SEDALIA WEEKLY BAZOO.

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WEEKLY BAZOO.

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J. WEST GOODWIN,
Editor and Proprietor

SOCIALISM.

It is difficult to conceive a sentiment more attractive in the abstract, than the socialistic theory which has made such rapid headway of late years in Europe, and is not without its followers in this country. It is, perhaps the underlying principle of all liberal society. By this is not meant, however, that agragrian doctrine which found such repulsive development in the Commune, but that involved in the better class of German and French philosophy—in St. Simon, and Proudhon and Louis Blanc; a prudent and temperate liberality which would elevate the working classes of the country, while doing no injury to the rich and influential. Their socialism is founded upon law and order, but it does not contemplate that the poor shall always "be hewers of wood and drawers of water" to the rich. They believe in the aristocracy of mind—of letters. They deny that wealth is the title deeds to sloth, and that respectability and virtue resides in dollars and cents.

These philosophers are themselves poor and struggling, and their sympathies and hopes are, with those who, like themselves, maintain unequal war with the rigorous customs of society. They maintain that labor, in whatever form, so that it is honest, is dignified and manly. That toil of the hands, of the brain or the heart wins the only true manhood—the only true nobility.

Thus guided and controlled, socialism is showing substantial fruits. It has gained an enviable position in German politics and is the undercurrent of French society. To day the genius in art or in letters is the aristocrat of the *beau monde*. The painter who tints his canvass with the passions and sorrows of the multitude, holds in his hands the means of popularity which can make him great and powertul. He whose tongue can touch the human heart and attune its sympathies is already great.

As long as society lifts its barriers against the breast of genius in poverty, it lives upon an earthquake. The convulsion which may rend it, will possibly be long delayed, but, like a pent up valcano, when it bursts it will scatter death and ruin in its path. It is true that while these sentiments are common to the working classes of both Europe and America, the field of their efficient application is widely different. Here we have the ballot. There, they have not. The American holds in his hands the means of accomplishing his purpose. He can make socialism a power, by making it the law-giver. He can reach his end by slow gradations, while the Germans and the French must achieve their purpose in the lurid flash of revolution, and by tearing down and trampling under foot the pillars of society.

Both in this country and in Europe the eventual struggle is inevitable, and when it comes people will survey with astonishment the nature and extent of the reforms it will inaugurate. It is a growing principle, for it wars against caste. As abolition was successful so will socialism be triumphant.

INDIAN WAR.

There is every reason to believe that the Indian outbreak in Idaho will not be suppressed until some more competent general is put at the head of the affairs than the Ex-Commissioner of a Freedmen's Bank. His distinguishing characteristic in every place he has ever been in, is utter inefficiency. Under the direction of a competent commander the war should not have lasted ten days. The aggregate of all the tribes which might revolt will not exceed five thousand Indians, including women and children, as follows:

Coeur d'Alenes	700
Nez Perces (reservation)	2,800
Pend d'Oreille, W. T.	395
Pend d'Oreille, Idaho	300
Pelouses	400
Spokanes	685
Total	5,280

Leaving out the Nez Perces all these tribes cannot probably furnish more than two thousand warriors—possibly not even that number of fighting men. Considering this fact, the successful operations against them in 1858, and the means at hand for subduing them now, there is no reason why an enterprising general should not effectually put an end to hostilities within a month. The idea that "it exceeds in gravity anp Indian outbreak of our day," is simply the report of an excited and alarmed imagination.

It is equally absurd to say that the subjection of these people even if they all should become hostile would tax to its utmost the resources of the government. A single well appointed and well equipped regiment is all that is necessary to effect the purpose.

It is true that if the Flat Heads and the Reservation Nez Perces in Montana should join those already in arms, the situation might become perilous. But there is no possibility, much less probability, of this being done. If the Montana Indians go to war, it will be on their own account and not in conjunction with Joseph's band. A stretch of mountain and plain nearly a thousand miles in extent divides them. The first demonstration by the Montana Indians will bring about their ears a swarm of miners and frontiersmen that will make short work of the noble red man.

Of course the rumors we get here are greatly exaggerated. Bad news grows as it flies. But those who have been there and know from personal observation and familiarity with the country in which the Indians live, that a successful outbreak by the Northern Indians of Montana, is simply impossible.

The chief end of man is to keep cool.

Our council rings are very badly worn.

This is just the season for camp meetings.

A picnic is not unusually all stuff and colic.

The best way to get money is to work for it.

Sunday base ball games are ignored in polite society.

The sympathy of a lachrymose girl is tearfully touching.

Satan would be a good authority on sin if he wasn't so bad.

Ministers in this weather should avoid warm illustrations.

No sensible girl ever refuses a kiss, if it can be had *sub rosa*.

Hilton, although a lawyer; is not a man of Jew-risk-prudence.

Even that good soul, Mrs. Van Cott, despises a pale-eyed woman.

