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## CONTRASTS OF LIFE.

Volume 2.

### SPIRIT HABITATION, OR PLANETARY LIFE.

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

H. A. Cate, Inspirational Writer  
and Amanuensis.

The *triune* law of Nature is characterized by the presence of three distinct qualifications: viz.: SOUL, SPIRIT, and MATTER.

There can be no new life—no procreation of species without these three qualities.

Matter may change into spirit or ethereal substance, and be governed by the duplex law; but there will be no instinctive life made manifest, unless, thereto, is added, the Soul-entity, which renders it a *triune* law.

The Procreative law of life is based upon this *triune* principle.

Trace it where you will, this law forms the basis for the effects that follow.

These effects are the demonstrative power of being; for, by the union of Soul, spirit, and matter, we find Nature's fullest expression of intelligence, beauty, and power.

In considering the Human species as a special study, (See CONTRASTS OF LIFE, Vol. 1.), we have proven that the more fully the Soul-essence of Being is impregnated into the spirit and physical body: the more perfect will be the development of the spirit and physical brain—and, thereby, the Soul is enabled to express the instincts of itself.

Were we to take, for example, the formation of the physical brain alone, as a test of this power, we should have quite a reliable feature: for it is fast becoming known to mortals, that the formation of the brain of Mankind, determines the characteristics and qualities of the man,

as a being of beauty, intelligence, and power—not alone beauty of face, but of acts and motives.

Therefore, when we take into consideration, the fact that there is a spirit body with a brain faculty which accompanies each physical body; and that this spirit body is the first to receive the impression and effects from the Soul-entity which dwelleth within this spirit body: then we can understand that this spirit body will be in advance of the physical body; in this wise, as the spirit body is the first to receive, and be changed and fitted to and for the Soul growth, therefore, the spirit body is in advance of the physical body, and will be lovely and perfect, even when the physical body is not so.

The reader will readily see that, as the spirit body and brain are perfected, the physical body and brain will be required to grow more in correspondance thereto: and, as time goes on, if the CHEMICAL surroundings of its earthly atmosphere together with favorable domestic associations requisite to sustain it, the physical body and brain will gradually become more and more perfect; and thus, thro' an individual being, the *triune* forces of Nature will have become complete.

Spiritualism is proving to mortals that there is a spirit body, even after the physical body has been laid away in so-called death. And, as this spirit body can and does manifest itself, it proves conclusively that there is a Soul-entity which animates this spirit body.

Let it be understood that this spirit body is composed of material substance—only it is refined and is of a higher grade of matter, than is the physical body. Now, as this spirit body is the tabernacle of the Soul, it is perfected by being brought into contact with the varied scenes and results of life in its manifold powers, as expressed and lived out by the great family of Humanity.

As the Soul-entity expands and matures in spirit life, it learns the masterly laws of life; it learns to fashion and build; to imitate and originate from the duplex system of Nature.

The Soul, while experimenting with earthly substances and with the laws of life as applied to the physical body, finds that the physical body is futile for any lengthy duration; and that change is necessary for further utility. In other words, the Soul-entity is unable to achieve sufficient knowledge and experience thro' one short stay upon earth as is allotted by the

laws of physical life, and must again and again Re-incarnate thro' earthly forms.

Thro'out our CONTRASTS OF LIFE, we have frequently referred to this statement, that of the Soul's need to Re-incarnate thro' earthly bodies, in order to gain the *ultimatum* of life, and Soul perfection.

We have thus referred to this especial phase of life, because it is the one primal object of our present work: That of leading the minds of earthly beings to grasp the facts as they will be revealed unto them.

Right here the reader might be led to inquire as follows: If it is true that the Soul of a being really does Re-incarnate, would not that Soul have a recollection of its previous existence, and not require to be told of that existence by another individual?

In answer to this query we will say that the Soul will know it; but while the Soul is manifesting thro' the earthly body, it can only manifest in accordance with the powers of the body and the formation of the brain of that body. If the faculties of memory and individuality be largely developed in the new-born physical brain, the Soul will be enabled to convey to the physical brain, incidents of its previous existence. For the physical body and brain are but pieces of mechanism upon which the Soul acts—and the manifestations are according to the functional capacities thereof.

The functions of the brain receive animation from objective things, such as sight, hearing, and smell. Also impressionable effects from invisible or spirit beings. But this does not necessitate that two physical brains, while seeing the same sights, and hearing the same sounds, or receiving the same spirit impressions of thought, would receive the same conception of the things received: and why?

Because, if the two brains were differently developed, they would take up the classification of thought and conception, in accordance with their brain.

This great variety and difference in beings, forms the mighty ocean of Mental capacity.

Nature, both physical and spiritual, yields an abundant variety of forms, textures, colors, sounds, smells, and flavors, all of which are governed by CHEMICAL laws; the results of which establish systems of worlds and organic beings. These beings retain their organic structures according to the CHEMICAL affinity of these laws.

For example: When two or more CHEMICALS no longer retain their affinity for each other, they separate and unite with others that do affinity—this same law controls all Organic Life, from the Vegetable to the Animal, from the Animal to the Human, from the physical Human to the Spiritual Being.

This same law of affinity governs the Mental powers of life. This Mental affinity is what we designate as within the arena of Soul-force. This Soul-force is that which Re-incarnates thro' physical bodies. It is indestructable—it has its spiritual Temple, and goeth where it pleaseth, and doeth what it will when it can command its surroundings.

This Soul-force stamps its power and development upon the faculties of the spirit body and brain; and the spirit body and brain receive the effects from the Sphere in which it may dwell. Thus, the power of the Soul-force with the objective surroundings of the spirit being, determines the development of the spirit body and brain. These same Soul-forces are the agencies which, when blended with the objective of physical things, determines and develops the physical brain and body.

All physical germs of matter hold within themselves fractional portions of the intricate power of Soul-force which, when brought into affinity, germinate and grow. But these fractional germs do not comprise the whole of Soul capacity as made manifest in the Human species: for in the Human physical and spiritual being—the apex of all Creative beings—these fractional germs culminate into the grand and perfective *Ultrum*-power—which is WISDOM.

This *Ultrum* or Soul-power is but slightly imbued within the nature of some dumb species; therefore, they do not possess the demonstrative power of Wisdom. While, again, in other species, there is seen the more abundant proofs of instinct or mute Wisdom.

Persons who cannot realize that mortals have aught more of Soul-life than the plant or the beast of the field, prove that their organism partakes prominently of the primal or rudimentary qualities of Nature.

These qualities are all necessary within themselves, and form the basic forces from which the spirit forces of Nature germinate—of which we will continue to illustrate in our next.

Written for The Watchman.

## JESSE SHEPARD'S SPIRIT CONCERTS.

Words are utterly inadequate to describe the beauty and grandeur of the spirit manifestations at Jesse Shepard's concerts. The pen fails to describe the pathos and symphony of the music—the soul-stirring music—which greets the ears of his audiences.

As regards myself, it surpasses anything I ever heard, ever witnessed, or ever dreamed of; and I have witnessed almost every phase of spirit power so far vouchsafed to Mankind.

I have had the pleasure of attending several of his musical seances, and in each succeeding one I found an agreeable change of programme, and a noticeable increase of power.

His seances are always well attended; and thus far not one word of complaint has been uttered, either as to the price of admission, or charges of deception being practiced by the medium. Indeed, to hear one song by spirit Sontag (and she sings several) is doubly worth the entrance fee.

The last seance I attended was held in the public seance room at 713 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa., on the evening of Nov. 2, 1883. The place was crowded to its utmost, and every available inch was occupied by an investigator of this wonderful phenomena. Many were turned away for want of room.

The ceiling of the seance room is about ten feet from the floor; and when viewed from a scientific standpoint, the mind of the person is lost in wonder as to how such volumes of music, such wonderful tones and power of voice can be attained within such circumscribed limits.

When all was arranged, Jesse Shepard seated at the piano and two rows of sitters forming a circle directly behind and beside him, the lights were extinguished and we were left in total darkness. Immediately, as the music commenced, low and sweet, the shrill voice of Dick (an attendant spirit who claims to have been a drummer boy in the Confederate service) bid us welcome, also saying, "There is great power here." Flashes of light resembling cornets were seen all over the room. Four palm-leaf fans which lay directly behind me in the corner, and which it was impossible for any mortal to get without myself knowing it, were taken and used by invisible hands to cool the audience with, and near the close of the seance they were all returned to their places.

Who done the fanning I cannot tell. And as I review the whole performance, I wonder to myself, can such things be! Whether they can or not, they are demonstrated facts, beyond a doubt, as thousands can prove.

During the entire seance Jesse Shepard was seated at the piano, entranced and playing, making it utterly impossible for him to take part or act in collusion with any mortal in performing what I am about to relate.

Sappho (an ancient Greek spirit) played on a harp in unison with the piano, carrying the harp over our heads, along the floor, behind the chairs, in fact, everywhere in the room. When the tunes were changed, it was done simultaneously, on all the instruments—even to a note. When asked to play on the strings of the piano, Sappho quietly laid the harp in a lady's lap and complied with the request.

