

CHRISTIAN BANKER.

E. Editor.

"The Love of Money is the root of all Evil."

Terms: { Published Weekly.
50-cs. a Year, in Advance.

VOLUME I.

CHICAGO, WEDNESDAY JANUARY 10, 1853.

NUMBER 3.

The Tables are Turned.

This is true in more senses than one. The spiritualists are moving tables literally, and the manifestation is as much the work of God, as the writing of the ten commandments upon "tables" of stone, the healing of the withered hand, or the raising of Lazarus.

There is no man or woman, however sunk they may be in the mire of lust and selfishness, but what must acknowledge this phenomena beyond their ken. But our mind was upon turning the tables upon these Bankers and croakers, and liars who have joined hand in hand to put us down. The reaction has fully taken place. They have sown the wind and are now reaping the whirlwind. Every day reveals the certainty of their fall, and we stand by witnessing their struggles without a sigh or groan, but calm as a summer morn in the consciousness of duty performed. These creatures have charged that our foundation was not good, and that we would not stand the run. We have shown them that we could not only stand that run, and sell the gold; but "turn the tables" and make *them* run.

Having failed in running us, they are now playing a guerilla warfare, and have torn the mantle of spiritualism from the livery of heaven's host, and are throwing hot shot at us, as might be expected of Devils, clad in such livery; but like their failure in the first effort, so likewise in this. As we told the Grand Jury of Spanish origin, "we have nothing to keep from public gaze, we signed the bills and will again." So we say to these vilifiers of God and holy things. We acknowledge that we are a spiritual Bank—that we do our business on the principles of God—that we do not lie, cheat or steal, that we do not charge ten or twelve per cent. for mere pictures, over the people's responsibility; that we regard integrity, capacity and Godliness as better basis for banking and currency, than the bonds of bankrupt slave-traders, women sellers and cradle plunderers, backed by a set of Presidents and cashiers who treat white people as they do the blacks.

Yes, we wish it distinctly understood, that we take up the glove right where it is thrown down, and turn the tables upon these cold-blooded, rotten-hearted formalists, who go for creeds and constitutions, so long as they feed the depraved appetite and minister to their unholy lusts, and amend them only as they are obliged to, by the onward march of reform. Yes, we are spiritualists, and no mistake. We believe in the glory of God and welfare of man. We believe that any business which denies God a place is fit only for devils, and let them do it. Laugh then and scorn ye hypocrites—the day of your redemption draweth nigh. "The maid is not dead but asleep." Stand aside; let honest men fill your places. Let your clerks—your book-keepers—your tellers—

your bank sweepers, have a place and fill it. You are weighed in the balance and found wanting. More next week.

Orthodox Congregationalism and Catholic Infallibility.

"Orthodox Congregationalism and Catholic Infallibility are the same thing!"

It can't be possible! Just speak that again!—"Orthodox Congregationalism and Catholic Infallibility are the same thing!" Well, now, that beats the Dutch worse than Col. Taylor did Grandpapa Alfred! "Well, Paine will run everything into the ground!" He has first taken the ground, (excuse me, for I said he "ran everything into the ground.") He has first taken the po-zish-on that he had a right to hire a building, the very best banking office in this city, and advertise in every paper in this city, and give them ten dollars a-piece in gold to puff him; and they had a right to take his money and say that he was a very honest man, and a very capable man, that he was a very capable banker, as his connexion with the Illinois River Bank had shown that he had been twenty years in Illinois, knew everybody in the West, had passed through the trials of financial disease in '36, '37, '38, and came out unscathed—credit untainted—don't owe a man a dollar in the world. Success to our new Banker, Seth Paine, 48 Clark Street, opposite Post Office.