A person who wants to go somewhere is privileged to go to the deuce.

Society is never modest. It always claims for itself more than it deserves.

Independence Day was chiefly remarkable for torpedoes and fire crackers.

Since they have begun to set diamonds in silver everybody is in favor of it.

Summer sketches by amateur artists should be drawn with shaded perspectives.

Mrs. Hayes is a Murphyite, but that circumstance shouldn't discredit the movement.

The man who has neither greenbacks or silver is indifferent to financial policies.

The guests at the Grand Union at Saratoga are not even permitted to wear Jew-elry.

No Sedalia girl was drawn in the Kansas City lottery. They are not to be won that way.

Oakey Hall is a great chess player, which accounts for his always being on the move.

The author of "Helen's Babies" exhausted his genius and is unable to produce any more.

The chief exports now from this country to Europe are raw beef and traveling ministers.

It is entirely professional for reporters to press young ladies to declare their engagements.

The story that a dentist mistakenly pulled a man's tongue out while operating on a molar is toothin.

There are a number of secret enemies of the temperance movement in town, disguised as gentlemen.

The bee which stung the Howard county girl the other day, has since died from a plethora of honey.

There is not that wintry sadness about women's smiles now, that there was before the Muphyites came to Sedalia.

The few circuses we've had this season only fires the juvenile appetite for horned rhinocerouses and the polar bears.

Those new fifty dollar gold coins the government is about to issue, will greatly inconvenience tramps in making change.

Gen. Howard has not yet ascertained whether Joseph leads a brass band or not, but he is certainly making a great noise.

Amethyst garter buckles are fashionable. No young lady in good society will think of tying up her stockings with an old string.

THOSE WHO SIP.

List of Arrivals at the Sweet Springs.

E. J. Johnson; J. A. Rinhart, St Louis; J. W. Ming, Marshal; D W Crowley, and wife, Saml. M Kennard, St. Louis; W C Ritchie, Sedalia; A P Speed; Peny Calvin, F Berger, Boonville; W W Vaughan, Brownsville; Mr Nalsgrug, M Levy, Marshall; B F Bellamy, Brownsville; C E Leonard, L Stephens, Boonville; Dr R Trotter, J A Matthews, Mrs M Chapman, Mrs M B Waddell, Mrs M Conkling, Miss Mollie Hill, Lexington; Miss Bessie Houx, Marshall; R E Wilson and wife Kansas City; Jno P Brogley and wife, B E Ryan, St Louis; C W Seiber Higginsville; F J Howell, Conning New York; Miller and wife Chicago; S K Knox, W H Waggoner Independence; I Wheeler, Miss Mollie Wheeler, Knob Noster; Dr J W Pindear, S T Price, J M Christy St Louis; B P J McKenna, Newt Somers, M Lampton, Roy Cockling, Geo Yates, Sedalia; James Lampton, C H Gentry, Lam Hall Temperance Converts; D E Garns, Miss Fannie Lake E B Wade, St Louis; C E Bgenfritz, Lin P Bgenfritz, Sedalia; J E Walton and wife, Jas Grant and wife, R Mosely and wife, Miss Lea Miller; G B Arbaugh, Jno Campbell, A McKenham, Lute Holaway, Knob Noster; Thos K Bailey, Wm Scott, C H Morrill, M B Mayor, S B Scott, A B Cayton, C D Monroe, Marion Simpson, Marion Young, C Ritchie, Sedalia; B S Miller Miss Alice Shumaker Miss T Minnie Terry, Miss Alsina Robinson, Wm Moore, Miss Nannie Terry, W. F Yankee, Miss Christina Miller, Lamont; M Hay Austin Texas; Miss Mabel Doss Brownsville, J H McKenney and wife Chilhcothe; Miss Marimon Holloway, Alice O'Kenza, Knob Noster; C A Middleton and wife, Miss Addie Fisher, Jno W Thornton and wife Miss Lizzie Perry, Chas Zoll, J M Oglesby, Warrensburg; Miss Lyne Gillaff Miss Addie Gillum, J T Gillum, Montserrat S m McElvanis; C Larkin and wife A A Dodds Knob Noster.

