

# HULL'S CRUCIBLE.

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Vol. IV.

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

No. 17.

## Original Poetry.

### Apostrophe to Heresy.

(Composed while listening to Moses Hull's Lecture on Tramps.)

BY E. J. C.

Oh, Moses! oh, Moses! see here, man!  
Do you know what, the mischief, you're doing?  
Dissentation and trouble, 'tis clear man,  
Will follow the course you're pursuing.  
With your Free Love and Woman's Right speeches,  
The women around you are flocking,  
And soon they'll be wearing the breeches,  
All grace and true dignity shocking.

Poor woman, you say, should be aided;  
She's the equal of man, if not better,  
And by him she is snubbed and degraded—  
She would certainly vote, if he'd let her.  
But what's to become of her mission?  
How the men will all thumb their rude noses,  
When she's in a what-is-it condition!  
Oh, goodness! oh gracious! oh Moses!

And now you're defending the tramp man,  
Betraying the rules of propriety;  
Why, the humbugs will call you a scamp, man—  
You'll be kicked out of society.  
The greybeards around me are sneering,  
I see how they scoff at your teaching,  
Yet, in spite of their blinking and fearing,  
Go gallantly on with your preaching.

I know that you're on the right track, man,  
Since for freedom of speech you are fighting,  
Press onward and never look back, man—  
'Tis the working man's wrong you are righting—  
The angel of truth will protect you,  
And add a fresh leaf to your laurel,  
The people are bound to respect you,  
God is on the side of your quarrel.

## Polemics.

### What we Have, and What we Want.

A Lecture Delivered Before the National Association of Spiritualists in Boston Sept. 17, 1874, by Lois Waisbrooker.

Ruskin in his *Ethics of Dark Days*, says:

"Exclusive of animal decay, we can hardly arrive at a more absolute type of impurity than the mud or slime of a dark, over-trodden path in the out-skirts of a manufacturing town. I do not say of the road for that is mixed with animal refuse, and of a beaten foot path, on a rainy day, near a manufacturing town. This slime we shall find in most cases, composed of clay, or dust, which is burnt clay, mixed with soot, a little sand and water. All these elements are at war with each other; and destroy reciprocally each other, nature and power, competing and fighting for place at every tread of your foot. Sand squeezing out clay, clay squeezing out water, and soot meddling everywhere, and defiling the whole. Let us suppose that this ounce of mud is left at perfect rest, and that its elements gather together, like to like, so that their atoms may get into the closest relations possible. Let the clay begin ridding itself of all foreign substances, it gradually becomes a white earth, already very beautiful, and fit, with the help of congealing fire, to be made into finest porcelain, and painted on and kept in kings' palaces. But such artificial consistence is not its best. Leave it still quiet to follow its own instinctive unity, and it becomes not only white but clear, not only clear but so set that it can deal with light in a wonderful way, and gather out of it the loveliest blue rays only, refusing the rest. We call it then a sapphire."

He then traces the sand, the soot and the water to the ultimate that each would eventually reach in the condition which would leave them free from foreign intrusion. He then adds:

"And for the ounce of slime which we had by political economy of competition, we have by political economy of co-operation, a sapphire, an opal, and a diamond set in the midst of a star of snow."

We have the slime now, and especially in the social sphere, but from the same material, through individual freedom and fraternal co-operation, we may have in the firmament of the social world, stars shining down upon opals, sapphires, diamonds,—and not only this, but stars that are ready to descend in the gentle rain, or the pure dew, for the very purpose of washing the dust from these other more permanent forms, and then, rising in mists waves become mirrors for each gem to see just the hue of light it wishes to appropriate, while in those upper regions they congeal again to snowy stars.

And not only this sweet purity is what we want—is what all want, but we differ as to the methods of attainment. We ask for the

freedom of co-operation and we are accused of advocating the evils which must exist under restraint and competition. Suppose the sand, clay, soot and water composing that filthy mass of which we have been speaking, had been blessed with intelligence, and an instinctive yearning for the purity of their own destiny; each feeling the grandeur of its own, but failing to see, to feel that the others had an equally grand, though distinct destiny to accomplish? What, suppose you, would one who had understood, have heard? Why just such a wrangling as we have in society to-day.

The clay would try to have all become sapphires as their only hope for having sapphire on the brain, it could see nothing else. The sand would see only an opal heaven; the water be raving of the dewy sweetness, and chaste whiteness to which all should attain; while the soot, filled with a prophecy of its diamond glory, would mix with and blacken the whole.

But suppose that some partially developed sapphire, or opal, or diamond, or liberated dew drop, should discover the grand truth that there was something else worth living for in the wide universe besides trying to become sapphires, or opals, or diamonds, or dew drops and crystalized snow stars,—should see that each had a beauty of its own, and that all that was needed to bring out this beauty was freedom for each to work out its own destiny, protected only from the encroachment of the others; and seeing this, should proclaim it, what suppose you would be the result? Why, just what we have now, when social freedom is talked of among mortals.

"Freedom!" cries the clay, why, I have to fight all the time now to keep this ugly sand bank; if it would only become clay by giving it freedom it would be well enough to talk, but I have tried until I have lost all faith; you can never make anything but sand of it, and it must be restrained. I don't need your law, but the sand, the soot and the water does."

"Freedom!" groans the sand; "why, what could I do if that nasty blue clay was the whole time to keep it from overshadowing me now and if it was permitted to act out its own nature, I don't know what I should do: I can be a law unto myself, but the clay, the soot, and the water need external law to keep them in their places."

The soot and the water would make about the same outcry, thinking that the other must certainly go to ruin, unless held to conditions which would keep them alike, and each making their standard the one to which the others should be held.

But each, in a state of freedom, would only need to learn to mind their own business, to wit: Work out their own destiny. The cleansing power of the dew drop could then be made available without its being imprisoned and overloaded. It would kiss the undeveloped diamond, bearing away a portion of its dross without being condemned to eternal blackness therefor. It could mingle with the future opal, or rest upon the bosom of the yet-to-be sapphire, and then, exhaling in misty extacy of love, soar to the higher regions of the atmosphere, and come back a snow flake, with never a touch of contamination upon it.