Fifteen distinct names were announced during the ninety minutes the seance

lasted, among whom I remember, Dr. Mott, of N. Y., Mesmer, Hermes, Trismegistus, and William Thomas, who was recognized by, and conversed for some time in a loud voice, with a lady sitter. These were independent voices in all parts of the room, sometimes three at a time and all different. Hands were materialized—icy cold hands—and placed on the faces and hands of the audience. The name of Donizetti was announced with a notice that he would play. Immediately the keys began to dance, as if a dozen hands were performing at once.

The mind becomes lost in wonder how all this can be done; and it wanders to the home from whence these welcome visitors come. A sense of purity pervades the entire room, and a longing to become more like them, took possession of my whole being.

The Egyptians were now announced, and what is called the "Egyptian March" was played, at first low, then louder, louder, at last drums, tramping of feet, and claps of thunder rolling and re-echoing away off and ending in loud peals—it seemed as tho' they were intent on reducing the piano to atoms.

I am confident that no mortal could perform this piece.

The next was a weird piece by spirit Fanny Persiani: next followed a piece played by spirit Meyerbeer, which proved to be the grand finale, in which spirit Sontag, with a powerful, rich, clear voice, sang soprano, while spirit Lablache, in an equally as strong and clear voice, sang bass—they sang together and then separate. This piece, as in all the others, required at least twenty hands to play it. At the close, two tamborines, one guitar, one harp, and four bells were carried about the room and played upon in unison with the piano, while spirit Lablache with his powerful voice rang above our heads like the boom of a great bell.

A "Good night" closed what I consider the grandest entertainment I ever attended. Oh! that all might enjoy it as I did, it seemed as tho' I could at once throw off my fleshy casket and go home with the performers.

Here were spirits and mortals blending in harmony and uniting their very beings in the grand theme of music.

Other spirit artists, among whom are Beethoven, Thalberg, Giulia Grisi, Hadyn, Mario, Malibran, and Piccolomini often attend and take part.

I often think of the great injustice done to mediums, especially such grand ones as Jesse Shepard.

What a difference there is in people's appreciation of true talent and demonstrated facts!

For while Madame Patti can hold her \$1,500 concerts with tickets at \$5 a head: Jesse Shepard is thought to be unreasonable (because he is a medium) for charging \$1 for admittance to his concerts where the music and talent displayed is a hundred times grander than at Madame Patti's.

In conclusion, let me say, the only way to appreciate, to understand the magnificence of spirit music, is to attend one of these concerts; and I am sure if a person attends one, he or she will desire to attend a second and third time.

EMANUEL M. JONES.  
Philadelphia, Pa.

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For The Watchman.

## I AM MY FATHER'S CHILD.

I'm sitting in a quiet valley  
Far away from scenes of strife;  
And only dimly come to me  
The sounds of restless, toiling life.

Around me surge on every side  
The billows fierce and wild;  
I heed them not—I have no fear,  
I am my Father's child.

Here in this quiet valley  
I hold communion sweet  
With loved, not lost but "gone before,"  
Who come and smiling greet.

They come to me and silent stand,  
And gaze on me with starry eyes;  
Or calm my Soul with gentle touch  
Till sorrow's shadow even flies.

They whisper sweet low words to me,  
Drop kisses on my lips and brow;  
I cannot see them yet I know—  
I scarce can tell you how.

I am happy in this quiet valley  
Far away from scenes of strife;  
Ah! would I need return no more  
To that restless, toiling life.

Tho' round me surge on every side  
The billows fierce and wild;  
I heed them not—I have no fear,  
I am my Father's child.

Yet well I know my angel friends  
Follow where'er I go;  
Upon the mountains rugged height,  
As in the valley low.

When 'cross my path the billows surge  
And dash the breakers wild;  
Why should I heed them? even then  
I am my Father's child.

And being this I must obey  
And willing follow at His call;  
Where'er His hand shall point the way,  
Tho' tears rebellious fall.

ANNIE H. PIERCE.

Anamosa, Iowa.

H. A. Cate, Esteemed Editress of  
The Watchman:—I thank you for the  
copies of your paper, which afforded some  
very interesting reading for me.

You are entitled to much credit for your  
remarks in regard to Patent Medicines.

If the people could be made to understand  
how much injury they sustain from  
the use of such things, it would be a very  
great blessing to them.

Some Editors—perhaps many—will not  
publish communications against this great  
evil, from fear of losing their advertisements.

Man is a selfish being—alarmingly so.  
The conduct of nearly every one is his  
answer to the question, "Will it pay?"

In many cases where a man gets credit  
for being actuated by public spirit or humanity,  
he is simply trying to make it  
pay him, and has never performed a disinterested  
act in his life.

Nearly every one has an eye single to  
his individual pecuniary gain, without  
any regard to how others may be affected  
by his conduct.

This condition has enabled monopolists  
to get control of the proceeds of the labor  
of the masses thro' unjust and unconstitutional  
legislation; and I fear that this  
spirit of selfishness, which is well nigh  
universal, will prove to be the ruin of our  
Nation at no distant day.

I believe the time will come when the  
public good will be the chief consideration  
of at least a majority of Mankind, but I  
think some bloody revolution will take  
place before that good time is experienced.  
Very great changes will have to be  
wrought by various means before that

takes place; and, tho' I am not a Spiritualist,  
I have no doubt that Spiritualism is an important  
factor in that direction.

Judging from their writings, Spiritualists  
understand the necessity of righteousness  
in order to obtain happiness in this  
life, which is one of the main essentials;  
and they have effected a great deal of  
good by awakening a spirit of investigation  
in millions of people who had never  
reasoned much previously, which also is  
essential to the good time that I hope for.

If Spiritualists continue to increase in  
numbers as heretofore, and stick to the  
doctrine of doing good in order to be happy  
in this life, and take pains to impress  
that idea on their children (make them  
understand the truth of it), they will work  
wonders in that direction in the course of  
fifty years or more.

The fear of hell added to the desire for  
heaven will never develop the humane  
principle in man that is essential to cause  
him to seek that happiness of his fellowmen.

These inducements are too widely different  
to have any good effect on his conduct,  
especially when it is understood that

"While the lamp of life holds out to burn,  
The vilest sinner may return."

Man will never do much good unless he is  
so educated that he will experience pleasure  
in doing so. At present, such education is  
not thought of by many.

To say what I think of your paper, what  
is said above is about as good an answer as I  
can give—I like to read it.

I wish you great success in your efforts to  
improve the condition of Mankind.

Very Respectfully, M. H. ZELLNER.  
Ashville, St. Clair Co., Ala.

For The Watchman.

## NATURE'S MORNING.

The golden gates swing open wide,  
And fasten firmly back,  
That Nature's morn in her loveliest train  
May pass the shining track;  
That our eyes her glories may behold  
In glistening robes of truth,  
Which loving angel hands unfold  
To bless, to cheer, and soothe,

Yes, yes! swing open the royal gates of  
truth, that the illimitable and life-giving rays  
from the brighter realms, may shine with a  
clearer effulgence than e'er before; for behold  
the time of gladness, so long, so earnestly  
panted for in the great heart of Humanity, is  
already casting forth her beams from the resplendent  
realms of truth and love.

Rejoice, rejoice my Soul! until earth shall  
re-echo the gladness strain which from Infinitude  
has gone forth; borne on the Electric  
wings of truth by angel hosts, who have  
worked, watched, and waited for the advent  
of the blessed morn which all Nature proclaims  
is at hand. Yes, together are spirits  
and mortals loyally and truthfully marching  
on, working with a will and power that is irresistible;  
far around and above us is the  
Loving Supremacy whose laws are in continual  
execution and unfoldment by the silent  
forces of Magnetism and Electricity; which  
seem to be the outward manifestation of  
Creative Power, and by which all things are  
refined and purified.

Oh ye blessed mediums! My heart bounds  
with gratitude for the high and holy work  
that is being accomplished by and thro' your  
aid, and future generations may well accord  
to you the title of "blessed", as they gaze into  
the vista of the past, with love and reverence  
for the noble ones who fought so valiantly for  
truth, love, and liberty; and who sacrificed  
not their blood, but a more heart-lacerating  
sacrifice—so cruelly looked upon, and so little  
understood even by near and dearest friends;  
but were still upheld by an unseen power that  
brought sweeter melody to each Soul than was  
in the power of earth to give.

Mrs. L. S. GOODNOW.  
Millington, Mass.

Written for The Watchman.

# THE ODDS AGAINST US.

By MARY A. WHITE.

The *Texas Siftings*, in a recent notice of the *Independent Pulpit*—a liberal monthly published in Waco, Texas, by J. D. Shaw, (who was last year expelled from the Church for his liberal views), says of Mr. Shaw: "He is evidently a learned man, but he has undertaken a fight in which the odds are largely against him."

The *Texas Siftings* has not overestimated the magnitude of Mr. Shaw's undertaking. Were it merely a contest of opinions; or of truth and Science, against ignorance and superstition, the conflict would be easy. But the fight is against a great monopoly—a rich and powerful moneyed Aristocracy—embraced in the general term—the Clergy.

