

HULL'S CRUCIBLE.

TERMS— { 52 Numbers for \$2.50. }
 { 26 Numbers for 1.25. }

24 Newcomb Street, Boston, Nov. 1, 1875.

Single Copies, 6 Cents

Vol. IV.

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

No. 12.

Selected Poetry.

THE PRESENT CRISIS.

BY JAMES RUSSEL LOWELL.

When a deed is done for Freedom,
Through the broad earth's aching breast,
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic,
Trembling on from East to West.
And the slave, where'er he cowers,
Feels the soul within him climb
To the awful verge of manhood,
As the energy sublime
Of a century surges in his blood
On the thorny stem of Time.

Through the walls of hut and palace
Shoots the instantaneous throe;
When the travail of the Ages
Wrings earth's systems to and fro;
At the birth of each new Era,
With a recognizing start,
Nation wildly looks at nation,
Standing with mute lips apart,
And glad Truth's yet mightier man-child
Leaps beneath the Future's heart.

For mankind are one in spirit
And an instinct bears along,
Round the earth's electric circle,
The swift flash of right and wrong;
Whether conscious or unconscious,
Yet Humanity's vast frame
Through its ocean-sundered fibres
Feels the gush of joy or shame;
In the gain or loss of one race
All the rest have equal claim.

Once to every man and nation
Comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood,
For the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah,
Offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand
And the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever
'Twixt that darkness and the light.

Careless seems the great avenged;
History's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness
'Twixt old systems and the word;
Truth forever on the scaffold,
While Falsehood lies on the floor,
Yet that scaffold sways the Future,
And behind the dim Unknown
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above his own.

We see dimly in the Present
What is small and what is great,
Slow of faith, how weak an arm
Turns the iron helm of Fate.
But the soul is still oracular;
Amid the markets din,
List, the ominous, stern whisper
From the Delphic cave within—
"They enslave their children's children
Who make compromise with sin."

Then to side with truth is noble,
When we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit,
And 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses,
While the coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit,
Till his Lord is crucified,
And the multitude make virtue
Of the faith they had denied.

Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes—
They were souls that stood alone
(While the men they agonized for,
Hurled the contumelious stone)—
Stood serene, and down the future
Saw the golden beam incline
To the side of perfect justice,
Mastered by their faith divine,
By one man's plain truth to manhood
And to God's supreme design.

For humanity sweeps onward;
Where to-day the martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas
With the silver in his hands;
Far in front the cross stands ready
And the crackling fagots burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday
In silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes
Into history's golden urn.

They have rights who dare maintain them;
We are traitors to our sires,
Smothering in their ashes
Freedom's new-lit altar fires:
Shall we make their creed our jailor?
Shall we, in our haste to slay,
From the tombs of the old prophets
Steal the funeral lamps away
To light up the martyr-fagots
Round the prophets of to-day?

New occasions teach new duties;
Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward,
Who would keep abreast of Truth;
So, before us gleam her camp-fires!
We ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly
Through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal
With the Past's blood-rusted key.

Polemics.

The Sexuality of Religion.

A Lecture Delivered Before the National Association of Spiritualists at Boston in 1874,
by D. W. Hull.

Behind life, whether physical or spiritual, lies the sexual nature. The gods of the nations—many of them—had mothers who attained the office of maternity in the usual way, though not always in harmony with the monogamic teachings of earth.

The dignity of Jupiter, Saturn, Thor and Odin, was measured by the excess of their sexual nature. Other gods, whatever their failings were in other respects, were careful to save their reputation for excessive amativeness. Even the Jehovah of the Hebrews measured his greatness by his sexual demands; and found a necessity in his nature which it required thirty-two women to supply. (See Num. 31: 40.) Our church steeples are copied from the Egyptian pyramids which were representative of the phallic worship of the ancients. They index a male god while the cross is representative of the sexual junction of the male and female.

Show me a great mind and I will show you an amorous person, whether that person is religious or secular. History has given the account of no other, because there were no others.

However much the sexual nature may be denounced as being carnal, and the sexual act as being immoral, we all have sexual natures—not a few of us, sexual desires; and even those who tremble the most at the mention of the subject engage in the sexual act. The history of the Beecher scandal has demonstrated that even those who claim a monopoly in morals go beyond the monogamic custom they so rigidly demand of society.

Before pursuing this subject through the Bible, I wish to glance a moment at the principles upon which revivals are conducted. The first thing in getting up a revival is to find, if possible, a neighborhood where but few magnetic exchanges have recently been made. If people have been mingling with each other to any considerable extent, the chances are, that they will be surfeited; and there will not be that intense desire for association that would otherwise obtain.

A good time to find people magnetically starved, will be in the winter, after holidays, when the cold weather has kept them pretty close to their homes for a few weeks. If they come together at this time of the year, the exchanges will take place rapidly and render them extremely negative, and consequently good, psychological subjects. The minister will find little difficulty in getting control of their minds, and he can make them believe any thing he pleases to tell them.

The minister should be a good magnetizer—may be of either sex—with a strong voice. Few are aware of the amount of religion there is in the voice. It is the "heavenly tone," after all that, more than any thing else, does the work of salvation. It is probable that there was not much of John the Baptist left after his voice was taken away, since he declared he was a voice—"the voice of one crying in the wilderness." It matters but little what is said if the voice is not put in right, as the tone of voice has much to do with conviction and conversion. To give the voice more effect, the minister should manage to become slightly hoarse, it will have a fine effect. When the voice is husky the effort to use the muscles of the throat will start tears in the eyes; the audience will, some of them, think he is weeping on account of their sins and will join with him. The contagion will soon spread and a blubbing time is nearly sure to follow.

A good story well told will, in connection with this weeping, have a fine effect. It should be about a beautiful, lady falling dead in a ball room. The story should be located far enough away to render its investigation difficult. Meanwhile the minister

should not forget the sexual part of his scheme. He should fasten his eyes on a member of the opposite sex, the more beautiful, and full of life the better; then he should draw many of his illustrations to fit her case as nearly as possible. This must be done in an artless a manner as if the minister was not aware of any personal application of the illustration. The minds of all in the audience being directed to her will render her negative. Should the minister capture her, she probably has several young gentlemen on the string, who will be easily caught. They will probably be in magnetic rapport with several other young ladies, and "a glorious revival" has been established.

The minister will be still more successful if he visits and prays in the families among whom he desires his converts. Praying should be his best forte; there are few bold enough to intrude on its sanctity. It is therefore an unanswerable argument in behalf of his cause. Above all he should sprinkle a great deal of blood in his remarks. Bloody battles and dying soldiers with Bibles in their hands will come in good; but it pays better to talk about the blood of Jesus and his dying agonies. In such talk never fail to let the eyes roll heavenward. If the minister is sufficiently hoarse and the tears start freely, it will have the effect of a tragedy.

The minister should not lose sight of the sexual part of his scheme. It is a good idea to send a band of young ladies out to pray with the young gentlemen and urge them forward. First let one young lady go, then another, and still another; finally let them go in platoons until the young men surrender. Some should pray, others coax and others weep. Under the confusion he will be led to the anxious seat, like a lamb to the slaughter. It will seem to him that he is being led to a Mohammedan Paradise. He will imagine a heaven filled with these pretty creatures, and as the ladies put their arms about him and urge him forward, he feels to sing:

"My willing soul would ever stay
In such a frame as this."

Who would be such a fool as to prefer bachelordom in hell rather than a heaven filled to overflowing with these singing, crying, coaxing, teasing, bewitching young ladies?

S. Baring Gould, in his work on "The Development of Religion," attributes the success of Catholicism to its worship of a female God,—Mary. A religion, to be successful, must meet the entire demands of human nature; and sexuality, being the foundation of all life, must have a large place in religion. But a religion with a sexless God, is no religion at all, and a religion with a male God is only adapted to one half of the world.

The greatest need of Protestantism is a female God. Faulty as is their religion, it would become much more popular if the male sex had a God which they, as well as females could worship. The few males that are attracted to the Protestant religion are more drawn into it by the votaries of the opposite sex than from finding anything in the object of worship, answering to their spiritual wants.