It could do this, for in its nature it is not exclusive. The others could not do this; they could not dally with each other without pollution, that it were hard to be rid of; but each could dally with the dew drop and be the better for it.

In this mass of slime which we are considering, each of the ingredients would be only too glad of the freedom which would permit it to be what nature made it. But in the human mass known as society, the law which would hold people to the freedom which was limited by the freedom of others, would be the most terrible of restraints upon very many who are so afraid of having the law abolished; and especially the present law of marriage. Such would find more than they have now, and would need to have till they learned that freedom does not mean the right to control others to our will, against their best judgment and the intuitions and attractions of their own souls.

The dew drop could mingle with the clay, the sand, or the soot, and yet not belong to either; and neither could develop to their higher destiny, if holding the dew drop to the bondage of possession. But a grain of sand could gravitate to the sand, and become one with it; that would be its freedom. So could clay gravitate to clay, and soot to soot; for their destinies are one.

Let us not fear then, that freedom will take from us that which would bless us, or the reverse: neither let us say, when one advocates freedom, that they are advocating the slimy, filthy conditions which obtain, in a state of unnatural, unjust restraint.

Freedom and freedom alone, can do away with such conditions. Protected freedom, and lawless tyranny, are two very different things; and until tyranny is rooted out of the earth, freedom will need the protection of law; protection from outside encroachments, not control in the sphere of individual liberty, as we have now.

So I repeat: those who argue so strenuously for law when we talk of freedom, will find many of them, that they have more law than they bargained for. Freedom, so far from abrogating, only the more fully recognize law. But law and legal enactments are too often very different things.

But I wish to speak more fully of the illustrations above given—wish to say that they mean something more than mere poetry. For instance, what is said of the drop of water, the sentence: "The cleansing power of the dew drop could then be made available without its being imprisoned, overloaded. It could kiss the undeveloped diamond, etc., etc. We use the above as a practical symbol. I believe most fully that there are both men and women who, like that drop of water, are not exclusive in their natures and cannot be in their lives: and that such may descend to the very depths or to what, measured by the one idea, pharisaical standard of morality, would be called such. Many do this from the soul intuitions, and in opposition to their own declared position before the world, and if left to the law of their own

flake, which, as a drop of water has been wooed by the sun and then chilled and sent back to earth. I believe Henry Ward Beecher to be such an one, and that the filth, the slime which attaches to him belongs not to himself, but to the conditions in which he is held. You may think this a strange statement but I tell you there is a chemical morality of which professors of moral ethics have failed to take note.

There are suns with their circling planets and satellites in the realm of love, in the realm of the intellect and in the realm of soul as in the starry heavens. The question is not, shall our earth have one or a dozen moons, but des the reciprocal influence exerted, tend to refine, to beautify each, or the reverse? I would pause here to speak of the misapplication of the word promiscuous as it relates to this great question of social life. If I say to my neighbors, "My house is open to my friends once a week and you are generally invited to visit me at that time." At such time all who chose would feel privileged to come, and I should have a promiscuous company; but I should send out written invitations to a few, I should here have a select company.

Now it is urged that we as Free Lovers believe in promiscuity—in prostitution. This is utterly false. Promiscuity is without choice amongst the many; prostitution is without the power of choice, whether bound to one or the slave of the many. Promiscuity is prostitution, but prostitution is not necessarily promiscuity. Nature knows no prostitution but unwilling subjection.

Having thus given a true definition of these misused terms, I am bold to say that in a state of freedom there can be no prostitution in the strict sense of the term. But can we have promiscuity in freedom. I doubt it. Do not believe that any woman is naturally so low as to be utterly indifferent as to her sexual associates; and unless we can find such, we cannot find a naturally promiscuous person. That there are those who are naturally largely varietists, I most fully believe, and that there are those who are nat-

urally exclusive, monogamic, I also believe; but how large a proportion we cannot know until Social Freedom is fully recognized—recognized not only under the law, but by the moral sense of the people.

Here is where the conflict comes. Moral ethics, (I should have said, theological ethics,) declares that the desire for sexual change is an evidence of depravity, a temptation of the devil. But we as Spiritualists repudiate the depravity dogma, and, looking their devil squarely in the face, find undeveloped sapphires, opals diamonds and dew drops or starry snow flakes.

Men and women who are largely creative whose sex love is like an irrepressible fountain, shut them from the light of heaven or from the higher faculties of the soul, by teaching them that, on that account, they are vile, and they become like the water that, mingling with the sand, soot and clay, aids in making them into slime. But, teach them to permeate every sexual act—every sexual thought even, with the sunlight of spirituality, and all the grossness, all the impurity will be left upon the earth, but finer and purer than before, while the real life of this-wondrous fountain which we have been taught is so low—so filthy, only as legally directed,—the real life thereof will ascend to fall in the gentle dew or the refreshing shower, will help to make your gorgeous sunsets, and whiten your eternal hills—will spread your valleys with the emblems of virgin purity, and make the grass spring up in the spring time.

Sometimes the thunder and the lightning of the tempest may rock the foundations of a Plymouth, because covered conditions, stagnant emanations have filled the atmosphere with impurity, but they come only as a necessity, and they make the air clear and healthful.

"Beautiful," do you say, when we speak of spiritualized sex-forces? That form of the spiritual you can accept. What good would the dew or rain do the earth if they stayed by in the sky, were having been exhaled therefrom by the warmth of the sun? Beauty consists so much in being monogamists or celibates, as it does in using all our powers for the highest good by learning the law of our own being and then sending the soul-forces of love and wisdom into all the acts of life. There are those who are born kings and queens in the realms of love—natural magnets, giving warmth and life to all within their radia. And there are those who can never feel condemnation from within for a mutual sexual act, whether legal or otherwise.