History shows how man will fight for these things: \$40,000,000 of untaxable property in the United States alone; \$15,000,000 of the people's money, paid annually by the Federal and State Governments, to run public praying machines; and millions more, expended every year, to secure "excursion rates" on the train to glory; are some of the "odds" against Mr. Shaw's undertaking.

Again, the monopolists are molders of public sentiment. Having exercised this right for centuries; and arrogated to themselves exclusive jurisdiction in matters of moral purity (?) and refinement; from their decision there is no appeal. Anything that conflicts with their interest, goes under. This is why Spiritualism is unpopular; and thousands conceal the fact that they do not believe the Bible.

Again, the Priests promulgate the idea that a bird in the "sky" is worth a dozen in the hand; and "Insure" Souls against future fire, by simply believing on a mythical personage (who never existed), and paying the Insurance Agents handsomely. While men are foolish enough to believe that the "Blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin;" the "odds" will ever be against those who interfere with this "Insurance business."

History has proven the truth of Patrick Henry's assertion: "The battle is not to the strong—but to the active, the vigilant, the brave." And here, too, I fear the "odds" are against us. Who are as active, as vigilant, or as brave as the Clergy—where their finances are concerned? Blackstone's Commentaries show their finesse and their skill in getting ahead of the old English Law-makers; and they have not lost their cunning since then. Square upon the back of Progress they plant themselves, and keep back every advancing truth, as long as it is possible to do so. But when the Electric power of thought moves the progressive car, in spite of them; they leap upon the rear platform, ere it passes on, and claim to be the Superintendents of the whole concern. Already has a follower of the "gentle Nazarene" been trying to persuade Helen Wilmans that she is a Christian, and *does not know it*. A woman of such force and vim is sure to win in her undertakings; and so she must be won. It seems that the odds were against the Reverend gentleman in that undertaking; but it may not be so. Helen now quotes the moral precepts of Confucius as emanating from the "gentle Nazarene". Being an admirer of hers, I will take the liberty of asking her one question.

Was it "gentle" in the Nazarene to assign to the flames of an everlasting hell, (where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched), all those who do not believe,

what they find it impossible to believe concerning his "Immaculate conception"? Those anonymous writers, who claim to be his biographers, accredited him with the above humane disposition of his people, in the final settlement of accounts, for this mundane Sphere. As the said, unknown authors—Mathew, Mark, Luke, and John—give us all the world has ever known of the "Nazarene", we must believe their testimony concerning his politics on the *hell question*, if we believe anything they have written, (or caused to be written, for, according to their account of themselves, they were *illiterate*).

The "odds" would not be so great against us, if we could induce people to think for themselves; and examine this subject as they examine other subjects—by the tests of Reason, fact, and logic.

Following the example of these enemies who have so greatly the advantage in this fight, I will append a little song to stimulate the zeal of the weaker side. A celebrated writer has said: "Let me make the Songs of the Nation, and I care not who makes the Laws." This song is entirely impromptu, and has but one merit—its *truth*.

The words of Jesus—what are they,  
But echoes of an earlier day—  
Fine moral precepts from the East,  
Compiled by an Egyptian Priest?

The birth of Jesus? Was it not  
A little *strange* that God forgot  
A baby, with a *mortal* life;  
Whose mother was poor Joseph's *WIFE*?

The death of Jesus? That was *bad*;  
A fellow with so great a Dad,  
Need not have been at any loss,  
In getting loose from every cross.

The blood of Jesus? You must know  
That blood will not wash white as snow;  
'Tis but a fable from the East,  
To salt the pockets of the Priest.

Dardanelle, Ark.

For The Watchman.

## A SHORT DISCOURSE ON FACTS AND FORCES.

By J. H. FULLER.

"There are moral hidden facts that are no less real than battles, wars, and the public acts of Government."—GIZOT.

Our experience and intuitive convictions confirm the truth of these words.

Open effects are visible on every hand, the causes of which are wholly unseen, and even unknown.

Ignorance, unwilling to confess its imbecility, often assumes causes that are entirely false. This has been its common resort from time immemorial. Unseen and malevolent agencies have been assigned as causes, until man has learned to fix his eye on the phenomena, to accurately observe the conditions, and measure the change.

The discovery of truth was the result of this simple operation, of such vast importance to the welfare of the world. This was a mortal wound to superstition.

With the progress of inductive philosophy, man was emancipated from the terrors of unseen agencies; and the phenomena of Nature were fixed on a stable basis, that constantly invited man to further inquiry.

The immense revolution that had taken place in man's view of Nature, gave rise to another revolution, that struck another fatal blow at Priestcraft, and done much to bring man back to the spiritual worship of his Creator. And some, at least, learned to love the pure beauty of true religion, and forsake the doctrines of

devils, as taught by men. Causes were no longer beings, but the Laws of the Material World.

Rome would have no Science, because Science means death to superstition.

The progress of Mankind is a progress from ignorance, error, and superstition, towards knowledge.

The first great fact that we learn from History is, that all Governments, during the earlier periods of Society, are despotic in their character; and that this character is thrown off only as the people progress in truth and knowledge; and combine for the advancement of their liberties.

The progress of liberty, then, is an internal progress, wrought by silent processes in the mind of man, until it becomes a resistless power; an irresistible force that cannot be stayed in its onward course.

Man is the great primary force in the Sphere of Humanity and terrestrial existence—a marvelous force of many phases that is continually giving us some new and startling manifestation of latent power.

"There is not yet any inventory of man's faculties," says Emerson, "any more than a Bible of his opinions; who, then, shall set a limit to the influence of a human being. Some men by their sympathetic attraction carry multitudes with them."

Gizot says, "A cause of the progress of civilization which it is impossible strictly to appreciate, but which is not, therefore, the less real, was the appearance of great men. To say why a great man appears on the stage at a certain Epoch, or what of his own individual development he imparts to the world at large, is beyond any power—it is the secret of Providence; but the fact is still certain.

There are men to whom the spectacle of Society in a state of anarchy, or immobility is unendurable and revolting; it occasions them an intellectual shudder, as a thing that should not be; they feel an unconquerable desire to change it; to restore order; to introduce something general, regular, and permanent, into the world which is placed before them.

Tremendous power! often tyrannical, committing a thousand iniquities, a thousand errors, for human weakness accompanies it. Glorious and salutatory power! nevertheless, for it gives to humanity, and by the hand of man, a new and powerful impulse."

There are some who can see many things where another can see nothing whatever, or, perhaps, only huge externalities.

Newton saw in the fall of the apple, what no other had been able to discover before, tho' apples had fallen ever since Adam had a being.

"Nature and Nature's Laws lay hid in night,  
Till God said, 'Let Newton be,' and all was light."

There is an inner sight that is more piercing, and far wider in its range, than the outer vision or physical eye. In fact, the former is the real, the positive, while the latter is conditional or factitious.

But greatest of all the hidden powers that work for the welfare of our species, is the *moral law*, which has worked up thro' humanity from obscure seed-germs that lie at its very roots.

Very faint indeed are the traces of it in primitive conditions of Society—hardly more than a dim consciousness of right and wrong with none of its requisites. These terms being promiscuously applied to any and everything, having none of the essential qualities that distinguish the one from the other. But in the consciousness that there is a right and wrong, we behold the prophecy of infinite glories. It is the

ladder upon which angels of light ascend and descend to bless our world.

Right and wrong have been the rallying notes of the bugle call to action in many a crisis of Society and the world.

For the *moral* progress of the world, there is one inevitable necessity, that, strangely enough, seems often to be overlooked by the pseudo-wise and prudent: it is *knowledge* that makes man strong, noble, and wise.

Hornellsville, N. Y.

Contributed to The Watchman.

ONWARD! ONWARD!

How few of us reflect on the mighty changes that must take place in Society like our own. Formerly the children grew up to take the places of their parents in Church and State. Fifty years might pass on and an observer who had left his native home returning on a visit found everything much the same as when he left, except that the parents had disappeared and their children were in their places. But now the alterations that are taking place in the beliefs of people, the movements of immense populations, the new ideas infused, the inventions and discoveries made, the changes in routes of traffic and travel, suffice in a few years to totally revolutionize everything.

Just think what eighteen years will do, and that is no time at all. Over half of all the people that are on the earth die in eighteen years. Leave any place and return in sixteen or eighteen years and you will not be able to recognize one face in a hundred on the crowded streets of your former town residence, altho' when you left you knew every Soul. All those young men and women you meet were born since you left. All the little boys and girls who then trotted by on their way to school are the middle aged fathers and mothers of the noisy generations around you. And who are those few bowed old men, those ancient crones you see slouching along? "Bless me," you will exclaim, "why, they are positively all that is left on earth of the proud masters of their little world, not long ago." You look into the mirror and behold the wrinkled face and grizzled head of a person far past middle age, and begin to admit that you, too, are growing old. As you pass along the streets you will perhaps hear some one ask, "Who is that old fellow?" and the reply, "He is an old man who used to live here—I forgot his name." This shocks you. Then, indeed, you begin to feel what an insignificant thing is the life of a man, how full of change and instability.

