

Selected Poetry.

Peter McGuire or Nature and Grace.

BY MISS LIZZIE DOTEN.

It has always been thought a most critical case,
When a man was possessed of more nature than
Grace;
For Theology teaches that man from the first,
Was a sinner by Nature, and justly accused;
And "Salvation by Grace" was the wonderful plan
Which God had invented to save erring man;
'Twas the only statement he knew how to make,
To annul the effects of His own sad mistake.

Now this was the doctrine of good Parson Brown,
Who preached not long since, in a small country
town,
He was zealous and earnest, and could so excel
In describing the tortures of sinners in Hell,
That a famous revival commenced in the place,
And hundreds of souls found "Salvation by Grace;"
But he felt that he had not attained his desire,
Till he had converted one Peter McGuire.

This man was a blacksmith, frank, fearless and bold,
With great brawny sinews like Vulcan of old;
He had little respect for what ministers preach,
And sometimes was very profane in his speech;
His opinions were founded in clear common sense,
And he spoke as he thought, though he oft gave
offense;
But however wanting in whole or in part,
He was sound and all right when you came to his
heart.

One day the good parson, with pious intent,
To the Smithy of Peter, most hopefully went;
And there while the hammer industriously swung,
He preached and he prayed and exhorted and sung,
And warmed and entreated poor Peter to fly
From the pit of destruction before he should die,
And to wash himself clean from the world's sinful
stain.

In the Blood of the Lamb and the River of Life.
Well—and what would you now be inclined to expect?
Why! he "swore like a pirate," and what do you
think?
From a little black bottle took something to drink!
And he said—"Till not mention the Blood of the
Lamb,
But speak that river, it ain't worth a—"
Then pausing as if to restrain his rude force,
He quietly added—"a mill-dam of course."

Quick out of the Smithy the minister fled,
As if a big bomb-shell had burst near his head;
And he he continued to haste on his way,
He was too much excited to sing or to pray;
But he thought how that some are elected by Grace,
As heirs of the kingdom—made sure of their place,
While others are doomed to the pains of Hell-fire,
And if 'er there was one such, 'twas Peter McGuire.

That night when the storm-king was riding on high,
And the red shafts of lightning gleamed bright
through the sky,
The Church of the village—the Temple of God,
Was struck, for the want of a good lightning-rod;
And swiftly descending, the element dire
Set the minister's house close beside it on fire;
While he peacefully slumbered, and had not a fear
Of the terrible work of destruction so near.

There were Mary and Hannah and Tommy and Joe,
All sweetly asleep in the bed-room below;
While their father was near, with his mother at rest,
[Like the wife of John Rogers with one at the breast].
But Alice the eldest, a gentle young dove,
Was asleep all alone in the room just above;
And when the wild cry of the rescuer came,
She only was left to the pitiless flame.

The fond mother counted her treasures of love,
When lo! one was missing—"Oh, Father above!"
How madly she shrieked in her agony wail—
"My Alice! my Alice! Oh, save my dear child!"
Then down on his knees fell the parson and prayed,
That the terrible wrath of the Lord might be stayed,
Said Peter McGuire—"Prayer is good in its place,
But then it don't suit this particular case."

He turned down the sleeves of his red flannel shirt,
To protect his great arms all besmudged with dirt,
Then into the billows of smoke and of fire,
Not pausing an instant—dashed Peter McGuire;
Oh! that terrible moment of anxious suspense!
How breathless their watching! their fear how in-
tense!
And then their great joy! that could not be ex-
pressed
When Peter appeared with the child on his breast.

A shout rent the air when the darling he laid
In the arms of the mother, so pale and dismayed;
And as Alice looked up and most gratefully smiled,
He bowed down his head and wept like a child.
Oh! those tears of love manhood that rained 'er his
face,
Shook the true grace of nature and the nature
of grace;
'Twas a manifest token—a visible sign
Of the indwelling life of the Spirit Divine.

Consider such nature—and then if you can,
Preach of "total depravity" innate in man,
Talk of depravity! why 'tis blasphemy wild
To say that Our Father thus cursed his own child!
Go learn of the stars, and the dew-spangled sod,
That all things rejoice in the goodness of God;
That each thing created is good in its place,
And Nature is but the expression of Grace.

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IS IT POSSIBLE?

A STORY FROM REAL LIFE!

WRITTEN FOR THE PRESENT AGE, BY ANNIE BENTON CRIDGE.

Charles Upland called upon Jane Allston in the evening of the day on which he had so suddenly removed his trunks and other effects from the house.

The interview was quite brief, Charles assigning as a reason for his removal that, by leaving their home, he would have more strength to carry out his resolution; to which Jane replied that it was perfectly right, and that he must consider her as no more to him than a friend—their engagement being regarded by her as terminated. Charles made no reply, but soon left, the restraint being mutually embarrassing.

During the three weeks which were to elapse before his departure he called several times, but Jane did not see him alone. Week after week passed, and yet no lingered; autumn wore into winter, and winter gave way to the rejuvenating influences of spring, and still he remained, occasionally calling on the Allston family; but no more words or talks with Jane on their relations to each other

took place—his visits being cold and formal, besides a great trial to Jane, who often and sorrowfully thought, Why did he take from me the child, and then remain here so long, when he still intends to leave?

Verily he was an enigma!
But let us turn to Jane's home during that autumn and winter. Home engagement, home rest, and homestrength, has been their wealth and life, occasionally varied by visits to-and-fro between their own family and those of the Minister and William Tilghman, and decorated by Oscar's air-castles, consisting of the original idea, with numerous variations.

The amount of the available funds which consisted in the savings from Oscar's salary, were dwelt on again and again, every dollar regarded by him as representing one acre of land, on which were to spring up, like mushrooms, house, barn, garden, cultivated field and every other desirable requisite to a well stocked farm, minus hogs, sheep, cattle, &c.

In spring he would go west to find this magic paradise; then he could send for his mother, Jane and Jessie; then would follow a word-sketch of rural life, wherein Jessie and Jane were depicted each milking a cow, their cheeks blushing with health, while peach-orchards, heavily laden with that luscious fruit, crowned the gentle slopes, and pebbly rivulets wound their way over beds of pebbles through the fertile valleys.

"I am afraid, my boy, (as she loved to call him, though near a man), (there is too visionary," Mrs. Allston would sometimes say, as his finishing touches were given to one of his pictures of the life that was to be theirs in the west.

"Visionary!" he replied, "Why, mother, no class of men are so practical as farmers—farming being the most practical as well as the most natural life; give me a farm and I am as happy as a king on his own soil."
"Very true," replied Mrs. Allston on one such occasion; "but to dream that one or two hundred dollars can procure all that these portraits, is not very practical."

"Aladin's lamp, mother," said Jessie, "he is going to carry with him, I suppose; and when he has found land to suit him, he will take a seat under one of the trees and commence to rub with all his might; first a cow will pop her horns in his face; then a horse will come scampering in from the prairie for his majesty to tame; then chickens, geese and ducks will come flocking around him in such abundance that he will be glad to stop scrubbing; lastly, the ground will open, and out will pop thousands of peach trees, and the farm-house which he has been building here all winter! I then send for me, Oscar, and he sure to rub the lamp for a horse, dedicated to my special service, for I shall want to go like the wind over the prairie."

Thus they talked and laughed about Oscar's rural pictures; but there ran through all his dreams a thread of earnestness; "I will have a farm," he thought, "if I have to live in a log cabin for five years."

A gentleman whom he had known sometime had bought land in Western Virginia; and to him Oscar wrote for a description of the land, character of the country, &c. Several letters passed between them on the subject, but he had not time to describe the country as abounding with peach orchards, fine mountain scenery, &c.

We need not stop here to tell how the ready mind of Oscar disposed of all this desirable material, or how opportune it was in tangibility to his airy castles. When spring came, he was sailing down the Ohio river, anxiously looking out for the "promised land." He had no sooner seen the place than he was delighted with it; the "Back Bone" mountains, the thousands of peach-trees, and the fine, rich land, made him resolve at once to purchase a small farm offered to him by Mr. Scott, the gentleman before referred to. A small log cabin was on the farm, minus windows—a defect easily supplied—and he was sure his mother and sisters would be delighted with the country; so Oscar paid all his ready cash, except fifty dollars, for the "farm," wrote a most desultory letter urging them to start at once, and giving them a list of articles which they were to bring with them from Philadelphia, among which was particularly mentioned a large log chain. This gave great scope for Jessie's misanthropy as she depicted the delicate, pale-faced college student felling trees, dragging logs, &c. &c.