Keep the reflected condemnation which comes from without away from them, and the light from within and from above is unclouded. If such chance to be teachers or leaders and the organs of benevolence, spirituality, ideality, sublimity and language be large, they will be first in every good work and the light of their own souls will scatter so much sunshine about them, that you will deem them angels. But when you find that they have not squared their lives by your, or the public's idea of right, then you visit upon them the fierceness of your indignation. Such an one is Henry Ward Beecher—a clear-sighted soul, but blindfolded by conditions. I most fully believe that he sees clearly, and has for years, the law of social freedom, which in the hands of woman protected and sustained from false conditions, will yet redeem our earth from all uncleanness. But his soul, looking through his affectional nature, scanned it before his intellect did. I said affectional: I should have said love nature; for love is conjugal, while affection is fraternal.

Why did he not come out and declare the truths he saw and sensed? Why leave a woman to face the storm as she declares the higher law? His very benevolence forbade; his love of approbation forbade, and things conspired to hold him from the high position into which a woman has stepped. Brave Victoria: she has soared where many would have sunk; but Henry Ward Beecher with the honor of the church and the world laid at his feet with the financial interests of hundreds depending upon his course, with everything to lose, occupied a very different







## WAYSIDE (FIRESIDE) PENCIL-LINGS.

I have just concluded the reading of an article in one of our exchanges, entitled "Woman the Weaker Vessel." It is very essential that now and then some "Lord of Creation" should come to the front with this text, or woman in these days of advancement, might really think she had reached some round on the ladder of progress where she might stand nearly man's equal. From time immemorial, she has been constantly reminded of her weakness, continually anathematized and tormented with the idea of her inferiority. When a child, she was paralyzed with the knowledge of her significance. Through maidenhood, the thought of her littleness hung like a dead weight upon her energies. Through her whole life the knowledge that she is regarded an inferior, has muffled the rich music of her soul and crops the wings of her brightest genius.

I am willing to admit that the female element in humanity is undeveloped and uncultivated. I will grant that woman is as weak as represented by our big brothers; but why is it so? Nature has molded as fine an organism for the female as the male—given it as perfect a brain; strung the woman soul with all the exquisiteness that it were possible to give to the human; she lives at times in the world of beautiful thoughts; thrills; in the realm of holy emotions; bows in admiration before giant intellects; loves and appreciates true greatness, and yet submissively treads the narrow way allotted to her sex, becoming many times, mentally, socially, spiritually paralyzed, through inactivity or a perversion of her powers. A few of us women are heartily sick of all this meaningless talk about "woman's sphere." Silly, drunken, half-idiotic men, whose wives and mothers keep the family ship from sinking, tell us in egotism and pride, of woman's weakness and incapacity to mingle in public and civil affairs. I have heard men (whose minds when compared to those of the women whom they were denouncing, stood in the relation of a penny whistle to a grand organ) harp on the old strain of "woman's appropriate sphere." I once knew a man who allowed his wife to build the fires in the winter, shovel the snow from the doors, milk the cows, and clean out the stable, yet was terribly afraid she would get "new notions"

want to vote, etc. That would be too bad; I heard him say, frequently, it would unsex and demoralize women to go to the polls. I finally asked him what the influence on women would be if they were all turned out to take care of the horses and cattle? Such men talk as though women were amiable beasts with no souls, capable of bearing their burdens. Supposing, for the sake of the argument, I admit all that is said on this side of the question, does it make woman's lot any less deplorable? Who is to blame?

What more could we expect? The world has always warred against the advancement of woman. Those whom she has loved and in whose judgment she has confided, have never wearied in reminding her of the frailty of her sex; liability to err, to be deceived, etc. always concluding such sermons with the following emphatic injunction: "Be a true, virtuous woman!" Society regards the woman true who subscribes to its conventionalities and forms, although they war with every instinct of her nature. According to the standard of society, the woman is virtuous who take upon her the obligation of marriage and lives under its covenant though she prostitutes herself in so doing. What though her love turns to ashes, as the real character of her protector (?) is discovered? What though her soul sobs out its anguish at the betrayal of human nature? There is no redress. What if she claims the right to her person, lest she may become freighted with unwelcome maternity, and be compelled to develop sinners for the lust of her legal master? The State tells her she is the property of one who bought her, paid for her, had it recorded, and therefore, she cannot control her own body. If she turns to the Church for relief, she hears an old sermon preached from the ancient text: "Wives submit yourselves unto your husbands." If she rebels, and seeks to adjust matters herself, she becomes the target of denunciation from every free-luster in the community. She may persevere, climbing slowly upward, loosening some fetter at every step until at last she stands in the glorified air of freedom, then her womanhood asserts its dominion. She reigns queen in the realm in which she moves. No man dares to presume on her independence, the air that surrounds her is inviolable.

Oh, woman! how long will you allow man to circumscribe your sphere?—to mark out your field of labor?—to trifle with your affections?—to prostitute your maternal functions? Your weakness weakens the nation: your loss is humanity's loss. Will you remain content, perverted in body, inactive in mind, thus "sending a destructive palsy down through succeeding generations."

Genius and talent cannot ripen where a false society molds and shapes the life to its model. There can be no greatness where despotic law prescribes the bounds. To develop strength of body and mind we must have freedom—freedom to think freedom to grow. Intellect expands and health blooms in freedom's beautiful fields. Knowledge develops in the hermitage of secret thought, where no cramping chains hold the mental power. Love is sweetest and truest where it is the freest. Society does every thing by rule, and that rule usually crushes the soul out of what is done. She loves, marries, aye, worships God by rule. Why are the boundary lines around man so elastic and those around woman as firm as iron?

If woman had been properly educated, inspired with great aims, grand and brave resolutions, instead of being regarded as the weaker vessel, she would have impressed the world with strength, activity and moral vigor. I reverence a stout-hearted, high-souled, brave woman. When we have a race of noble women we will have a noble nation.

