

HULL'S CRUCIBLE.

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OUR CROSS.

"Must Simon bear the cross alone
And all the world go free.
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me."

The CRUCIBLE is like every body else, it has its crosses. Now it proposes to lighten one cross by bearing another. Very many of our subscribers proposed, as it was "panic times," when they enlisted in the CRUCIBLE army, that they would pay for it in a few weeks. Some have done so, others have forgotten or neglected, or not yet found themselves sufficiently recovered from the panic to do their duty by us. As the next number of the CRUCIBLE after this ends the first quarter, we think it best to remind such of their little obligation. We will do so by placing a cross over this paragraph of their paper. We hope all who receive such a cross will patiently bear the cross and respond in time to have their accounts adjusted before we enter upon the second quarter. If you have not the money to pay now, if you will only let us hear from you, signifying your intention to do so soon, we will continue to send the CRUCIBLE to you.

P. S. Our book-keeper is not infallible and should we by accident get an occasional cross on the wrong paper, don't feel that we did it on purpose. We cheerfully adjust all mistakes.

N. B., which stands for *nota bene*, and that means "mark well." When this paragraph is marked you may consider that our books signify that you subscribed and paid 65 cents for 13 numbers, and that your time expires with the next number. You are humbly solicited to continue with us. Would it be too much for us to ask you to try and get another or two to subscribe? Their money can be enclosed in the same letter that brings the money for your renewal.

Bishop Emma to the Rescue.

In the *Banner of Light* of June 6, will be found the last edict of Emma Hardinge Britten. With patience we have watched each succeeding issue of the *Banner* for a review, but as yet nothing more than a few irrelevant paragraphs have appeared. We have been a little astonished that among all the writers who are *en rapport* with the *Banner*, not one should take the article up *seriatim* and give it the review it deserves. W. F. Jamieson in *Wood-hull and Clifton's Weekly*, has, so far as he has gone, done justice to the matter. But the *Weekly* like the *Crucible* does not reach half the readers of the *Banner*. Thousands read the *Banner of Light* whose Spiritual stomachs are as yet too weak for the stronger meat presented in journals more wide awake to present issues.

The first part of Emma's letter regrets and seeks to account for the decline in Spiritual matters. This decline we have not seen—we do not see it anywhere. But we do see that some Spiritualists with their "thus far shall thou go, and no further" doctrine, have driven some of the best speakers from their platforms and as a result nearly or quite emptied their halls. We also see that as new issues come before the

Spiritualism is dying. No wonder that they are trying now that they have lost the "power of godliness," and the threat has been fulfilled, "the kingdom of heaven shall be taken from them and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof." No wonder that they are trying by forms, ceremonies and church services to make good their loss. They are too late, they cannot in forms and ceremonies, equal the Catholic church so they cannot draw from them, and not having advanced thought they cannot recruit from the army of thinkers. O, Emma, thou art "weighed in the balance and found wanting." "Mene, mene, tekel," is written all over thy Spiritualism: art thou so Spiritually blind as not to see it. "Annoint thine eyes with eye-salve that thou mayest see that thou art poor and miserable and blind and naked."

Emma is not the one to take advice, she was told long ago that her course would cause "sorrowful faces to loom up amidst the gloom of empty benches," in her audiences. Her own hand and knife cut the rope that held her and the Conservatives up. Now she must pay the penalty. *Queer* me, Emma, thou'lt counselled to buy "Gold tried in the fire."

After a half column's lament over the decay of Spiritualism Mrs. E. H. B. says: "It has not fallen to my lot to observe these signs of premature decay." Ah! Then how does she happen to know so much about the decay of Spiritualism? We happen to know that this sentence was written as *ad captandum vulgus*. Emma is just the one who does "know of this premature decay." Since her inglorious attacks upon reforms and reformers, though her price for speaking has fallen from \$75 per Sunday to \$10 per Sunday, she has either been idle or spoken to nearly empty benches.

Nothing sent Mrs. B. to a French medical college, (that is, to Philadelphia to study a few weeks with a woman named French,) except that her course had driven her from the Spiritual platform. Her aristocracy and Spiritualism would no more blend than "iron and miry clay." American Spiritualists learned that they might as well attempt to blend Emma's profession and practice as to blend Spiritualism with her aristocracy. Now if Emma and a few others who, "have frittered away their power with the community and driven out so many of the best in our ranks," will overcome their "wilful or blind ignorance, it matters not which, they may yet command the world's respect."

