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PRICE 10 Cents a Copy
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For The Watchman.

JUSTICE AT LAST.

Justice comes, but memory, steadfast,
Will not her old throne desert;
And the life-long wrongs thrust on us,
Linger in their suffering hurt—
Scarred and broken by life's warfare,
Mortal hands can never heal;
Judge not others by our follies—
None can know what others feel.

In the dark we grope in sadness,
Stretch vain hands toward the light,
Find around us midnight travel,
Sensing only blinded sight—
But a hand with blessed mercy
Breaks the prison-bars so strong,
And adjusts with righteous judgment,
All there is of right or wrong.

Ever onward round earth's Planet,
Runs the ceaseless tide of years:
Dread events are pressing forward,
Giving birth to Prophet Seers—
Who with vision rifted, hopeful,
Find the problems of the Past
Are but landmarks of the Future,
Sublimely to be solved at last.

Let us then go forward fearless,
Knowing well the power that rules;
Willing to be scorned of mortals,
And the jest of stupid fools—
Ever onward JUSTICE travels,
Never backward as our fears;
Ever then be looking forward,
As the Future's coming nears.

HELEN M. WALTON.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Selected.

THE AGE OF REASON.

When this world awakes to Reason,
Shall the worth of man be told;
Not by jewels and silken garments,
Nor the glitter of his gold;
But by noble deeds of kindness,
Actions pure, and free from sin,
Then shall every wrong be righted—
Right shall conquer, truth shall win.

Then no more shall Kings & Princes,
Men of wealth and titled names,
Claim the homage of the people,
While they live a life of shame;
Then no more shall they be honored

As the foremost of their time,
While their hearts are black as mid-
night,
And their Souls are steeped in crime.

When this world shall wake to Reason,
He who struggles for the right,
Down whose pathway deeds of kind-
ness

Cast their rays of golden light;
He who speaketh words of comfort,
Hearts to cheer when dark the days,
Shall receive the people's blessings,
And the world's unstinted praise.

VICTOR STALEY.

Written for The Watchman.

MRS. FAIRCHILD.

"GRABS."

One of the most fortunate trifles, that have happened lately, was, that I happened to be present at the disturbance, Sunday Afternoon, at Mrs. Fairchild's; as I intended to, and said I would be at Mrs. Coman's Circle in the Afternoon, and would be at Mrs. Fairchild's in the Evening—and started from home with that intention—and against my intention, I went to Mrs. Fairchild's in the Afternoon, and to Mrs. Coman's; and the fact all round was valuable, because the grabbing party acted upon that intention of mine, and the result was, I was present at the grabbing disturbance in the Afternoon, and prevented the grabbers from performing their "little game," and so saved a worthy woman from the hands of roughs calling themselves Spiritualists.

If I should relate the circumstances of the preliminary influences, you would say I was a medium, and was directed to do thus, for a purpose—but I cannot go into details.

It was a fortunate thing that I was at Mrs. Fairchild's, much to the chagrin of the spoilers or roughs.

I saw the whole thing. Sometime I will write it out in detail, but now I must simply say, the affair was a perfect success as a spiritual manifestation, and a perfect failure as an exposition, except to prove that the aggressive party were a set of roughs, and knew no more about Spiritualism, than a horse knows of Mathematics.

They have made, or a reporter has, a statement of the affair, in the *Post*, which is wholly untrue from the first line to the last, as my printed reports will show.

Mrs. Torrey, one of them, in her brief statement, in another Paper, stated one truth, that I endorsed her as a medium, and ten lies that she knew to be lies. And if I had time, I would point them out.

It was very fortunate that I was there, for I was about the only level head present, and saw the whole thing, every bit of it, from the beginning to the end.

Altho' there was a rush of a dozen able-bodied men, they never secured a spirit; and there were spirit forms that I saw that *never left the cabinet*: and the statement that two or three of them ran up stairs "like cats," is absolutely untrue, for I had my eyes open while these valient he and she grabbers were hustling one another in the dark behind the cabinet, and choking Mrs. Fairchild, a lone woman, "who had been in sight all the Afternoon, because the forms were *non est*." The fact was, they dematerialized.

I had the advantage of most of them, because I knew the plan of the house and was familiar with it even in the dark: some even in their excited state grabbed me as a confederate. After the important moment was over, they were wild and did not know what they did.

I supposed Mrs. Fairchild, being a large woman, would be a perfect tiger if disturbed in that way. I will do her the credit to say, she was lady-like from beginning to end. To be sure, at first, somewhat under influence, when five or six of these *valient men* were choking her, she struggled some. All this was a ten minutes affair, but for the hour after, while this party was insulting her with vile epithets, she was acting the lady, simply asking them and demanding that they quit her house, which was in every sense proper.

As this was part of the same movement that has disturbed Mrs. Ross, twice lately, and which is an unreliable party, stating one thing one minute, and another thing the next, and proved in false statements, which they

acknowledged and deny now.

I see by this emente and the public lying statements—by my experience in this late raid, that I know this time what I am talking about.

I always knew I did—but as I was not present at the Ross' disturbances, parties said, "if you had been present, I would believe every word you said, but these people talk as strongly as you do, and they were there."

This time, luckily, I was there, and it throws a lustre of truth on the other which, by investigation, I found already my inferences true. For, so far I am on the side of Ross.

I am happy to say that Mrs. Ross was invited to Providence, R. I., this week, where she is known for a lifetime, and gave a seance to some 40 in a house and cabinet which she never saw, and got heaps of honor, and heaps of bouquets, spontaneously.

On the same Evening that Mrs. Fairchild was disturbed in the Afternoon, she gave a good seance to respectable and well-behaved parties, and the spirits did not seem to be any worse for their rough usage.

I write this hurriedly, but your readers can believe every word of it, for I am for the truth every time, and always intend to be.

JOHN WETHERBEE.

Boston, Mass.

I love the man that can smile in trouble, that can gather strength from distress, and grow brave by reflection.

'Tis the business of little minds to shrink; but he whose heart is firm, whose Conscience approves his conduct, will pursue his Principles unto death.

He that rebels against Reason is a real rebel; but he that, in defense of Reason, rebels against tyranny, has a better title to "Defender of the Faith" than George III.—*Thomas Paine*.