MATTIE.

## BRUSH HEAP CLAIMS.

The early settlers in the West when they wanted a piece of land, made a claim on it—that is they built a house, cleared a spot of ground and moved on to it. It was considered a breach of honor for any person under such circumstances to enter their land from under them, and it would probably have been worth a man's life to have done it in those times. Others who were not prepared to move on would build a house, which was a sufficient protection against the encroachment of other pre-emptors. In time, from this it came to be considered sufficient guarantee of a claim to cut down a few bushes and build a brush heap—a duty performed in an hour. This was called a "Brush-Heap Claim" and nearly every unmarried boy over twelve years old had a brush heap on the corner of a piece of land, which was patiently holding the same for him until such time as he should be prepared to take personal possession and improve it.

"brush-heap claims, when we have heard of the various covenants, or agreement between parties—that they would some how live together without the sanction of the law. These proclamations are virtual "brush heap claims;" they amount to just this:

"I, A. B. have a right and title in C. D. by virtue of an agreement, and while I warn all men that I have no respect for the marriage-law, I shall expect them to respect the right and title, I have in her (or him)." And vice versa.

This is all well enough, provided C. D. like the land upon which the claim is made, does not know how to prohibit any improper or uncongenial imposition upon herself or himself. But it assumes that these parties enter into such contract, because neither knows what his (or her) duty is; and both stand as guardians over the person of the other—that neither party have the right or the power of self-protection. Aside from this consideration we are glad that these covenants are written; for it is a departure from the old customs and with us "a half loaf is better than no loaf at all." We well know that the world cannot come to the position we occupy until we get out of the way—take the next step ahead. Therefore we see in this a real sign of progress, and we accept those who are not bold enough, or advanced enough, to come clear out from Babylon, as (in so far as they depart from her customs,) reformers, and bid them God speed.

As a specimen of the progress that is being made and the efforts that some are making to get out of the old heathen traces, we call attention to the following covenant:

"We, the undersigned, believe, in the law of Eternal Mateship, . . . and that this, the natural law of the soul, is the only sanction necessary in marriage for those who truly love. We take upon ourselves, therefore, the sacred and solemn obligations of a union for life, promising before angels and mortals to live truly and love nobly.

LESSIE GOODELL GUSTAFSON.  
ALEXIS GUSTAFSON.

"Whereas we, the undersigned, mutually hold the opinion that neither Church, State, or public opinion has any moral or equitable right to direct, or interfere with, or just claim to be consulted as to the manner in which the people shall pursue their social happiness, and especially not as to how the relations between men and women shall be formed

or dissolved, and having exchanged ideas and sentiments as to the love that we each entertain for the other, therefore, [the italics are ours], having obtained the requisite license, we do hereby declare ourselves husband and wife.

ALEXANDER J. SPENCER.  
EVA WALSH.

In consideration of the above declaration of marital agreement, and by virtue of the authority vested in me by the laws of this State, I declare Dr. Alexander J. Spencer and Miss Eva. Walsh husband and wife.

J. L. HATCH, Minister."

(We will not quote the contract of Marriage or what-d'-y-call it between Leo Miller and Mattie Strickland as it appeared in No. 14.)

As we said before, as way marks of progress we hail all such movements as the above, but while holding both our arms stretched to embrace every departure from the barbarisms of the past, we must, for the benefit of those who are nearly ready to take a step in advance, exercise our privilege of criticism.

1. It is an acknowledgment to the world that every member in society is answerable for his or her private actions. To be sure it does not admit of all the customs; but then it is an explanation to the world of that which the world has no business. If Lessie Gooddell or Eva Walsh or either of the persons who have jointly signed the above parchments had said, "For the benefit of those who are struggling against the fashions of society—I proclaim my intention to hold such sexual relations with ——— as may be pleasant to both of us and as often as we shall desire, until such time as we shall experience greater attractions in defiance, if it must be, of the exactions of society." It would not be liable to the interpretation from the world it would otherwise receive.

2. In the first parchment the parties have perpetrated an obligation upon themselves as cruel as marriage. Indeed it is as outrageous, wicked and diabolical a marriage as ever was perpetrated. They take upon themselves "the sacred and solemn obligations of a UNION FOR LIFE promising before angels and mortals to LIVE TRULY and LOVE NOBLY." This eternal mateship is a beautiful thing to talk about, but it loses most of the poetry and romance in practice. Lessie has had several experiences in the eternal mate business, and each one of them, unless she has found a new mate since last summer, proved a failure. How are these two individuals to know that each has an eternal answer in his or her nature to the demand of the other, But right or wrong, and in this instance it turns out wrong, they have obligated themselves "before angels and mortals to live truly and love nobly." And now they must do it. It matters not whether they can, whether they have exhausted each other, whether they have grown apart, or whether they have or have not been mistaken or deceived in each other, they have promised before angels and mortals "to love truly" and they must do it. Angels and mortals are expected to hold them to that obligation else why should it be made?

This law of eternal mateship is the only sanction necessary in marriage for those who love. What a farce this is, if this be true; they are married by nature's law which they cannot escape, and yet they promise to eternally do just what they are compelled to do. Why not while they were at it assert "We believe that animal life is supported by oxygen gas; and therefore we promise before angels and mortals to inhale oxygen so long as we live." Angels and mortals would have full as much business with it as they have with those actions which perpetrate the human race.

The next document is still more contradictory of itself. It denies the right of church, state, and public opinion to interfere in connubial affairs and yet it is set forth in the same document that they have procured license of the State in answer to the demands of the church, state, and public opinion, and that a minister solemnized the obligation! Bah! And such persons profess to be reformers!

While we like the document signed by Leo Miller and Mattie Strickland much better than either of these it is exposed to serious objections. There are circumstances connected with it, it is true, that are palliative. The document was made at the home of Mattie Strickland where not only her former neighbors, but even all her relatives waged an unrelenting opposition to her actions. There are circumstances that sometimes render a retort upon our persecutors necessary, and as such we are glad to see it. But as a retort it is not written as we should have written it. Without indicating how it should be written we will call attention to some objectionable points.

