

# Hull's Crucible.

\$1.50 Per Annum.

"And the fire shall try everyman's work: of what sort it is."

Price, 5 cents.

Vol. V.

Room 8, 18 Eliot Street, Boston, October 7, 1876.

No. 17.

## Olla Podrida.

THANKS to H. N. F. of Ancora, N. J. for his remembrance. The "plums" were excellent. MATTIE.

A LETTER from Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, of California, duly received. It will be published soon, and a reply made to her "pertinent questions." MATTIE.

THE last Congress consisted of 389 members, 189 of whom, were bankers. This accounts for the infamous legislation we have had on money matters.

A NOTE from Moses informs us that the Greenback sentiment is gaining rapidly in Vineland. He writes that the Greenbackers expect to elect their Congressman in the Fifth Congressional District, in N. J.

THE Independent Greenback party in N. Y. met at Albany last week, and nominated besides an electoral ticket for Cooper and Cary, Richard Montgomery Griffin for Governor and Thomas Armstrong for Lieutenant Governor.

C. FANNIE ALLYN speaks on the Sun days of October in Rochester Hall, Boston. We should have noticed this before if we had known of it. We are not apprised of the time, but we think it is in the afternoon and evening.

IN ten years from now there will be hundreds of persons who will tell how they supported Moses Hull through the trial of his principles. Up to date they can be counted on the fingers of one hand. When this paper reaches our readers, his case will have been determined.

WITH a proper man for candidate for Governor of Massachusetts, the Independent Greenback may count on the entire Irish vote of the State. As it is, 80 or 90 per cent of their vote will go that way, as they are unwilling to submit to the high handed oppression of shoddy politicians.

DEMOCRATS, remember that Tilden signed a bill last winter, which compels every tax-payer in New York, to buy his gold at such prices as the bankers may demand and pay his taxes with it and then take your choice, vote this tool of the banker, and enemy of the producer into or out of power, as you may like.

WE would like a few copies of the last issue of the CRUCIBLE if any our readers can spare them on the same terms they sent No. 8 to us.

WE publish elsewhere this week a call for a convention to meet in Cotton Hall corner of Essex and Chauncy Sts. on Wednesday evening Oct. 11th and nominate State Electors for the Independent Greenback Ticket and transact such other business as may be necessary. Let every taxpayer who can come attend this convention.

THE following pyramid embraces only a few of the many crimes perpetrated by the Republican party. We have purposely placed it on its apex, and the corrupt Blaine beneath the whole superstructure to indicate the rottenness of its foundation.

### FRAUDS IN THE NAVY DEPARTMENT.

WHISKEY - REVENUE FRAUDS.  
GREDIT MOBELIER SWINDLE.  
CURRENCY CONTRACTION.  
INDIAN BUREAU SWINDLES.  
CUSTOM HOUSE FRAUDS.  
PACIFIC MAIL SUBSIDY.  
POST - OFFICE FRAUDS.  
SPECIE PAYMENTS.

BACK PAY STEAL.  
ARMY SUBSIDIES.  
BOSS SHEPARD.  
BELKNAP.  
NEPOTISM.  
BLAINE.

WHAT would a business man think of a money lender who should offer to lend him money on condition that he would give him his note for the entire amount and then give him 90 per cent back, besides paying 6 per cent premium interest on the note. This is just what the Banker has done with our government with the exception he took our notes at 25 to 137 and even more per cent discount so that \$ 1,000 bond would foot up about thus;

Bank Notes,	\$900
Interest on Bond	60
	<hr/>
	\$960
Cost of Bond, say,	\$800.
Clear profits, first year,	\$140.
Value of bond,	1,000.
Interest on same eleven years,	660.

Total profits on \$800, \$1,800.

Would any business man touch such a scheme as this? Yet the Greenback party is damned to all intents and purposes because they do not believe in perpetuating this rascality.

WE received no complimentary and had no dollar to pay our way—so we did not get to hear Mrs. Woodhull's lecture last Sunday evening. We have read the lecture, however. The subject was of such a nature that we were not able to determine her present position on the social question. The hall was crowded, and the lecture though not so bold and well-arranged as in former days when sustained by the magnetism of Col. Blood, was good, and should be repeated in every city in the United States. We hope she will yet do a great work in the field of reform.

A MORE dangerous enemy to the liberties of the people than Samuel J. Tilden, (unless we except the present incumbent of the White House,) cannot be found. In a letter to Manton Marble formerly Editor of the *New York World*, he said:

"I would again impress on your mind the absolute necessity of making the Democratic Platform for 1876, so near like the Republican Platform, AS TO FINANCES, that BONDHOLDERS WILL CONTRIBUTE AS MUCH FOR THE SUPPORT OF ONE AS THE OTHER!"

How do you like it Democrats? He wants your votes and the bondholder's money. He promises the bondholder to pave the way from your purse to his vaults if he will help to buy you!

WE give up all our advertisements this week for the poem which touches upon the social question. We are glad to have the other side, stated, as it puts the matter fairly before the people. The case is a plain one: Myra loved one to whom she had no lawful right and in the opinion of the Hermit she sinned in that love. The only question is whether her love which she could not help was wrong, or whether society and its laws were wrong in denouncing that element that God had created with her, and in her nature. Had she not loved she would not have been a woman; had she loved under the direction of man-made institution it would have been man-made laws and therefore not divine. The Hermit is an aged reformer and a firm friend of the CRUCIBLE. In abolition times he was a Methodist minister, and was silenced and we believe thrown out of the church for this adherence to principle. Ever since that he has been on the unpopular side of all humanitarian subjects, until this social question. He now stands aloof and wants each to have a fair chance.

## Polemics.

## The Woman Side of the Social Question.

A discourse Delivered at the Lake Walden Campmeeting Aug. 1876.

BY MATTIE SAWYER.

I long since became disgusted with the idea of woman's rights *per se*. I cannot remember the time when I believed in the rights of the white or black man, as such. I never argue for rights by virtue of sex or nation. What does it matter whether we are clothed in male or female form; wrapped in a sable or white skin? or whether we are barbarous or civilized—when we consider the question of human rights? I am here to represent the woman's side of this question, I do not intend to affirm that woman is divine, or man brutal, nor to revise the old story of man's injustice to woman. I desire to talk to men and women of woman.

