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Vol. IV

"And th fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is."

No. 11.

Selected Poetry.

[From the Index.]

A Poor Man's Opinion of Our Money System.

BY I. G. BLANCHARD.

What are you thinking, neighbor, who were so clear to see
A good chance, and go for't, ahead of such as me?
You allus could make money, and used to put things
through;
You scarce stopped to be civil, you had so much to do.

But now your looking dreamy; your hands are by your
side;
You stop—and turn—and saunter,—you'r waiting for the
tide?
The tide flows in its season, and its what I want to know,
If you can give a reason why trade should ebb and flow?

The mouth's are many as ever, and keep increasin', too;
And hands are willin', neighbor, but there's scarce a turn
to do.
The cobbler can't buy clothing, the tailor can't buy shoes;
And trade, you see, is dying, of so many Nothing-to-does.

And all for want of money, that men can't eat nor wear!
I'll tell you what I'm thinking—excuse, sir, if I swear,—
I wish the damned invention sunk a thousand leagues at sea,
So trade would be unburdened, and common sense set free

D'ye s'pose the honest people wouldn't find the honest way?
And the cobbler get his clothing, and the tailor have his
pay?
D'ye s'pose that trade would suffer, 'cause the usurer didn't
thrive—
Him that's sucked the blood of labor till its skercely left
alive?

You cannot see my pint, sir? 'Cause you're looking
'other way!
I wish you would look fairly at what I try to say.
If "money makes the mare go,"—the thing we want to do—
And by the self-same virtue, it stops the critter too;

If your money-breeding money so very ill behaves,
As to lift the few to luxury, the many sink to slaves:
Till men, like wares, are measured in dollars, cents, and
dimes,
And the priest belies his Bible to hide usury's crime of
crimes,—

Then there's suthin' wrong with money, suthin' devilish,
we may say;
And its no particular wonder there's just the devil to pay!
Say—mustn't a money system that offers fortune's lure,
Bows and richer make the wealthy, more and poorer make
the poor?

Yet it's said in all the papers, if speculation starts,
'Twill move the hands of labor in all our mills and marts.
"There'll be prosperous times next season," says one, or
I'm no seer;
And some will make their thousands; course, the people'll
get a sheer."

Not much! Some cunning schemers may, like [enough,
get rich,
And want new silks and carpets, and hats and boots and
sich;
And trade be set a-going—till the hats and boots are made;
And then—"the market's glutted!" there's a dearth of
work and trade.

So speculation's see-saw keeps up its idle play
Over the back of labor—that's the "business" of to-day!
Paying Paul by robbing Peter is all it's ever done;
Poor labor bears the burden, but never shares the fun.

Keep the people's pockets empty, count the toilers but as
brutes,
And of course the market's glutted with a few snobs' hats
and boots.
Why not pay 'em, so that they too, can buy your goods
like men?
Make the buying thousands millions—you won't glut the
market then.

'Cause, when the working people get their sheer of what is
done,
There'll be no sight for fortunes, and men don't work for
fun.
They work for food and shelter, for the clothes they want
to wear;
Say, hats for forty millions, shoes forty million pair,

And so forth. Now that's easy, you can calculate it, see?
And the money too—no longer under patent lock and key.
Don't think—the thought is impious!—that, when justice
takes the lead,
There'll be shirking more than working—tyrant Waste for
tyrant Greed.

Be the love of gold uprooted, there'll be left the love of
praise,
And this will bring the people into self-respecting ways.
The working day'll be shorter, the worker's need be more,
And joyful labor's chorus will charm both sea and shore.

But of such good times the chances are surely not right
smart
While we're taught "the root of evil" springs nat'rally
from the heart!
And if heaven threaten'd to tumble, or such a thing
might be,
The usurer'd not knock under; he'd rather wait and see!

I'll tell you what I'm thinking: the nation's stultified!
Like a corpse, this cursed system to its culprit back is tied;
In its dream of "making money," its delirium of "per
cent."
It drivels like an idiot, and seems on ruin bent.

O heavens! can't our wise ones unscare their eyes in time
To stay the fearful increase of poverty and crime,
Ere 'cumulated evils come on us like a flood,
And the fiend of revolution is shrieking, "Bread or Blood!"

THE LABOR QUESTION.

What it is, Method of its Solution, and Remedy for its Evils.

BY CHARLES T. FOWLER.

"The request of Industry to the Government, is a modest as Diogenes to Alexander: 'Stand out of my sunshine.'"—Bentham.

WHAT IT IS.

Some think the labor question intends the abolition of poverty, or the amelioration of the laboring man's condition.

So far from this being the case, it emphasizes the righteousness of poverty when the natural conditions of a competence have not been fulfilled, neither would this be an amelioration of the laboring man's condition.

Indolence produces poverty; but labor is the absence of indolence. Extravagance produces poverty; but this is no sign there is too much extravagance. Moreover the extravagance of the poor is but the imitation of that of the rich, which shows extravagance has nothing to do with the poverty of the masses. But labor has nothing to do with the consumption of property. Neither has it anything to do with shrewdness, calculation, forethought or intemperance.

Labor is not a philanthropist "around doing good: it neither gives nor begs. It is able to take care of itself, while it is supporting the millionaires. It meditates no forced distribution of property, but seeks to be relieved from that already. It asks nothing arbitrary and unnatural, but free and equitable.

It is its nature to lose, lapse, sacrifice itself. For this reason it asks recompense in compensation. This constitutes the ground of property. With nothing else is it related. With nothing else can it be concerned. The Labor question then calls for justice, claims equity, complains that labor is not getting what it earns.

THE TEST.

It is perfectly apparent that one cannot get cheated until he attempts to part with what belongs to him. This is an exchange, the basis of commerce, the conditions of which are a statement of the laboring man's case. Now in every exchange the

TWO ELEMENTS

are the price and the currency. If the price be an equivalent of the thing exchanged, and the currency represent and guarantee the price, the transaction is just. What these are let us consider.

A JUST PRICE.

Two considerations govern price. Either a thing should bring what it is worth to the purchaser, or else what it costs the possessor to part with it. One is compensation, the other, all expense having been eliminated, is "profit," something for nothing. Says B to A, "What will you give?" He is answered by, "What will you take?" These serve as feelers into each other's condition. Then they chaffer, higgler and deceive, until is reached the level between A's advantage and B's necessity, which constitutes the price and completes the bargain. This is "buying cheap and selling dear," upon the principle that "a thing is worth what it will fetch." The part that cost plays at present under profit is to regulate it, and hold it at bay.

One looks ahead, is objective and calculates upon its opportunity—the other is subjective, reflects and concerns only the seller. One is stable—the other is always fluctuating. One has one price and measures justice—the other has many and measures the gullibility of its customer. The one is indemnification for damage, recompense for a burden incurred—the other calculates upon a benefit conferred. "How much can I make?" engrosses the one—"What is just?" inspires the other. One aims to trade—the other to serve. One is frank and courteous—the other, brazen and deceitful. One offers to enlighten, marks its goods open to public gaze—the other advertises to entrap, endeavors to conceal, and secretly marks its goods. Truthfulness is the interest of the one—that of the other is to falsify, begins by

wanting what does not belong to it, and calls it "profit," proceeds to speculate and ends in gambling.

Competition under profit raises prices, and decreases consumption—under cost lowers them and increases consumption. One brings the supply to the demand, the other the demand to the supply. One gives birth to producers—the other to traders and speculators. One opens employment—the other closes the doors to all occupation. In the neighborhood and the family circle, one is seen in all its purity—the other is seen on the frontier, about Dock Square and in Wall Street. One is the child of might—the other is the child of right. One is the offspring of civilization, the other is a remnant of barbarism.

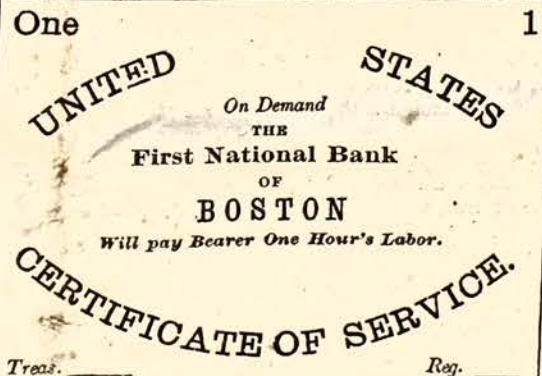
Under cost the interest of buyer and seller is identical—under profit, antagonistic. One reciprocates, and is a mutual friend—the other conspires, and is a mutual enemy. One acts upon the principle of every man for himself—the other, upon the principle of every man for every man. The result in society of the one is *Universal Co-operation*—the result of the other is universal Canibalism. One is all men against every man—the other is every man the recipient of all men.

"The greatest vantage for humanity
Is this, that each does everything for all,
And each in turn receives from all the same.

How little one contributes to the whole—
How much however one receives from all!
How little more is needed after all
For concord bliss and peace,
Than the will of all
To seek in trade itself the good of each!"

AN EQUITABLE CURRENCY.

Already have we seen that labor causes compensation, compensation causes property, and by virtue of that wherein a thing is rightfully held must it be equitably exchanged. The currency then, which is to represent and guarantee the price, must be a labor currency, measured by its duration and intensity.



This note is secured by deed of trust, instead of a Government bond; it is issued upon labor entering into the production of gold and is receivable for all products of labor. However variable the amount of production from a certain quantity of labor the standard of measure is always the same, making it the only just currency at all times and places. Its security is the earth itself, as elastic as it is free, and as inexpensive as it is universal.

Next as a currency, is the legal lien upon the product of labor itself, gold for instance, as a standard, using 25.8 grains as the unit of measure. But there is no reason why gold exclusively to wheat, iron, coal or land, should have the prerogative alone, of having a currency issued upon it. Neither is there any reason why, since all values are measured by dollars, there should not be issued upon a currency bearing the same denomination in lieu of so many gold and silver dollars.

Lastly, there is barter, inapplicable to extended transactions and subject to monopoly. These constitute all that has ever passed as a tool for effecting exchanges. Our gold-green-back is a hybrid between the two containing all the abuses of both. It is issued upon

lies based in bankruptcy and repudiation, and is secured by certificates of its own indebtedness! It is so elastic that production has ceased, because unexchangeable surplus labor was worthless. It is so stable and definite that while, at one time you may go to market carrying your money in your pocket and bringing back your provisions in a basket, at another you have got to take your money in the basket and bring your provisions home in your pocket. The less a man owes the poorer he is; the less he has due him the richer he becomes. A monopoly of the currency is a monopoly of everything that the currency will buy. At present every laboring man, whether he borrows or not, pays in interest \$300 per annum.

The birth of the first bill of exchange was the funeral of the last specie dollar. Never since then have we had a "specie basis:" never shall we have: never can we have. What now remains is a remnant of a traditional superstition that only the precious metals were wealth. It represents an antiquated prejudice for bits of yellow dross; it is only the bead and wampum traffic of savage barter.

The abolition of Sec. 18, Chap. 162 of the General Statutes, would give to Yankee ingenuity a chance to invent an honest currency. Such would justify price, reward personal service according to its loss of power—not according to its application: according to the labor bestowed, and not according to the skill displayed. One honest dollar would abolish speculation, interest on money and the income from idle investments. It would destroy tariffs, land ownership; for what matters who hold the land so long as it is untransferable except at labor-cost? It would abolish ownership in natural resources and the rise in city and town real estate. It would emancipate poverty and unnecessary the crimes against property.

THE REMEDY

therefore is less legislation. How much less depends upon whether an equitable tax for its support can be collected under compulsion; whether it is a just exchange to compel an individual to purchase of the State at fabulous price that which he does not want to buy. If so, there is no such thing as a just demand for labor. If not, there can no longer exist such a band of robbers, as our Government. It must hereafter take its chance with the Church and rest upon voluntary contributions. So long as it cannot rest upon its merits it must rest by force upon its demerits, and is no better than any mob, but will beget force to put it down. It now creates all the poverty and the crimes against property. Existing to protect property, itself is the greatest thief; professing to save life it is the greatest criminal in the commonwealth. It is beside the father of all the other criminals. Its own diseases are what it feeds upon. Complete "Civil Service Reform" means its reform altogether. You cannot out of the public good favor one individual except at the expense of others. You cannot charter and incorporate a set of men to combine together, without weakening all individuals not so aided, you cannot assist some to get a living easier than by earning it, without making it harder for others who do earn it; you cannot cause one man to live without work without compelling another to starve or steal.

