On Picket Duty.

A few weeks ago Alexia Vanderbeck, who was then employed in a mine in Washington Territory, subscribed for Liberty. On receipt of the first number she presented it around among her fellow-workers. Her employers found it out and discharged her, and she was obliged to seek work in another territory. These men are too wise to encourage the law-bound officials of Chicago. They know that ideas are far more dangerous to them than bombs.

Dr. Aveling said in New York the other night that the American upper classes were the worst br’ed people he ever met. "Perhaps I have never moved in circles far enough up to enable me to form an accurate estimate of the character of our leaders. Far from among Americans I have seldom failed to get a direct answer to a direct question, and my personal experience extended to the Anglicized Celt, Dr. Aveling, as it has to every man who would publicly put forth questions in the mouth of a man who never asked them.

The "Easton Labor Journal" takes a squint towards Anarchism in a leader savaging auracy, a word "taken from two Greek words which signify unto, without, and ares, government." The writer, however, has got no firm grasp of the idea which he fancies that he is championing, for he would change government into administration and draft citizens to serve without pay in administrative capacities, for the government, now drafts men to do military service. He is evidently on the right track, but such a provision is not at all consistent with his ideal society, in which all authorities and all cruices will be superseded by liberty and solidarity.

In the next issue of Liberty will appear a letter from Charles T. Fowler, the author of a work which E.C. Walker has characterized as "in many respects the best Anarchistic work produced in America," taking substantially the same attitude towards Mr. Walker's present championship of legal marriage as that occupied by Warren, Lloyd, Yarros, "Triitogen," and nearly all the Anarchists of brains, consistency, and consequence. The citation of supposed authorities is in itself no argument; but when real arguments have been advanced, and when Mr. Walker, with the partial opportunity which he has had, and Mr. Harmar, with unlimited opportunity, have failed to answer them with any plausibility, in support of his position, the names of those whom Walker and Harmar have always pointed to as the clearest exponents of Anarchism, John Swinton lately gave expression to a profound "Thought" in his "Paper," to this effect: With the present means and methods of production, and the marvellous progress in mechanical science, how happy and contented our life would be under the sun, if a plan for perfect and rational organization of Industry were devised! It appears, then, that happiness is within our reach,—only a plan is lacking; and the "Thought" that we are so near as yet so far from it naturally makes my sympathetic heart expand and find comfort after all. How much happier would he become if he comprehended the truth that not even a "plan" is needed for our salvation! All that we need is industrial freedom, and the only thing that stands between men and the ideal is artificial restraint and the curse of law-making. Paraphrasing, then, Mr. Swinton's words, I say: With the present means and methods of production and exchange, how easily and beautifully everything would settle itself to our full satisfaction if but the shackles were taken off and free play granted to the existing industrial forces!

From the stories and hints of the newspapers it seems probable that Alexander III. is a fit subject for a lunatic asylum. We must remember that not one-tenth of what is going on in that hell on earth, the Russian empire, chances to find its way into the press and that the press is likely to be unusually discreet in such a matter and rest the temptation of serving its patrons with an exceptionally sensational piece of news for the sake of law and order and the blessings of government. Those who delight in singing the praises of our civilization and the progress of the nineteenth century will do well to dwell a second upon the trifling, though somewhat vexatious, fact that the lives and fortunes of ninety millions of people are in the mercy of a dangerous madman. In the way, our Russian friends, the Najims, should not allow any scruples that may have in regard to the punishment of an irresponsible person to interfere between their destructive majesty, the dynasty, bomb, and her candidate. Though occupying an elevated position on the question of Right, we are not adverse to a compromise with Expediency on this particular point and quite ready to spare this individual. Forcibly he should be the last resort, but in Russia all other resorts vanished long ago.

"There is nothing any better than Liberty and nothing any worse than despotism, be it the theological despotism of the skies, the democratic despotism of kings, or the democratic despotism of majority; and the labor reformer who starts out to combat the despotism of capital with other despotism no better looks only power to be worse than the foe he encounters." These are the words of my brother Finney of the Winsted "Press, "Protestant and Greenbacker,—that is, a man who combats the despotism of capital with that despotism which denies the liberty to buy foreign goods untaxed and that despotism which denies a liberty to issue notes to circulate as currency. Mr. Finney is driven into this inconsistency by his desire for high wages and an abundance of money, which he thinks is impossible to get except through tariff-mono-poly and monopolistic schemes. But religion despots plead a desire for salvation, and moral despotism pleads a desire for purity, and prohibiting despotism pleads a desire for sobriety. Yet all these despotisms lead to all these evils though these evils are paved with good intentions and Mr. Finney's hells are just as hot as any. The above extract shows that he knows liberty to be the true way of salvation. Why, then, do we not follow it?