Preparations for their departure were soon commenced, the furniture disposed of by private sale, and the requisite purchases made, including the log-chain; but the scheme of farming without means did not impress Jane Allston favorably. What were they going to do without money until their crops grew? and, in the absence of any practical knowledge of farming, what could Oscar do? and what could she do in the back woods? Having repeatedly revolved these questions in her mind, she proposed to her mother and Jessie that she should remain East until Oscar either succeeded or demonstrated his unfitness for a farmer's life.

Of course the mother and Jessie offered many objections to this plan. Mrs. Allston desiring above all things to have her children with her; yet she realized that Oscar's movement was practically defensible, as they would soon be without money, and then what? Her children's happiness and welfare must be first consulted, and so she finally but reluctantly submitted to the arrangement.

We must now return for a moment to Charles Upland, who still unaccountably lingered in Philadelphia. Of late he had called on the Allstons but seldom, and Jane had learned to consider their relations to each other ended. But having learned of their prospective early departure for the West, he had called to take leave of them on the evening of the day preceding that fixed for their journey. Was it possible, he asked, that Jane was not going? What was she going to do? As he said this there was on his face the old look of care and love for Jane, yet tinged with sadness; they were silent, for what could they say? He had stepped out of their circle, and was no longer one of them; Jane looked at him as if to answer his question, but no word was uttered.

"O, you will soon go to them, Jane," he said with an effort at cheerfulness, "I wish you a very pleasant journey and much happiness after your arrival, Mrs. Allston; I have no need to wish the same for Jessie, as she will be bright and joyous anywhere." He shook hands with Mrs. Allston as he was about to leave, and held out his hand to Jessie, who seemingly unobservant of the circumstance, moved to a chair and put it in its place. "Good by, Mr. Upland," said Jessie; "I wish you a pleasant voyage to the

land of gold, and hope you will have all the bliss that gold can bestow."

"I thank you, Miss Jessie; let me speak to you one moment, Jane." She went into the hall with him. "Jane," he said, "will you see me alone to-morrow evening? don't say no; I want to say many things to you. It will be the last time before I go." She looked up in his face as if to read his thoughts, and said, "Yes, I will," and he left.

"What did he say?" asked Jessie; "I suppose he thinks there is remaining for his sake."
"Why did he not shake hands with him, Jessie?" she asked without answering her question.

"Because I would not be a hypocrite; I would not give what is rightfully a mark of friendship to a man whom I utterly despise; he is a base man!"

"Mistaken rather—not had, replied Jane in a thoughtful, sad voice, as if thinking aloud.

"Bad or mistaken, the consequences are the same, and I despise him.

"There is too severe, my Jessie," interrupted Mrs. Allston as she gave Jane a look of sympathy, while the latter was leaning her forehead on her hand, busy with her own thoughts.

Perhaps I am, mother; but Jane is so quiet and submissive in all this; had I been in her place, I should have ordered him away at the very commencement of his perfidy; for who so base and contemptible as the man who trifles with a woman's affections! Love him, indeed! I should hate him; I don't believe in this sickly, dying love; it may do for little souls; 'milk for babies, but strong meat for those who are of full age; that passage of scripture just applies to so many cases."

Mrs. Allston smiled; Jane too, lifted her head and smiled; while she agreed in the main with Jessie's outburst, she felt that there was yet a something she knew to which Jessie was a stranger; she admired Jessie's independence and was proud of her outspokenness; she had cultivated that spirit in her all she possibly could, and being seven years older than Jessie, had been to her, as Jessie often expressed it, "her little mother." Independence and hatred of wrong doing, contempt for weakness in resisting wrong, and for effeminacy and submissiveness under tyranny and imposition, were lessons well learned by Jessie from Jane's fostering teachings—lessons that responded to her soul, that were in unison with the winds, the hills, the rippling brook and dashing river. Jane, while admiring all this, could not come up to her own standard; "no! he is in error."

"He cannot be bad," "besides," she reflected, "he cannot be bad; no! he is in error."
"These do not understand it all, Jessie; I should be sorry to treat him as a rascal, if he were good and honest in his intentions; this makes me seem weak to thee; while we cannot see the motives of others, we must be slow to condemn until the proof is positive; we are both right, only there is a hurry, while I am calm and deliberate."

Jessie kissed Jane very affectionately, saying, "never mind, my little mother! perhaps thee is right." A smile flitted over the three faces like a burst of sunshine on an April shower, and the subject was dismissed.

Early in the morning Mrs. Allston and Jessie left for the West; it was a sad party, but they felt it to be for the best, a star of hope, too, arose in the distance; Jessie among the Virginia mountains would be certain to recover her health.

Mrs. Allston's face told more than words the sadness of the parting. "Thee must not be sad, mother; I can come home and visit you all when we do well; it is but two or three days journey now, and will not be half as long when the railroad is completed; besides something may soon occur to bring us all together again; the waves may yet throw us well up on the shore."

"My poor girl!" was all the mother said as a tear started to her eye; but her look of anguish and of love combined was such as could have come only from a mother. The boat was ready to start, the bell rang, hands were grasped and lips pressed; "thee will soon join us I know," said Jessie cheerfully as she stepped on board; Jane watched the boat until it disappeared from view, and then retraced her steps to the deserted house so recently the center of her hearts attractions.

Evening came; the furniture which had been purchased by the neighbors, having been removed during the day, nothing remained in their cozy sitting-room but an old chair; her trunks were packed, a stitch here and there put in her wardrobe, and all was ready for her departure to Gloucester on the day following. A widow lady, who had rented one of the attics for the purpose of stowing away furniture, had made arrangements for her to go to Gloucester, to a Mrs. Mason's, and saw for her board until she could obtain a situation. In the attic was a bed occupied by the widow when she had occasion to come over from Philadelphia, the key of the attic being left with Mrs. Allston, and that night Jane would sleep there with the widow, who had several times during the day been in to speak to her a word of cheer.

Charles Upland would call at half-past six, and it was nearly the appointed time, as she ascertained by consulting a watch given to her by her mother at parting, having been worn by the latter ever since her youth. Jane as she held the watch in her hand felt that in it (as in the old arm chair in which the parent had sat, the last baby's frock held up by a bereaved mother, the lock of hair from the brow of a dead father, mother, sister or child, the thousands of relics of loved ones, great men or great deeds) there was a mystic band, transcending the physical, recognized by the spirit, though denied by the understanding, was a talisman which brought back to her the past and brought into her presence the absent and the loved.

Charles came; the interview was brief and not characterized by any great degree of novelty, the same old story, but little varied from previous phases and applications of the "selfish" theory. Jane, however, had recently thought on the subject a good deal, and tried to cast her feelings into a mould of intellect, giving words and form to that which her intuitive faculties told her true.

"If," she said, "we are wholly and intrinsically selfish, then selfishness being the law of our nature, will if properly directed, result in happiness both to ourselves and others; but while there is an organ of Benevolence shall ever believe in unselfishness and disinterestedness; thy course is destructive to thy own happiness and perhaps to mine; but that cannot be good which necessarily results in evil; if thy course to me is dictated by unselfishness, then better for that selfishness

which makes loving hearts one and happy."

As he left she watched his retreating form across the green, but she did not weep, her whole being at that moment seeming to stand still and look calmly on. In her attic bed she slept soundly until morning, when the sun was shining into her room, the night was gone and the morning of a new day—new scenes and new experiences—were before her; her life was henceforth to flow in a new channel; and though to an on-looker it might have seemed that no day could ever come to that young girl—alone, poor and almost friendless—yet in the scroll of the future the good angel had written her name not only among the deserts, swamps and icebergs, but among the fairest spots mapped out on the golden page.

"Your sewing is worth two or three times your board," said Mrs. Mason to Jane, who she had seen there three days; "you sew so rapidly; if you sew for me two days, and a half that will pay for a week's board, and washing; I will speak to my friends about you, and you will have more sewing than you can do."

"You are very kind, Mrs. Mason."
"Not at all, it is only right; I could not take all your time and labor for what only costs me about one dollar."

Mrs. Mason boarded ten young women who worked in one of the cotton factories there, by which means she provided for herself and her three children, her husband being in California.