In the first place the document assumes each to

be as destitute of honor as their persecuting neighbors. There is therefore an obligation drawn up stipulating how they will do by each other, how they will divide the property &c. We suggest to people as honorable as we suppose them to be, that this is altogether unnecessary. The second paragraph has been sufficiently answered in our reply to the first document.

The last paragraph is good as an answer to the chattering gossipers about them.

These are all legal marriages, however modified they may appear. Leo Miller and Mattie Strickland have nothing to fear from the law. They "confess to each other, to God and his angels, and to the world, the existence of a mutual attraction known by that name; and we deliberately join heart and hand in this most sacred of all unions, hoping and praying that the tie that binds us may survive the grave." They declare: "This simple form of conjugal union we are constrained to adopt from the deepest conscientious convictions of right and duty;"

It so happens the enactments in nearly all the Northern States including Michigan have provided for this form of marriage—or nearly this—among the Friends or Quakers. But we are glad as we said before, to see people breaking away from the old customs. But we had rather see them ignore the law and the priest entirely. Marriage is a clerical institution, and the union between Church and State will never be entirely severed until the people break away from this cursed institution. To obey it is to yield to the authority of the priest and to acknowledge the right of the Church to rule the State. When we try to escape the meshes of this net, we should be careful not to leave threads about us out of which to weave another. We should therefore be careful about this covenanting business.

D. W. H.

## CHURCH TAXES.

A few months since we stated that F. R. Ladd had been compelled to pay \$47.50 as his proportion of the church tax. Since that time he has been circulating the following protest to the Legislature:

"The undersigned, citizens and tax-payers to the amount set against our names, recognize the justice of the petitioner's prayer, and respectfully represent further to your honorable bodies that the law which exempts church property from taxation is an unjust law, and, in our opinion, unconstitutional, and we pray that measures may be taken for its speedy repeal."

He has also secured names to this of persons representing \$2,664,418. He sends to us the following petition to the Legislature which should be copied by our readers and circulated every where.

"To the Hon. the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Massachusetts:

Your petitioner respectfully represents to your Hon. Bodies that he is a citizen of the State and has paid a tax in the city of Springfield thirty-five years, that he favors liberal taxation and a free expenditure of the public money for the public good when it is done constitutionally; and that his tax for the support of the church in this said city, in the year 1874 was \$9 on \$1,000 and that he refused to pay this tax to the collector of taxes for this said city, (but tendered to him all his other taxes, that he (the collector) then proceeded to molest his estate and took it from him by the force of law. And your petitioner further represents that his tax for the support of this said city in the year 1875 is \$11.80 this tax your petitioner refused to pay also and it still remains unpaid together with his other taxes, which he does not refuse to pay. And he humbly prays that your Hon. Bodies may abate these taxes, and award damages to his estate that has been molested unconstitutionally on account of religious belief. And so your petitioner as a citizen in duty bound ever prays.

F. R. LADD.

We should remember that so long as the state forces us to pay the church, just so long is it forcing the Christian religion upon us. If our people were thus compelled to support the Chinese or Hindoo Religions there would be a terrible Protestant howl all over the country.

D. W. H.

LEO MILLER and Mattie Strickland can be addressed at Omro, Wis. They now find themselves busy lecturing on the Social Question.

## MRS. H. DEAN CHAPMAN.

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Our Lyceum.

Conducted by Mattie Sawyer.

EMPLOYMENT.

It is generally conceded that men are made for business. To this end boys are set to work, taught the various trades and professions, so that at the age of twenty-one they can move out into the sphere of action for the purpose of earning themselves a name and fortune.

The stirring men of the world, have developed from boys who in their early years were put to some useful employment; many of them were compelled in their boyhood to work for their daily bread.

If mental activity and physical exertion are essential to the development of manhood, would not these conditions apply with equal power to the female portion of the human family? Why should boys be educated to become self reliant and vigorous by employment, and the girls denied these same privileges for developing body and mind?

Supposing we were the mother of three or four hale, hearty boys. Were to indulge them in idleness, nurse and put them in the parlor, dress them up and skill them in the art of conventional visiting, encourage their vanity and allow them to do no work, only occasionally to run on an errand, our friends would denounce this course and rightly put us down as a foolish woman.

Boys choose their employments, so should girls; they will be a thousand times happier when engaged in some congenial avocation than in leading aimless, useless lives.

Society nurses a strange theory in regard to girls endowed with fortunes. They must be petted, flattered and waited upon, for it is deemed horribly vulgar for rich girls to work. Such girls develop into "useless appendages, hung around the body of humanity," over whose heads time drags heavily.

There are girls who are tired of the round of nonsense that belongs to fashionable life—girls that want to become whole-souled, earnest women, but the conventionalities of society fetter them; they are weak in their ignorance, and with no encouraging word or hand, they suffer—though surrounded with affluence—suffer from a sense of degradation and weakness in their inactivity.

Real greatness is won by industry. It develops the brain, wakes up the inventive genius, and arouses the ambition, until, like the oak, whose acorn germ was planted in a barren spot, the soul gathers vigor from the storms of life, resolutions from the blasts of adversity and wins a place for woman or man in the records of history that greenbacks or gold never could have secured.

Onward girls! this life is earnest, Do not crouch in shadows drear, Nor recline on beds of fortune; Rise and shine your brother's peer.

LETTER FROM SADA BAILEY.

MATTIE SAWYER: Dear Sister: From a mother's grateful heart please accept my humble blessing. One year ago I was wondering what youth's paper would be best for my Harry to read. For several months past "Our Lyceum" department in HULL'S CRUCIBLE has answered a good purpose.

Awaken ye my sisters—mothers; to the question—are we raising our sons to sacrifice their precious lives amid the hardships and horrors of war? Heaven forbid. Let us then be up and doing—promulgating truth in favor of humanity's rights, that justice and peace may reign.