That many appeals are made to the sexual passions, no one at all conversant with religious literature, doubts. Turning to the Song of Solomon we find an amorous dialogue, which could only be held between two of opposite sexes. Take for illustration the following:

"Let him kiss me, with the kisses of his mouth;
for thy love is better than wine." Chap. 1: 2.

"A bundle of myrrh is my well-beloved unto me; he shall lie all night between my breasts." Chap. 1: 13.

"Thou art fair my love; behold thou art fair;
thou hast doves eyes." Chap. 1: 15.

However figurative such language, which abounds in every chapter of Canticles, may be there can be no mistaking the conclusion that the writer appealed to the most common affections of human nature. Passing the passages and tropes in the prophecies referring to the whoredoms of those who remain inconstant to the Hebrew or Christian Religion, we turn next to Paul:

"For I have espoused you to one husband that

I may present you as a chaste virgin to Christ." 2 Cor. 11: 2.

And again the angel tells John (Rev. 24: 4):

"For they are virgins. These are they which follow the lamb whithersoever he goeth."

Many of our revival hymns are so unfortunately worded that the male sex can find but little in them adapted to their peculiar feelings. But this fault is much more than compensated by being perfectly adapted to the emotional natures of the female sex. For instance the following:

"Jesus thy boundless love to me,
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
O knit my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there.
Thine, wholly thine, alone I am,
Be thou alone my constant flame."

No female could throw herself more unreservedly on her lover, than does the poet here upon the idol god. Many of these poems are so written that Mary or the name of any other female-idol personage could be substituted, and thus have a religion for both sexes. With the substitution of one or two words the following might well be sung by both sexes, and by using the word *darling* for *Jesus* it might be sung by both at the same time:

"How tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see,
Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness to me."

Here is a stanza that will not transpose quite so easily:

"Jesus can make a dying bed
As soft as downy pillows are;
While on his breast I lean my head
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

Again, deep, surging grief breaks forth as follows:

"Jesus lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly;
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high."

It is with some difficulty that I can call to mind all the amorous lyrics I used to sing in our social meetings, as it has been so long since I have been accustomed to think upon this class of literature. One representing as follows:

"Jesus I love thy charming name—
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That all the earth might hear."

The one fact recognized in all this class of literature, is the affectional nature of the devotees; and the admission is tacitly made that a religion making no appeal to the social or emotional feelings would be an abortion. Not only this, but all our revivals are based on the same principle. No one would think of putting up a sexless minister (if such a thing were possible), or a minister entirely denuded of sexual passions, as a revival minister. On the contrary, the minister cannot be too amative for success, and some who have had the most success in regenerating souls have demonstrated at the time of their revivals that they were not entirely a failure when they attempted to generate souls. The fact that a revivalist is necessarily a man of strong amative impulses, is so well known now, that many fond mothers feel in duty bound to keep a faithful watch over their daughters, until the revivalist is gone, lest their reputations may die out with the decline of their religion. It is not the religion they fear so much as its adjuncts, which are liable to ripen into fruit, before they pass to that country for which they are preparing.

Were it not, however, that the Christian religion is somewhat sexual, and adapted to the wants of the female sex there would yet be but slender threads upon which to hang any hopes of success. It is only by attracting the female element of the audience, that the revivalist can hope to reach the male portion of it. For, unless he can work through them, he cannot reach the others. But in order to reach them effectually, the minister, while holding up his ideal lover, must attract the females to his person. For imagined magnetism of an imagined lover is not enough. He must give off his personal magnetism. In this way the chain is completely formed.

Jesus was a Socialist of the most radical stamp. I doubt whether there are any among the Socialists, who could go farther than he did. The marriage law foisted in Christi-

Handwritten note: "I am a socialist" written vertically on the right margin.

HULL'S CRUCIBLE.

CONDUCTED BY
MOSES HULL & CO.
D. W. HULL, Associate Editor.

22 Newcomb-St. Boston, Nov. 1, 1875.

TALKS WITH "NAUGHTY GIRLS."
(CONCLUDED.)

The talk which we shall next introduce is brought in at this place simply because of its contrast with the last. A good looking light complexioned lady, came and said:

"Mr. Hull, I was really pleased with your lecture; it is not often I go to meeting but I wish Harry Hill would hire you by the year, you preach right along and mind your own business; that fellow that preached before you wasn't smart and then he called us so many hard names we didn't like him. We think you are just splendid."

"Are you not flattering a little?" was our reply. "It is not because I approve of what is going on here that I have not denounced you, but it is because I am searching for the cause that leads you to live such lives. If I can remove the cause you will all quit it without being called hard names. Do you suppose if I go to these girls and ask them to give me their history, they will tell me the truth?"

"Some of them will, but the most of them will lie to you like the devil; they won't one of them tell you their real name," was the reply.

"Well, would you tell the truth?"

"I don't know, it is owing to how I was asked and what for."

"Well, as a philosopher, I want to know, simply because I want to study every kind of life, what its enjoyments and sorrows are and what leads to it," we said. "Now be so kind as to give me your history? Have you a home, if so, why did you leave it? Where is your home? and are your parents living? Do they know you are here? Do they want you to pursue this kind of life?"

"Well, you are good at questions, some of them I'll answer, some I won't. I shan't tell you no lies. Questions that I don't want you to know about I won't answer. I have parents, they live in the country. I won't tell you where nor what their names are. They know I am in the city but they don't know where. They think I am married. I go home to visit sometimes and always make them believe my husband is in Europe or on the sea.

I was raised in the country: I always had a fascination for city life and came here to work. The fellows soon wanted to take me to the theatre and to ride, and I like the fellows, I like the theatres, I like to ride in hacks, I like wine and cigars, and I don't like hard work. I can get a living without it and I'm going to do it. I've had good offers of marriage but I wouldn't marry the best man under the sun. No married man treats his wife as well as the fellows treat me. When I get older and my beauty gone I'll do like some of the rest of 'em does, I'll marry some old rich feller and by and by come out a blooming, rich, young widow."

We found that in this case a desire for adventure and a love for the gold and tinsel of a fast life was the propelling cause; she had chosen her life for the same reason that others had married. She wanted to go to the theatre, to ride behind fast horses by the side of well dressed men. She did not like hard work and found it nice to be supported. Beside all this, we ascertained that when the daily market to which she carried her sexual functions got dull, she would do as millions of others had done "marry some rich old feller" for his money, and in anticipation of the time when she would be a wealthy and blooming widow.

What a series of shams and lies her life is, yet not more so than is lived by two thirds of the legal prostitutes in the country. We were glad when one of the "fellows" beckoned for her to come to him as it gave us a chance to converse with one whose history we had heard from another source, and we wanted to hear her story.

We extended our hand to this lady and said: "you must be happy, I have noticed all the evening that you have seemed especially to enjoy yourself."

"I did enjoy the lecture," was the reply, "but don't you know that heavy hearts are sometimes hid in the bosoms of those who wear smiling faces? Sir, we often smile when we feel more like weeping."

"What have you to weep over? are you not treated well? All seem to notice you, indeed you seem more full of business than many others."

"Yes, business enough, but, oh, this life, and such associates."

"But," we remarked, "the life is your own choice, and as for the associates, we cannot always have what we want anywhere."

"But you are mistaken," said she, "this kind of life is not my choice, I am not so bad as you think me to be. I do not choose this life, it is forced upon me."

"I do not think you are bad," was our reply. "Far from it. At most you are only mistaken, but how does it happen that you are compelled to lead the life you do?"

"Well, sir, I loved well, but not wisely and my love drove me here."

"That is strange; how does it happen that love could drive you here?"

"It occurred in this wise: a few months ago I lived in my own father's house, a happy girl—a member of—Church. I believed in religion as I do now, and I would not have believed any power could compel me to live as I do. I was foolish, my lover deceived me. My father, when I told him, drove me from home. I got money enough from my lover to bring me here, but when I got here the only doors open for me were the doors of these bad houses—I am here and I am sorry, but I cannot get back. I am doing the only thing that there is under the heavens for me. One thing: I hope I shan't live long! I shall welcome the day when I am done with this world."

This girl may, and she may not have told the truth; we had no means of knowing. If she told the truth her story was sad indeed. If she did not, she told what would be a truth in hundreds of other cases. It was a proof to us that society and religion drive people into sin.