Jane's experience among the class of women who labor in factories, taught her that modesty and goodness can live and thrive in a factory as well as elsewhere, those in Mrs. Mason's house comparing favorably with the same number of women in any department of labor.

On telling Mrs. Mason that she intended to employ a portion of her spare time in learning to weave, that lady replied, "you learn to weave! I would not do anything of the kind; why, you can earn just as much with your needle."

"I think not; besides, the work is likely to suit me far better than sewing."
On the next morning Jane accompanied one of Mrs. Mason's boarders to the factory and saw the "boss" of the rooms, by whom she was informed that if she saw fit she might learn to weave; but that as there was some prospect of the factory being stopped, he could not guarantee her work, and it was not the custom to pay any one while learning; she, however, resolved to devote her spare days to learning to weave, and did so for three weeks, at the end of which time the factory was stopped. Jane, however, remained there a sufficient time to enable her to send one loom and to learn something of factory life.

She found that while a few were rough and coarse in their manners and habits, nearly all were otherwise, and that one hundred women taken at hazard from that factory in which she worked would as regarded native worth, compare favorably with an equal number of women from any other class. Jane desiring to know the materials of which they were composed, was introduced to many of them, and found that honesty, industry and kindness were jewels worn (often, however, in a rather rough setting) by far the greater portion, anything less inappropriately conduct being discontinued as much there as elsewhere.

"I would not think of working in a factory," was often said by them to Jane, "were I educated like you; you should teach school." "Don't think of working in a factory," said to her two sisters in the same breath; these sisters were dressed in black, having been left orphans when quite young, and thus forced into a factory almost at the commencement of their education. "The work was not hard," they said, "but the hours are long, and we have neither the time nor the disposition to study when our days work is done, and so we live and work for food and clothes; it is better than working in people's kitchens—better than most kinds of labor for which we are fitted, but not the best a well educated woman could do."

During these three weeks Jane frequently asked herself, "is labor degrading?" music being indispensable to comfort, she reflected, must be made, and the mere operation of critically watching a piece of machinery turning loose cotton into compact cloth cannot degrade; whence, the idea of a special degradation in connection with such kinds of labor? the "boss" of the weaving room ranks not thus; is it then the sex? It is said that for woman to work in a factory pre-supposes poverty at home and consequent inability of parents otherwise to provide for their children; but admitting this to be so, whence the degradation? labor is not only essential to health, but is the source of all necessities, comforts and luxuries—the real capital of the world whereof gold, or any other form of money, is merely a representative; so far from the idea of meanness or degradation legitimately appertaining to labor as such, there can only be truth in the idea of "high" or "low" as applied to various kinds of labor relatively, in so far as they respectively represent various degrees of skill intellect and capacity. To do nothing useful, to consume but not produce, is the ideal of a world of idleness; and hence originates the feeling that any useful labor is degrading.

There is however, an aristocracy whereon nature has set its seal of nobility, and who whether in workshop or farm, kitchen or cabinet, walk in royal robes, wearing insignia of which no outward changes can deprive them; and of such and by such is the world made better, in however humble a sphere, and men conducted to the interior temple of the holiest and best. Not only in outward semblance, but by inward purity are the inheritors and acquirers of such marks of nobility prevented, from association with the really poor and miserable devotees of idleness, yet worshippers of that wealth which can only be the accumulated product of that labor which they assume to despise. So shall it be even unto the end. Meanwhile we must resume our narrative.

A short time after Jane's arrival in Gloucester, in taking her evening walk she crossed a small stream, to pluck a beautiful flower growing on the opposite bank when she was unexpectedly assisted in re-crossing by an unretreated hand; it was that of Charles Upland. After a partial recovery from her surprise and embarrassment (for she had not expected to see him again before his departure) her love for little Charles and anxiety to know something of him overcame every other feeling, and she said, "Tell me of

Charles; has he heard from him, Charles?"

"O, yes, Jane," he pleasantly replied; "I have heard; I yesterday received a letter, Charles is very well and very happy; he has learned several more words, and talks of 'mamma Jane' very often."

Fearing to give way to her feelings she said but little in reply, wished him good evening and walked rapidly home. This was their last interview, and on the day following Charles Upland commenced his voyage.

The same day Jane received the following letter from Jessie:

"DEAR JANE—Here we are at last in the back woods. Oscar was greatly disappointed because he did not arrive; we were met at the boat by my former brother, who looks like a backwoodsman already. About seven miles of travel, in a vehicle of primitive style, drawn by a horse and an ox, through a romantic country, brought us to our log cabin. Other than the trees which we entered our mansion, there is a cheerful no! Quite an improvement has been made to it—even windows which in this part of the world is rather aristocratic; for he is known to thee that, very few houses, except our own have glass windows; but they never saw a stylish; he will introduce thee to one of the houses around here, which is a sample of nearly all, will really tell thee. A log cabin of course, a place for a table and a rocking chair, in the latter perhaps two or three chairs, but usually none; no stove, no bureau, but an old rough chest—not a large one either—holds the entire family wardrobe. If a shelf is furnished they never saw a white five or six half-clothed individuals stand around."

"Let me describe our cabin;—two windows—don't forget them, I really feel proud of them, the floor carpeted, a sofa, bedstead, (which Oscar bought somewhere on the river and brought here previously to our coming) on one side of the room; a bedstead on the other, which I have put our white hangings a bureau, a large box carried up on end, in which Oscar has put some shelves, stands in one corner and forms our pantry; we have two painted chairs, one table and a rocking chair, in the latter which mother sits knitting, looking as contented as I ever saw her; Oscar has put up six shelves for our chairs. Some of our neighbors have already called on us, but they look frightened at our fire and they really believe they never saw such grandeur before; it does not cost much here to be a big boy."

"So much for the inside; I want to talk of the outside; forget it, it beats that of the modest mansion I have ever seen, not excepting her Majesty's palace at St. James."

"Our house stands on a small grassy knoll, about eight or ten feet above the level of the land immediately adjacent; one large peach tree grows opposite the cabin on this knoll. I do so like to sit with the door open and look at its wide spreading branches. The Back Bone mountains, Oscar and I have been off among them on exploring expeditions; we walk miles every day, our discoveries consist of snakes of the copperhead, black and rattle species, the latter being the most respectable, giving us no more than a sting. We brought home the tail of one yesterday, containing nine rattles. I was just going to put my foot on it thinking it a branch. A large stone soon displaced him."

"Oscar takes his indefatigable hammer with him, discovering fossils and specimens in every nook and corner. I forgot our Geological Cabinet, which he had made up and which he has given me finer pictures than were ever painted. Over a small table near the window Oscar has several shelves reaching to the top of the cabin for his fossils; he says he would like to take five hundred dollars for them, I wish we had the \$500 just now."
"Oscar a farmer! he is no more a farmer than I am; he has a field of grain, potatoes, etc., etc. of farming and reaping machines, he has a farm house, etc., etc.; as usual he is constantly building farms and castles (in the air); but he is inclined to all his American birth and English education enabled her to combine both nationalities in one person; and now Mrs. Allen, the factory, the attic, and even Charles Upland were shadows gradually fading into the distance."
(To be continued.)

For the Present Age.

THE CLOSE OF LIFE MOST GLORIOUS.
Fair is the morn, with radiant light her brow
Is decked, her step is light and free,
While marching on to noon's effulgent glory;
How brilliant is the morn, as grand she stands
Ere her golden scepter waning,
With all its length, comes on the night
Magnificent.
So should the close of life eclipse in glory,
Her rising morn, its noon's full brightness. (S. N. W.)

From the Independent.

Gems of Western Scenery.

BY HON. SCHUYLER COLFAX.

The near approach of the season when many families and individuals will be discussing the direction in which they shall turn their steps to enjoy the pleasures of travel induces me to write this article, commending a Westward journey toward our own Pacific slope, rather than daring the storms of the ocean by a visit to Europe. The extravagant and oft-quoted exclamation, "See Naples, and die," has in the past turned the thoughts of many whose leisure or means enable them to travel to the Old World, where so much that is venerable, so much that is picturesque, so much that is noted in history, so much that is sublime in grandeur, is to be witnessed. Not "to die," of course, but to make life happier evermore, by the wider experience, the broadened mind, the fuller knowledge that results from travel, besides the pictures of impressive scenery so often ineffably impressed upon the mind, and which the mystic power of memory can summon, again and again, before the mental vision.