M A Harwood, C Young, Montserrat; Jno C Higgins, Miss Higgins, Pettis Co; E J Haynes, Knob noster; Jos Houx, Montserrat; Miss Mittie Dudley, Miss Larkin, J Saingle, Knob Noster; Mrs S P Sparks, S J Jackson, I M Canfield, Jno McConnell, Warrensburg; Miss Mamie Cuningham, Little Rock; W H Mays, Knob Noster; W Agee, H Conway, S Roessler, T P Taylor, R Wade, Lamoute; Robt Gillman, Jen A Gallaher, wife, and son, Montserrat; Wm Millar, G W Hunt, E T Pennington, Miss Mollie Pennington, Miss Mary Homes, W D Pinkston, C E Moonan, wife and two daughters, Miss Lulu Elliot, P Parker, Warrensburg; J M Kennedy, Saline Co.; Dr. Workman Mrs Haley, Knob Noster; I. I. Williams, Boonville, L B Harwood, I. E De Garmo, Miss Mollie Eads, Miss Irene Markwood, Martin Osgood and sister Chas Rayhill, Wm Dougherty, J K Davis, Warrensburg; Jas Pilcington, Sedalia; A T Pennington and wife, F H Perkins, Knob Noster; C R Buckner, H Hawkins, O G Gregg, Brownsville; J P Tuttle, J G Miller, Fulton; E G Taylor, Lafayette co.; J S King, Mrs M S Scott, Sedalia; J P Laird, A H McGowan, Miss C S Hall, Miss Katie Hall, Marshall; J D Morgan and wife, Warrensburg; O T Gentry, C Furguson E Haines, Pilot Grove; G G Berry, J S Scott, Pettis co.; H F Park, Chas Roll and wife, Ben Bullard, W B Moore, C C Messerly, Sedalia; J S Napton, R M Downes, Houstona; W H Hatton, Knob Noster; A Armenser, Mrs Leslie Marmaduke, child and nurse, Miss Katie Coulo, Miss Lily Coulo, Sedalia; I Marmaduke, D W Marmaduke, wife, four children and servant, P A O'Neil, wife child and nurse St. Louis; A A Haynes, Louis V Stephens Boonville; T K Hanna, Miss Jennie Hanna Kansas City; Wm W Cooks Harrisonville; Ira Hinsdale, wife and two children, Wm Latour, wife and child, A Seligman J D Leonst Sedalia.

A REMARKABLE ACCIDENT.

A Runaway on Georgetown Hill and Narrow Escape from Injury.

Yesterday, Mr. J. A. Fisher, in company with a lady friend, was taking in the picnic at Wooldridge's Grove, and afterward, a ride in the direction of Georgetown behind Ben Lyons' favorite team. As they were descending the hill on their return the breast straps gave way and the tongue of the buggy fell to the ground. The horses of course became frightened and commenced kicking and plunging in a very dangerous way. Mr. Fisher, however, with admirable presence of mind, requested his companion to sit still and turning the horses heads to one side kept them from making any headway in the way of fright. But as the animals plunged forward the tongue came in contact with a heavy boulder and was shattered to pieces. The horses continuing to plunge and kick succeeded in unloosing the tugs, and being entirely free of the buggy, Mr. Fisher let them go. Under the circumstances, it is strange that he succeeded in holding them so long, but he did it, and thereby saved the life of himself and lady friend. Mr. Fisher's wrists were badly bruised, but otherwise the occupants of the buggy escaped without injury. A reporter of the BAZOO was shown the broken breast straps this morning, and it is really wonderful that they endured the slightest strain at all, since they were literally worn in two. Mr. Fisher sent for another team and reached the city about dark last night, heartily thankful for his narrow escape from death.

A BRAVE WOMAN.

She Comes to the Rescue of Swindled People and Vanquishes the Lightning Rod Peddler.

Hannibal Clipper.

At last the brazen-faced, swindling lightning rod peddler has found his match in the person of a brave woman in Macon county. This lady, a widow, had made a contract with the advance man for a rod to cost $15, but when the rod was up, the other fellow presented a bill for $45. This, of course, surprised the lady, and she protested against any such demand, and stoutly affirmed that the contract only called for $15. The contract being produced, it appeared that the rod was to be put up at 57 cents per foot, and, as the rod had been well extended over the house, the whole job footed up to $45.

It is needless to say that the lady was indignant, and, after storming a good deal, she went to her room and came down with $15 and a shot-gun.

She then assumed the offensive, and made the following startling proposition:

"Look here, sir, that lightning rod was to be put up for $15. Here's your money—you take that or take down your lightning rod, or I'll blow the top of your head off!"

The lightning rod man took the $15 and made tracks as though a whole thunder storm was chasing him up. All honest people in the country who admire courage should subscribe for a monument to the memory of this lady when she comes to die. Let others of the opposite sex imitate her example, and the cause of honesty will prosper.

Death of Capt. Witcher.

After a long prostration, Capt. Vincent Witcher on Friday last died at the residence of his son, Col. W. A. Witcher, near Callands, Pittsylvania county, Va., in the 89th year of his age. He had been bed-ridden for several years, and latterly those who saw him say his intellect was at times clouded though habitually clear, yet his strong physical constitution sustained him to an age attained by few—nearly a score of years beyond the period allotted by the psalmist.

Written for the Bazoo.

TIRED A LITTLE!

"Tired a little!" yet the way has not been long—
A few steps only from the cradle-bed;
A few short Summers has the sweet bird's song
Rung its changes through the gold-eron'd head.

