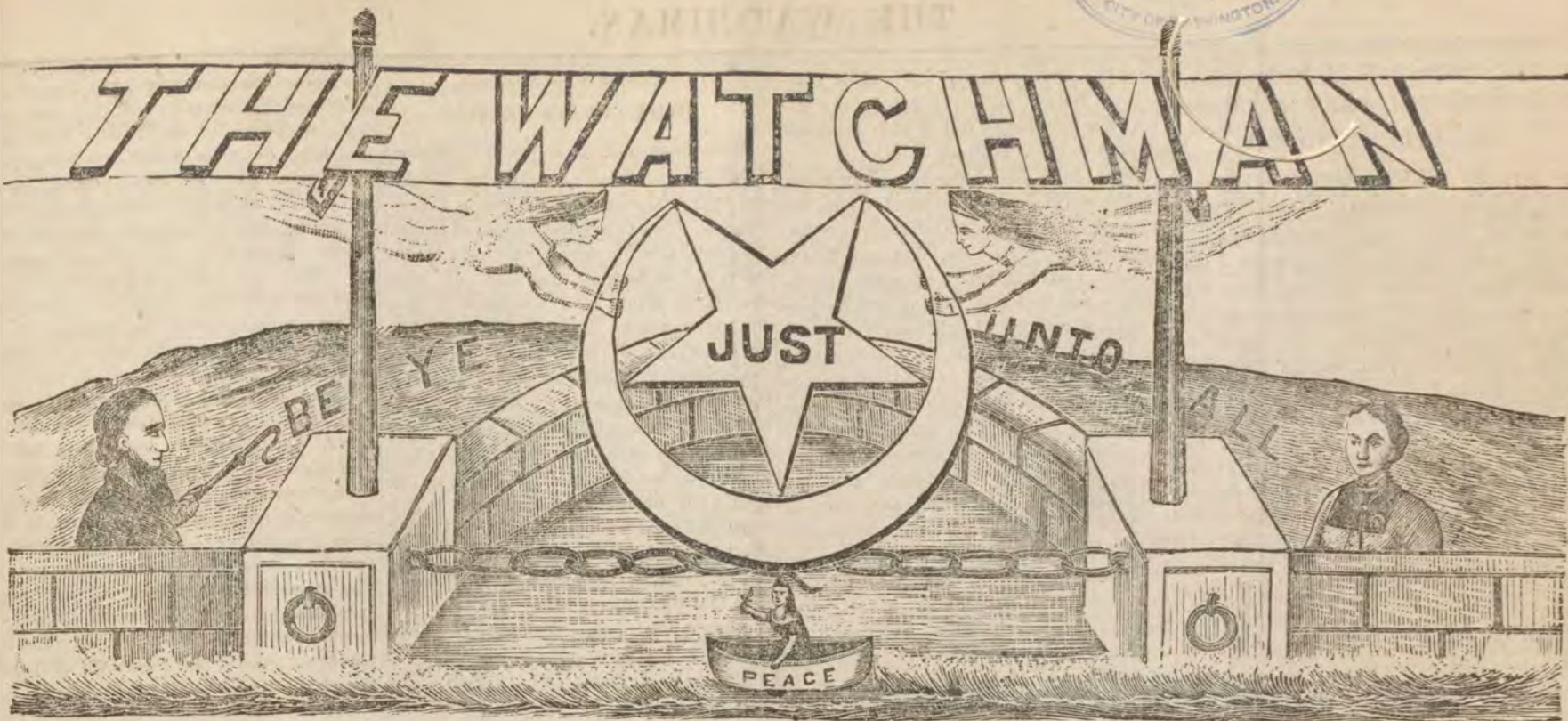


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**CONTRASTS OF
LIFE.**
Volume 2.
**SPIRIT HABITATION,
OR PLANETARY LIFE.**
BY WATCHMAN, SPIRIT EDITOR,
A MEMBER OF THE
AMERICAN AND EASTERN CONGRESS
IN SPIRIT LIFE.
H. A. Cate, Inspirational Writer
and Amanuensis.

In illustrating the spiritual or ethereal qualifications of Nature, we would point directly to the characteristic qualities of ethereal substances.

The correct definition of the term "ethereal", is, that state or condition in which a substance becomes both translucent and transparent. When it becomes transparent, then it is that the substance is rendered highly ethereal.

This ethereal process of Nature is the result of CHEMICAL law—it is the rarefied effects of natural Evolution. The elements of water hold a powerful etherealizing factor.

The next degree is that of the vapory emanations which arise, as a natural result, from the watery elements. Thus, from the fluidific elements of Nature, proceed the direct means of etherealizing substances. All vapors arise as a result of CHEMICAL ramification—an example of which, is the following:—

All globules of a fluidific nature, when heavily charged with heat, will expand, and finally separate from the main fluidific body; and as these escapes are made, they either take the form or nature of gases; or else of vapors. These gases and vapors then arise to their respective level, and are retained in the Atmospheric Sea of Nature.

Hence, the Atmosphere around a Planet is supported by the self-creating elements of its CHEMICAL composition.

These self-supporting elements are constantly changing from one stage of Evolution to that of another: as all solids and fluids are changing into gases or vapors; then, in turn, the gases and vapors return, again, to fluids and solids.

Thus, we have an illustration of the

reversible laws of natural substances. And in thus illustrating, we prepare the minds of our readers to realize the first principles of spiritual or ethereal substances. For the spirit body is to the physical body much the same as the vapory elements are to the watery elements—one being the reflex of the other.

The physical body inhabits the earthly or material plane, and the spirit body inhabits the vapory or ethereal elements. The spirit body moves thro' ethereal space, because it is a part of the ethereal elements. The spirit body is rendered translucent, at times, but, at such times, it is not always transparently clear to the gaze of the beholder, because it is not sufficiently ethereal; but when it has again received a CHEMICAL change and becomes transparent, then the form will appear, to the beholder, as an illuminous, transparent body. This is, then, a state of pure etherealization. This we term the ethereal body; while one of a translucent nature would be termed a spirit body; and one of a material nature is called the physical body.

Thus, hath Nature decreed that the Soul of all intelligent beings shall be endowed with three distinct degrees of bodily unfoldment. Thus, the triune force of Nature is again revealed to us.

The change from the spirit to the ethereal body is not as marked, as from the physical to the spirit body, but it is of sufficient a change to warrant its being termed as a separate degree from the ordinary spirit body.

The Soul-entity of a physical body that has been addicted to gross and sensual habits, will, when it is met by the change termed death, pass on to the first degree of the spirit body, which is not very translucent, and not at all transparent, but of a dark, indefinite character. Such an one will often return to those of earth in the appearance of shadowed darkness, because of the emanations which naturally follow its course in life.

Generally, however, when a spirit enters spirit life, no matter what may have been its course of life on earth, it is met by other spirits who desire to assist in removing the effects of the earthly grossness.

While, again, many spirits of a like gross and sensual tendency, will, as it were, take possession of the one just released from the earthly body, and together they will renew their habits as of old—these are termed spirits of error and of darkness, and they possess obsessing qualities, for they return

and obsess sensitive mediums to deeds of sensuality and crime.

For this reason, teachings of Spiritualism should be inculcated in every home; in every school; and in every public place of worship, that mortals may know the direct effect that ignorance and error has upon the spirit after it passes from the earthly body.

Government officers should especially acquire a knowledge of the consequences upon the spirit of one who has been judicially put to death. For nearly all such judicial murders (for they are nothing else) tend to increase the number of murderers and outlaws upon the earth, from causes as we have above stated—the same as that of the influence of depraved spirits. This, however, is the state of those who occupy the first or lower stages of spirit life.

Progression and, as we will term it, the voices from those in the higher stages of life—those of a more ethereal development, call for a more progressive state of mental culture upon earth; that less of this sensual, brutal principle of life be imbedded by mortal kind.

Progressive voices call to mortals to arouse from the lethargy of the past: they call upon Christians and like believers, to look to their own Soul's development, and not to "a burden-bearer of a Jesus" to release them from their evil deeds and the consequences thereof.

These progressive voices call for the Materialists to learn that Mankind is a development above the Beast Kingdom; to learn that the physical death is not the end of the Soul of the man or woman, but that it is a change of raiment for the Soul.

Materialists cannot wisely argue, that the Soul of the Human has no more of eternal life than the seed of the kine (cattle); or, of the floweret: for it is a fact, that the entity or Soul of the Human species holds a pre-eminence, as an entity, over the lesser species; which is proven by the irrefutable proofs of spirit beings, and, hence, of a Soul-entity—proving that Mankind dies not as the beast of the field, nor as the flowers of the gardens of earth.

These progressive voices will prove to the Materialist that a child of the lowest type of the human kind has a Soul-entity; and that that Soul-entity is bound to ascend the line of Soul-development; and that if it be surrounded by elements that tend to debase, either before or after its physical birth, it will, of necessity, be similarly affected, until the Soul-entity shall have grown from one degree to another, thro' mental culture and experiences of natural law, which teach the Soul-entity the law of Causes and Effects.

By acquiring a true knowledge of the human body and the laws attending it, the person will have gained the first grand lessons of individual responsibility and ability.

Yet the study of the human body, with its glorious attributes, and its relations to the Universe of Causes and Effects, will leave the student in the dark if there be not opened to that student the dual side of all this beauty of Nature and human possibilities, which are so completely revealed in the spiritual and ethereal stages of Soul life.

The Materialist is lost without this chart of spiritual and ethereal knowledge, which reveals all, that in Ages past, has remained a mystery and a myth.

Materialism is one half of the beautiful problem of life, but, when viewed from a strictly material understanding, it is much like a beautiful picture of light and shade that has been torn in two, and the one half being lost, the other, altho' presenting much of beauty, and a thing to be admired, still it presents an appearance of something wanting to complete its uniform beauty.