Now 500 just such laws as these are passed in Massachusetts every year. In ten years 5000; in fifty years 25,000; in one hundred years 50,000. Why, the world, itself will not be able to contain all that shall be written. It takes the State six months to govern itself the other six. Now upon close analysis, dropping railways, banks insurance, manufacturing companies, those that profess to be for public good, but are really for private interest, those usurping local jurisdiction, those amendatory of its own blunders, and you will have left but about a dozen regulations that concern the whole State, and these could better have been seen to by the voluntary association of those interested. The legislature is the standing committee of the capitalists of the Commonwealth. Any one behind a statute will be able to chase ten thousand working men, thus unaided,

until working men, themselves, shall awake with ballots in their hands and chase that one man—BALLOTS ARE BREAD!

PROSPECT.

The ultimatum of the labor question then, is, that of republican Government. It means for ballots in *quantity* and *quality*, the substitution of ballots in *kind*, or a *principle of liberty*, as the *condition of equity*, for the *tyranny* of the *majority*. Labor then, receiving its just reward, manual toil, means another name for health, and labor becomes lost in pleasurable exercise (opera).

"The traveller and the road seem one,
With the errand to be done,—
That were man's and lover's part,
That were Freedom's whitest chart."

Men need never get tired, if they work as the trees grow, the flowers bloom, the birds sing, the brooks flow, and the plannets roll. "My Father worketh hitherto and I work." "Laborare est orare." Of course then, will the whole subject of compensation, and property arising therefrom, become abolished. The supreme *property* of the moral sense will regard as an encroachment the use of "yours" and "mine."

But for the present *men* are animals. Their stomachs are their souls. "They know of no other obligation to a contract than that "possession is nine points of the law," and might makes right. Prating over equity, they cannot give a reason for the coat that is on their backs, or show that all they possess, they have not stolen, or that all they should have possessed has not been stolen from them. Nature abhors a *safe* investment as she does a vacuum, but allows enough to rot every year to support all the people. Yet at \$3 per day, fifty years will not accumulate fifty thousand dollars; but at 15 per cent., a thousand dollars will amass over a million, the possessor sleeping meanwhile.

"Many are sweating, plowing, thrashing;
And then the chaff for payment receiving—
A few idly owning;
And they the wheat continually claiming."

All the property is owned at the centres of distribution, and as *properly* there is all the poverty. The factory villages are named after their lords and are unfit in which to breed cats and dogs. Far above a cotton factory was a cotton plantation—as far as Paradise; and beside the Five Points the slave mart of New Orleans was the New Jerusalem. There was never known a poor house, where men's bodies were owned. Not till their services are owned, are their bodies left to slide for themselves. Had not a horse better be owned than hired?

A June morning invites forth the bees to the clover bloom, and an October day calls out the squirrels to their nuts, but a three days London fog calleth forth men, fiends of hell, for hungry morsels driven to desperation. Women make merchandise of their bodies, and men on the borders of suicide send up the prayer—

"Give me this day my daily bread,
O, would to God that I were dead."

Charity and alms giving have become the religion of our time. It takes many a consummate scoundrel to make one honest man. Whether or not you are "making money," determines your standing in this world, and how much you have left signifies your standing in the other. "Money makes the mare go;" money makes the minister go; the youth's ideal is strangled by the question of bread and butter; inspiration is stopped, the Holy Ghost is mortgaged, the Almighty Dollar is the Providence of God. Anything money will condone: nothing will condone the failure to get money.

Meanwhile labor and capital, two words for one thing, are eating up each other. Strikes and failures augur the general chaos in which the bounds of the righteous are to be as trees walking, and bringing to our doors knockings of the judgment to come.

I began this disquisition with Genesis, let me close it with Revelation. Amid all the fanciful interpretations of the Apocalyptic vision, I fancy I see another which is not all a vision. You remember to be destroyed by an avenging angel there was a proud, luxurious city. That city is the present system for the distribution of property. And the Lord is saying, "Go thou angel of Destruction and destroy capital, scatter panics, create strikes stir up riots, cause failures, and if one escape, fetter him by his possessions, feed him on law-suits, hound him with haggardness, destroy his own soul and send blight on his children." And "thou demon of Discord go and corporations unincorporate, pass property from hand to hand, make New York a second Paris. Write with rusty looms and silent spindles, 'whereas, we

once protected American labor, it has less gradually than we can bear, eased off its protection from us!" Go thou and toss stocks in Wall Street higher than they were ever tossed by bulls and bears. Fan in their faces the flames of repudiation, destroy all contracts, incite Trades' Unions to seize hold of legislation, and about the beds of straw, where my starving ones lay, 'shiver the palaces of glass, shrivel the rainbow-colored walls!' Let not a vestige remain of the iniquitous system!"

Behoooves it not to take account of stock?—to remove blinding prejudices?—and ere the heavens fall, see to it that justice is done?

Original Communications.

The Resurrection.

BY ANNIE E. HIGBY.

I would like to say a word about the resurrection. I cannot say that I am a follower of any one upon the earth, especially; according to the saying of my angels and those who teach me in the Spirit-world, I am, myself, a high priest of the living God, and an heir in the House of Israel—the House of Mediums of a special order, seeing and knowing many things concerning the future life, of which I might say, somewhat like Paul, it seems almost unlawful to speak. In writing now I speak of the things of the incoming time, the New Dispensation, and do not at present, dip into the mysteries beyond it, when new conditions and new teachings will arise.

The resurrected being is the one who rises superior to any tendency to grow old, and who can cast off age, if it goes to the spirit world old, and who also is so fully grown in regard to spiritual conditions, that they readily overcome the weak, inactive condition often exhibited by beings on going into the future life, in fact often exhibited by large bodies of beings who have been a long time in the future life, and who, if they can be resurrected or raised to a life of full manhood and womanhood, with all its possibilities, where they are, accomplish a great thing. The laws that govern life here, govern life there, in a great measure, difference being allowed for development. Where the soil is rich, figuratively speaking, the spirit strong and active, casts the shell at death, and rises superior to all difficulties, there is no need of teaching for such person or persons, always provided they happen to keep in the same condition, the same as there is no need of the art of healing for the perfectly healthy, but for those whose instincts of right have departed. Sinners, who break the law of nature—God's laws, until body and spirit are shattered and crippled, there is need of scientific teaching in regard to those broken laws, that the breaks may be mended and they may be resurrected to healthful and vigorous life in the future world. Large bodies of spirits, instead of applying the laws whereby life may be attained to themselves in the world where they are, stand looking back to this earth, expecting a bodily resurrection here, which is not desirable, as a whole, even if it should be attained, either for us or for them. They do not know that they must apply, must utilize in their own persons the laws governing life, before they can have the benefit of them any place. The mode of transit from this life to the next, in itself, does not amount to anything much, compared to the *understanding the laws of our being, and utilizing them* in such a way as to give us the full benefit of life in health, vigor, growth. The returning of people to bodily life here, will only be materialization as we have had it, and as it was exhibited by Jesus after his crucifixion, but not as any thing like a wholesale returning and staying. As I understand, it was not the intention of Jesus to stay on this earth, and he did not even stay in the spirit world—as folks call it, though why spirit world I do not see since it is as much spirit and body as this world is spirit and body—pertaining to planet, but being away to other spheres, for purposes of study and education; it is true he has to wait nearly two thousand years for his bride on this earth. His bride (let me whisper it low) is not a married woman any more than he was a married man, the twain repudiate marriage and its sinful licentiousness, as sin, death and hell claim its adherents.

I will also say here, though I am barely touching on the subject, that there cannot be resurrection or regeneration in the spirit world while the sexual functions are shattered and debauched, they must be restored to purity and healthful action before the first step toward rejuvenation can be taken, unless indeed the restoration is the first step. The sexual part of our nature is divine and holy, and connected with it is the river of living water that gives eternal life. It can, indeed, be made unclean by abuse and breakage of the law—nature's law—God's law—but that does not alter its own innate divinity and holiness. I speak of the functions of sex in connection with the resurrection or with rejuvenation because it is intimately connected with it.

OUT OF THEIR BELLIES SHALL FLOW RIVERS OF LIVING WATER.

We are created in halves, the man the positive

and the woman the negative half, and it takes one of each to make a healthful being, whole and complete, or rather it takes a mixing of the original elements of each to constitute health; the man does not generate for himself only a part of the elements it takes to build up body and soul in sound health, and so of woman, and each must get the remainder from the opposite half, or from those among the opposite half who possess them, to have health, growth; for a time—different periods of time in different individuals, according as they are organized, they may get along without injury, but the needed element wearing away and not being supplied, the structure, both body and soul, begins to crumble, and disintegrate, lose its power until it meets death. The animals are also so created, but they are not destined to eternal life. The sexual functions of animals are only for the purposes of reproduction and are only so used; but when man became a living soul, there was a change in his organic structure, it became possible for him to live by the proper use of the new functions with which he was endowed, and with this change there was a change in the sexual functions, they having become endowed with new uses, as it were, that of elemental interchange without being for the purpose of reproduction. Man being capable of living forever, and only a part of the time being capable of reproducing, the necessary interchange naturally takes place during the reproductive period; but when that period ceases, the interchange must still take place for healthful life, ergo, eternal life, and the forces that are used for reproduction, then go to build up soul and body in that healthful and eternal life. Adam—the first man, having an instinct that sexual interchange was for other purposes also than those of reproduction, grabs at his new possession with a half light and his yet remaining savage instinct of male mastery, breaks the law governing, and by making the woman subject to him in regard to it, not only destroying its uses and intention, and causing it to fail in accomplishing its legitimate end, but in the abuse killing and destroying the new sexual functions itself, thereby losing his inheritance of eternal life.

If we want eternal life we must learn the laws by which it is gained, and if we want proper and healthful life here—a good and proper start on the road to eternal life—we must also learn the laws by which they are gained. Eternal life in the body—the life in the body of this world first, and then on forever in the body of the future world, has to be gained by living out the laws that supply the needed life-forces to both soul and body. Now, what are those laws? and shall ignorance and bigotry close the door against our gaining even a knowledge of them? Not so; for on our gaining knowledge of the ways that lead to life, and utilizing them, depends our salvation. If the body dies, the body pertaining to this life, and then the body pertaining to the future life, I say if it should die, and although it has much greater tenacity to life than the one of this world, it cannot resist a *continued breakage* of the laws of life without paying the penalty, if it should die the soul goes back to the God who gave it, goes back to the great elemental reservoir, loses its individuality and identity, and it is death to the individual, the same death spoken of in the Bible where it is said, "The penalty of sin [the broken law] is death"—"The soul that sinneth it shall die." The Churches do not teach this, a great truth that Jesus understood and plainly taught in his time. The soul that narrows in will eventually come to a point, as all things must that keep narrowing in—and then go out, that is so far as the individual existence is concerned, and this is after long ages of suffering, or would be after long ages of suffering on, what is to the soul the downward road. My angels or spiritual teachers, in speaking of death, speak of it in the aggregate and do not term the translation from this life to the next, death. It is only the death of the earthly body and not of the individual.

It can readily be seen how important to eternal life it is to learn and understand the laws pertaining to the sexual part of our nature, that in its use, as well as in mixing the positive and negative elements, the body and soul may be built up, and not decimated, weakened, drained of their life forces. In the sexual act we partake of such qualities as each has to give, of body, mind and spirit, and assimilate them, such as will assimilate actually becoming bone of one bone and flesh of one flesh; and as no one is perfect alone, nor indeed no two, it can readily be seen how a somewhat wider, but judicious range of this partaking of soul food, could build up the body and spirit in strength and beauty. But this closest of soul communion is a sacrament that must be paraken of in conjunction with the laws that rule in the domain of sex, else it defeats its own purposes. It is the gentle and penetrating fire of love only that is built on the altar of eternal life; love having the light. Those who know these laws and live by them, give to those with whom they thus commune, the elements that give life—living water—figuratively speaking. Those who break these laws give a poison stream, dealing death and destruction. The barter or sale of sex—hood puts out the light in regard to its legitimate and divine uses.

