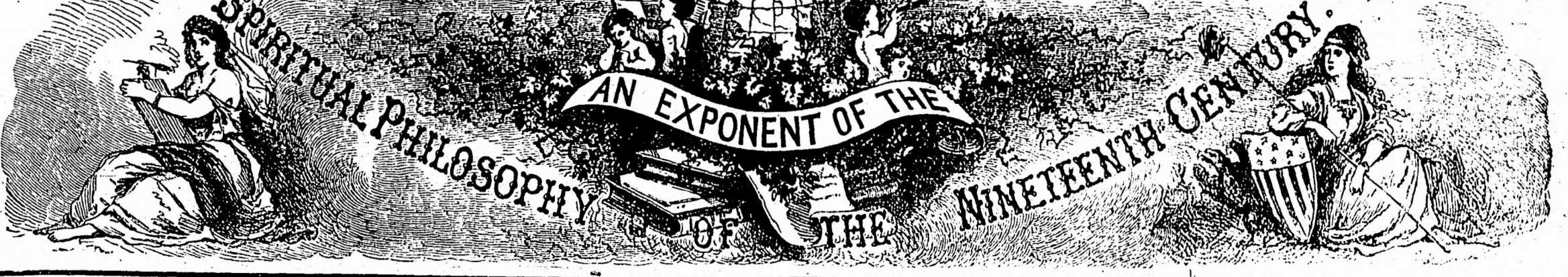


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Free Thought.

CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION IN NEW YORK.

The Government surrenders its Judiciary, Law Officers, Sheriffs and Turnkeys into the hands of the Doctors of Medicine, to compel the People to submit to their Malpractice and Extortion, under Pain of Fine and Imprisonment.

BY THOMAS R. HAZARD.

PART II.

I well knew the blacksmith, Jonathan Sweet, of Sugar Loaf Hill (a son of Job), who seldom left home but on extraordinary occasions, and who, when patients were brought to him whose cases had perhaps in some instances baffled the skill of the most renowned doctors, was wont to ask the customer whose horse was left only partly shod to excuse him a few minutes whilst he put the stranger to rights, which having done he would charge his patient a pistareen or quarter for the loss of time incurred by the interruption, and return to finish his more important job of shoeing the horse.

I remember on the occasion of Jonathan Sweet's restoring a break or fracture in the leg of a colored boy in my employ, which he did perfectly in about the time some of the pompous M. D.s of the period would have consumed in taking off their hat and gloves preparatory to an examination, that I asked him how he was enabled to do the work so quickly? To which he replied that he did not himself know, but that he seemed to see the exact position of the bones, both when in and when out of place, as plainly as if they lay naked before his eyes.

His son William, who now lives where his father did, and whom I have known for more than fifty years, has described his gift of healing to me very much after the same manner as have other members of the family, from which I am led to believe that they all possess unconsciously the gift or faculty of clairvoyance. On one occasion I remember sending for William Sweet out of an adjacent hayfield, where he was at work for a neighbor, to set a boy's wrist who was thrown from a horse, which he did in an instant, after the bandages had been prepared. I supposed the work was completed; not quite, said the doctor, as he pressed his thumb on the back of the boy's hand, and replaced a little bone with quite a snap, that had been also disarranged in the fall, which he no doubt detected through his clairvoyant gift.

Again I sent for him to restore the collar bone of a daughter, that was displaced by a fall. I then lived many miles away, and the doctor did not arrive until some twenty-four or more hours, when my daughter's sufferings had become exceedingly acute. When Sweet arrived he evidently comprehended the exact difficulty at a glance, not of his external, but no doubt his internal vision, and remedied it at one touch of his hands, so that after being bandaged and carried in a sling for a few weeks the shoulder was made apparently as sound as ever.

Again I sent for William Sweet, on an occasion wherein a boy, seven or eight years old, who lived with his mother in my family, had his arm broken, above the elbow, by a fall from the back of a donkey. It was a very bad break, the wound being much lacerated, and the end of the fractured bone easily felt, and, as I think, was to be seen. The weather being hot the arm had swelled to twice or more its usual dimensions before Sweet arrived, which was one or two days after the accident. I was absent for a few hours at that time, and on my return home learned that the boy's arm had been set, splinted and bandaged, and that the bone-setter was assisting my workmen in the hayfield. I found by inquiry that soon after Sweet's arrival he glanced at the arm, and then went out in the grounds in search of wild cherry and some other barks or roots, with which he made a compound wash, that quickly reduced the inflammation and swelling so that he could set the bone. The boy was willful, and to restrain him within proper bounds, we shut him in a long entry, out of which he got through an open window the next day, and thereupon continued to run at large with his arm in a sling. In a few weeks, however, the bones knit, and he was as well as ever, without the slightest disfigurement.

At this time the doctor went with me to see an old man, by the name of Thomas Durfee, who occupied a tenement of mine, and was partially disabled in one hand, which he had shown to many physicians, none of whom could detect anything about it out of place. Sweet fixed his eyes momentarily on the back of the old man's hand, then putting his fingers on the palm, gently pressed his thumb on the back, above where the forefinger joined, and then told the old man to open and shut his hand, which he at once did, and continued to use it ever after as well as the other. In explanation Sweet said that there was a little bone somewhere in the hand so slightly raised and set out of its proper place on edge, that it was very difficult to perceive it, either through the sense of sight or touch.

By the by, I will say in parenthesis, that after old Mr. Durfee had suffered some years from the rheumatism, which was constantly growing worse, so as at last to threaten his confinement to the house, I one day took him

into my buggy as I passed his door on my way to Newport, R. I., and left him at Dr. Newton's office. An hour after I called for him on my way home, when he told me that the doctor had pretty much cured him through a few passes of his hands, which proved to be the case, as from that time he went about far more readily, as he said, and as I well know, up to the period of his last sickness, than he had done for years before.)

Besides the bone-setting gifts the Sweet Family seem to possess in a remarkable degree another faculty scarcely less wonderful, viz., that of compounding liniment or washes out of the roots and barks that are to be found in almost every neighborhood, and which are highly efficacious in reducing inflammation and swellings, and also in preventing mortification.