And just so it is, for Spiritualism, rightly understood, is an index to the great Volume of LIFE, and it CONTRASTS are many.

COMPARISON.

Like sea-gulls o'er yon crested height
Flying downward with swiftest flight;
Like tiny insects in the sand,
All governed by the Master's hand;
Like fiercest, growling beasts of prey;
Like tiny lambs at lamb-like play;
Like swelling Oceans; like streamlets' course;
Like human giants with voices hoarse;
Like lightning's flash; like sunbeam's ray;
Like the mother's love, & the childish play;
Like the maiden, the youth, the sire;
Like heaven; like burning hell fire; *
Like far distant echoes from an ancient clime,
Re-echoing to the modern time.

Such is LIFE made manifest thro' matter.
* Conscience.

Like shadows of the Mystic Sea,
Where forms float on and seem to be;
Like hallowed Souls serenely fair
Bedecked in raiment of the air;
Like giant powers of mental force
Controlling all things in its course;
Like gentle, loving thoughts, so low
They scarce are heard on earth below;
Like subtle powers of the Soul
That seeketh atoms to control—
Like the captain of a ship at sea,
The Soul will steer thro' Eternity.

Well might the student of Nature exclaim: Oh, life! where doth thou begin, and where doth thou end? Ever changing, yet never ending are thy powers. Practical man would learn of all thy ways, because the Soul must grow and expand unto Wisdom.

The dumb animal is content to lie in indolent existence, because the Soul-force of Nature is but faintly aroused within its being. Correspondingly, are the lower types of animal man.

But of the spiritual man, we will further illustrate in our next.

Written for The Watchman.

HAS RELIGION BEEN A CURSE OR A BLESSING TO MANKIND?

In this Age of Intelligence, looking at the terrible destruction of life and happiness, of the persecutions that History has handed down to us: and seeing, now, the hypocrisy and intolherent spirit manifested by professors of Religion, many have not been backward in denouncing it as only evil, continually.

The mind of man has ever been looking beyond himself or his surroundings for something to relieve the monotony of the present: longing for something to satisfy his ever aspiring spirit, in whatever direction the brain organs predominate. If Spirituality and Veneration are large, and Reasoning faculties small, the imagination will run after something to worship, something marvelous: larger Intellects will venerate principles more broad.

Thus the world exhibits geniuses in many directions according to their propelling powers; from a Moses to a Jesus; from an Alexander to a Napoleon; from a Columbus to a Galileo and a Newton; from a Mahomet to a Fox and a Penn: the masses, looking up to those great men with awe, entirely incapable of comprehending their productions: and the master-builders intent on their own hobbies—each one looks to their own success as reformers or discoverers. Under such conditions what could be reasonably expected from the masses, so long as the few governed the many; the powerful the weak; and the learned the ignorant, for their own aggrandizement?

Who was to blame for this state of things? Could a whole Nation of Philosophers be born in a day?

It would take a wise man to tell how many millions of years it took to make one Darwin, who faintly described the law of "Evolution of Species," that made haughty man look to his antecedents in relationship, for he could no more tell the origin, use, and destiny of himself than the monkey, or poll-parrot.

Was Religion to blame for the "Dark Ages"; the wars between Catholic and Protestant Kings? or was it ignorance of justice, righteousness, and the common brotherhood of humanity that had not yet evolved from the brutal Sphere of life, seizing upon religion for strength to make their reign secure?

If there had never been a spiritual aspiration for higher conditions, called religions, what could have lifted man out of a "masterly inactivity"?

His progress would have been slow but for this law of all life—vigilant aspiration for higher conditions.

Selfishness is an animal instinct that propels the brute to seek its food, and man to look ahead for sustenance; and both, under the same law, devoid of higher aims, are governed by the same principles, or want of them; neither has any higher desire than for the animal nature; both fight, oppress, and devour other lives without pity or regret.

Man's spiritual nature hungers for food, and takes such as is available, tho', perhaps, not the best: and the masses of poverty-stricken Souls, under servile bondage to tyrannical rulers, constitute, by far, the largest part of the people. Then, why take away from any Soul, that which gives sustenance, before a better diet is obtained, because that solace had been used as a mark of murder? We often find it difficult to tell what is good or bad, and where the dividing line is; that which once seemed bad to many, sometimes be-

come the chief corner-stone in their Temple—as Nature is interrogated, she unlocks her storehouse full of rich treasures adapted to the conditions of all.

Then, from the foregoing deductions, has the world been benefitted by its Religions? Have wars, bloodshed, persecutions, famine, pestilence, sickness, floods, thunder and lightning showers, earthquakes, and cyclones all been productions of natural causes? Legitimately descending from crude material, thro' the earth's formation from gasses to alluvial soil, its upheavings and convulsions in its development for animal life: and with such a convulsive earth and surrounding elements, how could it produce anything but a boisterous generation, as a connecting link between brute force and logical reasoning? Can large Combativeness and Destructiveness, with small Benevolence, Veneration, and Spirituality, do any better than the tiger that is preying upon the life and liberties of others? Have not all those conditions been educators to higher life, acting as levers to raise man to his present perfection, imperfect as he is? Has not "man's inhumanity to man" made countless thousands mourn? and seek the causes and proclaim them to the world, for the world's redemption?

The cultured mind is made to abhor those evils that tread Humanity in the dust. Religion with its ten thousand faces, and all Gods that torment the sufferer, are unworthy of respect, and dispised for their cruelty: hence, the finest affections, the purest love, and the noblest Souls are venerated for their untiring labors to make others happy in a common, social relationship, by investigating and mitigating the causes that lead to unhappy results.

And thus the world moves on amid the upheaving and friction of elements, raking down its uneven surface; lowering its mountains; raising its vallies: exalting life; lessening its obstructions, as wave on wave rolls on, and Sphere on Sphere is attained—every eruption, cyclone, and awful thundering storm helps its progress, as well as the sunshiny days: Nature, thro' it all, plays fantastic tricks, and flaunts her roseate beauties and stern realities as she goes on her ever onward march. And not among the least of events was the awful shock at Hydesville, N. Y., when the spirits rapped so loud that stroke on stroke and peal on peal rolled on, till its reverberations echoed thro' the Nations of the earth, which proclaimed the glad tidings of joy, that the door between heaven and earth was opened, and angels were descending and ascending thro' it. And George Fox's spirit once told us that it could never be shut, for, said he:—

"IT IS A LIVING, BREATHING FACT, STAMPED IN LETTERS OF FIRE UPON THE HEART AND BRAINS OF MAN!"

(It was doubly underscored to make each word emphatic).

As fast as the wedding garment is prepared, the feast is ready for the loved ones gone before, and the loved ones left behind to unite and sing the song,

"Oh, Death! where is thy sting?
Oh, Grave! where is thy Victory?"

Sectarian divisions will be buried, and, eventually, all become Angels of Light.

It is not expected or even desired that these few broken fragments of thought upon so broad a subject could all be approved of by thinkers, as Nature has been very careful to preserve individuality, by not making two individuals exactly alike, either in form or spirit, for she has a niche for each one to fill.

S. MONTROSS.

Reedsburg, Wis.

Contributed to The Watchman.

WHY UNPOPULAR?

Madame Grundy is opposed to Modern Spiritualism. She is run by the Clergy; and they find no green pastures in that direction. They (the ambassadors of Christ) are proverbial for taking "thought for the morrow," as to what they shall eat, what they shall drink, and wherewithal they shall be clothed. They are not fond of labor, and yet they labor hard to discredit the accounts about spirits of departed friends communicating with mortals. Most of them agree that such things have occurred "in days gone by," but to admit that it can be done now might interfere with their business arrangements. This being the case, we are not surprised at the efforts they make to keep it down, make it unpopular, and frighten their flocks (?) with that time honored bug bear, the d... or satanic influence. Disposing of Spiritualism by laying it on the shoulders of one "boss" bad spirit, is but begging the question. There are spirits of every variety on the other shore, and it is not according to Nature to have one great whale of a fellow attending to all the mischief done in the world. The job would be too much for him. There are thousands of table-tippers even in the United States. Think of one poor devil having to "tilt" them all at one time, with dozens of anxious Souls sitting around watching to see that it is done "according to Hoyle." The idea is preposterous.

Prof. Hedge, in a learned article in the *North American Review*, tells us that we make a great mistake in supposing that "disembodied spirits are wiser and more knowing than spirits in the flesh." The Professor is rather late with this information. We have known that ever since intelligent communications were begun between the two worlds. He, however, makes a great mistake in admitting the Spiritual phenomena of ancient times, even so late as the days of Swedenborg, and denying or ridiculing the same thing as occurring now. Even his best friends will concede that Prof. Hedge gets a little "mixed" on that, for a scientific man. But Scientists, like spirits, are not always perfect. The Church pops her whip and all the cattle (I mean the flock) fall into line.

Mary E. Bryan says to a correspondent, in a late number of the *Sunny South*:—

"Your ghost story was well received. I must tell my readers that you vouch for its truth. You are right; there do some queer things happen in this world contrary to physical laws, and unexplainable by philosophy. My own experience includes some very remarkable occurrences; but I am a skeptic as regards Spiritualism, so-called. It may be the shadow of a great spiritual truth, but it appears at present in dim, distorted outlines."

"Dim and distorted." "I cannot help but smile." It is facetiously suggested by the bad boy, "that Moses found it dim when the lamp went out." Talented "ministers" by thousands rack their brain devising ways and means to distort these outlines. Its dawning light is dimmed by the smoke of calumny and misrepresentation. Bushels of falsehood, ignorance, and prejudice are daily piled upon it; and yet it is not smothered. Who is to blame for its being "dim and distorted"?