"Lucifer," a print from Colorado, has taken from the paragraph that it was sent to me for publication in Liberty, but that I, while not positively rejecting it, would give no assurance of its appearance. The facts are these. Some months ago Mr. Way's articles on _good art and _good articles are written in a general nature, which I accepted and intended to print as soon as a convenient opportunity offered. After my criticism of E.C. Walker, he sent me a second article taking exception to my views. Four or five days later, not having heard from me, he wrote to inquire what disposition I intended to make of his articles. I do not remember exactly how I did myself in reply, but in substance I said: I could not print his second article until numerous other articles which had been long waiting had appeared, and that his first article would be good at any time, as it would keep indefinitely. If I do not report myself correctly, Mr. Wayler is at liberty to print the letter which I sent him. But whatever I said, the little hot-box flew into a passion, and demanded the return of both articles, adding that, if they would keep, he might as well do the printing. They were returned, and now one of them appear in "Lucifer" to exhibit me as the "high priest of Gog"!

In "Lucifer" of December 10 appeared the following: Mr. Tucker made no less than seven attacks on himself, and Mr. Yarros, upon Mr. Walker in one number of Liberty, but he had not even one line of space to spare to tell his readers that the reason Mr. W. did not appear in self-defense against the editor's previous "attacks, was because his letter had been intercepted by the sheriff. Mr. Tucker has been appalled of this fact, but he was determined that his readers should not be. Truly Mr. Tucker seems to be the very high priest of "Gog." Let us look into this. The first information given me by Mr. Tucker and Mrs. Harman were not allowed to write for the press from their prison occurred in the letter from Mrs. Harman which appeared in the last issue of Liberty. It is true that that letter reached me just in time for the previous issue, which contained the seven attacks. Why did I not print them then? Because to the letter was appended a postscript saying that it was not for publication, but adding, in a sentence which passed the sheriff as entirely harmless but which concealed a meaning that was little dreamed of, a remark which was meant to convey to me the boast that this appended instruction not to publish was to be disregarded. It was an exceedingly neat device, and I enjoyed it hugely, only thinking it the greater pity that a girl thus fertile in resource should be utilizing it to so little purpose. Then this thought occurred to me: If I did not this letter, the sheriff may see it, realize that he is the victim of a trick, and strip the prisoners of their remaining privilege of writing private letters. Therefore, instead of printing the letter, I placed at the head of the "On Picket Duty" department a notice "to a correspondent," which was probably mysterious to other readers, but which told Mrs. Harman that her letter was held over until I could consult with her friends. Then within a few months I wrote to Mr. Harman, telling him what I had happened, expressing my fear of endangering the prisoners' privileges, and asking his advice. In his reply he thanked me for the interest I had thus shown, and told me that he thought the publication of the letter would do the prisoners no harm. Anyway, the letter appeared in the very next issue of Liberty, and its readers were informed that Mr. Walker and Mrs. Harman could not write for the press. And for taking these precautions in the interest of the prisoners I am charged with a determination to conceal facts from my readers and labeled "the high priest of Gog." It is painfully evident that "Lucifer" has not only surrendered, but means to conceal its surrender behind a policy of basefined and ungrateful lying.
THE POLITICAL THEOLOGY OF MAZZINI AND
THE INTERNATIONAL

BY MICHAEL MAIZUNGE

Translated from the French by Sarah E. Holcomb

"The political theology of Mazzini and the International..."