Some forty or more years ago, as one Samuel Curtis was proceeding to a manufactory of mine with a heavily laden ox-team, he was thrown from the tongue of the cart in a stony rough place in the road so that a wheel passed over and crushed his thigh bone, besides dreadfully bruising and lacerating the flesh. He was brought home, a distance of some five or more miles, and it was thought that no treatment could save his limb. If peradventure it might his life. Dr. "Bill Sweet," however, was sent for, who, after washing and mopping the wound after his accustomed fashion with vegetable decoctions, put all the bones in place, and splinted them with sole leather. Under his care, notwithstanding the summer heat that prevailed, inflammation was kept down and mortification entirely prevented, and after lying on his back in bed a few weeks the sufferer was again walking about—nor was it long before he was seen on the road with his team, as well as ever, with the exception of a trifling limp, occasioned by the slight portending of the limb, caused by tension of the tendons and muscles while the broken and shattered bones were in the process of knitting together. Curtis did not long since, aged about eighty, as liberal in mind and as highly respected as any man in the neighborhood.

Another peculiarity of the older branches of the Sweet Family is their utter unconsciousness of the magnitude of the cures they perform. Exploits of healing that if done by regular practitioners would place them in the first ranks of the profession, and give them a world-wide reputation, and notoriety, are accomplished by the Sweets without its apparently entering their minds that they have done anything worthy of especial notice, much less admiration.

I have been amused to hear the old man William Sweet's narrations of some of the most remarkable cures that were perhaps ever performed by man, for which he claimed no more credit than he might have done for merely setting a broken bone of the finger.

A few years ago a young man fifteen miles away was caught in the belt of some running gear in a factory, and thrown several times around a drum and against the ceiling of the room before he could be rescued, when it was found both arms and one leg were broken in one or more places, besides sundry other fractures and breaks in other parts, whilst his whole body was lacerated, torn and mutilated so that his humanity could scarcely be discerned. Sweet was at once sent for, but before he arrived the exigencies of the case prompted friends of the sufferer to call in some of the regular faculty, who, just before Sweet got on the spot, had to use the expression, "topped off one arm and was just proceeding to lop the other." Seeing how things stood Sweet declined interfering, but was finally prevailed upon, through earnest solicitation of the friends, to take the case in hand, when he soon, as he quaintly observed to me, "put the boy together and made all right again," adding, after a pause, "that is, all that the doctors had left of him," or words to that effect.

Job Sweet, the younger, a brother or first cousin of William, (I do not remember which,) was also some fifty years ago a celebrated bone-setter. I knew him well, and remember when a young professional gentleman of Boston, a Mr. Warner, who was, I think, a relative, and perhaps a nephew of Daniel Webster, came to South Kingston and placed himself under the treatment of Job for a serious lameness that had baffled, as I understood, the skill of the Massachusetts Faculty, and which, having become chronic under their treatment, required time to cure. Mr. Warner used occasionally to dine at my father's, and on these and other occasions he seemed never to tire in relating and expatiating on the wonderful operations he saw Job (in whose family for convenience of treatment he resided for some months) perform. Among others I remember the case of a strapping by the name of Day, who was brought by his friends from somewhere up the North River. Warner was present at Job's first examination of the boy's leg, which he said was as stiff as his walking stick, and from the knee downward not much bigger (as he rather figuratively remarked,) the circulation of the blood and fluids having ceased to nourish it, so that the flesh had wasted away to the very bone. Job nevertheless spoke of the case as not beyond hope.

"Why surely, Doctor," said Warner, "you can do nothing to restore that limb, for it has no joint!"

"Then," said Job, "we must make a new one." And sure enough, by gentle and oft-repeated manipulation of his hands, the ossification was gradually worn away, so that before Warner left, some weeks after, he told us that a complete joint was developed, the circulation restored, and flesh and muscle began to steadily form on the leg.

Warner finally induced his humble friend and protégé to remove to Boston, where the mode of living, so different from that Job had been accustomed to, added to the celestial and increased temptations that constantly attended him in his marvellous performances, proved too much for the moral firmness of the unsophisticated bone-setter, who died in early manhood, his days being no doubt shortened through intemperance.

I suppose that Mr. Warner may be still living, and if so, I know that he might, if he were disposed, compile a narrative of the bone-setting exploits of Job Sweet, which fell under his own personal observation, that would fill a large and exceedingly interesting volume.

I have been more prolix in reminiscences of the Sweet bone-setting family from the circumstance that I know many of its younger members are now practicing their healing art, so nearly allied to the spiritual gift of "laying on of hands," (if indeed it be not the same) in several different States of the Union, New York among the number, and that these "natural bone-setters" are, in common with all other uneducated healers of human maladies, subject to the ban of the abominable doctor-made law—a law that is as repugnant to true American ideas of right and liberty as would be the passing of a legislative enactment compelling its citizens to hire their day laborers from specified nationalities; or to purchase their goods only at certain privileged shops; or to designate in what creedal

churches they should worship, under pain of imprisonment, confiscation of property and death, as was formerly the case as regards worship in Maryland, Massachusetts and Connecticut, and in other British priest-ridden colonies of North America. Were the regular medical practitioners to succeed in banishing, through persecution, and tyrannical law, the bone-setting Sweets from the State, as they have already done the clairvoyant physician, Mrs. Catharine Morrison, and no doubt scores of others, and are now seeking to expel, through the threat of fine and imprisonment, Mrs. Holmes—no one can estimate the amount of suffering that may ensue to the unfortunate individuals who may be compelled to throw themselves, in case of accidents, in their despair, into the hands of the authorized practitioners.

Since writing the above, I have received a letter, dated Feb. 7th, 1876, from a lady who resides near Pittsfield, Mass., in which she incidentally mentions the following circumstances:

"Mr. Olmstead, who lives not far from our place, long since his shoulder all crushed to pieces by the fall of a mass of wood which he was straddling down a gangway. He went to a doctor in Pittsfield, who he told his case at the end of some weeks, the arm had grown to his side, so that the flesh was continuous, and the arm of course useless. (Olmstead then went down to Dr. Sweet at Hartford, who cut the flesh, freed the bones and set them, so that the arm, though somewhat disabled, does not prevent his leading a very active life, besides following his trade as a butcher.")

I suppose the Dr. Sweet of Hartford to be a descendant of old Job Sweet of Narragansett. It is well for him that he is not located in New York instead of Connecticut, as in that case the M. D. of Pittsfield spoken of might be after him with a sheriff's posse, and have him before a New York court of justice, to be fined and imprisoned for interfering with the privileges of the profession, nor could Sweet help being convicted as the law stands on the statute book.