"Tired a little!" yet not many times
The leaves have fallen from the bright Spring flowers,
The Christmas bells have laughed their merry chimes
But twice, since Time has told her passing hours.

"Tired a little!" in the morning of her journey home;
Yet, maybe, rocks and thorns are in the way,
And mountains, steep and high, which she must climb alone,
Ere she can see the dawning of the perfect day.

"Tired a little!" now, yet heavier years may press
Their weight of sorrows on her tender heart,
Until the blood-drops start, yet none may guess
How deep the wounds, nor how the bruises smart.

"Tired a little!" ah, God! that weariness so soon
Should lay its blighting touch on her slight frame!
That she must murmur, ere she nears life's noon,
So long before the coming of night's gloom and pain.

FLEA BITES.

—Col. Sam Reid, of St. Louis, erstwhile of New Orleans, is a remarkable man. With the exception of Sam Lowe he is, perhaps, the most remarkable man in St. Louis. He is the author of the "Star Spangled Banner;" was a war correspondent in Mexico; was aide to Gen. Jackson; was chief of staff to Lopez in Cuba; showed Walker how Nicaragua could be captured; was private counselor to Dom Pedro of Brazil; modeled the ark for Noah, and got down on his all-fours and let Christ ride him into Jerusalem. A ten minutes' conversation with Sam Reid will convince any unprejudiced person that he was contemporaneous with theb eginning of the world; has been the author of every revolution that has swept over continents and ages; and, but for his extreme modesty and reticent disposition, could very easily have played the role of the Messiah.

—The interest of Sergeant Bates in our banner never abates and never flags.—*N. O. Picayune.*

That's a mistake! Sergeant Bates' interest is always flagging.

—A conspiracy to blow up the Suez Canal has come to light.—*St. Louis Rep.*

Then the explosion ought to follow immediately.

—A sailor can never understand why it is that, if a woman is the weaker vessel, she carries so much sail.

—Better to laugh o'er your own good luck' than weep o'er another's woes;
Better a boil on your neighbor's leg, than a wart on your own fair nose.—*Indianapolis Hawk Eye.*
Better to taste the lager beer, than smell the empty glass;
Better to kiss a pretty girl, than wink at a homely lass.—*Norristown Herald.*
Better to ride in a railway car, than to sit in a dusty hack;
Better to look through a window, than to stick your nose from a crack.—*Farmington Times.*
Better to join the Murphys, than spend a night in the jail;
Better to drink pure water, than dream of an old cocktail.

—The editor of the Sedalia BAZOO hasn't given us his opinion on the narrow gauge railroad business yet. Does he forget that trip he made over that single wheel, single track road to Montana, the time when the safety-valve went off and blew him clear back to Missouri?—*Farmington Times.*

A narrow guage and a safety-valve naturally run in the mind of a young man who has just drawn a matrimonial premium in a female lottery. Richard, don't trust to expedients, but go in on a broad guage at once.

—The over-crowding of excursion steamers is a subject of talk.—*Boonville Eagle.*

It is more likely to be a subject of feeling.

—Tennie Mathews has had his hair shingled, preparatory to a visit to his Kansas prize. The union of Tennessee and "bleeding Kansas" would be an item worth noting.—*Enterprise-Monitor.*

Such unions invariably occasion blood. Of course that would be the result.

—It is rumored that H. Martin Williams has become quite proficient as chamber-maid.—*Journal.*

One would think H. Martin would succeed as a maid better anywhere else than in a chamber. But Miss Eugenia knows all about these things. Her word is quite sufficient.

—Next we know Bray will discover that he was crushed to atoms.—*Hidden Enterprise.*

Sister Sankey should have learned by this time that a bray, like a woman's voice, is one of the things which can't be crushed.

—The Fort Scott *Monitor* is developing a mine of wit. When the vein of his humor is disclosed, one may be able to see his points.

—We heard 'a fellow' say yesterday while holding one hand on his head and the other on his stomach, that he "hoped the next declaration of Independence would be postponed until the fall."—*K. C. Journal.*

Well, it was for a good many people. Some fell often—others more frequently. But what puzzles us is, why the man should hold his hand on his stomach, unless he meant to declare-rations didn't agree with him.

—Somebody entertained the editorial fraternity of Moberly on the "Fourth" in handsome style, and the next day the *Enterprise-Monitor* was only able to get out half a sheet. The other half sheet was in the wind; but a half sheet in the wind, is not so bad after all.

—A Mr. Bacon writes the humorous editorial for the Boonville (Mo.) *Advertiser.*—*N. Y. Herald.*

Yes, Billy Bacon.—*Moberly Enterprise-Monitor.*

W. C. Bacon is his name, if we are correctly advised.—*Columbia Statesman.*

William Cullen Bacon is his full name.—*Sedalia Bazoo.*

If he is the Corresponding Secretary of the Press Association, it is Walter Bacon.—*Hannibal Clipper.*

Well now, what is Mr. Bacon's name?—*St Jo. Chronicle.*

Walter C. Bacon is the humorist's name.—*St. Louis Journal.*

The wit's name is Waller Bacon. We have it from his own lips. These mistakes used to bore him, but he's cured of such folly now.