I am not saying anything against Religion, I am not on that question, but I would think more of any Religion, provided that for even one day in the week, or for one hour in the year, it allowed wealth to clasp the hand of poverty and to have, for one moment even, the thrill of genuine friendship.—*R. G. Ingersoll*.

We have been favored by the esteemed lady, Mrs. H. E. Beach, of New York City, with the following very interesting narrative which first appeared in "Hall's Journal of Health" for May 1887.

THE OCCULT FORCES.

We present our readers with a reduced fac-simile engraving of an original life size crayon drawing, executed under circumstances which cannot fail to render their narration of peculiar interest to them, and we shall content ourselves with giving the facts regarding its production precisely as they occurred and in the order of their occurrence, with the assurance that they may be relied upon as true in every detail.

If we have any patrons who have been led by whatever influences, to accept the cold despairing doctrine that this world ends all—that man has no higher destiny than that which appertains to Soulless atoms, in their everlasting round of Chemical diversity and affinity, we would point them to the one truth which we present to-day, as affording indubitable evidence of the continuation of individual, conscious existence, beyond the change alike common to all, which we call death.

The story of the crayon drawing of which the accompanying engraving is a diminished reproduction, plainly and simply told, is as follows:—

Mrs. Harriet E. Beach is a middle-aged lady, the wife of a prominent Scientific gentleman of New York City, very well-known in Literary and Artistic Circles.

For a number of years she has devoted herself largely to the investigation of Occult matters, being largely assisted in this by her own mediumistic powers. There is indeed no phase of Occult Phenomena, with which she is unacquainted. Her private apartments at her City residence constitute a Museum of curiosities in this line, so mysterious to most minds.

For three years the intelligence represented by the beforementioned drawing has manifested himself to Mrs. Beach in various ways, by means of different medial agencies. He gives his name as AMARONA, and represents himself as having lived in the 7th Century, A. D., in Egypt, and as having been an Alchemist, Astrologer, and Magician of that remote Period, when it is known that persons of his Profession were among the most learned in the State, to whom was accorded great distinction.

Latterly, at the residence of one of our best sensitives, this distinguished personage (for we must needs speak of him as such) has presented himself to Mrs. Beach, in tangible form, on no less than six different occasions, and conversed with her with the familiarity of an old acquaintance, as he in truth was.

It so happened that on at least one of these occasions there were present Doctor and Mrs. Henry Rogers, two well-known sensitives, of whom it is unnecessary in this place to give a more extended account than to say that, thro' their medial instrumentali-

ty, some of the most marvelous Art and Psychographical Phenomena of Modern Times have been produced, the *modus operandi* whereof will sufficiently appear in the course of our narrative.

The presence was robed in flowing white, bordered with gold, a glittering golden-hued vestment embellished with a double row of hieroglyphics on either side, and a white turban in harmony with the rest.

He signified that with the aid of Doctor and Mrs. Rogers he would be able to give Mrs. Beach his Picture, after the manner of other monochromatic Portraits taken in their presence, a proposition of which the recipient was only too glad to avail herself.

The process ran thro' a period of ten days, and involved an hour's daily "sitting" by Doctor and Mrs. Rogers, and four "sittings" of the same period with Mrs. Beach, with no visible results, altho' it is understood that these preliminary sittings are not alone to harmonize conditions, for it is given out that, during their continuance, the invisible Artists are actively employed in producing the Picture by methods only known to themselves, and that the final "sitting" is for its *transference* upon the material surface provided for it.

During these preliminaries, Doctor and Mrs. Rogers were quartered at the Hotel Lafayette, on the Southwest corner of Broadway and 42nd Street, New York City. They were to leave for Boston, Mass., their present residence, early on the Morning of February 1st., and the Evening of January 31st. was appointed for the final achievement.

The arrangements for it were very simple; an ordinary prepared sheet such as is used for life-size crayon Portraits, fastened to a stretcher, was placed upon an easel, which occupied a middle space between the doorway and the rear wall of a small room adjoining a more ample sitting-room, which together constituted Doctor and Mrs. Rogers' hotel apartments, and in



a receptacle attached to the easel was placed some finely powdered crayon.

These were all the appliances in the room which could be made available in producing the likeness. The only persons present were Doctor and Mrs. Rogers and Mrs. Beach. They ranged themselves about the doorway leading to the smaller room, which was now curtained off by loosely falling drapery.

Almost immediately Dr. Rogers entered into the trance state, being subjected for the time being to the control of an ancient spirit who gives his name as Esmond, who, after a few words explanatory of the divine purpose in permitting the contemplated manifestation, offered a solemn invocation wherein he implored the aid of the Great Spirit in presenting to the children of earth another link in the chain of evidence which establishes the inestimable truth that man is, indeed, a spiritual being, endowed with spiritual perceptions, which have only to be cultivated and redeemed from his grosser elements, to enable him to obtain a knowledge of the ever increasing excellences which lie within his moral and intellectual grasp not only in this life, but in the life to come.

At the conclusion of the invocation, Dr. Rogers was moved to take his seat just within the doorway on the opposite side of the curtain, which remained sufficiently parted to make his presence visible to the two ladies who maintained their seats as first ordered, and who kept up a running conversation with the Doctor's more familiar control now using his organism, which was continued for some minutes after the Picture as now imperfectly laid before our readers was completed.

We speak of what we know to be true, for aside from the fact that on a former occasion we were permitted to form one of the "sitters" during a similar manifestation, we were on this January Evening received at the Doctor's apartments at the very moment when the likeness was ready to be

shown, and before the Doctor had been released from his enforced subserviency to its accomplishment, and we are able to state that each of the three persons most nearly concerned in it at once recognized the likeness of that of the spirit "AMARONA," to whose presence in visible form we have made allusion.

The drapery, too, is substantially the same, but it will be readily understood that however faithful the reproduction of the life-size and strikingly life-like the crayon, it must necessarily lose much in delicacy of touch and execution, in the processes of photographing and photo-engraving which were required for its diminished reproduction here.

Our readers will the more readily comprehend the marvel of this Picture, when we assure them that the life-size crayon likeness was transmitted to the paper in less than 30 minutes on the Evening of January 31, 1887.