It has always seemed to me, however, wiser and more profitable for Americans to travel over the continent of their own country, to learn more thoroughly by actual observation of the grandeur of its more than imperial domain and the vastness of its almost limitless resources, as well as to enjoy the magnificent scenery of its mountains, before they ramble in regions foreign to them in all their interests, and which excel their own land in attractive features mainly in antiquity and accumulated wealth, rather than in natural scenery which gladdens the eye by its beauty.

Of Salt Lake City, and the peerless Yosemite, so much has been written the past season by tourists that I shall omit all reference to them here, and allude to other objects of interest to be found by traveling toward the setting sun.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS AND COLORADO.
Where the Union Pacific Railroad reaches its highest summit, at Sherman, over 8,000 feet above the level of the sea, but little mountain scenery is discernible. Like the South Pass, on the old route of emigrant travel, and Bridger's Pass, on the latter route, the daily overland stage, on the latter route, seems to have been marked out by Nature leveling down these mountains that form the backbone of the North American Continent. To see the Rocky Mountains in their majesty, with the wonderful parks (lying 6,000 to 8,000 feet above the sea, and larger in area than some of our states) which they enfold in their embracing arms, the traveler should leave the Pacific Railroad at Cheyenne or Denver, 110 miles South, half of which distance is already traversed by rail, and the rest a fine natural road, requiring but a few hours in the stage-coach. There, on the banks of the Platte, with the apparently boundless plains to the north and east and south, a sublime panorama of mountain scenery to the west is ever before the beholder. In the glance of a moment the eye sweeps over one hundred and twenty miles of

a range, with its peaks and cliffs and table mountains, grandly towering toward the skies sparkling in the morning sun, darkening at eventide, and blackened sometimes by the storms that sweep over it. Cities, and mines and natural parks are embosomed within it. A deep blue sky, that could scarcely be rivalled by Italy, almost always gladdens you. And the air that you breathe, clear and dry and pure, is like a tonic to the system. Two or three weeks will enable the traveler to cross the Snowy Range on horseback at the Berthoud or Bowler Pass, some 12,000 feet above the sea, with grand and changing views at every hour, enjoy the beauty of the brilliant flora close to the edge of the snowline; traverse the Middle Park, surrounded amphitheatrically by its encircling mountains; visit the Sulphur Spring, and enjoy its healing virtue; and, ascending Gray's Peak, 15,000 feet high, see mountains rolling away in every direction. Returning to Denver through the mining towns of Empire, Georgetown, Central City, etc., and stopping over at Idaho, the Saratoga of Colorado, you can visit the South Park on wheels; ascend the majestic Mount Lincoln, chief of the towering mountains of our nation; cross the range over to the valley of the Arkansas, and the charming surroundings of its Twin Lakes; and return by Colorado City, the Garden of the Gods, and Pike's Peak (a mountain standing out from the Range on the Platte) and comparatively easy ascent,) back again to Denver; the whole of this South Park trip, with its wild and varied scenery, easily performed in a carriage—except, of course, the ascent of Mount Lincoln. No where can three weeks be more profitably and delightfully spent by the invalid or the seeker of the pleasures of travel; and to those who enjoy the roughing and bracing experiences of camping-out, and the pleasure of fishing in streams filled with delicious trout, there is a double enjoyment in store.

As Mrs. Allen's sorrowful duties only served to increase instead of decrease as garments after garments were finished, Jane began to feel positively sad, and laid down the paper and said to herself, "Nothing but I! O to be out of this den. I shall become as foolish and miserable as that poor simple creature, if I have to endure this long." Night after night as she retired, she wondered if morning would bring her any thing to take her out of this abode of whining and complaining. Then she would seek her pillow only to be awake for hours and think, and with the early dawn to awake feverish and anxious, again and again to hasten to the hall that she might look over the "Ledger" before any one else found it.

At last, at last the "Ledger" brought her comfort in the following advertisement:

"Wanted, in a family of three children, a governess, English preferred; address" &c. &c.

Jane copied the advertisement, ate her breakfast in silence, dressed in a white wrapper, a black silk cape and a neat straw bonnet and made her way to the place designated in the advertisement to answer it in person; the housekeeper told her that she was the first applicant, and that the family were at their country seat on the Delaware river, but that if she would leave her address, Mr. Hatherwood would call on her in person, which he did the same day, inquiring if she had any references, in reply to which, she named Isaac Carman, to whose place of business he at once drove.

Mr. Carman speaks very highly of you, Miss Allston," he said on his return; "he says that he has never met with any one in whose welfare he was more interested."
Jane was at once engaged, Mr. Hatherwood remarking that her American birth and English education enabled her to combine both nationalities in one person; and now Mrs. Allen, the factory, the attic, and even Charles Upland were shadows gradually fading into the distance.

Curving northerly to strike the old emigrant trail, in the valley of the Humboldt (apparently designed by Providence, like the Valley of the Platte, Echo Canon, etc., for the pathway of the swift-moving, iron trains that traverse them,) the Sierra Railroad of the Andes of our continent, are soon in sight. Towering toward the skies, they undulate away in the distance—an impassable barrier, apparently, to the triumphant advance of the great motor of this century, the locomotive, until the conquering energy of the Californians who formed the Central Pacific Railroad Company, with almost herculean labors, carried their trains over its summits. Words are weak to describe the engineering which achieved this result. Enormous ravines filled up by the persistent labors of years, huge hills cut down to the required grade, dark tunnels blasted through towering cliffs, a track cut into the side of almost precipitous mountains where from the car-window you can look down into the valley 2,500 feet beneath you, and nearly forty miles of snow-beds of solid timbers for guard against the thirty-feet snows for which the Sierras are famed. All these triumphs of man over the obstacles of Nature attest the grandeur and immensity of the work by which this frowning range has been scaled.

Nor is it a single range, as has been generally supposed. There are often two or three ranges, with their respective summits; and instead of crossing them in eight or ten miles, they roll away in a billowy succession of mountains, seventy miles and over in width, clothed in the living green of gigantic forests, until, above the passes which wagon and railroad trains have sought, the line is reached of perpetual, unmelting snow.

At Summit Station, over 7,000 feet above the sea, (and at and around which the summer traveller can spend a delightful day, with a pleasant and homelike inn for meals and rest) you look down on Donner Lake, nestling so quietly and attractively amongst the mountains as to charm you with its beauty. And you will not soon forget a drive on its shores, with its unruffled waters at your side, and the grand and impressive view of the railroad track carved along the face of the range which overhangs it, and which you can follow with the eye for miles.

But the pre-eminent gem of the scenery of the Sierras lies a few miles from the Pacific Road. Leaving it at Truckee, the next station east of Summit, a stage takes you fifteen miles up the valley of the impetuous and braiding Truckee River, which falls 600 feet in that distance; and there, embosomed amongst these mountain summits, surrounded by dense forests and snow-clad peaks, 8,500 feet above the sea, is Lake Tahoe. It is a beautiful sheet of water, twenty miles by ten miles in extent, so exquisitely clear that you can see fifty to one hundred feet down, as if

Kindness—Charity.

A true-hearted Quaker wrote thus: "I expect to pass through this life but once. If therefore, there is any kindness I can do, to my fellow man, let me do it now."

We wish this beautiful sentiment could be so impressed upon all, as to be practically exemplified in the life of every reformer. How often we hear the remark made that the Spiritual Philosophy is beautiful beyond compare, and immediately followed by the expression, "I wish I could believe it true."

It is however a lamentable fact that thousands of persons, calling themselves Spiritualists, who profess to have received evidence sufficient to fully convince them, of a continued individual existence beyond the death of the body, and who also believe in the communion of spirits, and have a knowledge founded on demonstration, giving sufficient evidence of the absolute truth of these beautiful teachings; yet it is said there is not only a greater diversity in sentiment among Spiritualists, but less true charity, and fraternal kindness manifest, than among any other people, not even excepting the religious sects who have a theology taught, its tendencies directly calculated to separate mankind, as it has, into thousands of isolated parties.

Is there a want of this spirit of kindness and charity among spiritualists, are these charges against spiritualism true? Our answer is, it may be true of Spiritualists just emerging as many are from orthodox teachings with its partialism, not wholly outgrown; but we do unhesitatingly assert that these antagonisms are not in accord with, or the legitimate result of the religion of Spiritualism, but rather the want of a proper appreciation of its sublime teachings. It is well for us to pause and examine into our true state and condition. Is it not true that as Spiritualists we laid aside all personal animosities, all uncharitableness of feeling, and endeavor to cultivate a spirit of kindness for each other, and for all mankind.