All this is possible and even very probable. Yet Mazzini remains none the less a statesman recognized and reputed as such by all Europe. He will be the hero of the age, one with joy, others with terror,—the growing power of the International. This power, as an established fact, is one that no one can longer deny, is imposed hitherto in a most imperious and inevitable manner, and will be subject to the most serious, and at the same time to the least necessary, of all the relations with which stubborn, noble Europe deals. Statesmen of almost every country are immensely preoccupied with the coming declaration of war, and Mazzini, himself. All is right in writing, but it doesn't mean anything for himself. Why, then, does he deny this power? Why does he pretend the youth and the Italian believe its speediness? Can he believe himself a judge? I have put to myself and very seriously debated in my own mind this question. At first hesitated, uncertain whether I ought to suspect Mazzini's intelligence or his good faith. No, if it is possible, no, I do not think an international
courage which is very evidently calculated to instill into the minds of his numerous readers certain doubts, certain estimates of facts, conforming to its views, without diminishing their enthusiasm for the cause of the Republic. I believe its desirability, but... But the last articles which he has just published in "La Rovre del Popolo" (Numbers 23, 39, and 41) have forced me to recognize that, if his great intelligence, pervaded by the enthusiasm of the glorious Republic, is not only the kernel and violent note of that historic issue of the mind which is called, in general, Idealism; a disease which, long preserved by the religions of the world, is the germ of the first revolt of philosophers and especially from Plato, but which Christianity alone has introduced officially, as a practice and as a theory, into the modern world,—this... In the very name of the Republic, the essential nature of this disease is to seek and to love in the real world, in society, in men, in things, itself only, either of its own interest, or its personal thought, and to use the only name by which I know in fact that man..."
THE SCIENCE OF SOCIETY.

BY STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

PART FIRST.

THE TRUE CONSTITUTION OF GOVERNMENT.

Sovereignty of the Individual as the Final Development of Protestantism, Democracy, and Socialism.

Continued from No. 39.

But the principle of Democracy does not interfere with the freedom of the individual. Government still interferes with the freedom of the individual. The individual is the only legislative, executive, and judicial power of the world. It cannot interfere with the freedom of the individual, because it is the only legislative, executive, and judicial power of the world. It cannot interfere with the freedom of the individual, because it is the only legislative, executive, and judicial power of the world. It cannot interfere with the freedom of the individual, because it is the only legislative, executive, and judicial power of the world.
The Colin Campbell Suit.

A discussion is going on about the propriety of publishing in the newspapers the reports of the Colin Campbell divorce suit, and many leading newspapers have expressed the opinion that the publication should not be made. For one thing, they are afraid that innocent girls will get bad ideas about married life. The report of the trial will certainly give them an idea of some of its dangers. The so-called purists do not appear to reflect upon what is the reason or cause of the publication. Here is a wife who finds her husband dissolute. She tells him she cannot carry on in more lucrative relations which under any consideration would be the law of the case. He could have no rights over her person. But under statute law this man is licensed to persecute this woman.

The statute provides for a public trial, so that a court and jury may determine whether the woman shall be again free from the disgusting individual whom she has taken for her husband without knowing of his dissolute habits.

The law invites him to attempt to prove her relations with other men as a reason why she shall not go free of him. Hence the reports. They spring out of the trial. The law arranges for a public washout of dirty linen, and then the adores of statute law are mixed up in the public interest and cross examinations, which nothing but the law has made necessary. If the so-called purists want to abolish such publications let them abolish the laws providing for dissolute and unwholesome relations which the law encourages. Let them see the natural and inalienable right of every individual to govern himself or herself in sexual relations.

T. K. K.

Beecher, the Anarchist.

Henry Ward Beecher says a great many true things, but he also talks much nonsense. That is because he takes more pains to be smart than to be accurate, and talks with the most assurance of things concerning which he knows nothing, and which he has not even thought of. He has been Plymoutish in America and England the misinformation regarding him that, having once said that "property is robbery," he was therefore a Communist and a most ferocious one. But, thanks to Colonel Green, he read Proudhon's discussion with Bastiat on the question of interest, and then the famous "What is Property?" and great indeed was my astonishment at finding him, but present in very different terms, the identical ideas which I had earlier learned from a book written by these two men independently; will, as fundamental in whatever social changes henceforth come over the world as has been the law of gravitation in all the revolutions in physical science which have followed its discovery—"I mean, of course, the ideas of Liberty and Equity. Moreover, as I continued in my reading, I found that Proudhon had not, like Warren, confined himself to the bare proposition of the principles, but had discussed in their revolutionary light nearly every subject touching the welfare of mankind, bringing to this heretical work a mastery of style, a skill of dialectics, and a wealth of learning extending beyond the limits attainable by the simple and untutored, though wonderfully lucid, mind of Warren.