THE MARK OF SEXUAL SIN.

Out of their own mouths shall they be condemned. When any one speaks of the function of sex as filthy, as a nastiness and uncleanness, by this sign we may know they are in an unclean condition, for the lips in speaking of the conditions pertaining to soul and body, testify to these conditions as they were present in the individual.

SOCIALISTIC. The Transitional Period.

BY A SEXEGENARIAN.

[Written twenty years ago.]

The causes of discontent and discord in the incipient stages of Social Freedom, may be stated as follows:—

I. Unfitness by previous *training* and *HABITS*, of adult persons, to attempt to enter upon a life of Social Freedom.

II. Every married *pair*, and every *PAIR*, paired in any other way are *generally* discontented; but when there is any degree of public sentiment favorable to Social Freedom, discontent and discord from this cause are inevitable.

III. The selfish love (or self-love) which expresses itself in marriage, or some other dual union, is so disagreeable to all other parties, that those who enter into them are always elbowed out of the social circle, and driven into isolation; but the parties to those unions always blame and get "put out" with society for so doing, instead of attributing it to their own selfishness and folly.

IV. The vulgar practice of habitually sleeping together, borrowed from monogamic marriages, is a "familiarity which breeds contempt" between the parties to it, and which is very distasteful to all other parties.

A Plea for Tolerance.

(SECOND LETTER.)

BY I. T. LOYD.

No star but that of smallest magnitude
Needs that its fellow-stars should cease their light,
That it might reign, queen of the solitude,
Or shine, unrivaled, in the crown of night.

No one who is confident of his own superior speed, will ask any odds in a race. In a fair field, and with equal weapons, *truth* has a divine warranty of victory, and he who attempts to silence controversy, or takes an unfair advantage in a contest of ideas, publishes his own doubts of the inherent righteousness of his cause. Any cause that is stricken down by violence, is ever coming up for a rehearing. And no question is finally settled until tried before the high court of reason.

There is one consideration that should always deter us from judging with severity those who persist in doing their own thinking, or in seeing through their own eyes instead of ours: There is no road to elevate error to a dangerous prominence so speedily and so effectually as by cruelty to its adherents. "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church," is an axiom now, and it matters little what church it is, or what it teaches.

As a tree, rocked by the storms of centuries, grows strong, so the Protestant Dissenters, rocked in the cradle of Papal persecution, have grown from a handful of heroic martyrs, to a power before which religious liberty trembles to-day.

Whether it is a balm tree or an opus, it matters not. Whether you persecute Christ or anti-Christ, the law of reaction and retributive compensation is still the same. And I warn you who stand in mortal dread of the heresies that leap from the mind of the inquiring age, beware of kindling the fires of persecution around their humble defenders, for, by so doing, you will surely enlist the sympathies of the noble and generous-hearted in their favor. There is no surer way to add impetus to an error, otherwise powerless for evil. A good cause does not need to be persecuted into popularity, and a bad cause does not deserve it.

One great difficulty in the way of human improvement is, the world is troubled with too much of that kind of "pride" which "goeth before a fall." The majority flatter themselves that what they do not know is not worth knowing. And to announce a newly discovered truth is regarded as an equivalent to an insinuation that the people do not know every thing, and for one of the "reprobate" to presume to enlighten the "elect" is an exhibition of audacity that must not be allowed to go unrebuked.

And yet it is a source of serene joy to every exalted being that there is an infinity of undiscovered truth in store upon which the mind may ever feast. And it would seem that nothing short of a conspiracy of ignorance and egotism could deceive any one into the belief that he possessed the *all of truth*.

While a large proportion of our babes do not live to lisp the name of mother, and the seeds of organic disease are fastened upon the vitals of nearly all the rest,—while the race is an invalid, and the world's remedies are impotent to cure, who shall say that there is not something radically wrong in our mode of life, and especially in our system of generating and rearing the infant race? While governments of the powerful, by the powerful and for the powerful are the general rule,—while injustice, poverty and oppression are the order of the world,—while unpaid toil and idle luxuriance, physical want and the soul's deep famishing, pain and sorrow and weariness of life stare us in the face upon every hand, who shall say that the world has discovered the best possible methods to secure its own happiness, and that there is nothing better in store for the race throughout the coming ages?

One of two things must be of logical necessity:—either misery was the design and will be the end of man's creation, and the established order of things conducive to that end, and so befitting that design, exist by divine appointment; or the human

race is destined to happiness, and there is a better way than this which impedes that destiny, a "balm for the healing of the nations," and any advance toward a better day must necessarily be attended with changes which to the timid soul will seem alarming. As the sun of science rifts the curtain of the dark ages, the ghosts which the imagination paints upon the background of the night will vanish, and the superstitious will tremble for the fate of their gods.

If my memory serves me aright, an eminent author, whose name I cannot now recall, has said, "If there is no hell to shun, I see nothing worth living for." A like state of mental trepidation always tortures the soul of the honest conservative at scenes of revolution. And yet there may be no serious cause of alarm.

Upon the ruined temples of antiquity may be written: "Sacred to the memory of the gods whom the world has outlived and outgrown!" And it is quite possible that the shrines at which the people kneel to-day, may be known in the future only by the wrecks they shall leave upon the shores of time. And of the only remaining "Divine Institutions" of world-wide pretension and authority, before which "every knee is required to bow" and every "tongue to confess." The time may come when "not one stone shall be left upon another that shall not be thrown down."

Whatever else is true, nothing but truth can stand the test at last. We may mass the wealth and power of the world in defense of error,—we may build the rack and burn the heretic who refuses to worship at her bloody shrine, and invoke the wrath of the gods upon his naked soul as we have done in the past; yet sooner or later she shall seem the horrid thing she is, and shall die as she has ever died, "amid her sorrowing worshippers." For, as "God cannot lie," neither can he defend nor save a lie.

Jesse Pomeroy's "Case in a New Light."

EDITORS OF CRUCIBLE:

The following is not the radical, fundamental sense of the Scientific Spiritualist, but it is good sense, thoughtfully expressed. It appeared in a late issue of the Boston Globe and reflects the cautious humanitarian wisdom of a Boston "West-ender," now traveling on the continent of Europe. He, like many others in our midst, after giving close attention to the history of the Pomeroy boy, as a phenomenon, inclines to "spiritual obsession" and "outside influence" as the most sensible causation of his cruelties and crimes. He is correspondingly benevolent and hopeful in spirit, but earnest and positive in the purpose and method of a fundamental reform.

To save the boy from a useless and unnecessary death seems to me both humane and just, but I object to the theory of demoniac influence. I see nothing gained to science or a truly humanizing philosophy in removing the responsibility to "forces" and influences outside of the Pomeroy organization. The recognition of some personality as the cause of consequences, is the beginning of certainty in Science and the basis of education in the individual—and marks the distance and the difference between modern thought and the ancient crudities of "total depravity" and "innate wickedness"—CONCEPTS, that for centuries have darkened the councils of the thoughtful, and misled the multitude as to the real causes of malformation in character.

Let us hold fast to Science and certainty therefore, and have done with misleading generalities. Meanwhile, let all humanly inclined work together for the abolition of the "death penalty," and the development of that system of scientific discipline, which will enable educated reformers to do for the LEGALLY condemned what they have been doing in many countries for the idiotic and the insane.

Fraternally and progressively yours,

J. H. W. Toohey.

67 Broadway, Chelsea Mass.

To the Editor of The Globe:

SIR: From what I have recently seen in the papers, I fear there is not as good a prospect as there appeared to be a short time ago that young Pomeroy can be rescued from suffering the extreme penalty of the law—in other words from being hung. That this should be so, seems to me both an outrage to our much-vaunted civilization and also a great loss to the cause of science. I will not here go into any discourse, against capital punishment generally, except to say that I am entirely and conscientiously opposed to it, for it appears to me that the one thing we have no right to take away from another legally and in cold blood is that mysterious condition known as human life on this sphere. We obtain it, we know not how, but in a way for which we are not accountable; at best we keep it but a short time; and are we not taking a grave responsibility in calmly depriving another human being of it, for no matter what cause? Of course we must be protected in our dealings with each other, and those considered dangerous persons must not be allowed to go at large, but it is strange, indeed, if buildings cannot be made and regulations established, by which so-

called criminals can be kept safe from harming others, without the necessity of killing them and putting them under ground. First of all, the pardoning power should be entirely taken away from any one individual, from the President down; but there should be a commission of men and women of science, and others, to examine persons condemned for life, or long terms, once in every three or five years say, to see if their organizations had not so changed that it would be safe and advisable to let them loose again, always reserving the right of re-arrest and re-incarceration. This might be both for criminals and insane persons, and there should be many institutions of various kinds, for keeping them with the greatest care and kindness at the same time making them work to support these very institutions, or what is the same thing, the Government of the country. Pomeroy's case is so extraordinary, that, putting all humanitarian views out of the question, I should say that he ought, decidedly, to be kept as a curiosity to be watched and studied in the interest of science. It is hardly possible to believe that a human being could commit the acts he has without being mysteriously moved by some influence not his own. That people can be possessed of outside influences is no new idea, but one more or less believed in for ages; while the developments of modern Spiritualism and the study of psychology in its present state should give a fresh impulse to its investigation. And what improbability is there that vicious persons who have left this sphere, and still continue to be vicious in the next, should be able through laws and processes that we do not yet understand here, with their increased knowledge and powers, to commit their bad deeds through others by influencing them in a way they cannot themselves comprehend, just as on the contrary there may be those who are brought in spite of themselves to do beautiful deeds? That is, there may be good and bad spirits, both of whom in many ways have power over us mortals here. And if ever there was a case that looked like it, it is certainly that of young Pomeroy, for his very language would tend to prove that he is scarcely accountable to himself for his actions; and I would most strongly urge that he be preserved in a safe place and subjected to the careful and serious study of scientists, physicians and mediums.

NATHAN APPLETON.

Paris, France, August, 1875.

A Wedding Trip to Palestine with the Reasons Therefor.

Not to the Palestine of Asia, as we have no respect for the Holy of that land, but to the Palestine of Beaver county, Pa. September 9, 1875 I was visiting friends in Columbiana county, Ohio. In our company were Jason Kirk, of Clearfield county, Pa., and Annie E. Edwards, of Ossawatimie, Kansas, old friends, and for several years affianced, or, as the fashionable people call it, engaged; but as they were both readers of the Weekly, and advocates of social freedom, they would not submit to the silly and ridiculous ceremonies of the clergy, nor do violence to the common rules of society. In Ohio when a man and woman wish to live together in the social and affectional intimacy of a mutual life, even if there is no legal barrier, they have to procure a license from some officer, the same as they do to sell rum; and armed with this they go to a priest, and he tells them they may live together, and tells the woman to submit to the man, as she is his property by law and by religious custom and authority. Then they are called married and the gossipers are silenced.

These friends were not disposed to submit to this tyranny, and as the Keystone State requires no such license, we took the cars and fled into Palestine. Landing there, we three, and no more, went directly to a tree-covered hill (not the Mount of Olives), and there, seated on a shawl spread on a pennyroyal bed which made the air fragrant, and under a tall oak tree, with none but invisible witnesses, we three, with interlocked hands, declared and renewed our devotion to social freedom and equal rights for both sexes. And they, having agreed to accept the law with their personal and pledged exceptions to its execution in personal ownership and tyranny, by the authority reposed in me by the laws of Missouri, I pronounced them married, as they had agreed, and as they had long been in affections, and declared them, legally man and wife, with the right of reserve, as they agreed, to respect each other, by which Annie E. Edwards agrees to retain and use her name as heretofore, and each agrees to regard and respect the personal sovereignty of soul and body in the other. This we know does not legally release them from the marriage law under which they pass, but being a part of the private contract, forms a basis of action in union of separation.

A friend asks, what is the use of this simple ceremony, accompanied with no show of dress and parade? Simply this: it enables me to give them a certificate which quiets the prejudice of relatives, stops the tongue of scandal, and takes the pith out of the gossip of the vulgar rabble; all of which they would have to meet without it, and yet would be under the law of marriage the same, if living together without any ceremony, as the law is now established that marriage is a civil contract, requiring neither minister, magistrate or witness, but subjecting the parties to the special laws regulating such parties and partners, one part of which is the ownership of the woman by the man, and the loss to her of liberty if not name.

