



VOL. 3. NO. 9.

CHICAGO, ILL., MAY, A. D. 1883., M. S. 36.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

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Written for THE WATCHMAN. Commenced in No. 25.

CONTRASTS OF LIFE.

BY WATCHMAN, SPIRIT EDITOR,
A MEMBER OF THE
AMERICAN AND EASTERN CONGRESS
IN SPIRIT LIFE.

H. A. Cate, Amanuensis.

Psychic Forces of Nature.

(Continued from April Number.)

In treating upon the *Psychic* or *Soul* forces of Nature, we are entering directly into the *Alpha* and *Omega*, or *First* and *Last Cause* of all things; for the *Soul-essence* of Nature, is as the beginning and ending of all objective life. Strange as it may seem; nevertheless it is the truth: for, verily, the beginning and the ending are one. This is very difficult for Materialists to understand; and even Scientists, and more-than-ordinary Thinkers will not accept it; for they deal exclusively with such laws of Nature as figure in the objective stages of physical things. They not caring, or else not being qualified to see beyond the physical or objective, into the subjective and *psychic forces* of Nature, it may seem sufficient for mortals to learn the laws concerning their physical existence; and to wait until physical death comes upon them, and they enter spirit-life, before they seek to understand the *Psychic powers* of their own being.

In a measure, this is sufficient; because it is in accordance with the first stages of mental growth whereby an individual *Soul* learns, thro' repeated stages of physical re-incarnation and its consequent experiences, the laws and necessities of life. But to those who are sufficiently progressed in mental and *Psychic* growth, it is as a demand of their being that they learn of *Psychic laws*; and that, too, thro' physical and functional life existence.

The spiritual existence is likewise functional, but it is as much finer than the physical; as, that a transparent substance is finer than a dense, gross substance; as the fruit is to the vegetable: so is the spiritual or ethereal body to the earthly or physical body.

When we say that the *Psychic forces* of Nature are the beginning and ending of objective or physical life, we mean this: that the *Psychic force* of Nature is the

Soul force of all animated things; and this same *Soul force* is what gives life to the body—the physical structure: it is this *Soul element* that keeps in motion, every attribute and every *CHEMICAL* property of the entire Creation: it is this that gives the flowers their honeyed fragrance: it is this that gives the fruit its flavor and its beauty: it is this that, thro' all the varied species of objective life, gives the *vita* or life-principle—thus is the beginning and the ending: for, when the different species cease to contain this *vita* or life element, then it is that the *Soul element* has passed from it, and the refuse or objective portions of the once animated or live body will decompose and return to its varied stages of *CHEMICAL* elements; and this, in turn, makes up the *Soul* or *Psychic element* of life: hence, the one great element—the first and last. The *Ultimum* of Life, is *Psychic* or *Soul force*.

As we have shown in our previous chapters that *Soul-life* passes thro' all degrees and species of physical existence, yet those different species are not alike in formation nor intelligence, because of the difference in *CHEMICAL* composition, and their natural grouping together of cells and formative organs.

Scientists, while studying the limits of their research, have failed to detect the intricate force of *CHEMICAL* sublimation. True, they have learned that there is a positive and negative; an attraction and repulsion; a solvent and a base to all the known forces of life, but as to what power this is rightfully attributed, they, as Scientists, are mostly in doubt.

For the student of physical research alone, it is hard to realize that *Soul force* is intelligence: that it is indestructible: that, altho' the body, thro' which this *Soul force* once demonstrated, be rendered null and void to the physical senses, still this *Soul element* is transmitted from object to object, therefore, one plant will convey it to another from different sections of the world. And every thing imparts it to every thing in turn; while the human or perfected being imparts it to every thing it touches; every thing it may center its *Will* upon; and another intelligent being is capable of repeating, the very thoughts, expressions, and nature, and surroundings of that individual, more or less correctly according to the direct concentration thereof. Necessarily must every and all beings be dependant upon each other for existence and life, because life is *Psychic* or *Soul force*, and

every living thing is constantly emitting this *Psychic element*, thereby, sustaining atmospheric forces.

The human body dies, and the spirit being lives atmospherically, and, by the power of *Soul*, exists in its atmospheric nature; also by the power of *Soul*, does it control and take upon itself the physical body, and manifest to physical things. Life to the spirit being is sweet, because, to the spirit being, thoughts are measured and understood; while thro' the physical, in the majority, thought is valueless, unless expressed by word or deed, which, owing to illy-conditioned and mal-proportioned structures, render thoughts confused and imperfectly portrayed. Hence, to the physical and to the atmospheric beings closely allied to the earth's atmosphere is there, oftentimes, much unhappiness, and life seems to be a burden rather than a blessing; but this feeling of unhappiness from inharmonious conditions is not felt by those in spirit who understand, from *Soul* or *Thought-life*, the motives of those who cannot express or act as they would were conditions in their power to do so. Hence it is, that those of the *Soul* or *Thought Spheres* are teaching to those of earth, the value of the *Soul force* of life, for, thereby, will the earthly being be enabled to see beyond the physical attributes of life, into the *Psychic* or *Soul forces*, which, really, is the life itself.

When mortals grow to comprehend the indestructibility of *Soul*; when they learn, as they are destined to, that every thought, every act, altho' no mortal eye be upon them, yet spirit beings know, and, in time, will confront them with the deed—be it good or bad: then will there be more universality of purpose; more heed given to the needs of the subjective or *Psychic laws* of life: then will men and women live in accordance with the teachings of their *Souls*; and when the "still small voice" or the promptings of the *Soul* calls upon them to desist from such acts as materially harm the body, then there will be the blending of a perfective race of human beings; then will the subjects treated upon, thro' our *CONTRASTS OF LIFE*, be comprehended; and mortals will be studying the laws of *Creative power*, and thus of the *Psychic force*: then will they create and perfect their bodies, even as now they perfect plants and animal species. When mortals learn to sufficiently appreciate their own bodies as to place them above and paramount to all things else on earth; and

when they shall have learned, that to violate the laws of physical life thro' one generation, is to reflect and entail imperfect conditions of organic growth upon the next generation: then will they learn to contrast the laws of Nature, thereby, enabling their *Soul faculties* to reveal, thro' the physical, the infinite possibilities thro' finite substance: then will spirits of the finer growth mingle with those of the earth in freedom and marvelous power.

Mortals have yet to learn that the *Soul* or *Psychic powers* of being, thro' the spiritual forces of Nature, are constantly at work upon and thro' matter, for the perfecting of Organic life. This is the working of Wisdom: this is all the GOD that mortals or spirits will ever comprehend or find. The *Psychic Power* of Life, is the GOD Power of Nature. It is neither male nor female, but is the *Ultra Vitra* of all things, and is contained within every atom of substance where life is—for it is life; it is, therefore, GOD. And is sufficient in each object of life to enable that object to manifest its constitutional law.