Other cases were investigated. Many of the poor creatures were too ignorant to hold a straight forward conversation. One lady declared that her worthless husband compelled her to sell herself to support him; and learning that she was compelled to live by such means, she fled from her husband, who does not now know where she is, and supports herself as she was formerly compelled to support him. Another said her husband was a mean tyrant and she had fled to this place as a refuge from one whom the law made her master. Out of marriage no man had the right to abuse her; in it she was helpless in the hands of the law.

We left off these conversations more than ever convinced that the prostitutes are not all out of marriage, and that a majority of such as we met are, if greater sinners than married prostitutes, driven to sin, rather than from it, by a so-called virtuous church and society.

Will You Help?

We are in the almost daily receipt of letters indicating that the writers are highly pleased with the CRUCIBLE: many of them go so far as to inform us that we print the best paper in the world, others that they could hardly keep house without it, etc. Nearly all these letter writers, and a majority of those who speak to us on the subject, regret that the CRUCIBLE cannot be published as often as once a week. The need of a weekly paper devoted to the live issues which the CRUCIBLE keeps before the people is universally felt. Indeed, we, (the editors of the CRUCIBLE,) are burdened with matter—important matter that we cannot find room to print. What is to be done in such a case? We cannot make any further sacrifices. We are willing to spend our last dollar and work sixteen hours out of twenty-four, but when that will not keep the much-needed CRUCIBLE up, what more can be required? In any case we shall continue to publish the CRUCIBLE, we hope as often as once a fortnight; more than that we cannot do.

Now we will make a proposition, first asking the readers, do you love these truths? Do you want the world enlightened? Will you help? We will publish the CRUCIBLE once a week during the year 1876 if our friends will pay the extra cash expense, leaving us to do the extra labor for nothing. Figuring the extra expense on the basis of our present list of subscribers, the extra money needed would be,

For paper,	\$520.00
Press work,	180.00
Expressage,	78.00
Wrapping paper,	5.00
Making a total of	\$783.00

This is the actual cost of the items mentioned only, leaving us to set the type, write the wraps, mail the papers, pay for our extra lights, rent, etc.

If persons do not see fit to send in by donations, the total amount named above; if they will send any part of it we will do our proportionate part of the work and thus print the CRUCIBLE that much oftener.

We do not urge this because the CRUCIBLE is our paper, but because the world needs—is perishing for the truths it has to teach. Now that we have made this proposition we have done our duty. Anything received for the purpose mentioned above will be acknowledged in the CRUCIBLE.

By the way, cannot our friends be induced to make an extra effort to get the CRUCIBLE before the world? We know these are hard times; this should be an additional reason for extra efforts in behalf of the paper which befriends the people as against the aristocratic church, social nabobs and capitalists who are in the name of law and order ruining this country.

Spiritualism in Hot Water.

The announcement that Spiritualism has got into hot water may frighten a few weak-kneed, faint-hearted Spiritualists; it is nevertheless true. This climax has not been reached, as some supposed it would be, by the exposure of the Eddy's or any other mediums, nor yet by Col. Olcott's new discoveries. Even the "New Departure" of Victoria C. Woodhull could not have given Spiritualism such a "hot scald." It was done in this wise.

The thought occurred to William Denton, that if spirits could form material hands and hold them together so that they could be seen and handled, that casts could be taken of the hands. He obtained permission of Mr. and Mrs. Hardy, and the ruling spirits of No. 4 Concord Square, and made the attempt which was so perfectly successful that it is destined to inaugurate a new era in Spiritualism.

On the 20th of October we were invited to Mrs. Hardy's to witness the process. We had, in the presence of Mrs. Hardy and others, so often witnessed materializations, that we needed nothing more in that line. The making of moulds in which to make a plaster of Paris hand, was what we desired to see.

The following was, as near as we can remember the process: A wooden pail was filled two thirds full of hot water, then two or three lbs. of per-

had dissolved or melted the periphene, the temperature of the water was brought as low as the periphene would bear. We thrust our own hand into the liquid and found on bringing it out that we had on a nice peraphine glove; the trouble was we could not get it off only as we tore it off. This liquid was put under the table and we all sat around it with all the hands on the top; the light was turned down but not so low but that all could distinctly see all that was going on around the table. Manifestations such as we have before described soon commenced. After a little while we heard what purported to be materialized hands in the water. After a few moments, the spirits rapped for some one to reach under the table and get the peraphine hands, when two as nice moulds as ever were seen, were handed us. One was a hand partly closed, so that if a hand could be drawn out of such moulds at all, it could not have been drawn out of that, in fact there was no way for the hand to get out of that mould but by dissolution, as Jesus got out of the room where "the doors were shut for fear of the Jews."

The other was the hand of the excentric P. B. Randolph. It was an exact representation of the hand he carried on his right arm in earth life, the missing finger and all.

These manifestations are the most convincing it not the most astounding that Spiritualism has yet produced. No "false faces," "rubber hands," or trickery can explain them.

There were several representatives of the press present on this occasion, all of whom expressed themselves as convinced that this was indeed the work of spirits. An effort has been made with partial success to get the cast of a foot; they promise yet to accomplish that. In such a case the spirits will "put their foot into it." Every one should avail themselves of the opportunity to witness these new phases of the phenomenal part of our religion.

Not so Bad!

We very much dislike to make mistakes, but when we publish such a paragraph as we did in the last number of the CRUCIBLE about the managers of the New York Association of Spiritualists, we are glad to learn that it is a mistake. We

have received a letter from Mr. Wm. E. Hatch of that Society in, which he says:

"The CRUCIBLE has never been suppressed in the Association either by myself or any officer of the Society. . . . I never got the Postmaster to order it stopped; nor have I ever intimated such a thing to any clerk or employee of the Post Office. Why the CRUCIBLE did not reach me I do not know. Perhaps you did not address the package correctly; or perhaps an emissary of the Y. M. C. A. has caused them to be withheld. Those that I did receive came in a very bad condition, the package broken and upon two occasions but three copies were received."

Here follows some strictures on our remarks—that Mr. Lant's paper, the *Sun*, was suppressed, not for its views, but for personal reasons.

The matter now lies between Mr. Hatch, or rather the New York Society, and Postmaster James who wrote to us to stop sending a bundle of CRUCIBLES to Wm. E. Hatch as they were refused. We immediately wrote to Mr. Hatch, and receiving no answer, permitted the paragraph to go into the CRUCIBLE. We never heard from our letter; it probably went to hunt the lost packages of the CRUCIBLE. How long will such officiousness in Postmasters be tolerated?

A Word to Our Friends.

The next No. takes us half through Volume IV, of the CRUCIBLE, when many subscriptions will become due. Will those who know, or have reason to suppose themselves indebted to us, send us what they can, or write to us and tell us what their circumstances are, and thus save us the trouble and expense of sending bills to them?

In this connection we want to say a word or two in with reference to our paper. So far, we have been in the battle almost alone, with all the wealth and talent in the world united against us. It has been a very uneven fight. Besides writing editorials, preparing MSS., etc., we (the Proprietors and an apprentice) done all the mechanical work on our paper. Our receipts on it scarcely cover the cost of paper and press work, to say nothing of rents, food and clothing. While we have suffered all this, laboring on several occasions till two o'clock in the morning to get the paper out, and even borrowing money to pay the postage on it to subscribers who read it without knowing what it has cost us, there are persons who profess to be interested in the issues discussed in the CRUCIBLE, who could help us without much sacrifice if they really knew we needed it.

Now we do not want you to sacrifice; but we do want those who can spare us \$500, \$100, \$25, \$10, or even \$5 as easy as we can spare 25 cents to help us just that much. We think we have been tried pretty well. There is no need to fear that the CRUCIBLE will cease; for nothing short of the death of its editors would bring about such an event. We shall publish it, as we have done, whether you help or not. For Moses and Mattie can work in the lecture field, as they have done in the past, for means to keep up the expenses with, while we remain and do the office work. But when we sink beneath our weighty cross, if some Cyrenian would only so much as touch it with one of his fingers it would afford us some relief.

We want our readers to feel that whether they help us or not, the CRUCIBLE will be published. Then if they do help us, it will be done of their own good, free will, and not from compulsion.

D. W. H.

A Cure for Hard Times.