How sweet are the influences of beneficence! how salutary are its effects upon the disposition, and we may add the soul! We are called to this chain of reflection by a letter from a friend, by which we have been soothed and consoled under the oppression of disagreeable circumstances and irritated feelings. One letter of kindness, thus changed the entire current of our feelings. One such little kindness may be compared to a creeping streamlet, it is small but it incessantly flows; although it glides in silent secrecy within the domestic walls, and along the walks of private life and makes neither appearance or noise in the world; pours in the end a more popular tribute into the store of human comfort and felicity than any sudden and transient flood of detached bounty, however ample, that may rush into it with a mighty sound. Oh! that we could impress upon all, the importance of kindness, in look, word and deed. Who can estimate the effect of the "finer feelings" of the human soul when exercised upon individuals and upon the mass. Pope has beautifully expressed it in the following lines.

As the smooth pebble stirs the peaceful lake, The centre moved, a circle straight extends; Another still, and still another spreads; Friends, neighbors, parents, first it will embrace, Our country next, and next all human race; Wide, and more wide the o'erflowing mind Takes every creature in, of every kind.

We feel sure that one cause of this want of fraternalism among Spiritualists, has been the lack of intercourse, and another, perhaps the chief cause, is for the want of some object or purpose to be accomplished. Where an organic work has been entered upon as in Michigan and some other states; the spiritualists are being gradually brought into more harmonious relations and the spirit of kindness and charity more prevalent. We hope this spirit may extend from state to state, until a spirit of fraternalism may be manifested everywhere. It will not prevail among the mass until it is manifested by our leading minds—speakers and writers. We were glad to see this spirit exhibit itself at the beginning of the present year through one of our papers, and by one of its writers who has ever been distinguished for his anti-nostalgic spirit, and bitterness of feeling toward all who differ from him in opinion. We cherish the hope that a better day is dawning upon us. If the time has come for our organic work to commence, we must cultivate the spirit of kindness and charity, learn to bear and forbear, and success surely follow. We have yet among us persons professing to be called out by the spirits to proclaim the ministrations of angels from the higher life, persons themselves, angular in the extreme, in poor health of the body, hence petulant and unhappy themselves, unbalanced minds, having never yet learned to control their own natures' carry this influence with them into the social circles where they are introduced, and although they may in a degree possess organisms which the higher intelligences can use; yet their influence is every where detrimental to the cause of true Spiritualism.

Our mediums have the power and opportunities of doing great good, and the evil disposed, the like opportunities of producing inharmonious and positive discord among the people with whom they associate. We have sad reminiscences of this in the early history of Spiritualism, when Spiritualists would take

as necessarily true all the utterances of a person with eyes closed, in hundreds of cases feigning entrancement, (we know some such now,) whose advice was then received as authority, and conformed to as truly as does the churchman bow to the authority of his bible and priest, hence the many sundering of family ties, and the domestic alienations that as a consequence followed. Happily those days have in a measure passed, reason has again assumed the throne and we have learned that Mediums are just as fallible as others and that we are by no means to take their utterances as necessarily true. One passage of the bible, relating to this subject we find contains an important suggestion: "Try the spirits."

We rejoice in the gradual out-growth from a false, into a true Spiritualism, which is rapidly, (compared with the slow progress of former religions,) gaining the ascendancy. Let us as spiritualists manifest by kindness, and charity in its broadest sense, the spirit of our philosophy, and not only ourselves, but the world will be made better, if we but practically adopt the heading of our article.

"Meek and lowly, pure and holy Chief among the blessed three, Turning sadness into gladness, Heaven born art thou, Clearer than Pity dwelleth in thy bosom, Kindness reigneth o'er thy heart, Gentle thoughts alone can way thee, Judgment hath in thee its part. Hoping ever, falling never; Though deceiv'd, believing still; Longing, all coveting, To thy heavenly Father's will; Never weary of well-doing, Never fearful of the end; Claiming all mankind as brothers, Thou dost all alike befriend."

Genesis and Geology.

The following communication, from brother Swain, of Indiana, contains some pertinent inquiries, and we therefore give it insertion, together with remarks:

"DEAR BROTHER.—I am in correspondence with a Quaker preacher, who says that he is not aware that any antagonism exists between the teachings of the Bible, and the demonstrations of science.

I am anxious to ascertain, for his benefit and my own satisfaction, all that Geology teaches with reference to the period of time that our planet has been tenanted by man. I understand that the alluvial deposits at the delta of the Mississippi afford data, by ascertaining the depth that an object is entombed in one hundred years, by which it is demonstrated that human fossils have been deposited there, at least 50,000 years ago. I also understand that somewhere in France, there is evidence that the lava from an extinguished volcano, had interrupted the passage of a river, turning its course into another channel, and by this means it was precipitated over a solid rock, and by some means it has been ascertained how much this rock has been worn in one hundred years, and by applying this distance to the distance that the rock has unmistakably been worn by the action of the water, the time of its commencement is extended into the past very much beyond the period as credited to the creation of Adam. But this only proves the great antiquity of the earth, and not the length of time that man has existed on it.

If then can give me some items of reliable testimony on this point, they would be thankfully received, and gratefully remembered.

If Geology does really demonstrate that man has existed on the globe for a vast number of years anterior to the days of Adam, what becomes of the fall of man through the transgression of Adam, and of consequence his restoration through Christ." J. SWAIN.

REMARKS.

DEAR BROTHER.—The queries contained in your communication are matter for extended discussion, but in the space usually allotted to an editorial, we can refer to but few points, and those must be treated briefly. Modern science has broached three great questions which have sensibly disturbed the equilibrium of theologian thought; first, the position of the globe in space; second, the history of the earth in time; and third, the origin and antiquity of Man. The first question is an astronomical one, and came into prominence in the 16th century. The "infallible church" had taken its position, that the earth was the centre of the universe. As around which the sun, moon and stars daily revolve. The adverse views of Copernicus and Galileo, were treated as a denial of church infallibility. They were persecuted because they did not proceed from premises which the church was ready to supply. But at last the church was obliged to yield to the force of scientific conclusions, after which it claimed that astronomy was a handmaid of religion.

Seventy-five years ago the geologists began to propound the doctrine that the earth had a greater antiquity than 6000 years. The church with one voice, both Catholic and Protestant, denounced the conclusion as an infidel heresy. At last theology yielded this ground also, and there are none among the learned to-day in the church, but that admit a greater antiquity for the earth than 6000 years.

The question of man's antiquity is one of the latest propounded by geology, and for that reason stir up the same opposition which the other questions above adverted to, engendered when they were first agitated. But it needs no great sagacity to see what the final disposition of this last question will be. It has received the thoughtful attention of the leading scientists of Europe during the last few years.

The preacher to whom you refer, is one of a large class who display great inconsistency. He says he is "not aware that any antagonism exists between the teachings of the Bible and the demonstrations of science."

Then why does he and the fraternity to which he belongs, wage an uncompromising warfare against the demonstrations of science on their first announcement, call them hard names, and try to discourage their acceptance by the masses, until at last they are obliged to make a virtue of necessity, by accepting the alternative of admitting the truth of what they had labored to destroy, or of being regarded by the world as too foggy to comprehend the genius of modern progress.

Our space will admit only of allusion to the last point suggested in your communication—the antiquity of man. Among the eminent men who have made this subject a special study, are Sir. Charles Lyell, Prof. Huxley,

Agassiz, Prof. Morton, Dr. Nott, M. Boner de Perthes, Dr. Rigallot, Mr. Prestwidge, M. Gandy, Mr. Lubbock. There remains no doubt in the minds of these scientific investigators, that man co-existed on this planet with the mastodon and mammoth. Fossil human bones have been exhumed in the vale of the Mississippi, the valley of the Gonne, at Abbevilly and St. Acheul in France, from numerous caves in the old world, in such abundance, and associated in such a manner with the bones of extinct animals, as to demonstrate beyond all cavil, an antiquity of at least 50,000 years. But you ask for some items of reliable testimony.

