

# THE PRESENT AGE.

\$2.00 PER YEAR.

WOULD YOU HAVE BEAUTIFUL VISIONS OF THE SPIRIT LAND? LIVE AS DO THE HIGHER BEINGS WHO INHABIT IT.—O. H. Perry.

IN ADVANCE.

VOL. II.

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No. 38.

## Selected Poetry.

### COMPENSATION.

BY E. W. EMERSON.

The wings of Time are black and white,  
Pied with morning and with night,  
Mountain tall and ocean deep,  
Trembling balance duly kept.  
In changing moon and tidal wave  
Glow the fens of Want and Have,  
Gange of more and less through space,  
Electric star or pencil play,  
The lonely earth amid the halls  
That hurry through the eternal halls,  
A make-weight flying to the void,  
Supplemental asteroid,  
Or compensatory spark,  
Shoats across the neutral Dark.  
Man's the elm, and Wealth the vine;  
Staunch and strong the tendrils twine;  
Though the frail ringlets the deceiver,  
None from its stock that vine can reave.  
Fear not, then, thou child of man,  
There's no god dare wrong a worm;  
Lurel crowns cleave to deserts,  
And power to him who power exerts.  
Hast not thy share? On winged feet,  
Lo! it rushes thee to meet,  
And all that Nature made thy own,  
Floating in air or pent in stone,  
Will rise the hills and swim the sea,  
And, like thy shadow, follow thee.

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## IS IT POSSIBLE?

### A STORY FROM REAL LIFE!

WRITTEN FOR THE PRESENT AGE, BY ANNIE DENTON CRIDGE.

#### CHAPTER XII.

"I want to buy a book," said Hannah to Jane the next day as they were passing a store; "let us go in; Mr. Cuff boards, or rather, has a room here and boards himself—keeps bachelor's hall."

While they were engaged examining some books, Mr. Cuff walked so quietly into the store that they did not see him. He was glad to see Jane, inquired about Jessie and her location very particularly, making a great effort to smile and be sociable. There was the same nervous twitching and holding of the hands, said hands seemingly just as anxious as before to get away from each other, and the same anxiety on his part to keep them together.

"There has a good library, I believe, Timothy?" said Hannah.

"Let me show it to you, ladies; perhaps you would like to read some of the books; walk up stairs; I keep bachelor's hall, you see," he remarked as they entered the room, a glance at which was sufficient evidence of the fact. In one corner were several piles of books from one to three feet in height, commencing at the bare floor, and extending from the wall to the foot of the bed or apology therefor, which consisted of four chairs which being without backs admitted of the protrusion, in a form more irregular than picturesque, of boards of divers lengths sustaining the straw mattress. A small rickety table under which was a pair of boots, a brown water pitcher in one corner, a coat and vest hung against the wall and one chair, together with the aforesaid books and bed constituted, in addition to the contents of the cup-board, the *tout ensemble* of Timothy Cuff's habitation.

"As I have but one chair, ladies, I am afraid to ask one of you to sit down, or I might be accused of partiality."

"O no, Timothy, we thank thee," said Hannah laughing, "we come to look at thy books; we don't expect bachelor's halls to contain chairs for company."

Hannah opened one of the books, when the brown coat of a bed-bug made its appearance between the leaves, and she exclaimed, "Oh!" closed the book, laughed, hesitated, then took another, turned over a few leaves and it was "Oh! Oh!" again, when she gave Jane a peep at Mr. Cuff's entomological specimens, of which two more were observed snugly nestled between the leaves of the second volume.

"Have you found something to suit you?" here, observed Mr. Cuff, rubbing his hands together; "you can take it home if you like," at which the ladies laughed immoderately.

"What are you laughing at? I did not think my books contained anything so funny."

"Thee must excuse us, Timothy, I find a funny point or two, and we are merry this morning, and so rather noisy."

Their decorum was with difficulty resumed; Mr. Cuff had certainly some choice works in his library.

"Is thee studying law? I see several law books," said Hannah.

"Yes I'm studying law."

"And thee keeps bachelor's hall? on what does thee live? let's see thy pantry."