The question is not unfrequently asked; "what good has grown out of this long discussion on women and the ballot? The feminine world is no nearer the ballot to-day than when the agitation began." I will answer: *Voting* covers a small part of the issue. One benefit that has arisen from the agitation of this still debatable question is, that the sphere of woman has been enlarged. New fields of industry have opened before her. Colleges have invited her to higher branches of education; Churches have ordained her pastor, granting her the most of the rights and privileges that have been conferred upon her brother clergymen. Benevolent institutions and hospitals have been organized, and they flourish to day under the sole supervision of woman's hand. All of this points to the emancipation and enfranchisement of woman. The time has come when we should bury false modesty and forever do away with that sickly sentimentalism that has debarred us from investigating the science of life, and kept us from heeding the admonition, "know thyself" When we consider woman's meagre knowledge, her narrow culture, her aimless life, we feel she has many long steps to take before she attains the place where she will have a proper conception of the possibilities that belong to womanhood. The one great thing needed in society, is more woman-thought, character and power. Girls as a general thing are not half developed; they are not capable of manifesting their strength of mind or body. They lack intellectual vigor; we cannot expect woman to become eminently practical—to possess strong judgment and intellectual vigor, while the brain is fed by the delicate nutriment of conventional society and everything that would

tend to establish opinion, deepen sentiment, in fact to make a true woman, is withheld. The world beats its great march of life around us. Man long since caught up its music and joined the procession under the banner of eternal progress. Education, thought, discipline were all good for him, he learned his power, understood the world and was enabled to mark out his own course in life. Why, by virtue of sex, should there be such a distinction as has always existed between man and woman? Not until woman is emancipated from her present bondage will she cease to be the play-thing of man, or to lay aside her womanhood and pander to his lusts.

The history of the world is blackened with the debasement of woman. Savage and civilized countries are not unlike in this respect. Barbarous and christian men have each wooed, won and enslaved her. As the world becomes enlightened, woman advances; no one then can read the history of the past without becoming convinced that woman is upward bound.

I would not have you infer that man's love for woman is insincere, or that woman stoops purposely to degrade herself. The Indian loves his dusky maid with a sincerity of heart, but love does not prohibit him from subjecting her to the custom of his tribe. The civilized man may adore his wife as no other object on earth, yet she shares the common lot of women and is denied many of the privileges that belong to rational, accountable beings. Woman as an individual, has no rights that her husband is bound to respect, when the deed has been recorded, the bill of sale made out and the body belivered into the hands of its legal owner. I know there is love and harmony in many unions sanctioned by the law; love or no love is not the point I here desire to make. I affirm that marriage is slavery, inasmuch as it deprives beings of rights they should possess. For those who desire such slavery, I have no plea to make, any more than I would for the negro who desires bondage because it was customary for his sable brothers to be bought and sold. My first claim for woman is individual sovereignty. By virtue of the functions of her being, she should reign queen in the domain of the affections, having the full control of her person under all circumstances. The highest relation known on earth is the conjugal relation! the grandest office that ever comes to woman is maternity, yet to the unloving, unmated wife, these relations and offices are not only "grievous to be borne" but loathsome, and marriage becomes the pit of moral rotteness, into which principle, honor and virtue are lost. That there is something wrong in our present social system no one can question. What a fearful array of sickly, nervous, half insane women meet us on every hand; a great proportion of the children are poor,

blighted bodies, outgrowths of a wasted parentage; debauchery and crime are increasing daily; domestic broils and murders are occurring all over the land; yet woe to the individual who raises a protesting voice against these things. In the catalogue of crimes reported every day of the week in the secular papers, are the abortions and infanticides that are not only soul-destroying in their effects on mothers and physicians, but they are murders. I brand the perpetrators of these unholy deeds as murderers before high heaven.

Oh women! where are your eyes that you do not see? your ears that you do not hear? What power has settled upon and benumbed you, that you are incapable of sensing the condition of your sex? Your clamor for the ballot, at the same time denounce the so-called doctrines of Social Freedom, thereby proving your ignorance of the great principles that underlie this gigantic reform. When woman obtains the franchise, one thing will be inevitable; the present social superstructure will fall in ruins; legal and illegal prostitution will be swept away, the enslaved victims to marriage will become sovereigns, with the right to their earnings, their children, their name and above all things the right to *themselves*; how strange, that the leaders of the woman suffrage movement have not been able to understand this. Many of our most strenuous opposers are among that party. "Give us the ballot," say they; "the hand that rocks the cradle must help to rock the world!" Have they never thought as an enfranchised people they would become an *emancipated* people? emancipated from every chain that binds, as slave is bound to master; emancipated from every condition that takes from woman her rights and liberties in the domain of the affections. "Arm the negro with the ballot," said the Republican party, that he may feel the dignity of citizenship and to escape the imposition that he might otherwise receive from the white man. We, who are interested in this question, would have woman come in possession of the ballot if for no other reason than to insure her against the insult and outrage heaped upon her and which in many instances offered by the man whom society calls her *protector*. The Negro never would have been endowed with citizenship if the shackles of African slavery had not been broken. The conditions of slavery and enfranchisement are incompatible, therefore I declare that when the elective franchise is given to woman, the institution called marriage if not shattered, will undergo a mighty revolution.

Right here I am met with words like these; "marriage is divine! abolish it and society would become one vast pandemonium—the world one vast slaughter-house and brothel" I will discuss this point hereafter; it is my aim at the present moment

to investigate a few claims made by legal marriage and ascertain if there is aught connected with it that is akin to slavery.

That woman is property no one will attempt to deny. I need cite but a few instances in order to make my point plain. I once heard of a woman who was injured on the railroad; a train of cars severed one of her limbs from the body. She appealed to the courts for damages but her "case" was not entertained. Afterwards her husband—a confirmed drunkard—prosecuted the railroad corporation for damages and won several thousand dollars. The law recognises damage only, of person or property; was this miserable man injured any way personally? Not at all! his industrious wife was injured when on her way to her work and *he sued for heavy damages on his property.* He pocketed the money and the poor woman probably resumed her washing as soon as the broken bone was mended. The late Beecher-Tilton trial, was a general admission that Elizabeth Tilton was Theodore's property, else why was the case entertained at all? He sued for damages; he never claimed that Henry Ward Beecher had injured him personally. His property had been damaged and he wanted the damages covered by *thirty thousand dollars!* allow me to put in a query; if Mrs. Tilton had owned herself and received injuries by her association with Mr. B., why did *she* not sue the "revered citizen?" Again: supposing Mrs. Beecher had sued Mrs. Tilton for damaging her husband—his morals, reputation etc.? why, the courts would not have entertained the case and the public generally would have voted her insane.

I remember of reading a notice in one of the Boston papers last winter, of which the following is a substance. "A woman run away from her home because of inhumane treatment on the part of her husband. Her liege lord pursued her with an officer of the law and compelled her to return." How many of my hearers ever hear of truant husband being compelled to return in a similar manner.

But I have not cited the worst feature of this ownership; *women are sexual slaves*; compelled to minister to the passion of unloved masters and *breed sinners for their amative lusts.* Think of it wives and mothers; how prostituted, how unholy, low and loathesome, has that relation become which ought to be recognised as the highest known on earth. You will not dispute me, when I affirm that one half of the children born are unwelcome, then when we consider the abortions and infanticides that are taking place in high, respectable (?) families in every society, do you wonder that angels have at last taken up the work of social revolution. Is it strange that so many children die

—that four-fifths of those that live are diseased. The graudest officer ever vouchsafed to woman is that of motherhood; the divinest artist in the world is the mother-artist! did this crowning come to woman only at her will, she would wear it as a regal queen. *Hated maternity!* can you imagine anything more pitable? a little body forming beneath an unloving heart, the first quiver of its young life answered with a feeling of disgust! the very blood that feeds its veins poisonous with uncongenial magnetisms; do you wonder this earth is peopled with so many fiends? when I demand freedom for woman, it is that she may arise out of these unholy conditions, that she may become purified—glorified; that she may no longer prostitute the finest, most delicate functions of her being to base purposes, and that she never more may be frightened with unwelcome maternity.