It is but a few weeks ago that while passing with a stone-drag through a gateway, a very near neighbor of mine caught his foot between it and the post, and dislocated and fractured the great toe. As small an affair as it might be deemed, the M. D. that was called to his aid managed to inflict in one or more bungling operations an untold amount of anguish on his patient, without succeeding in moving the member from the upright position it had been thrown into by the accident. Finding that he could get no relief at the hands of the regular M. D., the sufferer finally applied to Dr. Sweet of Fall River, (who is no doubt one of the lineal descendants of old Job Sweet,) who put the bones of the toe in their proper places in a very short time, and comparatively with but little pain.

There are no doubt thousands of estimable men among physicians and surgeons; but as a general rule, there is probably no profession on earth so adapted to the rendering men callous to human suffering as theirs, and I have heard it remarked, and I think justly, that medical students are more unfeeling and brutal in their instincts than any other class of collegians. The cause may be found in the fact that they can only obtain experience in their disgusting profession by experimenting with their scalpels, forceps and saws upon the bodies and limbs of the unfortunate inmates of our public hospitals, and by delving elbow-deep amidst the reeking stench of putrid corpses snatched by their confederate body-snatchers at midnight from the graveyard, in the vain expectation that by thus mangling the forsaken and perishing tenement, they may be enabled to understand and regulate the subtle machinery whose vital principle has departed with the soul. How vain must be the lessons thus learned in the dissecting room, that are applicable even to the surgical branch of the art, may be guessed at by outsiders, when they hear one of the great lights of the faculty declare, as I have read was recently the case, that a student in surgery can qualify himself to perform successfully the operation he had just accomplished, he must first have gouged out of their sockets at least a peck of human eyes! Of what practical benefit to humanity, it may well be asked, can the practice of a profession be, whose trophies are won at such a cost?

The practice of the natural bone-setters, as well as that of the clairvoyant physicians, has proved beyond question that it is seldom if ever necessary to amputate a human limb, whilst that of the latter has also demonstrated that the removing of cancers and tumors with the knife is worse than a useless operation, and nearly if not always results in injury rather than benefit to the sufferer. I recently had in my possession a list of the names of some scores of patients, several of whom I personally knew, who had been afflicted with cancer, many of which had been cut out several times by the regular physicians, and all of which, with the exception of two, were entirely healed by the late John C. Grinnell, of Newport, R. I., an unlearned clairvoyant practitioner.

[Continued in next issue.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

A VISION.

Have our friends met in spirit-land,
Greeting each other with outstretched hand,
So glad to meet on that bright shore,
Where kindred join to part no more,
That they forget their earthly friends,
Whose tearful anguish value lends
To keepakes from the loved ones gone
No stranger's eyes e'er gazed upon?

Ah, no! I feel their presence now,
Their touches soft upon my brow,
A sweet and soothing influence spread
Like sunshine o'er my drooping head,
And now a sparkling, joyous light,
Like dewdrops glistening in the night,
Doth penetrate the shadowy gloom,
That broods so silent in my room.

I know they're glad, and anxious too,
Their old-time friendship to renew;
How oft I've longed to join the band
That watches me from spirit-land;
Be still, sad soul; enough to know
That soon 't will be thy time to go;
Shrink not from earthly toil and care,
A crown of peace awaits thee there.

MARIE.

A young minister, somewhat distinguished for self-conceit, having failed disastrously before a crowded audience, was thus addressed by an angry brother: "If you had gone into that pulpit feeling as you now do on coming out of that pulpit, you would have felt, on coming out of that pulpit, as you did when you went up into that pulpit."

A Splendid New Serial.

DAISY DOANE: OR, SUNSHINE AFTER DARKNESS.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light.

BY MRS. A. E. PORTER.

Author of "Dora Moore;" "Country Neighbors;" "The Two Orphans;" "Rocky Nook—A Tale for the Times;" "Bertha Lee;" "My Husband's Secret;" "Jessie Gray;" "Pictures of Real Life in New York;" "The Two Cousins;" "On Sunshine and Tempest;" "The Lights and Shadows of One Woman's Life," etc., etc., etc.

God is the master of the scenes; we must not choose which part we shall act; it concerns us only to be careful that we do it well, always saying, "If this please God, let it be as it is."—JEREMY TAYLOR.

CHAPTER VIII.

Letters from Home.

The "Carlotta" had not been three months at sea, when business called one of the brothers to Havre. Joe had given the charge of their affairs into the hands of his brother, but Sam was needed at home. Uncle Joe wished Daisy to study the French language in Europe, and proposed to take her with him and remain abroad some years. Daisy was delighted. She had expected to be left in France at school, but that Uncle Joe should remain there with her, had been a pleasure which she had not dared to hope for. Mary Wood was almost inconsolable at the loss of her friend, and wrote the most touching little billets, declaring her grief, and insisting that this great sorrow would almost break her heart. Every day some such missive came, though the girls met every afternoon at recitations. Jim consoled himself with the belief that he should go to sea in that time and see Daisy in Europe.

Mrs. Sam, Daisy's mother, had little time to mourn, for the departure was so hurried, that every moment was given to preparation; as for Dickie, the one of all others who would miss the little girl, he could not be made to understand the loss that was coming to him. Here, ignorance was bliss.

In the kitchen, the matter was talked over in this wise:

"It is my opinion," said Peter, "and I have thought about it in the house and by the way, as the minister says 'we should on all serious matters, that Miss Daisy is better off at home here with us, who care for her. I don't think much of them Frenchmen that can't speak our language, and that live on frogs. Poor child! she will be wishin' herself at home with us," said Peter.

"You have freed your mind, Pete Doane," said Betty, "but as usual, you show your ignorance. Miss Daisy must be educated and polished, and all gals now-a-days go to France for that. Mr. Joe understands. There's nothin' that he will not do for his child. God bless him! I wish she was a queen for his sake."

"Amen!" said Peter. "But the house will be as lonesome as meedin' without music."

"It is on my mind," said Betty, "that this great house will never see the grand times again as has been in it. Maybe when Master Richard grows up, he'll turn out to be another 'Squire,' like his grandfather, but I'm afraid not, and if he does, I shall not be here to see it. I have had dreams and visions of a stordinary kind lately. I don't like 'em; too many wedding's, and too many white horses. Peter, we must be prepared for the changes of this e'er mortal world."