To prove her case Mrs. B. relates what she had heard but a half an hour since from an influential and earnest Spiritualist. Certainly no one can object to "influential and earnest Spiritualists" condoling with each other, but would it not be better to put the cause of the failure where it belongs. "Queer, angular looking people" should be kept out of Spiritual meetings! Emma should become a special missionary for that purpose. What business have they with the "bread of life?" Such people have no friends in the spirit world, or no interest there. And as for reading a newspaper, that is an unpardonable sin. It should exclude any one from decent society forever! Some of them wear their hats. Abominable! They ought to be sent to State Prison; or banished among the Quakers! No wonder Spiritualist Societies are dying out. Spiritualists read newspapers and wear their hats, (some of them) until time for meeting to commence! Enough to kill any society. Permit us here to suggest that Emma herself can kill a society quicker than a dozen hats could do it. Yes, she can post any newspaper except the *R. P. Journal*—killing societies.

As for this earnest influential Spiritualist having to go into a dirty hall, that is too bad. If he

are a decided improvement on minstrel songs. However, a good song is not injured by being sung by negro minstrels, and should not be abandoned on that account.

And so this "earnest and influential Spiritualist," "forbid his modest wife and daughters" from going to Spiritualist meetings! That tells the whole story. Emma, inform your readers who this earnest and influential tyrant is, and we will try to find out whether he forbade his wife and daughter going with him to the minstrels, where he heard the original of this Spiritual performance. Now if this man's wife would forbid him the privilege of going to Spiritual meetings he would not be troubled any more with newspaper readers, men with their "hats on," or "harsh-voiced choirs."

Emma is so terribly sick of "nigger minstrel songs" (The italicizing and spelling are Emma's.) We never spell negro with two g's, that she has concluded to offer herself a voluntary sacrifice! The negro songs in the Spiritual Harp and Psalms of Life, must take a back seat. Emma comes to the front in the following words:

"That I may not seem to hazard suggestions appearing acceptable enough in theory but fallible in practice, I will add that I have myself prepared a set of services which might be used as a starting point for future and more valuable exercises. They consist, first, of invocations, to be offered by the speaker of the day, or an officer of the management; next, an appropriate piece of opening music—not a nigger minstrel song, but a piece in which words and music alike may be worthy the occasion. I then introduce a short reading, selecting the subject from amongst the stores of the invaluable literature which is so abundantly supplied by spiritual inspiration, and so singularly neglected by the recipients of that inspiration; next, I have arranged a service peculiarly effective, soothing and inspirational in its character, and this is a litany, consisting of a selection of fine poems, one verse of which is to be read and the next to be chanted by the choir; then follows a still more elaborate piece of music in the form of an anthem, lofty, soul-stirring and elevating; then a discourse, the character of which must depend on the speaker selected; the whole to conclude with some good, old, well-known Congregational hymn, in which the whole assembly standing up and taking part may feel something of the Pentecostal unity of sentiment which invariably grows out of this well-ordered exercise."

This is as large as life. Spiritualists will accept it, of course they will (?) and hereafter "the God of all creeds," will be worshipped by a machine invented and patented by the "Divine Emma."

No more "Nigger minstrel songs." Instead, we will have the "singularly neglected spiritual inspiration," and Emma's "soothing Litany." Won't that be glorious? Why don't Emma provide a volume of sermons to accompany her prepared set of services? Then Social Freedom and every other important truth could be kept out, and Emma installed at once as a Spiritualistic pope.

The next thing Emma does is to puff her scheme. She knows the value of printer's ink! Nothing like advertising! Her plan will bring in "all the stray wails." It will be an effectual antinote for "the ranting and storming for Social Freedom," and fill Emma's pocket. Who would't accept it. Come along, "now is the accepted time."

Her services will be more attractive than the Catholics; she will have Easter Sunday from the summer all around to the spring. Catholicism and every other ism will slink away, and EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN BE ALL AND IN ALL.

Who will take the first copy of the services together with a month's instructions from her immaculate infallibility, the Divine Emma herself? Not any of the set of services for us, if we must take it on condition that we must accept the personal presence of its author as a teacher of how to use them.

Bartol and Pillsbury.

It is seldom we get such a treat as we enjoyed on Sunday, July 12th. Dr. Bartol spoke be-