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

## Correspondence.

### INDIVIDUALITY.

BY S. H. PRESTON.

The world to-day is given up to reform. Every body is trying to reform every other body. People are worrying the flesh off their bones seeking to set each other right. The land is filled with fidgetty, devils who are turning things topsy-turvy trying to drive the devil out of their fellows. The sot so drunk that he has to hold on to the bar, preaches temperance to the man calling for his first drink. The man whose soul is black with the leprosy of sin, lies awake nights weeping over the shortcomings of his sinful neighbors. Every busy-body and every babler is panic-stricken at the woful state of society. Each person has a new moral code for the happiness of mankind; and so interested is he, in enforcing it upon others that he has no time for its application in his own life. He feels under a solemn duty to prevent all the other hobbyist living in conformity to their moral codes. And so, each man is striving to get into the sunshine of some other man, and to cast his own shadow over him.

The result of the teachings of the day is, as it has ever been through all the dark, long ages, that the human soul is utterly destitute of moral sense—that it must be the slave of some abstract code of morals. The race has become indoctrinated with the idea that individuals have no rights but such as are conceded by society—that no soul is entitled to joys, it can call its own, unless licensed by the prevailing moral code. The security of society, it is said, demands that it shall interest itself in the personal life of every individual being. Each member of society is regarded as a tenant at will. If

a soul, glowing with all the exquisite glories of its inmost, instinctive feelings, attempt to live in conformity thereto, the great sensarious puffed up public instantly seek to snuff it out. The individual is but a parcel of the great whole, and must not be allowed to swerve from the central base. The public becomes the custodian of the character and conduct of the individual.

It was this effort of outside authorities to regulate the morals and department of the individual that drove the Moors from Spain, wasted the Waldenses in the vallies of Piedmont with sword and fagot, that slew Socrates and Servetus, Bruno and John Brown. In every age society has sought to rob man of this sovereign right to himself—to make him a nobody—to set up an abstraction over the individual. Every man who has entertained the idea of personal responsibility and independence—who has asserted the ownership of himself—has been abhorred as a sort of social pirate. It has always been treason against some State or Church or King for a man to represent the grandeur and nobleness of his own nature; The great heartless public is still tinkering the machinery of morals—still endeavoring to establish a fixed and everlasting code that will exactly fit every member of society. Man is not yet permitted to be himself—not yet vouchsafed the indefeasible right to enjoy the holy and glory-freighted yearnings of his own inmost soul. And so the happiness of every soul in this smiling universe must still be squared by some abstract and impersonal rule of morality.

O, the world must yet learn the a, b, c, of soul-worth—that one laughing soul throbbing with the delights of a beautiful and satisfied existence, out values all codes and abstractions and rules of right, as much as the body does the tattered garments it wears.

### ALMS-HOUSE VERMIN.

I send you Brother Hull such articles as the so-called Christian Editors and papers decline to give a place in their columns. The strongest and sharpest biting bugs I have ever met, I have recently met in Mass. Town Farm—where the poor support the farm; not the farm support the poor. Would other papers hear me, I should not call on you—I trust God hears me.

It is a long step perhaps from God to Moses Hull, still when defending those persons, that Christ called God's own children, I do not hesitate to call on you my Brother to aid in the work.

I have seen the backs of old blind women which were terribly lacerated by poor-house bugs. Out of the 14 alms-houses I have stopped at, but one has the Gospel preached regularly, a majority of them never hear the voice of prayer or praise. I do not call on you and your little paper for prayer or preaching: I call on you to aid in killing alms-house lice and bedbugs. I want every man and woman in Massachusetts to know that many of the alms-houses are full of vermin. Brother Hull, I believe in God, the Bible and prayer; I believe it teaches us to protect the backs of old sick persons from the gnawing of hungry bugs.

In the name of my master I bid you to aid in this bug killing work.

BUMHAM WARDWELL.

## Independant Greenback Ticket.

For President,  
**PETER COOPER,**  
OF NEW YORK.

For Vice President,  
**SAMUEL F. CARY,**  
OF OHIO.

## Hull's Crucible.

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

Boston, Saturday, Oct. 7, 1876.

### VICTORIA C. WOODHULL AND MARRIAGE.

It is reported that Victoria C. Woodhull has been denied the privilege of speaking in any of the Halls in Boston. This is not true; she has not been denied Parker Memorial Hall, Paine Memorial Hall, Investigator Hall, John A. Andrew Hall, Rochester Hall or Lurline Hall. If she has been denied the use of other Halls when they were not otherwise engaged, we are sorry for Boston; if this is an advertising dodge played by Victoria, we are sorry for her; that is, sorry that she would misrepresent matters in order to create sympathy.

In this instance she did not as she did last spring, that is, send for the reporters and thoroughly hoodwinked them. She made them believe that she never had opposed the marriage institution. The *Globe* says:

"It was said of her that she advocated demoralization, and was opposed to marriage. She retorted by denying the allegation, and quoting from her speeches to prove it, which she had printed purposely to meet such an emergency."

If Mrs. W., did not advocate the demoralization and abrogation of the marriage institution, no one ever did. Stronger language cannot be found anywhere than occurs in some of her lectures. On page 5 of her lecture, *Tried as by Fire*, she says:

"I am conducting a campaign against marriage, with the view of revolutionizing the present theory and practice. I have strong convictions that, as a bond or promise to love another until death, it is a fraud upon human happiness; and that it has outlived its day of usefulness. These convictions make me earnest, and I enter the fight, meaning to do the institution all possible harm in the shortest space of time; meaning to use whatever weapons may fall in my way with which to stab it to the heart, so that its decaying carcass may be buried, and clear the way for a higher and a better institution.

I speak only what I know, when I say that the most intelligent and really virtuous people of all classes have outgrown this institution; that they are constantly and systematically unfaithful to it; despise and re-

tolt against it as a slavery; and only submit to a semblance of fidelity to it, from she dread of a falsely educated public opinion and a sham morality, which are based on the ideas of the past, but which no longer really represent the convictions of anybody."

This doing the most harm to marriage "in the shortest space of time meaning to use whatever weapons may fall in her hands to stab it to its heart, that its carcass may be buried," means demoralization. On page 6, she says:

"These considerations are so palpable that they cannot be ignored; and they look to the early supercedure of the institution of marriage by some better system for the maintenance of women as mothers, and children of progeny. This is as much a foregone conclusion with all the best thinkers of to day as was the approaching dissolution of slavery, no more than ten years before its final fall.

Again:

Every consideration of expediency, therefore, demands that some one lead the van in a relentless warfare against marriage, so that its days may be made short.