Spiritualism, so-called, means intelligent communications, in whatever shape it may present itself, between the spirit world and this. The "queer things, contrary to physical laws, and unexplainable by philosophy," if they are anything, are manifestations of spirit power. Varied as these manifestations are, they are subject to certain fixed laws in Nature; as nothing can exist outside of Nature. Spiritualism, then, resolves itself into

a Science. We can only learn Science by study and investigation. A few distorted facts, with the dim shadow of a truth, are insufficient bases for Scientific knowledge—not even enough for legitimate skepticism; and yet they make the stock in trade of her traducers. But Spiritualism, so-called, can bear it. Spiritualism, however, is not popular. This, no doubt, distorts its outlines more than anything. I sometimes fear it will get to be popular before I have let my friends all know that its pure rays shine on my Soul, undimmed by doubt.

It came to me in the privacy of my own home, without collusion with the outside world. Queer, perhaps, but oh, so full of heavenly consolation! Alone, and in a strange land; my husband dying by slow degrees; a weak and sickly infant in my arms, I needed the help of my spirit friends then, and it came, in no distorted outline. The remarkable occurrences of my former experience were now understood. Strange I should have doubted their origin before, but we are all more or less skeptical, until conviction is forced upon us.

The tiny wave of impotent hands will not keep back the light of truth much longer. Every family and every heart are receiving these "queer occurrences." Unpopularity, so-called, will not suffice to divert attention from their true origin much longer.

MRS. MARY A. WHITE.

Dardanelle, Ark.

For The Watchman.

TRIUMPH OF TRUTH OVER ERROR.

Storm and strife the waters stir
And gathers on its way
All that would its course deter
Or its progress stay.

Dark and murky, surging on
To its Ocean home;
Impurities to surface borne
Mid floating weeds and foam.

After storms and clouds have passed,
The troubled waters rest;
Its burdens to the Ocean cast,
That on its bosom pressed.

With widened channel deep below
It courses to the Sea;
With power increasing in its flow—
More pure, more grand, more free.

When storms and strife in life arise,
It is the same, we say;
Deeds that were hidden from our eyes,
Are brought to the light of day.

Brought to the surface of life's stream,
By billows borne along;
Guided by the hand Supreme,
To cleanse the world from wrong.

So within the Church's fold
Dissensions, discontent—
They together cannot hold,
For error's power is spent.

Truth silently will work its way,
Like leaven, thro' them all;
All powerful, before its sway,
Even Kings and crowns must fall.

Upon the surface of life's stream,
All sin and wrong must float;
Borne along by truth's bright gleam,
God pilots on the boat.

And in its stead sweet charity,
And love to God and man;
While selfishness and bigotry
Drift on to oblivion.

H. D. VAN OSTRAND.

Troy, N. Y.

Send to H. A. CATE, 493 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.

OLD AGE.

My hair is silvered o'er with gray,
But yet my heart seems young.
As in the days of long ago,
When childhood's song I sung.
The better part of life is o'er,
My youthful days are past;
Old age is waiting at the door,
And claims me now at last.

Thro' misty eyes I see his form,
A visage old and gray—
No rosy hue his cheeks adorn,
But teardrops o'er them stray.
And yet, how little good I've done,
In all those fleeting years.
My life has been a weary waste,
Of toil, and sin, and tears.

The path of life I daily tread,
Is limited and low:
Walled in and bound on every side,
Where'er my footsteps go.
But there's a hope that will not die,
I cherish in my heart;
'Twill bloom in yonder world on high,
'Tis freedom's holy part.

Mrs. W. S. MOORE.

Stony Fork, Pa.

Written for The Watchman.

ROMISH HISTORY. NO. 2.

I do not expect that every body will view all things in the same light, or from the same standpoint that I do. But any person conversant with Romish Church History, either past or present, that will defend its corruptions, mummeries, and murders, must be either one of four things: viz.: Corrupt themselves; very ignorant; bordering on servility; or, insane.

I wish to be distinctly understood in the position I take, that is: I bear no malice whatever towards any Papist whatever.

But it is the principles, vagaries, and false foundation of a religion that has caused all the misery that Mankind is now cursed with that I wish to annihilate by voice and pen, and by bearing arms against, if necessary.

I contemptuously laugh at the thunderbolts hurled at, and showers of invectives rained down upon me; and shall steadily keep to the work I have undertaken.

Down in the night of oblivion Popery must go; and my efforts (tho' small) will be devotedly given to that object, that humanity may rise—shake off the mental shackles and progress, for Popery bars out and stifles every aspiration for liberty and justice. The opposing beliefs, and especially Spiritualists should keep this truth in mind.

From all parts of the land come threatenings and curses on those who, in any way, interfere with, or question the "mystery or sanctity of the Christian, humbug God." And why is it?

Simply because those man-made Gods are in danger of being shattered.

Because Christianity is on its last legs (as it were, and lame ones at that) and is making a desperate struggle for existence.

Because, when the mystery of religion is destroyed, the fat sinecures of its ministers (filched from the hard earnings of their assinine dupes) will be gone.

Yes, it is doomed. Its Gods, who could neither hear nor answer prayers; its devils, who could neither afflict nor destroy; its Saints, who were infamous, vagabond mortals: all are dead—and its bulwarks of blind-faith jugglery, blasphemy, and a hell of never-ending torment for dissenters are destroyed forever: and Liberty, Rea-

son, Justice, and Truth, so long fugitives on earth, have, at last, triumphed.

In dissecting this immoral and disgusting monstrosity—Popery, I shall give plain, unvarnished facts; and my Protestant readers will surely feel proud of their parent—Popery—when they view its history and see what a blood-thirsty monster it has been in times past, "and would be to-day had it but the power."

Popery, to me, appears as a kind of promised land to the faded faculties.

Man's nature is a curious and ticklish thing to deal with. He will be imposed upon—be insulted, abused, and even tormented in most every sense of the word, and will not complain. But let even a hint be given antagonistic to his religion, and he is in arms at once.

Religion, in any form or under any label, is a most useless article any one can possess.

It is claimed by the adherents of the holy mother Church, that the Pope, Bishops, Priests, and their kept women, the Sisters, are holy and live pure lives.

I dispute this assertion, and will prove it to be false *in toto* from the authority of those who have been there and know.

One fact is noticeable in this case, that the testimony of those who have forsaken the Church and denounced its doings, no matter from what part of the Globe we hear from them, their story of crime and corruption in that hot-bed of iniquity (the Papal Church) is one and the same thing.

St. Bernard, who died about the last part of the 11th Century, and who is now a Saint, as all Catholics pray to him, said, that "Bishops and Priests commit acts in secret which would be scandalous to express."

The Romish Bishop, Scipio de Ricci, wrote, that Roman Catholic Priests and Bishops, tho' forbidden, under pain of excommunication, to marry, were allowed to keep concubines.

This is purity of the skim-milk order.

In a work in the Philadelphia Library, *Corpus Juris Canonice*, page 47, can be found the truth of this assertion.

The same permission was sanctioned by the Council of Toledo at which Pope Leo presided. The only restriction put upon the "pure" priests by this Council, was to forbid them from keeping more than one concubine at a time, "at least in public."

What think you, Heretic brethren, of this kind of morality, or of the Church which does not even forbid it? "and only requires to have it concealed from the public."

This is morality with a vengeance, truly. None of it in mine, if you please.

Llorenter (Inquisition, tome III, chapter 28, article 2, Edition of 1817,) relates, that when he was Secretary to the Inquisition, a Capuchin was brought before that tribunal, who had acted as confessor to seventeen females, and had seduced thirteen of them, claiming that, thro' Christ, they had conquered every passion, except carnal desire; and that he had a special dispensation from the Lord to conquer that passion in them; and that it would be useless to speak of it to any other confessor, as with such a dispensation they could not sin.

One of them, however, fell ill and expecting to die, disclosed everything—declaring that she had never been able to believe in it, but that she had profited by it, (poor kicked innocence).

When the Capuchin was asked why this virtue should have belonged exactly to the thirteen young and handsome ones, and not at all to the other four, who were ugly and old, he coolly replied:—

"The Holy Spirit inspires where it listeth."

That is generally the kind of holiness practiced by these Lambs (Rams) of God.

The same author, same chapter, avows that, in the 16th Century (when Popery was in the plenitude of its power) the Inquisition had imposed on all women the obligation of denouncing guilty confessors, but the denunciations were so numerous that the penitents were declared dispensed from denouncing.

Chamancis, a Romish Priest and writer, declared, that the "*adultery, impiety, and obscenity of Romish Priests is beyond description.*" They crowd into houses of ill-fame, in gambling and in dancing: they are seen to pass from the company of infamous women, from the altar to the mass. To veil a woman in these Convents (says he) is synonymous with prostituting her.

Mezerey—a French Papist, assures us that, before the English Reformation the whole body of the Romish Priesthood were fornicators. (They are not quite so public now, but as bad as ever in secret).

So much, for the present, on the purity of these Servants of God.

WATCHMAN! in your ceaseless vigils, fail not to sound the alarm in trumpet tones, and awaken the too confident and dreamy slumberers, to their great and impending danger.

EMANUEL M. JONES.

Philadelphia, Pa.

For The Watchman.

HAPPINESS.

The sum of every thing desirable may be expressed in one word—Happiness. This is the ultimate aspired to in all our strivings. We are so constituted that the idea cannot be ignored, neither can it be made secondary.

When a kindness is done us, the service is measured, not in dollars and cents, but in the amount of pleasure connected with it. If we work for ourselves, we measure the result in the same way.

Nor is happiness so very hard to attain, for we are organized expressly for it. Health and harmonious surroundings are all that is necessary.