"You won't see much there, for I don't believe in a rich stimulating diet." Here Timothy Cuff opened his closet door, and several almost empty shelves were visible, on which were a brown loaf, a cup of molasses, a peach and a broken knife—nothing more.

"Bread and water! thee eats something else I hope? Does thee eat butter?"

"No, that is too gross."

"Why, what does thee eat for dinner?"

"Bread and molasses and 'agua viva,' sometimes I go out and get a plate of ice-cream."

"But what is the difference between butter and ice-cream?"

"One is not so greasy as the other."

"Does thee not think this is like splitting hairs, or straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel? does thee eat vegetables?"

"Sometimes I do, but I don't believe in

stimulating diet, it makes our animal nature too active; the animal ought to be kept subject to the intellect and moral faculties; while by eating animal food or stimulating diet we allow the back brain to become our master too often; we should eat to live, not live to eat."

"But replied Hannah, "the animal may be just as respectable as the moral or intellectual; it is part of a whole; it is the motive power the life power, the foundation of the other two; weaken that by low diet, or excess in certain directions, and you weaken the superstructure, I think; it is a pleasure to eat, and this proves that we ought to enjoy what we eat, and not sit down to a meal under protest."

"The world would be far more moral and intellectual," replied Mr. Cuff, "if they did away with stimulating diet and—"

"And the oxygen of the atmosphere too," added Jane; "for that is exceedingly stimulating."

"O no! I believe in that."

"Because it is natural?"

"Yes."

"And are we to avoid what is equally natural in food?"

"And whisky and brandy?" asked Mr. Cuff.

"Now thee jumps a long way; there are many chemical preparations which have their uses, but cannot be correctly classed as alimentary substances."

"Thee need not think of convincing Timothy Cuff, said Hannah; "for 'a man convinced against his will, etc.'"

"I understood you were a vegetarian, Miss Allston," said Timothy Cuff; "but your language does not show it."

"I am a vegetarian, but not so rigid as thyself."

In half an hour Hannah and Jane, were in the Minister's little parlor describing Timothy's empty larder, his "hall" and books, including the aforesaid brown jacketed representatives of the animal kingdom and their literary tastes.

"I'll give him a good talking to," said Mrs. Meredith sternly; she did not laugh, though Mr. Meredith smiled at the description, seeming to enjoy the mirth of Hannah and the unusually thoughtful Jane; "I'll give him a little of my mind when he comes here next time; he is starving himself to death; 'brown bread and aqua viva!' the simpleton! ice-cream! inconsistency! He goes out to Germantown every Saturday and stuffs himself with cake, mince-pie, cream and everything else there, then he comes home Monday or Tuesday and is sick the remainder of the week because of his excess—intemperance; 'Nature's laws,' indeed! bed-bugs too! he'll be lousy next—the poor simple fellow."

"But, Mrs. Meredith," said Jane, "thee will not say anything about our being there, or what we saw, will thee?"

"Yes, child, I shall; why not?"

"Now you too are in a box," said the minister, greatly amused at their earnest faces.

"Why, he will not understand our motive for speaking of it; it will look so unkind of us," said Jane.

"To go there," continued Hannah, "to spy out the nakedness of the land."

"Malice afore thought," said Mr. Meredith.

"Who cares anything about that?" added Mrs. Meredith, "I don't; do you think I'm going to let him live like a beggar—worse than a beggar? he is away from his friends, it is no matter what he thinks about it, I shall give him a good talking to."

"We ought not to have said anything about Mr. Cuff," said Jane to Hannah as they walked home; "I hope it will teach me a lesson to be more careful."

"Mother Meredith," said Hannah, "is so old, but so good; did thee observe that she never laughed, but felt it so seriously? I do like her stern goodness, though it sometimes cuts very deep, and may cut me now."

"What will Mr. Cuff think of us?"

"Thee need not care what he thinks of us; besides, it is of no use caring, for Mrs. Meredith will do as she said, so we must be satisfied."

Jane had observed this trait in Mrs. Meredith very often, and now poor Timothy Cuff was about to feel its weight, and she the cause.