On page 7, she says:

But why do I war upon marriage? I reply frankly: First, because it stands directly in the way of any improvement in the race, insisting upon conditions under which improvement is impossible; and second, because it is, as I verily believe, the most terrible curse from which humanity now suffers, entailing more misery, sickness and premature death than all other causes combined. It is at once the bane of happiness to the present, and the demon of prophetic miseries to the future—miseries now concealed beneath its deceptive exterior, gilded over by priestcraft and law, to be inwrought in the constitutions of coming generations to milderew and poison their lives. \* \* \*

Marriage is a license for sexual commerce to be carried on without regard to the consent or dissent of this instinct. Everything else that men and women may desire to do, except to have sexual commerce, may be and is done without marriage."

On page 8, she says:

"Isn't this a pretty commentary on regulation? Talk of Social Evil bills! The marriage law is the most damnable Social Evil bill—the most consummate outrage on woman—that was ever conceived. Those who are called prostitutes, whom these bills assume to regulate, are free women, sexually, when compared to the slavery of the poor wife. They are at liberty, at least to refuse; but she knows no such escape. 'Wives, submit yourselves to your husbands,' is the spirit and the universal practice of marriage. \* \* \* The world has got to be startled from this pretense into realizing that there is nothing else now existing among pretendedly enlightened nations, except marriage, that invests men with the right to debauch women, sexually, against their wills. Yet marriage is held to be synonymous with morality! I say, eternal damnation sink such morality!"

In contrasting Freeloze she says:

"I am justified, therefore, in concluding that all people who are not practical free-

lovers, living together for love, are theoretically so, and are ashamed to confess that their practices do not accord with their theories; or, in other words, are ashamed that their practice is enforced lust instead of free-love. These are the alternatives, and the only ones, and I don't intend that the people shall escape them. Every one of you—every one of the people generally—either practices Free-love or enforced lust, and the world shall understand when people denounce me as a Freeloze they announce themselves as enforced lusters; and I'll placard their backs and they shall walk up and down the world with this mark of depravity, as they have intended that I should do for having the moral courage, which they lack, to make my theories and practices agree."

On page 16, she makes another effort to have the world understand what she does advocate. Here are her words:

"I advocate complete freedom for sexuality the same as for religion. The charge of promiscuousness is laid in this fact, and some intelligent minds have thought it was a sound charge, until its inconsistency and utter absurdity have been pointed out to them. This is the proposition: I advocate sexual freedom for all people—freedom for the monogamist to practice monogamy, for the varietist to be a varietist still, for the promiscuous to remain promiscuous. Am I, therefore, an advocate of promiscuousness, variety or monogamy? Not necessarily either. I might do all this and be myself a celibate and an advocate of celibacy."

On page 19, she says:

"In the exact sense, the woman who sells her body promiscuously is no more a prostitute than she is who sells herself in marriage without love. She is only a different kind of a prostitute. Nor are either of them any more prostitutes than are the countless wives who nightly yield their unwilling bodies to lecherous husbands, whose aim is sexual gratification without regard to the effect upon their victims. The difference is this: In the latter cases the men have legal permission to use the women whether they desire or object, while in the former the woman consults her own wishes—it is a slip of paper costing twenty-five cents and upward, good during life, that a man carries about with him to save the expense of purchasing, from time to time, elsewhere."

On page 20, she says:

"I respect and honor the needy woman who, to procure food for herself and child, sells her body to some stranger for the necessary money; but for that legal virtue which sells itself for a lifetime for a home, with an abhorrence of the purchaser, and which at the same time says to the former, 'I am holier than thou,' I have only the supremest contempt. If there is anything that is vulgar it is a modern fashionable marriage. The long retinue, the church, the priest—all to do what? To give the bride sexually, to the bridegroom. It is a public notice that these people, who have been everything else to each other, are now united sexually."

Mrs. W. got a divorce from Col. Blood on the ground that he visited a house of prostitution, but on page 22, of this lecture she says:

"I say it boldly, that it is the best men

of the country who support the houses of prostitution. It isn't your young men, but the husbands and fathers of the country, who occupy positions of honor and trust."

When Mrs. Woodhull's sister died, she had engraved on the tombstone:

"Cut off by marriage at thirty-one years."

Now she denies that she ever was opposed to the marriage institution. Consistency is a jewel which Mrs. Woodhull does not wear.

#### HOME PENCILLING.

I had not thought to prepare my contribution to the present number of the CRUCIBLE, by my own fireside, but when Moses left home for New Jersey last Friday, I decided to remain and wait the "bidding of the law," as our readers will bear in mind that the present week decides the result of our Vineland arrests.

In referring to the arrests, I am reminded that I am indebted to numerous correspondents, who have very kindly written to ascertain the probable end of the prospective trial. As I have had but very little time of late to devote to personal correspondence, and knowing nothing definite concerning the issue of our persecution I may have seemingly neglected the interested friends, but they will all learn in due time, for the whole matter will be published in the CRUCIBLE.

Very grateful indeed are we for the tender sympathy manifested on the part of our friends. In answer to the oft repeated query: "Is it not terrible to be so persecuted for your opinions, I will say; it is truly a serious and a sad matter, to have every motive misconstrued, to desire the love of humanity and meet its condemnation, to be compelled to unbosom thoughts that are sacred to me and belong to myself only, that my love-life should be invaded by hounds of church or State, whose own souls are not capable of sensing sweet and fine emotions, I say it is saddening, but is this all? do you think the work in which we are engaged involves persons only? far from it, it is the principles we represent that our enemies are warring. Society is a mob, be it one or be it many, that would whip out human rights trample upon justice, expunge newly discovered truths and cover reform with the effluvia of unsavory eggs. It is not our bodies as such, that this mob would harm, nor as individuals would they imprison us, but they must use every available method to prevent our speech and the practising of the principles that appeal to our honest convictions. How strange it is that society does learn that persecutions always immortalizes the principle for which a martyr suffers. In the days of African slavery, Wendell Phillips, with all of his eloquence, never appealed to the abolitionist of the north as effectually as the Slave-drivers whip. Every cell in which reformers have been confined has been a pulpit from which truth has been

preached with such power that it has stirred the world to its very centre. I do not court martyrdom, but if it must come, may I meet it with fortitude, ever remembering that "individuals are as the finest dust, but principles outweigh the universe."

Radical thought is making rapid progress at the "Hub". Our meetings have never been more liberally attended in this city than during the present season. Sunday evening, your humble servant lectured in Lurline Hall, to a very large audience. If I am not compelled to go to N. J. the present week, probably will lecture in the same Hall next Sunday afternoon and evening. The meetings are held under the auspices of the Universal Reform Association.

Of late we have received letters inquiring if we were going West this autumn. Moses intends to work in New England during the fall and winter. If I could make appointments in Ohio, Ind., or Ills., not remote from each other so that I could perform a considerable amount of work in a short time I might decide to go for a month or six weeks. We can make no positive arrangements until after the trial. *Au revoir.* MATTIE.