Health is not accidental or providential, but the inevitable result of right living; and in these days one may easily inform himself in the essentials of Hygiene. And if we do not find tolerably congenial social associates, the fault is apt to be our own.

The integrity and vigor of the physical system secured, and desirable social relations established, the individual can hardly avoid almost uninterrupted joy; he takes it in at every breath, and it dances along every nerve. These conditions secured, and simple existence anywhere is heaven.

The avenues of pleasure are more numerous and more perfect for the human than for any other animal. Yet the fact remains, that while life is delicious and satisfying to the lower orders, the great majority of humans hardly know whether to call it a blessing or a curse. In their wild chase to get more than Nature intended, in many, many cases, they have lost all. If they could only have been satisfied to have used their passionial natures as not abusing them; and gratified their appetites only with plain, wholesome food and pure water for drink, how richly they would have been rewarded.

"God made man upright (healthy), but he has sought out many (ruinous) inventions."

INTEMPERANCE.

The using of things harmful in themselves, such as alcohol, tobacco, &c.; and

excesses in what with moderation is desirable, causes, directly or indirectly, at least ninety percent of all the disease, crime, and misery in our land.

Nature has scattered our pathway with a great profusion of blessings; but we are dissatisfied with her plain, simple ways, and make ourselves miserable by our insatiable graspings after more than she has provided.

This thought should be sedulously inculcated in the minds of all youth, till it is a part of their existence, as it were, till they will never imagine for an instant, that there is any possible chance to add to the sum of their enjoyment thro' these alluring and almost universally practiced vices. The foundation once laid in temperance and virtue, the rest will be easy.

The world is full of Philanthropists wasting their energies trying to mitigate the suffering that meets them at every turn, because they do not understand and realize the most potent causes of human degradation. The consequence is that their work is superficial. They leave the causes of our troubles continually operating to keep up the usual or an increasing number of sufferers. Oftentimes they themselves are following the road which must soon destroy all their pleasures by overwhelming them in physical suffering and disability.

Some people foolishly think that the Christian Religion contains all the good there is in this world, and that all the converted must, of necessity, be overflowing with ecstasies.

They maintain this belief, notwithstanding the devout manifest no evidence that they enjoy more than others. They wear long faces, and grumble, and commit suicide as frequently as their ungodly neighbors. Piety is evidently no panacea for the ills that flesh is heir to.

Another class make education a hobby. They have much to say about degradation, vice, and misery following in the wake of, and being associated with ignorance. They are ever ready to vote more and more money for public schools; and if they are wealthy, they endow Institutions of learning. Yet a glance will show that happiness is not necessarily divorced from ignorance; and that great learning never secures it. Health is the first great requisite to happiness; and we have to admit that it is frequently underwinded and dissipated in going to school. In this case, the learning is a very poor equivalent for the loss.

Another thinks he sees in poverty, the germ of all misery, but he makes a great mistake. The rich are not exempt from a large share of misery; while joy sometimes springs spontaneously out of what approaches the verge of starvation.

Observation and experience show that happiness is compatible with any degree of destitution which does not produce actual physical suffering; and beyond that the public is supposed to make provision for relief.

This class also have a theoretical remedy at hand. They believe in a kind of financial equality; and believe in securing it by making laws to favor the financial imbeciles.

They think they know how to make a kind of money which would fit their case exactly, besides doing very well for those naturally thrifty.

With the kind of money which it is supposed would have such a natural affinity for the inefficient and improvident, and practically exempting them from taxation, it is supposed they would be able to always enjoy all the luxuries of life.

Without attempting, in this article, to show how far our laws might be improved, it is safe to say, that he who makes no progress as it is, would not if the laws were perfect. Badly as the laws are out of joint, it is evident that there is far more fault with the people than with the laws.

None of these well-meaning classes comprehend the question of happiness, or the

(Continued on fifth page.)

THE WATCHMAN.

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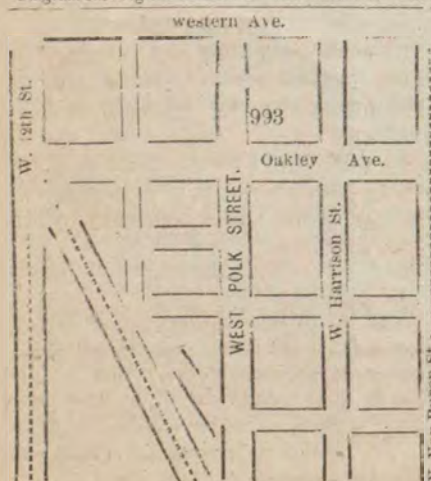
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Diagram showing the Location of "The Watchman" Office.



HER HUSBAND'S DOUBLE.

A Wife's Strange Experience—A Remarkable Divorce Suit.

A remarkably curious divorce suit will be tried in this city before an examiner in the present month of December. Margaret Leeds, a pretty little brunette, and a native of the city of Pittsburg, became Mrs. Anson F. Clements on the 8th of last July. Her husband is a carriage upholsterer, and has always been an industrious, sober man. He was offered a better position in Philadelphia, and came here after a three days' honeymoon, leaving his bride with her mother. On the 15th of October, being assured that his position would be permanent, he telegraphed to his wife, and twenty-four hours later she was installed in a cosy little four-room house in the northwest section of the city. She had not been in her new home a week before she had written twice to her mother that she was too utterly miserable to live; that her husband, while one of the kindest men living was possessed of a strange affliction that made her life a burden, and certainly precluded the possibility of her living with him. The story she related to a *Mirror* representative was a terrible one, and was amply corroborated by her tears, and her pitiful expressions of regret about the compulsory parting.

"I never knew how much I loved Anson," said she, "until after we were married, and I love him to-day better than ever. We were married at seven o'clock in the evening at mother's house. The guests remained until midnight, and then we went to our room and retired. About four o'clock in the morning I was awakened by a noise in the room. I raised myself up in the bed and screamed. And what I saw was enough to make a brave man quake with fear. Standing in front of the bureau I saw the form of a man. He seemed to be shaving himself, for every now and then I could see the gleam of a razor as he wiped it on a piece of paper. 'Anson!' I shrieked, nestling up closer to my husband, 'Anson! wake up for heaven's sake; there is some one in the room.' As I spoke I placed my hand on my husband's face. It was as cold as the face of the dead. In my fright I began beating him on the chest and screaming at the top of my voice. Then the idea took possession of me that he was dead. His arms were rigid and I could not hear him breathe.

My screams awoke the household. I can just remember seeing my mother and youngest brother rush into the room as I fainted. When I came to my senses Anson was bathing my face with cold water, and my mother was standing beside the bed. I looked toward the bureau, but the form I saw standing there had disappeared. I told the cause of my outcry but they all laughed at me and said that I had been dreaming. My husband seemed annoyed about something, but as the day wore on he became good natured, and before night came he had me in his arms telling me how much he loved me.

"The next night and the next I slept soundly without being disturbed. On the fourth day after our marriage Anson started for Philadelphia, and on the sixteenth of last month I arrived in this city. Anson was overjoyed to see me, and I needn't say that I had the same feeling. I was tired and went to bed early. I don't think I shall ever forget that night as long as I live. Shortly after midnight something caused me to awake, and looking up I saw the room door open, and then I saw a man enter. He went directly to the bureau, and then as true as

heaven hears me, began shaving himself.

There the man stood, with a razor in his hand, drawing it over his face again and again as calmly as tho' he was in his own home. He made no other motion, and his movements were perfectly noiseless. I must have lain perfectly quiet for a minute, and then by a mighty effort I regained the use of my voice and limbs. I seized my husband by the shoulder and tried to awaken him. My fears must have given me double strength, for I pushed him partly out of bed. Instead of arousing himself at my call he lay like a dead man.

"I passed my hand over his face and was surprised to find that it was as cold and clammy as it was on our bridal night in Pittsburg. The man was still standing in front of the bureau, and did not appear to notice the disturbance in the least. At last my nerves gave way, and I fell back half fainting. The next thing I remember was Anson bathing my face and chafing my hands. I told him what had happened, and he said I had been dreaming, but he did not seem as positive as before. On the third night of our stay in Philadelphia the mystery was solved, or at least there was an unsatisfactory explanation of it. My husband and I had spent the evening at a theatre, and after coming home sat up and talked until nearly one o'clock. Then we retired, and I, with some misgiving, buried my head under the bed-clothes. I don't know how long I slept, but, as before, I was aroused by some mysterious influence, and knew the moment I opened my eyes that I was to go thro' a terrible ordeal. I was expecting to see the same intruder. And I did. He was standing in front of the glass shaving himself with the utmost unconcern. I jumped out of bed, and enveloping myself in the counterpane that I snatched up, I approached the man at the bureau. He never budged an inch. I turned up the gas and took a step nearer. The rays fell about the face of the figure and showed the reflection of his face in the mirror. I looked quickly, and, great heavens! I saw the face of my husband staring at me. I turned around. My husband still lay in bed. His face was of a palid, deathly hue. I sprang forward and touched his forehead. It was as cold as ice. Turning again, I walked toward the figure in front of the glass. As I drew near it seemed to fade away, and when I looked again it had gone. At the same moment Anson groaned once or twice, turned over, then sat up in bed. 'Maggie,' he said, 'you know everything now. I have been enduring the torture of a thousand hells for the last ten minutes, and unable to move hand or foot. My God! why am I not like other men? What you saw in Pittsburg and what you have seen here is no nightmare, no dream, but a terrible reality. You saw my double. It has been the curse of my existence for years, and seems to be a visitation upon me for some sin of my parents. I know perfectly well when my other consciousness is making itself visible to mortal eye, and have not the slightest control over it. Nevertheless, thinking powers are not stupefied, but rather quickened, and the fright you experience I feel tenfold in agony of mind. I thought that marriage would change my condition, but it seems only to have made it worse.'