Onward! Onward! is the command that was voiced Infinite Ages ago, when "Let there be light," was uttered. The Earth itself, like some mighty vehicle laden with passengers, rolls unceasingly—every moment carries you nearer your journey's end—only she stops not to let you off. When your station is reached she gently receives you into her bosom.

HOLT.

For The Watchman.

## THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS.

O, Friends, "The beauty of holiness"—is love; For as doth the soft plumage enhance the dove So pure affection, free, and true—

Would save the many, while enriching the few  
O, Friends, "The beauty of holiness"—is love; For as doth the dew descend from above, And revivify the grass and flowers— So doth strong sympathy bright'n time's hours

O, Friends, "The beauty of holiness"—is love; For let us still to earthly idols rove, If but of clay, they are designed— No life, no joy, no Soul we'll find.

O, Friends, "The beauty of holiness"—is love; For as onward on life's path we move, The most this heart beauty shall we find— If in all charity, we dwell with our kind.

Brooklyn, N. Y. HELEN H. BRETT.

THE WATCHMAN.

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WATCHMAN, Spirit Editor.

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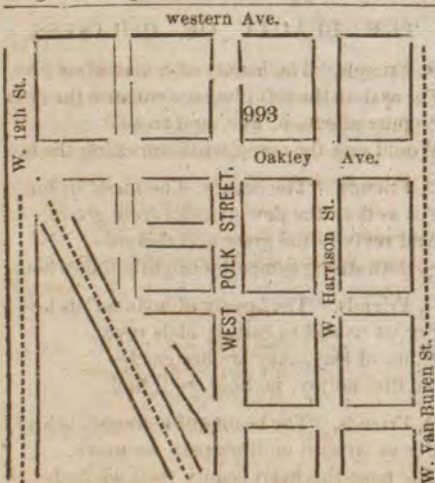
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EDITORIAL.

Once more the *New Year* opens before us. And with anticipations of love and labor for the ensuing year, we continue our Journalistic and Literary work.

With what hopes doth the active mind ever look forward to the fruits of labor—hopeful of doing good in many ways!

Hopeful of sustaining the weak and uplifting the downtrodden; hopeful of aiding in the onward march of spiritualistic truth, which shall dawn like a gleam of revelation upon this, a world whose people are enslaved by Priestcraft and its consequent evils, whose name is *Mental slavery*.

Each New Year opens, to our mind, as a symbol of renewed efforts of life, wherein our acts go down with the past, and are again reflected to us in the rising morn, and the New Year's hopeful day.

The honest Physician is hopeful of saving life and relieving pain. Each earnest worker feels the responsibility of doing the most good to the greatest number.

We find this to be so in our Editorial and Mediumistic labors. We also desire to give publicity to the views of our many correspondents—for we recognize that "expression is the dress of thought"; and we would encourage our frequent contributors, and also those who are not accustomed to write for the public Press, to give their thoughts a "New Year's dress." This is an odd way to express it—but let us feel the wealth of Soul from each one who has something to tell; something to add to the testimony of spirit manifestations; something to prove that the days of superstition, and Ecclesiastical persuasion have died long ago, and left the minds of to-day, soaring onward toward mental liberty.

To all our correspondents we say: Take heart in your noble calling; remember that we, as thinkers, writers, and readers, are linked as with a mental chain that will draw us all onward toward the ear of Progression.

The Old Year dies—the New year is borned, and life goes on: so with the past forms of Religious beliefs—they die to usefulness save as examples from which are drawn the effects both good and bad.

Thus, the progressive scholar will respect all that is good, either of the Past, or the Present, and will actively labor to reform the evils as they are presented to them.

How suggestive is the New Year, calling us to make new exertions for self and for others; reminding us that there are happy thoughts to be exchanged, and blessings to be given and received—we receive, as it were, a new impetus for future days.

We wonder how many of us feel the interest that our spirit friends take in these our days of love-taking and love-giving!

To us they manifest great joy and interest, because they see that, for a time, at least, the spirit of peace and good-will on earth, is uppermost within the minds of mortals; and, at such times, the spirits of light and truth can draw nearer to mortals and impress and show to them the principles of a higher life.

They show us that love and truth alone will fit our Souls for that exalted state of mental bliss which time cannot destroy.

A word of hope, is now given to all our readers and co-workers, from the Band of Spirit Guides who have so long and faithfully manifested acts of goodness to those in trouble and sorrow, and have never forgotten those who were under their guardian care.

Many of our readers are well acquainted with these, our Spirit Guides; while others are not.

Now a voice comes from Spirit

MEANSONTHOO,

The Chief with the Healing Art,  
Who says to all, This power of Healing  
I wish to impart—

Thro' my sheets of *Magnet Paper*  
I can reach your Soul within;  
I can breathe new life upon you,  
Like the spirit of the wind.

If you hold my *Magnet Paper*,  
I will try & reach you—try and give—  
Mediumistic powers unfolding—  
Proving spirits live.

If the cares of earth press heavy,  
And your lot is hard to bear;  
I have many spirit helpers,  
Who, your lot will try and share.

We wish the chance to aid you,  
To teach your spirit how to grow;  
To teach that patience and forbearance  
Overcomes each care and woe.

Earth's children bear deep sorrows—  
The fruits of error's power;  
For the males of birth have crushed  
The rights of female bower.

The voice of Nature, grand and true,  
Shows male and female gender;  
The male, of muscle strong is he,  
The female, fine and tender.

Thro' error, man now holds his claim  
To rule o'er female gender;  
Thus children born must needs complain  
Of bodies weak and tender.

Long many years of custom  
Have blinded female culture;  
Until earth's bodies suffer much  
From error's clutching vulture.

The lessons that we spirits give,  
Are those of health and Nature;  
Then next we seek the Soul to reach—  
Itself to be its teacher.

We are a Band of Spirits true,  
Some old in years of Wisdom;  
And each one finds its work to do  
In promoting *Mental freedom*.

MEANSONTHOO and his daughter,  
(On earth, Princess WHITE FEATHER,  
) In spirit, PEACE BIRD, QUEEN,  
Return to earth to aid and bless,  
Whoe'er in sorrow seem.

Our work is for Humanity,  
Who suffer sore distress;  
We calm the troubled, weary Soul,  
And quell the heaving breast.

The Ancient Sage has written long  
Of LIFE's deep CONTRASTS true;  
Has pointed out the problems  
Of the Soul's Re-incarnation new.

And at some near and future day,  
We of this Spirit Band;  
Will tell how we oft have been  
Residents of earthly lands.

We will give our names and lives,  
Thro' different Nations too;  
So do not wonder at it all,  
For it will be strictly true.

PEACE BIRD who now addresses you,  
You have known as an Indian child;  
Because I told you of the time  
When I lived with these people wild.

But I did not tell you that I had lived  
Many, many long years before;  
That I once was known in a land  
where I roamed,  
As "The Poetess of the Moor."

My ancient home was not in the  
Moorlands—  
But I travelled far and wide;  
And dwelt awhile with Moorland folks  
Where my body sickened and died.

The people of the Moorlands  
Who read my verses o'er and o'er;  
In their native tongue, would  
Style me "The Poetess of the Moor."

But to you I am WHITE FEATHER,  
PEACE BIRD,  
Now a member of a Spirit Band;  
And when I can I will bless you  
Who are dwellers of the earthly lands.

A New Year's gift I bring you—  
And to each reader I wish to impart  
That gift that can never harm you—  
The gift of a loving heart.

Each member of our Spirit Band  
In spirit breathe on you  
As readers of this Talking-sheet—  
A New Year's wish of loving acts to do.

THE BAND.

Thro' their Medium, FRENCHIA, (H. A. Cate.).

CORRESPONDENCE.

Editress of The Watchman:

Your call for me to put my shoulder to the wheel of human progress, has not fallen upon a dead ear, nor an indifferent one. That you would honor me by supposing that I could, by anything that I might be able to write, influence my fellow beings to take upon themselves a higher ambition for the well-being of the race, is very pleasant.

While I feel a strong desire for the establishment of better relations between men and women, and believe that such relations can only be had by the formal and statutory recognition of *equality of position and rights* of the two sexes; while I believe that we have entered on the Epoch of Womanhood in public as well as social affairs and that henceforth more and more will the world be led upward and on by the Woman-soul; yet it does not appear to have been allotted to me to become one of the instruments by which the lives of the masses are to be lifted or moved to the higher plane.

For I am growing every day more firmly convinced that all original power flows into us from the spirit-world, and that those who speak to good purpose, are those alone who are literally "moved by the holy ghost."

Perfectly willing to be used as an instrument for the good of my fellow beings, I am as yet, as you see, without my "Commission", and being unauthorized to lead, can only follow. If the only objects of your publication, were the amusement of your circle of readers, it would not be difficult to find abundant material to answer that purpose. I find your paper, however, occupied with matters of the gravest importance, and which are shaking the civilized world to its foundations. The rights of woman: the rights of capital: the rights of labor: the powers and existence of spirits and their relation to physical life: and last, but not least, the powers and purposes of an Ecclesiastical organization, the Roman Catholic Church; these are some of the topics found in your paper, and I am bound to accept and recognize an earnest, serious purpose in the establishment of a periodical which seeks to stir these solemn questions. Recognizing such purpose, I realize that any contribution that did not help somewhat the purpose and object of the publication, would be an impertinence.