#### EVILS OF CONTRACTION.

(Please read this twice and hand to your neighbor.)

On the first day of January 1880, pursuant to an oppressive act of congress, fifty millions of people in the United States will be compelled to do all their business on about 450 millions of dollars or about three eighths as much money as was allowed to 35 millions of people in 1865, for the retirement of three hundred millions of Greenbacks between this and 1879. means the contraction of our currency by three hundred millions of dollars. So that, whereas in 1865 we had a currency of about \$60 per head, in 1880 we must do all our business with a currency of about nine dollars per head. Such is the progress we are making. This is the principle laid down by our Republican Government, and which continued at the present rate would denude us of all our money in two years and eight months.

But do the Democrats promise us more. Let us see: They go for hard money just as much as the Republicans, and of course the retirement of greenbacks, (for greenbacks cannot be displaced by gold, as we shall have no more gold by the retirement of greenbacks than without) which mean contraction. The difference is, they have the same end in view, only they would lure us with the idea that the final day of doom with us is a little farther off. Their indefiniteness on the subject only makes them the more dangerous. That they intend to force us in to a gold basis as soon as they can is

evident from their selection of Tilden as their standard bearer. Last winter he urged upon the Legislature of New York the passage of a law to compel every tax payer to pay his taxes from and after 1879 in gold, and when the infamous law was passed he readily signed it. The procuring of this law was a direct bid to the bankers, who control the caucusses for the nomination of the Presidency. It simply means that he who has not gold wherewith to pay his taxes must buy it of those who have it to sell, at some price no matter what, and it further means that as far as possible the same policy must be, and will be if he can effect it, pursued in our national Government that was in the commonwealth of New York. He who votes for the candidates of either party votes fresh authority into the hands of the money power, votes himself a slave. With either party in power, we are to have a system of continual contraction.

Now do you know what contraction means? It means a steady and continual shrinkage in prices—enforced idleness an increase of crime—a contraction of business—in short a general dearth all over the country. If Mr. A. knows that there will be a shrinkage of one million of dollars in money within the next year—he knows there will be a shrinkage in prices, and he cannot afford to invest and sell at a discount. "There is plenty of money on State street," we were told the other day, "all that is necessary is to restore confidence and people will invest it in some enterprise and then there will be plenty to do!" But how are you going to restore that confidence? Here is Mr. B. who wants to put a lot of shoes into the market, and Mr. C. wants to put a lot of ready made clothing into the market, and Mr. D. wants to start up his mills and put his fabrics into the market. Next Saturday each goes to the bank, by giving mortgage security draw out the funds necessary to commence business. Now between the time they have invested their money in stock and labor and the time they should dispose of it prices have so shrunk that they cannot near get the first cost on them. Their notes have also come due and the prices on real-estate have shrunk so that they cannot expect to more than cover their mortgages by a forced sale. People never can invest in enterprises while prices are on the decline, and prices always decline in proportion as the circulation contracts. Money always will fluctuate while it is based on metals. We must have a money possessing a staple value; then our road to prosperity is certain.

D. W. H.

Next Teusday State ticket elections will be held in Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, Nebraska and West Virginia. The October election is a tolerable index to the November election.

## THE SCRIPTURES ON COOPER.

And Samuel grew and the Lord was with him, and did let none of his work fall to the ground.—(1 Sam. iii, 19).—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Nevertheless, the people refused to obey the voice of Samuel, and they said, Nay.—(1 Sam. xiii. 19.)—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

But Samuel came not to Gilgal, and the people were scattered from him.—(1 Sam. xiii. 8.)—*Leavenworth Times*.

Peter, I give unto you the keys.—(Mat. xvi. 19.)—*Ft. Scott Pioneer*.

And I say unto thee thou art Peter, and upon this I will build and the gates of hell shall not prevail.—(Matthew.)—*Lyndon Times*.

"Carry them in thy bosom." (Num. xi. 12.)

NOTE.—Peter Cooper is certain, to Carry Indiana.

In 1865, at the close of the war, the circulating medium amounted to twenty-one hundred millions of dollars. In 1876, ten years thereafter, we learn from official sources that the entire circulating medium was seven hundred and sixty millions of dollars, or an actual contraction in ten years of thirteen hundred millions or nearly two third of the whole amount. Stating it in another form: In 1865, estimating our population at thirty-six millions we had a circulation of about \$58 per head, in 1875 with a population of forty-five millions we had a circulation of about \$15 per head.—*Gen. S.F. Cary*.

THE Independent Greenback party has no consolidated organization, no office-holder, nor office-seekers, nor bankers, nor bondholders to contribute money to carry on a canvass. It relies upon the integrity of its principles, and the intelligence of the oppressed masses to carry its standard in the contest.—*Gen. Sam. F. Carey*.

## TO THE INTELLIGENT VOTERS OF MASSACHUSETTS.

The oppressive financial legislation of the past fifteen years, legislation ruinous to the business and laboring portion of the community, and of advantage to idle investors only, must be changed before we can expect any improvement industry and trade. Both the Republican and Democratic parties are pledged to a continuance of the atrocious laws which gangs of National Bank Robbers and Railroad Thieves have fastened upon the nation and both brazenly defend their prostitution to the destroyers of our National honor upon grounds which should lead sensible people to a detestation—not to an approval of their course.

Though they have brought the country to the verge of ruin, they yet have the consummate assurance to declare that prosperity can only be obtained by a continuance of that policy that has banished it.

Believing that impartial financial measures should be adopted to relieve the coun-

try from threatened bankruptcy and our people from further destitution and distress—we, who intend to support PETER COOPER for President, and SAMUEL F. CARY for Vice President of the United States, invite all others who intend to vote in the same manner, to unite with us in Convention at Cotton Hall, corner of Essex and Chauncy streets, Boston, on Wednesday evening, October 11, 1876, for the purpose of adopting a platform and selecting COOPER and CARY electors to be voted for at the approaching election.

E. M. CHAMBERLIN,  
Pres't, Ind. Greenback Club, Boston.  
CHARLES MCLEAN, V. Pr'st., "  
A. B. CURRIER, Sec'y, "  
Moses Hull, "  
D. W. Hull, "  
J. H. Lewis, "  
H. F. Whitaker, "  
W. W. Forbes, "  
J. M. Devine, "  
H. M. McLaughlin, "  
J. H. Wilkinson, "  
T. J. Moulton, "  
C. H. Fernald, "  
Thomas Ranney, Newton.  
C. M. A. Twitchell, Cambridge.  
F. R. Ladd, Springfield.  
M. W. Ford, Lynn.  
Dedrick Jordan, Charlestown.  
Levi Carr, "  
G. W. Burroughs, "  
Alford Taylor, "  
Wm. W. Ferguson, "  
E. G. Robinson, "  
Wm. H. Smith, "  
O. M. Kalle, "  
Otis Sawyer, "  
Joseph A. Madden, "  
Richard J. Jones, "  
A. Rice, "  
John McGuire, "  
John B. Devine, "  
Frank H. Sheldon, "  
A. Woods, "  
E. C. Nason, "  
J. C. Jepson, "  
F. W. Ferguson, "  
W. S. McCracken, "  
Daniel Hill, "  
J. Brown, "

## Our Literary Record.

AMONG the interesting papers which find their way to our table is a little monthly published in the interest of the labor party by C. H. Fernald, entitled the *Way*. The name of E. M. Chamberlin appears as its Editor. It has now reached its fourth number and thus far, we believe we can say that there has not been a bit of waste material gone into its columns. Its editor, is President of the Independent Greenback Club in Boston and the paper flings out at its masthead, the names of Peter Cooper and Samuel F. Cary as its candidates for President and Vice President. Address the Publisher at No. 1 Hingham St. Boston.