We talked our time out, returned to the cars and to our visiting home of her sister, partook of a good farmer's dinner, chicken, succotash and Graham bread, etc., and renewed our oft-repeated conversations on the social questions of the day, and all agreed to use our influence and labor to remove the obnoxious and cruel marriage laws of our country, and substitute a law of equality for both sexes, and civil contract for clerical license and legal ownership and slavery. NO CARDS.

WARREN CHASE.

P. S.—This is supposed to be equally as good as if solemnized by four bishops and a priest, and costing \$100,000 and will no doubt be as lasting and happy.

"The United Home Community."

Eds. CRUCIBLE: A Community has been organized at this place to be called "The United Home," for the purpose of more fully securing our inalienable rights of Liberty, Love, Equality and Equity, and to live a more fraternal, and better social system. The second Article of our Constitution will show how we stand on finances, to-wit:

"The United Home will receive members by unanimous consent only, of such as are willing to subscribe to this Constitution, and give all their wealth and labor now and during membership to the common use and general welfare of each other at an equalization of property to each member not to exceed one thousand dollars in wealth, as appraised and measured by a uniform and equitable system in the United Home through its Board of Equalization, and Control: all members coming from below average shall be received on a pro rata, equalized labor basis until they secure average."

In other words a member may control one thousand dollars if they have it when they come in. If they do not have it, they can earn it by their labor. All members who withdraw or are expelled shall, each, be allowed to withdraw their one thousand dollars, or the part of the same, but no more.

Article 5, shows our position on social matters. It reads:

"The United home will hold all whom God has joined together by creative love as equals, sexually; are so far truly married, and no people by arbitrary rule or law should separate whom God's creative love hath thus united or joined in marriage by natural and divine law. It will therefore neither marry nor unmarry, but will endeavor to keep a record of births and parentage, and demand a respect to judgment and conscience, and creative love obligations, by all the penalties fixed in our divine nature."

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GEORGE B. FARLEY,

Corresponding Sec'y.

Gilmore, Benzie Co., Mich.

"They are Both Extremists."

So said the CRUCIBLE in its review of my review of S. B. Brittain's review. I must protect my learned friend Brittain from any such insinuation. I acknowledge its truth when applied to myself. What is an Extremist? One who professes more truth than is fashionable in his neighborhood is an extremist. One who is with the advance guard of reform. One who dares to advocate principles simply because they are true. One who is foolish enough to defy public opinion when it is believed to be wrong. Now I submit that my friend Brittain is guilty of none of these things; unless it is insisted that a dweller in the rear is an extremist. But usually the term is not applied to stragglers and camp followers. "Conservative" is the word which fits them.

Yours in defense of a defender of Jesus,

W. F. JAMIESON.

Mazeppa, Minn.

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Precious seem—I know them all;
With my own hand did I guide them
In the garden and the hall.
But the anguish of the morning,
When his toys were all refused,
And he said in hissing prattle,
'Put away my little shoes.'"

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And W. F. Jamieson.

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D. W. HULL, Associate Editor.

24 Newcomb-St. Boston, Oct. 13, 1875.

TALKS WITH "NAUGHTY GIRLS."

[CONTINUED.]

The interview which we shall class as No. 1 was about the last one we had. This interview was sought by the lady, in consequence of seeing us engaged in conversation with her fellow sinners. We cannot in any instance, quoting as we do from memory, give the exact words which passed between us and those with whom we conversed. In this instance the lady (for she was a lady) extended her hand and said; "I am—the harlot. Now I want to know how you, a minister of the gospel, can risk yourself, reputation and all, with us. Very few ministers visit us publicly, occasionally one comes in on the sly when he wants to deal in our wares."

Our reply was: "I try, in every sense of the word, to be a follower of Jesus in all the good things he did. If you read your Bible, you may remember that he entered into a long *tete a tete* with a harlot at the well of Samaria, and then went home with her and stayed two days."

"I have read the conversation between Jesus and the woman at the well, but, sir, I do not remember to have read that the woman was a harlot."

"No, the Bible does not say the woman was a harlot, but Jesus does say to the woman, 'thou hast had five husbands, and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband.' The fact is, I am like Jesus or Ben. Butler, I have no reputation to lose. Like Jesus again, I not only talk but *dine* with publicans and sinners. Now I am not flattering any body but I am seeking for truth; I am investigating the why's and wherefore's of such lives as you people lead, and as you impress me as being more than ordinarily intelligent and communicative I would like an interview with you."

"Well," said she, "though I introduced myself as a harlot I am as exclusive as you or any other person; I have a lover, in whom, in my opinion, the sun rises and sets. While I devote myself to my lover, there are others who will not or cannot be exclusive: I try to save and defend them."

"What do you mean by saving them? what by defending them?"

"By saving them I mean this; a majority of those who enter this kind of a life do not live more than eight or ten years. This mortality among the girls is not necessarily connected with their sexual life, but with their *habits*. The poor creatures have no one to care for them, they must have so much money sick or well, they, sir, require more money than other girls. They must fee the police and city officials well; they are perfect Ishmaelites, every body is against them and they must prepare to meet every body. The result is many of them get disgusted with the world and every thing in it, and, like too many others, drink to drown their trouble. Few men will have any thing to do with a woman who is not stimulated with strong drink; so the girls shorten their lives by drinking, smoking, keeping late hours and irregularities of all their habits. I am trying to save them by reforming them."

"By defending them I mean two things; first, I try to get every one I speak with to exercise charity for their sins, by showing how the world by making outcasts of them has driven them to dissipation. In the second place, I see, as I think most others do, the necessity of having such people in every community. They are safety-valves. It is possible for a woman to pass through the streets of New York now, unmolested, a thing she could not do were it not for these poor creatures calling together and holding in check the worst elements of society."

"Now I think marriage is all right, it is just the institution, that is, it was once all that was needed, and now is all that is needed by a majority of people. But when our marriage law was made, and when the command: 'Thou shalt not commit adultery,' was given, people were not living on the ocean nor yet in a trunk. Before people traveled much—when they were always at home they needed nothing but what the marriage relation, properly regulated, supplied. Now our system of commerce is such that the most of the people are away from home much of the time. Take for instance our Lyceum Lecturers who are

absent from home four or five months at a time and doing the most exhaustive kind of brain work, I do not know that they cannot live without sexual commerce but I know they do not. They know enough to know that while sexual excess is depleting to the system, repression or masturbation are quite as bad, but what will they do? their wives are not with them; repression or masturbation are liable to drive them to insanity or suicide, I believe it is a God-send for such to have places where they can go; so of drummers, sailors and others. At least, whether this is necessary for them or not, it is necessary for the safety of women and girls. No man ever yet committed a rape, who had access to one of these girls—thus, if this is an evil it is a necessary evil. I contend that these girls should post themselves with the arguments to defend themselves, and at the same time live so as to force the world to respect them."

"Your arguments are good, I have used, some of them," was our reply, "but if you have a lover and are exclusively devoted to him, why are you here? why do you not marry that lover and go into respectable society?"

"Well," said she, "it would take a long time to give my whole history but I can explain that much to you in a few words. I have a husband, one whom I dearly loved, but he is hopelessly insane and for eight years has been an inmate of a lunatic asylum, he would not know me if I were to go and see him. The law of this State will not grant me a divorce for any cause, save that of adultery. I do not believe he was ever guilty of adultery and if I did, I would not bring such a charge against an insane man. Now I must either violate the law of my being or else break man's law by committing bigamy or living with my lover without marriage. Either places me, should it be known, out of respectful society, so I choose, as I am living without law, to associate with, and as far as possible benefit these poor outlaws. I tell you, Mr. Hull, some of these poor girls have as good souls as can be found in this city."

These remarks opened a lengthy conversation that need not here be transcribed. Suffice it to say, this conversation led us to more firmly believe that society, so far from curing prostitution, is the cause of about all there is in the world,

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Taken at Our Word.

On Sundays the 3d and 10th of this month at Lurline Hall we discussed the "Impending Crisis." In these discourses we undertook to show that there was no alternative: the cry must come from the lower million, "Bread or Blood." Of course we classed ourself with the lower million: for both our exchequer and our larder were drained. We did not anticipate so sudden an effect: in fact we were pleading the cause of other tramps—not our own.

On Monday night the 11th, about 8 o'clock, while we were engaged in our work, an alarm at the door attracted our attention. Of course, we went to the door—not dreaming of tramps, burglars, or incendiaries. When we opened the door there stood a—good looking, and apparently harmless man and woman. Desiring to know what we could do for them, we immediately invited them in, but instead of accepting our invitation, they stepped back and gave a signal, an in less than ten seconds we found ourselves in the hands of an armed force. There were a dozen in number—too many for us, unarmed as we were, to resist. Each one had two arms with hands at the ends of them farthest from the body, and baskets in their hands. They took their baskets and marched, single file, into our parlor, and after reconnoitering there some time, and finding nothing of any value to them, they took up their line of march and started for our silver spoon. They went into the kitchen, jerked our extension table to pieces—made it "spread itself" and it fairly groaned 'neath its load of provisions. We all sat down and helped ourselves, almost to burstification, when they retired to the parlor, talked of the live issues of the day, cracked jokes, etc., until almost cock-crowing time, and then retired peacefully, leaving our table still groaning. We have lived on cold victuals ever since.

The intruders were from Charlestown—persons whom we had supposed to be our personal friends. Mr. and Mrs. Jordan, Mr. and Mrs. Hicock, and Mr. and Mrs. Young were among the leaders. Mrs. Hicock is an authoress, a story writer, a temperance lecturer, and so on; but when she got to our house, she found herself in—company. All this comes from pitching our tent in Charlestown. We won't do it again.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

Almost twenty winters and summers have come and gone since the issue of the first number of the journal, the name of which stands at the head of this article. It is now well under way with its 38th volume. Like all other papers devoted to unpopular truth, it has been compelled to meet opposition of many kinds. Nothing, however, has caused it to swerve to the right or left from its steady course. Each succeeding number can, as in the past, be opened with the expectation of finding well written editorials, spicy correspondence and the latest and best evidence of Spiritualism, all tastefully arranged and neatly printed on good paper. In the opening number of the new volume its editor says:

"A favorable verdict as to the usefulness of this paper has been rendered by the people, and it can well afford to bear, without fear or concern, alike the criticism of the sectarian bigots outside and the malignant misrepresentations of a few within the ranks of Spiritualism."

After a general exhortation to traducers and abusers of mediums and others, either for their views, or what may be termed, social delinquencies," the *Banner* says:

"There is no evidence apparent to our mind that the bright luminary of Spiritualism is now under an eclipse, or that it is to be in any coming time. On the contrary, the reports which reach us from every quarter of the globe, even from China and the far islands of the antipodal seas, are of the most cheering character. Instruments may crumble in the hands of invisible toilers, but the work for the cause goes on. We believe the sifting now in progress will be of advantage to all, if only that charity which Pauline philosophy has placed above faith and hope be exercised in the process. Therefore as to the prospects of the cause in general, we desire to say that we have never entered upon a New Volume with a more buoyant heart concerning the future of the great fact of spirit communion, the advent of a knowledge of which has been the crowning glory of the present century."

Our worst wish for the *Banner of Light* is, and ever has been the one so often expressed by Rip Van Winkle, "May it live long and prosper."

IS MARRIAGE SLAVERY?

In the question asked above we would not be understood as asking whether the relation of husband and wife is necessarily that of master and slave or that of slaves toward each other, but, is the thing called legal marriage a system of slavery? That it is, can be doubted, we think, by few who have investigated the question. In a former article we proved that a married woman lost even her name. We also proved that she is property; this is illustrated by the Beecher-Tilton trial and other similar cases. Other cases will still further illustrate this point.

Some twenty years since, in the State of New York lived a woman who supported an inebriate husband and her children by washing clothes for her neighbors. One day, in a hurry to get to her work, she undertook to cross the railroad track and was run over and badly injured by the cars. She sued the Railroad Company for damages and lost her case; it happened however, that during the progress of the trial the fact leaked out that if the husband had sued the railroad he could have gained the case. The husband immediately instituted suit and collected \$8,000, for his *damaged property*. Why would the law allow this drunken man damages for injuries inflicted on another person when it refused to allow damages to the person injured? The reason is obvious; the person injured was the property of the one who collected and used the damages; but, if this damaged woman belonged to the man who got the pay for her injuries then she did not belong to herself. Does this or does it not justify us in saying a married woman does not own her person?