Yes, they had a "right" to say all this;—first, because it was paid for in gold by Paine, and brought him "right" into their closest family sympathies when they have a "right" to say anything that the man who pays the money wants them to—to be measured by the number of dollars—for be it known that there is but one editor in this city but what has his price, and can be bought for so many dollars—and what is more, there is not a minister in all this city, except he be a Spiritualist, who will not and has not sold himself, body, soul and breeches, for bread and butter salary, roast beef, fine houses, fine furniture, escape from hard labor, and various other reasons which will be more fully elaborated hereafter.—But Paine had a "right" not only to go thus far—but he had a right to embody that credit which was accorded him on every hand, into such form as he chose, and if the people needed it, he had just as good a right to throw it out to them in lieu of their obligations, and backed by judgments, notes, trust deeds, bonds and mortgages—because Geo. Smith, Burch, Swift, and even Scammon, had these rights.

Smith threw his out in form of Wisconsin certificates, checks, drafts and certificates of deposit, and last of all, he had a right to throw out his Bank of America—for "the fools are not all dead," and some can be imposed upon even to the taking of these fraudulent shimplasters. We say shimplasters in the real sense;—for R. K.

Swift has skinned all over the District of Columbia, hunting in vain for an office, much less found a Bank. And we have skinned all over all God's creation and part of Canada, for the head-quarters of the various trash which he has palmed off upon us in redemption of all his issues.

Swift has a right to establish his system of exchanges, and issue his drafts and certificates, and shave deeper than anybody else, take trust deeds on the people's land, sell them out of house and home (unless he runs against some lawyer who has volunteered as Collins (the people's friend,) sometimes does, to show the poor man that all of Swift's "right" in the case, was "right"-wrong) and then Swift gives back the extortion as a dog would drop a hot potato. Scammon too—yes, even Scammon,—who God knows, never has done much to entitle him to rights at the hands of the people, yet he has rights, and so he signs the Marine Bank bills in the way he does—though he has just as good a right to sign them J. Y. Gammon, as he has J. Y. Scammon. He has a right, however ridiculous and immoral it may appear to others—to have his india rubber conscience stretched by the midnight ghost of legality—look up who through ghost of legality is struck at anybody else—loaning the people money at six per cent. for ——— that will interfere with his right to foul the people, and squeeze twelve per cent. out of them by getting them caught in between two charters, and give it to them right and left, until, like the old cow which always held up her milk without a whaling, then she would give down.

According to their own showing, the stock secured notes rest entirely upon the bonds, and, therefore, whether signed Gammon or Scammon, or not signed at all, would be wholly immaterial—the credit or the property of the banker is buried—however, those who know no better, have a "right" to do even the work of self-immolation—and they have a right to a patent for so useful an invention as a "monopolist killer," or "legal swindle annihilator."

These were rights belonging to these gentlemen, because they were tolerated by public sentiment.

That, too, was the ground of my right to commence business as a Banker, like R. K. Swift, but not to issue certificates without the deposit of broken State stocks. No, no; public sentiment would tolerate no such thing. What is "public sentiment?" Is it the people who come to borrow, and are right glad to take the money, and say it is good, and give the best of security for it, and agree to stand by through thick and thin for its redemption? Is this the index to our right to issue; or must it come from the hot beds of vice, aristocracy and crime? Is the voice of the people less the voice of right, than it is of God? The people said we were right—God said we were right. He came to us in ways and times

which selfish men can never know, and there in the chamber of our soul held audible converse, and the voice of all His Universe was spread out in beautiful harmony, and one shout went up which made all heaven ring. "Go onward"—"right onward." Onward we went, and onward we shall go. The press that took our bribes of gold, and said we were every part a man, now bribed by a bigger pile, say we are a scoundrel—a cheat—unworthy of public confidence—our issues are illegal, and they must be put down. The people rally, the fight is begun—the battle waxed hot—General after General is wounded—some are dead, but among all the people not one is scarred. The Banking and barking lions have not injured Seth any more than the lions of Nebuchadnezer did Daniel, and no man who lives as they do and did, on "Pulse and water," can be conquered or injured by all the lions in the vast universe of God.