If I were gifted with the power of communication with such influences as produce the Articles in your paper to which I have above referred, I would hope to be able to present something of interest to your readers.

I enclose subscription, which please

apply in payment for the five numbers previously sent to me, and such additional numbers containing the Articles on CONTRASTS OF LIFE as it will cover. These Articles are of singular interest, and I should be sorry to lose them.

Trusting that I may be relieved from the suspicion of unwillingness to be useful, I remain

Yours very respectfully

J. M. PRAY.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

S. W. Jewett, Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "More letters on CONTRASTS OF LIFE are not only interesting, but very instructive to all, as well as grand and sublime. But few there are, we fear, who can read and appreciate those ennobling and angelic teachings. As you have the copyright secured, I hope you will be enabled to put it into book form, that it may be read by seekers after this new light, who are yet unborn, but to be conceived and moulded into the spiritual as spirit may desire."

H. Hunt, of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "I am much pleased with the WATCHMAN'S Article—CONTRASTS OF LIFE—tho' it is pretty deep, still I read it with quickened intelligence, every time. The first time reading, it was as clear as mud—but after reading it over, I sensed the meaning better and better. I shall have the volume bound, for I think it will be the most interesting work on that subject that has ever been written."

Hattie A. Cate, Dear Lady:—

You will find inclosed, \$1.00, my subscription for THE WATCHMAN for another year—the paper that I love so much, and would like to read, not once a month, but every week.

I will take THE WATCHMAN as long as I am able to pay for it, because you take the stand to defend our much-abused mediums, and, for doing so, I owe you everlasting thanks.

I regret very much that I am not a medium—but my children, grandchildren, and many others about here possess that power; and thro' them I came to the knowledge about Spiritualism; and now I am a true Spiritualist, and shall remain so. There are many families in North Carolina holding the home or family circles; and, now, if we only had a good and experienced medium in our State, the people would soon become disgusted with old religious beliefs, and would become good Spiritualists.

And now, dear Editress of THE WATCHMAN, I send my sincere thanks to all of your contributors, and particularly to Mrs. Minerva Merrick; and my brotherly love to all true Spiritualists; and, also, thanks to you for improving THE WATCHMAN.

Yours as ever.

JOHN ROSEMOND.

Hillsboro, N. C.

Dear Editress:—

I receive THE WATCHMAN, and I like its sentiments—its bold and independent spirit; and am proud and thankful that a woman dares to take so bold and noble a place, to help this glorious Cause—the emancipation of Woman. It is time for women to speak and act for themselves. May God grant you success in so doing.

I will do all I can to help you forward its progress. And will try and get subscribers for your paper.

Yours in Friendship.

MRS. W. S. MOORE.

Stony Fork, Pa.

Mrs. H. A. Cate, Editress of The Watchman:—Please accept our thanks for the papers you sent us, so full of good thought and instruction. Oh! how we long for wealth to secure them ourselves, and to sow them broadcast thro'out the land, that other homes than ours might be cheered by their inspired pages. Long may you and your WATCHMAN live to bless and cheer Humanity.

Yours for Truth and Progress.

EMILINE HARDING.

Armstrong, Neb.

Hattie H. Cate, Editress:—

Dear Madam:—I am glad to learn that you have embarked in so good a Cause. I am heartily glad to learn that women are coming to the front so rapidly. How often I have heard my good, old mother groan under the heavy load Moses and St. Paul placed upon her. I guess the reason I am such a warm advocate of woman's Cause, is, that my mother was a woman—God bless her—she passed to spirit life on March 11, 1877, at the ripe age of 83.

Please send me your paper.

Respectfully yours,

N. G. SAYLES.

Golden, Colo.

MIND AND MATTER PUBLISHING HOUSE,

713 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 22, 1883.

Hattie A. Cate, Editress and Manager of The Watchman:—

As you will see by the last issue (Nov. 17, 1883), we are compelled to suspend for a short time. We hope soon to resume, say as soon as June 1, 1884, when we will be pleased to again resume business and friendly relations with you.

Fraternally.

J. M. ROBERTS, Editor of Mind and Matter,  
per LEONARD I. ABBOTT.

Editress of The Watchman:—

I have just perused your views, in the December number of THE WATCHMAN, in regard to Mind and Matter and its Editor. I feel to thank you for your words of sympathy in behalf of J. M. ROBERTS. I feel that he should have the sympathy and encouragement of all mediums; all lovers of freedom and right; and all who desire the success of the Spiritual movement, and the enlightenment and progression of the human race.

In regard to the Christian verdict charged against J. M. ROBERTS, if there be equity or justice in it, few liberal minds will be able to see it.

The Editor of Mind and Matter has shown himself a bold and fearless defender of Spiritualism; and a true friend to all mediums—and nobly has he defended them in all their sore trials, persecutions, and trying difficulties.

When the masses of mediums were falsely and fraudulently exposed and denounced as frauds, tricksters, and humbugs, and turned out in the cold world almost friendless, by a system inaugurated by the Religio-Philosophical Journal, (styled the "weeding-out process"), and endorsed by other publications (called Spiritual), and the Christian Spiritualists, and their Orthodox brothers—and by them, a raid was made on all mediums, for the purpose of wiping out of existence all mediums—honest, true, and reliable mediums were branded as cheats, frauds, and humbugs. This movement reached even Europe; there men and women—reliable instruments of the spirit-world, were persecuted and imprisoned, by the same spirit of persecution and hate.

When all seemed lost to the Spiritual movement, J. M. ROBERTS, Editor of Mind and Matter, boldly and fearlessly stepped into the arena, and single handed, and alone, defended and protected the instruments of the spirit-world, and nobly did he battle for the right, and the interests of the sadly abused mediums of our land; and thro' his efforts, and the assistance of the spirit-world, the mediums were restored to the confidence of the people, and the use of the spirit-world, for the enlightenment of man.

To Mind and Matter and J. M. ROBERTS, mediums and Spiritualists owe a debt of gratitude that time can never liquidate: to him are we indebted for our mediums, and light from spirit Spheres—without his efforts we would have no public mediums in the field—especially Materializing mediums, as all mediums would have been wiped out, and the spirit-world sent back to their spirit homes—and the Christian Spiritualists and their brethren could have hitched Spiritualism on to Christianity for a tail to fly their kite.

J. B. FAYETTE.

Oswego, N. Y.

Written for The Watchman.

J. M. ROBERTS.

Noble and bravest of the brave,  
Himself he offered up,  
A sacrifice the truth to save—  
He took the proffered cup.

Fitted by nature, strong and true,  
To combat error dark;  
Spirits of light, they signaled him  
To spread the vital spark—

To lift the curtain, which so long  
Had hid the blessed light;  
To usher in the gladdest morn  
That e'er succeeded night.

With spirit eye so keen and bright,  
To pierce the darkness thro';  
No rest was his, till with his might  
The work he dared to do.

He heard the call from spirit Spheres:  
"Gird, gird thy armor on—  
For the battle rageth hot and fierce—  
Oh, haste! that Truth be won:

That earth from slavery's chains be  
Never to be rebound; [loosed  
But victory gained, and angel hosts  
With earth shall praise resound."

Mrs. L. S. GOODNOW.

Millington, Mass.

The Freethinkers' Magazine and Free-thought Directory, for the United States and Canada, is a bi-monthly publication, Devoted to the interests of Freethinkers everywhere. H. L. Green, Editor and Proprietor, Salamanca, N. Y. Terms: \$1.50 per annum, in advance, 25 cents a copy. Fee for entering your name in the Directory for one year, 25 cents.

The above mentioned work is a truly useful publication. Freethinkers will do well to enter their names in the Directory Department.—Ed.

Address H. L. Green, Salamanca, N. Y.

A Celestial's soliloquy on the Chicago grip-car:—

"No horse-ee, no mule-ee;  
No push-ee, no pull-ee;  
No steam-ee, no 'chipe-ee;  
Go like hell-ee, all the same-ee."

Send to H. A. CATE, 993 West Polk St., Chicago, Ill., for MAGNETIZED PAPER for the cure of disease, and relief from pain. Each sheet is especially magnetized to supply the constitutional deficiencies of each individual purchaser. Full directions accompany each sheet. Single sheet 15 cents. 7 sheets (1 per week) \$1. Send lock of hair of the patient as a magnet.

For The Watchman.

## HUMANITY.

Within the range of human life, there is a vast diversity of character, faculty, and power. Nature provides or fails to provide each person with more or less of the divine characteristics or attributes of success or failure in life.

Dr. Lyman Beecher said: "I have walked hundreds of miles to find my hat." He had no "place for everything, and everything in its place"; and neglecting to cultivate order, cost him much time and travel about the house to find his hat, which should not have annoyed him, and would not if he had left it somewhere.

The human mind is endowed, and most happily adjusted so that it may be cultivated and trained in the most desirable directions.

One of the lessons time hath taught, is the divinity of Humanity.