Yours for truth and humanity,

SADA BAILEY

WHAT DOES SPIRITUALISM TEACH THE YOUNG?

BY MISS M. FRANK WHEELER.

When I look into the depths of Spiritualism and see how much it unfolds to both old and young, and how little it is really understood by many of those who profess to believe it, it is not to be wondered at that it meets with opposition and slurs.

Do spiritualists take the trouble to see if their children can learn any thing from spiritualism, or send them to the Lyceum? I answer with but few exceptions, no. But the time will come when men and women who have long labored for the cause of spiritualism will be appreciated and honored for their labor.

The young in this Lyceum have received very little of the benefit of the truths of spiritualism, because we have not permitted those who understood teaching the young, to be our officers and leaders. We are now commencing a new year, let us make it one of more than ordinary success, so that when another year shall have come 'round we can look back and say we have learned more of real practical spiritualism—have been true to these truths given us by those who once lived in earth life and who are still interested in our affairs, who would if we would permit them, lead us out of the darkness into the light, and teach important lessons to both old and young.

TIRED MOTHERS.

A little elbow leans upon your knee, Your tired knee, that has so much to bear; A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.

But it is blessedness! A year ago I did not see it as I do to-day, We are so dull and thankless; and too slow To catch the sunshine till it slips away.

And if some night, when you sit down to rest, You miss this elbow from your tired knee; This restless, curling heap from off your breast, This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;

I wonder so that mothers ever fret At little children clinging to their gown; Or that the foot prints, when the days are wet, Are ever black enough to make them frown.

If I could mend a broken cart to-day, To-morrow make a kite to reach to the sky— There is no woman in God's world could say She was more blissfully content than I.

—The Aldine.

ODDS AND ENDS.

—What is the best food to eat when you have a sore tooth? Pullet.

—Rebecca Nurse, who was hanged as a witch in Salem, Mass., is to have a monument.

—Let every man sweep the snow from his own door, and not busy himself about the frost on his neighbor's tiles.

—Every tomorrow has two handles. We can take hold of it by the handle of anxiety or the handle of faith.

—In a Broadway shop window I noticed a notice: "Boy wanted, that has his feet clean and his mind not too intellectual."

—"Poor in thanks, but rich in thankfulness describes many a noble person whom the world judges cold or indifferent.

—A baby came to a family in Maine a short time since, and a bright five-year-old brother, patting it playfully under the chin, inquired, "Say, how was God when you left?"

—Take a company of boys chasing butterflies, put long-tailed coat on the boys, and turn the butterflies into guineas and you have a beautiful panorama of the world.

—The Michigan boys haven't had any ice to slide on this winter, and had to fall back on the summer sport of sliding down a pine plank and walking home backward to conceal results.

—It is reported in Philadelphia that the owners of the steamship Great Eastern are deliberating about sending 5,000 passengers over in her to be fed and housed in her during the Centennial Exhibition.

—The pressure of the atmosphere upon every square foot of the earth amounts to 6,160 pounds. An ordinary sized man supposing his surface to be 14 square feet sustains the enormous pressure of 30,450 pounds.

—A car is now in use on one of the French railroads to which the Bessemer steamer system has been applied. The car is hung on elastic springs and the motion whilst traveling is said to be almost imperceptible.

—When one looks around and sees hundreds of dough-heads getting rich doing nothing while he is working like a slave for his daily bread, we tell you what it makes a fellow feel as though the butter of this world was spread by a step-mother.

—WISE SAYINGS.—Anger dies soon with a wise and good man. Too much property makes men fools. Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other.—Wealth is not his who gets it. Employ your time well, if you mean to gain leisure. A man may have a thousand acquaintances, and not one friend among them. It is better to live on a little, than to outlive a great deal. By others' faults, wise men correct their own. We should take prudent care for the future, but so as to enjoy the present.

—THERE are several compositions in "our drawer" for OUR LYCEUM, some of which will appear in our next. Be short, when writing for this department—remember that we have but one page and must take out every superfluous sentence or word.

A DISCUSSION

ABOUT JESUS AND RELIGION

BETWEEN PROF. S. D. BRITTON

And W. F. Jamieson.

All who have read Prof. Britton's "Democracy of Christianity" should peruse this analytical reply. Paper, 56 pages, 25 cents; flexible cloth covers 50 cents. For sale by MOSES HULL & CO. 730 Washington-St., Boston

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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.

The CRUCIBLE will always try to say what it thinks, and think what it says, regardless of consequences; each writer being responsible for his own articles.

Good writers, who have no fear of anything except the frown of the coward who dares not tell the truth under all circumstances, have been secured to write for the CRUCIBLE.

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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

CONTENTS:

- 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, and the following, taken from an exchange, will show:

"Did you know anything about Symines or his theory when your attention was first attracted to this matter?" And the reply:

"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 of 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.

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Our Literary Record.

WHAT IS PROPERTY? First Memoir. An inquiry into the principle of right and of Government. By P. J. Proudhon. "Against the enemy reversion is eternal." Translated from the French by Benj. R. Tucker. Published and sold by Benj. R. Tucker Princeton Mass. 1876. pp. 457.

No mere review can do justice to this book. It is a vigorous attack upon the law of hereditary and accumulated wealth of all kinds, showing that it is out of harmony with itself, unjust, and contradictory to acknowledged principles of right. Unlike most writers, the author takes hold of his subject without any apology or useless phraseology. Indeed he has not written the first two lines of his book until he has given us an idea. For he commences by saying: "If I were asked to answer the following question, What is slavery? and I answer in one word, It is murder, my meaning would be understood at once," and after showing in a very few lines that "to enslave a man is to kill him," he then pursues the question "What is Property?" by saying "It is robbery, . . . the second proposition being no other than a transformation of the first."