However it may be with other kinds of wealth, no one will dispute the satisfaction derived from the possession of knowledge—especially newly-discovered knowledge—is proportionate to the degree in which it can be made accessible. Naturally, then, my first thought was: "What a pity that these all-encompassing researches of Proudhon in the realm of sociology should remain a sealed letter to the English-speaking race!" And I said to Colonel Greene:

"Why don't you translate 'What is Property?' His answer was: "Why? Why should you translate it?" The thought of my competency for such a task had never occurred to me. But, the suggestion thus deposited in my mind, I turned it over and over and enveloped upon it, and the idea of rendering the work of one who has spent his whole life in no worthier, more helpful, more congenial pursuit than the enrichment of English literature by re-echoing in it at least an approximate equivalent of the immense profit of a master mind in French literature—"work nobler," asks the editor of "The New Review", "What a pity that this work nobler, asks the editor of "The New Review", "What a pity that the work not immediately translated, is not made known to the world!"

"Why don't you translate 'What is Property?'"
LIBERTY.

The extreme of indifference is r-c-bred by Mr. Har- 
man when he intimates that Tucker, Yarros, and 
Loyd say a hundred words against the (to them) op- 
parent slight yielding of Walker and Harman to one 
word against the bitter pangs of imprisonment, to 
which His F. Treason has subjected them," because 
"it is not safer just now."

"The State," he adds, "will not hold that as 
treason, because it is so and comfort to it."

Note: first, the egregious assumption and misrepresentation hidden away in the words "they (to them) apparent slight yielding."

He must know—for we have stated it explicitly and recorded that the yielding, instead of being apparent, slighter, seems to us like after 

surrender. If he had wanted to be fair, he would have said: "the (to them) apparent innocuous yielding, though the yielding in question is really very slight, if it exists at all."

But in saying this he would have vacated 
the point of his paragraph, and he must make 
that point as an essential feature of his di
temporal and crossroad knowledge of the 
respective powers of the Federal and 
State governments.

K.

The Replogles' Reasons

Conrad Tucker:
Your criticism on our holding shares in the Credit Foncier of France, the French public debt, and the French 
monetary situation, or the public, may have the matter. But of 
our private view, our reasons are well sufficient to 
make us believe that by so doing, we could avoid the "Principles" for the same reason that you cannot refuse to remain on this State-monopolized 
property, but to pursue the same principle, you would, 

We have no intention of doing so, and we do not think you should do so.

We are driven to our own belief, and we do not think you should do so.

The new one, every one which exists beyond the end of bi-
mation ought to have foreseen it from the first.

C. E. Walker indignantly declares that "marriage" or the sex-union of woman and of women is something with 
which neither the State nor so-called Anarchists have anything to do."

Just so! I have been saying so all along. Then, said Walker, it is sex-relations 
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The new one, every one which exists beyond the end of bi-
mation ought to have foreseen it from the first.
He was transfigured. His features, in general simply correct and wearing a pleasant expression, now because of that true radiant beauty which great sentiments produce, and Trew's granddaughter submitted to the irresistible charm of his personality.

"Yes, I desist my camp!" he repeated. "The Duke has several times reproved my inaction. He invited me to take part on one side or the other, and, when I urged upon him conditionally, measures, he mocked at my desire for peace— which, I sure, for his mockery smiled it—he looked upon at bottom as mere novelty.

"Well! I will enter the struggle; I will lead your troops to battle for the vindication of their rights, although they do not lack heroic chiefs, for the example of many loyal men: I will assist in the confidence mutual and the necessities in their good cause.

"The excitement was increasing, but its very extreme frightened Marian, and she reflected that, in reality, justice, devotion to Ireland took only second rank in this display of enthusiasm in favor of their side. The love which he felt for her was the passion which he cherished, his respect, which he would regard in the future.

"Marian was not so inconsiderate as she that had not understood the hints, in the conversations of the Brownhills, of the empire which he behaved to her, a reassurer for the second time; and Marian did not dare to assume such a responsibility.

"You are at once the discoverer which the mass charmed her face and made her eyes glitter, Sir Richard guessed the change which was occurring in his mind, and that she refused his generous decision, taken so freely, with an enthusiasm above suspicion, but without having weighed of the reward with which his combat would be crowned.

"He wished to doubt, however, and, full of anguish, interrogated Marian.

"Remain neutral," she answered him, with effort, with regret, "content yourself with palliating, in the measure of your influence, the horrors of the savage war which they make on us. This is all which it is allowable for us to accept."