CUPID'S PRANKS.

A Pettis County Man Proposes to Marry His Mother-in-Law—An Interesting Love Story of Disappointment and Happiness.

It is not true that mothers-in-law are always unattractive. On the contrary they are, nine times out of ten, possessed of more virtues by a hundred fold than those who abuse them. But notwithstanding that fact, it is extremely rare that a genuine love affair grows up between a widowed mother-in-law and her widower son-in-law. But precisely this condition of affairs has come about in this county, and in a few weeks the BAZOO will have the pleasure of chronicling the consummation of

A ROMANTIC EPISODE,

which begun several years ago, and which discloses one of the most curious freaks ever perpetrated by the madcap Cupid.

It would, perhaps, be premature if not indiscreet to name the parties who are about to consummate a happiness long desired, but the circumstances of the affair are sufficiently notorious to warrant a minute recital of the facts. The persons interested live only a few miles west of Sedalia, and are among the most respectable and well-to do people in the county; and the romance of their lives is among the most interesting verifications of

THE OLD ADAGE

that "the course of true love never did run smooth." They are now approaching middle age, but were lovers in youth. The gentleman was jealous and exacting; and the young lady, rich in grace and beauty, had numberless admirers. Among them was an ancient widower, with daughters of his own. One of them was quite as charming and just as beautiful as the prospective bride, and more than once Tom had felt himself drawn towards her by an irresistible attraction, and one day when he felt that his *grace* had treated him badly he went off and proposed to the rival beauty, was accepted and married her. But no words can depict his surprise when, a few weeks later, the bluff old widower, his father-in-law, led his late charmer, all bathed in blushes, to the marriage altar. Fate had done its work, and instead of being

HUSBAND AND WIFE,

their relationship had changed into mother and son. However much the new ties galled the man, the woman bore them with a graceful *insouciance* that marked her mistress of herself and feelings. If she ever felt the least regret at the changed order of things it did not appear in her manners. But the whirligig of time has strange surprises, and one day Tom's beautiful young wife was cast upon a bed of fatal sickness and died. She was her father's favorite, and shortly after the good old man followed her to the grave; and now the lovers were free again, and it wasn't long—say a year or two—before they begun to

CAST SHEEP'S EYES

at each other again. But this sort of dalliance couldn't last, and by slow gradations they grew into tenderer communion.

One day Tom asked her if they couldn't have the old days over again?

The lady didn't understand exactly what he meant.

"Well, you know I love you, and why shouldn't we marry?" urged blushing Tom.

"What, sir! wed my son-in-law? The idea is ridiculous!" cried the lady.

"Come, now; that's all folly! You know it was a mistake, made up of foolishness and bad temper all around."

"No, I don't know anything of the sort; and, by the way, Mr. ———, I don't know what you are driving at!" pouted the lady, while a little tender smile played hide and seek in the dimples of her fair round cheek.

"Well, I'll tell you what I mean: I love you—you love me—let's get married."

"Why, Tom, would you have me the mother of my own grand children? Why, how would you look as the brother of your own sons and daughters? If it wasn't for that I don't know what I might say to you."

Tom thought for a moment. Men under such circumstances think rapidly. He was evidently prepared to concede a great deal to carry his wishes. He couldn't exactly say they wouldn't have any children; but—

"We'll consider one thing at a time, if you please. Our relationship to the children can be settled as we go along. At present—will you marry me?"

She said "yes," and so the matter was settled.

Warrensburg Items.

—The brick work on Kane's new building will be completed this week.

—Corn is looking very well, considering the rainy season, and about a half crop will be raised.

—The recent heavy rains have done a good job of street cleaning and relieved the commissioner.

—C. C. Morris, of the *Journal-Democrat*, is convalescent. Hot Springs water did not agree with him.

—The following named gentlemen were last night installed as officers of Warrensburg Lodge No. 42, Knights of Pythias; J. J. Cockrell, C. C.; R. B. Harwood, V. C.; Josiah Smith, P. C; Geo Houts, K. of R. & S.; M. Shryack, P.; D. G. Eads, M. of F.; C. A. Middleton, Trustee;

A Fatal Sting.

Something over a week ago Mrs. Daniel Terry, of Amityville, L. I., while packing roses, felt a slight sting in her thumb and, supposed that a small thorn had entered it, though she could see no mark. There was considerable pain but it soon subsided. In a few hours, however, the pain returned, and she went for a physician, who prescribed remedies that afforded relief. Three days afterwards the pain returned, and the hand and arm became very much swollen. Medical advice was again sought, and every known remedy was applied, but she continued to grow worse until her death, which occurred a few days since.—*New York World*

AN EVANGELIST.