Lyell says in his "Antiquity of Man," 62, that, "of late years we have obtained convincing proofs, as we shall see in the sequel that the mammoth, and many other extinct mammalian species very common in caves occur also in undisturbed alluvium, imbedded in such a manner with works of art, as to leave no room for doubt that man and the mammoth co-existed." Again, on p. 65, the author remarks, "In the Engis cavern, distant about eight miles to the south west of Liege, on the left bank of the Mense, the remains of at least three human individuals were disinterred. The skull of one of these was imbedded by the side of a mammoth's tooth." After discussing the evidence in proof of the antiquity of the "Natchez" fossil, he says on page 204, "If the claim of the Natchez man to have co-existed with the mastodon are admitted, North America was peopled more than a thousand centuries ago, by the human race." A little further on he adds that, "The Natchez bone in date is not anterior to the antique flint hatchets of St. Acheul."

Prof. Huxley of London, speaking in one of his lectures of the Neanderthal fossil skull remarks: "This skull clearly indicates that the first traces of the primordial stock from whence man originated need no longer be sought, by those who entertain any form of the doctrine of progressive development, in the newest tertiary; but they may be looked for in an epoch more distant from the age of the *Elephas primigenius* than that is from us."

Prof. Dana, who is a christian geologist, has at last given in his adhesion to the doctrine of man's antiquity. In his "Manual of Geology," page 581 he says: "The earliest remains of a man and his art occur with the bones of extinct Post-tertiary animals, in the same conditions as the bones of the modern mammals. They are flint arrow heads, stone axes, pieces of bone and wood cut or marked, and also some of the bones of skeletons. They have been found in England, France, Switzerland, and some other countries in Europe. The facts appear to place it beyond doubt that Man began to exist before the extinction of the Post-tertiary races."

Under the supervision of Mr. Leonard Horner, over seventy borings were executed in the valley of the Nile, in the year 1853, most of these penetrated sixty feet in depth. At all depths between one foot and sixty human relics were met with. The rate of deposit is estimated at six inches in a century, from which data it is proved that man existed there 12000 years ago. Lyell says the more probable rate of deposit is three inches in a century, which would prove man's occupancy of the valley 24000 years ago. These are small items compared with the evidence which might be adduced on this subject.

Now brother, as to the effect which these evidences will have on the doctrine of man's "Fall, through the transgression," we will leave with you and others to decide. Scientific conclusions are not dependent on theological data. Wherever science conducts, there we shall follow, though it be in the very face of Moses. W.

New Organization in Hammondon.

We have received three lengthy communications from persons in Hammondon relating to a new organization in that place. As these articles which we are requested to publish, would occupy at least five columns of the AGE, and relate entirely to local matters, we do not feel justified in giving the necessary space to the exclusion of subjects of more general interest. If the communications entered into a discussion of the subject of organization, making any valuable suggestions, we should cheerfully publish it. But being almost entirely of a personal character, we must decline. The author of one communication says, "My object in asking for a hearing is not to discuss the subject of organization, believing that there may be honest difference of opinion in regard to the subject."

This communication covering ten pages of cap paper, is intended as a review of an article published a long time since in our columns from Bro. A. J. King; but as his references were of a general and not of a personal character, we think the greater part of Mrs. M's communication irrelevant. The writers quote a remark made by us "inviting discussion of the subject," which of course referred to organization, desiring then, as we do now, to get the best thoughts of our best minds upon this important question.

We have received the constitution of the new society which we are requested to publish, and also the address of the President. The constitution is in the usual form specifying duties of officers, &c. The only article which is no doubt designedly made to differ from the other society of Hammondon being the one on membership, we give as follows:

ARTICLE III. "Any person may become a Member of this Association by signing this constitution, and subscribing such sum as he or she wishes to pay annually—payable quarterly in advance."

The only question of importance thus dividing our friends in Hammondon, seems to be the one as to a test of membership. We doubt not both parties desire to act as to their own regards for the greatest good of all. We only regret that differences of opinion should lead to alienation of feeling. This ought not to be, and we hope they may be able by calm discussion, to adopt a system that shall result in the harmonization of all. We desire to give all parties a reasonable

space to present arguments upon questions of interest, but our impression is, that it is best as far as possible to avoid personalities. "In faith and hope the world will disagree, But all mankind's concern is charity: All must be false that thwart this one great end; And all of God, that bless mankind, or mend."

Religion in the Schools.

We are glad to reprint the following sentiments uttered by Thomas K. Beecher, and to notice that so many influential men are taking the only true position upon the question of religious instruction in our common schools. As we have before remarked, we have been unable to see how any thoughtful person could take any other view of this question involving as it does the very existence of our educational system. The sects may work as much and as long as they please with no hindrance. The only limitation upon them is that they cannot work through the state, or through a school system which is the common property of all the people. The state does nothing to hinder them, or aid them. It simply leaves them to do their own work. For its own purposes, it seeks to scatter popular ignorance, and prepare the rising generation for good citizenship. In all this there surely is no hostility to religion, unless religion itself be hostile to the educational elevation of the masses; and, if this be the fact, then we had better get rid of that kind of religion as soon as possible. Those who are suspicious that an education which simply does not teach religion will prove detrimental to it pay a very poor compliment to the thing they are so anxious to preserve. They virtually confess that it cannot survive the uplifting process of human thought:

"In all lands good fellowship among the people is a very great good. All tendency toward caste, faction and schism is to be watched and duly regulated. Therefore the plan of calling all our young folks to learn together what all need to learn is a good plan. It is such a good plan that the state itself provides for the uniform and universal tuition of all her children in those arts, sciences, and duties which all citizens alike need to learn. Because all citizens do not need to learn the same religion, and reverence the constitution—therefore let all be taught these things in public schools, thus securing equality, uniformity, thoroughness; and incidentally general acquaintance and good fellowship among citizens. Public schools promote unity, peace, good order. The alternative plan—look at it! Jewish schools, Episcopal schools, Presbyterian schools, Catholic schools, Irish schools, Methodist schools, Colored schools, aristocratic schools, ragged schools—costing in the aggregate five times as much as we now pay! pandering to pride and prejudice, promoting feuds among boys and sharp partisanship among girls. Let our children learn at home, at church, and at the school of the catechumens. They also sang, "And on earth peace, good will toward men"—a lesson which can be best learned in our great common schools. God bless them."

Spirit Communication.

It is true that love would overlook all failings, but law is inexorable," replied Silvers Spray. "The mistake you made in leaving the earth as you did, kept me away from you for a great length of time. If you were to go into the next sphere uncalled, the result would be the same. You have now through much suffering partially outgrown the effect of that rash act, and I meet you now as I should have done upon your first entrance into spirit life, had you lived out your natural life. Another transgression of law would again separate me from you, and you would be left to struggle on, until you had attained the position to which you should have arrived before leaving this sphere. Love would shield its object from suffering, but even the pure tender love of a mother cannot do this. There is no pardon for transgression."

NO. VI.

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I understand it now, I replied, and no longer desire to accompany you, for the happiness and peace that have come to me through a knowledge of and obedience to law, and the white light that has so recently surrounded me, would become dark and shadowy as when I first entered Spirit Life. I now understand that your beautiful spirit could not draw near and blend with mine while I was surrounded by that dark, heavy magnetism. I would know how I could advance more rapidly, so that it will be unnecessary for us to be separated. Thou who art the spiritual sun from whom I receive all light and knowledge, tell me how I may become more worthy of your love, and better able to understand the truths you bring. How can I gain such knowledge as yours and thus become worthy of being a part of your spirit?

"You have cause to regret the past, now advance, come up higher." But how, how I replied, eagerly? "By harmonizing your spirit by cultivating the garden of the heart, and developing those attributes of the mind, that were neglected in earth-life. The knowledge you had acquired has been of little avail to you, because you knew not how to use it to advantage; and this was because you lacked wisdom. Wisdom comes only through love; or as has been beautifully expressed, by another: "It is the perfect flame of love." Then your first step will be to beautify the garden of the heart by buds of affection, which will unfold under the influence of the golden atmosphere that will surround them, into flowers of wisdom, and through this, the knowledge that you have in the past acquired will become useful. Your spirit will harmoniously unfold, and the soft white light that now surrounds you will be changed to silvery brightness, beautified by a deep violet as a symbol of the principle of love that is asserting her power as queen of your soul.