After this long speech, Betty wiped her face with her apron, and sat resting her hand on the side of the pan of apples which was placed in her capacious lap.

Her large, fat arms were bared above the elbow; the gold beads about her neck were almost buried in the trough of that isthmus, and the red and white kerchief lay folded over her bosom. She did not look as if she was a victim of sleepless nights or of superstitious fears. But nothing subdued Peter like seriousness in Betty, if it didn't take the shape of reproof toward himself. He stood leaning against the side of the door very silent for a moment, and then ventured to say, "You haven't had a special warnin' about Miss Daisy, I hope, Betty?"

"No, I have n't, I am glad to say, because you know my warnin's always come true, but it is signs and wonders in general. You know Miss Joan was a wonderful knowin' woman, and, besides, dyin' folks sometimes see things very far ahead. I never told nobody what she said to me the very day she died."

"No!" said Peter, now seating himself on a chair, prepared to listen. "Did she talk to you before she died?"

"Yes; she sent for me when Nurse Coffin was eatin' her breakfast; that woman was 'mazin' fond of chicken and toast. While she was takin' her comfort with it in the dinin'-room I sat by Miss Joan, and she said, says she, 'Betty, I hope you will stay with my Brother Joe as long as he lives. Don't leave him, Betty. I have made it all right for you, and when you are not able to work you will be taken care of.' Now, you see, Pete, it has been on my mind that Miss Daisy may not live long, and then you know Mr. Joe will need all the care and comfort we can give him. Not as I am afraid of the water; no Doane has ever died at sea. Folks never die of what they don't fear, and never was a Doane born that feared salt water."

"But, Betty, Daisy is no Doane; she has n't the blood of the Doanes," said Peter.

Betty dropped knife and apple. "Pete Doane,

for once you've got ahead of me! No more she has, and yet I never thought of it! Who knows" who knows?"

Just then Jenny's step was heard. "Betty, Mrs. Doane wishes you would make some of them drop-cakes for supper that Miss Daisy likes so much."

"I'll go and stir 'em right up this blessed minute," said Betty, setting aside her pan of apples and trying to rise. This last was a hard and tedious operation.

"Betty," said Peter, "I am going to get one of them things on board-ship that they list the anchor with, for you. I can just give it a turn or two, and you'll come up like a young girl a dancin'!"

Betty raised her broad hand and aimed a blow at Peter's ear, but, as usual, he evaded it, and ran to the stable.

"There never was a more impudent, sassy nigger born into this world of trouble," said Betty, as she moved round the kitchen in search of eggs and milk. "It's the last time I can make 'em for her," she said, "and I won't stint the eggs and cream."

Daisy was missed in many houses in Oldbury. Uncle Paul among the number. Daisy had learned to love the kindly, brown face of Sister Ann, while Uncle Paul was one of her most confidential friends. If she wished to surprise Uncle Joe with a gift, she talked it all over with Uncle Paul; or if she had any trouble at school, he would think of a way out of it for her. A wonderful man was he, entering into child-life as if he too were a child, and into the sorrows of the aged as one who knew much of trouble.

The ladies in Peaceful Hall were much cast down. How could they manage to live without Mr. Joe and Daisy?

"I don't feel as if I wanted to raise any more lavender or burgandy, or make another French-spice cake. I shall just set away the tiny china cup she drinks from, and the plate with the lilacs on it, that I always put on the table for her," said Patsy.

"I shall never find another such scholar in French and drawing," said Miss Sybil; "and now I think of it, I do not mean to take any more pupils. What do you say, Sister Patsy?"

"I hope you will never take another, Sister Sybil. We got through last year, and managed to give twenty dollars to old Dinah, and pay her funeral expenses. The good faithful creature has gone to her rest; the last of our family servants, sister. It was a comfort that we could do for her."

"Sister Patsy," said Miss Sybil, "I never had a secret from you before, and I don't think I could ever have one long, but I ventured a few weeks ago upon the translation of a French story which Dr. Sacet had just received from Paris, and when I had finished I was bold enough to send it to a Boston publisher, and see here!" producing as she spoke a gold half eagle.

"That does my heart good, sister. Now you must have the new books you were wanting, and a warm pelisse next fall!"

"Ten dollars will hardly do that, Sister Patsy, but it will buy a square of stout warm carpeting for the kitchen; so that your feet will be warm in the cold days. We will have that first, Patsy, and then you know but the books and pelisse will come also?"

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Dr. Sacet. As they heard his voice, the same thought passed through the minds of the sisters—"our one friend left." There seemed no danger that they would lose him at present, for he never left the town, was vigorous and healthy, and came of a long lived race. He was methodical in his habits, drank his one cup of coffee in the morning, ate his dinner at three, and partook of no food afterwards, save a cup of tea, till the next day.

He was as agile and easy in his movements as a boy of ten, and as full of vivacity. It pleased him that Daisy should go to Europe. He thought Mr. Joe a wise man, and two years not a long time. The ladies and himself were good for many years yet, and when the child returned she would brighten their little tea-drinkings by her pleasant chat. They would live over old times in her. He had brought another little book from Paris, and he hoped Miss Sybil would enjoy translating it—there was a demand for such works in the market. He did not know how welcome this employment was to Miss Sybil. He would have wondered much had he known upon what a slender income these ladies managed to live in such a lady-like and comfortable way.

Of course there was to be a constant correspondence kept up by the travelers with friends at home. Mary Wood promised to keep a jour-

gemmetmenten is to the German nation, and should be recognized as such at the Centennial."

his troublesome neighbor at a lecture. "Sorry sir, but it's the best I have."

To Book-Buyers.

At our new location, No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street, Boston, we have a fine Bookstore on the ground floor of the Building, where we keep on sale a large stock of Spiritual, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Works, to which we invite your attention.

Or be accompanied by cash will receive prompt attention. We are prepared to forward any of the publications of the Book Trade at usual rates. We respectfully decline all business operations looking to the sale of Books on commission, or when cash does not accompany the order. Send for a free Catalogue of our Publications.

In putting forth the BANNER OF LIGHT, care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of our readers. The editorial articles are those which are prepared by the Editor, and are marked "Editorial." The communications of our readers are those which are marked "Communications." The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed in the editorial articles, but he is responsible for the opinions expressed in the communications of our readers.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19 1876.