MRS. BERRY, DEAR EDITRESS:—

On Sunday Evening, May 15th I was present at a Circle at Mrs. Sawyer's—there were six persons present—Mrs. Sawyer's residence is 785 6th Avenue, N. Y. City. She has been 17 years in this field of mediumship, convincing many of the reality of the return of loved ones.

Early in the Evening I was called up to enter the cabinet—previous to the commencement of the Circle I was requested to enter the cabinet and examine it. I did so.

In about ten minutes afterwards I again entered the cabinet—the medium was conscious, we both stood, I holding both of the medium's hands (which were very cold). Almost immediately a form came up between us, took my hand, and walked out of the cabinet and up to the members of the Circle so all could see the spirit, and following us was the medium, all present saw the three; then I returned with the spirit to the cabinet, and the medium returned also, sat down, and was very soon entranced.

This spirit was AMARONA, the same whose Portrait is given in THE WATCHMAN.

We had very fine manifestations after that. One lady came with an illuminated Star upon her breast, and said she would be a Guiding Star to the person she came to.

Sometimes there were two forms out, male and female, at one time.

Thus the Cause continues growing stronger every year, and doing its work—breaking down the barriers of bigotry, prejudice, and superstition on every side.

HARRIET E. BEACH.
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THE WATCHMAN.

For The Watchman.

EVERYWHERE.

Spirit music in the air,
Spirit forms are everywhere,
Dimly shining thro' the mist,
Hands we've pressed and lips
we've kissed,
Come unto us, angel band,
Ye who dwell in spirit land,
Death is life undimmed by care,
Spirit forms are everywhere.

As o'er earthly paths we roam—
By the fire-side of home—
When at night the charm of sleep,
O'er our weary eyes doth creep,
When we seem the most alone,
And our hearts have saddened
grown,
Gentle comforters are there—
Spirit forms are everywhere.

Angel visitants, draw near,
Help the faint and sorrowing
here,
Join our hands in peace and love,
Turn our hearts to one above—
Come unto us thro' the mist,
Hands we've pressed and lips
we've kissed,
Spirit music in the air—
Spirit forms are everywhere.

MAY SPENCER.

Written for The Watchman.

UNCLE JOE'S

SAYINGS.

Faith without *Knowledge*, is like a
tub without a bottom—it won't hold
water.

Faith founded on *Knowledge*, is
like the "Rock of Ages"—sure footing.

Faith may move mountains—but
will it furnish bread and dinner?

Faith may save your Soul—but it
won't save your life.

Faith may do for simpletons—but
a man of business needs *Knowledge*.

The *Christian's Faith* is in things
not seen, but hoped for—how much of
this would make a dollar?

Faith, have *Faith*, the Preacher
cries, and the Preacher gets the dol-
lars, and the dupes get the *Faith*.

Superstition makes a man a *Slave*.

Fanaticism makes a man a *Lunatic*.

Bigotry makes a man a *Brute*.

Fear makes a man a *Coward*.

Holiness is a well acted *Show*.

Prayer is a Superstitious appeal to
a Superstitious Being.

Yesterday was, *To-day* is, *Tomor-
row* is not. Therefore, *Eternity* is
now—now is the appointed time, for
there is no other time but *Now*.

Every *Religious Minister*, or *Priest*,
is to *Humanity*, like a *Barnacle* to the
bottom of a ship—retarding progress.

Heaven, as a place, is a myth, a
Christian's imaginary "Zenith point
of Hope."

Hell, as a place, is the ultimatum of
a Christian's Hate—his "Nadir of
Despair."

A *Devil* is a condensed Paganism—
an embodiment of Christian Hate.

Golden Slippers,
Golden Gates,
Golden Harps,
Golden Stairs,
Golden Chariots,
Golden Streets,
And *Great White*
Thrones, are a large portion of the
Stock-in-trade of a *First-class Sunday*
School.

Bright green Valleys by deep, still
waters, are quite plentiful on earth—
make use of those that you have, and
don't wait for those that you know
not of in the dim Future.

Frightening a child with a *fear of*
Hell, and a *big Devil*, to make him
love God, is like a father shooting at
his son to gain his love.

The *Intelligent People* of this earth
—the *Anglo-Saxon Race*—have made
the Christian Religion what it is—
they have exalted it. Therefore,
don't let any man woman or child, for
a moment, think that the Christians'
Bible, has made the *Anglo-Saxon*
Race what they are.

"Thou shalt not kill," or, as the
6th Commandment says, "Thou shalt
do no murder," is a Natural Law
between man and man, and was, long
before the Christians made it a Com-
mand of a God.

"Thou shalt not steal," is also a
Natural Law between man and man.
And not even a dog but what will
fight for his own bone in accordance
with that Natural Law—and he don't
need to look up the Ten Command-
ments to find out who the bone be-
longs to, either.

In fact, most of the Commands of
the Christian's God, are exact copies
of the great Natural Laws that are
written upon the face of Nature.

And, finally, the Christian's God
has broken all the Ten Command-
ments but one, and that is—"Thou
shalt have no other Gods but me."

J. W. DENNIS,

Buffalo, N. Y.

To Suffering Humanity.

For two years I have been a sufferer
from chronic Catarrh of the Stomach and
Bowels. I treated and consulted with no
less than 25 M. Ds. of various Schools
who gave me no relief. I was Engine-
Inspector on the Cincinnati Southern,
was obliged to go to the Covington Hos-
pital and remain until able to ride home.

And when in this deplorable condition I
consulted Dr. R. M. Thomas, who gave
me a ray of hope. He diagnosed my case
accurately without asking a question. I
put on one of his Famous Electric Belts
and it soon caused my blood to circulate—
I have gained in weight 17 lbs. Have been
steadily gaining ever since. Am now able
to do an ordinary day's work. Electricity
has surely proven a great curative agent
in my case.

JOHN FISHER.

Cardington, Ohio.

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Written for The Watchman.

THE DEATH PENALTY.

Is the "Death Penalty" a relic of
Ignorance and Barbarism; or, is it a
Humane Institution which should be
revered and sanctioned in the Present
Age of Enlightenment and Progress?