Hence, in our *CONTRASTS OF LIFE*, we have first led our readers to dwell upon the possibilities of the Re-incarnation of individual identity, in and thro' different physical forms or bodies, thereby, hoping that our readers will lose no opportunity to prove to themselves the validity of this truth: that, altho' the human body dieth, still the individual intelligence returns to manifest anew. Thus thro' each succeeding chapter of our *CONTRASTS*, we have briefly outlined the universal laws of functional or Organic growth; proving to the thoughtful reader that the *Law of Chemistry* will yet reveal to mortals, the *modus operandi* by which they exist and hold their being.

Thus having attracted your attention to these laws of life in a general way, we hope, thereby, to lead and encourage you to give these subjects careful consideration and individual observation, as you may do from time to time thro'out your experiences of life.

We call upon you as mortals to make the study of your body and of all Nature and that which animates it, the hitherto paramount object of your earthly stay thro' the body which you now hold; assuring you that it will afford you abundant gratification and admiration, while studying the beauties of life and the *Contrasts* thereof.

At an early date, we will philosophize upon "SPIRIT HABITATION.

OR PLANETARY LIFE."

THE WATCHMAN.

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Vol. 3. No. 9.

Whole Number 33.

CHICAGO, ILL., MAY 1883.

Entered at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., as second-class mail-matter.

A six-page Monthly Journal, Devoted to the Interests of Humanity and Spiritualism.

Also, A Mouth-piece of the American and Eastern Congress in Spirit Life. Watchman, Spirit Editor.

Published by
BOSTON STAR & CRESCENT CO.
993 WEST POLK ST.,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

HATTIE A. CATE, | ARTHUR B. SHEDD,
Editress. | Business Manager.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Per Volume (12 Nos.) in advance, \$0.50
In clubs of 10..... 4.50
Single copies..... .05
Sample copies..... Free.
U. S. Postage Stamps will be received for fractional parts of a dollar.

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TURLOCK, STANISLAUS CO., CAL.

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Some time ago, perhaps two years, I prepared a manuscript for publication, but, for reasons given, it was withheld at that time. About a month since, I was told to prepare it again by the mouth of April. It is late, however. As it was finished I was directed in these words:—

"We wish the manuscripts sent with the wish of the 'Band' that they be published in the *Voice of Angels*, *THE WATCHMAN*, and *The Mediums' Friend*."

Yours in the Truth.

JANE MERRILL MITCHELL.

AN OPEN LETTER.

To the Faithful and True:—

Friends:—I wish to relate a chain of events and communications upon one subject, which date for many years back.

We are told that from small beginnings come forth mighty results. "Tall Oaks from little Acorns grow," "Large streams from little fountains flow," &c.; and who knows but the sequel, in this case, will show like results!

Many years ago, a boy, in one of the New England States, lay dangerously ill with typhoid fever. His mother watched over him, her favorite child, day and night. She probably saved him from death by her constant devotion, but she lost her own life in consequence. That boy as a man, was known as an upright man, and a most indefatigable worker—strong and vigorous he never thought of the possibility of over-taxation—he allowed himself little amusement or recreation.

He came to California in 1850. After many leadings and wanderings he settled in the Valley of the San Joaquin and Merced Rivers where he came into possession of a large tract of land.

When the communications of and from the Spirit-land were revived thro' the persons of the Fox girls, his attention was attracted. By reading and study, and the guidings from an unseen power—for, like all of us, he possessed mediumistic powers, and probably in a greater degree than many—he was led to embrace what is termed Spiritualism, but better expressed; he turned from the crude teachings of earth's guides, towards the direct influx of divine light from above and beyond the darkness and ignorance which envelops us and earth's teachers.

Of the first thoughts or instructions regarding his life's work, I am not informed: but he was shown that the mission he was performing on earth, was to locate and obtain a right to the land, upon which a labor of love, and plans for the advancement and disenthralment of humanity, were to be demonstrated by united "Bands of advanced spirits", who had long and faithfully been working for this object: working slowly and surely, like a ponderous machine; using for its wheels and cogs and levers, many on the spirit-side of life, as well as on the earth-side: retaining the grand plan, and motive-power, among those wiser, grander, nobler spirits, who move above all the petty strifes, jealousies, self-aggrandizements, and love of power: living only in the great all-wise and all-glorious light of love to God, and love to man! This little spot in the great Universe, called earth, was not the only recipient of the results of their wise counsels: They were united by a "bond of Brotherhood and Sisterhood," which, in my meagre way, I would compare to the highest Orders in Masonry; and, as I understand it, there are all "Degrees" in spirit-life; thus preventing the inharmonies consequent upon the intermingling of development and undevelopment in important Councils.

I will now give a few communications upon this subject; given at different times and places, and thro' different media. I cannot give their order, nor one-tenth part their number; but only those I have written; and such as I can recall to memory. In fact, this man has not been in the presence of any medium for several years, without this one subject being seen and talked of, as paramount to, and predominating over, all others.

The first that comes before me, is this: A medium living among the Santa Cruz Mountains—not a public medium—was visited by me, a stranger. She had been previously told by spirit friends of my coming. She was entranced for two hours or more. She commenced by describing this man: saying he was in earth-life, and had a great work before him. She described the locality, the river, the trees on the river, and the bend in the river. She saw in the future, the buildings; the people, their occupations; the grand house, which she called "the Temple." "A work," she said, "which spirits had been preparing for humanity, and which was to be accomplished thro' him and his co-workers." It was said, "We wish to establish a Home; a Society on earth, as nearly as possible, like unto that we have in spirit-life; and to this end have we directed and assisted in locating this land." It was "a vast work; such as, the like before had not been seen; and one which would be copied by others in all parts of the earth." "There must be no haste." "Great works move slowly."

And the people were to be selected by the Spirit Bands. "There must not be an Achan in the Camp," &c.

At another time, and by another medium; it was seen and described; and the land laid off as a map upon paper.

Another medium, still a stranger, said: "I see something you are doing, or to do, which I cannot describe." "It seems like a building; a monument, which towers to Heaven." "It is a place so beautiful! Oh! I want to go there!" "It is a grand Home!" She gave a correct description of the locality; and number of Section of land upon which it would be started. She saw a woolen manufactory; a grist-mill; and other industries; such as, the canning of fruit; preserving of flowers, &c. She even gave the names of those who were to run the mills.

One communication from Robert Dale Owen—thro' the clairaudience of a deaf medium, Fannie Green McDougall, now in spirit—I will give entire.

"To ————"

In the first place, we are very much interested in your proceedings. There is a grand center, with a wide radius of power, to be established, which could only be reached thro' the means you contemplate. Large companies of spirits, who see only in the commune the salvation of the world, are with you and seeking to lead you forward by paths that will conduct you to ultimate success. As is well known, in common with my good father, and the illustrious Fourier, I was much interested in this subject during my earth-life; and I assure you, that with the wider view, and the deeper insight which my present position gives, my interest has grown with the occasion; and I still see in the grand Principle of Human Association one of the cardinal points in all rational and practical reform.