I understand, I replied, but how am I to acquire that love through which comes the light of wisdom? "By descending the shining pathway leading from the spheres and again entering the magnetism of earth." Is it possible for me to return again to earth—why should I desire to do so. The very thought of that life shadows my spirit. I came here for the sympathy and love I could not obtain there, and now that I have found the priceless treasure of your love; now you would send me from your presence,

bid me retrace my steps, go down again to the darkness of earth to gain that which can be found only in the higher spheres. "You misunderstand me," replied Silvers Spray. "You said that you did not understand the laws of love, it is even so, for now that you have learned to love one, you cannot understand why it is necessary for that love to flow out, and like God's beautiful sunlight fall over all, impoverishing none but making glad the hearts of ALL. You know nothing of fraternal love, it is the God-like power within you, the saviour. In order to gain this you must return to earth for your first lessons." I am satisfied, I replied, but yet do not understand how I can there gain a better knowledge of the principle of love than here. "The instructor ever insists upon the pupil's receiving a thorough knowledge of the rudiments of education, before he attempts the higher branches—the primary must precede the graduating class. You can learn from theory, but experience is the true teacher; hence, if you would advance rapidly you must return to earth, and gain those experiences that should have been yours there." And you, I exclaimed, "will go with you, be your companion and instructor," quickly answered Silvers Spray. Then I am content, you are not to leave me, earth will be transformed to a heaven if you are there. "I must leave you for a time," replied Silvers Spray. "I am one of a band whose duty it is to receive and welcome those who enter our sphere; duty calls, I must away, but will return again soon and go with you to your old home—together we will enter many a home circle, and your words of knowledge, of counsel, and of cheer, will make glad many a sad heart, and add to your own happiness." Then bidding me farewell, she glided down to the silver stream, and stepping into her little bark which, in the language of the poet, was

"Carved and shaped like an ocean shell, And lined with those stars that are found to dwell In the eyes of the beautiful flowers of spring, Or the one bright that 'neath the wood-dove's wing."

I stood upon the bright sands and watched the fairy bark until it was lost in the distance, then returned to my pavilion to think of my visit to earth, and wonder why I had not been sent there before, and what the result would be. I shall give something of this in the short chapters I am to give of heart and home. N. M. P.

THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow, Filling the sky and the earth below, Over the house tops, over the street, Over the heads of the people you meet.

Dancing, Flirting, Skimming along; Beautiful snow! it can do nothing wrong; Flung to kiss a fat lady's cheek, Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak, Beautiful snow from the heaven above, Pure as an angel, gentle as love!

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow, How the flakes gather and laugh as they go Whirling about in their maddest play, It plays in its glee with every one— Chattering, Laughing, Hurrying by; It lights on the face, and it sparkles the eye, And the dogs, with a bark and a bound, Snap at the crystals that eddy around— The town is alive, and its heart is in a glow, To welcome the coming of beautiful snow!

How wildly the crowd goes straying along, Halting each other with humor and song! How the gay sledges like meteors flash by, Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye— Ringing, Dancing they go, Over the crust of the beautiful snow; With a pure white fall from the sky, To be trampled in mud by the crowd trampling by, To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet, Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

Once I was pure as the snow—fall fell! Fell like the snow flakes from heaven to hell; Fell to be trampled as filth in the street; Fell to be soiled, to be spit on and beat.

Feeling, Cursing, Dreading to die, Selling my soul to whoever would buy; Dealing in shame or a morsel of bread; Eating the living, and leaving the dead; Merciful God! how I failed so low! And yet I was once like the beautiful snow.

Once I was fair as the snow, With an eye like the crystal, a heart like his glow; Once I was loved for my innocent grace— Flattered and sought for the charms of my face! Father, Mother, Sister, all, God and myself, I've lost by my fall! The vilest wretch that goes shivering by, Will make a wide swoop lest I wander too high; For all that is on or above me, I know, There's nothing that's purer as the beautiful snow.

How strange should it be that the beautiful snow Should fall on the sinner with nowhere to go! How strange should it be, when night comes again, If the sun and the ice strike my desperate brain, Frosting, Freezing, Dying alone, Too wicked for prayer, too weak for a man To be heard in the streets of the crazy town, Gone mad in the joy of the snow coming down; To be and to die in my terrible woe, With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.

The foregoing beautiful poem has been widely circulated. It has traveled across the ocean, and been pronounced by the London Spectator to be the finest American poem ever written. This we think is not far from the truth; but the history of it is even more remarkable than the poem itself. Read it, and as you read, ask yourself if it shall always be true as it now is, that the girl once fallen is fallen forever, and cannot be again restored to honor and usefulness, and to the kindly fellowship of the more fortunate of her sex. Dare you say that this young girl would have reformed, had not the conventionalities of society shut the door in her face, and said, by customs as inexorable as fate, "You shall not?"

But here is the story, from the Omaha Republican:

"In the early part of the war, one dark Saturday night in the dead of winter, there died in the Commercial Hospital in Cincinnati a young woman over whose head only two and twenty summers had passed. She had been once possessed of an enviable share of beauty, and had been, as she herself says, 'flattered and sought for the charms of the face'; but alas! upon her fair brow had long been written that terrible word—prostitute!

"Among her personal effects was found in manuscript 'The Beautiful Snow,' which was immediately carried to Enos B. Reed, a gentleman of culture and literary tastes, who was at that time editor of the National Union. In the columns of that paper, on the morning of the day following the girl's death, the poem appeared in print for the first time. When the paper containing the poem came out on Sunday morning, the body of the victim had not yet received

burial. The attention of Thomas Buchannan Read one of the first of American poets, was soon directed to the newly-published lines, who was so taken with their stirring pathos that he immediately followed the corpse to its final resting place. "Such are the plain facts concerning her whose 'Beautiful Snow' shall long be remembered as one of the brightest gems in American literature."

GOING HOME.

We learn by a letter received from sister Mary J. Fowler, that Mr. Henry Rittenhouse passed from this to a higher life, January 13th, aged seventy-five years; and one week after, brother John Nobbs, also went up higher, aged seventy-four, both firm Spiritualists of Ai, Fulton County Ohio. Sister Fowler attended the funeral services. She says in speaking of these aged brothers; "they found the Spiritual Philosophy good to live by, and that it knows no death; that what we call death is but a door opening into the Summer-Land, from which they will send to those left behind the flowers of thought gathered there."

From another source we learn the following singular account of the death of the last named. Brother Nobbs attended the funeral of brother Rittenhouse. On his way home his horses became frightened, ran away, throwing him out causing so much injury that he was taken up for dead, but survived five days. On the fifth day he became conscious, gave an account of the accident, made the proper disposition of his property, arranged for his funeral, requesting that Mrs. Fowler be sent for to officiate; then told them that he should leave them at fifteen minutes past ten!

Sceptic, from whence came this knowledge? At the exact time indicated, the spirit passed on, where it will no doubt acquire a knowledge of the law by which such events are foretold.

Better—Who can equal it.

Two weeks since we called attention to the "Work of one man," last week we again referred to the same man in an article headed "Another week's work," and mentioned the fact, that Dr. J. V. Spencer, obtained for the PRESENT AGE in one week, twenty subscribers; Now we again allude with words of thankfulness to the same indefatigable worker, who has this week sent us the names and money for thirty two new subscribers. Dr. Spencer has accomplished this while attending regularly to his professional business. In every instance the Dr. sends us the money without retaining a per cent for his services; believing as he expresses in his letters, that the AGE is published at a price so low that we cannot afford a commission, and he is not only willing but glad to labor cheerfully for it, realizing that he is thereby accomplishing a good work. We again thank the Dr. and our friends everywhere for their deep interest; it has given us new courage and strength, and a greater earnestness of purpose to make the PRESENT AGE, worthy of all who are in various ways working for its success and usefulness.

Children's Department.

By reasons of the feeble state of Mrs. Watson's health, she has felt that justice to herself and the readers of the PRESENT AGE, required her to yield her Department into the hands of some one who could give to it more time and attention, than she could hope to do under the circumstances. We have therefore secured Mrs. Annie Denton Cridge for this important position, already known to our many readers, by the contributions that have appeared in that Department.

We have no doubt our young readers are already deeply interested in the history of "Willie and Jessie," which will be continued, although chapter IV is unavoidably crowded out this week, and besides Mrs. Cridge will interest them in a great many ways. We shall be able in a few days to send to all who have not received them, the promised Photographs of Mrs. Watson. Our promise yet holds good to send one to every child who will get us a new six month subscriber for the PRESENT AGE.

Loss by Fire.