Mr. Rice attributes the present hard times to "over-production" by the "increase of labor-saving machinery." That is, there is too much clothing produced; therefore people have to go naked; too much produce—so much that people can't get any; so they have to starve: too many houses to live in; so people must go houseless and turn tramps. It is a sort of *similia similibus curanter*—cure a big dog bite by letting a little dog bite you. It goes upon the principle, the less you have the more you have, and all that is necessary is to make a general dearth, and there will be a great plenty! It is allopathic, if not orthodox. It would make a man strong by letting his blood, skinning him with blisters, and disemboweling him with mercury.

Our hard money men operate on the same principle: If you want to see good times, and everything move briskly, reduce our money so that nobody can get any! The remedy is apparent! Reduce our currency, reduce trade, reduce commerce, reduce labor, let our machinery and laborers lay idle and our very want will be our fullness!

In some countries they have institutions where idiots are cared for. We try to make Governors of them. If somebody will just furnish Mr. Rice with a bull-pup, we will make a President of him. The Government will furnish the cigars and whiskey.

D. W. H.

WAYSIDE PENCILINGS.

Since our readers last heard from us, we, (Moses and myself) have visited the Institution on Deer Island, also the Workhouse at Bridgewater of this State.

The prison on Deer Island holds at the present time, seventeen hundred persons! the majority of whom were sentenced there for drunkenness, night-walking, etc. We were informed that their numbers were increasing as never before, it being almost impossible to provide places for them at night.

The grounds surrounding the buildings are beautifully arranged; the interior of the establishment is scrupulously clean, the sleeping cells and open dormitories light and well ventilated. The workshops, schoolrooms, hospital and pauper department, present a comfortable appearance. Undoubtedly many of the prisoners are treated to better homes than they have ever had before, while, perhaps, a majority of the boys who are in the institution if running at large, be houseless and foodless in this or some other city.

The work house at Bridgewater contains upwards of four hundred inmates. We visited every department, including work-rooms, hospitals, dormitories and chapel. They are all clean and comfortable. A day's visit to these and similar institutions, waited upon by genial officers, hurried from one room to another, with no opportunity for conversing with the prisoners, one can get but a faint idea of a convict's life. But to the student of human nature, one thing is apparent; that is, the whole system of prison discipline needs reforming. In the work-rooms we saw, to be sure, some evidence that Sir Charles Darwin could not have been greatly out of the way in selecting as the long-sought "connecting link," so nearly did they resemble ferocious beasts. But by the side of these poor creatures worked others, with well developed form and head, intelligent face and gracefulness of motion. Could we have conversed with them, undoubtedly we would have learned they had been unfortunate and were not as bad as many persons who are held up as leaders of society.

The hospitals were airy, well ventilated and seemed comfortable in every respect, but what a spectacle we beheld in the department set apart for venereal disease. I refer now to the female hospital. Young girls, some of them not more than sixteen, with bandaged heads and faces, covering the sores that were the effects of *vite ulcers*. Probably when they are removed, others will take their places, yet woe to the one who advocates the importance of instructing the girls concerning the laws of sexual health and the uses of their bodies. Father love and mother heart may groan in anguish! thousands of graves be filled with victims; better have it thus than to tell the young the causes that lead to self abuse and debauchery, with the consequences thereof, lest mock-modesty shall be overcome, and they learn the meaning of every function of the body. Refuse to grant them wise teachers and you put them under the power of vile associates who lead them to destruction—to hell.

I noticed in the lying-in-hospital a young girl, sitting with her back to the door, nursing an infant. Curiosity, in part, prompted the lady who was with me and myself to approach her. I knew by the look of endearment she bestowed on that baby-face, it must be her own.

"How old is your baby?" my companion asked.

"Four weeks old next Monday," was the answer.

On conversing with the matron, we learned she had been sent there on account of her prospective motherhood; that her mother had written them she would allow her to come home but not to bring the child. Was not the love in that girl-mother's heart, as sweet and pure for her child as though she had put a gold ring on her third finger previous to its conception? If it was a sin for her to bring an immortal soul into life, without the sanction of a priest, why was nature allowed to grow and develop life under such conditions? I would like to ask the Christian mother if God wasn't a little wrong when he gave that girl a child, before the State had given her a husband? For aught we know, that child may prove to be more legitimate than its mother or grandmother. But what will that young mother do? crush the maternal instincts and abandon her child for the sake of being reinstated in her old home? and all this to gratify the sham called society! If her love refuses to do this, there is but one alternative for her; she must go from the prison to the street! Who in respectable society would take a mother with an illegitimate child, no matter what her capabilities are? She will probably make merchandise of her sexhood,

society will damn her more than ever, while her mother thanks God that she has done her duty.

Had I time, I would moralize a few moments on the "white curtain" that separates the sexes in the chapel when the prisoners "go up to worship." Suffice it to say, the curtains and dividing lines that are drawn between the sexes from childhood to maturity, do more toward nursing secret vice and stimulating unchaste love, than a free, social interchange could possibly do.

The prison discipline, every reformer must feel to be faulty. We can never reform bad girls and boys by shutting them up with "hardened sinners." The naturally refined and delicate, while grouped with the coarse and vulgar can never progress. There are no inducements for improvement; their senses stultify under the preaching of total depravity.

If a reformatory system of treatment could be inaugurated, whereby crime could be treated as the effects of disease, if the convicts could be classified and promoted as they improve, if their industry could be rewarded by a certain amount per week or month, there certainly would be an incentive to make the prisoners reform. A greater part of the world has yet to learn that the prison holds the little criminals, that the bigger ones are at large, running our government—our society. The convicts are not brutes, but victims of false customs and despotic laws.

Prison Reform will yet command the attention of our workers in humanity's weal.

If we can't preach to those who are in prison, we can make an effort to help those who come out of prison and to keep them in good conditions.

On the 17th ult. I lectured in Providence, R. I., before the Radical Society. This body of thinkers, assume no particular name, but meet from Sunday to Sunday for the discussion of every side of all questions. My space is full. Au Revoir. MATTIE.

THE GODS.

[CONTINUED.]

Greek Mythology.

Most of the readers of the CRUCIBLE are somewhat acquainted with the Greek Mythology, as next to the Hebrew, it has been more studied than any other, it will not be necessary for us to dwell very long on this department, though we are much better acquainted with it than any of the other mythologies.

KRONOS, OR SATURN.

In contemplating the characteristics of this deity, one is constantly reminded of our Jehovah. He was the Maker and Preserver of all things; yet he was constantly destroying his children, as did Jehovah upon several occasions. To him there was no Past, Present, or Future—he lived alike in all: his head and hairs were white as snow: he divided time into sevens, and attached a peculiar sacredness to the seventh day or Saturday, and the seventh year, and other institutions afterward incorporated in the Hebrew Mythology. The seventh year was called "The Year of Jubilee." Every bondman and captive was set at liberty, old debts were canceled, etc., at this time.

It had been agreed between Saturn and his eldest son Titan, that there were to be no more children born to Saturn, in which case the Government of the world would eventually pass into Titan's hands. When Jupiter was born, however, his mother succeeded in hiding him until he was grown up. Titan now made the discovery that the Government would pass into other hands, and he immediately instituted a rebellion in heaven, and he drew off such an immense number of gods that Jupiter was called in defense. A terrible war ensued, in which Titan and his evil host were cast down to Tartarus, a region as far beneath the earth, if we may believe Homer, as Heaven is high above it. Other writers, however, make it a deep abyss, or pit in the earth, into which the Titans were cast. Great mountains were heaped upon the mouth of the pit, and as the giants roll over or attempt to escape they cause Vesuvius and Ætna to belch forth fire, smoke, and lava.

If the reader will just turn to Rev. 12, it will be seen how faithfully the sacred writer has copied this myth and made it a part of our Gospel. Peter refers to it in 2nd Pet. 2: 4. Another reference is also found in Jude 6. Not to be outdone by the sacred writers, we find John Milton in his *Paradise Lost*, appropriating this story for the benefit of his Christian Devil, as follows:

"By whose aid aspiring
To set him in glory 'bove his peers,
He trusted to have equaled the Most High,
If he opposed; and with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God,
Raised impious war in Heav'n, and battle proud
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition; there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire."

ZEUS, OR JUPITER.