He Appeals to the Multitude to Forsake Their Sins and Turn from the Error of Their Ways.

A queer specimen of the *genus homo* arrived in the city, yesterday, and made one of our principal thoroughfares resound with his voice. He says he is an evangelist, and has been traveling over the country for five years, dispensing the gospel in the principal cities he has visited during that time.

He took his stand in front of the "Senate" saloon, yesterday morning, about 10 o'clock, and commenced preaching. Every person who went along the street stopped to hear him, until the sidewalk was completely blockaded, so that nobody could pass. He hadn't preached more than fifteen minutes until an officer walked up to him and told him to stop, as he was obstructing the street so that nobody could get by. Thus gently admonished by the officer, he appealed to the mayor for permission to continue. The mayor informed him that the officer was right, and had only done his duty; but told him that the tent the temperance meetings are held under would probably not be occupied in the evening, and directed him where to find it. The man then proceeded to the court-house square, where the tent is pitched, and preached. He had a fair audience, and delivered a very good sermon. Previous to commencing his discourse he placarded the city with bills, of which the following is a copy:

To All People:

Awake! for the time is at hand when the great prophecies must be fulfilled, and all the power of men and devils combined can not possibly prevent it. Christ was appointed to deliver his people from the dominion of satan and the power of the curse, for he must reign until all authority, all rule and all enemies are put under his feet. (See Isaish, 24 chap.; Daniel, 7th chap., 27th v.; Cor., 15th chap., 24th to 28th vs.; Rev., 6th, 11th and 20th chaps.) Now, in the name of our God, we beseech you to surrender your whole heart, your most faithful services, and the empire of this our nation to Christ our great forgiver, and let his law and instructions be your guide and rule in every department of life.

The great spiritual conflict that has been going on for five years has now come to a hand-to hand conflict in the east and in the west, and must soon spread over our entire land; and everything subversive to his commands will be swept out of the way.

Call all the people together in every town and precinct, and let them decide whom they will serve; and surrender all to his gracious power and will.

BY AN EVANGELIST.

He gave his name as Wilson Hamilton, and says he resides in Kansas City. He is about 45 years of age, poorly dressed, and looks like a man who never saw much of city life. A BAZOO reporter interviewed him yesterday morning, and he appeared very willing to talk, and gave the reporter an account of his travels. He has some very queer ideas, and has led many to believe that he was crazy.

He claims to be a prophet, and says he has frequently seen visions, telling him what was going to take place. He told the reporter that a vision appeared to him not long since, telling him that on the 13th of July the whole country would be scourged as if by fire, commencing in the west and gradually working east; that between Sedalia and the line between Kansas and Missouri, the scourge would be checked for a season, and the people living between would enjoy good health and raise good crops, and prosper—but only for a season. Also, that the people who heeded the word of Christ would be saved unto everlasting life, but the wicked would be swept away, and the places that had known them once would know them no more forever; and ended by urging several who were standing around, including the reporter, to heed the word of Christ, and be saved. He says he spent the greater part of the spring and winter at his home in Kansas City, writing letters and sending them all over the country, warning the people who had not come to Christ to do so at once, and thus escape the awful doom in store for them if they did not.

Who he is and where he came from, nobody knows. But he told the reporter that his road lay in the east, and he would never rest until he had warned the whole nation of its impending danger, and got the people to come to Christ.

The last seen of him, yesterday evening, he had cornered a negro man on 3d street, and was trying to persuade him to forsake the folly of his ways and be a Christian.

A Case of Lockjaw.

Journal-Democrat: A young gentleman by the name of Rogers, who lives near Warrensburg, came to town on last Saturday, suffering very severely with an abscess on the calf of his left leg. The abscess was occasioned by a bruise which Mr. Rogers had received. He was able to walk about town most of the day until towards evening, when his suffering became so intense that he was compelled to take a room at the Eads Hotel. Dr. Smith was called to see him. He prescribed for him and left, promising to return in a short time. Some young gentlemen, watching the sufferer, discovered, in a short time, that something unusual was the matter. The physician was immediately called, when it was discovered that Rogers had the lockjaw. His sufferings were terrible until, finally, he yielded to the influence of chloroform. He is now up and walking about as usual. Mr. Rogers is a nephew of our townsman, Col. A. W. Rogers.

Movements of the Ex-President.

LONDON, July 5.—The *News* announces that at a meeting of Foelkstone Town Council yesterday, a letter was read from General Grant expressing willingness to receive an address from the Mayor and Corporation on his way to the Continent. According to present arrangements, the General will be received by the Mayor and Corporation, and an address will be read by the Town Clerk. A special boat will convey the General to Ostend. Grant has also intimated through the American Consul his pleasure in accepting an invitation to visit Stratford-on-Avon in September next, and lunch with the Mayor and Corporation in the Town Hall.