And, without waiting for her to furnish him the explanation in support of her words, he flew into a passion. In vain, in order to soften her words, she tried to say that both of them would be suspected, and that she would be accused of lukewarmness and of thinking more of her love than of the cause, in bringing Sir Richard among them.

"Sir Richard," she said, with the air of a girl, he uttered the frightful phrases of an insane man:

"Since my devotion is refused, why will I carry it elsewhere. Ah! Marian, I shall have, someday, the spectacle of your love for some of your party!"

"I shall never love anyone," she said.

"A vow! All women perjure themselves. I say that you will love some one of your party, and that, before long, I will exalt the name of the most audacious of them."

"Marian is transformed for me today into an abbé I whom must kill, but the abbé who will desecrate the hallowed, the hallowed, the bravest especially! Bad luck to them!"

Without further explanation for Marian.

Notwithstanding her silence, just before, when Richard questioned her to discover if she still loved him; notwithstanding her affirmation that their past was dead, she died, forever buried with its dead brothers, and that the future would see them strangers to each other,—she still kept in her heart the same tender passion as before.

Her vow to the league of the United Irishmen simply bound her to renounce hopes certainly entertained formerly,—and on this point she would not compromise, for it did not all at once involve a love born long before, at a time when a young girl's heart is first awakened.

During the interval that elapsed since that epoch, it had developed freely, and had occasioned a whole crowd of hopes; that crowd will be extinguished, she felt, as if by a stroke of the scythe with which Richard had winged her heart.

Would Sir be forced to despise, to hate him? Or could she preserve for him feelings of love restored himself assured?

In that case, it would be she who would deserve contempt. My God! Had not her unrepinings yet reached the limit of the possible?

"Prove me, if you can, the domination of a new fit of passion which could dispense. Only an instant before, moved by frightful and unreasoning anger, had his Lordship's God appeared to him a mere phantom, a shadowless, a something without reality and a fixed look that was now directed towards the clouds and saw straight into the clearest of them, and that occasionally he would be talking in a very loud voice.

"Neither the rain nor the sun disturbed him; neither the water which flooded him nor the breeze at one leader turned him aside from his course or his instincts, for the spectator declared his mind unquiet, explaining the fact by his birth in itself especially marked by dramatic events, moments without number, and crucial configurations.

A famous, the previous year, had declaimed the country and enchanted spectators—nobody knows, divining in them the sufferings and the want which tortured the ; the Duchess, Richard's mother, very conventionally, and with her eyes glittering and her sentences, has admitted into her system the germ of the nervous malady to which she succumbed later, after having communicated to her son an unhealthy suspicion—

"Neither the sun of the young girl's voice, nor the kindliness of her words, neutral the expectation into which he had fallen and from which his morbid mental state would not permit him to extricate himself easily.

He was wrong as accused of insanity; but all the causes cited by the witnesses of his fantastic ways and of the intermittent incoherence of his ideas and his actions stand really the fact in which they restlessly on his brain, in which inexplicable fits of violence succeeded exemplary feelings of charity.

Excesses in goodness as well as in evil struggled for the victory in his character, and Lady Ellen had contributed not a little to embitter him by the unconsciousness of her always unsatisfied passion and the deadly refinements with which she repelled him.

That, pushed to an extreme point, he lacked the elasticity necessary to resist.

"Richard," said Marrian, "it is over, is it not, your wickedness?"

"If you retract your desperate never," he answered, roughly and imperiously, "I am no longer the lord still is the lord who interpreted her silence as a negative, and in a transport less exalted than the previous one, but less categorical as to conclusions, he said:

"I will not trample upon your house as a friend; I leave it an irremovable enemy; I came insinuating the favor of a hope; I go

"Promising of the God who will not allow you to betray me!"

"I have been wandering about my profane church," said he, "awaiting Trew. I will not go among the striplings of my sires; I recoiled before the scoundrel of again turning the uredd out of the sanctuary; I am waiting, outside, to represent them, as it is, in the right, in the name of the Most High whom they are outraging, whom they are flying with impunity, but who will soon chastise them, we cannot doubt!"

"And what do you wish of us?" asked Sir Bradwell, dryly.

"I walked some distance away the priest conversed familiarly, and I was praying. Thus I overheard your dispute. After my coarse, I thought perhaps my ministry could be exercised usefully here, and here I am."