There have been many failures; and many abuses have crept in unawares; or, it may be, have been from the first intended. These, as a general thing, have grown out of inharmonious and crude conditions in the members themselves. We should then be cautious and seek to profit by the mistakes and faults of others. I shall speak of two modes of action: First: an absolute consolidation of interests, as in the full commune; and secondly: a partial union, for economical, social, and progressive purposes, with property rights, and industrial products vested chiefly, if not wholly, in the individual. In forming a strict and full community of interests, great care should be taken that the grouping should be done attractively. To this end, the officials or leading and controlling members should not only be harmonious in and among themselves; but genial and attractive to others; and capable of exercising a harmonizing influence over discordant conditions. They should be endowed with a large and generous philanthropy that overlooks the narrow boundaries of self and section, and rests upon the great principle of Universal good or *what is best for the whole*. They should also have a large portion of the governing power, the ability to control others without the tendency to abuse it. These responsible positions, moreover, should never be bought and sold as political places generally are: but, only to such as combine these rare traits required, should they ever be opened.

Let not your noble work be defeated or obscured by the dishonorable acts of the sordid and selfish. One thing is certain: there are always ready to creep into such enterprises many who have an eye merely

to the "loaves and fishes": for this reason, a law of labor should be made, and strictly enforced; tho' not cruelly: for the slothful and inefficient should not be permitted to prey upon the fruits of earnest and honest labor. There is one principle, which, if intelligently carried out, would tend to prevent this: and that is, to give to every man and woman the work *they love best*. If this could be done there would be few lazy people in the world. And in order to give to every one as far as possible a free choice in the work they do, there should be established, as your ways and walks widen, and your means develop correspondingly, a variety of mechanical and manufacturing interests as well as Agricultural pursuits; and other industries. We advise you to erect the *Home*, out of which, we see flowing such *grand possibilities* it would dazzle your sight, and seem like romance, could you now behold it with the undeveloped sight of the present. Make it not only a sanctuary for the homeless, the sick and the stranger; but establish there a school of Art; a Hall of Science where *Genius* may be protected and developed to its utmost to externalize, and make real its Divine conceptions! It is *not merely* to feed, clothe, and shelter the *body* under more favorable conditions, that such Associations should be formed: they should also have respect to the mind: acting always on the radical spirit law, which the common world ignores, that a man has an inherent and inalienable *right to be and to do all the best of what he is able to be or to do*.

And now, as a result of careful observation and long experience, we would suggest a modification of your plans, which, all of us think, would be greatly for your own good, and for the support of the Cause you are laboring for: we would advise that a considerable portion of the land should be sold to people who might and would be drawn to settle near each other, for social and progressive purposes. To these would open many advantages; combining together, they could establish commercial interests where goods of all kinds could be furnished at wholesale prices, by only paying for the labor involved in the transportation and transfer of the merchandise. And, in return, the products of the farms should be subject to the same law, if furnished to the people of the town (for there will be one) at the same rates. This would give to the producer his right place in the Social Economy, or, at least, begin to do it, and would be a happy and healthful change from the present system, where, by far the largest profit goes into the hands of the non-producer. They would soon have a Reading-room, a Library, Botanical Gardens, and other collections of Natural History: and in good time they would employ Lecturers, and publish books. The Social system thus established, and conducted, would be the most beautiful on earth and present demonstratively a picture of possibilities pointing Heavenward. Let not the magnitude of these operations disconcert or discourage you. There must be *growth*; and the beginning as compared with the ultimate: will be as the *infant*, to the *man*: the latent germs of all future power are living within him; only waiting time and opportunity to unfold. There will be a partial Community like this established; for the most enlightened and efficient powers of the spirit-world are combining and working to that effect.

And we cordially invite you, our brothers, to co-operate. Yes, there will be many of them, lengthening and broadening over the earth until they come so near each other they can clasp hands over their little boundaries. We would advise, that the terms of the sales should be made as favorable as could be afforded; and subject to modifications, in order to suit different conditions and circum-

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stances; and, that the plan be largely advertised in the leading papers: by this means a large amount of money could be raised to be expended in beautifying and enriching the town and plantations. And thus your barren waste would rapidly be converted into fertile fields, green lawns, blooming gardens, and fruitful orchards.

Hoping and believing that you will make yourselves the ministers of immense good to the world at large, as well as to the favored few, we bid you an earnest and honest *Godspeed*.

Robert Dale Owen."

Next: I will give a prophetic vision of a psychometric medium:—

"Before me is a long low building. It is a place of industry; for it has the appearance of a Bee-hive. Men and women are constantly going in and out. A pair scales, stands by the door, on which every new-comer is required to step, and is weighed; before he or she is allowed to enter the building. If any fail to balance the scales, they step one side, and I lose sight of them.

Another building appears; taller, but much smaller on the ground. It is surrounded by teams that are both loading and unloading; there's something in sacks; wheat and flour, I should think. I have a feeling of rush and hurry. It is a driving business. My attention is called to the long low building; it is no longer one building, but many. It has all-at-once spread out into pleasant homes, and on the doors I see '1885.' On the tall building, I see the date '1883.' I also see on the tall building, the number of Section, Township, and Range. There are Her-alds going out from this little place, saying: 'Come to our home of peace and plenty!' And the people are coming from all directions. Just outside of the town is a large pile of implements—everything necessary to labor—every one who comes is obliged to shoulder some thing out of the pile before they can enter the gates."

Another: a good test, clairvoyant, clair-audient, and and writing medium, writes:

"Concerning the affairs you are undertaking; you will do much good; and it pleases us very much on this side, for many can be helped by it. We want to say, it is to be just such a place as has long been needed, but never found. We all take an interest in this good work; as we need a place for our Head-quarters. We also know the state of your mind, that it is not entirely decided; but have no fears, for it will be a success. It must be carried on in a proper manner, and failure will be impossible. There must be system; and no *drones* in the hive; and all will be well. All must work: another idea: let each work for the land they need. It is not for this one or that one to shirk. They must not think they are going to say, 'fetch thou!' and sit idle! We have to work in spirit-life, and why not thou in earth-life? This work can be accomplished easily; for there will be plenty glad of the chance of a home."

Again: a sister in spirit-life writes:—

"Don't you know, Jane, the spirits are making great preparations in the spirit-world, for this grand work; and most assuredly it will be accomplished. It will be under good headway in five years from now; (given in 1882) and after that, it will progress rapidly. The work will go on, and money will come in from all sides; and in fifteen years there will be a large town."

Again: was written:—

"My son, mighty is the work that is be-

fore you! It is all laid out on this side; and it has been planning for many years: now, it is about to begin. It will be a noble work; and great shall be your reward."

Again: it was heard spoken:—

"The work must go on! Land must be laid out; that for the special Home given; the number of acres, and each value specified, for individual homes: the sacred or secret order formed: a head appointed to make arrangements for receiving members. This must be done without delay."

Again: after some locations had been made thro' the raps, I asked the control, "Who located those places, was it you?"

Ans. "No; we had nothing to do with it. We were looking on the same as you were. They were spirits who have been here thousands of years, wise and learned. It was *those* who have undertaken this work. Of course there are others assisting, but those who lead are ancient spirits from this and other planets. When they are willing, we will give you some of their names."

Again:—

"My dear friends: Good-day: I have just left the bright mansions above, to bring to your cabin some token of love. This grand work is as familiar to us in spirit-life, as it is to you. I have the permission of Baron Von Humboldt to give you his name to-day. You may be assured he will be a faithful worker."