"Now," said the young woman, "you can readily see that no matter how much Anson and I may love each other, we cannot live as man and wife, when his shadow, or whatever you may call it, goes roaming around the house at midnight, and so we've concluded to separate."—*Philadelphia Mirror*.

The above article was sent to us by one

of our correspondents, who wishes our views upon the subject of the "double".

We, therefore, cheerfully place before our reader, some statements concerning the phenomena called the "double".

The so-called "double", is but the spirit body of mortals. In some instances, this spirit body can manifest with remarkable power.

In an instance like the above, we recognize the interposition of the *Will-power* of another spirit—this renders the first one a medium, and the acts done, as above stated, were not of that medium's mind or desire, but were of a second person.

This case shows a clear illustration of Materialization, wherein the contour of the medium's own face was used by the spirit, to clothe itself in features.

It is not at all surprising that the mind of the medium should be cognizant of what is transpiring at such times. The medium's own spirit is standing just outside of his physical body, and can see and realize all that is being done, altho' it is powerless to interfere until the second spirit has satisfied its desires.

The spirit of the medium cannot always see the other spirit, because that other has clothed itself with the aura and powers of the medium.

The case referred to above, is not of one's "double", but is spirit Materialization. It is done by the *Will* of another spirit, either for revenge, or for a chance to talk and be understood, that it may be released from the memory of the incident that it repeatedly enacts.

Such cases should have the attention and advice of competent developing mediums, who can both instruct the medium what to do, and instruct the friends of the medium what to say, and how to deal with the second spirit when it manifests itself.

Such a course as this, would soon set all difficulties aright. And there would be no cause for a divorce; nor further misunderstanding between the parties concerned.

In all cases of a similar nature, we advise the parties concerned, to immediately consult with some experienced Spiritualist and adviser, the same as they would consult a physician, were they physically ill.

These phases of phenomena are but the result of natural causes. And when investigated, they afford much interesting food for thought and understanding.

In regard to the phase termed the "double", we have had some experience in this, and recognize it to be a power of the Soul, whereby, the Soul travels with its spirit body and manifests wherever it may desire.

It does not always require that the physical body shall be in a state of suspended animation or repose. But, in many cases, the "double" is rendered more definite to the physical sight when the physical body is at rest. For, then, the Soul can draw more powerfully from the physical properties of the body, which renders the spirit body firm like the physical body.

In case that a spirit body or "double" should manifest to its friends, it would not manifest other than in an agreeable manner, except there be an interposition of the *Will* of another spirit, and then the first spirit would be prevented from saying and manifesting as it might desire.

Personally, we are convinced of these things, because we have, on several occasions, seen the "double", as it is called, but, as we term it, the spirit of friends who were, at the time, alive and well, tho' several miles distant—they having appeared, too, when our mind was not upon them, proving that it was not an hallucination of the mind.

We also have many letters from different persons, which testify that they have seen

ourself—talked with us, while, at the same time, our physical body was miles away and occupied with other duties; while, in other cases, our physical body was in a state of trance.

All these things testify, to the candid mind, that the body has its double; and that the Soul can make use of either or both bodies at the same time in different places.—EDITRESS OF THE WATCHMAN.

MARY JONES, of *The Infidel School Teacher*. By Elmina D. Slenker. Price, 15 cents.

This is a very interesting work for Lib-eralists everywhere.

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

We most earnestly call the attention of our readers to the very able remarks to be found in a pamphlet on WOMAN SUFFRAGE. By John Geo. Hertwig. Price, 10 cents.

This work will more than repay the reader for the price paid for it.—Ed.

Address, J. G. Hertwig.

P. O. Box 706, Washington, D. C.

Vol. III. No. 1, of *Facts*, a work "De-voted to the Statements of Mental and Spiritual Phenomena," is before us, and we find within its pages some very re-markable statements—said statements can but enhance the interest of each reader thereof, in the Cause of Spiritualism.

Facts is published monthly by the Facts Publishing Co., at 105 Summer St., Room 32, Boston, Mass. Price, \$1.00 per annum, Single copies 10 cents.—EDITRESS OF THE WATCHMAN.

The Practical Phonographer is a monthly Magazine for Munson writers and all other Stenographers. Henry F. Lee, Editor and Publisher. Athenæum, 50 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. Terms:—\$2.00 per annum: Single copies 20 cents.

This (Munson's) System is considered quite the best for practical Phonography. It is the System taught in the Chicago, (free) Evening High School, under the able tutorship of Mr. P. J. O'Shea.—Ed.

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.

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Jack Frost, The King of Artists.

By FRENOCIA, THE EDITRESS.

On my window pane he traces
Lovely mystic forms and faces,
Forest trees and castles fair—
Weird and strange, with utmost care.

Marvelous are his works (to me)
While traced so fine and perfectly—
The most delicate feathery mass—
As it done by magic, at a Northern blast.

There are fern leaves truly fine,
And mountains steep, so hard to climb;
There are rural nooks and vallies low—
All done by Nature, and Jack Frost, too.

Editor of *The Watchman*:—

Upon seeing the picture of JUDAS, in an album, in 1863, with Christian hatred depicted upon its countenance, the follow-ing thoughts came to my mind, and I gave them expression:—

As a helper in carrying out the great
"Mediation" plan,
God chose one, JUDAS, to act an import-ant part,
In the betraying up to butchery an in-nocent man,
So the Devil should not of him get the start.
Since then he's always been by Chris-tians cursed,
In acting under his Election as the Al-mighty designed;
And to glut their vengeance, and slake their thirst,
They have Mr. JUDAS to the Devil con-signed.

Oh! shame on you, Christians, for act-ing so rude,
Since by this ordained murder, you are saved;
For, if it be God-planned, then don't intrude,
But let your Christian banner over his ashes be waved.

URI N. MERWIN.

Vineland, N. J.

HAPPINESS.

(Continued from third page.)

true remedies for the ills of life; consequent-ly, they never lay the axe at the root of the tree which bears all our troubles, and the few branches that are lopped off now and then, do not make it apparently less.

The healthy, whose characters are in har-mony with their surroundings, cannot help being happy. Therefore, the aim should be to fill the world with this class of people.

What the people need is knowledge, but not alone the knowledge learned in schools.

The causes of misery lie far too deep to be brushed away like a cobweb.

Serious errors, both in character and habits, have become a part of Humanity as it now exists, and a reform from the foundation is in order. The improvement must necessarily be slow. Short steps upward from genera-tion to generation is all that can be hoped for; and those who see the dim light ahead, have plenty to work for; and a full con-sciousness that they will never be out of em-ployment.

When Humanity progresses at all, it does so thro' the same laws that control the im-provement of the lower animals.

Better breeding; better feeding; and bet-ter training are the methods.

This is to be brought about thro' a more perfect and widely diffused knowledge of the necessary conditions: and a more vivid realization of the importance of the question.

S. BLODGETT.

Grahamville, Marion Co., Fla.

The publishers of *Mind and Matter* wish to announce that they have several files of Vols. 3, 4, & 5 of *Mind and Mat-ter*, for binding, all complete and in per-fect order. Persons desiring the same should apply to L. I. Abbott, Manager, 713 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.—Ed.

MESSAGES.

We invite all who receive spirit mes-sages, and are desirous of publishing the same, to forward them to this Office, and they will receive due attention. We re-quire that the name of the medium, thro' whom the communication is given, be published therewith.

We also invite all who recognize any of the messages published herein, to for-ward statements of verification also to be published, to establish the truth of the messages and vindicate Spiritualism.

J. Wm. Van Namee, M. D., Medium, Bridgeport, Conn.

John Moon.

I want to say to my wife, Kate, who lives in Brooklyn, not to let thoughts of of me interfere with her happiness. I know I interfered with it enough while I was on earth, but not intentionally or de-liberately; it was thro' weakness of pur-pose, and thoughtlessness. I am far differ-ent now, and everything appears to me in a different light. My only desire is to repair wrongs done in the past; and see those I left behind me happy and free from care.

JOHN MOON.

Anna.

I want to say to my dear Aunt Emily—you know Mrs. Emily Ruggles, of Brook-lyn—that I am ever so much pleased to think she dressed the doll for me. It is a magnet to draw me there, just as Anny said it would be. Don't get discouraged, Aunt Emily, you will see bright and hap-py days; and the good deeds you have done, will be blessings in your way.

ANNA.

Silver Bell.

Silver Bell comes to her medy in James-burg, N. J.—His name be Edwin Jobses—and she want him to remember his prom-ise which he sometimes forgets, and let the spirits use him when they want to—if he don't, he'll be awful sick, soon, for a punishment,

SILVER BELL.

Henry C. Wright.

Go on, brave workers, go on, let noth-ing stop the Car of Progress in its onward movement, until all superstitious and big-otry are crushed beneath its wheels. I am with you, one and all.

There is one worker that I am now en-deavouring to get perfect control over for a great work of regeneration. No half way measures will answer our Cause—it must be work and hard service. Radicalism in its broadest sense. On, on, the people call for help.

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

Adah Isaacs Menken.

Yes, on—pause not, falter not, no time for resting, no time for waiting; Souls are in bondage—you must free them—then up, on with your armor of strength, victory is sure, if you are faithful—and glorious will be the dawn of the day of Universal Freedom. Let ease be forgot-ten; let conscience be aroused; work—keep the eyes fixed ahead, the heart full of hope—God is with you—and you have nothing to fear—but, Oh! so much to gain.

ADAH ISAACS MENKEN.

For The Watchman.

SPIRIT VISITANTS.