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LEAH COLEBY, and all business letters to ISAAC B.
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TON, MASS.

Hasty Charges of Fraud.

We wish that persons having charges of fraud to make against mediums of good repute would bear in mind that we must decline to publish mere assertions or opinions unaccompanied by properly attested, decisive proofs. We recently received a letter of eight pages, charging fraud upon Mrs. Anna Stewart, the well known medium of Terre Haute; but in all those eight pages we do not find a single fact mentioned that gives the slightest approach to a fact substantiating the charge. The names of nine persons attending the sances, how often attending we are not told, except in the vague mention that their investigations "extended through several days"—are given, who say that they "honestly believe the so-called materializations to be mere fabrications."

Now the "honest belief" of a thousand investigators cannot equal the positive knowledge of half a dozen. Ten thousand merely negative assertions, unsupported by facts, cannot counteract five positive assertions by sincere and competent witnesses, testifying to what they have seen and known. Fraudulent appearances, or mere presumptions of fraud, have repeatedly been proved a very unsafe ground to depend on in deciding the question of the actuality of the great phenomena of spiritism. Worthy people, who thought they had detected the Davenport Brothers in some petty tricks which were like dust in the balance when compared with the unequivocal proofs given of preternatural power by the brothers, allowed their mere suspicion to blind them to all the inexplicable phenomena in regard to which there could be no dispute. In apology for such a course they would quote the old saying, "false in one thing, false in all;" but inasmuch as we do not yet know how far mischievous spirits may sometimes interfere to throw suspicion on phenomena, this old saying is a very fallible guide in judging of the operations of spirits.

We have known so many cases wherein genuine mediums have been wrongfully charged with fraud, that we are afraid of publishing any charges unless they are corroborated by well-attested facts. Here, as a case in point, is Mrs. Seaver, once circumstantially, and, we believe, unjustly, charged with fraud, and now triumphantly vindicated as a medium for some of the most amazing phenomena in the whole history of materialization.

We are as anxious as any of those persons can be, who are prone in their avowed determination to root out frauds, to eliminate from Spiritualism all testimony for phenomena of doubtful genuineness; but in our twenty-five years' experience we have seen so many instances of mistake in accepting the accusations of hasty investigators or interested accusers that we have grown to be somewhat cautious in giving credence to every report of imposture which may come to our ears. It is not only possible, but highly probable, that the nine persons, whose "honest belief" it now is that Mrs. Stewart is a fraud, would, if they could give the patient investigation of three or four months to the subject, arrive at conclusions which would be very different from those they now express.

Our belief is that in a majority of cases fraud is too hastily charged on mediums who have given satisfactory proofs of their mediumship. As for charging imposture because a medium may, to the uninitiated, seem unreasonable in her refusal to submit to certain tests, every experienced investigator knows that such presumptions of fraud are wholly worthless. An old Spiritualist once told us: "Early in the history of Modern Spiritualism, at a sitting for physical phenomena, I asked permission to rub a guitar over with phosphorus, that I might satisfy myself it was really floated through the air. This was refused, and I thought it so suspicious and unreasonable that I was half inclined to denounce the whole thing as a swindle, and to leave the circle. Wiser thoughts prevailed; and in about five minutes a ray of moonlight streaming through an unguarded place in a shutter, showed me the guitar, with no human being near it, floating about close under the ceiling like a thing of life." There is a lesson in this story which sincere investigators will do well to ponder. Because a medium may seem unreasonable, do not set him or her down as a fraud.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten at Paine Hall.

Sunday afternoon, Feb. 13th, this stanch and tried worker in the spiritual vineyard entertained and instructed the people assembled in the upper hall of the Paine Building, Boston, by a fine discourse on "The Cause and Cure of Crime," which was sententious as to dietion, and vigorous as to delivery, frequently eliciting the applause of her audience. We shall print a full report of this discourse in a future number of this paper. The interest of the occasion was also enhanced by the fine singing of Mrs. L. C. Clapp, who was assisted by Miss Mattie Pope as accompanist.

"Of Course"—"It is Obvious!"

In the last "Nursery," that capital little monthly magazine for children, there is a picture of certain beasts and birds surrounding a man's boat which lies on the ground in the forest. The goat thinks it must be a sort of plant. The bear thinks it is a nest. The deer thinks it is one thing, and the wolf another. At last an old owl, who, unlike the rest, had seen something of the world, and who had been gravely looking on from the bough of a tree, speaks up and says: "That is a man's boat." "What is a man, and what is a boat?" the rest all exclaim. The owl endeavors to explain; he says he has seen men and seen what they wore on their feet. But the rest will not believe him. "It is all a lie!" says the bear. "Of course it is!" says the wolf. "Of course you know better!" says the goat. "You must leave us! you are not fit to stay among us! of course you are telling a lie!" say the rest. "Of course he is! It is obvious!" It is obvious!" cries the donkey. "It is a fact all the same!" retorts the owl. And so it was a fact.

We were forcibly reminded of this story when we read the remarks by Mr. Henry B. Rogers in last Sunday's Herald, copied from the New Age, on the subject of Spiritualism. Mr. Rogers says: "Spiritualists have erroneously undertaken to reduce all phenomena to a single cause—spirits; and thereby show the truth of their hypothesis; but it is obvious, even to a superficial observer, that their efforts in that direction have been abortive."

"Of course!" "It is obvious!" "Yes, obviously to yourself; and undoubtedly, as you say, obviously 'to a superficial observer'; but not obviously to many thousands of careful and by no means superficial investigators who have been studying the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism for the last twenty-eight years. It is not true that such persons admit that their efforts in the direction of substantiating their hypothesis have been 'abortive'."

Continuing in the dogmatic and assertive strain, Mr. Rogers says:

"It is absolutely impossible to arrive at ultimate cause by the study of effect, where several causes conspire to produce one effect, as in these phenomena. If we proceed deductively instead of inductively, and first ascertain the laws governing mind and matter, thence down to effect, we arrive at a comprehensive solution of what now seems inexplicable, and also have a firm basis to stand on."