If further proof is needed that a married woman neither has a name or person of her own, it will be found in the fact that in many States a man can get a divorce from his wife on the ground of her refusing to grant him control of her body. For leaving his bed, which means refusing to grant him the use and control of her sexual functions a man can advertise his wife, refuse to pay bills of her contracting and finally, in many States, obtain a divorce. Was there ever more absolute slavery in the South? We think not.

In Michigan and several other States are laws to-day remaining on their Statute Books of which the following is a synopsis:

1. "Any person harboring a fugitive wife shall pay such damages as a jury may determine."
2. "Any person enticing a wife away from her husband shall pay such damages as a jury may determine."

3 "If a married woman holds sexual intercourse with another man, except by consent of her husband, such party shall be liable for damages."

4. "If a married woman visits any house or attends any society other than religious societies, the husband may order her away and use sufficient force to compel her to leave."

5. "A husband may reasonably chastise his wife."

Here a few questions naturally present themselves. 1st. Where is the law assessing damages for harboring fugitive husbands? 2nd. Who pays damages for enticing a husband from home? 3rd. Where is the law compelling one woman to pay damage to another for holding sexual intercourse with her husband except by her consent? 4th. Does not the fact of a woman being compelled by law to ask the husband's consent as to whether she may hold sexual intercourse with another man, put her sexual functions out of her control and in the control of her husband? 5th. If a husband has a right to permit a wife to hold sexual intercourse with another man, does not such permission from the husband prove that he has charge of her sexual functions? 6th. In such a case, to whom does the wife's sexual nature belong? 7th. If the husband has a right to permit, has he not a right to compel his wife to be sexually intimate with another man? 8th. If a husband has a right to use "sufficient force to compel" a wife to leave any house or society, should not a wife have the same power? 9th. In that case, how long would Masonic and Odd Fellows Lodges continue? What would become of Club Rooms? 10th. How long would a law remain on our books permitting a wife to reasonably chastise a husband?

Reader are you convinced that marriage is slavery? Now is marriage divine? if so slavery is a divine institution. More of this hereafter.

Bad for Spiritualism (?)

Who has not heard of the son of Erin, who when his friends were drawing him up out of a well, became indignant because they did not turn the windlass faster, and swore, "by the howly Saint Pathric, he'd cut the roap and let every one of them down. He did cut the roap and the observers discovered that it was Pat instead of the men at the windlass who fell.

Col. Olcott, like some other things was very large when first hatched, but something with him has gone against the grain so he flies to the columns of the *N. Y. Tribune* and proceeds to cut the roap in the following manner:

"I repudiate all connection with American Spiritualism in its present form, and refuse to be classified by my critics among the free-lovers, pantarchists, socialists, and other theorists who have fastened upon a sublime and pure faith as barnacles upon a ship's bottom."

Now don't the "Free-Lovers, Pantarchists, Socialists and other Theorists" feel badly? We expect to see them all dress in mourning.

Come, dear Colonel, we doff our hat, we get down upon our marrow bones, we plead, deny us anything, demand of us any sacrifice, but don't, we beseech you, don't repudiate us! O, that our head were a fountain and our eyes rivers, that we might weep a perfect Mississippi on account of being repudiated.

WAYSIDE PENCILINGS.

We have come to feel that the summer's campaign is really over. The "Cotton Church" has been put away for safe keeping until spring. We have taken up the old life in home and office, with plenty of hard work, but "variety is the spice of life;" we like the change.

We do not intend to be silent though our church is "folded up and laid away." On Sunday, the 3rd. inst., Moses opened meetings at Lurline Hall in this city. The meeting was a success, beyond anything we had anticipated. The house was crowded and the audience enthusiastic. The topic for the afternoon was, "The Signs of the Coming Crisis." The speaker referred to the one million of tramps. He took the position that the Tramps were unheard of a few years since; that they had not sprung upon us as a curse like the locusts of the West or the Colorado potato bug; that they were for the most part mechanics, many of them skilled workmen; persons who had been good citizens, paid taxes, and mingled in respectable society. These men, their ages varying all the way from twenty to sixty years, had been compelled to turn tramps in search of employment. The firms that had employed them failed—failed because some larger firm had broken up, and the still larger ones had failed because the "Bulls and Bears" on

Wall and State streets, had gambled with their money.

He argued that crime was increasing from this very cause; that there was no hope in political parties, or in religion; declared there was more wealth in the world at the present time than ever before, but that it was *cornered*.

He expressed himself in the most radical terms on monopolies, banks, insurance etc. He prophesied that with a prospect of a hard winter and thousands of women and children threatened with starvation, the husbands and fathers, who had been crushed,—would rise in their power and demand "Bread or Blood." The lower million are clamoring for justice—justice in the way of a proper remuneration for labor. "Think of it" said he, "men with as good brains as there are in the world, begging for work by which to earn bread for their little ones, met in return with a *dish of soup*, offered in the name of charity (?) and I would add, *beautiful charity*, that, tied up with contemptible *red tape* such as meets us on every hand from the filthy soup houses to the P. O. Department at Washington."

The most radical points in the lecture were met with applause. The interest manifested through the entire meeting, was evidence that the people were ready for these issues.

The discourse was prefaced with the first words found in *The Crisis*, by Thomas Paine. No reformer can give us sentiments more applicable to our present needs than those; I quote them:

"These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis shrink from the service of his country, but he who stands it *now*, deserves the love and thanks of men and women. Tyranny like hell is not easily conquered, yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph."

Oh, Spiritualists! what a grand army you rallied a few years since. The phenomena of Spiritualism were tested, and proven. They withstood the searching eye of Science. Spiritualism became popular. Its votaries shouted to the Christian people, "We are fifteen millions strong." Halls were built, Lyceums organized and every effort made to proclaim the New Gospel.

After the ascended ones had substantiated the fact of spiritual existence, they gave another revelation; they had come for a purpose; had come to overturn, to dethrone the old, to bury grey customs, to people the earth with a race of diviner beings: to point out the "steps to the kingdom," even though they lead through hell; they said this could not be done without a *revolution*. The Social Question was sprung upon the people, embracing discussions of the National, Ecclesiastical, Commercial and Domestic Evils. They could not be debated without hurting somebody. There were Spiritualists in the Political rings; Spiritualists just hatched out of theology still wearing a part of the old shell, Spiritualists engaged in traffic and thousands of them dwelling in "whited sepulchers," hugging domestic evils, that become the nurse and mother of every Social Sin. As the new came up to meet the old, there were hosts who were not ready for this warring of ideas; others were convulsed with spasms of respectability and became dumb: not a few retired from the front from policy, while a smaller number catching the inspiration of the hour, became fired with a new genius; the fervency of their free souls electrified the brains of men and women who loved humanity; regardless of *ist* or *ism* the brave corps of reformers banded together for one common good, and began to question the ways and means, by which they might bridge the awful chasm that yawned between this and the wished for life. What has become of the "fifteen million" progressive Spiritualists? how many "summer soldiers and sunshine patriots" were there in that army? Tyranny is to be conquered. "He who stands it *now* (in this crisis) deserves the love and thanks of men and women."

Moses will lecture in Lurline Hall every Sunday this month. I would like to make Sunday or week night engagements for the remainder of this month, in places not too remote from this city.

We have new lectures on Finance, Co-operation versus Competition, Poverty and Riches, Signs of the Times, The Impending Revolution, Legalized Gambling etc. etc. The people need them.

MATTIE.

THE GODS.

"D. W. HULL: Dear Sir: You kindly answered my question about Bibles in the CRUCIBLE, No. 9: will you now please tell us how many Gods the people have worshipped, similar to the Jehovah-God of the Jews, and give names and dates, so that people can see that they have been fooled about Gods none of whom, I presume, ever had any other existence, except in the imagination, and oblige Your Friend, B. F. C."

We don't know about giving the number and dates of all the gods. There have been quite a number of first class, and myriads of ordinary gods. We shall necessarily confine ourselves to a few of the more prominent of the former, after which we will take a survey of the development of the god-idea. This will last us through several numbers of the CRUCIBLE. Let us then commence with our

JEHOVAH-GOD.

The prominent characteristics of this Hebrew-Christian deity, are—

"Infinitely great, intelligent and free being; of perfect goodness, wisdom and power; transcendently glorious in holiness; who made the Universe and continues to support it, as well as to govern and direct it, by his providence and laws."—*Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge*.

"This is one of the names which we give to that eternal, infinite and incomprehensible Being, the Creator of all things, who preserves and governs everything by his almighty power and wisdom, and is the only object of our worship."—*Cruden*.

"In the unity of the Godhead there be three persons of one substance, power and eternity.—God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost."—*Confession of Faith*.

In the Bible he is also represented as Weak and Imbecile (Gen. 11: 5-7; 18: 51; Ex. 32: 11-13; Num. 14: 14-21; Judges 1: 19), Libidinous (Num. 31: 40), Malevolent (Ex. 32: 9, 10; 33: 35; Num. 16: 44-6; Deut. 23: 6-10), and Dishonest (Deut. 14: 26; Num. 9: 13).

These attributes are self-contradictory and better calculated to support atheism than anything that could be said by Atheists themselves.

1. He cannot be infinitely great, because infinity includes the whole. If God includes all things, nothing can be conceived apart from him. Therefore we can owe no obligations to him, for everything being a part of him, we are a part of him, and a necessity to him and cannot be dispensed with. If we, or any of us, can be dispensed with, then we are so much added to infinity, which is a clog to infinity and destroys it. If he is infinite with us, he cannot be infinite without us, and *vice versa*.

5. He cannot be infinitely intelligent, because infinite intelligence includes all intelligence. If an intelligent being existed outside of God, then God lacks just so much of being infinitely intelligent. If he is a part of God, then before he was created, God needed just this much to make him infinitely intelligent. S. Barring Gould says:

"If his intelligence be infinite, he does not pass from one idea to another, but knows all perfectly and instantaneously: to him the past, the present and the future are not; therefore he can neither remember nor foresee. He can neither generalize, nor analyze, for if he were to do so there would be some detail in things, the conception of which would be wanting to him. He cannot reason; for reason is the passage from two terms to a third, and he has no need of a middle term to perceive the relation of a principle to its consequent. He cannot think, for to think is to allow a succession in idea."—*Origin and Progress of Religious Ideas*.

"To think is to condition," says Sir William Hamilton, "and conditional limitation is the fundamental law of the possibility of thought. For, as the greyhound cannot outstrip his shadow, nor (by a more appropriate simile) the eagle outsoar the atmosphere on which he floats, and by which alone he may be supported, so the mind cannot transcend that sphere of limitation, within and through which exclusively the possibility of thought is realized."

"To be conscious of the Absolute as such," says Dr. Mansel, "we must know that an object, which is given in relation to our consciousness, is identical with one which exists in its own nature out of all relation to consciousness. But to know this identity, we must be able to compare the two together; and such a comparison is itself a contradiction. We are in fact required to compare that of which we are conscious with that of which we are not conscious; the comparison itself being an act of consciousness, and only possible through consciousness of both its objects."

3. He cannot be infinite causation; for to assume this we are obliged to suppose him a great first cause uncaused. But that which is uncaused must of necessity be inoperative, since it could never proceed in causation without motion, and motion implies a cause. But motion destroys the infinity and absoluteness of God, as it implies a state of unrest. If the relations can be changed, they are not perfect without change; if they are perfect without change they are not perfect with change. To suppose him the cause of the Universe is to suppose him imperfect without it; to suppose him perfect without it, is to suppose him imperfect with it; for he either does need, or does not need the Universe added to make him infinitely perfect. In either case he is not infinite. If he has the power to create or cause to exist, he must also have the power to reverse that cause, or to annihilate. He then not only has power to blot out the Universe

but to annihilate his own being. He cannot, therefore, be omnipotent and immutable at the same time; for the two attributes are mutually destructive of each other.

INDRA.