By J. WM. VAN NAMEE, M. D.

O, tell me not that spirits bright,
In lands beyond the Sun,
Cannot commune with loved ones here,
Whose life course is not run;
They often came, in robes of light,
To cheer the sorrowing heart—
To wipe the tears from pallid cheeks,
And bid all grief depart.

They often come to point the way
That leads to truth and right;
They hover 'round our paths by day,
Our couches in the night,
They guard us thro' these silent hours,
And make our rest more sweet,
Altho' we cannot see their forms,
Nor hear their pattering feet.

We often hear their voices low,
Like strains of music pure,
As they impart to us new life
And courage to endure,
They strengthen all our good resolves
And buoy us on life's wave,
Above the depths of sorrow's gloom,
To triumph o'er the grave.

They tell us in that blessed world,
Where all is light and joy,
That love, and peace, and happiness,
Exist without alloy;
That if we are but faithful, true,
And live a life of love,
We all may join their happy bands,
In realms of bliss above.

Bridgeport, Conn.

Written for The Watchman.

KINDNESS.

By MRS. W. S. MOORE.

Deal gently with the erring,
For we know not why they sin;
They have sorrows that are trying,
To the heart that beats within.
Then win them from their sinful ways,
By kindness and by love;
For we are children of one heritage—
Heirs of the self-same God.

We should live for those around us,
For the friends that are so dear;
We should seek to make them happy,
In each coming, coming year;
We should never get discouraged,
Tho' the world may sometimes frown;
If we only live uprightly,
We shall wear the golden crown.

Yes, we should live for others,
Not for ourselves alone;
We should count them all our brothers,
To make this world a happy home.
And then a ray of gladness
O'er all this world would shine—
There would be no need of sadness,
If we were always kind.

Stony Fork, Pa.

"The statue of Harriet Martineau, un-veiled in Boston a few weeks ago, was paid for entirely by women. This was very appropriate, because, tho' she did much to free the slaves and much for the popularization of learning in general, she was one of the earliest advocates of the rights of women."

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By MRS. MINERVA MERRICK,

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

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

Napoleon Bonaparte, Emperor of France, has appeared here several times. He comes to cheer and bless with his true patriotism and love of Humanity; and is in harmony with all good and just laws, and will lend his influence to establish such on earth.

He was a mighty commander, and could command himself under all circumstances; and the powerful stream of truth and love that filled his Soul from advanced intellects, sustained him under all difficulties.

That noble character, Napoleon, is not dead, but is actively engaged with all his retinue of officers and soldiers who loved him so well; and by their efforts, united with those in this mundane Sphere, who are in harmony with them, we shall overcome many evils that annoy and oppress the people of all lands.

The Emperor was, one day, conversing with Gen. Bertrand upon the subject of Atheism. "Your spirit," said he, "is it the same as the spirit of the herdsman whom you see in the valley below, feeding his flocks? Is there not as great a distance between you and him, as between a horse and a man? But, how do you know this? You have never seen his spirit. No, the spirit of a beast has the endowment of being invisible. It has that privilege equally with the spirit of the most exalted genius. You have talked with the herdsman, examined his countenance, questioned him, and his responses have told you what he is; you judge, then, the cause from the effects—judge correctly. Certainly, your Reason, your intelligence, your faculties are vastly above those of the herdsman. Very well; I judge in the same way. Divine effects compel me to believe in a Divine Cause; and that Cause is the Cause of Causes—that Reason is the Reason creative of Intelligence."

Napoleon comprehended the future state of life as Spiritualists do.

These are abridged extracts from Abbott's History of Napoleon Bonaparte.

April 19th—The Emperor enjoyed a temporary respite from pain, and seeing that his friends hoped he was permanently better, he looked at them with a placid smile, and said,

"My friends, you are mistaken. I am better to-day, but I feel, nevertheless, that my end is approaching. After my death, every one of you will return to Europe. Some of you will see your relations again, others their friends, and I shall join my brave companions in the Elysian Fields. Yes, Kleber, Desaix, Bessieres, Duroc, Ney, Murat, Massena, Berthier, will all come to meet me. They will speak to me of what we have done together and I will relate to them the last events of my life. On seeing me again, they will all become once more animated with enthusiasm and glory. We will talk of our wars with the Scipios, Hannibal, Caesar, Frederick. There will be pleasure in that, unless," he added, smiling, "it should create an alarm in the next [spirit]

world to see so many warriors assembled together."

His views correspond with millions of intelligent men and women of to-day.

"April 26th—The Emperor was pretty calm during the night until about four in the morning, when he said with extraordinary emotion,

"I have just seen my good Josephine, but she would not embrace me. She disappeared at the moment I was about to take her in my arms. She was seated there. It seemed to me that I had seen her yesterday evening. She is not changed; still the same, full of devotion to me. She told me that we were about to see each other again, never more to part."

Mr. Materialist, will you please let us hear from you, just what your prospects are when you pass out of this Material Sphere? We would be gratified to hear something that would add to our happiness and contentment, if you have any thing to offer superior to Napoleon's dream.

Persons who consider themselves only a lump of clay may not possess the gift of affectionate regard or loving friendship for other lumps of the same material, therefore, have no desire to meet them on the "golden strand".

The dream is so delightful that even a lump of clay might enjoy it here, if not hereafter. M. M.

Dear Mrs. Cate.—We hope you will be pleased and encouraged with our experience with Napoleon, and the remarks we have made.

We feel certain that Napoleon came for a good purpose; and we are highly pleased to have such a noble character in harmony with us; it gives us great confidence to press onward and upward, to know that he and all his harmonious friends are operating with him in the mighty efforts that are being made to establish truth, love, and mercy on this planet: and by this co-operation, all the remnants of feudal systems; all monopolies; all oppressive laws and punishment will be abolished.

Such glorious lights are beaming down from the celestial Spheres that no darkness can conceal evil, dark deeds. Freedom of thought must be allowed. Each tree bears its fruit and flowers, and thus we know them: and man should have liberty to think his best thoughts or his worst thoughts, and, as the blossoms, by their fruits ye shall know them. The consequence will be knowledge of ourselves, which at present is not fully defined.

How is it that Bishops and Priests have the right to prescribe the thoughts of their subordinates? Shall they (the subjects) not have the privilege of inspiring thoughts from the center Soul; from the spiritual Sun of the spirit-world—God? or, must their thoughts be controlled, and they think on the same plane with another? Where will be the progress? Must the blind still lead the blind?

The bread that comes from heaven (the spirit-world), that if a man eat (inspire) he can never die, but think on forever, is as free as the air we breathe.

Shall they (the subjects) be deprived of this freedom to think the thoughts that are impressed upon their minds?

Who gave Popes, Bishops, Priests, or any human being the right to govern the thoughts of man? Who made them judge of other men's consciences?

The lessons Jesus taught are grand in simplicity, and pure and white as the driven snow—no selfishness or anticipated reward or oppressions or burdens to bear—all was peace and good-will. M. M.

Dear Editress.—We have received your tokens of affectionate regard, with many others, which afford us great pleasure, as the endearing sentiments expressed are appreciated—knowing the value of expressions of loving-kindness to each other in this Sphere of life.

There is not any thing small, these sparks of affectionate regard move in circles closed at the reception of the sentiments and scintillate in spirit circles in the spirit realm; and at this day of festivities—this birthday of love, mercy, justice, and equality, an influence of great power is produced for elevating Humanity.

The loving expressions that encircle the earth at this time, are like gentle showers sifting tiny drops of moisture to refresh the withered flowers of memory, and restore them to their pristine beauty in the Soul, even of a criminal. Altho' he is in a dungeon, a token of sweet remembrance, if only a little faded flowers, it might restore him to himself, and the sunshine of loving friendship illumine the dark chambers of the mind.

All men and women have mothers, and a mother's love is eternal, as our heavenly Father's love is eternal and can never be severed—and at this time of festivities, when every one is filled with friendly, loving thoughts towards their friends, if they would extend their sympathy and commiseration to those who are in prisons—in dungeons, both mental and physical—those unfortunate, deranged mortals, whom some of the same Reverend gentlemen call "incorrigibly wicked", might feel a touch from the altar of loving pity, and the spark of love that remained, tho' buried deep in cruel, dark deeds, might be fanned into a flame.

There was a friendly regard manifested toward the prisoners in Quincy, (Ill.) Jail. Mrs. Heckle, the Sheriff's wife, treated them to a Thanksgiving dinner—turkey and suitable trimmings; and they were not forgotten on Christmas day.

It is possible, and more than probable that the mothers—those in the spirit Sphere—were present. That that little touch of kindness produced an influence that opened the way for them to draw near. The length and breadth of that influence cannot be measured.

That lady has planted a seed of the Christ-principle that will grow according to the soil, and may produce "fruits meet for repentance."

Paul may plant, and Apollos water, but the spirit of goodness will give the increase. M. M.

Dear Editress.—We desire to express a few thoughts on the subject of taxation of cities, as the people are oppressed.

A city of 30,000 inhabitants, having its property mortgaged for \$500,000, at eight per cent interest, (for building a railroad), is oppressive; and there should be some way provided to relieve the people of this burden.

There is something wrong in the law that allows a company of men to unite to increase their wealth by building a railroad: and then calling an election for the purpose of binding the debt on to the citizens—claiming a majority in its favor.

Probably a majority of those who voted for this unnecessary debt had no special interest in the city: they, probably, had no taxable property in the city, but were induced to vote as they did from a selfish motive, as it would afford them employment for a time.

As Railroads benefit the whole State, why should not the State of Illinois assume the railroad-debts of all the cities and towns in that State?

The State could borrow money at three or

four per cent and pay the debts; or issue bonds at three per cent, and economize in the use of public funds.