Now who has ever pretended that a spirit is an "ultimate cause?" Behind the spirit is nature, and behind nature is the Author of nature. Mr. Rogers gives us to understand that in Spiritualism several causes conspire to produce one effect, and that therefore in studying these manifestations we ought to proceed deductively from cause to effect, and not inductively from effect to cause. We care not how we proceed, whether deductively or inductively, so that we get at the facts. But how does this writer know that "several causes" conspire to produce the effect, in a spirit manifestation? Several conditions may be necessary, so far as our feeble human insight can judge; but surely it is not good logic to set down mere conditions as a cause. For example, a certain condition of the atmosphere, or a certain degree of darkness, may seem important, or even necessary, to the production of a certain phenomenon; but it would hardly be "scientific" to say that therefore those conditions, very variable as the facts show, are in any sense causes of the phenomenon.

Conditions being granted, the proximate cause (for Spiritualists do not pretend that "ultimate causes" are plain to them,) of an intelligent manifestation by a supposed spirit, is very rationally as we contend, hypothesized to be the existence of the spirit. If instead of calling it spirit, you choose to call it "intelligent force" or "independent force," or to designate it by the algebraic sign "X," we shall not be at all disturbed. It will not affect the hypothesis.

Having laid down his premises, which after all are mere postulates, and in no respect demonstrations, or even logical propositions, Mr. Rogers proceeds to remark:

"If the preceding propositions be true (and there seems to be abundant evidence to substantiate them), they lead irresistibly to the conclusion that it is antecedently improbable, and, in fact, impossible, for Spiritualists, or investigators of the so-called spiritual phenomena, to arrive at a definite understanding of them by the system they have adopted of forming circles, and combining to communicate with the spirits of defunct ancestors."

"If the propositions be true?" Well, then, if they be true—and this contingency is not presented in a remotely probable form by anything that Mr. Rogers says—then even admitting his premises, the conclusion to which he tells us they "lead irresistibly" is not at all apparent. How it is, or why it is, or whether it is, that the mere circumstance of "forming circles," which is simply assembling and observing certain conditions in order to obtain certain results, should have anything to do with making it "antecedently improbable" for investigators to arrive at an understanding of those results, we are not told. It is all merely a nebulous assertion without a ray of explanation or of fact to illuminate it.

We have supposed that in the concerted examination of any phenomenon by several persons, the only way was to assemble, find out the conditions for the production of the phenomenon, and then conform as far as possible to those conditions. That Spiritualists honestly try to do this, is not disputed. That there are over-credulous people among them, dogmatic and conceited and impatient people, and people who want their own way, in spite of conditions, we also believe. But why the only conceivable mode of investigating a phenomenon should make it "antecedently improbable" that any results should be obtained, Mr. Rogers does not make clear to his readers. Here the oracle is mute.

But what has all this to do with the story of the beasts and birds surrounding the man's boat in the wood? The moral lies just here: Spiritualism is the boat. The scientists and the scientists, the philosophers and the would-be critics, not believing in such a thing as a spirit, surround the boat and wonder what it is. "One calls it a delusion, and another a swindle; one calls it a failure, and another an abortion; one calls it 'unconscious cerebration,' and another 'psychic force.'" At last the owl on the tree (whom in this case we will suppose to be Mr. A. J. Davis, Mr. Hudson Tuttle, Mr. Wallace, Mr. E. Crowell, Dr. H. F. Gardner, or Mrs. Hardinge Britten,) speaks up, and says: "Why, gentlemen, it is simply Spiritualism: the fact and the philosophy of the existence of human spirits, and of their power to manifest themselves in the wonderful phenomena of independent writing, levitation, clairvoyance, materialization, and I know not what. I have seen spirits; I have talked with them."

"Of course that cannot be true," cry the beasts and birds; "of course you are telling a falsehood;

you must not stay here, of course; of course you must quit this wood. Spirits indeed! Spirits are the last thing we will give in to! It is obvious that your efforts to show the truth of your hypothesis have been abortive. Of course it is!" "It is true, nevertheless," says the poor owl. And so it is.

Birthday Celebration at Paine Hall.

The upper (larger) hall, in the Paine Memorial Building, Boston, was crowded on the evening of Sunday, Feb. 13th, by a large delegation of the friends of Dr. H. F. Gardner of Boston, who has been so long and widely known to the adherents of Spiritualism by reason of his continued labors for the advancement of a perception of the verity of its phenomena and Philosophy among men. The date fixed for the meeting was the 6th anniversary of the Doctor's advent in the sphere of time, and there is every reason to believe that the happy memory of this enthusiastic gathering will accompany the gentleman through the remainder of his earthly pilgrimage.

The exercises of the evening—a full and extended report of which we shall give in our next issue—consisted of vocal and instrumental music, furnished by Mrs. L. C. Clapp and Miss Mattie Pope, and speeches by Dr. A. H. Richardson, (the chairman of the meeting,) Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Dr. H. B. Storer, John Wetherbee, Robert Cooper, of England, and Prof. R. G. Eccles. Fine letters endorsing the meeting, speaking hopefully of the prospects of the cause, and commending the past efforts of Dr. Gardner to advance the truth as it appeared to him, were received from Epes Sargent, Esq., Allen Putnam, Esq., Prof. S. B. Brittan, A. E. Newton, E. V. Wilson, George A. Bacon, John M. Spear, and J. V. Mansfield. A communication written to Dr. Gardner through the hand of Dr. H. B. Storer, by spirit P. B. Randolph, was also read to the meeting. A sealed envelope (to be opened at his leisure) was presented to Dr. Gardner by the chairman as a token of the appreciation of his friends assembled. During the course of the evening Miss Lizzie Doten made a brief but eloquent speech, at the close of which she delivered the following poem:

LIFE'S MYSTERY.

An Offering from "Mystic Ring Spirits" to Henry P. Gardner, on the Celebration of the 6th Anniversary of his Birthday, at Paine Memorial Hall, Feb. 13th, 1876.

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MISS LIZZIE DOTEN.

The day of one's birth, like the day of one's death,
Marks the constant unfolding of life from within—
When the dust answers back to the quickening
breath,

Then "the Word becomes flesh," and new life
must begin.

The babe yet unborn, and the souls that await
In silence and darkness the summons to be,
Obey not the laws of unchangeable Fate,
But the Will of the Spirit, restless and free.

It quickens all being, it triumphs o'er time,
It knows not the bondage of death and the grave,
And it writes on each atom the lesson sublime—
That Mind is the master, and Matter the slave.

Oh, we dimly discern, while "we see but in part,"
How the water of life from its well-spring is
drawn!

And we know not how close to the Infinite Heart,
Lay the embryo soul of each child that is born!