THE AGITATOR a new paper started in the interest of the Independent Greenback

movement is published at Buffalo N. Y. and is just the paper needed in this issue. Every thing is being done that can be to freeze it out, but its Editor is made of better stuff than to be scared at trifles. It is a 24 column sheet and is published weekly at 1,50 per annum. Address G. F. KITTREDGE Editor, Buffalo N. Y.

THE *State Sovereign* published at Stoneham Mass. is chuck full of good things adapted to these stirring times. A more outspoken paper on the subject of Finance is not to be found. It supports Cooper and Cary.

THE ALBANY EVENING POST is a 28 column Independent Greenback Daily, published at Albany N. Y. Price \$5 per annum. The Editor is none other than R. M. Griffin, the Candidate for Governor of New York.

## Medium's Directory.

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MRS. M. HARDY, Trance Medium, No. 4 Concord Square Boston. Office hours, from 6 to 1, and 2 to 9.

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## Original Poetry.

## The Adopted Daughter.

## A Descriptive Poem.

BY THE HERMIT.

## I. THE INVALID.

Where shall I begin this plaintive story,  
Of one thus loved, too long and well?  
That cadaver face is still before me,  
While this tale of her life I tell.

Painful and sad the recollection  
Of scenes, a part of which I bore;  
It was sincere, parental affection,  
Now sinned, against, and heretofore.

In her youth, subdued by sickness and pain,  
To me she raised her feeble breath;  
By careful nursing she revived again,  
Though three times given up to death!

Of help, her friends had wholly failed her  
Discouraged, she gave up to die;  
Even the doctors knew not what ailed her,  
And their fees were for her too high.

Thus Myra struggled hard four years for health,  
When, she stretched out her hand to me;  
She was entirely destitute of wealth,  
And hence, for years, I served her free.

Thus was a debt of gratitude incurred  
Which Myra waited long to pay;  
And this was a claim as may be inferred,  
That could not be paid in one day.

## II. THE ADOPTION.

She offered her services as a child,  
And I, willingly, consented,  
And, on this parental relation smiled,  
And have never, since, relented.

Her parents and friends were willing, indeed,  
And without any exception,  
To trust her with me they were all agreed,  
For this was their predilection.

To Sylvan Lodge, my loved ones came to rest,  
As others came, the year around,  
And mine, Myra said she loved the best,  
As with them often she was found.

Thus, twice ten years, I was to her a friend,  
All any kind protector could be,  
And so have long forborne to this same end,  
As in the sequel we will see.

## III. SYLVAN LODGE.

Here was for her secured a legal home  
For life; whence she might go or come.  
Under her own control, in all things here,  
No burdens imposed, no labors severe,  
Myra might get married, and live here still,—  
No hard condition for her to fulfill.  
During her own life, funds were supplied,  
If in the case her benefactor died.  
By my own loved friends, Myra was esteemed;  
They are now dead, but they little dreamed  
As to matters the future would disclose,  
And, least of all, its bitter, bitterwoes.  
Here was Myra's garden and her bowers,  
These were her beds of beautiful flowers,  
Here the tools with which we plied the soil,  
And here the luscious fruits of our daily toil;  
These same trees, you see, spread their bloom  
for her;

The creeping woodbine, and the green fir;  
The mellow peach, the nectarine and plum,  
All well knew that Myra was here, at home!  
These trellices, extending their arms afar,  
Triangles and arbors where the grapes are,  
The walks paved with pebbles from the sea-shore,  
And rocks, dug here; and very many more.  
With golden fruit the apricot was crowned,  
Now green in spring, now yellow on the ground.  
The strawberries, black-caps, the currents, too,  
And the whole garden, where all the fruits grew!  
Here were rich melons and cantaloupes sweet,  
Delicious fruits of all kinds, good to eat;  
And made gifts of to neighbors, and our friends;  
More than enough for hygienic ends;  
And, the fruits, preserved for winter use  
In a hundred jars with their summer's juice,  
Each in its season, and all the year round,

Myra's comforts in Sylvan Lodge were found.  
With these pleased when their full time had come,  
But shows the interest, she felt in this home.  
Thus the season passed, and from year to year,  
All tend to show how happy she was here:  
A home that was for this same Myra bought,  
And no better home ever need be sought;  
More hygienic, and from care so free,  
As this same Sylvan Lodge down by the sea.  
She had all things under her own control,  
From work for the neighbors she had the whole,  
Thus accumulating funds of her own,  
She had ample means to depend upon.  
A home Myra did herself prefer,  
To any, or all ever known to her;  
Thus she often expressed herself to me,  
Of this same Sylvan Lodge down by the sea.  
Her health restored, and mind improved,  
She could go or come as she felt moved;  
She was happy, and would have been this day,  
If those cruel spoilers had kept away.

## IV. MYRA.

I prefer to tell all the good I know,  
When the truth is truly spoken,  
And a pleasure I cannot now forego,  
Hence, recording here this token.

Industrious in all household affairs,  
Her superior was not found;  
A faithful adept in domestic cares  
And kitchen duties, round and round.

It is not often one so much excels,  
Or can turn a hand to uses,  
And hence the good matron so often tells,  
Of her Bridget's many abuses.

And there never was any friction here,  
Myra's duties were promptly done:  
No fault was found, nor any word severe,  
Ever heard from the Hermit's tongue.

So careful, and in all things to the last,  
He felt it safe, thus to trust her:  
To honesty in greenbacks, holding fast,  
In this, Myra shone with lustre!

Inventive with the tape and scissors too,  
With which the neighbors employed her,  
Thus she made all the garments tailors do,  
And she could also embroider.

As a nurse, Myra excelled. She was kind,  
Always, to the sick and feeble,  
And to feed the poor she was inclined,  
And ready as with her needle.

And, in so many good things excelling,  
She was often sought by numbers:  
Advantages she had in this dwelling  
Where her memory still slumbers.

An intelligent and progressive mind,  
She thirsted for information;  
And all this in her character I find,  
By many years of probation.

And these excellencies should have secured  
For Myra, a far better fate,  
She is now a woman, fully matured,  
And further, I reluct to state.

Painful, indeed, it is these rhymes to write,  
Of one, ten years so near to me;  
But the details which I shall now indite,  
From all injustice shall be free.