We had a right to issue, but the corrupt public sentiment which flows through priests, politicians and lawyers, all tainted by the putrid exhalations of rum, tobacco, and high living, must stick its snaky head through the grates of the people's paradise and tell them what is "right." Back to your hiding place; raise your towers of creeds, and battlements of constitutions, to cover the nakedness of your depravity and lust. Remember that the all-seeing eye of God, is his last gift to man, and while you are finding fault with the manifestations of spiritualism, that your inmost recesses are penetrated by these very men. They know the secrets of your hearts, and are now going to bring you up to judgment in a way you little think. Our advice is, have your lamps trimmed and burning, for your day is drawing nigh. Soon you shall hide in your nakedness without even the fig-leaves of Eden to cover your crimes. We came not to seed peace on earth, but a sword. The day of Parables is over; the day of laying all your sins unto some poor "devil," is gone by. Individuality! Individuality! is the war cry, and you who are ashamed of that, look wild when the Christian Banker comes, for it will not speak behind a creed, nor constitution, nor charter, or inquire whether the truth is a libel. Its editor is both prophet, priest, and king, and has come to assert his Divine Prerogative, and he will not shrink from duty though John, his loved one, may deny him in the trial hour. But as Webster said to Hayne in his only great speech, "when the mariner gets lost in the fog, he must take observation and see to what point of the compass he is steering." So we must cast about and call up the subject from whence we departed, in search of the shoals and quicksands of falsehood and monopoly—"right"—*wrong*.

We heard a voice saying "that Orthodox Congregationalism was just the same as Catholic Infallibility." We saw a shock produced in the mind of 'Old Fogies.' We, good pious congregationalists! We no better than these ignorant catholics! Awful! Horror stricken they run to the Christian Banker for Spiritual light. Despite the rappings, the twitchings, the turning of tables, the revelations, the converse with spirits, the communication from loved ones in the spirit land, the robbing of death, victory over the grave—withstanding all this, they ran to the Banker at the first approach of such an awful (!)

whispering, to get the divination. Well peep in, without twelve per cent., or six per cent., but for the low price of two cents now, and nothing soon; peep in, and discern that all the catholics claim is, that they have attained a finality; or as our Macomb County friend would say, "have attained a po-zish-on—they are all right." They have a creed and form, and that creed and form is God-ordained. They have a Bible, and that Bible contains all that God ever did or ever will reveal; and all other and further revelations are counterfeit, or as John Thompson would say "bogus." "That all spiritual manifestations of 1853, (though exactly what was foretold by Christ, and though in harmony with nature and God, and challenge investigation,) yet they are of the Devil—manifestations of bad spirits." The catholic has his bible, his sabbath, his church, his creed, his priest, his psalm book and his prayer book, his salary, his pew, his bread and butter, his conformity to the world, his caste, his slaveholder, his slave, his mansion and his hot, his landlord and his tenant, his God and his devil, his holy days and his devil days, his legal whoredom and his illegal whoredom, his man servant and maid servant, his fifteen hundred dollars a year for a priest, and his seventy-five cents a week for the maid that does his labor.—This you will not deny to the catholic, and this I will defy you to dissect from the purest congregational orthodox church in this city.

Congregational orthodox claims to be "right," and that is the base of its orthodoxy. Catholic infallibility claims to be "right," and this is the base of her infallibility. Which is right? Neither!

Bread! Bread! Good Bread!

Oh, how happy we are at the birth of any new improvement! How strange that the selfishness of man should follow Cain and still carry murder to the heart of his fellow! Yet who will deny that it is murder to make up bread for the human stomach, upon the principle of making the most money out of it? The leaven of the scribes and pharisees has not improved by a lapse of years. The Bakers of this city, like the Bankers, have nearly worn all the hair off the moral organs, manufacturing trash that would disgrace a hog pen. I am reminded of a great slaveholder at the south, who is famous in history, and who owned slaves, like Chicago Bakers, "to make money." This chattelizer of his brother, is just as good as the murderer of his kind; and I do not intend to make an abolition baker think, because "distance lends enchantment: to the view," that he is any better than the southern holder of his bony brother. The man who makes bread to make money, is a murderer!