Chapter 2nd. opens with a definition of property. The Roman law, that "property is the right to use and abuse one's own within the limits of the law," seems to be the accepted definition, yet, speaking of the law, our author says:

"The proprietor may, if he chooses, allow his crops to rot under foot; sow his field with salt; milk his cows on the sand; change his vineyard into a desert, and use his vegetable garden as a park."

These general statements form the basis of the author's after-remarks running through the entire volume. He henceforward takes up the argument in its regular divisions, and argues each part exhaustively, but in no sense tediously, for he manages to carry the mind from one thought to another, relating historic incidents or giving supposed illustrations, so as to keep the mind continually rested, and fully prepared and anxious to read the next page, and even the next chapter. At times the thought is deep, and will not be entirely clear to persons unaccustomed to hard thinking; but as a general rule we believe that all who have interest enough in books to undertake four or five hundred pages of clear, large print, will find this quite well adapted to their comprehension.

In the argument on "Property as a National Right," he aims to show that property is a contradiction and entirely anti-social. A paragraph from the book will put this statement in better shape than we should do in any phrases of our own choosing.

"But property in its derivative sense and by the definitions of law, is a right outside of society; for it is clear that, if the wealth of each was social wealth, the conditions would be equal for all, and it would be a contradiction to say Property is a man's right to dispose at will of social property. Then if we are associated, for the sake of liberty, equality, and security, we are not associated for the sake of property; then if property is a natural right, this natural right is not social but anti-social. Property and society are utterly irreconcilable institutions. It is as impossible to associate two proprietors as to join two magnets by their opposite poles. Either society must perish, or it must destroy property."

He goes on to argue:

"If property is a natural, absolute, unscriptural, and inalienable right, why in all ages has there been so much speculation as to its origin? For this is one of its distinguishing characteristics. The origin of natural right! Good God! Who ever inquired into the origin of the rights of liberty, security, or equality?"

It would hardly be necessary to enlarge upon such an argument as this, and follow the author through his arguments. With such an index as this the arguments would be self-suggestive. The author had before shown that liberty, unlike property was inviolable. "I can neither sell, nor alienate my liberty," he says; "every contract, every condition of a contract, which has in view the alienation or suppression of liberty, is null." But he continues "whoever violates the social

compact, by the commission of a crime, declares himself a public enemy; in attacking the liberty of others he compels them to take away his own." This we might add, is an axiomatic truth; but if carried out in our country, how many legislators, how many monopolists, how many corner men, how many bondholders would escape?

The various authors who have written upon the subject—Reid, Say, Rosseau, Fourier, Cousin, Comte, Pothier, Cuvier, and others, are criticised, when their utterances stand in contradiction to correct principles.

An argument is made on the right of possession, and this proves to be no right at all. Cicero, he tells us, compares the earth to a theatre which "is common to all; nevertheless the place each one occupies is called his own; that is, it is a place possessed [occupied], not a place appropriated. This composition" he continues "annihilates property; moreover it implies equality. Can I in a theatre, occupy at the same time, one place in the pit, another in the boxes, and a third in the gallery?" Appropos to this point are arguments under different heads in other parts of the book. In one place it is said:

"God gave the earth to the human race: why then have I received none? He has put all things under my feet—and I have not where to lay my head."

Again he asks:

"Who is entitled to the rent of the land? The producer without doubt. Who made the land? God. Then proprietor, retire! But the creator of the land does not sell it; he gives it, and in giving it, he is no respecter of persons. Why, then, are some of his children regarded as legitimate, while others are treated as bastards? If the equality of shares was an original right, why is the inequality of conditions a postumous right?"

He looks upon the laws of exchange considerably as it is looked upon by Social Reformers of this country. In reply to Malthus who based his arguments in favor of farm rents on the ground that each cultivator of lands would raise more produce than he could consume. He says:

"The tailor, also, makes more clothes than he wears, and the cabinet maker more furniture than he uses. But since the various professions imply and sustain one another, not only the farmer, but the followers of all arts and trades—even to the doctor and school teacher—are, and ought to be regarded as cultivators of the land. . . . Now the fundamental law of commerce, being equivalent to the law of exchange, applying which destroyed this equivalence violates the principle of justice."

A little further on, he says: "When the creator shall present himself and claim farm rent, we will consider the matter with him; or even when the proprietor—his pretended representative—shall exhibit his power-of-Attorney."

In one part of the book the author shows that the land lord not only taxes his tenant for the use of the land, but for his skill. In this country it is quite customary for the tenant to give one-third of the products of the farm for the use of the land. In this case it is plain that the land lord's pay is proportionate to the amount of produce raised, which is generally proportionate to the skill of a tenant.

To illustrate, A, has ten farms which he lets to as many men. Some of those are ordinary or average farmers; while the one by his tact, management and skill, raises one-third more than all the others, it is clear that he pays one ninth or twelve per cent. more than the others for the use of the land.

The landlord actually levies a tax on skill and industry. "He taxes his fellows in proportion to their strength, their number and their industry. A son is born to a farmer, 'good!' says the proprietor; 'one more chance for increase!' By what process has farm rent been thus changed into a poll tax!"

A great deal of support to his views is found in the Bible. Indeed in his second memoir, the claim is made that the abolition of slavery, serfdom, and the advances of the civilized world toward democracy was entirely owing to Christianity, a position which it is not our province here to dispute: though we are certain that the author, by some inadvertency overlooked some historic references to sciences which would damage his cause. However liberal and democratic Bible writers may have been, it is hardly necessary to call attention to the fact that so-called Christianity has ever stood in antagonism to progress or improvement. In the words, "Thou shalt not steal," in the Decalogue, he finds the original to mean, "Thou shalt not put away anything for thyself," or "Thou shalt not hold back;" having clear reference to the disposition every where present to accumulate without

reference to equity. He claims that we are robbers. "We rob," he says, "1. By murder on the highway." "2. Alone, or in a band." "3. By breaking into buildings or scaling walls." "4. By obstruction." "5. By fraudulent bankruptcy." "6. By the forgery of the handwriting of public officials, or private individuals;" "7. By manufacture of Counterfeit money;" "8. By cheating;" "9. By Swindling;" "10 By abuse of trust;" "11. By games of lotteries;" "12. By usury." He who does not labor, obtains his support from one of these iniquitous modes, all of which are opposed, to the eighth commandment. "To-day, even," says our author, "and in all countries it is thought a mark of merit, among peasants, merchants, and shop keepers, to know how to make a bargain—that is to deceive one's man." And he immediately adds a bitter truth: "This is so universally accepted that the cheated party takes no offence." Indeed in this country all christianity favors deception in trade. One of the leading religious papers lent its entire influence to piously entrapping gudgeons into the Jay Gould Swindle. The work of equity with perhaps one exception (Jesse H. Jones) is solely carried on by disbelievers in christianity; the battle would not be near so hard were it not for the opposition of christians in the name of the Lord.