Turning back on the pathway of years from to-
night,
Lo! a tender young spirit just quickened to
birth,

Unconscious of self, and a stranger to light,
Claimed a name and a place with the children of
earth.

Oh, that Priestess of Nature, the Mother, who
brought
That gift of her love unto life's hallowed shrine,
Knew not how in secret her being had wrought
With the infinite skill of the Spirit Divine!

But a blessing looked forth from her love-lighted
eyes,
As she folded the tender young child to her
breast,

And she prayed that the angels—the true and the
wise—
Might guide him to all things the highest and
best.

Shall we question the years if that mother was
heard?

Shall we ask if the angels have guided his way?
Lo! the present returns us the answering word,
For the child of the past is the man of to-day.

On a simple white stone, near a grave by the sea,
Stands written, "Our mother has fallen asleep,"
And 'tis earnestly asked, "when the morning
will be?"

Which will dawn on her slumber so silent and
deep.

Ay, she woke to the beautiful "morning" above,
And is here, a bright presence, to share in our
joy,

And to lay her soft hand with a blessing of
love,
On the silver white locks of her once "wayward
boy."

Not alone—for the loved ones who passed on be-
fore,
The true and the tender, the firm for the right—
Turn back to the birthplace of mortals once
more,

With greetings of love for this festival night.
And a marvelous meaning is veiled 'neath their
speech,

When they tell of the beautiful birth of the
soul—
For theirs is a wisdom no language can teach,
Which is born of their life in the Infinite Whole.

Oh, brave-hearted pilgrim! whose pathway hath
led,
Through sunshine and shadow, through tem-
pest and night,
The springs of thy being shall ever be fed,
From souls that are kindred, who walk in the
light!

And when from the dreams and delusions of
earth,
Thou too shalt awake to the "morning above,"
In that day thou shalt be, through a holier birth,
A "child of the spirit"—made perfect through
love.

* In the old cemetery at Hingham, Mass., on a hilltop
overlooking the sea, stands the grave of the mother of
Dr. Gardner, bearing this inscription: "Our mother fell
asleep, Nov. 12th, 1841; aged 61 years. When will
the morning come, that I may see my children again?"
That question to him through the oft-repeated communica-
tions which he has received from the spirit of his ascended
parent.

Materialization Seances at Mrs. Seaver's.

Diversified opinions exist in regard to the alleged materialization of spirit-forms at Mrs. Seaver's seances, at Bromley Park, in the Highland District, some asserting that they are spurious, while other parties equally as reliable asseverate that they have unmistakably witnessed real spirit-forms there, accounts of which we have from time to time published in the Banner.

By request of the medium we have recently been present at several of her sittings. The first we frankly acknowledge was not of a very satisfactory character, but the subsequent sittings were. If the manifestations we witnessed were not what they purported to be, then we shall be obliged to admit the lady the most expert prestidigitateur in existence. But as deception under the circumstances was literally impossible, we must therefore come to the definite conclusion that the forms presented were in reality those of materialized spirits.

There can be no doubt but that one of the greatest proofs of the reality of these manifestations is when the medium and the materialized spirit can both be seen at the same time. This was witnessed on several occasions. The first proof given was by an Indian spirit, named "Starlight," who having walked boldly from the cabinet, and shaken hands with several of the party, retired, and taking up that part of the curtain which concealed Mrs. Seaver, placed it back of her chair; then throwing her arms around the medium's neck, drew her forward so that all in the room could see them both distinctly. This spirit afterwards beckoned us to the cabinet aperture, thus giving us a capital opportunity to fully scrutinize her features, and also to particularly examine the fine broad-brimmed straw hat she had on. It would have been impossible, we think, for the medium—supposing this manifestation not what it purported to be, of spiritual origin—to have had the straw hat previously about her person, as there was no wrinkle or the slightest misshape about it; on the contrary, it looked as nice as though it had just been taken from a lady's handbox. The hypothesis is, therefore (until something "comes up" to prove the contrary), that this straw hat was really materialized for the occasion by spirit chemists.

The second form presented was that of a young man dressed as a sailor, who after giving wonderful proofs of his physical strength to two gentlemen in the circle, by forcibly pulling them from their seats, retired to the cabinet, and brought the medium out with him, and advancing about three feet from the cabinet toward the centre of the room, held her there long enough for all present to see her; he then carried her back to the cabinet and replaced her in the chair, the medium the while seeming to be in an unconscious trance condition.

Another proof of the reality of these manifestations seems to be the recognition of friends and relatives by those present. A lady recognized her son, who was killed during the late civil war, and who appeared in the uniform of a soldier. It may here be stated that the light blue color of his clothing was distinctly visible, in contrast with the dark blue of the sailor. He walked out into the room with his mother's arm around him, and shook hands with several of the company. Before parting with her boy, she clasped him in her arms, and in an audible prayer, whose heartfelt tones thrilled every one present, thanked Divine Providence for this new resurrection that was bringing such unspeakable happiness to so many wounded and stricken hearts. Other proofs of identification equally as satisfactory were given, all going to seemingly demonstrate the genuineness of the mediumship of Mrs. Seaver.

The second sitting was equally as harmonious and interesting as the one described above. A gentleman present, (whose wife is a fine medium,) being one of the party, was beckoned to the cabinet aperture, when instantly the curtain was drawn aside and out stepped a dusky-countenanced maiden known as "Honey-moon," with disheveled hair, in short striped dress, and wearing moccasins. She was palpably seen by the ten guests present to sit for a moment on the gentleman's knee, and then as suddenly retreat to the cabinet. In another moment she reappeared, but it was particularly noticed that she frequently stooped and rubbed her ankles. While doing so, a lady in the audience inquired the reason, when "Willie," who controls Mrs. Seaver, replied—the voice coming from the interior of the cabinet—"Why, don't you know that Honey-moon's medium is at home, with the rheumatism in her ankles? That is the reason the Indian can't walk any better. She's obliged to draw power from her medium before she can come here at all, and so she gets the rheumatism too." This episode may be considered a good test, as it was evident that Mrs. Seaver was still in the cabinet, while the Indian girl was out of it in full view of the spectators. Then came "John King," who seemed to take a particular fancy to us, as we were especially beckoned to the curtain by him. This manifestation was no proof to our mind, however, of spirit presence. But an infant next appeared, whom a lady present recognized as her child. She felt of its little hands, of its nose and cheeks, and remarked, "This is no rag baby—it is warm—it is flesh and blood, my little darling that died several years ago." A well-known literary gentleman of this city was next called to the aperture, and held quite a lengthy private converse to his utter astonishment with his wife's mother, whom he positively knew the medium could have had no knowledge of whatever. He afterwards, in relating the circumstance, said it was a wonderful, a decisive proof of the genuineness of the materializations through Mrs. Seaver's instrumentality.