Long before we have any account of the Hebrew Religion the Hindoos had their system of worship. Mrs. Lydia Maria Child says:

"The Sanskrit language in which their sacred books are written is of such remote antiquity; that no tradition remains of any people by whom it was spoken; and their mythological sculptures covering immense masses of rock, are said to be 'works which make the pyramids of Egypt seem young!'"—*Progress of Religious Ideas*.

The Garden of Eden, the Devil, or Adversary, the Forbidden Fruit, etc., are as noticeable as in the Book of Genesis. The following account of the Creation is found in the eleventh chapter of the Tenth Book of the Rig Veda. The foot notes will enable the reader to compare the two stories of Creation:

"Then there was no entity, nor non-entity, no world, no sky; nor aught above it; nothing anywhere involving or involved; nor water deep and dangerous.* Death was not, and therefore no immortality, nor destruction of day and night.† But THAT ONE breathed calmly alone with Nature, her who is sustained within him. Other than him nothing existed which since has been. Darkness there was, for this Universe was enveloped with darkness and was undistinguishable waters;‡ but that mass which was covered by the husk was at length produced by the power of contemplation."

In the laws of Manu written 1000 or 1200 years before the Christian era other points of similarity are brought to notice. The following is a selection from Sir William Jones' translation of the First Book on Creation:

"The Universe existed in darkness, imperceptible, undefinable, undiscoverable, and undiscovered; as if immersed in sleep.

"Then the self-existing power undiscovered himself, but making the world discernable, with five elements and other principles appeared in undiminished glory, dispelling the gloom."

Max Muller says:

"The Hindoos have a tradition preserved in their sacred institutions that a destroying angel was placed to the eastward of the Garden of Eden and is represented as a cherub. He is called Garnuda, or the Eagle, upon which Vishnu is mounted. In his compound character Garnuda approached the Hebrew cherub."—*Chips from a German Workshop*, vol. i. p. 245.

On page 253 of the same volume he tells us:

"The triangular harp of Egypt is represented, and so is the Tree of Life, which both in Hindostan and Egypt was believed to confer immortality on those who ate fruit."

Mrs. Child says:

"In their old sacred places this tradition is commemorated by representations of a tree, a serpent and human figures eating fruit."—*Prog. Rel. Ideas*, v. i. p. 54.

The pious Dr. Oliver, whose Orthodoxy will not be questioned by any one, says:

"Bryant in his *Analogy*, vol. iii., plate 7, has favored us with an engraving of a Tyrian coin in which a serpent is coiled around the trunk of a tree; and Maurice (*Ind. Antig.*, vol. iv.) has preserved a similar medal. Now to what other fact can these representations refer together with the corresponding symbols of the serpent entwining the staff of Mercury, Esculapius, and others, but the Paradiseal serpent and the tree of the knowledge of good and evil?"—*Historical Landmarks of Free Masonry*, v. ii., p. 339.

Indra was sometimes a triune God; at other times he was the first person in the Trinity. The three persons in the Trinity, however, were most generally designated by the terms Brahma, Vishnu and Siva. This triad is represented by three-faced images in all parts of India, and it expresses the unity of Creation, Destruction and Restoration; and we shall find all these elements existing in Saturn. Vishnu, which represents Destruction, curiously enough represents Spirit. It seems to be that which destroys the old man with his deeds, that the renovator may build out of the old materials the new man. Among the Brahmans it was customary to speak of this trinity by the title of Om. As there were a number of subordinate deities in India, it is possible, and altogether likely that this was a pantheistic word, uniting all the elements of all the gods into one being.

This word has crept into numerous theologies. It was the title given to the deity of the Amonites; was

* "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form and void." Gen. 1: 1, 2.

† "And God said let there be light and there was light. And God saw the light that it was good: and God divided the light from the darkness. And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day." Gen. 1: 3-5.

‡ "And darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the spirit of God moved upon the waters." Gen. 1: 2.

applied by Jupiter's worshippers to him (Jupiter-Amon), and appears in the Christian theology as the key-stone (or Amen) to their prayers and sermons; and is unconsciously used in the English language to forshadow, or as an Omen of fate. The best illustration of Darwinism in the world, is the persistency with which that word clings to the clergy. Their throats become full of impious cob webs, and *ahem* or *a um* sandwiches Gawd and the devil. In Book II. of the Laws of Manu on Education, we find that this custom of pronouncing the Om, and from it the Omen or Amen had been fixed by a canon:

"A Brahman beginning and ending a lecture on the Veda must always pronounce to himself the syllable Om; for unless the syllable Om precede his learning will slip away from him; and unless it follow nothing will be long retained."

In one sentence it is declared that this trillitteral syllable is an emblem of the Supreme Being.

D. W. H.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Facts concerning the Fall River Strike.

In consequence of the crowded state of our columns we have been compelled to postpone any remarks on the Fall River Labor Strikes until this time. A more iniquitous piece of business has never been supported by any government, as will be seen as we write up the proceedings of the mill owners.

In the month of December 1874, the operatives were surprised to find a notice posted on the tower door, announcing that at the end of two weeks (Jan. 4) wages would be reduced. As there was no information of what the reduction would be, there was considerable uneasiness among the operatives. When they succeeded in finding out that they were to be reduced from 27 to 24 cents a cut, or from an average \$8.10 to \$7.20 cents per week, their astonishment knew no bounds. In the mean time cloth had advanced one cent per yard, while the raw material had not advanced beyond the usual price; seven pounds of cotton costing at that time \$1.01½ would make a cut of cloth, which sold at 5½ cents per yard or \$1.92½ per cut. Thus they were already making \$3.20 a day or \$19.20 per week on each operator. Not satisfied with this—they now proposed to take 90 cents off from the week's wages of each operator and add it to the \$19.20 they were already getting. So while the operator was getting \$7.20 for his or her week's work the manufacturer would receive \$20.10 for it. Their rents were just as high (\$10. per month) and it costs just as much for coal and provisions. The result was a strike lasting until March, when a compromise was made and they went to work. But sometime last July the manufacturers again notified their help that they would have to cut down their wages as the market was already stocked. Fearing that the mills might be compelled to close in the winter when they would not be prepared for a vacation, the operatives thought it best to take their vacation in August when they would have less expense to contend with.

But when the vacation was over they found themselves shut out of the mills unless they would sign an agreement of which the following is a copy:

"Agreement. We, the undersigned, each for himself and not jointly, in consideration of our respective employment by the mills, and as a part of our respective agreement with the same, do hereby severally agree with the said company:

"First, That we will not, while in the employ of said corporation, belong to or be influenced by the actions of any association or combination whose members are subject to the will of the majority in the matter of wages or any other subject connected with the free right of any person to work for whom and at such rates as they may see fit.

"Second, That, should we wish to leave the employ of said corporation, we will give notice in writing to our overseers, and will continue to work ten days after said notice, it being understood that notices of not more than one-eighth of any one class of operatives will be accepted within one week, or, if less than eight persons in any one class, not more than one notice from such class; and should we leave the mill without giving and working the term of said notice, we will forfeit all money that may be due us from said corporation for labor previously performed.

"Third, Any breach of the provisions of this agreement or the printed regulations posted in the mills shall be considered 'misconduct' on the part of the subscribers hereto, and shall be considered sufficient cause for summary discharge from the employment of said corporation without notice or payment of wages in lieu of notice."

It was evidently the intention of the employers to reduce their help to abject servitude. The manufacturers said:

Our Lyceum.

Conducted by Mattie Sawyer.

HOW MUCH DO YOU PITY US?

We once heard of a gentleman who met an errand boy on the street; the little fellow looked so weary as he pressed his way along the thoroughfare with his huge bundle in his arms, that he attracted the good man's attention and he exclaimed: "My poor lad, I pity you!"

"Do you pity me five cents worth?" said the boy.

The gentleman took the hint and dropped a shining nickel into his hand.

"Thank you sir" said the boy and he hailed the first omnibus that came along.

Hundreds of friends tell us they pity us "these panic times." Of course you do, but how much do you pity us? Do you sympathize with us to the amount of two dollars and fifty cents? if not can you set your pity as high as sixty-five cents? If so, send it along and we will put your name down for thirteen numbers of HULL'S CRUCIBLE.

ARE THEY IN EARNEST?

Nearly every week we are the recipients of friendly letters, from persons who claim to be interested in the welfare of the CRUCIBLE. Not unfrequently do those letters contain expressions of gratification, that we continue to devote one page of the CRUCIBLE to the LYCEUM, notwithstanding its space seems so valuable in these times, when every liberal paper should be made an exponent of the live issues of reform.

Now all of this sounds well, and would be quite encouraging if these messages were accompanied with a contribution for this Department.

We like sympathy, kind words etc., but as phrases become stereotyped, they make but little impression and the most of us know that words are very cheap commodities.

From time to time we have appealed to those who are active in the Lyceums and otherwise, to contribute to that Department which we assigned for the benefit of young writers. Our friends say to us, "keep up the LYCEUM, we find many good things to read in our gatherings; every reformatory paper ought to reserve a space for young readers."

Are they in earnest? We don't want to distrust their honesty, but how much are such ones doing to perpetuate radical thought or disseminate the truth? How much effort are they making to advance themselves individually?

Convince us that you are in earnest in your exhortations, by coming to our aid: by helping us to fill OUR LYCEUM with short, spicy articles, taking some of our burden, while we are journeying and preaching almost every night.

BENJAMIN MILES:

Or the Boy Who was not Understood.

BY MATTIE.

(CONCLUDED.)

My next aim must be to get the money to Benjamin without seeming an intruder. Dorothy had not returned, Mrs. Miles was too much interested in her work to watch me—as long as her husband was asleep—so I had the field to myself. How should I manage? Suddenly I hit upon the following plan. I would call the boy to do an errand for me, would pretend to remunerate him, at the same time pay him largely for similar favors he had rendered since I had boarded with the family. By this means, he would have no idea that his father had been let into the secret; some how I felt the surprise was for him.

I was just stepping out of the door, when I heard Mrs. Miles' scream from an upper window: "Benjamin, B-e-n-j-a-m-i-n (she had a peculiar way of stretching the name) Dorothy's comin. If you're alive, go and help her bring in the parcels and see to the horse. She must be e'en-a-most roasted ridin so far in the hot sun."

I had a chance to speak with Benjamin, before Dorothy drove into the yard.

I have not room here to describe Dorothy's appearance as she alighted. Her usually florid face was covered with perspiration and dust, altogether, presenting a curious combination of colors. Her visage bore an expression, that indicated anything but a happy frame of mind; Benjamin's greeting was in no wise calculated to help matters.

"Does the minister pay any more for your butter and eggs than other folks?"

"What's that to you?" was the answer.

"Oh, not much, but I wouldn't cart provisions around this weather for the minister or any other man, unless he paid me for it.

"You're an old brute any way: I don't wonder you dislike the minister. I should think you would be afraid of him."

"Afraid of him! ha ha; I never lied to him through fear, as you and mother have. If ever I see the reverend gentleman again, I shall tell him I cut up your quilting frames, 'with my little hatchet,'" said Benjamin dryly. All this time Benjamin had been removing the store bundles from the wagon. I noticed the box in which Dorothy had carried the eggs away from the farm that morning, was taken very carefully from the wagon by her own hands.

After the things were removed, Benjamin led the beast toward the stable, and stepped with more sprightliness than was usual for him, probably in consideration of the money he was to receive.

Mrs. Miles had a great many questions to ask concerning the ride, none of which I can give in detail, but we (Benjamin and myself) afterwards learned that the young minister had taken one of the Simpkins girls to the picnic on that day; Dorothy was so indignant her christian benevolence forsook her and she brought home the eggs and butter. As a result we had on the table that evening, butter that complained terribly of the warm weather.

My plan with Benjamin succeeded admirably. He felt "rich" with ten dollars; assured me he had a place for it, and the next morning to the indignation of the mother and sister, I carried him to town for a visit of a few days—to his uncle's. He carried a trunk. At first his mother scolded, warred with Mr. Miles because he indulged Benjamin in his laziness. Dorothy consoled her by saying, they ought to be thankful to get him out of the way, that he wasn't any help on the farm. I knew that the trunk was not filled with clothing; that his uncle had a carpenter's shop, but I asked no questions.

Mr. Miles and myself experienced a certain relief during Benjamin's absence; there was some scolding to be sure, but it was of a different order. "Variety is the spice of life."