The second Memoir, bound in the same volume is a further elucidation of these principles, but as it is more metaphysical it probably will not elicit that interest from the ordinary reader that the first will. In its scope it embraces a very interesting history of the property idea, showing that it developed by gradual steps, until in '93 it reached its climax, since which time it has gradually been on the decrease.

A more entertaining work it has not been our privilege to read. We wish every reader of the CRUCIBLE could spare the means to procure this book. Those who may from this imperfect review be induced to secure and read it, will not have occasion to regret that their attention has been called to the subject. To those who wish to purchase, we refer for terms, etc., to the advertisement in another column.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED for February, 1876, is worthy of the highest commendation from moral and intellectual points of view. Its matter—scientific, biographic and miscellaneous—bears the stamp of a judicious selection adapting it to the comprehension of a particularly admirable. Among the subjects treated in the number are: Secretary Bristow; Rev. S. H. Platt, A. M.; The Human Soul—its Origin, Nature, and Functions; Responsibility in Parentage; A Bad Beginning—Chapters I. and II.; Tobey Riddle (Wineemah), the Heroine of the Modoc War; Peacemaker Grange; Holiday Musings; Educational Progress Backward; Agricultural Hints; Miscellany, etc. Price, 30 cents for the number—which should be read in every family in the land;—for the year, \$3, S. R. WELLS & Co., New York.

Olla-Podrida.

A book entitled, "Soul and Body," by F. W. Evans, is on our table. It will pass under review in our next.

If the Radical Spiritualists who visit Boston, wish a good home during their stay, they will find one at 189 Harrison Ave.

ON Thursday night Jan. 26, Prof. Toohy, by invitation of numerous friends, delivered a lecture before a large audience in Broadway Hall, Chelsea in review of the "recent" discussion between Dr. Uriah Clark and ourself. The Dr. was present, and though he got a severe castigation, he bore it like a man.

WINE bibbers and friends of publicans and sinners generally are informed that Thomas Ranney, of Newton Highlands, Mass. manufactures the very best quality of pure sweet, and sour wines. His ginger wine has the praise of the whole medical faculty. He sells his wines of all kinds at \$5.00 per dozen bottles. An order plainly written and directed to Thomas Ranney, Newton Highlands, Mass., will receive attention.

A NEW Association has been formed in Boston called The Free Thought Exchange Club. This Club meets every Friday night at the residence of some of its members. From half past 7, until 8 o'clock is spent in social conversation, then a short essay is read, after which a half-hour is spent in short speeches on the essay. At the end of this time the meeting resumes its order of social conversation until time to adjourn.

MANY thanks to Dr. G. W. Keith, of Stoughton, for a quantity of his "Hazle Rose," "Beautifler" and "Dentifrice." These are all clairvoyant discoveries, and the best preparation for the hair, skin and teeth we have ever used. MATTIE

The forgeries of Lucius W. Pond, and Rev. E. D. Winslow, of this city afford additional proofs that the scoundrels are not all of the "uncircumcised." We have long entertained the opinion that there are a greater proportion of knaves in the church than in the State Prison. Religion, especially when accompanied by a little eloquence as a minister, is a great aid to knaves who rob the world of its morals and money.

THE Seventh Annual Conaention of the New England Labor Reform League will be held in Codman Hall 176 Tremont St., Boston, Sunday and Monday, Feb. 6 and 7, three sessions each day. Col. Wm. B. Greene will preside. Among the speakers expected are Charles McLean, E. H. Heywood, Solon Chase, of Maine, Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Moses Hull, A. Higgins, Mattie Sawyer, L. K. Joslin, B. Skinner and D. W. Hull.

DR. URIAH CLARK is soon to start a monthly magazine to be called The Anti-Skeptic. In this fidelity, Free Religion, Spiritualism and other such heresies are to be done up in one bundle and committed to the flames. The prospectus does not reveal the Dr.'s whole programme; that is, it don't tell what is next on the tapis after he has rid the world of these heresies and put God into the U. S. Constitution. He will probably find a few odd jobs to do.

By a letter from Frank Dygert of Springville, Erie Co., N. Y., we learn that a few reformers have started a "Mutually Co-operative Home," at Ashford, N. Y., their declaration is that, "in this home each will be secured her or his freedom socially, financially and industrially, in so far as this does not infringe on the like privilege of another." The home is not yet so full but that they desire the co-operation of a few other good and true souls. Those wishing further information concerning this home should address, with stamp, Frank Dygert, Springville, Erie Co., N. Y.

WHAT IS PROPERTY?

OR  
RIGHT AND OF GOVERNMENT.

By P. J. PROUDHON,

Prefaced by a Sketch of Proudhon's Life

and Works,

By J. A. LANGLOIS,

And Containing as a

FRONTISPIECE,

A FINE STEEL ENGRAVING

OF THE

AUTHOR.

Translated from the French  
By BENJ. R. TUCKER.

This work is Vol. I. of the complete works of the famous French Radical and Socialist, Pierre Joseph Proudhon. The remaining volumes to the number of 60 and over, will appear hereafter, should the demand justify their translation and publication.

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