The word Zeus is only another pronunciation of Theos. From this we easily pass to the words *Jo,*

Jo, Jao, Jove, Jere, Jene, Jew, Deu, Dei, etc. The word *Patros* signifies father. *Jo-Pater,* or *Jeu-Pitros* signifies God-Father.

The legend of Pandora's box looks somewhat like Eve's apple of temptation. In consequence of the crimes of men the wrath of Jupiter was visited upon Prometheus. The vultures ceaselessly fed upon his vitals, which growing in the night continued to be the means of his torment. Jupiter finally became reconciled by the sufferings of Prometheus, when Hercules was permitted to kill the vulture.

Under Jupiter Prometheus created the first man out of clay. When the earth had become well stocked with people, Jupiter designed to "destroy the brazen race of men on account of their impiety." Deucalion, by the advice of his father, made an ark, and putting provisions in it, entered it with his wife Pyrrha. For nine days and nights Jupiter continued to pour rain down from heaven until a greater part of Greece was inundated, and only a few who succeeded in climbing to the tops of the loftiest mountains, escaped. Deucalion was carried to Mount Parnassus where, the rain having ceased, he was permitted to leave the ark, and offer a sacrifice to Jupiter. By the direction of Jupiter, he and his wife threw stones behind them, and those which Deucalion threw became men and those thrown by Pyrrha became women. The history of the war with Titan has been already told.

Every nation seems to have had its Jupiter. The Lybians had their Jupiter-Ammon, the Egyptians their Jupiter-Serrapis, the Assyrians their Jupiter-Belus, the Ethiopians their Jupiter-Assabinus, the Gauls their Jupiter-Taranus, the inhabitants of the lower Nile their Jupiter Apis, and the Romans their Jupiter-Tanans (Thunderer), Jupiter-Fulminans (Scatterer of Lightning), and Jupiter-Capitolinus (from his temple on Capitoline Hill). The Council of Jupiter was composed of six gods and six goddesses, who probably preside over the twelve months of the year.

In all this account of the Pagan gods, it should be remembered that they often represent the same god by various names, and what we mistake for another god may be, and often is, the same god with another name. Pope thus refers to him in his *Universal Prayer*:

"Father of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove or Lord!"

Zeus, or Jupiter was only another name for Deu. He was the All, the One, and the Unity of the God-head. In one of their poems it is said:

"Zeus, the mighty Thunderer, is first, Zeus is last
Zeus is the head, Zeus the middle of all things.
From Zeus were all things produced. He is both man
and woman.
Zeus is the depth of the earth, and the height of the
starry heavens;
He is the breadth of all things, the force of untamed fire;
The bottom of the sea; sun, moon and stars;
Origin of all; king of all;
One Power, one God, one Great Ruler."

In another poem, we find these lines:

"There is one royal body, in which all things are enclosed,
Fire and Water, Earth, Ether, Night and Day
And Counsel, the first producer, and delightful Love,
For all there are contained in the great body of Zeus."

HERACLES, OR HERCULES.

This god was noted for his prodigious strength. When he was but a few hours old he jumped out of his cradle, seized the two serpents sent by Juno to destroy him, and strangled them. He resisted the temptations of Luxury and chose the privations of Virtue, and thus became immortal. He conquered monsters, subdued tyrants, and finally succeeded in delivering Prometheus from the torments of the vulture who continually ate away his vitals. He then accomplished twelve labors which gave him great renown. His first labor was the destruction of the Nemean Lion, which he accomplished by throwing his sinewy arms around his neck and strangling him. He ever afterwards wore the lion's skin on his back as a mark of his strength and courage. His second labor was the destruction of the many headed Hydra of Lerne. He attacked this monster with his sickle shaped sword. But as soon as he had severed one head from the trunk another grew out. He then commanded Iolus the son of Iphicles to burn the root of a head with a hot iron before a new one could spring up. Juno then sent a crab to gnaw at the heels of Hercules while he was struggling with the monster. Hercules soon dispatched this new enemy and after a long struggle drove the last head of the Hydra into the ground, and covered it with an immense stone. His third labor was the killing of the monster Boar of the Erymanthean mountains, which had been in the habit of laying waste the country of Arcadia. He carried him alive to Euristheus, who, in order to have Hercules slain, had sent him

out to fight the boar, and he became so terrified at the sight of the monster that he concealed himself in a brazen butt. He next caught the fleet-footed stag of Diana, after chasing it a whole year, and brought it alive to Euristheus. His fifth labor consisted in the destruction of the Stymphalides, a terrible kind of birds, furnished with claws and bills of brass, enabling them to pierce any armor, and armed with darts which they flung at their adversaries. He drove them from their wild morass with a rattle of brass and dispatched them in the air with his arrows. His sixth labor consisted in cleansing the Augean stables. Augias had kept three thousand oxen in his stables for thirty years, during which time they had never been once cleaned. Hercules did the work in one day by turning the course of the river Alpheus through them. His seventh labor consisted in subduing the Cretan Bull sent by Neptune. He next destroyed the cannibal-like, fire-vomiting horses of Diomedes. His ninth labor was the capture of the girdle worn by the queen of the Amazons. His tenth labor was the destruction of the tri-bodied monster Geryon. In his eleventh labor Hercules killed the Dragon that watched at the gates of Hesperides, and brought the apples in triumph to Euristheus. His twelfth and last labor was the rescue of Theseus from the land of Terrors. In order to do this, he was compelled to seize the tripple-headed dog Cerberus and carry him away to Euristheus.

We could give a thorough astrological interpretation, but it would occupy too much space here. In this he is not unlike Jehovah of the Jews, for particulars of which see *Astrological Origin of Jehovah-God*, by the writer. D. W. H.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Miles Grant and E. Gerry Brown.

Very few persons have more trouble over human depravity than our over-much righteous neighbor of the *Scientist*. Between this paper and the *World's Crisis* we catch the diakka here, and the devil hereafter. These editors must be right, for they are both holy men—taking their word for it, and on good terms with God and other important personage unknown to some of us poor reckless cusses. These two men have a heavy burden on their shoulders—one has undertaken to reform the Lake Pleasant Camp Meeting, and the other has taken all the balance of the world on his hands. Of course we, with a few of our kith are left out, so that while we are between diakka and devils, all the rest of humanity are between E. Gerry Brown and Eld. Miles Grant.

Bro. Brown being a little green and inexperienced made the mistake of supposing that those who took such pains to label themselves "vir-tuous," meant just what he thought the word implied. So he went to the Lake Pleasant Camp Meeting where he could feed on the pure heavenly manna of truth, unmixed with error; but lo! he found himself right in the cess-pool of vice! Nest-hiding and nest-hunting was a part of the programme of the occasion an when the uncovering came, a pair of unsophisticated, confiding eyes might have been seen so far in advance of a confused editor's face as to have prohibited the adjustment of his eye-glasses.

He faults Prof. Morse for calling the *Scientist*, "Your little contemporary" the "little paper," etc. Now we don't believe Bro. Morse meant to say that the *Scientist* was little in size, for it is almost large enough to wear pants, and it has always spoke its piece well; it can say "diakka" now like a parrot. It is only little in the sense of intelligence. It is vigilant as a soldier-ant in tracking up sinners, and frisks about like a fretful humble-bee in a bottle, but the time hasn't come for it to manifest much stability of character. For awhile it will swallow any lollipop its nurse may see fit to give it, as its mental gullet is so lubricated by its credulity and its expanding capacity so adjusted that mastication is entirely unnecessary. It never discusses its theories; it takes them down at one gulp, as a pickerel does his dinner. It believes in Davis' Diakka with a faith as unquestioning as any little tow-head ever believed in Santa-Claus.

Lately it has been wreaking vengeance on the *Banner of Light*, and Prof. J. J. Morse, and as Bro. Morse strikes back; it talks diakka and women to him. This will probably scare him in. Gerry knows they are terrible creatures, for he has heard awful stories about them. So he often prays to be shielded from them. Here is one of his prayers:

"We pray God that they (the diakka,) may never be permitted to drag us into the arms of any prominent female free-lover."

Keep cool brother: you will not be hurt; these little diakka never suffer their attention to be monopolized by such trivial affairs, and as to being "dragged into the arms of prominent female free-lovers," why, bless you, your appearance is a sufficient protection, if you have no other. "Female free-lovers" will not be likely to waste more powder than the game is worth.