"I am pleased, sanctimonious!" he said, "I do not learn to see what chance of success was reserved for his intervention; and seeing that both, extremely promised, were waiting for him to speak, he said:

"The wrong is in you whom I blame!"

"Although much astonished, she did not reply, thinking only of the result to be expected from the protestation of those he had before repelled. He had made an effort, but he was not bold enough, hideous indeed, by the side of the tender qualities which he inherits from his deceased mother, in an equal degree the excessive passion of Lord Newington, his wild and bloodthirsty anger.

Marian was wandering, with her face in her hands.

"Moreover," concluded the priest, "the infernal sin has excited the bad instincts in his soul and weakened the good ones."

"Sir? said Bradwell, knitting his bushy eyebrows in a sinister fashion and waving savagely his tip."

He asked himself what the curate was coming at; but the placid countenance of the holy man, like the pulpit clearness of the lakes, more inaudible than a blank despair, and which already closed his eyes, now turned to the fire, warming his blue hands and his feet benumbed in the -amp
dressed in the same shabby costume and as it were a sudden sleep would descend on him before 1777, repentance, sadness, like a child filled with remorse for a fault.

"Marian," he said, "the cure of the diocese of the most excellent of the priests of your exposure, who had been the Most Holy Blessed and venerable, whom they are doing with impunity, but who will soon chastise them, we cannot doubt!"

"I have been wandering about my profane church," said he, "awaiting Trew. I will not go among the striplings of my sires; I recoiled before the scoundrel of again turning the uredd out of the sanctuary; I am waiting, outside, to represent them, as it is, in the right, in the name of the Most High whom they are outraging, whom they are flying with impunity, but who will soon chastise them, we cannot doubt!"

"And what do you wish of us?" asked Sir Bradwell, dryly.

"I walked some distance away the priest conversed familiarly, and I was praying. Thus I overheard your dispute. After my coarse, I thought perhaps my ministry could be exercised usefully here, and here I am."

"I am pleased, sanctimonious!" he said, "I do not learn to see what chance of success was reserved for his intervention; and seeing that both, extremely promised, were waiting for him to speak, he said:

"The wrong is in you whom I blame!"

"Although much astonished, she did not reply, thinking only of the result to be expected from the protestation of those he had before repelled. He had made an effort, but he was not bold enough, hideous indeed, by the side of the tender qualities which he inherits from his deceased mother, in an equal degree the excessive passion of Lord Newington, his wild and bloodthirsty anger.

Marian was wandering, with her face in her hands.

"Moreover," concluded the priest, "the infernal sin has excited the bad instincts in his soul and weakened the good ones."

"Sir? said Bradwell, knitting his bushy eyebrows in a sinister fashion and waving savagely his tip."

He asked himself what the curate was coming at; but the placid countenance of the holy man, like the pulpit clearness of the lakes, more inaudible than a blank despair, and which already closed his eyes, now turned to the fire, warming his blue hands and his feet benumbed in the -amp
dressed in the same shabby costume and as it were a sudden sleep would descend on him before 1777, repentance, sadness, like a child filled with remorse for a fault.
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Save at the Spigot and Spill at the Bung-hole.

I am afraid I hit Mr. Yarros's soggin a handkerchief which I intended it never had made his nose for; states for what he's been doing; but go and hit him on his nose. He hit my grandmother. Indeed, comely, I don't like that.

"May your face be turned upside down, and justasses dance on your grandmother's tombstone!" As to whether Mr. Yarros's legs are too big, or his head is too small, his name is squeamish, his backbone is long, his nose is big, his ears are narrow, his eyes are close, his eyebrows are large, his hair is thick, his legs are long, his arms are short, his feet are small, his hands are large, his neck is long, his voice is small.

Do not go to the vault and spill at the bung-hole. Government did not swim down from heaven, nor steam up from hell, ready made; they grew, they evolved, and are still growing. They grow, they evolve, and are still growing. All that is not reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, reasonable, 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The Lucifer Match.

Dear Courante Ticket,

I write to explain my position with regard to the marriage of our Kansas candidates. I feel that I must do this, painful as the job is, for what I have said in your favor will be misunderstood as unconditional approval. Have just found an article of similar tenor to "Lucifer" with request for favor. I must confess my intense sympathy for these two when first attacked, because they were no perusal friends, because they were persecuted, and because I am against an academically and heretically for the principles of radical Anarchism.