We regret exceedingly to learn of the loss by fire, of the pleasant home of our brother and sister Barnard of Battle Creek. We find an extended account of it in the Journal of that city, which we have not room to copy, but from which we learn that the house took fire while the Dr. and Mrs. B. were attending the Lyceum, of which Mrs. B. is Musical Director, Sunday January 30th, and was entirely consumed. We are glad to know the house was partially insured. We learn by a letter from Dr. Barnard, that certain engagements made by him for lecturing cannot be met at present; but as soon as able to do so, he will give notice through the PRESENT AGE. Our friends throughout the state will regret to hear of this misfortune, and will extend to brother and sister Barnard their sympathy.

Kalamazoo County Circle.

The Kalamazoo County Circle will hold its next Quarterly meeting at Superior Hall in Kalamazoo, Sunday February 20th, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M. J. P. Averill, agent of the State Association will be in attendance as speaker.

We hope to see a full attendance from the county. Friends from a distance will be provided with entertainment. We are requested to call attention to this by the President Dr. Wm. Weyburn.

We thank Hon. J. G. Wait, Editor and Publisher of the Sturgis Journal for the following. We feel that we are entitled to the words of commendation, and no one who knows Senator Wait believes he would utter them if he did not mean just what he said.

The Present Age published at Kalamazoo, by Col. D. M. Fox, is fast gaining friends, and increasing in circulation, and will soon become an established institution of the State, spreading forth its light to benefit mankind. It is edited with great care, and its correspondents are first-class writers. The Present Age has passed the time when its success is to be considered doubtful. To Col. Fox and the efficient Board who have assisted him, great credit is due for the character and success of the paper.—Sturgis Journal.

TOGETHER. Sweet hand that, held in mine, Seem's the one thing I cannot live without, The soul's one anchorage in this storm and doubt, I take thee as the sign

Of sweeter days in store For life, and more than life, when life is done, And thy soft pressure leads me gently on To Heaven's own Evermore.

I have not much to say, Nor any words that at such fond request, Let my blood speak to thine, and bear the rest Some silent heartward way.

Thrice blest the faithful hand Which saves 'em while it blesses; hold me fast; Let me not go beneath the floods at last, Se near the better land.

Sweet hand that, thus in mine, Seem's the one thing I cannot live without, My heart's one anchor in life's storm and doubt, Take this, and make me thine.—Fraser's Magazine.

From our Corresponding Editors.

At Home.

DEAR READERS.—No doubt you will be surprised to see these two very significant words over my article, for your perusal. And then to those who know how long I've been absent it will be pleasant news. To one who has been so long a Cosmopolite, home is a more endearing name than can well be realized by one who has never been deprived of its blessings.

But where is your home? In answer to this question, let me say its the Everett House, East Saginaw.

Having engaged to labor for and with this society, as long as it may seem to them myself and the angel world to be best, I feel settled for the present. There is much interest manifested here, in all the reforms of the day and the basic principles of our Philosophy, underlying all reform must necessarily agitate the subject of Spiritualism.

I know of no place in Michigan, where every thing favors the growth and wide spread progress of truth more than this city. A good society has been formed. A fine hall secured at a reasonable cost, the audience large, and in intellectual and moral ability, second to no other in the state, of whatever name or creed.

My time is fully occupied in giving Tests and examinations of disease, lecturing twice every Sunday, thus being in the element into which I believe the spirit-world have called me, I must be happy. No time to gossip or speculate upon the short-comings of others, I see much of good in all, and perfection, in none. This I believe is the design of our religion, to help us to overcome "evil with good," and just so far as we grow in the knowledge of truth and incorporate it into our lives, we shall become charitable to all, loving the good pure and beautiful, wherever we find it, and there will be little time or opportunity for envy jealousy or strife.

Extract from a private letter from J. M. Peables, dated December 29th 1869 Florence Italy. In alluding to the criticisms passed upon himself and writings since he left America, among other things he says; playfully criticising an article appearing in the R. P. Journal. "Mr. Jones flies into a passion and uses very abusive language. If memory serves me I neither mentioned the name of S. S. Jones in the article, nor the R. P. Journal, and yet, referring to me he uses the term "billings-gate"—a word coined in the fish-markets of London, calls me a common black-guard" and compares me to a "wild Camanche Indian." Is this justice? Is this charity? Is this an exemplification of our beautiful and heaven inspired philosophy? And what has a worse look for Mr. Jones, he did not give his readers a paragraph of my article of which he complained.

The good Dr. Willis, speaking to me in "Rome, of these covert and coarse attacks, and treatment of that

All communications for this Department should be directed to the Editor, at Battle Creek, Mich.

INFLUENCE OF FAITH IN THE ETERNAL LIFE

It is not as much an innate quality of substance as is form? Who knows that motion ever commenced? None; hence, all the orderly relations and motions of nature may be the automatic workings of harmonic force.

The Great Reconciliation.

In our last, we affirmed that all the dogmas of the various religions had a fundamental basis in nature, and also in human experience. In other words, under the unsightly and repulsive forms of so-called doctrines, which, as stated, are not only egregiously false but also hugely absurd, there is a modicum of real, valuable truth.

But, without farther preface, let us begin, where all religions begin, with God.

This term, or its cognate, in the various languages, denotes man's conception of a superior power. It matters little, whether we regard him on the plane of Fetichism, Polytheism, Monotheism, or Trinitism, the root idea is the same.

IN SORROW.

When thou art sorrowful, and care around crowd fast upon the steps of happier days;

When thou believ'st 'at the brightest things can lend The saddest echo to the gayest lark;

As men of old were fed with angels' food, Go, seek thy remedy in doing good.

When those to thee the dearest shall have died, And each fresh day grows woe to thine eyes;

And every hope that others build upon Comes to thy senses with a sad surprise—

Take up the burden of another's grief; Learn from another's pain thy own relief.

Mourner, believe that sorrow may be bribed With tribute from the heart, nor sighs nor tears, But nobler sacrifice of helping hands.

Of cheering smiles, and sympathetic words, Oft have the saddest words the sweetest strain: In angel's music let thy soul complain.

Then grief shall stand with half-averted foot Upon the threshold of a brighter day; And hope shall take her sweetly by the hand, And both kneel down with Faith to merciful prayer.

Lifted from earth, Peace shall immortalize The heart that its own anguish purifies.

—Chambers Journal.

How has it Happened that Historical Records have been so Perverted?

No unbiased mind, at all acquainted with history, doubts for a moment that history has been most sadly perverted, and especially in regard to chronological details. The revelations of Geology, Ethnology and Archeology demonstrate to him the utter falsity of our common system of chronology.

To do it, we first ask, what necessity there is for a Deific Personality, and are answered, to create the universe. When we ask if anybody knows that the universe ever was created, no one seems to have been there or knows anything about it.

On Saturday last, at four o'clock in the afternoon, the members of the People's Reform Party met in Convention and organized by electing Damon V. Kilgore, Esq., President, and L. C. Wanamaker, Esq., Secretary.

Parties and Political Organizations.

With political parties as such, we have nothing to do, and our readers will bear us witness, that we have manifested no favoritism either to the one or the other, neither do we propose to do so.

Immortality.

There was no beginning; no creation; only new combinations and formations. I AM, therefore, eternally self-existent.

A Cellmate Government.

Many often wonder why our national house-keeping is carried on in such a slipshod manner. But people would not be surprised if they only remembered that "Uncle Sam" is an old bachelor.

Medical Hints.

First. If a man faints, place him flat on his back and let him alone.

2. If any poison is swallowed, drink instantly half a glass of cool water, with a heaping tea-spoonful each of common salt and ground mustard stirred into it.

3. The best thing to stop the bleeding of a moderate cut instantly, is to cover it profusely with cologne, flour and salt, half and half.

4. If the blood comes from a wound by jets or spurts, be spry, or the man will die in a few minutes, because an artery is severed.

5. If your clothing takes fire, slide the hands down the dress, keeping them as close to the body as possible, at the same time sinking to the floor by bending the knees.

6. If the body is tired, rest; if the brain is tired, sleep.

7. If the bowels are loose, lie down in a warm bed, remain there, and eat nothing until you are well.

8. If the action of the bowels does not occur at the usual hour, eat not an atom until they do act, at least for 36 hours.

9. The three best medicines in the world are warmth, abundance and repose.

Shall the Sexes be Educated Together?

Appropos to Miss Catherine Beecher's appeal to woman's university, we may ask, Why educate women in separate institutions?

THE PLATFORM.

Resolved, That the Government has no right to deprive any human being of physical life, but should protect it in every possible manner.

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