Whoever has lived a useful life has done it by strict adherence to industry in whatever pursuit they followed.

But few people could afford to spend but little time in finding things they had put out of place, and would, in most cases, learn to take better care, and set in order, small disorders. The difference between order and disorder, is comfort and discomfort, ease and disease.

It must not be expected that one person will be like any other person in all things. The same is true in opinions: and where people differ, two cannot agree without similar degrees of knowledge.

The faculties can be cultivated. A boy can learn to find his hat, by always putting it in its place; and when he is a man, he will not waste his time to find it. The same is true of all other material articles, from broom to blankets.

As Maples, Willows, Sunflowers, and Morning-glories grow side by side and retain their separate individualities: so do people, if liberal, prosper day by day, growing in goodwill and truth.

The human being, in whatever stage of cultivation, appeals to our minds as a part of the Human Family. From the most cultivated and refined to the most neglected and desolate, Humanity is appealed to, "to be kind to each other."

We have the best Government on earth—the protecting power of our Nation is sufficient, if it (the Nation) would use it, to save the homes from drunkenness. Let Reason guide the helm, and the "Ship of State" would not legislate to protect the crime of the liquor trade. Avarice is not a "civil right", to be protected at the expense of ruining men, women and children.

A common sense method of banishing the intoxicating drinks, is not to taste them. If nobody would buy, nobody could sell the poisonous fluid. At present that is not practical.

One half the citizens in our Nation have no defense against the liquor sellers' snares to entrap fathers, sons, and brothers—and in exchange for home and comfort, give only sorrow. Women, too, learn to imbibe from the cup that ruins the body and mind.

The ballot is the only sure weapon, and it should be taken by woman and wielded for the prosperity of the people, as fearlessly as it has been for the adversity of millions.

I do not doubt a place can be found for alcohol and avarice, by the aid of the humane helping hands of order-loving men and women.

L. M. GREENE.

My duty done,  
My conscience clear;  
My crown is won—  
I've naught to fear.

Please order them of Elmina D. Slenker, Snowville, Pulaski Co., Va.

Subscribe for THE WATCHMAN.

CORRESPONDENCE TO THE WATCHMAN,

By MRS. MINERVA MERRICK,  
QUINCY, ILL.

Formerly Publisher of  
A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

The publication of "A Fountain of Light," as a Periodical, is discontinued. Bound copies of Volume 1, containing 832 pages, can be obtained of Mrs. Minerva Merrick, Quincy, Ill., at 50 cents each. Postage 16 cents.

Dear Editress:—Our experience in endeavoring to impress the truths of spirit communion on the minds of the people of Quincy, has not been successful or agreeable. The efforts we have made, have not produced the desired result; but we shall wait patiently, as the time is approaching when the light of love to our neighbor will illumine the dark chambers of the Soul; and freedom of thought shall flow over the minds of the people, and they will see themselves as they are seen in the eternal world, where they have painted the panorama of their lives, and they will behold their true character.

Very few are acquainted with themselves, we judge from our experience, that knowledge of one's self is not easily acquired.

We are sure that our character is perfectly known in the spirit realm—which is here the fourth dimension of space.

Our thoughts are heard, we are told, by some intelligence that answers them.

Standing upon this rock of truth, we used means, and made efforts to introduce the truth, but do not perceive any important results yet. The seed may be planted that will yield a bountiful harvest.

The Rev. F. A. Thayer, of the Congregational Church, had some opposition to his inauguration, and we thought he might have received a touch of the live coal from the altar of love to Humanity, and liberal ideas had entered his mind; and we took the liberty of sending him a copy of *A Fountain of Light*, and some liberal papers.

In a few weeks he called upon us, and expressed a desire to use our building for a Sunday-school—he thought it would be a benefit to the neighborhood—the service should be mostly singing.

We were more than pleased with his gentlemanly and friendly conversation.

We told him there was a good, small organ—and we had no doubt that a Committee of competent people could make the meetings, in this North part of the city, profitable and useful.

The Rev. F. A. Thayer (we heard) mentioned the project to some of the prominent members of his Congregation; but they were not willing to advance outside of their prejudice; or to take the trouble to assist in a movement outside of the Church.

All Sects are sending Missionaries to Foreign lands—each one teaching their creeds and doctrines which, in substance, are the opinions of men about the contents of the book they call infallible; but they are not willing to send a Missionary into the North part of our city, to enlighten the barbarians who infest this neighborhood.

We have enjoyed the pleasure of a visit from the Rev. F. A. Thayer since he passed beyond the veil—it was drawn aside by the power of a medium—she (the medium) saw him sitting in a chair, reading a large book. In a moment he stood by her side, and she described him correctly. He controlled the medium, saying:—

"I feel very sick at my stomach. I took so much morphine, my arm feel as if full of needles."

After groaning a short time, he went away.

In a day or two, an acquaintance called, and, speaking of Rev. Mr. Thayer's decease, said that he suffered very much, and took a large quantity of morphine.

Neither the medium nor myself knew anything about Rev. Mr. Thayer's illness.

These test of spirits returning to this Material Sphere, are the most important knowledge that Humanity can receive, as it leads to a knowledge of themselves.

MRS. MINERVA MERRICK.

Editress:—We noticed, recently, an article in the *Quincy Journal*, headed, "Bagging a Spook in Chicago."

After looking it over, we concluded to express our contempt for such infamous proceedings.

By an unlawful entrance of a man's house a disgraceful row was produced—women screaming, men hallooing, chairs upset, the lights extinguished, and an officer tearing the clothes off from a man, and a melee prevailed.

Is it lawful to hold political meetings when it has been said that those who meet are mostly all frauds—each one trying to expose his neighbor?

We thought the CONSTITUTION of this glorious Country allowed the citizens to hold meetings—Scientific, Religious, Spiritual and all kinds of meetings that were orderly, especially when held in their own houses. If this is true, then those policemen transgressed the law of our land, the Christians' God, and decency, by entering—intruding in a fraudulent, deceptive, illegal manner—a citizen's house.

When old King Saul, called on the "Woman of Endor", in disguise, she became entranced—as Peter was, on the housetop—and penetrated his disguise. After hearing what Samuel (the spirit) had to say to him, Saul fell upon the floor in a swoon.

We prophesy that some of those expositors will, sometime, be laid out in the same way, all are well known in the spirit realm.

We venture to say that those policemen and their confederates have no more conception of Spirituality, than a wild beast in the forest.

Grabbing a medium, does not prove that medium a fraud—not in the least—"birds of a feather flock together," so do spirits.

We live in circles, and draw inspiration from the circle of thought and desire that we live in. If we lay plans to injure our brothers or sisters, we have circles of spirits of the same class to assist in accomplishing those plans.

When those policemen entered that house they, no doubt, had a legion of spirits with them, who took possession of the premises, and also of the medium: the same as a mesmerist takes possession of a subject; and those spirits can use the medium the same as mesmerists use their subjects—the good spirits retire and leave the field to those policemen and their confederates to expose themselves.

Spirit influences can bring all the togery necessary to make the medium appear a fraud; and can dress them in the garments, and walk them out like princes.

If spirit power can bring a piece of stone into my house when the doors are shut, and lay it on a slate under a curtained table, and inform us where it came from; and an investigation proved that it was brought, by spirit power, from an office on Hampshire Street, Quincy, Ill.: then

spirits have the power to bring anything to pass that their earthly friends desire, when they are in harmony.

Ministers and Evangelical people are afraid of something they call the devil; and seem to think that mediums raise the monster: but they are mistaken—they cannot prove it or show the least sign—it is the other parties, the ministers, the Evangelical people, the skeptics, the detectives, and the policemen that raise the devil, as was plainly shown by their proceedings in Chicago—there were no signs of devils in that house until the police went in.

Friends, there is not anything that comes by chance or accident—all acts transpire for a purpose. The police and their co-workers were induced to commit an outrage on an assemblage of people, and a man calling himself a medium.

We are thankful for this opportunity and privilege of expressing the sentiments of truth that are revealed by the spirit influences thro' our organism, in this article, which could not have been, without that demonstration in Chicago, Ill.

MRS. MINERVA MERRICK.

# A VISION OF JESUS AND THE ROCK OF AGES.

The first vision that was presented here at this spiritual center in relation to the advent of Jesus of Nazareth into this rudimentary Sphere of individual existence, was a symbol of three crowns, an account of which was published in *THE WATCHMAN* for June 1883.

Thinking that our experience in the phenomenon of Visions may be interesting to the readers of *THE WATCHMAN*, we will relate all we have had presented to us in relation to the subject referred to above.

Our medium is a discernor of spiritual things, as we sit in a totally dark room.

We are perfectly willing to place ourselves under any simple conditions, either in the light or in the dark, that will produce the desired result—that we may receive a token from the inner Temple, or, have the veil withdrawn that separates the visible and invisible Spheres, which certainly do exist.

By our entering into a quiet state of mind, the medium saw the vision pass before her clear sight. The medium had, sometime previous, seen an imaginary picture of Jesus of Nazareth, and the vision was similar.