This slaveholder fed his slaves a peck of corn a week, and a pint of salt a month. On this they did well; but the master wanted more than this. He heard of an improvement (!) which was, that one-fourth cotton seed mixed with the corn, would do just as well for the slave, and save him from some of his corn fodder. The love of money made him lose further sight of the slave; and he mixed in one-fourth cotton seed.—His soul, besotted by the blinding influence of money, sought out a new invention, made by some craven soul employed for understrappers.—

What now? anything new? Yes, something not only new but hellish! A Patent "right," yes, a patent right must issue; and all hell joins in a shout when Patent rights are granted—another name for chartered rights—and hell shouts again in the circle of monopolists, (for there are circles in hell as well as circles among spiritualists). What is the model for this patent right?—There it is, look at it! The right to put one-half cotton seed where only a fourth was before, and make the man a beast, and then kill the beast!—Yes, a patent issues; and the slaveholder buys and now gets just as much out of the poor victim of the last, as before, without half the corn.—Still more blind, he sees nothing but good—the slaves do about as much work, and it costs only half as much to feed them. Another patent issues—one-fourth more reduction of life's vital principle, and the work is accomplished. Hark to the callous heart of that interested, gold-burdened slaveholder—"They died off like rotten sheep." Yes, there is a point beyond which Patent rights and chartered rights can not go—and we cry murder at this slaveholder, and murder it is. But the bread of Chicago Bakers is like the last patent of that southern who murdered them off like "rotten sheep." It is wholly unfit to eat. It is made for MONEY, not for MAN.

We say to the Bakers, "Repent, for the kingdom Heaven is at hand." Be honest. Rotten bread is as bad as cotton seed, and you are killing off the people like "rotten sheep." Beware of the leaven of Chicago Bakers, as well as the 12 per cent. of Chicago Bankers. They all belong to the same church; and when the trumpet sounds, they will be found at the corner of Market and Randolph streets—or in other words, at the Little end of the Horn.

But hope revives—J. L. CHILDS on Canal street, near the United States Hotel, has sent us some bread that is nearly equal to that made by my wife at home. It is the best by far of the best family bread made by any other baker in this city; and this patent right he has taken out, is the right to make it as much better as possible, and put it down to the lowest price that will pay expense. He and his brothers from New England—yes, old Vermont forever—do the work themselves; and those who wish to get bread such as they have never begun to see in this city; by going to the shop of these "Children," will find bread enough and to spare, of the "right" kind.

F. W. Gates.

Among the many worthy and energetic mechanics of Chicago, we think of none whose career and success gives us greater pleasure, than that of Philetus W. Gates. No man advertises in our columns, and we write the real feelings of our soul. Gates we knew, when he wielded the hammer at the Sag. We knew him as Canal Contractor, and watched his struggles in his first efforts here, with peculiar interest. We like him because he don't get above his business by making property. The Gates can be seen far above property. By his dress and appearance—by his untiring energy he shows the same genius now, as ever. His invention of that die cutter, was of more value to Chicago than all the gold of California.

Roths

Agree
ical sket
Europe
the worl
differ so
circumst
ent T
in the p
ther par

Dear
Slouch
rotund
He stan
probabl
hands
lie. H
quisitiv
Europe
antique
Yarmo
from th
and Bu
he bec
He live
his lat
Forty
biograp
all nec
him lik
from th
that, t
his like

Mar
book,
is a nu
said to
system
known
provid
living
annals
and w
ed in t
Not so

He
part o
were i
hood
pins t
of the
one b
to ma
chara
streng
make
at the
Ascen
youth
folks
Dick.
and th
the tri
down

Rothschild, Van Buren, and Colonel Taylor.