I answer: Let imprisonment for life
be substituted, in place of committing
second murder by choking a man or
woman to death in open disgrace.

We will admit that there are many
cases of murder that are cruel and
bestial in the extreme, and we are
ready to exclaim, "Hang him."
"Lynch him." "Earth is too good
for him."

With this kind of feeling upon us,
we find ourselves drinking from the
cup of revenge; and, besides, we hur-
ry a mortal of low development into
spirit life with revenge in his Soul,
which develops in him the desire to
return to earth, and thro' mediumship
victimize others, in and thro' the in-
creased powers that the Statute Law
and the rope have given him.

A life of confinement under "lock
and key" places the unfortunate where
he could do no further harm; and
the little Conscience the man may
have, would silently work upon his
mind, and give him all the hell of
remorse that could be asked for.

In many cases we might ask:—
"Who is to blame, this man or his
parents, that he should be born (pas-
sion) blind?"

Terrible mistakes have often been
made, and innocent persons have been
executed; when, by imprisonment,
great wrongs could have been ad-
justed, and the much-abused innocent
person could have regained his or her
liberty.

The uncontrollable passions of men
often lead them, by momentary insani-
ty, to commit murder, which, in a
few moments after, they would "give
worlds", if they had not.

Many men, and women, too, from a
life of insult and provocation, have,
finally, in the heat of passion and self-
defense, been guilty of murder.

Disgraceful and disgusting as "Cap-
ital Punishment" is, there are men in
high places who clamor for the *Maj-
esty of the Law*, and openly boast of
knowing no difference in sex.

The wonderful Book of Inspiration
declares that, "He that sheddeth
man's blood, by man shall his blood
be shed."

This passage has ever had a lively
quotation from Church Christians and
their "Polar Star," to point them to
the upholding of this disgrace—a dis-
grace which the untutored Indian
would be ashamed of.

I cannot feel willing to leave this
matter without mentioning the cases
of Mrs. Roxanna Druse and her
young daughter, both of whom, as I
believe, were *victimized*; and that a
troubled Conscience will yet prove it
to be so.

The Governor of New York might
have done himself great credit, if he
had commuted Mrs. Druse's sentence.
But he very modestly placed the mat-
ter in the hands of Legislative Coun-
cil at Albany.

They, in their Official "Dignity,"
decided to know no difference in sex,
and that their State Law must prevail
—and it did—and Mrs. Druse, in a

frantic mood of mind, was compelled
to walk the hangman's plank, submit
to the "Black Cap," and have her
hands, arms, and legs securely tied
and then to dangle in the air until
her spirit was strangled and choked
out of her body.

Shame be upon such Officials! Not
one of them ought to have been born of
a Woman—is all that I can say in
their favor.

URI N. MERWIN.

Vineland, N. J.

Written for The Watchman.

ANTI-CHRIST.

This Age fits the Prophecy well.
The "Signs" follow not the pro-
fessed believers.

Jesus promised to be ever near his
followers.

Since the forty days of his Materi-
alizations after the Crucifixion, he has
been seldom seen by Church people.

It would be well for those who love
his name, to compare said Materiali-
zations with Modern—those of Spiritu-
alism, occurring now in our own
land.

The "Signs"—where are they?
The "Gifts of the Spirit"—are they
in the Church, or out of it?

Spiritualism has a good record in
this line.

The Creeds are like the blind lead-
ers of the blind.

We see in Modern Spiritualism
much that Jesus promised.

Monopolies, Creeds, and Churches
we can do without; and yet we can
drink from the same Fountain—the
Bible—which is no more nor less
than a record of Ancient Spiritualism
—much of which compares favorably
with that of to-day.

W. B. ADAMS.

Montague, Mich.

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It has been suggested by the Band of Spir-
its, that we establish a FUND by contribu-
tion from different persons who feel to donate
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You have read me as well as I could myself—tom-
morrow as I am in every respect, and you do not know
anything about me. You are at liberty to use my
name if it would be of use to you.

Yours respectfully, THOMAS BURFEE.

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See Advertisement on 8th page.

THE WATCHMAN.

THE WATCHMAN.

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WATCHMAN, Spirit Editor.

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We open our columns to the Public and invite correspondence; reserving the right to reject any communication that we deem improper to be issued in our columns. Under no consideration will anonymous letters be published; we require the name and address of the writer as a guaranty of good faith.

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Trains for Millard Ave., leave Union Depot at 6.30; 7.30; 10.15; 11.55 a. m. 1.30; 3.20; 4.30; 5.15; 5.30; 5.45; 6.20; 6.40; 7.30; 10.00; 11.30 p. m. Sunday at 8.30 a. m. 1.05; 6.20; 9.45 p. m.

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Our Columns are open to all for a free and liberal discussion on all matters of Reform—avoid personalities. Each Contributor is individually responsible for Articles appearing over his or her Signature.

All letters of inquiry addressed to the Editress, must be accompanied with return stamps to ensure reply.

LEGAL MURDER.

We have been requested by a worthy reader of THE WATCHMAN, to give our views upon the Rights of the Government to hang its subjects as punishment for crime.

We have in years past given to the readers of THE WATCHMAN, our views upon this Subject—yet we will gladly do so again, and hope that by so doing we may stimulate others, both in thought and action, toward the banishing of this inhumane and immoral custom of a Civilized Nation.

We have given much thought to the subject of Legal Punishment by Hanging, and we have become convinced that more real injury is done to Humanity, than possible good. We believe that Hanging is a disgrace to a Civil Government; that the effects are deleterious to Social advancement; that so long as the Governmental Authorities commit Murder as a Punishment: so long will certain individual subjects of that Government feel the incentive to Murder. We believe that Hanging is a false system of Reformation; that the taking of life in Punishment for a life already taken, is wrong and unwarranted.

Yet, this is the standard of the Christian Religion, and this is a Christian Government, and a Christian People, who cry and demand blood for blood, life for life, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. This is in accordance with the teachings of the Bible, a Book that is held to be an example in this land of Christian rule and authority.