The medium described the appearance as a shadow with an aura of bright light surrounding the figure; and as it moved along, a large rock came in view, with the same light around it, but no cross was visible.

The third symbol the medium saw standing by her side, was a beautiful colt, with a long mane and forelock, with an article over its back which, from her description, we think, may have been a sack with four sides, about three inches from the top was a shirr with a cord to tie it.

Again, as we were talking, one evening, as usual, on various subjects, while sitting by our altar—Christianity was the prevailing theme, and we were expressing our views without reserve: saying, those people claiming the title of "Christian" were in great error, and had repudiated the teachings of Jesus, and denied his true character—as Peter denied that he knew him.

The medium said: "I see a cock, with his wings spread, ready to crow."

The room was dark—not one ray of light in it—soon it became bright with spiritual light.

To our mind these symbols presage the second advent of the same spirit of love, mercy, justice, and equality that was manifested in the character of Jesus.

Those who can discern the Signs of the Times, perceive the grand change that has taken place since the first rappings at the door of intelligence, asking admittance of the truth of the Problem of Life, and of peace and good-will to Mankind.

MRS. MINERVA MERRICK.

(From A Fountain of Light.)

# THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

When this world of Souls is renewed and invigorated with love, and the kingdom of happiness has flowed over all the lands of earth, when the desert blooms with roses, when the high places are brought low, and the valleys are raised up, oppression and crime will cease. The resistance, of evil with evil, increases crime, and now is the time for humanity to stand up firm for right and justice, before each other.

"Infant Indictment—Machias, Maine, Jan. 8th—The Grand Jury to-day brought in an indictment against Warren Longmore, of Pembroke, for the murder of Freeman Wright; Longmore nine years old; Wright but eight."

A Grand Jury indicting infants before a Court for the crime of murder. If women composed that Jury, is it possible they would take the same course to bring about reform? Does any sane person think trying infants, or hanging them will prevent other infants from committing the same crime?

Build Asylums instead of Court-houses, and try the criminals in them with tenderness, and pity them as invalids. Send for an apostle who is filled with the Holy Ghost, to come and lay his hands upon them, and cast out the devil or heal them. Form harmonious circles around them, and by your sympathy, an influence will be drawn from the Celestial Spheres that will raise the fallen brother, restore him to his friends, and by such loving treatment he will become a useful member of the great family. All those who give a cup of water to an afflicted one raises him or herself on another burnished round of the ladder.

When a shocking crime is committed, men allow themselves to become excited, and instead of looking calmly, on the awful calamity that has befallen their brother, they take upon themselves the same influence that caused the crime, and proceed to commit another, even worse than the first. They intend to have revenge, so they take their brother to the forest, put a rope around his neck, and hang him until he is dead, then return to their homes, and go to rest from their labors, but, to their astonishment, there is no rest.

Can they feel happy after they have sent their brother to the unknown shore, to read the panorama of his misdeeds o'er and o'er again, and look upon his victim, face to face? No, the masked men, who took their unfortunate brother's life, can still see his pallid face and trembling limbs, as they adjusted the rope to launch him into eternity, and they not sure that he was accountable for the deed he did.

Mothers, think of the poor Talbott boys lying in that lonesome jail for months, and who, but the angels, know whether they were guilty or not?

They said: "Not guilty."

The time is drawing near when all deeds will be revealed—no darkness can hide them—this great power [Spiritualism] is flooding the world with light and knowledge that will destroy all cruelty and oppression, cast it into outer darkness, and the law of love will fill the world as the Sun fills the solar system with its glowing light.

MRS. MINERVA MERRICK.

Contributed to the columns of THE WATCHMAN by the author, THOMAS R. HAZARD; first appearing in the "Providence (R. I.) Daily Journal" of August 1, 1883.

# THE PHILOSOPHY AND PHENOMENA OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

By THOMAS R. HAZARD.

"Even in the most cloudless skies of skepticism, I see a rain cloud no bigger than a man's hand; it is Modern Spiritualism."—LORL BROUGHAM.

## EIGHTH CHAPTER.

The vast variety and shade of the phenomena that have been developed thro' spirit mediums since the first rappings at Hydesville, N. Y., are seemingly innumerable. I think I may say, with truth, that I have witnessed hundreds of different phases of spirit power, displayed thro' the organisms of different human instruments, that no theory based upon mind-reading, collusion, illusion, fraud, or trickery can explain. Take, for instance, the gift of spirit-drawing, which is almost as diversified in its peculiar characteristics as are the individuals used by the spirits in executing the work, which is in general done with a rapidity and exactitude that no mortal artist can equal. Some spirit mediums execute their pictures in total darkness, others whilst entranced, and still others in the full light of day, whilst in their normal condition and securely blindfolded. Sometimes one hand only is used, at others both hands of the medium are engaged at the same time, a brush in each. It is true that spirit pictures seldom compare with the executions of mortal artists of much celebrity, altho' many of them are very prettily done. I have among others in my possession two specimens drawn in full day light by Mrs. Blair (who has lost one arm) the medium and myself being alone present. Mrs. Blair, who was carefully blindfolded, used but one brush in making the first picture which was accomplished in exactly five minutes by the watch. The medium placed the three little pots of paint on the table directly in front of where she sat. One of these was of green, one of red, and the other between yellow and orange. From the beginning she never paused a moment until the picture was finished nor did she ever clean the brush, altho' all the colors are perfect and exactly what they should be for the work done. It represents a small bouquet consisting of three large rosebuds, two green stalks, eight green leaves, one large yellow leaf with rib and veins of red, eight buds of variegated red and orange with a distinct cup enclosing the base of each of a dark green approaching to black. How the work was done is beyond my comprehension, altho' I was cognizant of every movement. The spirit artist dipped her brush into each pot of paint but once. I forget the exact order, but the brush was dipped (we will say) a certain depth into the pot of red first, then, after being used, it was dipped a little deeper into the pot of yellow, and next still deeper into the pot of green. There is not a blur nor sign of imperfection in the whole picture, each color being perfect and distinct from the others, as could have been arranged by any mortal

artist with every ordinary convenience at hand. The other picture is much more elaborate, and was executed by Mrs. Blair in twenty-one minutes. At public seances I have seen somewhat similar pictures executed with equal facility by Mrs. Blair with cotton cloth pasted over her eyes by a committee appointed by the company present, and then blindfolded with a thick muslin handkerchief. I will not dwell on this beautiful phase of mediumship, altho' I might adduce scores if not hundreds of its different phases as exemplified in the performance of various spirit mediums, as remarkable or more so in some instances, as the one I have given.

The phases of spirit writing are very numerous, whilst its different shades are multitudinous. What are known as automatic mediums are those individuals whose hand and arm are controlled by the spirit as mere instruments to write without much, if any, recourse to the mental organism of the medium. Generally, spirit writing after this method is very scrawling and indistinct, but by no means always so. Thro' many mediums, both when entranced and when in their normal condition, the spirits write with the greater facility from the right side of the paper to the left, the power apparently coming from beneath the table, which makes that mode the customary one to them of left to right. To read this writing it should be held up to the light and read from the blank side of the paper, or reflected from a looking-glass. I have known spirits to make repeated efforts to write in our ordinary way without being able to succeed, but on abandoning the attempt and commencing to write from the right side of the paper to the left, the difficulty was at once surmounted and they then wrote with the greatest facility and speed.

Inspirational writing is performed by the spirits when the medium is in a normal but quiet passive condition. I have received thousands of pages of communications after this method, some of which are exceedingly well expressed and full of instruction. Other mediums are profoundly entranced before the spirits use them to write. I have published many small volumes and hundreds of newspaper columns written after this fashion, on subjects which were handled as ably by the most illiterate mediums as these could have done had they received a university education. The same law that governs in spirit writing also governs in spirit trance speaking. There has been oceans of assinine wit expended by our learned men in regard to the imperfect and unlikeliest communications that often proceed from the pens and lips of entranced mediums, who sometimes claim to be inspired by the departed spirits of the most talented and learned men of earth, especially in relation to their unnatural verbosity. My more than twenty-seven years investigation has satisfied me that when many of these learned fault-finders pass to the spirit side of life, they will find themselves so anxious to return to earth and make their presence known to their mortal friends, that they will be glad to avail themselves of almost any vehicle of communication, however imperfect, within their reach. Some spirits tell me that when they first communicate thro' mediums they find themselves surrounded with like unfavorable conditions as mortals do when striving to speak with their heads under water. Then, again, for a spirit to make use of the organs of a medium advantageously it is entirely necessary that the medium should be surrounded by thoro'ly harmonious condi-

tions, so that no external annoyance should disturb the nicely attuned chords of the mortal instrument or the spirit performer. Then, again, I have learned that it is just as impossible that a Daniel Webster, for instance, even under the nicest arranged and harmonized conditions, should pour forth his volume of godlike inspirations in the strictly grammatical and condensed form he was accustomed to when addressing the Senate of the United States as it is that a gimlet-hole should discharge an equal amount of Madeira wine as would flow thro' a two-inch auger-hole in the same period of time.