Agreeable to previous notice we give biographical sketches of three of our greatest Bankers in Europe or on the American continent. We defy the world to produce their equals. True they differ somewhat in sphere, but that is owing to circumstances rather than real difference in talent. They have all filled a considerable sphere in the public mind, and are yet to perform a farther part in the drama of life.

ROTHSCHILD.

Dear reader, if you could only see his picture. Slouched hat and knee breeches, and a bully as round as the western half of the State of Illinois. He stands by a pillar of the Royal Exchange, probably to maintain his position, with his hands in his pockets, to denote where his feelings lie. His two prominent developments were acquisitiveness and corruption. He traveled over Europe, not to collect manuscripts, nor gather antique gems, but to eat partridges, to partake of Yarmouth herring, and to wash down oysters from the Bay of Biscay, with wines from Spain and Burgundy. And as a natural consequence he became one of the greatest men in Europe.—He lived as long as such a man could live, and his latitude was nearly equal to his longitude.—Forty carriages followed him to his grave, but his biography leaves us in doubt whether they were all necessary to carry the body. They beamed him like sixty, and, if we do not pluck a laurel from the brow of his Wall street imitator, we say that, take him all in all, we never shall look upon his like again—especially the corporation.

MARTIN VAN BUREN.

Martin Van Buren, the magician of Kinderhook, like the main subject of the sketch below, is a man of decided talents in his way. He is said to have been the author of the safety fund system in New York, and nothing further is known of his banking powers, except that he has provided largely for "number one." He is now living at Kinderhook, a name significant in the annals of history. He wrote his own epitaph, and wished no higher end, than to have "followed in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor." Not so with our friend.

COL. E. D. TAYLOR.

He was born in the salt works in the lower part of Egypt. His first physical manifestations were in the way of a "trade." In his early boyhood he discovered vast powers, which rose from pins to jack-knives, and he always got the best of the bargain, or if he did not, he made every one believe he did, by telling it over: times enough to make assurance doubly sure. This trait of character has grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength, until he now makes himself believe he is your friend, while at the same moment he will smoothly knock out your underpinning to the tune of a few thousands. Ascending in the scale of "trade," our precocious youth soon became a trader in politics. The old folks soon thought there was nothing like "our Dick." Most of our hero's trades were illegals, and the issues were considered *bastard* and not the true specie standard. This trait has come down with him to this day. He is very much of

a law-fearing man, and always wants everything baptized as soon as possible after birth, in the muddy pools of legislation. He don't care how many patches are upon his breeches charter, as he does to think the holes are all stopped. The Illinois River Bank he thinks perfectly safe, if he can only get the legislature to let it alone for this session. The Macomb County Bank, if his co-worker, Gurnee, (who was a better saddler than he is a banker) can get a patch put over that hole in the charter, without which it is more like a patent right for a horse shed, than a bank charter, why, all is safe. So Gurnee has now gone to Skuzuckaburg, in order to get the Wolverines to amend the charter, and make what this clique have hitherto done, legal. This secured, and the "trade," by which they paid fourteen thousand dollars for the charter, they are satisfied is a good one—that is they are willing to put up a H. A. T., and make an even bet that they have obtained a position. One of the clique says, "they have a goose yonder that lays golden eggs," and if John the Stage manager, will only take hay from the M. O. W., and Tucker up, she will probably hatch soon. Meantime, if the people can be made to think they rest in beds of down, and neither make a fuss, nor ask for feathers, it is probable that this bubble will explode, and vanish as that same concern has done time and again before.