Fannie Green McDougall."

Another medium—who was entranced four hours, coming out two or three times to rest, as the spirits said—gave the following:—

"We will baptize this little handful of chosen ones by and by: the leader shall be named Moses. But, as the Moses who led the Children of Israel out of bondage, into the land of Canaan, found bickerings and trials with them, so will he. His Soul will be tried many times. You shall be called Miriam. Walk thou hand in hand, side by side with him. Thy faithful friend shall be called Peter—healing Peter—we wanted to call him Jesus, as his heart and hand are ready to do good to all; but, in earth-life, this will not do.

We want, when the land is laid out, that Moses shall lay off twenty or forty acres for a Park; with a fountain in the center, to imitate our pure spiritual fountain in spirit-life. The Park to be laid out with walks and flowers and fountains; but the central fountain, we want enclosed for a resort in Winter, as well as Summer. The enclosure to be two hundred feet long and one hundred feet wide, with arched door-ways twenty feet high. Between the two door-ways, the fountain; made to represent a man and woman, back to back, with arms extended, and facing either door-way. The hands nearly touching each other. Between the heads of the man and woman, the water constantly flowing into a basin formed of lilies—Calla Lilies. The water to fall over the heads of the man and woman. Also a silver goblet in either hand, out of which the water constantly flows. Above all, a circlet—a band with the words, 'Come and drink of the waters of our pure spiritual fountain.' There shall be arches and niches and places to rest and drink. The Park shall be kept in order by assessments. We do not expect Moses to do it all. He is to be aided by all who come in—all will be workers; and all will share the benefits. The Temple will be built according to our directions, when the time shall come. It is to have Music

Halls; Halls of Art; Seance Rooms and Lecture Rooms for all; besides the Central Home.

We want every sister—every one to bring from mountain home, from valley, from city, or country, some plant, some shrub, some tree, or flower, whatever they choose, and plant with their *own hands* in this Park: thus registering their names as having a home and an abiding place there. People will have their individual homes beautiful according to their taste, all around about: but they will come up to the Temple for amusements and lectures, &c., assisting in keeping up all these things by a tithe or an assessment. We will give all directions as they are needed."

Please let me say one word here, about this fountain in spirit-life. This same trance-medium, at one time, described it, saying it was kept by a silver-haired man, representing Age and Purity. The description is lost, but the idea connected with the description is shown in the following:—

"I see a lady with dark hair, and smiling countenance. She has some kind of white dress on which shimmers like satin. 'It is not satin,' she says, 'but what you call turlou.'"

She has broad, filmy lace around the neck, and it crosses back and forth on the front of the dress to the bottom; fastened at each turn with a large diamond.

'They are not diamonds,' she says, 'but pearls.'

A filmy lace veil fastened, in front of her dark braid, with a shimmering pearl, and flowing to her feet. A brooch and pendants of most beautiful construction, of the same kind of pearls; a fan, composed of the tiniest kind of the same pearls, fastened to her wrist, which she flutters coquetishly with her hand.

'I came,' says she, 'to have you tell sister Jane how I was dressed.'

'Are you prepared for a bridal?' I asked.

'No,' she replied, 'I am going up to the Poet's Concert.' She vanished.

I asked my guide, who was then speaking, 'Tell me about the Poet's Concert—are they invited there as here?'

'No,' he replied, 'when one has progressed so far as to partake of the waters of our pure spiritual fountain, they can go when and where they please, without a guide. Your sister has drank of that fountain.'

'Tell me, what is the Poet's Concert?' I asked.

He replied, 'The Poet's Cathedral is beyond the medium's powers of description. The Music Halls; the Auditorium; the grand Saloons are magnificent. Each great Poet—great, as you call it, has his individual Sanctum to which he retires when writing a poem. When a new poem is written, it is recited and sung in a grand Concert. The Poet, Burns, has just completed a poem upon 'Woman, and her uplifting upon the pedestal where she belongs, politically, socially, and financially'—and it was to this Concert Kate was going.'

But to return: It has been stated by three or four mediums, that this valley would be a resort for its medicinal waters. A psychometress described a well which would be dug, out of which would come healing waters. She said:—

"I see people, from all places, come with jugs, cans, bottles, and barrels, to carry away this water. I also see a place there where people come to bathe and drink."

It has also been stated, that two towns

were there—the names being given. Also, that the colonists would have their own modes of conveyance for themselves and their products, to and from the great Mart. Steamers coming up the San Joaquin and Merced Rivers. Also, among the industries, a Brick-kiln, a Sash and Door Manufactory, a Grist-mill, a large establishment for preserving fruit, an Iron-foundry, &c., &c.

"I see," said the reader, "all is done within themselves, and all in grand order. It seems to me like Heaven itself."

Later—within a short time—one medium said:—

"I see you live upon a sandy plain: there are few trees there. I see an arch—it connects the past with the present; the ancient with the modern; the old with the new—it rests upon that sand-plain."

Another medium said:—

"I see the American flag, a large one, floating over a plain: it represents the Headquarters of Freedom and Justice and Equity. I also see a Bee-hive, with a peculiar kind of bees thickly about it. It represents the work which a people are to do here."

I would like to relate the substance of a vision; and give a few facts: then, I will close this lengthy letter.

Facts concerning the Place.

Climate—The Climate is fine—sometimes disagreeable winds, but not as bad as in many portions of the State.

Soil and Products—The Soil varies. In some places, quite sandy; in others, hard ground, so called; sometimes, a place is found where there is hard-pan underneath the sand. The sand holds the moisture, so that wild Primroses are found during all the dry heat of Summer. The land has been used for grain raising and sheep pastureage. Not many trees or vines have been cultivated; but from the few that have been, I have eaten grapes and pears from trees and vines which never were watered, except by the rains of the Season. All the various kinds of soil are adapted to the culture of some thing: so that nearly all can be utilized.

Water—The Water varies in kind: some contains Sulphur; some Iron; and some possessing a kind of salts. In one place, three wells, within a few rods of each other, are all different: in one (an artesian) is found a kind of alkaline salt: in another (a surface well) is Sulphur; while in the third there seems to be no mineral, but pure water. The surface wells are easily made, as water is obtained in eighteen or twenty feet below the surface. There are several artesian wells, and the ponds formed from their overflow, can be utilized for fish raising.

Game—We have fish in the streams; and wild game on the plains; such as, Geese, Duck, Quail, Hare, and Curlew.

Health—The climate is conducive to Health: as no kind of sickness prevails to any extent. As far as I have ascertained, the diseases which are found everywhere; such as, measles, whooping-cough, scarlet fever, diphtheria, and even small-pox, in California, are less virulent and dangerous than in any other place. It is a common remark, in speaking of a complaint, "They have it lighter here than back East."