Is it any wonder, then, that human passion is stronger than human Reason and compassion? Is it any wonder that children are born with the feeling of revenge, murder and willfulness pre-eminent over all other faculties of their being, when men and women, the fathers and mothers of those children are imbued with these teachings, and the very first impulse of their natures, is of revenge, and to kill, when another shall happen to displease them or in any way frustrate their plans?

They are taught when mere children, to take the Bible as their guide, and in that Book they find revenge, murder, and cruel torture set forth as examples from an Almighty Leader, their God, as a Punishment for those who disobey the Laws and Word of Authority.

And this same Principle of dealing one with another, may be seen, is the ruling principle in every Government and in every family where the ruling power derives its authority from Theological examples and instructions.

Legal Murder by Hanging or other methods of torture,—the taking of life as a Punishment for crime, we consider as evidence of human depravity—as evidence of wrong religious teaching, and a lack of true spiritual development.

We consider Hanging to be a relic of the Dark Ages, a relic of the Times when animal passions held sway over all the finer attributes of human life, a relic of the days of the Spanish Inquisition, and of the rule of Ecclesiastical Lords and Rulers.

Mark the progress of Mental culture and advancement, and you will at the same time mark the abolishing of such customs as are dark and bloody in their practical usage to the Human Family.

Spiritualism has burst upon the world like a glorious orb in the heavens, revealing all the darkened pathways of earth, and shedding light and knowledge upon all formerly mystical features of life.

Spiritualism, with its facts, its demonstration of a future life, is fast taking the place of Christianity and its Faiths, its Hopes, and its Myths.

Theology and Christianity have dealt purely with the physical life of man, while pretending to care for and administer to the spiritual side of his nature, seeking to intimidate and weaken the mind thro' fear of physical torture and everlasting suffering.

See the reverse of this in Spiritualism which teaches eternal Progression and spiritual beauty and glory, not by subjugation of the physical, but by the building up and perfecting of the Soul thro' the perfectibility of the body.

Theology and Christianity have given to the world, torture and punishment of every description, including Legal Murder by Hanging.

What has Spiritualism given, and still striving to give? It has taught, and still teaches eternal Reformation thro' the cultivation of the spiritual faculties of the being predominant over the combative and animal faculties of the body. It teaches that to destroy the body does not destroy the Soul or thinking, acting portion of the being.

Furthermore, it teaches that if men or women go out from this life with revenge in their minds, that this revenge, this feeling of having been unjustly dealt with, will create a desire to get even with those who injured them, that this feeling of revenge will cling to them in spirit, and that they will return to earth, and thro' the power of controlling another, a medium, will seek redress from their wrongs, real or imaginary, and that the spirit will continue on in this work of revenge: and, oftentimes, to them the justification of righting their wrongs, will cause many victims to suffer for the first wrong.

Spiritualism teaches all this, and vastly more, it teaches that for every Legal Murder committed thro' Hanging and such customs, there will follow one or more murders in private life, and that homicides and suicides will increase accordingly.

Spiritualism gives practical reasons why Hanging as a punishment should be abolished. It says, practically, that the wrong-doer should be allowed to live on earth, and be taught and influenced to live a more spiritual life. It teaches that the Laws of obsession and of spirit influence should be studied by the Officers of Public Institutions, and of Governmental Authority.

Spiritualism teaches that the present conditions of Society are due to the Religious teachings of Generations back.

Mark the Religious training of a Nation, and according to that Religion, so will be the moral standard of the People. And, to-day, this Nation claiming to be a Christian Nation, offers no better method for curing and punishing crime, than to commit crime in punishment for crime. This is what the Government does each time a subject of the Nation is punished by Hanging.

We believe that each execution of life-sentence, by Legal Authority, in the form of Hanging, or otherwise, acts as a brand of demoralization on the People of that Nation.

We believe that Mankind is Psychosentient; that the Soul of a Human Being will feel, will sense the thoughts and actions of other persons, even tho' never having met nor conversed with those persons.

We believe that the thoughts, the words, and actions of persons are thrown upon the Atmospheric Sea around them, and that these thoughts, words, and actions become active powers for good or evil, according to their nature; and that these powers are subtle, and act in a subtle manner upon the human brain. We believe, therefore, that the human being is, to a great extent the victim of sentient forces.

Having devoted much thought and study to these things, and having watched the effects of a public commotion upon the people far and near, we are ready to declare that when Legal Murder (Hanging) is abolished, then, and not until then, will a true System of Reform be possible.

We believe that murderers, thieves, and desperadoes are creatures of circumstances, and should be treated as such.

We are ready to affirm that the Government has made more criminals than it has prevented: and that Legal or Governmental Execution of Life-sentences has been one great cause of it.

These are our convictions upon the subject of Hanging.

There are many other causes for crime that we might cite, but we do not think it is here needed.

We are treating principally upon the Custom of Hanging or the taking of Life by Governmental Authority, and the consequences thereof, upon Mankind, the Psychosentient Beings.

H. A. BERRY. Editress.

Written for The Watchman.

SHALL WE KNOW THEM AGAIN?

When the finger of death hath flung open the door,
And we tread in the footsteps of those gone before,
As they float on wings whiter and purer than dove,
The same as on earth? Will a new one be given
By which they are known 'mid the angels in heaven?
And will they know us? Will their memory hold
The sad kisses given when their lips became cold?

Will the faces have changed of the loved who have died,
When the Soul from the valley arose purified?
When its earth thirst is quenched by heavenly springs?
Will the eyes be the same? The same silken hair?
The lips smile as sweetly? The cheeks be as fair?
Or will all be altered and the spirit appear
In place of the earthly we loved with us here?

Will the voice be the same as in earlier years
When they soothed all our sorrows & banished our tears
By the numberless choir of aged and young?
And will they know ours when we stand at the gate?
Impatient to enter—impatient to wait—
And pleading the angels—the promise given below
That the crimson should blanch until whiter than snow?

Will they know us? Shall we certainly know them again
When the last breath is drawn—the last throb of pain,
The spirit soars swift 'mid the crimson and gold
Of the clouds & the stars, toward the realms of the blest,
'Til the new plumed pinions e'en falter for rest;
Shall we know and be known—be quickly searched out,
By the loved and the lost with never a doubt?