## V. THE SPOILERS,

Or Devils, whichever they may be called;  
For, with their conduct, we must feel appalled,  
Shocked, with behaviour so very mean  
As that now revealed in these two old men.  
Isaac Pierce, with seven children and a wife,  
Who has brought about all this recent strife—  
This scaly spoiler came prowling along,  
And this same Myra with that scamp has gone!  
For a year his tricks had been pressed amain  
All his "ways were dark, and his tricks were  
vain,"—

With him Myra left to sadness, and to me,  
This same peaceful Sylvan Lodge, near the sea.  
Received as "a boarder," he laid his plans,  
Not unlike those of the Kuklux Klans,  
By deception and kindness, both combined,  
And both used by this spoiler, as a blind.  
Myra, at first, said she "feared his approach,  
Lest her own good name should suffer reproach!"  
But, seeing him oft, her "fear" was removed,  
And she avowed him as "the one she loved!"  
His wife and children, he confessed aloud!  
Yet Myra left with him under that cloud.

To reason with her was only in vain,  
And she will never be seen here again.

## VI. THE KUKLUX.

Now as to what nine years before began,  
Her love alliance with another man,  
An affair I had, for her sake, concealed,  
And, not even now fully revealed,  
What Myra said only four years before,  
When she promised me she would sin no more  
All those sad tears are now forgotten,  
And her vows and pledges are all rotten!  
Pierce set the trap that recently caught her,  
And which has doomed this adopted daughter,—  
The second time caught in that fatal snare,  
And Myra's "good name" now floats in the air.

"If Myra and I choose to wait," he said,  
"Wait till my wife, Mrs Peirce is dead,  
Whose business is it what we may have done?"  
And, waiting, they have off together gone!!

"It was all right," they said, "all, all right!"  
Those four years with the Kuklux, "all right!"  
Her treacherous deception, "all, all right!"  
For ten years continued, "all, all right!"  
She thought it "all right," when herself she  
found

In the arms of that cruel Kuklux bound,  
And by that same monster, four years caressed!  
Then she thought herself most sublimely blessed:  
And she would still have thought so, to this day,  
If I had not heard him her thus betray:  
He said, "Myra had been his wife four years!"  
Poor child! then I saw her cast down in tears!  
Was that "right"? Four years in that filthy  
bed!

And these are her words of a life so foul:  
"Deception and lust have ruined my soul!"  
She owned up the secret of her life,  
Her proclivity, the cause of this strife.  
And all this was for Myra's good concealed  
Until this affair by herself revealed!  
I saw too much of good to be destroyed,  
Cheerful and happy while thus employed,  
In the generous hope that I might find,  
Myra to Goodness and Truth more inclined.  
No human mind is all bad, nor all good,  
It most needs to be understood—  
That when duly instructed it may grow,  
Assisted in the way we all should go.  
The cloud under which Myra departed,  
Now leaves all her friends here downhearted:  
Two such affairs, strike them all dumb,  
And when questioned about her, they are mum;  
They have not forgotten, four years ago,  
When this same Myra was overwhelmed so,  
With like conduct, continued, years before,  
With an old sinner, of "ten and three score."  
Thus, it required fully ten years to show  
Just what such a temperament would do;  
For, "the opportunity makes the thief."  
When crimes are committed beyond belief—  
When all the elements are seen clear through,  
Such a mixture of the false, and the true;  
They will do as this same good Myra did—  
Only let it be covered up and hid!

## VII. HONOR BRIGHT.

I would sink my carcass in the deep sea,  
And I would forever forgotten be,  
Before I would treat another one so,  
As these parties have done blow after blow,  
I should myself despise, and wish to die,  
Before such conduct to be judged by.  
Shame and confusion wo'd strike me stone blind,  
As if a foul disgrace to human kind!  
And what is honor if such conduct be right?  
Are such base deceptions "all honor bright"?  
And by what law, can it be justified?  
Except it be the law of suicide,  
Once I saved Myra from that dread abuse;  
But, all I can now say will be of no use.  
Her die is cast, and has been cast before,  
And, by conduct she did, herself, deplore.

## VIII. SEPT. 5TH, 1871.

Never can I forget that day of woe!  
When that Kuklux betrayed her so!  
How she wept, and plead, and promised me,  
That ever more faithful she would be.

If ever one suffered for evil done,  
This same adopted daughter was that one;  
Many I have seen crushed down with grief,  
Of all I ever saw, he was the chief.

She was so crushed as the flax is broken—  
Subdued by blackest woe, all unspoken—

Hetched, swingled, as if to be made clean,  
Surely this much her past sufferings mean.

Then, in his heart, her benefactor cried,  
When he heard Myra wish "she had died"  
Before overtaken in a fault so foul,  
And so degrading to the human soul.

But no word of censure for the wrong done,  
Nor the deception so long carried on,  
Fell from the lips of Myra's faithful friend—  
He was merciful even to the end.

And for her this day, his sympathies flow,  
As she knows they flowed in her Kuklux woe,  
Then he was to Myra what he is still,  
Conscious of nothing foreign to good will.

Conscious, too, of the great wrongs she has  
done—  
Wrong she will never cease to think upon—  
Wrongs to herself, more than to her "best  
friend,"  
Remembered, till her checkered life shall end!

As the huge planets may be deflected,  
So, when in great crimes we are detected,  
As planets still they must ever remain—  
The mind may revert to its poise again.

With her sense of guilt, Myra sunk in woe;  
Reft of this home she knew not where to go!  
And laid her plans for an untimely grave.  
Her bed to make, beneath the yielding wave.

Thus, finding she had been betrayed,  
Bitter curses she poured on that old bald head,  
Curses that overflow from a wounded heart,  
And here is of them, but only in part:—

#### IX. THE MALEDICTION.

ABHORRED! Thou author of my woes,  
Monster of iniquity and shame!  
Causing rivers of death to flow,  
And crimes committed without a name.  
Heaven's curses upon thy head!  
Thou sinner of "three score ten,"  
Till it, as thy soul is, be dead,  
And hurl thee howling back in pain!  
And the life thou hast lived of shame  
A Kuklux murderer in thought,  
Bankrupt in character and fame,  
My own is all thou hast sought.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Tainting with thy poisonous breath,  
E'en this earth on which ye tread,  
Whose mere touch is so much like death,  
That virtue at thy approach is dead!

\* \* \* \* \*  
A WRETCH by honor never bound,  
The enemy of human kind,  
A lyeanthrope, feeding on the ground,  
A beastly, degraded mind.  
Thou leprous demon, as thou art;  
Thou shalt be crystalized in hate:  
And thy hard and obdurate heart  
Become too hard to re-create!  
Till thou art rotted into dust,  
And thy grave be thy hellish bed;  
Festered in thy vileness, and cursed  
In the putrescence thou has spread.