On the second point my sympathy hangs unaltered, but on the last I fear there is no point there.

In this remote corner mausoleum come only three times a week, and "Lucifer" is sometimes queried by the wayfarer and talked about by the toils. In the early days of the trial I was a good deal in the dark. But I was foolishly, wilfully blind, too, refusing to take the meaning of such as I read, heedlessly interpreting to myself, as I felt the position of the trial, what had belied him. I sent a letter of appeal; I sent a poem to Lillian; I sent my suite of money. But as my vision cleared, I felt an intense sympathy, and taking a new course I have been sainted.

But, when I read with blank astonishment that they claimed to have "violated no law of Kansas," and asserted that their attitude and indeed one of them "was determined by a law as they knew it," I then began to doubt if they were not the most shining and ablest of the lawyer's legal advice that were in fact challenging to be law-breaking and law-respecting perpetually legally married, and injured merely by some contradiction in terms. At least, this was the impression that they seemed trying to make. Against such complicated compensation and equivocation I swam, of course, protest.

I feel positive, however, both from her printed words and the tone of her private letters to me, that Lillian went into the affair with a burdens, with a spirit, and would have only continent her mate in any act of development to principles. But a girl of sixteen, however womanly, can hardly express at such a time to conduct the policy of her father and her lover. I believe her to be in the true heroic capable of anything courageous.

But I must feel that there has been any conscious decision on the part of Mr. Walker's. His fatal trip was in asking advice of the enemy. Instead of consulting the Oracle of Mr. Walker's, instead of looking into the library of his social legal brain for rules of conduct, he consulted the lawyers. And those backwoods in all doubtful lies and equivocations spin so as work him with legal logic, and unaided ate that he forget both himself and his cause. Whispering to him all the time: "It is the same thing; there is no escape; we are only demonstrating that the courant making a fool of itself," they whistled, and shuddered down and gnawed his convictions till they easily slipped into the pliancy of legal marriage.

So he has haggled to himself the conclusion that he could himself the law by committing suicide by incurring his form. He knew not that, not perceiving that, that when the law had ever been hanged his.APPLICATIONS, it would be after squiring it when he had the liberty out of them. For our good comrade is so desperate. I say, freely, when the "gentleman in black" tells him he is wanted, and takes him to that unfavored abyss where all Lucifer matches are made, he will not start in it with his house pp to take a faint fresh breath when Mr. Walker's, with his comrade, with his own "father of us all" with the charmers of Abolitionists, Maltheism, etc., that said socty proprietor will vote him the biggest vote in Brinuma Lake, and send him to Heaven for a rest. Even so he is now trying to reform the law.

As a devout Spiritual, I am solemnly of the opinion that Comrade Walker has been "obscene." He is the stubborn, and faithless materialist, and spiritually egorged, certain disease, legal spirits, that devour within the precautions and limitations of the law, actually infected him, and are bringing him to his damnation. By all means let him consult some competent medium, and have these daimions exercised with all his powers of love and incubation.

I am against the law. Laws are the voice of government, the expression of arbitrary and tyrannical wills. Regarded as a collection of advisory prompts and commentaries on justice, the common law may be all right, but when enforced because it is, it is no better than statute. Where ever there is the denunciation of equal liberty, that is all-sufficient.

I am sorry that Walker fooled the lawyers; that he should have been the means of the requirements of the trial; that he did anything but manfully proclaim his right and demand instant release. Appeal to the law are infractions of the law. If Comrade Walker, once loyal member in the Church of the Rebellion is not lost; he has simply "felled" the tree. He is "this isn't a job to do it"; he has merely made a baffle mistake, and, under the use, the play goes on. Under the play, his head, will own it and be with us as staunchly as ever.

I shall join with you in advising some to aid him. Let people criticize, and advise, and adjust the use their money shall be put to; but let them help him, for he needs it and he wants it. He at that hour is bound to the blank. What matters it if he does not hit it in the right place, or forgets to hit it at all? If he had not defied it in the first place, he would not now be in his clutter; and, when his wife and his wife return, he will throttle it again with a will.

I tell you, Comrade, E. C. Walker is a noble man, and will yet justify all my confidence in him.

J. W. LLOYD.

GRANVILLE, Florida, November 16, 1886.

[Received November 16, 1886.]