At length, Benjamin came. It was evening. His uncle's family accompanied him. The sound of their voices in the yard attracted our attention.

"What's up?" said Mr. Miles laying his spectacles on the paper, preparing to go to the door. "I s'pect it's some of the pesky Spirit'lists" said his wife. "May be its the folks from the parsonage" said Dorothy.

The surprise was soon at an end. The door opened and Mr. Miles' brother with wife and children came in, followed by Benjamin who went to the back kitchen for the lantern, then slipped out at the back door and proceeded to take care of the horse. Before his return the minister and his maiden sister drove into the yard. Benjamin took the reins from the clergyman's hands, and invited them into the house.

Dorothy immediately left the room. I noticed when she returned, that she had removed her calico apron and in its place was a white one starched to perfection; she had given her hair a hurried brushing and the ends of the scarlet bow were distressingly straight. But alas for Dorothy! the hopes that she may have entertained "perhaps he cares for me after all," were suddenly dashed to pieces, for in the course of a few moments he said; "Excuse us for calling so unceremoniously, we are soliciting a subscription for the purpose of refurbishing the church; perhaps you would like to give something" said he directing his conversation to Mrs. Miles.

Undoubtedly she thought of the butter Dorothy had spoiled on his account, and remembered he had carried Miss Angeline Simpkins to Pleasant Pond on the day of the Picnic, and Dorothy not even notified there was to be one. Let it be as it may, she indignantly refused to give anything.

The conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Benjamin, who awkwardly half lifted, half

shoved into the room, an object concealed in a blanket. Regardless of curious spectators, he proceeded to uncover it. As he removed the last string and the blanket fell to the floor, we beheld a beautiful book-case and writing desk. It was of exquisite workmanship. Benjamin cleared his throat and said:

"Father this is for you; 'I did it with my little hatchet.'" As he finished the sentence he looked at Dorothy who was blushing to her ears.

"My son, did you do this? who helped you? where did you get the material?"

"Well," said Benjamin, "murder will out. The first material I ever put into that desk was Dorothy's quilting frames; you will see it in the compartments of the drawers." "But," rejoined his father, "this is black walnut," pointing to the body of the case.

"No, it is stained wood. I have used every stick and board I could find or beg. Uncle Joshua has been liberal in donations. The carvings I bought with money, given me by your lady minister. The mirror that you will find on the under side of the cover of the desk, I found among the rubbish in our old attic. I had to work. I could not eat or sleep when the feeling was on me. I hope this is but the beginning of what I may do."

When he had concluded his speech, I felt the time had come for me to "speak in meeting." I acknowledged to Benjamin my reconnoiter in the shed. My interview with his father, how I came by the money I paid him and the little ruse I practiced to get it into his hand. Then turning to Mrs. Miles I said, you now have my explanation. This little play was a terrible punishment to Mrs. Miles and Dorothy, but they stood it nobly.

The minister praised the boy's effort and I heard him say in an undertone to his mother, "Is this the boy you have told me never would amount to anything?"

"Lor' bless you, no; I allers know'd he was smart, but a little queer."

"Benjamin," continued the preacher, "I intend to refurbish our parlor this autumn, (I saw a merry twinkle in his eye) and I will engage you to make me a piece of furniture like that on a larger scale."

"If the reports are true you will have another mistress at the parsonage by that time" said Dorothy spitefully.

"He may as well own up" said the maiden sister, "perhaps you will favor us with an extra loaf of bride's cake" she continued laughingly.

Dorothy bit her lips nervously, Mrs. Miles twisted in her chair, conversation flagged and the visitors took their departure.

This is what became of Dorothy's hopes and Benjamin's whittling in the old shed.

Benjamin is a man now, has built a new house on the old farm. Dorothy keeps the house and oversees things while Mr. Miles attends legislature. Mrs. Miles is proud of her son, and still insists that he was allers a queer boy.

THE BOSTON LYCEUM.

(Reported for OUR LYCEUM by H. B. Johnson.)

Oct. 3. The Lyceum opened at the usual hour with singing, marching, etc. There was a good attendance and the decoration of the hall with flowers, autumn leaves and mottoes, added to the attractions of the occasion. The exercises from the platform were participated in as follows:

Declamations by Ella Carr, May Potter, George Pratt, Linwood Hickock and Mabel Edson. Duette, by Helen M. Dill and Alvena Smith. Readings by Rudolph Burtleson, Esther James, M. Frank Wheeler, H. B. Johnson and Benjamin Weaver. Reading of an original article by conductor Danforth giving some ideas in regard to the Lyceum and Spiritualism, and stating that this was his last Sunday as conductor of the Lyceum. Mr. J. J. Morse of England made an excellent address which was well received. Remarks by Mr. Hatch and David Brown.

—The other Sunday a Detroit minister preached a sermon on the sin of white lies and evasions, and he flattered himself that his congregation took every word to heart. Next day he made a call on one of his parishioners, and as he mounted the front steps he heard one of the boys call out: "Ma! ma! the preacher's coming here!" "Great lands!" he heard her shout, "and my hair's down and I've got this old dress on! Run to the door, Bill, and tell him I went to Grosse Isle on a church excursion!" "Oh! no, I hate to," replied the boy. "Go—go quick—hurry up, or I'll tan you till you can't raise a foot!" she urged, and the lad went to the door and discouraged the preacher from making a call.—[Detroit Free Press.

[For Our Lyceum.]

"PLEASE GOD! MAKE ROOM FOR A LITTLE CHILD."

BY MATTIE.

Oh, beautiful angels, stand back! the gates
Of heaven swing gently ajar;
I hear the music of harpers & love
Who have climbed the mystical stair.
I hear the beating of mother's lone hearts,
The sighing of agonies wild;
Please God! let the angels stand silently back,
"Make room for a little child."

You have come dear beings with breathings of love,
Have opened the way to the light;
You have parted the silent waters of death
And banished the wearisome night.
You have taught of great souls that were marching
On there
Of powers that o'er genius have smiled,
But daily, the cry goeth upward "Oh God!
Make a place for our little child."

This side of the stream which the angels have crossed,
Tread millions with hastening feet.
So intent on success, self-gain and applause,
They bury 'neath bitter the sweet,
The greatest and strongest walk over the less,
And push on with selfishness wild;
Please God! make room in the army of life,
For the march of a little child.

"WHEN YOU ARE DOWN."

What legions of friends always bless us
When golden success lights our way!
How they smile as they softly address us,
So cordial, good-natured and gay!
But, oh, when the sun of prosperity
Has set, then how quickly they frown
And cry out in tones of severity,
Kick the man—don't you see he is down!

What though when you knew not a sorrow
Your heart was as open as day,
And your friends when they wanted to borrow,
You'd oblige and ne'er ask them to pay:
What though not a soul you e'er slighted,
As you wandered about through the town,
Your friends become very near sighted
And don't seem to see you when down.

When you're up you're loudly exalted,
And traders all sing out your praise;
When you're down you have greatly defaulted,
And they really don't fancy your ways.
Your style was tip-top when you'd money,
So sings every sucker and clown;
But now—'tis exceedingly funny—
Things are altered "because you are down."

Oh, give me the heart that forever
Is free from the world's selfish rust,
And the soul whose high, noble endeavor
Is to raise fallen men from the dust;
And when, in adversity's ocean,
A victim is likely to drown,
All hail to the friend whose devotion
Will lift up the man when he's down.

ODDS AND ENDS.

—Is there a boy or girl among our readers who can tell us how to pronounce *g-o-u-p*? we can't find it in Webster's unabridged, our *devil* has given it up, and we—are in a quandary.

—A young man in Lancaster, Ohio, sent a dollar to a firm in New York who advertised a receipt to prevent bad dreams. He received a small slip of paper on which was written, "Don't go to sleep."

—Several powder-begrimed veterans gathered in a certain police station the other evening, says the *Louisville Courier Journal*, to keep out of the rain for a few minutes, and while there discussed the late war.

"I remember," said one, "that a bullet passed clear through George Gay's body and never killed him."

"I recollect," said another, "that a ball lodged in Bill Payson's lung and never was taken out, but he lived."

"I," said a third, "know well when the doctor thought Harry Hill's life was gone up as a 'minie' lodged within an inch of his heart, but he lived."

"Jake Johnson's head was pierced by a ball, and he lived," exclaimed the last man but one. These remarks produced considerable surprise and excited speech from all save a tall, slim and sleepy looking individual, who waited till his companions concluded, and then drawled, in piping accents,—"Those fellows was a little tough, I allow; but Jim Jones, who fit aside of me, was shot in the neck so that his head just hung by the skin."

"Great heavens!" ejaculated all, "you don't mean to say he lived, do you?"

"Oh, no; he died."

SUNSHINE AND SLEEP.

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[EDITORIAL CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.]

"We do not deny that the present condition of the print cloth market would warrant us in giving the twenty-seven cents demanded, but claim that the help has become so ungovernable that, if we should yield to their demand, it would be impossible to again maintain any discipline in the management of our mills."

This expresses it all: the help had become "ungovernable," would not obey their masters to whom they were supposed to belong—they would demand pay for their work; therefore it is necessary to crush them until they will yield—starve them to it—then we can have our way. So in order to further effect this object they will stipulate them never to combine with each other for mutual protection. The employers may combine to crush the operatives—but the operatives if they resist, must resist single handed; they cannot unite even to protect their homes, if such a thing should be necessary, and only one out of every eight will be permitted to withdraw at any rate whatever the circumstances may be. In order to overcome the operatives Governor Gaston sent out the troops. The Massachusetts militia were on hand to enforce order, lest the starving women and children should demand bread, or the insulted laborers should rise in defense of their rights and return insult for insult. No violence had been done or threatened. It was enough that capitalists had given cause to expect violence, and a fawning, sycophantic, lick spittle Governor is ready to do the bidding of his opulent masters at Fall River, and make a dog of the state to drive these starving, freezing women and children to terms, where the cannibals could again feast and luxuriate on their sweat and blood. When did ever a hireling Governor see the needs of the poor man, and call out even a single policeman to enforce the laws? Withal it turned out that there was no need of armed troops—no talk of any insurrection—that Gov. Gaston had exceeded his duties in order to coerce the iniquitous elements of the employers. Fifteen thousand operatives were now reduced to starvation. A committee was sent to Newport to collect what they could of the laborers there, but the combination was too strong for them. Law never favors the working man. It is always used as a tool to assist the rich man. So in this case, this committee were notified that if they attempted to collect money they would be arrested as sturdy beggars and sent to the State Farm for six months. They then appealed to the Mayor; he told them that "unless they returned to Fall River he would have them arrested as vagrants." They were compelled to return to Fall River with but little help. The result was, the starving employees were compelled, to the number of fourteen thousand, to sign the agreement drawn up by their masters. They are now at their mercy, and we may look for the most abject conditions imposed on them about mid-winter, when they cannot help themselves.

Had an agent from some of these mills gone to Newport to solicit money for some rich man, to aid him in swindling the poor, no objection would have been urged. The Mayor and the mill owners would have given them every facility he asked, and if that had not been sufficient he could have telegraphed Gov. Gaston, and the militia of Massachusetts would have been at his disposal.

When will the working people arise in defense of their rights? D. W. H.

"IRREDEEMABLE CURRENCY."

In these days we hear a great deal about "an irredeemable currency." The words are hung up as a kind of financial scare-crow to keep idiots and fools from clamoring for their rights. The words are mere bosh! there is nothing to them—no meaning in them. Currency according to Webster, "is the state or quality of being current; a continual course or passing from person to person, or hand to hand; general estimation; the rate at which any thing is generally valued; that which is in circulation, or is given and taken as having value, or as representing property, as the currency of the country; a specie currency."