Excuse us, dear readers, for having wandered in the "trade," till we have nearly lost sight of our hero. He made a "trade" of a few dry goods for the Michigan City affair—which one of those days will not only show the other branches of the State Bank, but our citizens, that its foundation is in the sand. He made a "trade" and defrauded me out of the Illinois River Bank. His pretence was that "he was afraid that somebody would think he was interested, and then, if it broke, every body would say that he had made forty or fifty thousand out of it, and he would lose his character (!) (!)"

So, in order to save his "character," he threatened that, if I would not sell, "he would publish to the world that he had nothing to do with it, and that would injure me." So operating upon my fears—pretending great love and affection for me—he tells me that "he could possibly" sell to Gurnee. So he made a sale to Gurnee, of my interest, for \$4,000, (as he says), and then paid me over \$1,600, fobbing the balance. The first act, then, after having "saved his character," was to loan himself and each of his friends \$10,000 apiece, at 3 per cent. interest; and then, after pretending to me that he was frightened at the extent of the circulation, he orders a large amount more of notes struck from the plate, gets his nephew, who was a most subtle tool of his, and not worth one dollar on earth, to sign them as "President," and a Mr. Allen, with not a cent of interest except a salary, as "Secretary."—He then gave this nephew \$1200 a year to attend to the business of the Bank, at the same time being jointly interested with him in the mercantile business. This nephew has lately died, and his widow says our hero has since proposed a trade to her, which I will not mention here.—Unlike the Kinderhook magician, Col. Taylor is a man who is not satisfied with following in the footsteps of any body. He is regarded as a

ing among the Bankers. He it is that pulls the wires—that stands behind the curtain—that makes the bets—does the bragging—plays the cards—and would stake equally upon the turn of a single throw—\$10,000—his best friend, or a woman's virtue. He it was that traded Bronson out of the Macomb County Bank, when he was found to be wanting in pliancy. He does not appear to be engaged in any business—but he is the manager, the financier for the whole of them, and makes use of the rest as mere automotons upon his chess-board. His strength lies in the people's ignorance and the degrading selfishness of his tools. He will discount at the Michigan City Bank what is necessary to start the Macomb County Bank. When due, this paper will be paid by a discount of the Macomb Bank. So, like the old woman who sold a quart of cider to her husband for a shilling, and then bought of him another quart for the same shilling back—first one drawing, and then the other,—till they found, as the people will on getting true intelligence, that there was nothing left to pay for the cider—nothing left to pay the bill holder. Beware, then, first, of the Illinois River Bank,—next, of the Macomb County Bank,—then, the Michigan Branch, and altogether of any other thing which they may galvanize abroad, to patch up these sinking and fraudulent concerns. A corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit, and a more thoroughly corrupt set than the owners wire-pullers, and managers of all these cliques of humbug, cannot be found. The people of Chicago will remember that our hero's "character" was like to be jeopardized by some wild-cat allusion a few years ago; and the way he conducted was shameful. He actually beat the Dutch in trying to raise Cane with Grand-papa Alfred. We thought of speaking of his biography—but we shall have to wait until some future number of the Banker. Meantime, our friends, male and female, will please hand in any facts of a public or private nature, that we lack not for ammunition, or want for a "shot in the locker."

The Congregational Church—Sectarianism.

I went with my wife to the Congregational Church on the West Side, and proposed to join them. Leaving me for after consideration, they proceeded to examine my wife—and without letter, they received her on the ground that some ten years ago she joined the First Presbyterian Church, and had not been connected with said Church even since. In the course of examination, she stated that she had not been a regular attendant upon any Church, but she felt it her duty to now join with her husband. They received her as a candidate worthy of admission.—They gave me next a privilege of stating my views—and as will be seen by the sequel, the test of Church membership is the review of a man,—his education and development—not his manhood and work.