D. W. H.

Our Lyceum.

Conducted by Mattie Sawyer.

OCTOBER DAYS.

Very reluctantly we take our pen from its resting place this glorious afternoon. There is a warmth and beauty pervading the outer world that woos us from labor.

We appreciate this charming weather all the more for the long chilling rains that have visited us during the autumnal days. We feel inspired with new emotions, we gather strength while our whole soul goes out in worshipful adoration as we bow before the shrine of Nature.

Let us catch all the sunshine there is; may the genial atmosphere awaken a corresponding element within us, until we take up a new life, fertile with cheerfulness and courage.

The poorest of us may drink in the luxurious air of these charming, October days. The most destitute among us can feast on the glories of wood and sky.

How tenderly all this outward beauty appeals to us. One cannot help communing with nature on a day like this. We seem carried away from the heartlessness of former life, and dropped at the feet of a great magnificent mother, "in whom we move and have our being."

THE BOSTON LYCEUM.

Oct. 10th. The Lyceum was called to order at the usual hour, Conductor Hatch presiding. The literary exercises were participated in by H. B. Johnson, Esther James, Mabel Edson, Master Buffon, Helen M. Dill, Miss Clifton and Julia M. Carter.

Sunday, Oct. 17th., The Lyceum held its usual interesting session, with readings and recitations by the following scholars: May Potter, Jonny Balch, Ella Carr, Nellie Porter, Mabel Edson, Rudolph Burtleson, Alvena Smith, Helen M. Dill and Mrs. Jackson.

WORK WHILE IT IS CALLED TO-DAY.

Up! there's no time for rest to-day!
There's stubborn work to do
For every willing heart and hand
The blessed daylight through.

THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER. A SKETCH FOR PARENTS.

By SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

MR. SOLOMON WINTHROP was a plain old farmer—an austere, precise man, who did everything by established rules, and who could see no reason why people should ever grasp at things beyond what had been reached by their great great grandfathers.

It was a cold winter's day. Samuel was in the kitchen reading a book, and so interested was he that he did not notice the entrance of his father. Jeremiah was in an opposite corner engaged in ciphering out a sum which he had found in his arithmetic.

"Sam," said the farmer to his youngest son, "have you worked out that sum yet?"

"No, sir," returned the boy, in a hesitating manner.

"Didn't I tell you to stick to your arithmetic till you had done it?" uttered Mr. Winthrop, in a severe tone.

Samuel hung down his head and looked troubled.

"Why haven't you done it?" continued the father.

"I can't do it, sir," tremblingly returned the boy. "Can't do it? and why not? Look at Jerry, there, with his slate and arithmetic. He had ciphered further than you have long before he was as old as you are."

"Jerry was always fond of mathematical problems, sir; but I can't fasten my mind on them. They have no interest for me."

"That's because you don't try to feel any interest in your studies. What book is that you are reading?"

"It's a work on philosophy, sir."

"A work on fiddle-sticks! Go put it away this instant, and then get your slate, and don't let me see you away from your arithmetic again until you can work out these roots. Do you understand me?"

Samuel made no answer, but silently he put away his philosophy, and then got his slate, and sat down again in the chimney corner. His nether lip trembled, and his eyes were moistened, for he was unhappy. His father had been harsh towards him, and he felt that it was without just cause.

"Sam," said Jerry, as soon as the old man had gone, "I'll do that sum for you."

"No, Jerry," returned the younger brother, but yet with a grateful look; "that would be deceiving our father. I will try and do the sum myself, though I fear I shall not succeed."

Samuel worked and studied, but all to no purpose.

The roots and squares, the bases, hypothenuses and perpendiculars, though comparatively simple in themselves, were to him a mingled mass of incomprehensible things, and the more he studied the more did he become perplexed and bothered. The truth was, his father did not understand him.

Samuel was a bright boy, and uncommonly intelligent for one of his age. Mr. Winthrop was a thorough mathematician—he had never yet come across a problem he could not solve, and he desired that his children should be like him, for he conceived that the very acme of educational perfection lay in the power of conquering Euclid, and he often expressed the opinion that, were Euclid living then, he could "give the old geometrician a hard tussle." He never seemed to comprehend that different minds were made with different capacities, and that what one mind could grasp with ease, another, of equal power, would fail to comprehend. Hence, because Jeremiah progressed rapidly in his mathematical studies, and could already survey a piece of land of many angles, he imagined that, because Samuel made no progress at all in the same branch, he was idle and careless, and he treated him accordingly.

There was another thing Mr. Winthrop could not see, and that was, that Samuel was continually studying and pondering upon such profitable matters as interested him, and that he was scarcely ever idle, nor did the father see, either, that if he ever wished his boy to become a mathematician, he was pursuing the very course to prevent such a result.

The dinner hour came, and Samuel had not yet worked out the sum. His father was angry, and obliged the boy to go without his dinner, at the same time telling him that he was an idle, lazy child.

Poor Samuel left the kitchen and went up to his chamber, and there he sat down and cried. At length his mind seemed to pass from the wrong he had suffered at the hands of his parent and took another turn, and the grief-marks left his face. There was a large fire in the room below his chamber, so he was not very cold; and getting up from his seat he went to a small closet, and from beneath a lot of old clothes he dragged forth some long strips of wood and commenced whittling. It was not for mere pastime that he thus whittled, for he was fashioning some curious affair from

those pieces of wood. He had bits of wire, little scraps of tin plate, pieces of twine, and some dozen small wheels that he had made himself, and he seemed to be working to get them together after some peculiar fashion of his own.

Half the afternoon had passed away when his sister entered his chamber. She had her apron gathered up in her hand, and after closing the door softly behind her, she approached the spot where her brother sat.

"Here, Sammy—see, I have brought you up something to eat. I know you must be hungry."

As she spoke, she opened her apron and took out four cakes, and a piece of pie and cheese. The boy was hungry, and he hesitated not to avail himself of his sister's kind offer. He kissed her as he took the cakes and thanked her.

"O, what a pretty thing you are making!" uttered Fanny, as she gazed upon the result of her brother's labors. "Wont you give it to me after it's done?"

"Not this one, sister," returned the boy, with a smile; "but as soon as I get time I will make you something equally as pretty."

Fanny thanked her brother, and shortly afterwards she left the room, and the boy resumed his work.

At the end of the week the various materials that had been subjected to Samuel's jack-knife and pincers had assumed form and comeliness, and they were jointed and grooved together in a curious combination. The embryo philosopher set the machine—for it looked like a machine—upon the floor, and then he stood off and gazed upon it. His bright eye gleamed with a peculiar glow of satisfaction, and he looked proud and happy. While yet he stood and gazed upon the child of his labor, the door of his chamber opened and his father entered.

"What—are you not studying?" exclaimed Mr. Winthrop, as he noticed his boy standing idle in the middle of the room.

Samuel trembled as he heard his father's voice, and he turned pale with fear.

"Ha, what is this?" continued Mr. Winthrop, as he caught sight of the curious construction on the floor. "This, then, is the secret of your idleness. Now I see how it is that you cannot master your studies. You spend your time in making play-houses and fly-pens. I'll see whether you'll learn to attend to your lessons or not. There!"

As the father uttered that simple interjection, he placed his foot upon the object of his displeasure. The boy uttered a quick cry and sprang eagerly forward, but he was too late. The curious construction was crushed to atoms—the labor of long weeks was utterly gone! The lad gazed for a moment upon the mass of ruins, and then covering his face with his hands he burst into tears.

"Aint you ashamed?" said Mr. Winthrop, "great boy like you to spend your time on such clap-traps, and then cry about it because I choose that you should attend to your studies? Now go out to the barn and help Jerry shell corn."

The boy was too full of grief to make any explanation, and without a word he left his chamber; but for long days afterwards he was sad and downhearted.

"Samuel," said Mr. Winthrop, one day after the spring had opened, "I have seen Mr. Young, and he is willing to take you as an apprentice. Jerry and I can get along on the farm, and I think the best thing you can do is to learn the blacksmith's trade. I have given up all hopes of making a surveyor of you; and if you had a farm, you wouldn't know how to measure it and lay it out. Jerry, now, will soon be able to take my place as a surveyor and I have already made arrangements for having him sworn, and obtaining his commission. But your trade will be a good one, however, and I have no doubt you will make a living at it."