Diseases and their Causes—Kidney and Liver troubles are common—especially *Kidney*. My theory is: there is a cause in the dryness of the climate; causing the skin to dry up, and become like the soil in places, baked and hard, lacking in porosity: and also, in the use of water standing in tanks—as it does in all this country. I think water standing, absorbs the deleterious gases from the atmosphere: and, in most cases, the heat from the Sun pouring on to it, as well as the dust blowing into it. I think, if proper attention was paid to these matters, these troubles would lessen. Bathing should be frequent in dry weather, and one should not bathe in the tank water, as it

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Contributed to the columns of THE WATCHMAN, by the author, THOMAS R. HAZARD; first appearing in the "Providence (R. I.) Daily Journal" of January 30, 1883.

THE PHILOSOPHY AND PHENOMENA OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

By THOMAS R. HAZARD.

"He is a rash man who, outside of pure mathematics, pronounces the word impossible."—ARAGO.

I notice an article in the editorial columns of the *Journal* of the 15th of January, 1883, under the caption of "Mr. Cumberland and 'Spiritualistic' Phenomena," which appears to have been written in so candid a spirit that I should like to be allowed the privilege of using it as a text, in part, for the dissemination, thro' the medium of the *Journal*, of some of my own ideas and experiences, on what I conceive to be the little-understood and sorely-misrepresented subject of "Modern Spiritualism." I may be allowed to premise my relations by stating that from what I have seen in the public prints, I have no doubt that whatever may be the verity of Mr. Cumberland's pretensions in regard to some other phases of the spiritualistic phenomena, he is, in truth and reality, gifted with the seemingly occult and but little understood (by the popular mind) faculty of what is known among Spiritualists as "mind" or "thought-reading"—a faculty or gift that, so far as my experiences enable me to judge, is possessed in a greater or less degree by nearly all "spiritual mediums" (so called), and which seems susceptible of being cultivated and extended in compass and power, by practice and experience, to an almost limitless extent. If it be asked, why should Mr. Cumberland deny the origin of his remarkable gift of mind-reading, if, indeed, it be of spiritualistic origin, it may be enough to say that, so far as I have observed, extraordinary gifts or developments of our spiritual faculties do not differ (other than in kind) from those of the intellect, they both being dependent on the peculiar organization of the individual, the one of the spiritual and the other of the intellectual organs or faculties of the mind, regardless of moral qualities, and both alike susceptible of being cultivated and used by their possessors, either for high and noble purposes, or those of selfish and sinful degradation. Viewed from this moral standpoint, the wonder would seem to be, not that so many, but rather that so few men and women who are gifted with the mediumistic powers should backslide and become what are called "exposers" of the alleged tricks of the phenomenalist, especially when it is considered that the great majority of mediums who remain faithful to their gifts are greeted and treated on all hands with obloquy and contempt, and left to linger in poverty, whilst the few who betray their angel-inspired gifts are encouraged in their "exposing" propensities by the plaudits of nearly all the leaders of society, whether in literature or science, law or physic, church or state, and in the gratification of their avarice by the acquisition of thousands for entrance fees to their exhibitions, when their faithful compeers obtain scarcely enough for their labors and sacrifices to furnish them with the necessities of life.

There seems little reason to doubt that a subtle intercourse between spirits out of the form and their earth brethren, has always been prevalent from the earliest

days of man's existence on our globe, tho' probably for the most part in a cruder and less intelligible form than are the occult manifestations of our day. The dictum pronounced by the ancient Hebrew law-giver that a *witch* should not be allowed to live, has doubtless been the cause of the patting to death of hecatombs of innocent individuals. It is stated in Chamber's Encyclopedia that during the mediæval period, when Church and State were firmly united, no less than nine millions of men, women and children were burned at the stake, or otherwise put to death, in Christian Europe, for the alleged crime of witchcraft; and we all know that even in the early days of Massachusetts quite a number of its best citizens suffered death—by drowning, pressing with weights, and the gallows—after being adjudged guilty of the alleged crime of "mediumship," then known by the cognomen of "witchcraft." Nor was it until after about the middle of the nineteenth century that the people had, in spite of their inherited religious prejudices, progressed to a point of intelligence that rendered the practice of mediumship possible in the most liberal and advanced portions of the United States. Then it was, and not until then, that a key was discovered, thro' the instrumentality of a little child, that by degrees opened to the world a more correct knowledge of the beneficent object and intent of the occasional occurrence of the occult poundings and raps that had so often amazed and confounded the learned doctors of the earth, including John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, and thousands of other bewildered minds and thereby prepared a way for the advent of a benign philosophy that seems destined, in its rapid and wide-spreading progress, to ultimately embrace in its semi-divine enfoldment all the nations and peoples of earth.

It was in the year 1848 that the detonations known among Spiritualists as "spirit raps," and by the Buffalo doctors and other "exposers" of the Stuart Cumberland stripe as "toe and knee-joint rappings," occurred in a humble dwelling at Hydesville, near Rochester, New York state, occupied by the Fox family. Their origin could in no way be accounted for by the numerous investigators who witnessed them, nor was a supermundane cause probably seriously surmised until, in playful sport, a little nine-year-old girl by the name of Catharine Fox accidentally (seemingly) discovered a key to unlock the mystery by proposing to "Old Split-foot," as she called the unseen intelligence, to make three raps upon the letter it wished put down on her calling over in rotation the letters of the alphabet. By following out this simple plan, the letters designated in this way were found to spell the name of "Charles Rosmar." Followed out this tedious method of communication, the intelligence claimed thro' the raps to be the spirit of an Italian peddler who had been murdered by a former occupant of the house for his pack, and his remains buried in the cellar. On examination of the premises, the mouldering bones of a man were actually found buried in the clay of the cellar, thus corroborating in part, at least, the allegation of the alleged spirit.

Altho' I had frequently seen the subject of Modern Spiritualism alluded to in the public prints, and received several communications from friends and acquaintances, in which they stated that the spirit of my deceased wife had manifested its presence at seances they had attended, and had requested them to ask me to meet her at some spirit-circle, I continued to regard both the alleged messages and

the whole subject of "spirit rappings" with a feeling closely allied to contempt, until some time in the month of November, 1856, on occasion of my brother Joseph handing me in Newport, R. I., a slip of paper on which was written a short message that had been received by him on the previous evening thro' the instrumentality of the "spirit-raps," whilst he was sitting at a table with Miss Thorpe, a "rapping-medium" who resided in the south-western suburbs of the city of Providence. The message read thus: "*I want to meet my husband here and converse with him.*" In answer to my inquiries, my brother told me he had never heard of the medium until a few hours before he called to see her, and that it was not probable that she had ever heard of either of us even by name. After reflecting on the matter for a day or two, I notified my brother that I had concluded to go to Providence and have an interview with Miss Thorpe, provided he would accompany me and act as my spokesman, for such was the ill-favor with which I regarded the unsavory subject that I felt only a repugnance to holding any friendly intercourse with a contemptible medium, but had strong suspicions that if I received anything purporting to come from spirits of the departed, of a personal character, it would be such only as the cunning sybil would be able to guess at or concoct from clues derived from my own conversation with her. My brother consenting to my request, we left Newport in the steamboat, and on our arrival in Providence, proceeded on our way to the residence (a mile or more from the landing) of the Thorpe family. They lived in quite a neat little painted cottage, but the moment it was pointed out to me, I regarded the humble dwelling with a contemptuous revulsion of thought, as one of the most unlikely places on earth that my angel wife would select to manifest her presence in, even admitting that she had the power to return and communicate intelligibly with her mortal relatives and friends. We were admitted by a little epileptic girl, who I was surprised to hear my brother address as the medium, and ask if she "could give us a sitting that morning?" She replied she would do so "as soon as she had finished washing her dishes and swept the kitchen" (the family having but recently finished their breakfast and left the house). My hitherto contemptuous feelings were now merged in those of unutterable disgust! And this little cottage, thought I, is the temple, and this little washer of dishes and sweeper of kitchens is the high priestess, in and thro' whose mediumship my delicately-nurtured and highly-cultured angel-wife has chosen to announce her presence on her return to earth, a messenger from heaven!