It is material to them whether he has gone beyond, or whether he lags behind Congregational views. My wife could be received on the ground of leaving the Presbyterian Church ten years ago, and never being nigh it since. But when I came

to state my views, it was found that I went for bringing faith to a closer walk with works, and that would place me ahead of their practice. I was declared to be a Christian—only—not worthy of membership with Congregationalism.—They told me that they would be most happy, as they had received *ose*, and as the world goes, my better half, that I should come and meet with them and be a Congregational man, but on account of my *avance views*, they would a little rather not admit me in full communion with Congregationalism. This was a little too bad, after having charged that Spiritualism was a breeder of domestic difficulty, and a separator of families. They would take my wife from me, admit her to the table of Congregationalism, while they denied me the same privilege, after freely admitting that I was a member of the Church of Christ. They admitted that I was ready for the portals of Heaven, but not for the Congregationalism of the West Side. What is this, but a denial of Christ? What is this, but setting up Congregationalism as a standard superior to Christ? What have you to say about Catholicism or Mohammedanism, or Brahminism? If man is to be made one in Christ—how long will you prevent this glorious consummation by sharpening and driving the wedges of ism between the acknowledged christian and your Church—between the Church militant and the Church triumphant? You left the First Presbyterian Church because you were more opposed to Slavery than that Church. You then separated from the Third Church on the same ground, and view, a connexion ten years ago with one of those Churches that you cannot fellowship, as better evidence of fitness for communion, than acknowledged christian character. Consistency is a jewel in the Church, as well as out of it. We have loved the members of your Church, and we shall ever treasure in our souls the kindness which we have known you to set towards our downtrodden and oppressed fellow-slaves. We feel that kindness shown to a slave in the South is kindness shown to us.

We know something of the blinding influence of Sectarianism, and can most freely forgive.—We are a member of your Church none the less because you deny us the form. We love you and that form has no power over us.

P. P. Curtiss—Penn Yan.

The following was sent to Long John's office for publication—but he was absent at Joliet, and Bradley was afraid of responsibility.

EDITOR DEMOCRAT:—In your remarks about Penn Yan and City Bank this morning, you ask "who is responsible?" Nobody: I have sent those bills to their counter, as I have Smith's Wisconsin, and have repeatedly been refused current bank bills. I have been put off with trash that would not pass at less than one or two per cent. discount, and had no more current in their being, than there is in the most pretentious pool. Why, sir, what is a current bank bill?—We'll let the firms of Bradley, Curtiss & Co., I. H. Burch & Co., and Geo. Smith & Co., and the South-western Plank Road Co. walk up to the notices of Protest, made by Capt. J. B. F. Russell, for want of payment in a legal "current bank bill." Our glass case is witness to these

Protests, and they lie there as monuments of wrath against the day of retribution soon to come upon the heads of these legal gentlemen. A current bank bill is a bill, *par in a legal sense, at the place of payment.*

I have sent those P. P. Curtiss' affairs, which now flood our country, and which have been put off as value upon the laborers of the country, for his hard handed toil—to their counter for payment—they have begged and plead for time to consult council—for waiting from Saturday until Monday, and when Monday came, and we waited upon them with a notary they have so *managed*, (if we spoke our convictions we should say *brided*.) the notary Mr. Peck, as to merely demand only one dollar, and then because they paid that legally—he said he was afraid they would arrest him for conspiracy, if he demanded the thousand more we had in our hands. So by collusion and bribery, we have been completely unable to realize anything but some country trash which would have cost us five per cent. or more, to go after redemption.

This is my answer to your question, who is P. P. Curtiss, and where is Penn Yan?

If you had asked the same question about Burch, I should have shown you that they had palmed off upon us shiplasters payable in Iowa, and at different points on the Mississippi, and while they have lied about the Bank of Chicago, and endeavored to put it down, because Paine Brothers & Co. loaned its certificates at six per cent., they have been doing the meanest kind of acts which their arrant cowardice has charged upon us. Just so with Smith. They have refused to pay us a check or redeem Wisconsin money, except in the most distant and depreciated Rags.