Mr. Young was a blacksmith in a neighboring town and carried on quite an extensive business, and, moreover, he had the reputation of being a fine man. Samuel was delighted with his father's proposal, and when he learned that Mr. Young also carried on quite a large machine shop he was in ecstasies. His trunk was packed,—a good supply of clothes having been provided; and after kissing his mother and sister and shaking hands with his father and brother, he mounted the stage and set off for his new destination.

He found Mr. Young all that he could wish, and he went into his business with an assiduity that surprised his master. One evening, after Samuel Winthrop had been with his new master six months, the latter came into the shop after the journeymen had quit work and gone home, and found the youth busily engaged in filing a piece of iron. There were quite a number of pieces laying upon the bench by his side, some of which were curiously riveted together and fixed with springs and slides, while others appeared not yet ready for their destined use. Mr. Young ascertained what the young workman was up to, and not only encouraged him in his undertaking, but stood for half an hour and watched him at his work. The next day Samuel Winthrop was removed from the blacksmith's shop to the machine shop.

Samuel often visited his parents, and at the end of two years his father was not a little surprised when Mr. Young informed him that Samuel was the most useful hand he had.

Time flew by fast. Samuel was twenty-one. Jeremiah had been free two years and was one of the most accurate and trustworthy surveyors in the country. Mr. Winthrop looked upon his eldest son with pride, and often expressed the wish that the other son could have been like him. Samuel had come to visit his native home, and Mr. Young had come with him.

"Mr. Young," said Mr. Winthrop, after the tea things had been cleared away, "that is a fine large factory they have erected in your town."

"Yes," returned Mr. Young, "there are three of them and they are doing a heavy business."

"I understand they have an extensive machine shop connected with the factories. Now if my boy Sam is as good a workman as you say he is, perhaps he might get a first rate situation there."

Mr. Young looked at Samuel and smiled.

"By the way," continued the old farmer, "what is all this noise I hear and see in the newspapers about these patent Winthrop Looms? They tell me they go ahead of anything that has been got up before."

"You must ask your son about that," returned Mr. Young. "That is some of Samuel's business."

"Eh? What? My son? Some of Sam—?" The old man stopped short and gazed at his boy. He was bewildered. It could not be that his son—his idle son—was the inventor of the great power loom that had taken all the manufacturers by surprise.

"What do you mean?" he at length said.

"It simply means, father, that that loom is mine," returned Samuel, with a look of conscious pride. "I invented it and have taken out a patent right, and I have already been offered ten thousand dollars for the right of patent in two adjoining States. Don't you remember that clap-trap that you crushed with your foot six years ago?"

"Yes," answered the old man, whose eyes were bent to the floor, and over whose mind a new light seemed breaking.

"Well," continued Samuel, "that was almost a pattern of the very loom I have set up in the factories, though, of course, I have made much alteration and improvement, and there is room for improvement yet."

"And that was what you were studying about when you used to stand and see me weave, and when you used to fumble about my loom so much," said Mrs. Winthrop.

"You are right, mother. Even then I had conceived the idea I have since carried out."

"And that is why you couldn't study my mathematical problems," uttered Mr. Winthrop, as he started from his chair and took the youth by the hand. "Samuel, my son, forgive me for the harshness I have used towards you. I have been blind, foolishly so, and I now see how I misunderstood you. While I thought you were idle and careless you were solving a philosophical problem that I never could have comprehended. Forgive me, Samuel—I meant well enough, but I lacked in judgment and discrimination."

Of course the old man had long before been for a new lesson in human nature. It was simply this:

Different minds have different capacities, and no mind can be driven to love that for which it has no taste. First, seek to understand the natural abilities and dispositions of children, and then, in your management of their education for after life, govern yourselves accordingly. The same soil that will give life and vigor to the beautiful, the useful and stately pine, will not bear the sturdy oak. George Combe, the greatest moral philosopher of his day, could hardly reckon in simple addition, and Colburn, the mathematician, could not write out a commonplace address.

A DISCUSSION

ABOUT JESUS AND RELIGION

BETWEEN PROF. S. B. BRITTON And W. F. JAMIESON.

All who have read Prof. Britton's "Democracy Christianity" should peruse this analytical reply. Paper, 56 pages, 25 cents; flexible cloth covers 50 cents. For sale by MOSES HULL & CO. 24 Newcomb-St., Boston.

BOARDING-HOUSE.

I have taken the LARGE MANSION HOUSE, 48 Fourth Street, and fitted for a first class Boarding-House. Parties coming to the city on business or pleasure will find the ALGER HOUSE! A CHEAP PLACE TO STOP or a day or a month, and convenient to any part of Boston. L. F. THOMPSON.

Now Ready! MATTIE'S OFFERING A COLLECTION OF ORIGINAL SONGS

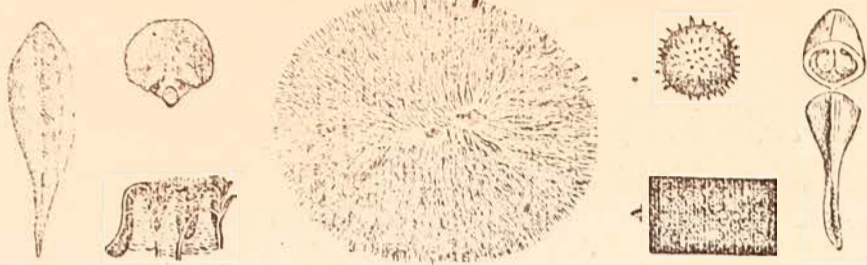
AS SONG By MATTIE SAWYER. Together with Selections from the BEST AUTHORS. And hath put, a new song in my mouth.—Psa. xl, 3. BOSTON: MOSES HULL AND COMPANY, 24 NEWCOMB STREET, NEAR WASHINGTON. PRICE: Paper covers, 25c.; Cloth, 35c.

SEXUAL PHYSIOLOGY.

A Scientific and Popular Exposition of the Fundamental Problems in Sociology.

BY R. T. TRALL, M. D.

25,000 COPIES SOLD.

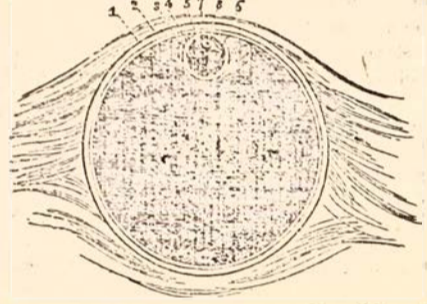


The great interest now being felt in all subjects relating to Human Development, will make the book of interest to all.

This work contains the latest and most important discoveries in the Anatomy and Physiology of the Sexes; Explains the Origin of Human Life; How and when Menstruation, Impregnation and Conception occur; gives the laws by which the number and sex of offspring are controlled, and valuable information in regard to the begetting and rearing of beautiful and healthy children.

SYNOPSIS OF CONTENTS.

- The Origin of Life. The Physiology of Menstruation. Pregnancy. Parturition. The Law of Sex. The Theory of Population. Hereditary Transmission. Rights of Offspring. Good Children. Monstrosities. Temperamental Adaptation. The Conjugal Relation. Courtship. Choosing a Husband. Marrying and Giving in Marriage.



This work has rapidly passed through Twenty editions, and the demand is constantly increasing. No such valuable work has ever before been issued from the press. Price by mail, \$2.

WOOD & LOEBBACH, Publishers, 13 & 15 N. 4th Street, New York.

FOR SALE BY MOSES HULL & CO., 24 NEWCOMB STREET, BOSTON.

WOULD YOU READ

- Able, Absorbing Appeal. Bold, Blithesome Book. Curious, Convincing Chapters. Delightfully Drawn Descriptions. Elegant, Electric Epistles. Fearless, Faultless Fiction. Grand, Graphic Galaxy. Hopeful, Healthful History. Intrepid, Instructive Iconoclast. Just, Judicious Judgment. Kindly, Knowing Keepsake. Lovely, Liberal Lessons. Masterly, Magnetic Manual.