Who can answer? What power the stone roll away
And make the hereafter as clear as to-day—
And give us the thither shore more than a dream?
And we see thro' the rifts of the stars of the night,
The violet-tint curtains withdrawn at Morn's light,
The faces we loved—and further questioned leave—
Faith says we shall know them—we bow and believe.

Yours in Faith and Love. PANSY.

Written for The Watchman.

MUSINGS.

January 9, 1887 finds me seated in my arm chair, and in keeping of my 76th anniversary birthday.

In silent meditation my mind travels from point to point over our little world, and my sympathy rests upon suffering Humanity whose untold trials are caused by fires, cyclones, earthquakes, and disasters of various kinds. Consequently, I question the Bible God, and ask of him:

"If you, Dear Sir, ever was, and are still possessed of all Power, Wisdom, and Fore-Knowledge, why did you Create such a physical world, and still permit these horrible disasters which cause so much distress and suffering?"

The answer comes from one dear mother in her suffering and distress, as she presses a starving child to her bosom, and she declares the mythical God to be a monster, and nothing but the God of Nature can solve the great question.

In the mental world, and at every tick of the clock, some poor mortal is piteously withering in distress, and begging of an assailant to spare *innocence and virtue*, and, perhaps, life itself.

Suicides, murders, and crime of every species (seemingly) were never more prevalent than now.

Every Church bell in our land, especially in the Cities, stately rings out its solemn peal to the pious, and then echoes for crime, all in the same stroke.

Distress on every hand seems to be the accompaniment of mortal life, and I again question the Orthodox Creator:

"Did you not create the Human Kind in your own image and likeness, and declare that your two first specimens were faultless?"

"Ah! yes—but, dear me, I endowed the woman with more foresight and Intelligence than I had bargained for—hence, the terrible conflict between her and me; and to acquit myself as a God of high and honorable distinction, I was obliged to pronounce the entailment of sin and sorrow which yet prevails, and especially upon her sex."

For 1800 years the Church has been prolific with her stereotyped invocations for providential clemency.

To a being, they claim to be all love and mercy—and still thousands of mothers toil day and night with their needles for a scanty subsistence for themselves and famishing children.

Thousands, at this very moment, who are pure and virtuous in their very Souls, have given the use of their bodies to hold in quietness the lashing of an empty stomach and shivering limbs of themselves and children.

If it be said that they ought never to have placed themselves in a position to have had children—I answer:

Necessity compels thousands of females to seek wedlock for a life subsistence—and maternity is the result—if a bad choice is made, wretchedness follows.

I turn the picture of my musings, and I seem to see the big cauldron of events under a boiling and surging intensity never before witnessed.

Freedom of Thought and Liberty of Expression were, at a momentum time, secured to us by the immortal THOMAS PAINE, and by his influence placed in the United States' CONSTITUTION: and we, the people of to-day, are secure in the promulgation of advanced ideas concerning this life, and the life that awaits us.

The angel world are partakers with us in this Freedom of Communication and Correspondence.

The physical disasters of our Planet are attributable to its age and grossness—hence, its thunderings and quakings while making Nature's advancement.

Change is the Universal Law—and the angels are pointing us to a time when *might* shall not dogmatize over *right*, and the suffering poor be passed by.

Compensation will be available in spirit life to the virtuous suffering poor of this.

Spiritualism is creating an atmosphere of good thro'out the world, which cannot be staid.

Everlasting Progress is, seemingly, slow in its course, but it is sure, and no power on earth or in heaven can hinder the advancement and refinement of both Planet and People—therefore, let us rejoice with the angels.

Vineland, N. J.

UNCLE URI.

Written for The Watchman.

WATCHING AND WAITING.

Did you ever sit down by the window and wait

For some one you love to come in at the gate?

And ten thousand times you would look out to see

If he was not coming far over the sea.

'Til watch-worn and weary you scarcely could wait

For the one that you love to come in at the gate.

And the Stars would come out & the Moon would arise,

And still you are waiting with half-smothered sighs,

And still you are waiting and watching so late,

For the one that you love to come in at the gate.

Oh! glad is the sound that falls on your ear,

When still in the distance his footstep you hear;

And glad is your heart tho' ever so late

When his proud manly form comes in at the gate.

Stony Fork, Pa.

MRS. W. S. MOORE.

Written for The Watchman.

MORE WORDS Than WISDOM.

I have just read Brother Loveland's second item on the mistakes relative to evil spirits. Four Columns of words to show that receptive persons are subject to dominant surroundings. And then assumes that frauds do not come directly from fraudulent spirits either in or out of the form. And concludes his argument with an exhortation to belligerent fraud-bunters and sapient teachers to devote their energies for the acquisition of positive knowledge of the Laws and Conditions of Mediumship; and also the Laws of Thought Evolution.

With all this multitude of words, I cannot see one additional ray of light, but, instead, an attempt to make spirits free from fraud, the same as Corporations, on account of their great numbers.

The fact is, the great mass of Mankind being but as undeveloped children in the pursuit of happiness, as their respective organization prompts them, each will be attracted to those upon a similar plane, whether low or high. Thieves will associate with thieves; misers with misers; Scientists and Philanthropists with those of kindred proclivities. This is a Common Sense view, quite natural and proper. There is no mystery about it.

The inference is, that mediums and their visitors are alike responsible; and the failure of either to be pure and honest, may involve both in at least the appearance of fraud.

It, therefore, seems best for all mediums who have not a Spirit Band around them strong enough to control in every emergency, to sit for no person until their Guides have examined his or her conditions, and approved of the sitting, before it is commenced.

JOHN BEESON.

A WESTERN BOY'S LAMENT.

I wished I lived away down East

Where cod-fish salt the sea;

And where the folks have pumpkin pie

And apple sass for tea.

Us boys who's livin' here out West

Don't get more'n half a show—

We don't have nothin' else to do

But jest to sort of grow.

Oh, if I wuz a bird I'd fly

A million miles away

To where they feed their boys on pork

And beans three times a day;

To where the place they call the Hub

Gives out its shiny spokes,

And where the folks—so father says—

Is mostly women folks.