Thus have they tried to avert the fate written upon the wall of Chicago hearts for many long years. "Your twelve per cent is a canker, and shall prove your overthrow." These men think by stopping discounts they will bring the people to terms. Let me tell these tyrants, the "voice of the people is the voice of God." None of your bread and butter whining, sycophantic yielding manifested by a herd of legislators that George Smith or Wiggins can buy at pleasure, but the real hard-working, true thinking God appointed legislators of the world—*The people themselves*. No gentlemen shiplasters, bobtails, shavers, brokers, buyers, sellers, lenders, borrowers, one and all, you are weighed in the balance and found wanting in the first principles of common honesty—wanting of confidence in the people—wanting of faith in God. It is written, "by the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread," you have attempted to live by the sweat and toil of other brows, every way your superiors, and the curse of God as well as humanity is upon you, and will bring you down to nought.

SETH PAINE.

Next Week—Market Reports.

In our next paper we shall commence our market reports. We shall place our standard—"Christianity"—at par; everything and anybody who fall below will be quoted at such a rate of discount. Ministers, Lawyers, Doctors, Politicians, Bankers, Monopolists in all the trades; men who employ others for a pittance and live upon the surplus earnings—all will be quoted.

Our Prospects.

From all quarters of the country we continue to receive the most cheering response to our efforts which strengthens and supports this great and glorious movement—and furnishes that which we, in common with all reformers, so much need—sympathy. The minds of men everywhere, are prepared for a great movement, and the day dawns for ushering in a new era—the third and last, which unfolds to the mind of man the perfection of the mind of God.

We feel new courage when these responses come on the wings of every breeze. But we feel also stronger in the conscious rectitude of our purpose, and that the presence of God with us is no longer a fiction. We feel our soul baptised every day of our lives in the spirit of our Father who art in Heaven. Still we are moved by such letters as the following extract is from, written by one of the strongest men in New York, and ask the attention of our readers to its careful reading:—

"By some fortuitous circumstance the first number of the 'Christian Banker,' published by you came under my observation and attracted my particular attention. I had long held the opinion that a change might be, as being a banking and exchange business on the plan and principles proposed and adopted by you. Although from the manner in which such business has been almost universally transacted, the time for the commencement of such a system appeared to be far in the future. From the way in which you have taken up, and wield the pen in a righteous cause, I am led to believe that the dawning of better times is upon us, that the system of rotten and corrupt speculation, and legal swindling, which has so long exercised its blighting and withering influence throughout the land is about to be exposed to the hitherto dimmed vision of the christian and laboring portion of our vast community. May you, sir, the editor, prove to be the 'Gideon' of the Christian Hosts, many of whom are not only willing but ready to do battle for the cause of righteousness and truth, at the signal and sounding of the horns against the tyrannizing power of monopolizing and selfish institutions. Too long already have the great mass of our people submitted to the exactions of unprincipled Shylocks, whose continual cry has been 'give, give,' until forbearance has ceased to be a virtue. I rejoice, therefore, that the first bold stand has been taken, and that too by one able to face the Philistines; that there could at least be found one man in this enlightened age, of sufficient moral courage, to step forward and say to the mighty torrent of speculation and plunder of the people, 'thus far and no further shalt thou go.'

And for this you must expect from some quarters, detraction and abuse. Malevolence will seek to inflict its worst injuries; cupidity will rail, and the worshippers of mammon conspire for your destruction; but conscious of your own rectitude, you can say "none of these things move me."

"Go! prosper the right," success to the enterprise."

40,000 Hogs!

Just one to each man, woman and child in this Garden City of Hogs. "Birds of a feather, flock together." 40,000 hogs here, and 40,000 more brought in—population of Chicago 80,000, half dead—balance dying.

Vast chain of being, which from Hog began—Nature clearly *swinish*, never can be MAN.

Christ choked them in the sea of Galilee. His Chicago disciples are so choked eating their dead carcasses, that they can not—see.