However, in due time the dishes were washed and put away, and the kitchen swept. Upon which, taking a little round slab, crow-footed table with her, which was void of drawers or complications of any kind, Miss Thorpe ushered us into a little parlor, perhaps twelve by fourteen feet in dimensions. My brother took a seat by the wall of the room, whilst it was arranged that I should sit by the side of the table alone, with the medium sitting on my left hand, the front of her chair being some two feet distant from the edge of the little slab table, beneath which, perhaps for one-third its diameter, her feet were extended, resting across each other, in my full sight during the whole period of the seance, her two hands, in the meantime, being folded and resting in her lap. It was fortunate for me, as an unbeliever, at this, my first experiment with "rapping mediums," that Miss Thorpe's phase of mediumship did not require her

person being brought at all in contact with the table, by laying her hands on its surface (as is usually the mode), or otherwise. Previous to taking our seats, Miss T. had spread a thin linen or cotton covering over the table, on which she placed a strip of pasteboard, on which was printed in large type the letters of the alphabet. Hitherto I had noted with Argus eyes every movement of the medium since her entrance into the little parlor, but could not detect anything that excited my suspicion excepting the thin covering that rested on the top of the table, about which I had some misgivings from the moment Miss Thorpe smoothed it into place. Scarcely had we become composed when the top of the table seemed to be alive with raps of varied degrees of intonation, from the tiniest ticking, as if made by the point of a pin, to that of the sound of a small hammer. As combined, the raps actually seemed to convey to my ear a musical sound, as if they proceeded from a number of performers actually in jubulant concert, which, after my conversion, I learned was the fact, being the greetings of numerous spirit-friends who were thus rejoicing over the accomplishment of their hitherto repeated endeavors to bring me *en rapport* with them thro' the instrumentality of the newly discovered method of communication between the denizens of the two worlds. Tho' sorely amazed, I still had a lingering suspicion regarding the covering on the table, and departing from my previous resolution not to open my mouth during the progress of my experiments, I asked if the removal of the cloth from the table would make any difference in the rappings. "None in the least," said Miss Thorpe, as she gathered it up in her hands and tossed it upon a distant chair or stand. The rappings still continuing in full force as before, said I, "Cannot they be made in other places than on the table?" Immediately the table was silent, while distant raps met my ear as if coming from the medium's and my own person or clothing, the back of my chair, the stove and stove-pipe, the floor, the walls and ceiling of the room, and elsewhere. This was too much for my skepticism, and I felt very much like surrendering to the *spirit theory* regarding the occult origin of the sounds, for my senses bore unmistakable testimony that the phenomena I there witnessed were beyond the powers of the most accomplished juggler or trickster in legerdemain to perform, whose sleight-of-hand wondrous performances I had often witnessed on the stage and elsewhere. It was then asked by Miss Thorpe or myself (I forget which) whether any spirits present wished to communicate with me. Three raps were heard in response, which I was told was the sign agreed upon with the spirits to signify an affirmative, or yes; one rap signifying a negative, or no, and two raps signifying uncertainty, doubtful, or "don't know."

Acting under advice, I now took a lead-pencil in my hand, and with it pointed to the letters of the alphabet, that were printed on the pasteboard in regular rotation, commencing with A, all of which were passed without response from the unseen intelligence until I pointed to the letter F, when my attention was arrested by three distinct raps on the table; whereupon I put down the letter F on a sheet of paper before me, and then proceeded to point to the remaining letters in the alphabet to the last, without obtaining any rap. Commencing at the head of the alphabet again, my pencil had barely rested over the letter A when three more distinct raps were heard upon which I placed that letter down at the right hand of the F I had set down, and proceeded to point to each letter in rotation, without getting any response until I came to the letter N, when three raps were again heard upon which I put down the letter N at the right of the A, and continued to point to the different letters of the alphabet until I came to the last, without getting any response, and again, in the same way, commencing at A, I followed

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down thro' the alphabetical column until my pencil came to N, when three raps were made. Placing another N beside that of the same letter already put down, I proceeded to point until I reached the letter Y, when three more distinct raps were made on the table. The letters thus indicated spelled Fauny, which was the abbreviated name of my wife (Frances) by which she was always addressed by her family and friends. The method I have described constitutes the *modus operandi* of what is popularly known as spirit-rapping, a method so simple in its character that it required the unsophisticated acumen of a simple child of nine years old to discover and apply it as a key to unlock in its progressive unfoldments some of the mysteries that appertain to the seen and unseen worlds, and to the mortal and immortal existences of man and of every breathing creature; mysteries that had hitherto eluded for untold ages all the researches and endeavors of the wise and learned to penetrate or solve. We know where and when the key of the lock of innumerable wards was obtained, viz., at Hydesville, state of New York, on the 31st of March, 1848; but where its momentous unfoldments and extensions will reach, God Almighty only knows. Already, in the short space of one-third of a century, the wonder-working philosophy has extended its benign and liberalizing influence to every civilized community and to every quarter of the globe, and that in spite of the opprobrious opposition of theology, science, philosophy, law and physics, and the bitter enmity of the ignorant and bigoted of all classes of society.

In a like manner (substantially) as my wife's name had been indicated, I received, before I left the table the names of some fifteen or twenty other deceased relatives, friends and acquaintances, who not only announced their presence, but gave me many proofs of their identity by referring to incidents connected with our mutual earth experiences. These I published, together with some spirit communications I subsequently obtained thro' the occult instrumentality of Miss Thorpe, J. B. Conklin, and other mediums, in the Providence Advertiser, making in all, if I recollect right, two articles containing about six columns in the aggregate. If it had been possible, after my experiences on that first occasion, to suspect the medium of using any dishonest means in making the rappings, my suspicions would have been effectually removed from the fact that for some days and nights after my return home the raps frequently occurred in my presence, whether whilst quietly sitting in my library, writing at my desk, or after I had retired to my bed, and often in such significant associations that I could not doubt that my spirit-friends possessed the power of mind-reading, such as Mr. Stuart Cumberland and hundreds of other spirit mediums I have known and mentally (on my part) conversed with. To illustrate: on one occasion, whilst I sat reading in a book, my little daughter Esther became so vociferous in her romping play, that, after admonishing her more than once to stop making so much noise, without effect, I ordered her in harsher tones to come and sit still by my side. No sooner had I resumed my reading than a loud, distinct rap fell directly on the lines under my eyes, accompanied with an unmistakable impression that the detonation was made by my spirit-wife to convey to my mind a reproof for having spoken so peremptorily to our little daughter. Of course I stood repressed, and under some pretense soon released the child from her confinement.