Peter DeGries, Chicago, Ill., writes:

Mrs. H. A. Berry:—I am much pleased with THE WATCHMAN, and think it is an excellent Paper. I could not do without it, for it gives me a great deal of light on spiritual truth. Enclosed please find \$1 for renewing my subscription, and \$1 for the Peace Bird Mission Fund.

An Exchange tells of a drinking man who was telling his family of a wonderful dream he had had in which he saw three cats, one fat one, one lean and one blind, and he wondered what it all meant, when his little son promptly responded:—

"I know. The landlady that sells you whisky is the fat cat, mother is the lean cat, and you are the blind cat."

SPECIAL OFFER.

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The Golden Gates Are Left Ajar.
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CORRESPONDENCE TO THE WATCHMAN,
By Mrs. MINERVA MERRICK, Quincy, Ill.
Formerly Publisher of
A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

The publication of "A Fountain of Light," as a Periodical, is discontinued. Bound copies of Vol. 1, containing 832 pages, can be obtained of Mrs. Minerva Merrick, Quincy, Ill., at 66 cents each. Remit by Postal Note, Money Order, or 1-cent and 2-cent Postage Stamps.

ECONOMY.

Continued.

"Time is money."

"A penny saved, is two pence earned."

Search in the Gospel of St. John, and when you have found the truth, practice and demonstrate it in every department of life.

Improve the present time—do not waste it in idleness and depravity.

The City of Quincy, Ill., has a Soldiers' and Sailors' Home established on a large tract of land containing 140 acres; and we understand that the design is to lay it out in style, with avenues ornamented with trees and shrubbery.

Our impression leads us to the conclusion that that course of procedure is an unnecessary use to make of the People's money—the Public funds that the People pay into the Treasury in Taxes, to spend it in ornamenting a Soldiers' Home. They do not need a better Home than other people.

The City of Quincy bought land for the Home, and there may be more space than is necessary—why not use it for other purposes—to relieve suffering Humanity?

Quincy, and every other City in the United States should have an Asylum for the deranged people of that City and a certain radius around it.

These Asylums should be built by contributions from the rich people who have accumulated their wealth in the City, as they may be the first to need the Asylum, and then transfer all the insane to their Home, as they do the Soldiers.

Who, having human affection, can bear to think of sending their friends—husband, wife, children, or parents—to a State Lunatic Asylum surrounded by a pestilential influence?

The Bible teaches that when you build a City, to build a House of Refuge for the unfortunate sons and daughters of earth that were not able to restrain the enemies of their own household, for their purification.

The *Humane Journal* has arrived full of sympathy for the Animals that cannot complain of their sufferings.

Insane people are treated with less sympathy, and less interest is shown for their suffering condition, than for the Dumb Animals.

We desire that all true Spiritualists who wish to elevate their condition, to follow the truth as it is revealed.

If we know the way and do not walk therein, we shall regret that we left undone what we should have done.

The battle for Liberty, Right, and Justice is raging. Awake, Spiritualists, as the Morning has come. The Rod of Tyranny—pride and bigotry—has budded and blossomed.

Rumor shall come upon rumor, and mischief upon mischief. Then, these would-be Rulers shall seek a vision of the Prophet (medium), and the Law shall perish from the Priest, and Council from the Ancients—no more blood for blood.

There is no necessity for a large Asylum, as there would not be many patients, if they were properly treated they would not remain long. A few thousand dollars would be sufficient to build a structure, and, possibly, it might be conducted on a principle of Economy, and be sustained without much expense to the State, or individuals.

It will not be necessary to furnish Musical Instruments, or Billiard Tables, or any means of entertainment, as it is detrimental to their recovery—All things of this kind are provided in the large Asylums, and why don't they cure the patients?

We are impressed to say that the spirits who obsess the patients, like to stay and enjoy themselves, and they do not wish to leave this Sphere of existence—but when a stronger force comes, they can be removed.

The 12th Chapter of 2nd Corinthians decides the fact, and we can have the insane healed by Nature's Law.

The New Orleans *Picayune*, in giving Statistics, says that \$40,000,000 is invested in Lunatic Asylums in the United States, and that more is needed as insanity is increasing.

We are informed by our Evening Papers, that some Reformers suggest sending our criminals to Alaska.

We will try to express the sentiment that is now impressed on our Brain. Which is:—

"Never send your insane friends away from you, but take them under your own care and restore them to themselves.

Build an Asylum, a place of Refuge with a wall as thick as the Tower of London built with the gems of Friendship, Sympathy, and Commiseration. Never try to disgrace a man, or kill him, or shave one side of his head, or put a disgraceful suit of clothing him."

We do not want a Court House with a jail in the basement to confine criminals, and Tax-payers have to pay their board—the one in Quincy cost \$130,000, which was taken out of the Public Treasury—and who put it in—those who have sweat drops of blood in the struggle.

You cannot sift out those who should go to Alaska.

MRS. MINERVA MERRICK.

To Be Continued.

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EXPERIENCES.

We have recently had an experience that we have enjoyed, and it may be interesting to the readers of THE WATCHMAN.

Our medium is honest, true, and independent, and asks no favors or reward—and you can rely upon our impressions, and form your judgment of their value.

Recently, the medium and myself were sitting by our table, and a spirit personated and caused the medium to hicough. We knew who the spirit was as he had been here before.

The spirits make signs on the table, that we understand, in answer to mental questions.

We asked: "If we lay our hands on the medium, will it benefit the spirit? And it was answered, "Yes."

So we laid our hands on the medium, and in a few moments the hicoughing ceased.

The medium hears voices, and sees spirit forms.

The medium heard a spirit say that he was very much obliged to Mrs. Merrick.

Some weeks after this, a gentleman called on us, who has lately discovered that he is a medium, (the spirits come to him in his place of business, or on the street, and he can converse with them). He said: "This Morning as I was sitting quietly, a spirit came in and I said to it, 'Who are you?'"

"The spirit answered, 'Charles Miller.'"

"I said, 'I don't know you. What was your business when you lived here?'"

"He answered, 'A Painter and Paper-hanger.'"

"I said, 'I don't know anything about you.'"

"The spirit replied, 'Mrs. Kerr knows: ask her—she saw me at Mr. Mott's, in Kansas City, and would not recognize me—she was afraid.'"