What use is there in building a State-house that costs \$5,000,000 or \$6,000,000, on the sandy foundation of pride, falsehood, cheating, and selfishness?

Now, if the people of a State have the privilege of voting to decide what amount should be appropriated to build a State-house, and if women, who have to help their husbands pay the taxes by selling butter and eggs, had the privilege of voting, they would not vote \$5,000,000 for the erection of a State-house. No, they (the women) would know how many dozens of eggs, and how many pounds of butter it would take to pay \$20 or \$30 in taxes on a farm of fifty acres of land. She would prefer a nice, graveled road that she might go to market rain or shine, and have a plain, substantial, fire-proof building for a State-house, with the ceiling low enough to hear a man speak, without an ear-trumpet.

Men possess the privilege of voting to fill all the offices in the land, and women have not a word to say—not even on the selection of School Directors, where women are particularly interested, as the education of their children is dear to them.

Women, by giving it the proper attention, and having the privilege of voting, even on this one important Institution, could fill the offices of School Directors as competently as the men.

There is great need of reformation in Public Schools. We must have teachers who have learned to govern themselves; then, they will be able to govern children without a rawhide.

Teach children the seven faculties that constitute a human being, and love is the keynote, the great central light of the Soul around which all the virtues revolve; these good elements are vivified and controlled by its power and beneficence.

Children's rights should be respected; and they should be treated politely, with gentleness and firmness: they should never be looked at with flashing eyes of anger; nor taken by the collar, and brought out on the floor, in the presence of the school—the mind of the boy, thus rudely treated, would be filled with anger and revenge; and it would be teaching him to fight, as the impulse to treat the teacher as the teacher has treated him will be uppermost in his mind—and he would do it, too, if he had the power.

When two persons meet on that plane, they raise or create what is called the devil or evil thoughts and deeds.

It would be wrong for the boy to transgress the rules of the school, and wrong for the teacher to punish him in any such manner—two wrongs never make one right.

Punishment (physical) will be abolished in Public Schools. Physical punishment is a curse to the world of Souls—there is no good in it.

Jesus taught a principle of life, when he taught that we must overcome evil with good.

We think that evil can never be overcome, except by good.

A lady called on us and related an instance where a school-teacher shut a child in a dark closet, for punishment; from the effects of which, the child was, shortly afterwards, stricken down with brain fever. And the parents think that the child received so violent a shock to its nervous system, thro' fear, as to cause its death.

How cruel! Children cannot protect themselves, and may not be able to avoid the errors they commit.

Is it possible that this barbarous punishment must be endured?

Mothers, do not allow your children to be physically punished in school, nor at home—treat them with loving-kindness.

MRS. MINERVA MERRICK.

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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 August 27, 1883.

THE PHILOSOPHY AND PHENOMENA OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

By THOMAS R. HAZARD.

"Truth is strange, stranger than
fiction."

NINTH CHAPTER.

Many spiritual mediums under the present dispensation, who in their normal condition know not a word of any language save their own vernacular dialect, when in an abnormal or trance state both speak and write with facility in many other languages both living and dead. I have witnessed much phenomena of this kind. I have also in my possession several specimens of characters, including some obtained thro' writing mediums, from returning spirits of mortals who are supposed to have lived on earth in pre-historic times, from the fact that no living linguist has been found competent to translate or penetrate their meaning, whilst the facility and precision with which the complicated and necessarily, by the rules of composition, oft-recurring signs are indited forbid the assumption that they are the ingenious invention of the unlearned and unpracticed medium. A lady writing-medium of my acquaintance has one hundred or more continuous, closely inscribed pages of large-sized letter paper of these characters in her possession, in which, on careful examination, I was unable to detect a single imperfection or alteration in construction from the sign first made thro' the instrumentality of her hand whilst she was in the mesmeric condition. I obtained a few sentences of these characters and submitted them for elucidation to men learned in ancient lore, but they were unable to detect in the characters any resemblance to the idiom of any modern or historic language, including the Sanscrit. On several occasions, whilst attending Form Materializing seances, I have known spirit forms to come from a cabinet and hold ready conversation with an individual in the circle in a foreign language of which the officiating medium knew not a word. Sometimes speakers and mediums are controlled to lecture in public and at other times to sing very melodiously, under the circumstances, in a language of which they personally know nothing. The late John C. Grinnell, of whom I have before spoken in these papers, knew but little or nothing of the art of singing, whilst in his normal condition, would yet whilst entranced by an ancient spirit modulate his naturally constrained vocal organs, so as to sing in the sweetest tones and inflections of voice imaginable, in what purported to be the ancient Fin dialect, of which migrating tribe of Asiatic Tartars the spirit who controlled the medium claimed to have belonged. When done, the same or another spirit would take control of the medium and render in versified English the words of the Finnish song. Most persons who have attended the usual Sunday public meetings, or others, of Spiritualists, are aware that it is the practice of many of

the inspired public speakers who officiate on such occasions, to permit the audience, either individually or collectively, to choose a subject for the text immediately previous to the commencement of the discourse. It matters not how little the medium on the platform may know of the complex character and oft-times metaphysical subtleties involved in the subject presented, the inspired speaker, as a general rule, without apparently a moment's preparation, seizes at once upon the prominent features of the subject, and unhesitatingly handles it in a most eloquent and not unfrequently masterly manner, entirely beyond the ability of any extempore mortal speaker to accomplish. Very often, too, at the close of the lecture, the audience is called upon by the spirit in control of the medium to propose in writing a subject or subjects for a poem, either by one or more persons present.

Frequently as many as five or six subjects are proposed by as many different individuals. Sometimes these are as diverse and opposite to each other as possible; but it matters not, the inspired versifier occupies a few moments in arranging the little billets in a line on the desk before him or her, and then commences delineating in flowing verse each subject, in order of rotation, beginning at the first, and most ingeniously interweaving the connecting links in passing from one to the other subject, so as not to disturb the rhythm or harmony of the verse. When given thro' the organisms of some mediums, these extempore effusions are quite terse, expressive and beautiful. Thro' other less-gifted mediums, whilst harmonious in versification, they are often verbose and abound too much in platitudes. Among the many different phases of mediumship incident to "Modern Spiritualism," what are called *flower mediums* are not uncommon. As far as my experience extends, these, as a general rule, are obliged to sit in total darkness, sometimes in a cabinet, but generally along with the company present in a darkened room, on which occasions if the necessary harmonious conditions are maintained, frequently quantities of flowers, evergreens, &c., are showered down on the person of each individual present, or on a table around which they may be sitting. Often these flowers are brought to individuals in answer to mental requests. They are always fresh and sparkling as if just gathered in the dew, as they most probably frequently are from adjacent fields or conservatories, altho' we are told by the spirit controlling the medium that sometimes exotics are brought equally fresh from a great distance. Animals and birds are not unfrequently brought at these circles in a seemingly mesmeric condition, from which, however, they soon recover. I was once present at a small circle, when a rabbit and a dove were undoubtedly brought to us thro' spirit agency whilst we were seated in a small room, with the doors locked and windows carefully secured. One of the sweetest-singing canary birds I ever saw was brought to a lady of my acquaintance in a mesmeric state, and dropped down before her in a small vase on a table, around which the company were sitting. There are many well-authenticated records of levitation having occurred in the persons of different mediums, wherein their persons have been raised many feet from the floor, whilst they were sitting for short manifestations in a circle of investigators. At other times mediums of this phase of phenomena have been carried bodily out of one lofty window and brought back thro' another, whilst in other instances they have

been instantaneously transported by spirit power for miles, from one point to another, as I have myself witnessed in one instance past all doubt. Such phenomena as this, however, well authenticated by human testimony, is too opposite to the supposed laws of material gravitation to be believed by unpracticed mortals, to say nothing of the still more stupendous, well-attested exemplifications of spirit power, wherein time and space seems to have been both annihilated, and material things have been transported with the speed of lightning from one point to another thousands of miles apart. *Thoughts*, in the economy of spirit life, seem to occupy a corresponding position with things in man's material existence, and the time may come when man in his never-ending progress may learn that it is within the possibilities of God's law that a material thing should under certain conditions be transported by spirit power from pole to pole with equal facility and speed as a human *thought* can pass from the one point to the other, including even the furthest off visible star.

What is known among Spiritualists as "Form Materialization" is perhaps the most pleasing, and when witnessed under proper conditions, is the most convincing phase of the spirit manifestations of the present day, not excepting slate writing. The first phenomena of the kind I ever witnessed was in the year 1871, at Mr. Morris Keeler's, near Moravia, Cayuga County, State of New York, Mrs. Mary Anderson being the officiating medium. The remarkable materializing phenomena that then occurred in my presence I compiled and contributed to the *Banner of Light*, under the caption of "Eleven days at Moravia," which contribution has been stereotyped by the conductors of that Journal, and is now kept for sale in tract form on their own account, at their bookstore, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, Mass. Since then I have witnessed multitudes of "Form Materializations" in the presence of many mediums, including Mrs. Mary A. Hull, Mrs. Pickering, Miss Fay and others, of Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Ross, of Providence, R. I.; Mrs. Hattie Wilson, of New York; Mr. Wm. and Horatio Eddy, Mr. Henry C. Gordon, Mrs. Bliss, and Mr. Beste of Philadelphia, and Mrs. Crindle (now Mrs. Reynolds), of California, each and all of whom I can most confidently recommend, individually, as being strictly genuine, honest and highly qualified mediums for "Form Materialization," whatever may have been said or may be said to the contrary, whether thro' ignorance of the law, envy or malice by clique, Journal, person or persons, whatever or whomsoever. For the guidance of sincere investigators of the spiritual phenomena, and especially that of "Form Materialization," I may here say that whilst an honest skepticism has no injurious effect on the manifestations, it is essentially necessary that every sitter at a "Form Materializing" seance should divert his mind as far as possible of any previously conceived prejudice against either the phenomena or the medium, and approach the wonderful complex, intricate and intensely sensitive subject with a prevailing desire to seek for and follow the truth wherever it may lead. During my many and varied experiences I have learned to my own satisfaction, as before intimated, that the thoughts of mortals are things to the spirits, and that it is just as impossible for spirit chemists to exhibit the wonders of their sublime art in the presence of persons who are all the time smiting their medium and his or her spirit guides with malignant thoughts or spitting, as it were, the venom of serpents at them, as it is for a material chemist to exhibit the wonders of his art whilst a gang of rowdies are in the act of hammering him with their angry fists and smashing his brittle apparatus. Some spirits