FOELKSTONE, July 5.—Gen. Grant arrived at 12:30 this afternoon. After the presentation of an address by the Mayor and Corporation, the General embarked on the special steamer Victoria for Ostend.

Spirit of the Religious Press.

A MANUFACTURED PROVIDENCE.

The *Christian at Work* is sorry to see the announcement that George Muller, of Bristol, England, has written, through his wife, to Professor Thwing, of Brooklyn, that he "will gladly visit America if the Lord indicates it to be his will by uniting Christians here in extending a call to him to spend the autumn and winter in the United States," and says, "such language as that seems to us to be peculiarly objectionable. It is worse than foolish; it is to our reading positively presumptous, and will tend to throw a doubt on Mr. Muller's well known profession, that he prays for everything and uses no means, but leaves it all to God. * * The whole thing is in our view pitiful in the extreme—seeking thus to manufacture a Providence that will suit his own inclinations. Our churches ought to be saved from such cant as this."

STATE SCHOOLS.

The *Northwestern Christian Advocate* is altogether opposed to the State's furnishing the higher education; and primary education, too, unless religious instruction is connected with it. It says: "We are a heavy believer in public primary education, provided eminent nobody-nothinga-rians and blatant infidels do not revise school textbooks; but we as heartily doubt the justice of taxing everybody for the benefit of the few who send their sons through college." The organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this State indorses these views and says: "No man can construct a logical argument in justification of taxation for the support of colleges and universities."

"CUSSING."

The *Pacific Evangelist* reports this as the subject of a recent Sunday evening lecture in Merced, by Rev. E. G. McLean, pastor of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and says that "the reverend gentleman in a most pleasing and positive manner denounced the popular but fallacious arguments resorted to by habitual 'cussers' in vindication of the pernicious habit. At times during the lecture the audience could scarcely refrain from open bursts of laughter, so exceedingly humorous were some of the speaker's illustrations."

KALLOCH ON FOSS.

Rev. I. S. Kalloch, who has been traveling through northern Calfornia, writes thus pointedly to the *Evangel* respecting his disappointment with "the celebrated whip of the Geyser road," of whom he had read "many wonderful descriptions," and by whom he expected to be "profoundly impressed." "I found him a great, burly, course, profane and terribly wicked man, whom the devil himself might have eleced out of all his dominions to carry passengers to his headquarters; and then he might swear by his horns and his tail and his throne that he was a little too much for him." Mr. Foss is further described as "cruel," "full of whisky" and "vanity," a "great boor," and "not a safe conductor for anybody," so that travelers should go some other way to "avoid him." Mr. Foss' impressions of the celebrated Mr. Kalloch are now in order.

NOW AND THEN.

Several of the religious papers remark upon the severe sentence recently passed upon the Rev. Mr. Lynch, of Missouri, and his wife, for the murder of a child which they charged with being possessed by the devil—he to sixty and she to thirty-three years imprisonment. It is said to be a great change from two centuries ago, when persons charged by the clergy with being possessed, were murdered by the State. A great change it certainly is, and denotes decided progress.

CHRIST DETHRONED AT BERKELEY.

The *Occident*, in an article upon the commencement exercises of the University of California, uses the following remarkable language: "Had not Christ been dethroned and the Bible cast out when the State took possession of this institution, it might now be the pride and glory of all the Christain people of the State. Indeed, it is to many of them an object of distrust from which they stand aloft, the tendency of which is to throw it more and more into the hands of Unitarians, Jews and men of no religion. Are these the only classes for whose benefit the public property is to be used? It would seem to be so."

The *Methodist Advocate* has an article in the same strain, in which the editor says: "There are parents residing in the immediate vicinity of Berkeley, (members of no church,) who do not consider it wise and safe to place their sons and daughters in the University," on account of the bad "moral atmosphere," etc.

"THE ILLINOIS CATILINE.

A writer in the *California Christain Advocate* thus relieves himself: "If Mr. Ingersoll imagines that the Californians are a set of heathens and atheists, that he should preach his atheism and heathenism all over this State, he will find that he has mistaken his people. If Catiline deserved the severe rebuke that Cicero gave him for corrupting the youth of Rome, then the moral sentiment of this State ought to rebuke the Illinois Catiline for his blasphemous utterances. Every decent secular paper in this State ought to denounce his base and debasing scurrility. No man deserves honor, whatever his abilities, when he flouts his atheism all over the Christian State, denying man's moral accountability." As a sensationalist, this writer says, Col. Ingersoll "follows in the wake of showman Haskell." But there was this difference, at least, between them—Dr. Haskell was a Methodist, thoroughly evangelical in his doctrinal views, and off and on, as engagements permitted, a preacher of the gospel.

PULPIT IRREVERENCE.