Mrs. Kerr was in Kansas City two years since, to meet and have communication with her daughter thro' Mr. Mott's mediumship.

After meeting with her friends, others came.

Mr. Jasper, a Citizen of Quincy, had a son, Harry, drowned in the Mississippi River at St. Louis.

Mr. Jasper said, "Harry is here."

Mrs. Kerr heard Harry say, in an excited voice, "Where is that dummy Nigger, I can't find him?"

She was shocked at his expression. She knew they kept a colored boy that was dumb.

She heard a voice say: "Any one here that knows Charles Miller?"

She saw him at the opening, and Harry also, but did not recognize them.

Charles Miller asked this gentleman to go and thank Mrs. Merrick for her kindness in driving him away from the medium.

The object, apparently, is to teach us that spirits can be sent away from mediums.

Since 1879, we have been advocating the healing of the insane by Magnetism; and to give up the State Asylums, and to build one near every City, and to establish Schools for the development of mediumship, that suitable Healers may be found.

Jesus had all power given to him by being filled with the Holy Ghost, which is a pure spirit of love to Hu-

manity, and with the spiritual powers surrounding him, he could drive spirits from the minds that were obsessed with a legion, like the man who lived in the tombs.

The Priesthood and bigots and those whom Jesus called hypocrites, said that he cast them out by the Prince of Devils.

In that benighted State of Pennsylvania, the same spirit of intolerance prevails. They want to kill the mediums, healers, and Preachers of the Gospel of the Resurrection of the spirit from the earthly body, who discern spiritual things.

MRS. MINERVA MERRICK.

DIAMOND DUST

From "A Fountain of Light."

Do good with opportunity—do not wait to be importuned. There are many ways of aiding another: each simple, loving act is as a seed well chosen, which will spring up in the Future, bearing much fruit.

Love and Peace are twins. Where Love abounds, "Peace and Good Will to man," is carried out in daily practice.

Gently chide the erring—the bruised heart needs healing balm: the wayward, perhaps, may heed the loving call.

We may learn of a little child, many times, great lessons of life: we may learn from the untutored in the world's knowledge, simple and beautiful truths. An acquaintance with the world, teaches us painful lessons, sorrowful ones—tales of woe and grief, of sin and crime.

Comfort the distress which meets thee: there are hungry and ragged children who need home-mission care. You cannot expect a beautiful character reared in want and squalor: the physical supports the spiritual nature. If you would prevent crime, relieve want.

Life is not a bed of Roses; neither is it a bed of Thistles. Altho' the Rose has its thorn, what is this small imperfection in comparison with the fragrant beauty? What is the slight ripple of Life's stream in comparison to Life which is never ending?

Leave the great things, and accomplish the small ones, and, as many particles united in a mass will compose a large body, you may, unconsciously, achieve great things.

A WORD! How much depends upon a simple word! Sentences have been passed upon criminals by one word: hearts have been broken, or lives have been blessed, by a simple word. How powerful are these tiny words of daily use! Use power well.

If thou hast something good to tell me of a brother, tell it: but, if thou hast not, please desist. If it be anything that can be rectified, then it may be well. If it is told with this object in view, there is an excuse. If a brother has a fault, and we may help him to overcome it—this is precious gold.

Give us nobility of character, depth of purpose, true heroism, and true Philanthropy, and the world is a Garden of Eden.

THE WATCHMAN.

Written for The Watchman.

MALE ARROGANCE.

Pray, what on earth has woman done
That man should disfranchise her,
And hold the ballot for himself,
And gripe it like a miser?

Has she than man been more corrupt,
Licentious, or uncivil?
Committed theft, or murder more?
Or any thing, that's evil?

Or, ought she not to have a vote
For fear a dram would buy it—
Just put the ballot in her hands,
Rum-traffickers, and try it—

Or, does she chew tobacco so,
And so pollute her nature,
That by her vote tobaccoists
Would fill our Legislature?

Or, does she swear and gamble so
That it might be expected
That by her vote the "roughs & toughs"
Would always be elected?

Or, is she always on the side
Of every thing immoral?
Or, would she on Election days
Get drunk, and fight, and quarrel?

Or, might her presence at the Polls
Make such a deep impression
On "Ring & Caucus rogues" that they
Might lose their self-possession,

And help elect good honest men
To fill each public station,
Instead of choosing millionaires
To manage Legislation?

Grave Legislator, don't you think
Our Laws should have a feature
To banish woman from our land,
She's such a dang'rous creature?

No, no, she makes too good a slave,
When man pretends to love her;
But still you will not let her vote,
You feel so far above her.

To see you kneeling at her feet
To beg her hand in marriage,
One might suppose she'd reach the polls
Drawn in a golden carriage.

But, no; your loving worship wanes
The moment you secure her—
You can't permit her at the Polls;
'Tis there you can't endure her.

But in your kitchens, at your homes,
To serve you as a waiter,
To cook your grub, & wash & scrub—
Ah! there you'll tolerate her.

G. W. SEEVERS.

In justice to the subject, myself, and the reader, the following scrap should appear in connection with the above.

MY ONLY FEAR.

Altho' I plead for "Woman's Rights,"
And candidly concede them,
I fear her vote, ruled by the Church,
Might crush Religious Freedom.

G. W. SEEVERS.

Butler, Mo.

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R. S. WOOLFORD.

Little Rock, Ark.

Written for The Watchman.

THE RUINS.

One pleasant Morning in the Spring
Some friends and I passed by
Where once an ancient mill did stand,
But now in ruins lie.

It was there the farmers brought their grain
Their corn and rye and wheat,
And the flour by the farmers' pretty wives
Was baked for them to eat.

And as I viewed this heap of stones
In ruins now laid low,
And saw the wheel that turned so fast
So many years ago.

I thought of the miller gone to rest,
From his labor and his care,
And mused & pondered o'er the Past,
Viewing the ruins there.

And in our lives I seem to see
A mill grind sure and slow;
'Tis Time that turns the wheel around
As the moments come and go.

And when that mill shall cease to grind
And the wheel shall cease to roll,
And the wheat from the sheaves is gathered in,
The Miller will take his toll.

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