Then, again, my spirit friends inform me that in order that an orator like a Daniel Webster should use the brain of a medium to impart his ideas with the facility he did whilst on earth, he must be as familiar with the brain or machine of the medium as he was with the workings of his own brain when on earth. And, lastly, my spirit friends assure me that it is just as necessary, in most instances, for spirits to communicate with mortals thro' the organism of media on the spirit side of life, as it is for mortals to make use of mediums on this side of life to communicate with spirits. Taking all their things and laws into view, it should not seem surprisingly strange that when Webster's ideas are communicated to earth thro' a narrow-minded medium in a cataract of platitudes and diluted verbiages, naught but a distinctive idea of his should occasionally remain prominent in the communication.

It would be just as unreasonable to suppose that such would be the case, as it would have been for Webster, when he delivered his great speech in answer to Hayne, to have placed Mike, an Irish messenger of the United States Senate, behind his chair on the occasion, with orders to note what he said and then report the same to his chum Patrick, an Irish boy of the other House, with directions that he [Patrick] in time should report it to the printer for publication in the *Globe* newspaper or *National Intelligencer*. If I am not greatly mistaken, such conceited men as Henry Ward Beecher, when they enter the other life, will find my statement in those respects founded on experience, much nearer the truth than is contained in his pulpit utterances on like subjects founded on his own unsubstantial theories. And yet we have a great many mediums who do communicate to mortals the utterances and ideas of advanced spirits who have learned the law and perfected the modes of intercourse with mortals almost as perfectly as a mortal newspaper reporter could report a speech of Daniel Webster's. Not unfrequently, too, the clearest, most concise and reliable inspirations are given thro' the organism of illiterate mediums, it being seemingly the natural calibre and capacity of the brain rather than its culture thro' education that renders a medium most available and fitted to receive and communicate to mortals spirit truths. As an illustration of this law, I will here advert to the late John C. Grennell, of Newport, R. I., who never attended school six months in his life, and that before he was eight years old. I have myself received, I think, a thousand or more pages of spirit communications from Grennell, some hundreds of which I have published. As a fair sample of his inspirational utterances, I extract the following passages compiled by the late Epes Sargeant in his *Scientific Basis of Spiritualism*, page 251, from a publication of mine entitled, *Spiritual Communion Tract No. 1*. I doubt whether in the whole range of literature, ancient or modern, there has ever been a more sensible and rational delineation of the relations that the body, Soul, and spirit bear to each other than is conveyed in the words of this unlearned and infirm medium, John C. Grennell.

" \* \* \* The Soul body that is born with the child has a greater effect on its destiny in the spirit world than its education on earth has, altho' it carries the earthly proclivities with it \* \* \*

"Thus the Soul and spirit unite and constitute an individual being. If the spirit did not unite with and take the Soul with it, there would be no individuality for the spirit to communicate thro' but it would be a mere essence floating about, as it were, a thing of life without consciousness. *Thus the Soul is the spirit-body*, not only in earth life, but in immortal life thro' eternity. \* \* \* Every thing in existence is constantly revolving and drawn onward by higher conditions of finer and finer qualities of spirit Magnetism, leaving the grosser to assist in advancing states of being still more gross. There can be no stillness or cessation to the action of the Soul, nor can there be to the inspiration of the spirit within the Soul. For the spirit must, by Divine law, ever vibrate and strive within the Soul, to qualify it for its immortal condition.

" \* \* \* The spirit constitutes the light and life within, whilst the individual Soul has the power to give itself any direction, whether for good or evil it chooses. \* \* \* He who accepts his Soul's inspiration is a free man, but not otherwise, as he has to conform to other personalities that go to make up that which he might call his own, thro' the ingrafting of these ideas in his individuality or Soul memory.

" \* \* \* When man is thus individualized, the simplicity and Divine harmony of his nature becomes a fountain of joy, whence ever flows the expression, *I am free! I am free!* Whilst to those whose Souls have become darkened and shackled, as it were, by the acceptance of the personal teachings or ideas of their fellow mortals, life becomes the enjoyment of a dream rather than a reality. \* \* \*

"The spirit is the entire life of the Soul and body, and without it nothing whatever can be uttered. But altho' the dictates of the spirit are always truthful, still the same power that is conferred on the Soul to accept and give forth the truth, may be and is, in countless instances, directed thro' the promptings of its coarser desires into false channels of expression and communication, and thus used for sinister purposes and ends. In striving to express the truth thro' the Soul organization, we thus see that the spirit has many counteracting influences to contend with, which cause many unreliable communications both in the material and spirit world.

" \* \* \* The Kingdom of God is without and within. As existence expresses everything that is individual, so does spirit express everything that is Infinite or Divine. As we could have no life without the Divine spirit, so we could have no conscious existence without the individual Soul. Thus spirit and existence make up the great Divine attribute of the Supreme Being.

" \* \* \* As the life and the spirit are imparted to existence, so each Soul or individuality has a separate self-existence, but all under the control of the Divine Spirit. But all quality of the Soul is not the same, as it depends upon the amount of inspiration that each individual Soul has received and accepted of the spirit, a portion of which is given to all and which in itself is always the same pure and undefiled essence, as is the great Fountain of all spirit whence it is derived. \* \* \*

"Thro'out all existence it is the spirit that makes the shape or form of the thing that exists, whether it be a grain of sand or a living being. As all existence is but an expression of the Divine Will, so should each individual existence that has a larger share of the Divine expression

# THE WATCHMAN.

within itself impart of its abundance to those who have less. None should be turned away. \* \* \*

"We are all independent, both in the structure of our individual being and in our individual progress, and consequently we must ever become the architect of our Soul's unfoldment and progress. \* \* \* As we have the power to seclude and darken the spirit in the cloud of our individual selfishness, so, too, we have the power to shut ourselves out from a higher and more celestial spirit knowledge. So it depends upon ourselves to choose what we shall be."

Take, again, the following communication from a spirit daughter, and imagine it to have been rapidly written, word by word, by the unlearned and uncultured Grennell, with hundreds of pages of similar import, that I have put in pamphlet or tract form, to say nothing of the vast quantity of (unpublished) like spirit utterances I have received, both in writing and speaking, thro' the same inspired medium, J. C. Grennell. I transcribe at random from *Spiritual Communion, Tract No. 3*:

"September 1869. Dear Father: How I love to come and look around among the dear ones of earth. It is the spot, the dear old home where memory lingers with fond endearments in which we all meet.

The ripples of time are running gently on, and one after another we are swelling the deep current that flows to the immortal shores, where we shall all be forever united; for we are Soul relatives, and never, no never can part. Words are but feeble outbursts when the Soul is filled with love. When it flows out to its kindred Soul its sweetest communion is silence, for unuttered language is deepest felt. Whilst rippling streams like words are changing ever, it is the silent water, like the silent Soul of love, that is fathomless. Thus our Souls may hold communion, and we may speak in deepest tone without the voice's sound. Thou art nearer, dear father, alone. When thy thought goeth forth it meeteth me on the way to thee. Have not the lessons of wisdom thou hast learned, been of the deepest import? They have shown to thee more of the varied phases that dwell within the Universe. Dost thou not already begin to look upon the world of matter and the world of spirit as one? They are fast, O, how fast, merging into one Sphere—the Spiritual and the Material! It matters not where the body is, for the spirit, all attuned to love, can join us in bliss. Thy spirit dwells in my spirit and mine is thine, and on the plane where we have arrived, all the darker forms will come some day and learn to drink as we have drank from out ethereal fountains. All of God's truth that has made us full and happy still remains the same eternal truth. It is stereotyped eternally in our book of Nature for those sad forms to read, and not one of those endearing consolations that have been conveyed to thy Soul are exhausted or lost. They will go flowing on in tidal waves of love till they reach some sinking form, and roll him or her on progressive waves up to the haven where we have sailed.

"Dear father, how beautiful is the idea that a spiritual thought is never lost. A thought of beauty goes sweeping thro' the Universe of space till it finds a welcome in some heart. There within the spirit's shrine it leaves its impress and goes on forever flowing, and forever leaving its daguerreotype of joy within another and another Soul. And thus in time all must be blessed. For, dearest father, the thought that has made thee thrill with life to-day, must, ere the morrow passes, be

another's joy; and it will roll on thro' eternity, and paint a glowing picture on the darkest Soul that's now in misery. All, all must in time rise to God! No joy—no, not in heaven could there be joy for me, did I believe there was one poor form of sin and sorrow doomed to linger in an eternity of woe. But Oh, the sorrowing forms that I have seen! So, kind father, let thy thoughts and spirit flow out to less developed forms like these, for thy Soul has beauties forthcoming that it knows not of. The twilight rays of softness, the morning rays of light, the noonday's beam of happiness, the bright effulgence of eternity—all, all will come to thee, and to all who with willing hearts will love and seek the truth. [Signed] A. P. H."

Table rapping, stone throwing, furniture moving and other physical phenomena, such as I have mainly dwelt upon in these papers, have been apparently introduced and exercised by our spirit friends, mostly for the purpose of breaking the hard heart of skepticism and preparing mortals to receive the higher lessons they teach—such as may be found in the hundreds and thousands of volumes that are to be found in the *Banner of Light* bookstore, 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, Mass.

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