The N. Y. *Presbyterian* expresses the opinion that all the irreverence in church is not in the pews, but is frequently seen in the pulpit. It is "not an unusual thing," it says, to see clergymen chatting together during the singing, or "trotting up and down through the church." Some speak of Scripture worthies as "old David," "old Jacob," and one Presbyterian minister alluded to the father in the parable of the Prodigal Son, as "the old man in the office." Others irreverently "pound the Bible, jump up and down, and yell at a frightful pitch.

DAILY BAZOO

The oldest daily paper in the city, and extensively read throughout the central section of the State, by business men, and reaching all classes, it offers inducements to advertisers as the best medium through which to reach the public.

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THE STAGE.

At Home and Abroad.

—While almost every other star has retired from the field for the season, Rose Eytinge continues acting, her labors being quite justified by the public appreciation which is one of the most unqualified character. On her way to San Francisco, this admirable artist is playing in the cities and large tows of the West, invariably to large audiences, and the most cordial favor. In San Francisco Miss Eytinge will appear for the first time as "Cleopatra," Mr. McCullough being the "Antony."

—Mr. E. Rice, the author of "Evangeline," is busily at work on a new musical extravanza of the same type, which is to be called "Corsair, Jr." The music is composed throughout, and the orchestration is pretty nearly finished. It will be produced in Boston this summer at the Museum.

—A. C. Wheeler, ("Nym Crinkle") of the New York *Sun*, but lately the critic of the *World*, is said to have been assaulted the other day in the Union Square Hotel by one Jame Meade, the husband of the late Lucille Western, whom Wheeler had stigmatised as a black-leg and a gambler in the columns of the *World*.

—It is related that, recently, Mr. Sam Colville remarked, in the office of the Union Palace Hotel, New York, that were not for himself and other managers poor actors would be starving. Mr. Charles Throne overheard the remark, and forthwith assaulted Mr. Colville. The interposition of bystanders quelled the riot.

—Miss Fanny Louise Buckingham, from the London theatres, has leased the Broadway Theatre, New York, and will make her appearance to-morrow evening in the title role of "Mazeppa," original astley version.

—Mr. John A. Stevens and Miss Emily Delmer appeared at the Bowery Monday evening last, in a new drama, "beautiful and romantic," entitled "Unknown."

—Miss Jennie Hughes, a secro-comic vocalist of the variety stage, will star the ensuing season in a play written for her by Chas. Gayler, entitled "Lady among the Roses." Max Maretzek has composed the music for it.

—On Monday evening last, Master N. S. Woods, the boy actor, appeared at Simpson's Museum, Philadelphia, in a sensational drama, Called "Tom-All-Alones."

—John Gilbert, of Wallack's, New York, has postponed his annual benefit till the fiftieth anniversary of his debut upon the stage, in October next.

—Robinson and Crane will star next season in "Our Boarding House," and a new play which Boucicault has written for them.

—Mr. Rignold will commence his starring tour through the United States, with "Henry V," on the 17th of September.

—Miss Nellie Cummers, a Baltimore actress, will travel with Lawrence Barrett next season.

—A London letter writer describes Lydia Thompson as looking younger than she did ten years ago.

Mr. Charles Throne, Sr., has leased the New York Lyceum Theatre for next season.

—A paragraphist writes that John McCullough was once a blacksmith.

—New York is populous with actors and actresses in distressed circumstances.

—"Crabbed Age" and Miss Lettie Allen were the attractions at Wallack's last week.

—Herrigan and Hart opened at the Boston Globe on Monday evening last.

FATALLY SHOT.

An Old Citizen of Johnson County Accidently Killed.

Warrensburg News: On the morning of the Fourth, Mr. Ames Greer, an old citizen of Hazell Hill township, who had been in town early, started for his home a few miles beyond Fayetteville, in his wagon.

In the wagon he had also a negro farm hand, who was on his way to work in the wheat fields.

While traveling, the wagon, from some cause or other, gave a sudden jolt, and the seat slipped off, precipitating both men to the bottom of the wagon.

Instantly the sharp report of a pistol was heard, and Mr. Greer exclaimed that he was hurt.

A pistol was in the negro's pocket, had, (in that mysterious manner so common to this class of infernal machines) discharged its deadly bullet, which entered Mr. Greer's body, near the hip, and coursed upward.

He was conveyed home immediately, and surgical aid summoned, but the injury was too serious to be benefitted by human skill, and the aged sufferer lingered until Thursday morning, when he breathed his last.

Mr. Amos Greer was about seventy-five years old, and well known and respected throughout this section, where he has resided for a number of years.

This is another warning to the thoughtless (if not worse) class who go about with deadly weapons upon their persons.

—The greatest boon that science has conferred upon the human family during the last centennial is Dr. Turner's Scientific Wonder. It is not a liniment, a pain killer, or a chloroform preparation for the temporary relief of pain, but a wonderful combination of medicines which act upon the liver, kidneys, stomach, nervous system, and the best of all blood purifiers, it is used internally and externally, and there is no pain or disease such as rheumatism, ne