say that sitters at a Materializing seance of this gross and ill-bred class, however urbane and correct may be their external behavior, carry with them a spiritual stench so offensive to the spirit guides and guardians of many mediums that they are unable to remain in its atmosphere, but are compelled to abandon the situation to a low order of spirits, that thro' the operation of the law that "like attracts like" are attracted to the seance, who, with the assistance of their mortal compeers present, are sure to work disaster to the unconscious and now helpless medium. As I have hitherto contributed many columns of my experiences at Form Materialization seances to the *Journal*, I will not now dwell upon the subject further than to relate a few prominent manifestations similar to such as I could fill hundreds of columns with without exhausting the supply I have at hand, acquired from my own personal experiences. Last Winter and Spring I attended twenty or more "Form Materializing" seances at No. 691 N. 13th St., Philadelphia, Pa., held in the presence of Henry C. Gordon, one of the earliest as well as best mediums in the United States. Among the many scores of occult manifestations that I then witnessed was the following: My daughter Esther, at the age of about 30 years, died in Santa Barbara, Cal., on July 29, 1880. During her girlhood she was very partial to a simple style of dress, consisting of a black skirt and white bodice. The first time she presented herself to me in materialized form was a few months after her decease, at a seance held by the accomplished and well-known Materializing medium, Mrs. Fay, 14 Dover St., Boston, Mass. Esther came from behind the curtain quite unexpectedly to me (with every feature almost as well defined and life-like as they were in her girlhood) clothed in her favorite white bodice and dark skirt.

One evening whilst attending Henry C. Gordon's seance, Esther came out of the cabinet, for the first time clothed entirely in white. Said I to her, why, Esther, do you not come in your favorite dress? Without re-entering the cabinet, Esther's garments began to be metamorphosed until she stood before us clothed in her favorite dress, a white bodice and dark skirt. She next came to where I sat that I might examine the texture of the garments, especially the skirt, which looked and felt like rather fine but harsh linen. Some other of the sitters were also permitted to certify themselves of its texture, as I had done. Standing directly before us and but a yard or so distant, Esther next manipulated her skirt for a minute or so with both hands and then again presented it to us to examine. All pronounced it now to be an exceedingly rich, soft, black silk velvet. This done, Esther next walked up to a kerosene lamp that stood, lighted, on the mantel, and turned up the wick full height with her own hand, which, with the usual seance light, enabled all the company to see what was passing quite distinctly. There were some six or more sitters present in the circle, I occupying an outside seat with a vacant chair close to my right, in which Esther now took her seat and proceeded to manipulate, with her hands, her garments, commencing with the bodice. These were gradually metamorphosed from the top downwards until she was completely enveloped in a most elaborate and richly-embroidered, bright-colored, silk robe with hanging sleeves, lined thro'out with costly white satin. Esther then arose from her seat, and presented her dress to us all in turn to feel of and inspect to our satisfaction. In lifting portions of it in folds we estimated that its entire weight would reach from fifteen to twenty pounds. It lay all about my daughter's feet with a wide trail, extending when she walked, a yard or more in length. An intelligent English gentleman present expressed his belief that such a robe could not be purchased for less

than \$1,000 or more. I could not compare it with anything more like than some of the India and Thibet shawls I have seen at Stewart's, in New York, which were priced at some \$5,000 or more each. On Esther's resuming her seat by my side and again manipulating the robe, it, without altering in form, gradually changed thro'out in color to a deep black, shortly after which she retired within the cabinet and we saw no more of her on that evening. Such wonders as these, tho' not uncommon at harmonious Materializing seances, cannot be believed in by unpracticed mortals on any amount of human testimony whatever, and scarcely by many investigators on that of their own natural senses.

Mrs. Mary A. Hull, who stands second to no other Form Materializing medium, has favored me with a visit at Vaucluse of some weeks during the Summer and Fall of each of the last six years. Whilst there last Fall, she favored us with some dozen or more seances, at all of which her friend, Mrs. C. S. Hunting, my brother Joseph and myself were alone present. If there are any readers of the *Journal* who suspect any collusion, trickery or fraud on any of these occasions, they are welcome to hug their conclusions to their heart's content, without being disturbed by any move on my part to remove their suspicions. Most of the manifestations that occurred at these seances were rather different from most of those I have previously narrated in the *Journal*. As usual, our seances were held in my wife's chamber, where her children were nursed, the medium occupying a small dressing room adjoining, the one only window of which was closed and heavily muffled with blankets, &c., to shut out the light. A loose curtain was hung across the only door of the dressing room, immediately behind which the medium sat. During these seances I obtained some half score or more samples of the manifesting spirit's garments, after the following manner: My wife, for instance, or one of our spirit daughters, would come out of the cabinet and stand or sit directly before us, perhaps three feet distant, clothed in white, the medium sitting, at the same time, some eight feet distant behind the curtain, dressed in black. My wife would then manipulate, with her hand, a small portion of her dress in front, ostensibly for the purpose of rendering the material of the garment permanent. She would next gather up a portion of her dress thus prepared, in a pyramidal shape, and holding the base firmly in her own hand, allow me to take the apex in my left; whilst with a pair of scissors I cut off the prepared sample with my right hand, close to the spirit's fingers, and kept the part thus obtained in my possession. (In a very few instances the spirit forms cut off the samples with their own hands). All three of us would then certify ourselves of the hole thus made in the dress, both by sight and handling it. The spirit would then pass her hand a few times over the rent made in her garment, when it would become as whole and perfect, both to sight and handling as it was before the sample was cut. What, to me, was a new phase of the manifestations was that, with a few exceptions, we uniformly found a hole made in the medium's black dress, corresponding with that made in the Materialized spirit's dress. Several of the forms that claimed to be Egyptian or Oriental spirits presented themselves clothed in gorgeous robes of marvellous beauty, which, they intimated to us, were not Materialized garments, but were really made of earth-manufactured fabrics, which they had transported from the East into the

cabinet, a feat which experienced investigators of the phenomena know to be readily done by many spirits, for both good and bad purposes, as many a poor medium has been made aware of, not only to their gratification, but to their grief. So far as my information extends, however, spirits of the wicked or mischievous class seldom or never introduce any textile fabrics into a cabinet or seance room, except those of a coarse, unsightly character, corresponding to the spirit's own gross and undeveloped condition, and that of their opposites who are seated in the circle whose presence attracts theirs. It is a curious fact that whilst the rents made in the garments of the Oriental spirits that were claimed to be of earth manufacture, closed up by manipulation exactly as the holes in the Materialized garments did, there was not a single instance wherein a rent of any kind was made in the medium's dress to correspond with the hole cut in the spirit's dress, that was claimed to be of earth manufacture. As I intend to place the above-described samples under glass, and with the consent of the conductors of the *Journal*, place it for public inspection in the window of their front office, I will forbear dwelling on the subject at this time, farther than to say that I showed a sample cut from the late murdered Sultan's (Abdul Aziz's) dress and also a sample of the dress of my daughter, Constance, to the principal of one of the largest fashionable ladies' dry-goods establishments in New York, without telling him anything about the fabrics, or how they came into my possession, I asked him to name to me their value. The gentleman prized the Sultan's dress at \$8 and my daughter's at from \$8 to \$10 per yard.

I have heretofore described in the *Journal* the many and beautiful manifestations that have taken place on former occasions at my house, in the presence of Mrs. Hull, and how it has been common for my wife, and several of my daughters in turn, to leave the seance room and accompany me to the different chambers they were once so familiar with, also go with me down stairs and inspect with interest the pictures and engravings that hang against the walls, and the smaller keepsakes and curiosities that lie about on the mantles and center tables, some of them in a tolerable good light and others with equal facility in total darkness, and how, when the medium sat behind a loose curtain in a summer-house, from 300 to 400 feet from the front of my house, my wife and daughters have, on several occasions, come out of the summer-house and walked with us thro' the various and extensive avenues and paths in all directions, in bright, full moonlight, sometimes to the distance of the quarter of a mile. And how to make the assurance doubly sure, on four different occasions my wife, dressed in resplendent white, has brought the medium, clothed in black, holding her arm, out of the curtain cabinet with her, in plain sight and tangible to all present, and how on one occasion my daughter, Frances, a year or so after her translation to heaven from Aiken, S. C., came out of the summer-house and after walking with the medium's husband, my brother Joseph and myself, to what is called the long arbor, how she arose from her seat as she sat between us, and walked to the brow of a rising ground, on which she stood sometime intently peering into a dark, distant vale, studded with large trees, whereupon, the little mare she used to drive emerged from the shaded valley below and walked quite a distance up the hill to where my daughter stood, when she put out her Materialized hand and

gently patted her favorite on its neck, upon which the unconscious and unsuspecting brute turned its head to my spirit daughter and answered her caress with a loving whinny. All these and scores of similar manifestations I might rehearse, but I forbear, and hope to bring these letters to a close with the next and tenth chapter.

Tenth Chapter, at an early date.

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