Then came forth from the cabinet the sailor-boy we had seen before, who, walking up to a gentleman in the circle, pulled him from his seat by main strength. After him came a soldier dressed in blue; (the same spirit who was seen at the previous sitting) whom his mother affectionately embraced. The sailor-boy returned, and wished to dance with his friend in mortal; but seemed somewhat disappointed when told by the gentleman that he was no dancer. The spirit then passed behind the curtain, but soon reappeared, having meanwhile moved the medium and the chair on which she was sitting to the centre of the cabinet, and, holding back the curtain, disclosed Mrs. Seaver to all present, while she was plainly visible standing by her side. A gentleman subsequently being called to the opening, was greeted by two lady relatives, each of whom he assures us were distinctly visible at the same time; and, while they stood before him, he avers that another form appeared—that of a man who claimed to be a companion of his boyhood. While witnessing the trio, the gentleman carefully examined and compared their hands; one

was apparently that of a young lady, another that of a lady of mature age, while the man's hand was somewhat larger than his own—each presenting a warm, life-like feeling. In the meantime the gentleman was in almost constant audible conversation with "Willie," who still retained possession of the medium. This highly interesting circle then closed, having been in session nearly two hours.

The lady-medium is of a naturally delicate constitution, and frequently after the close of a seance, we understand, it is so exhausted from the loss of vitality that it is impossible for her to walk across the room without assistance; at times she does not regain her consciousness until after midnight.

The above facts and similar ones can be vouched for by ladies and gentlemen in Boston and vicinity of the highest respectability and of as good repute as any in the community, who believe the lady an honest medium.

Army and Indians.

The transfer of the Indian to the War Department has long been a favorite proposal with many persons, in and out of Congress, and it has been approved and opposed with earnestness and enthusiasm. The plan has again been distinctly brought before Congress, this time by a Texas member, who would see it consummated by the first of July. The chief reason given in its support is that army officers will be sure to disburse the Indian funds honestly. There has been such a baleful influence connected with the handling of moneys belonging to the tribes that fears are expressed that it might contaminate even army officers. Yet it would be as well to test the matter. The military method with the Indians we have steadily opposed, for the reason that it contemplates only the resort to violence, almost wholly ignoring the means which are distinguished as those of humanity.

Yet if the red men can be more sure of obtaining their honest dues by having the government appropriations handled by honest men, such as army officers are invariably known to be, there would be little to say in opposition to it; for the Indian's subsistence of course lies at the foundation of his civilization. Of the 282,000 Indians in the country, 112,000 are classed as coming within the limits of civilizing agencies. 105,000 out of this number dress as American citizens do, in an awkward and bizarre fashion perhaps, and they all dwell in 20,000 houses. About 170,000 Indians are what is denominated "wild," and it is confidently believed that not more than 15,000 or 20,000 of these give us any real trouble, and it is well known that this trouble is caused wholly by the cheating and swindling of base white men.

Now these facts make the subject more clear and interesting. We seem to know better from them where we are in relation to the Indians. A few more will serve to increase the public interest in this question. For example, there are in all 80 Indian agencies, and some 15,000 are engaged in perambulating the Indian country. There are 95 posts, and consequently the cost of transportation becomes a large item in our general Indian bill. The moving army cost last year something over \$28,500,000, and of this large sum \$12,364,000, or nearly one-half, is chargeable to the cost of transportation. The idea is advanced, therefore, that the army could just as well take care of the whole Indian business as to make a distinct expense without so effective results and far greater demoralization. It is a serious question for the country to answer.

At all events, no further expense or experiment is required to show that the existing method of dealing with the Indians is a failure. It is such because there is no sort of honesty in it. Men engage in it as agents because they hope to make money out of the business. When they can do this by cheating in beef, flour, tobacco, blankets and general stores, it is very well in their estimation; but when they are not doing as well as they would like to be, then they go to work with devilish art and design to bring about Indian wars, always being careful beforehand to announce what they too well know is coming. It is asserted that, as it is, three fifths of the army's work consists of looking after the agencies, and if that is the case the business may perhaps as well be turned over to the army entirely. The need of agents who shall treat the Indians fairly is, at any rate, of the first importance.

Taxing Church Property.

In the Ohio Legislature, which is now in session, Mr. Hodge, of Cleveland, a leading and able member, has introduced a bill to tax church property, and petitions, as we are advised, are coming in in favor of the new law. This is a step of great importance to the people of Ohio, and if they once take it other States will inevitably be influenced to follow her example. We therefore urge all persons to whom the Banner presents itself to act promptly and energetically in getting before the Legislature of that State the expression of popular opinion in support of a measure of such manifest justice and propriety. Early action will be much more effective for the final passage of this bill than if time is given the ecclesiastical party to drill their forces and take the field first.

It is time for all Liberals to organize for the protection of the genuine principles of freedom, and occasions like the introduction of this bill into a State Legislature supply the fit opportunity for it. We therefore urgently appeal to the true friends of equal and just taxation in Ohio to frame their petitions to the Legislature in support of this measure, which need take but a few and plain words, and circulate them immediately for signatures in every part of the State. This is a question that demands a settlement at once, since the amount of church property in the country is rapidly rolling up, already making stupendous figures. And if it be suffered to go on gathering strength and momentum as it henceforward will in a geometrical ratio, a power will prove to have been created within the republic, out of an undue tenderness for ecclesiastical influence, that demagogues and bigots may easily use for the suppression of our common liberties.

Mesmer says he knew that the spirits influenced him, and wrought through his agency the marvels which startled the scientific world; but knowing how he would be ridiculed and scorned, he persistently denied the fact even to himself. There are a great many people to-day in a similar position Mesmer was. They know Spiritualism is a great truth, they have mediums in their own families, and yet they fear the ridicule and scorn of those in the same walks of life with themselves. How long, we ask, is the Christ within the temple of our souls to be thus crucified?

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