\* \* \* \* \*  
And if there be JUSTICE ETERNAL—  
On thee shall its vengeance descend!  
Thy nature, thy choice infernal—  
Demons shall on thy steps attend!  
Keen horrors shall besiege thy soul,  
And passers by shall, pointing, say,  
"That is George Spear, whose vices foul,  
Have overtaken him this day!"  
And when, at last, he disappears—  
Has done his last, and evil deed,  
Then accursed shall end his years,  
And worms shall die that on him feed!

#### X. REELECTIVE.

This malediction thus four years delayed  
Was only because she had been betrayed!  
Four years of sin and deception, no doubt,  
Are not to be regretted, till found out!

But for that expose I could not have known  
What conduct here had been carried on.  
Myra, herself, said she "never would tell,  
A secret she had kept so long, and well."

That affair well-nigh cost her friend his life—  
Such was the discord and domestic strife.  
That Kuklux fixed on a deceptive dodge  
To remain a boarder in Sylvan Lodge.

Thus, he made angry threats, and oft, to kill;  
These same threats he attempted to fulfill,  
And, for his murderous assaults was fined—  
And, still the Kuklux acting as inclined.

\* \* \* \* \*  
That one, to whom I had so long been kind,  
Should her happiness in such conduct find,  
One that I had so long labored to save,  
Dooms these grey hairs with sorrow to the grave!

The false, carried on for so many years,  
An appalling record as now appears;  
The mind is balked in its contemplation;  
How powerful must be that temptation.

She forgets how the Hermit's blood has flowed,  
And the parental care on her bestowed;  
How for Myra's sake her guilt was concealed  
Till by these crimes she was herself revealed.

Here are the words that Myra so often said,  
"I will never the Hermit leave till dead!  
One that to me has been so very kind—  
He shall in me a faithful daughter find."

The paternal and filial long maintained;  
By reciprocal kindness sustained,  
Is always ruptured with severe pain,  
Often never to be renewed again!

All the good done I shall remember still;  
And, for Myra, nothing but good will!  
Deceptive she has always been to me;  
Alas! what more now could I hope to see?

And in no other regard, I think none,  
Are humans less to be depended on;  
Man, when under the supreme control  
Of instincts' that beget the human soul.

Primordial and secret, untouched by light—  
Utterly unconscious of truth and right,  
The sins in secret follow and lying,  
Till health, and fame be lost, and then dying.

Artificial relations in the mind,  
To right and pure justice are always blind,  
And once controlled by a false idea,  
How all crimes may follow is very clear.

The perfidy in her broken pledges  
Pierce me beyond the sharp thorns in hedges;  
The false returned for all my kindness shown,  
Are sins not easily to be outgrown.

False, and deceptive to the very last,  
Such is the record of the decade passed;  
Ingratitude no flood could wash out,  
And still believed "all right," there is no doubt.

"Only trust me this time," she said,  
And thus confessing, she meekly bowed her head:  
"Be kind and once more let me be to you,  
An adopted and faithful daughter, true."

One kind word raised her crushed soul to life—  
"I forgive!" ended all that Kuklux strife;  
So blest is mercy in the deed it does,  
It is the only balm for bleeding woes.

But, alas! I must now, again deplore  
The same love-alliance engaged in before;  
By the same deceptions, again deceived  
By the same bad conduct once more aggrieved.

And so has the greatest of the poets said  
Of this same lust, in a celestial bed;  
Linked to an angel, it is the same—  
It annihilates honor, wealth and fame!

Thus, deception and lust go together,  
And turn as the vane turns by the weather,  
And in excess they become a power  
That spoils the fairest, sweetest flower!

A power that ignores the higher laws,  
And of untold evils, it is the cause;  
Never the source of any real gain—  
But darkness and death follow in its train.

Wherever it makes its cruel behest,  
It robs the soul of its fairest and best:  
It blots from each victim both trust and hope,  
And of all evils this is the Pope.

It steals the JEWELL more precious than gold;  
And a treasure that never should be sold;  
The fairest flower to all human eyes,  
With its aroma lost, all virtue dies.

Concealment is no remedy for crime!  
This always appears in the lapse of time,  
If the highest moral sense be not pure,  
Of more or less trouble, we may be sure.

Hence no kindly service can atone  
For the loss of this aroma, once gone!  
What no riches nor talents can restore—  
When once lost, it is lost forevermore.

For Myra now falls a sad, parting tear,  
In view of all her well meant labors here,  
Toils and cares never once by me ignored—  
Her goodness loved—her perfidy deplored.

#### XI. THE HERMIT.

And thus the Hermit moralized,  
Concerning things we all should know;  
Nothing concealed or disguised  
Except the authors of his woe!

Of bad behaviour and anguish,  
And—what I here reluctant to tell—  
Deeds, by which the soul must languish,  
Making life so more like hell.

These walks, these arbors, and these trees,  
All, all forbid, too sad to see;  
'Tis whispered in the passing breeze,  
And re-echoed by the heavy sea,

Of angry threats made, to kill  
The friend feeding him for years;  
And murderous attempts to fulfil,  
Hence, this present grief, and tears.

But this we learn, and for our good,  
That innocence in peaceful homes  
Is sought by demons, as their food,  
And soon the cruel spoiler comes.

Thus deserted, and these labors,  
And anxious care for daily bread,  
And a pair of Kuklux neighbors,  
What marvel that he be not dead?

\* \* \* \* \*  
Sad, bitter years! rest unrevealed!  
They are hidden from human eyes,  
Nor pass these lips with silence, sealed,  
Where with their cause my sorrow lies.

The heavens are dark all around:  
I mourn, but shades, 'tis not for you;  
Moral shadows cover the ground,  
These flowers and silvery dew.

Nor for these flowers do I mourn:  
Spring, these embryo buds will save;  
Nor here shall stand the Hermit's urn,  
Nor here be seen his silent grave.

I mourn the evil deeds I saw,  
Vain deception, distrustful show,  
The growing grief, the inward war,  
The doubts, from which, misgivings flow.

These, and other crimes, I mourn;  
Parents mourn when a child is slain—  
Dark clouds succeed the gilded morn  
And rest on this abode again.

For a heart so often betrayed—  
So cruelly crushed and wrung—  
If of warm flesh that heart be made,  
But too often it may be stung.

But I find I am now telling  
Startling facts of other's woe;  
On these things my heart is dwelling,  
These griefs that one can know.

But no more now; my grief restrain,  
When thus by deception opprest,  
The crimes uncommon, so the pain;  
And here I let that subject rest.

#### XII. JUSTICE.

But still of justice I do not complain;  
For me it has smitten again, and again,  
As if to drive all my ignorance out.  
All for my instruction no doubt.

Happy is he whose own conscience is clear,  
Who in all things has else nothing to fear,  
Whose integrity remains, day by day,  
Every debt of gratitude to pay.

Whose fidelity cannot be impeached,  
Nor his place by deception reached;  
And he bears the cost of all his own sins,  
And from the good and true, approval wins.

For Eternal Justice divides between  
Elements by some of us unseen;  
The "mills of God," indeed, do slowly grind,  
And each must, in time, his true level find.