MOSES HULL'S BOOKS

- The Question Settled: A Careful Comparison of Biblical and Modern Spiritualism. The Contrast: Evangelicalism and Spiritualism Compared. Which? Spiritualism or Christianity? That Terrible Question. Letters to Elder Miles Grant. Both Sides: Or God's and the Devil's Prophets. Wolf in Sheep's Clothing. Lithographic Likeness of Moses Hull.

THEN READ THE HEATHENS OF THE HEATH

decidedly The Greatest Book of the Times, which Every Body should Read. By WILLIAM McDONELL, Esq., Author of "EXETER HALL," etc., etc.

L. G. S. Ladies' Garment Suspender.

Important to the Ladies!

Not since the flood has there been an invention so much needed as the L. G. Suspender; patented Aug. 19, 1873. Two-thirds of the ladies of this country are invalids, and it is safe to say that one-half of the female ill are caused by wearing skirts suspended about the waist, dragging the abdominal organs out of their place, thus deranging the whole human machinery.

BE HEALED!

DR. S. WOOD has been called by the angels to renounce every other business and give his entire attention to healing the sick. He is located in Washington, N. H., where he was born, raised and developed as an Intuitive Doctor.

A NEW BOOK! THE GENERAL JUDGMENT; Or, The Great Overturning.

This pamphlet is written to show that old things are passing away, and all things are to be made new. That Spiritualism has come for the inauguration of a New Dispensation. Its object is not only to cause people to shudder, "Oh, death where is thy sting; oh, grave where is thy victory?" but to supplant all the old things which belonged to the dispensation of death and give us

A New Heavens and a New Earth;

That in the new order of things the law is to be written, not on tables of stone, but the heart. This pamphlet argues that the time has now come when every one shall sit under his own vine and fig tree. The Dispensation called the "Kingdom of Heaven" is now upon us. In that Dispensation they shall

NEITHER MARRY NOR BE GIVEN IN MARRIAGE.

But shall be as the angels in Heaven. This little work is a sequel to a former publication, entitled "That Terrible Question," as "The Contrast" is the sequel to "Question Settled."

AN IMPORTANT WORK.

LECTURER ON PHYSIOLOGY, HEALTH AND DISEASE, by A. O'LEARY, M. D. Illustrated by thirteen engravings. This is one of the most important and popular health documents in the world. Especially should every lady purchase and read it. Eighty pages of well printed matter. Price 25 cents. For sale wholesale and retail by

WHERE ALL KINDS OF REFORM BOOKS CAN BE HAD AT PUBLISHERS' PRICES.

FARM WANTED IN EXCHANGE FOR

A Business now Paying Well IN ANOTHER STATE. GOOD FOR MASS., N. H., OR MAINE. Address Editor of CRUCIBLE or DR. CLARK, 32 Russell Street, Charlestown, Mass.

D. W. HULL'S BOOKS.

- The Hereafter: A Scientific, Phenomenal and Biblical Demonstration of a Future Life. Christianity: Its Origin, Nature, and Tendency; considered in the Light of Astro-Technology. Atrlogical Origin of the Jehovah-God, of the Old and New Testaments. Spiritualism a Test of Christianity.

HULL'S CRUCIBLE.

A wide awake journal, devoted to the most radical reforms. Confined to no sect or party, and owing fidelity to nothing but truth and honor.

HULL'S CRUCIBLE will ignore no thought on account of its unpopularity, its object being to enlighten and not to flatter the world. The CRUCIBLE is owned and conducted by Moses Hull and D. W. Hull. The firm is known as that of the HULL BROTHERS.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: One subscriber, 12 numbers, \$1.50. Specimen numbers mailed to any address on receipt of two three-cent postage stamps for each number.

TWO farms for sale cheap, and on very easy terms—or exchange. One in N. Y., the other in Tenn. Call on or address Dr. B. Franklin Clark, 32 Russell St. Charlestown, Mass.

PROGRESSIVE SONGSTER.

By WM. H. WESCOTT, Comprises a collection of some of the best and most popular selections of the day, (over 200 pages,) arranged for the use of Spiritualists for the Lecture Circle or Lyceum. These "Gems" are adapted to familiar melodies, and is intended to take the place of more ponderous music books for general use.

- SWEET BY-AND-BY. STRIVING FOR THE RIGHT. BEAUTIFUL RIVER. MOTHER KISSED ME IN MY DREAM. REST FOR THE WEARY. HOME ABOVE. HOME OF THE ANGELS. LOVE AT HOME. HOME SWEET HOME. SOMETHING SWEET TO THINK OF. WAITING BY THE RIVER. NEARER MY GOD TO THIS. ERROR'S TRACINGS SHALL MOULDER IN THE GRAVE. SWEET SISTER SPIRIT, COME. DO THE SPIRITS OF THE LOVED ONES. ROUND US. I HEAR THE ANGELS SINGING.

TO THE AFFLICTED!

DANIEL W. HULL WILL give clairvoyant examinations and treat medicinally or magnetically all forms of disease. Has had the best of success in treating RHEUMATISM, PARALYSIS, NEURALGIA, CONSUMPTION, SEMINAL WEAKNESS, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, CANCER, LIVER COMPLAINT, SALT RHEUM, CHRONIC DIARRHŒA, DIABETES, &c.

Persons writing from a distance should send photograph with name and age.

THE HOLLOW GLOBE

—OR— The World's Agitator and Reconciler.

A treatise on the PHYSICAL CONFORMATION OF THE EARTH, given through the organism of M. L. SHERMAN, M. D., And written by Prof. Wm. F. LYON.

- Chap. 1st, Scraps of History. 2d, The Open Polar Sea. 3d, The Igneous Theory. 4th, Volcanoes. 5th, Earthquakes. 6th, Material and Spiritual Forces. 7th Gravitation. 8th, The Sun and its influence. 9th, Inherent Powers. 10th, Who are the World Builders. 11th, The Moon. 12th, Dissolution and Reconstruction. 13th, The Vision.

The above, with the contents of the different chapters, and an introduction by Wm. F. Lyon, forms one of the most interesting books of the age.

This book was given through the mediumship of Dr. Sherman, but other parties are beginning to study this subject from a scientific standpoint, and are coming to the same conclusion, to wit: That the world is hollow, as the following, taken from an exchange, will show:

"Did you know anything about Symmes or his theory when your attention was first attracted to this matter?"

"I had a vague idea of some such man, out about the winter of 1870-1 the thought of the globe being hollow began to press itself upon my mind, and I find that another man out west began to dwell upon the same subject in that year. The result in his case was an interesting book called 'The Hollow Globe.' This volume came into my hands in June, 1863. He claims that the first thoughts he had on the subject came from a 'trance medium.' My views were not the result of any such inspiration. Yet, his method is much like mine, inasmuch as he works out the conclusion analogically. We both maintain the doctrine that the earth must resemble man in its internal structure."

The man "out west" is Prof. Lyon. The "Trance Medium" is Dr. Sherman. The gentleman from whom the question is asked, is Mr. Brewster, a Spiritualist of New York City. The Hollow Globe was published the year that Mr. Brewster says his attention was first turned to the subject, but written the year before.

We have this remarkable book for sale, 447 pages, good paper and well bound. Price \$2.00, sent postpaid on receipt of the price.

MOSES HULL & CO., Boston.

APPROACHING CONFLICT.

BY JOHN WILCOX.

The United States Government to be overthrown by a conflict of arms, and to be superseded by a military Dictatorship. Within five years the first blow will be struck by the Republican Party that will end in a complete defeat of their assumptions, and final overthrow of the American Republic. Politics, Religion and the aspirations of the industrial classes, woman's rights and Socialism to form the issues.

Industry and Liberalism will in the end be victorious, and the accumulated wealth stolen from the toiling millions, will be confiscated to meet the current expense of the war. The nation is slumbering upon the brink of ruin as unconsciously as it was the hour when the first gun at Sumpter announced the approaching downfall of African slavery.

The most startling prelude to the destiny of a Nation, ever issued from the Press. A complete elucidation of the relations of capital and labor, written especially for the Patrons of Husbandry.

A secret chapter, or a brief history of Omro, Wis., behind the scenes. A book of 255 pages. Price reduced to \$1.15, postage included. For sale by MOSES HULL & Co.