A currency, then is a representation of value—a parchment title to a given (it should be a definite) amount of objects of barter, as deeds are parchment titles to definite quantities of land. But unless it expands in quantity as the bulk of the commodities it represents expands it will not be equal to the emergency of representing the true value of that commodity. To illustrate, a colony starts up in a new country with just ten thousand dollars in currency. For awhile this capital is equal to the emergency of affecting all the exchanges necessary. Ten years after, however, many of the children have grown up and gone into business. The population has increased thirty-three per cent.; so that each member is obliged to use thirty-three per cent. less of money than when they commenced. But

their property has more than doubled: they have twenty times as many acres in a state of cultivation as many cattle, horses, sheep, and other stock, so that there is a demand for one hundred and fifty per cent. more of exchange (or twenty-five thousand dollars instead of ten thousand dollars) than when they commenced. But gold and silver are inflexible; they will not expand to meet the wants of the community. In this emergency fifteen thousand dollars is borrowed at five per cent; but where is this per cent. to be had? If you plant your borrowed money it won't grow—if you speculate it won't increase. There is only one way; that is to take the five per cent. out of the fifteen thousand dollars. You do business with it a year and take out seven hundred and fifty dollars and pay your interest. The next year the business must be done with twenty-four thousand two hundred and fifty dollars instead of twenty-five thousand, as before. The next year after that you pay seven hundred and fifty dollars more, leaving a capital of twenty-three thousand five hundred dollars to do a business that should require by this time twenty-seven thousand dollars. After this policy has been pursued twenty years there will only be left the original ten thousand dollars, against a debt of fifteen thousand dollars, to do a business requiring a hundred thousand dollars. The result is those who are shrewd get a corner on the money, an aristocracy is established, and people suffer for the commodities stored up in their sight, because they have no exchange with which to procure them.

This is just our condition now. In the time of our country's peril, money was needed, and it was borrowed from those who had it; and, although we have paid that National debt in interest and premium on gold, nearly three times since the war, yet we owe over one billion one hundred and fifty-five millions of dollars of it, and have no means of paying it, simply because we cannot get gold.

Our exchangeable products to day are equal to ten billion of dollars which is represented by only about six hundred and fifty millions, or one dollar in fifteen. People are starving—business is stagnated for want of capital. Yet in the face of all this, we are told that we must have a specie currency, that is a currency representing the bullion of commerce. But there is never more than two hundred millions of specie at any one time in our country, and there is no means of getting it but by buying it and giving bonds for it bearing specie interest. If we do not borrow, we shall have only one dollar to do the business of fifty with. Then we shall be completely at the mercy of money-kings and grass will grow in the streets of Boston, New York, St. Louis, Chicago and Philadelphia for want of money to remove it. Haggard want and gaunt famine will meet us at every turn; hollow-eyed famishing women and children will haunt us like a fearful nightmare vision, while the lordling will ride over the country in his opulence guarded by the troops of a hireling government.

But how is this to be accomplished? In one way and only one way. We must have a representative of value equal to the commercial demands of our country. "What! an irredeemable paper currency?" asks the hireling of the Money-crat. We answer give us a paper currency that will procure its face in corn, oats, wheat, wool, cotton, iron, railroad transportation, or whatever else we may need. "Yes; but what will we redeem it with?" we are asked. Redeem it with the commodities we have mentioned. "Yes; but we must have some sort of a valuation," insists the lord of per cents. Of course, we will, and we will state that valuation upon its face.

Talk about an "irredeemable paper currency"—why not talk about an "irredeemable gold currency"? We claim that paper should be redeemed with gold, pray what are you going to redeem gold with? "O," we are told, "gold has an intrinsic value." Granted; so has wheat, corn, wool and cotton. That value is a mental comparison between one thing and another: this comparison being measured by dollars and cents, which are units of difference in the measurement of objects. These estimates have heretofore been made in two ways: one was by lumps of precious metals which were valueless, except as jewelry—another was a paper or papers bearing the number of those units, redeemable at all times and places where these values are to be had in unit-measures of wheat, corn, and other merchantable commodities, to the number of these units.

Now as we talk about an "irredeemable currency," let us ask what will be redeemable with a gold currency? To-day there are two millions of laborers out of employment, simply because their labor is irredeemable. The labor is wanted just as much as ever, but there is not the wherewith in these units of value to procure it with. There are irredeemable clothes, boots, hats, bed-clothes, etc., all over the country while millions of people are in want of them: irredeemable because there is not exchange with which to procure them. There are millions of bushels of wheat, potatoes, apples, and other produce, which cannot be redeemed for want

of a representative value; and yet people are suffering, starving for these things. What care we for gold in this hour of our want, when the night is made horrid by the solemn moans of suffering, starving, freezing, human beings—dying for want of the necessities of life? Give us an exchange that will enable us to convert our labor into comfort, and we will be content. Your redeemable currency has already made the necessities of life irredeemable to us. Henceforth let us have something better. D. W. H.

New and Wonderful Developments!

E. J. Witherford writes from Chicago:

"I am getting new developments at every sitting, and the dear spirits say they will walk out of my cabinet by the first of January next.

Last week at a circle here, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Hall, Dr. Dennison and my mother present, they brought a portrait (carte de visite) from an album in a trunk in an adjoining room, and gave it to Dr. Dennison, remarking in the independent voice that they had left their 'impress' upon it; and on a light being procured, a distinct figure of a white hand appeared on the shoulder of the gentleman in the picture, which was not there before; the glaze of the picture is not taken off, so that it was not scratched with a knife or any instrument but seems to be developed in the picture. This is one of the strangest things I ever saw. I have had several communications written (independent spirit-writing) that had to be held before a mirror to be read.

[We are personally acquainted with the writer of the above, and if it will add anything to the weight of his testimony, we vouch for his moral integrity as well as his ability to relate matters as they are. We sincerely hope the prophecy given him by the spirits may be fulfilled. ED.]

Our Literary Record.

NOTHING LIKE IT: or Steps to the Kingdom. By Lois Waisbrooker, author of "Alice Vale," "Helen Harlow's Vow," "May Weed Blossoms," "Suffrage for Women," etc., etc. "Thy Kingdom come." Boston: Colby & Rich, Publishers, 9 Montgomery Place.

We doubt whether any one can read this book without concluding that there is *nothing like it*. There can be no harm in falling down before it and worshipping it, for its likeness cannot be found in heaven above or in the earth beneath. We think the second part of its title is also true. If the "Steps to the Kingdom" are not pointed out here, we know not where to look for them. The book itself is a novel founded on facts. It thoroughly discusses society as it is and as it should be. About every character in the book is a hero or a heroine. Eben Rockwood is a sensible old ex-Methodist minister who has become disgusted with the hypocrisy in the Church and the shams in the State. He never loses an opportunity to "reprove, rebuke and exhort," though sometimes not with the "long suffering and patience" recommended by Paul. In one sense he has become an Ishmaelite, his hand against society and society's hand against him. His sayings and doings throughout the book, could they be collected in a volume by themselves, would be just what is needed to put into the hands of novices in the present reformatory movement.

Robert Crandall is a Claude Mellnot of a fellow—a fast youth who in the days of sowing his wild oats ruins several good girls, and is finally by Eben Rockwood, Minnie Morris and the ego of the book, prevented from carrying his work of devastation and death still farther. He marries a wealthy iceberg of a young lady and becomes a Congressman but is finally beaten by the girls he sought to ruin.

Rev. Mr. Berrian is a young and popular minister, though at first very Orthodox and stiff, is beaten in argument by the I, the ego of the book and finally surrenders soul and body to her—marries her, and becomes one of the brightest lights on the road to the kingdom.

The book thoroughly illustrates the folly of trying to put "old wine into new bottles." That is one of the things that cannot be done. No lopping off the branches of the evils of society as it exists will accomplish the needed work. No partial reform can benefit the masses. The problems must all be solved together. Financial, Political, Social and Churchal sins are joined hand in hand and must stand or fall together.

Our author refers to, and comments very beautifully and ingeniously on the biblical text, which speaks of a beast or thing, having the head of a beast and the body of a man—the beast is our nation—the man-body is the common people, the beast head is the head of government. The text is a very good one and the comments beautiful; it is unfortunate for the Bible however, that there is no such text in it.

All in all, *Nothing Like It*, is by far the best of the very good books that Lois Waisbrooker has produced. There are very few writers so capable of taking unpopular truths and rendering them at once so plain and so attractive as is here done. Writing books is Mrs. Waisbrooker's best forte. We sincerely hope to see many others from the same versatile author.

Olla-Podrida.

THE article on our first page—"The Labor Question"—has been put in pamphlet form and can be had by addressing us. Price, postpaid, 7 cts. or 35 cents per dozen. who will have a dozen to scatter among friends?

It is surmised that uncle Sam's agents get hold of some of our money as it passes through the mails. Persons remitting money on subscription will receive a postal card acknowledging the same. If they receive no such acknowledgment within proper time, they should write again.

It takes a letter from a Fall River operative, ordering documents to help them in their fight against their masters, twenty days to reach this office. That is, such letters travel at the rate of two miles per day. Considering the combination of capital everywhere, and that mill owners and Postmasters are in the same ring, this is fast travelling.

POOR Pemberton on Friday last was put to as poor a use as can be devised for a man. He had killed a woman and the State swung him to glory on a gallows. He tried to beat the State, but so rich a treat could not be lost; so he was doctored and fated up until killing time—was guarded day and night, least a second attempt to cheat the gallows should deprive blood-thirsty hounds of the law of a rich morsel.

THE holy bigots who constitute themselves the officers and managers of the New York Association of Spiritualists have interdicted the Sale of the *Toledo Sun* in or about their hall. These ignoramus, who bark when Comstock hisses them on, remind us of the poor Pope who cursed the comet. One of their officers sold the *CRUCIBLE* there till its suppression by himself and others, and then to avoid paying for the five regular copies he had, he got his Postmaster to order it stopped. His name is W. E. Hatch.

A FUGITIVE Fall River laborer was found under the coal in the hold of a European bound vessel on the 9th inst. How this reminds one of the fugitives from Southern Slavery! Steering for the same country, too.

"Slaves cannot breathe in England; The moment they touch our soil Their shackles fall." The American flag is a flaunting lie. The only freedom known in it, is freedom to nabob Christian cannibals to feast and fatten on the lives of toilers.

If those who are in our debt, really knew our condition, we feel assured that feelings of humanity would prompt them to send in their dues. Positively, we have seen noon come without anything in the house to eat, and not more than ten cents in our pockets. At such times things look dark, more especially, when we consider the hundreds of dollars due us that we cannot get. Will not reformers who know that we have sacrificed all except life, help us to procure our work? Sign for the *CRUCIBLE* for a friend; you may thus bless more than one.

THE Labor Reform Convention which met at Worcester on the 6th nominated the following ticket:

Governor—Wendell Phillips.
Lieutenant-Governor—Wm. T. Bartlett.
Secretary of State—Israel Andrews.
Treasurer—H. B. Coffin.
Auditor—J. E. Fitzgerald.
Attorney General—H. B. Maglathlin.

Previous to the nomination we had intended to vote the Labor Reform Ticket; but since they have headed the ticket with a man who could have been at the Convention by denying himself the luxury of being in the presence of a pack of do-nothing clergymen, we are undecided. When uncle Wendell gets among the enemies of the laborers—well we've all heard of Poor Dog Tray.

New Advertisements.

MISS HARRINGTON,
HEALING and Developing Medium. 94 Camden street, Boston. 1114.

LIZZIE NEWELL, Clairvoyant. 14 Hanover street Boston. Born with a gift of fortelling events, giving names and descriptions of Spirits and Earth-friends; giving advice on all affairs of life; tracing lost or stolen property; telling what business is best adapted to you. Examinations of the sick in person or from a lock of hair. Having an accomplished Assistant, female complaints a specialty at Residence when necessary. 30 years' experience in diseases of Women and Children. Cure for Rheumatism and all Nervous Disease. 111f.

W. S. BELL'S LECTURES.

I am now ready to deliver any or all of the following lectures in any part of the country. Those wishing to communicate with me, can address me at No. 55 Foster street, New Bedford, Mass. The following is a list of the subjects of my lectures:

1. Evolution.
2. Darwinism.
3. Life and Literature of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.
4. Charles Lamb.
5. Robert Burns.
6. Thomas Paine.
7. Christianity Opposed to Civilization.
8. Religion Antagonistic to Science.
9. The sayings of Jesus.
10. The Resurrection of Jesus.
11. The Deluge.
12. Geology.

IF any reader of the *CRUCIBLE* desires my pamphlet—*Mrs. Woodhull and her Social Freedom* they will please send 15 cts to me for it. I will a copy of all my publications for one dollar. AUSTIN KENT, Stockholm, N. Y.