After I became more acquainted with

the philosophy of spirit-intercourse and conversant with mediums, these independent raps became a permanent phenomenon in my life-experiences, whether at home or abroad; and even at this time of writing at the St. Denis Hotel in New York, often as I lie cogitating in my bed I am greeted with raps on the bureau, floor or walls of my room, and generally in connection with the tenor of my thoughts that convey to my mind a strong impression that the unseen operators must be cognizant of the subject I am thinking upon, and even of the particular point I have under consideration. Often these manifestations convey to me tokens of warning against accidents and danger. To illustrate: I have always been subject to severe attacks of what is called nightmare, in case I fall asleep whilst lying on my back. Not unfrequently when I have forgotten myself, and been about to fall asleep in that position, I have been suddenly aroused to a sense of my indiscretion by an unusually loud rap; whilst in other instances, wherein I have been overtaken with the distressing malady, my spirit friends have succeeded in relieving me by moving some limb, or passing a hand thro' my hair, and thus by restoring the circulation of the stagnant blood remove the cause of my distress. Intelligent and unprejudiced readers of the Journal, who have thoughtfully perused what goes before, will, I feel assured, excuse me for not giving full credence to Mr. Stuart Cumberland's version of the phenomenon known as "spirit-rapping," as announced by that celebrated "exposer of Spiritualism," at Tremont Temple, in Boston, on the evening of the 9th of January, 1883, as recorded by a Herald reporter in attendance, and printed in that journal, as follows:

"Spirit rappings, so called, he (Mr. Cumberland) asserted, were made thro' the displacing of the tendons of the foot, such rappings were given by him on the stage. People, he said, judge of the locality of sound by sight, and an amusing illustration of that fact was afforded by the inability of a blindfolded gentleman to point out the locality from whence the sound of the chinking of two coins proceeded."

Intelligent readers, I think, will also agree with me that, after my early experiences in "spirit-rappings," I was fully warranted in my resolve to hold the "toe, foot and knee-joint" solution of the "raps" (which was early announced by the famous Buffalo doctors) in respectful abeyance for a season, at least, and adopt the sensible suggestion contained in the last sentence of the Journal's very fair review of Mr. Cumberland's late performances at the Narragansett Hotel in Providence, which reads as follows: "At any rate, however, there is enough in the power of occult magnetism, or whatever it may be called, to deserve a candid investigation to prove its nature, and which is not explained by a discovery of the cheap trickery of which so much of the exhibitions of professional mediums consists, except in the minds of those who are strongly biased by emotion or desire to find connection with departed friends."

Very thankful am I that my best judgment prompted me to adopt a similar course as that suggested in the above-quoted paragraph, and to pursue it with increasing interest and profit (now) for more than the quarter of a century. Some very few of my experiences derived from my long and earnest investigations, including Mr. Stuart Cumberland's wonderful gift of thought or mind reading, if acceptable, I propose to communicate to the readers of the Journal.

(SECOND CHAPTER, NEXT ISSUE.)

☞ Subscribe for THE WATCHMAN.

FOR THE WATCHMAN. ANGEL PRESENCE.

By MRS. W. S. MOORE.

Is there any thing alarming or repulsive in the thought, that our loved ones return? That our fathers and mothers who loved and protected us, who educated and comforted us; and the long-ago companions of our childhood; the friends and associates of our daily life, those who counseled and befriended us; the children that were so dear, whose little arms twined lovingly about our neck, and whose earnest eyes looked trustingly into ours—where are they? Just across the River, only a little stream after all that divides them from view—and in the low sweet hush of the still hours we feel again their presence, we seem to hear the patter of little feet upon our floor, and to feel the pressure of little hands upon our cheek, and their soft kisses upon our lips; and we know that angel wings have touched our brow, and dropped sweet influence into our hearts: and we rejoice that our vision has not been clouded by the veil of superstition, or our hearts hardened against this grand, this sublime, this beautiful truth—that our loved ones do return.

In the stillness of our chambers,
In the silence of the night,
Come our lost ones back to greet us,
Come those loved ones fair and bright.
Yes, we feel their angel presence,
Hear their words of love once more,
Bidding us be pure and noble,
Till we meet on yonder shore.

Stony Fork, Pa.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Materialization is not a new idea; but is one of the great natural laws of life, and has been in operation since the beginning of creation; this is a materialized world, and the law is always in operation, all vegetation is brought forth by this law—the leaves, blossoms, fruits and seeds are materialized in due season, and as matter cannot be annihilated, it is in existence, and Nature makes use of the same invisible material to clothe the earth every year. This earth is one great magnet the North Pole being the head, and the South Pole the feet; human beings are all magnets; little worlds in themselves and all visible objects are held in their proper sphere, by the law of magnetism, as the magnet holds the bar.

This planet was invisible before it was visible, and was in spirit form before it was materialized, and the prototype of all things is spirit first; as when we desire to build a dwelling house we begin by thinking, and expressing our thoughts to others, and make a spiritual pattern, and cannot see it with our natural eyes, until it is materialized; and from this stand-point may with reason and our best judgment, perceive that the spirit world is the real world; the cause of this and all others. The great tree of life has its roots in the earth, and its branches have no limit to the circumference; this tree is knowledge, wisdom and understanding, and we are the branches, having life continually from that source; all things are possible for man to accomplish, if he is willing. Jesus materialized bread and wine, clothed his spiritual body with material, that made him appear to his friends the same as when in the flesh; other men can do the same. It has been done since the beginning, and always will be notwithstanding, divines, scientists and all the knowing ones in existence cannot change one natural law—cannot make one hair white or black. The great spirit is striving with mortals, thro' his divine laws to make humanity understand the true principles of life, and is at this time, pouring out

his spirit on all flesh, raining down intelligence, love and mercy, and there will be a flood of power that will remove all obstacles in the way of this grand army of progression.

MRS. MINERVA MERRICK.

In A Fountain of Light.

Cloverdale, Sonoma Co., Cal.

DEAR WATCHMAN.

I often think, we, as American Citizens, should be more free to do good. We borrow our very fashions from the old world, when we aim to be independent. We cannot be so, unless our women will, like our Revolutionary mothers, who would rather drink corn coffee and herb tea than pay unjust taxes on tea—if our Milliners and Dress-makers would adopt more independence of thought, more originality; we, as true, loyal, free women, would adopt new measures. Oh dear! but I forgot, we women are not free, only slaves to the men, to caper and prance, sing and dance in the latest Paris boot and love of a bonnet, with silks trailing and bodice so tight-fitting we can scarce pick up a pin. But never mind, we know our great-grandfather was a tallow-chandler, a soap-maker, or a good old-fashioned Yankee farmer—it does not matter what he was, it is what we are. Has our grandfathers' wit, good sense, toil-worn hands, any thing to do with us as American women? Yes, much, very much. Remember poor Richard's maxims—"Never buy more than you are able to pay for." Would not this simple lesson do much good? The daughters of these same old toil-worn, self-sacrificing, noble patriots who tilled the land, lived on corn-bread, and were honest, upright men, those who had a more endurable, because a pure idea of true liberty, than many have now. We truly are blessed, but how many appreciate the blessing, our fashion-world is so filled up with what—do you say true, loyal women—nay, fashion-seekers, ease-lovers, money-catchers, precious-time-killers. SHAME, SHAME on America's daughters' borrowed finery! Have they ever learned that little hymn that says:—

"Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace,
These are the robes of richest dress."

