not always true. It is sometimes true that honesty is the policy of good men, though not always true. It is sometimes true that honesty is the policy of bad men, though not always true. It is sometimes true that honesty is the policy of good men, though not always true. It is sometimes true that honesty is the policy of bad men, though not always true. It is sometimes true that honesty is the policy of good men, though not always true. 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