And have they ever sought to find that inward adornment of mind? I know some who have, and right in the heart of Washington Society, EMILY CHARLES, for one. Would that there were more like her! but they are being educated, growing and learning to walk alone and also to talk alone, and not, parrot-like, repeating old sayings, and catching at small-talk like flies after sugar.

We want good metal, and if woman would be free, she must first free herself from the shackles of Fashion; from the smile of worldlings, the man of influence because of money—the dangers of Society.

She must be noble, virtuous, pure, and true; she must be heroic, brave, and daring, and then men will not pat her on the head and say "weak sister."

Woman! rise! thy day has dawned!
'Tis thy Nation's call, obey!
Lay aside your clothes of Fashion—
Remember they are naught but clay!
Listen to the voice of Conscience—
You in purity must live;
Then you can unto your Country,
All that is true and noble, give.
Do you fear the frown of worldlings?
They are cowards when in war:
Do you wish the smile of Heaven?
Purity stands without the door.
This your Savior and your Nation's—
For a sister pleads her Cause;
Would you have a full salvation?
Thro' purity obey Nature's laws.
Love or spirit; Man or matter; God our Father;
Nature our Mother; Purity our Savior; Liberty our Sister;
making the whole Foundation of Earth a perfecting and answering prayer. Mary B. F. Hunt.

There is one great reform that is more needed than that one of producing a higher order of population. To learn how best to generate grand, noble, pure and intelligent beings is the knowledge that is now most desirable of all. The reckless, careless, unthinking production of children that we behold on every hand would disgrace any Nation or people who have any desire for or admiration of the physical, moral or mental beauty of men, women and children.—Elmira.

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is as hurtful as to use it for drinking. In view of these things, these artesian wells are valuable; and it looks as if they would be used, as predicted, for health-giving waters—even now, the water from one is sought for as a medicine for the Liver and Kidneys.

Now, the question arises:—
"What is the object of all this?"

I will try to relate, the substance of a vision, as intelligibly as possible, which I considered as the answer to that question.

First:—The earth and its inhabitants have arrived at a new Era or Epoch of time; in which an entire change, in all departments of life, may be expected. Our Planet is immersing into Womanhood, in its age; and all our older sisters—the more developed planets—together with those from other systems, have an interest in this, their younger sister, which has now arrived at a period in which it must take on a fuller age in development. An interest which is born from the great bond of unity existing thro'out all realms; and uniting all in one great family.

Secondly:—We find in our present growth, that which they know better than we: viz:—

Justice and Equity are not to be found in any of our systems of government; or in the laws of the lands. Injustice stalks abroad with power—that power born of might, not right. It comes not in one way, but in many: Not only from the power which money, wrested from the hands of the rightful owner, gives; but the power of brute force over the weak; the power of man over woman, established by customs of the dark past.

We see mankind arousing to a sense of injustice; and trying to struggle against it; but they, in their turn, have not grown to that standard of right which would rule humanely. We see the people, who are crying out for justice, burning and destroying life and property; and threatening vengeance against those in power: but we see these same people, were they in power, as unfit, in one way or another, to hold sway, as their oppressors. We are all ungrown; we are all like children, untaught and ignorant, in the light of our more advanced sisters in the Universe of God. But we must be taught—this is a law of things, and none can escape—growth is a necessity. Can we, by fighting, bloodshed, and chaos, such as has been brought about in the history of earth's past, accomplish the higher attainments towards which we tend? How has it been? "History repeats itself;" so saith those in the Spheres surrounding this earth, as well as we. How is this? Are we tending, to-day, toward anarchy and destruction; as overcame the Roman Empire, and other Nations? Is it possible we are to plunge into the same vortex, and go over the same rounds in existence, as has been earth's experience in the past? The reply comes, "Yes; unless some—a sufficient number—are found, developed to work out a new problem; to give a new illustration; to paint a new picture, which shall teach, by illustration and example, a new way; such, as our elder sisters have walked in, on towards perfection; on to where right makes might; where Justice, Truth, Equity, Love, and Harmony prevail." If we, as a planet and a people, are not grown to that point, we plunge again, and go the round once more—each time bringing us nearer to the point where a higher order of things; a more spiritual growth holds sway.

But, in this vision, the substance of which I am trying to relate, it was shown me that the earth had now arrived at that Epoch; and a sufficient number of its inhabitants had become sufficiently developed to establish a School; an illustrative School; a picture of possibilities, from which, thro' the senses, others, looking on, could be shown a better way of living; of governing; of teaching; of acting to bring about harmony and peace on earth. That, hitherto, this had not been possible; owing not only to the want of spiritual growth among earth's children; but to the crude, undeveloped condition of the planet itself. Hence, the time has come for a trial: and, in view of this time in the earth's growth, great preparations had been made by those living in the Sphere of Love to all and the good of all; and in and beyond the seventh Sphere, with chosen assistants from Spheres below.

Like the building of the Temple of Solomon, all must be master-builders—skilled workmen, on their side, as they are—a grand array, such as we can scarce conceive. But are we not a sister just merging into womanhood; one of the loved ones of the great family? Is anything too good for us? It seems not.

One of the immediate Architects who has shown himself, is Hiram Abiff. They have each their work assigned them, according to adaptation. They are the teachers and directors; we, the pupils; hence, obedience is a most necessary adjunct in each pupil selected. How could we on earth, the best, even, guide such a School? The elements within mankind are too imperfect as yet. No, it could not be made a success. Obedience in any school, and strict discipline is essential to success: and there are none on earth whom all would obey. Hence, the beauty and grandeur of the idea. They have already shown their wisdom and power in the directions given.

One question more, Do not men learn thro' their senses more readily and correctly than in any other way? Do those who are struggling, to-day, against wrong and oppression, possess the requisite wisdom to guide a new order of things, and do right to all? If there were those who did, is mankind developed to see the wisdom, and follow any of earth's guides, to carry out a right way? No; selfishness, greed, love of power, and hatred of enemies is so inwoven into human nature, that no lectures; no books; no talk; or Ballot-box alone will eradicate it. If we waited for this, we would plunge many times into the vortex of anarchy and bloodshed, before we would see a better way established. Hence, the beauty and wisdom of our older sisters, in life, establishing a model, and demonstrating by sight, the true way: teaching thro' the senses—picture teaching; such kind of teaching as they use. They call it "a school of illustration." Who of us but needs to go to a school of this kind?

Such is the object of the foregoing, shown me a few days since. I may have received or given it imperfectly.

Yours in the Truth.

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