Having passed three very happy days with her friends, Jane left promising Hannah and William to visit them as often as once a month, making her home with them on such occasions. "The room thee has occupied," said Hannah, "I shall call Jane's room; remember that is always ready for thee—always ready; we'll look for thee in four weeks. I tell thee, William," added Hannah, taking hold of his arms, which were folded, and looking at him very earnestly, "who will suit Jane for a husband—Gavin Kirtland."

William only smiled, but Hannah did not wait for, indeed did not expect—an answer, but turning to Jane, who was ready to leave, said, "I'll read thee some of his letters next time thee comes; he is one of the best men in the world."

"Perhaps Jane does not want a husband, Hannah."

"Yes she would if thee had the right one, would thee not Jane?"

"Every woman would like to marry the right one, no matter how much, or how often denied," Jane replied.

"Very good—very good! Ponto, Ponto, what does thee think about Gavin Kirtland and Jane? Ah, my wise god believes as his mistress does about it." The demure Quakeress was as merry as a school-girl.

"Thee'll remember the name, won't thee?" said Hannah, as she put on her Quaker sobriety and bade Jane farewell; "I mean it—Gavin Kirtland."

Jane's pupils were awaiting her at the railroad as she alighted from the cars. How glad they were to see her! From their joyful demonstrations it might have been supposed that she had been gone three weeks, instead of as many days. "Dear, darling Miss Allston! we are so glad," was again and again repeated. When they arrived at the house every face was bright and their voices as blithe as the songs of the birds that were warbling in the trees.

On the next day the nurse was taken sick, and continued so for a week. Jane accompanied the children to the river bank, helped them to make sand houses, sand churches and sand ponds, and rambled with them in the woods gathering moss. They were making rapid progress in Botany; Jane for presents brought each of her pupils a book, which she called their Herbarium; these specimens of flowers and plants, after long pressure, were glued into the books and carefully varnished by Jane. The greater portion of every day during Dorothy's sickness, "the gipsy party" as they styled themselves, rambled in the woods, each with a basket and knife, dug up roots and gathered specimens for analysis and for their herbariums."

On Jane's return from Philadelphia she found in her bed-room a centre-table on which was a writing desk completely furnished with the requisite appendages. This was a present from Mr. Hatherwood, who remarked that having discovered Jane to be very fond of her pen he thought a writing desk would be an advantage to her. There was in this an appreciation of her, delicately and thoughtfully expressed; for it was the very thing she most desired and needed. Her bed-room, being the only room occupied, and the farthest room in the North wing of the house. Here Jane passed nearly all her time when not teaching or walking out; here she talked with and gave her most earnest and serious thoughts to her Diary, which had for years been her partial companion; but now, away from Jessie and home, it was to her mother, sister and brother. How pleasant to close the door, feel that she was alone, and might uninterruptedly, without fear or restraint, write all she felt or thought. How often she thus relieved herself of a load of care, or gave by writing clearness and precision to thoughts on various subjects, in which she was interested. Jane would laugh and be merry as a child when with young people or children; so much so that Mrs. Hatherwood often said when Jane and the children were playing in the library or on the lawn, "Miss Allston, you ought not to do anything else but teach and play with children." She entered into their sports with all her soul and forgot all else for the time being, but their fun; she was a child with all the freshness and zest of a child; under this, however, there was an intellectual, earnest and solid substratum not dreamed of by Mrs. Hatherwood.

Jane had repeatedly cast over in her mind the subject introduced by the minister, Mr. Meredith, at Hannah Tilghman's. The remarks made by each, especially those by William, were carefully weighed, and she wrote in her Diary on the subject as follows:

"Who can limit the capacities of the human mind? In the acorn lie the capabilities and possibilities of the oak; in the child those of the man, and in the man those of the angel; one century ago lay slumbering in the soul the capabilities of the Telegraph, which enables us to talk almost instantly with our friends thousands of miles distant; here lay too, slumbering the capabilities and possibilities of steam as now applied on Railroads and on the ocean, linking continents together and making nations neighbors. When I think of causes and effects as manifested in machinery, pulleys, spring-wheels, the mechanism of the watch, the wonders of the steam printing press and the thousands of mechanical discoveries which bless the world, I ask myself, Can the capabilities and possibilities of man be limited? No, they are as progressive as the Universe, and must reach all the way up a child to God himself. There must be power existing in the human spirit heights and depths that have never been reached—possibilities as far transcending the actualities of the present as the capacities of manhood exceed those of the child. Physiology and Phrenology has revealed a great part of the science of mind; they point us to the outer and tangible expression and protuberances; but Buchanan's experiments, if true, lead us to the inner, the essence, the central. I have always felt that in the *sciences* of man there was a lack; I could not group the organs of the brain, or tell how a certain organ would manifest itself or in what combinations lay its greatest strength, could I ask myself, Can the capabilities and possibilities of man be limited? No, they are as progressive as the Universe, and must reach all the way up a child to God himself. 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All communications for this Department should be addressed, No. 16 West 24th St., New York City.

DON'T CROWD. Don't crowd; this world is broad enough. For you as well as me... The doors of art are open wide...

Mr. Thornton's Dary. Oct. 15.—How shall I put my pen to the paper to write this glorious autumn day? The whole atmosphere is golden with the glory of tree and forest...

shone out on Dora's grave, just as we had seen the little casket lowered, a gleam of celestial light touched my forehead, and I knew spiritual things. I am like one waiting for the morning. The first faint light comes over the hills...

I am convinced of this: no one can really know of spiritual things who has not a portion of his heart in heaven. It is love that reveals life. I must love that which I would know of...

Does one Truth Oppose Another.

It is surprising to see the position taken by apparently thoughtful men in regard to the effect of new ideas, that oppose their own. They seem to think they must necessarily do injustice to their ideas, or oppose their truths...

The Impending Revolution. NUMBER II. As before announced the great coming conflict will be between Naturalism and Spiritualism. The former is best represented by Protestantism, and the latter by Catholicism...

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A New Sensation.

The appearance in Wall street, among the bulls and bears, of two courageous women, who have opened an office and fitted it up in fine style, for work, is sufficient novelty for one week...

Now let us have fair play! We heartily wish that all operators in Wall-st. were virtuous men and members of orthodox churches. But they are not; and we insist that it is a trifling to present objections now to the new firm because some of its members were once clairvoyants, or spiritualists, or some other mysterious and dreadful thing...

Record of Progress.

It is a singular fact that the territory of Wyoming in admitting women to the right of suffrage did not exclude black women, and as the right of franchise is still denied to black men, we find that for once woman may rank above the negro...

The student of nature is equal to any emergency. Science is the only true hope of the world. Spiritualism was started at the discoveries of Mesmer and Reichenbach; astonished at the unfoldments of A. J. Davis, and utterly confounded by the raps at Hidesville...

Woman's Suffrage Convention. The friends of Woman's Suffrage in Michigan, are requested to meet in State Convention at the City of Jackson, on Thursday, March the 10th, 1870, at 3 o'clock, p. m.

Patents. Obtained for inventors by Dr. D. BREED, Chemist, and later known as the Patent Office, who has devoted his life to patent business, and will promptly prepare papers, drawings, &c., Terms, \$30 to \$50. Write for circulars. Direct to SIS F Street, or Pat. Office Washington D. C.

Dr. Temple's farewell to the boys at Rugby, and the demonstrations of attachment and loyalty to him is a shining proof of the sentiment of the young is on all the liberal subjects of the day. Dr. Temple may be judged and condemned by the divines, but the heart of the young respects his broad and liberal position.

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Announcement for 1870. CHANGE OF FORM. 'THE WOMAN'S ADVOCATE', Devoted to Woman: Her Social and Political Equality. Published every Saturday at No. 24, West 24th St., New York City.

WANTED—HIGHLY IMPORTANT TO EVERYBODY.—An agent wanted in every county to take an interest in a new article just patented, that sells on sight to every household...

EXETER HALL. A THEOLOGICAL ROMANCE. 'What is Truth?' The best Theological Romance ever written. Enclose 25 cts. of the office of the PRESIDENT AGENTS...

Dr. H. SLADE, CLAIRVOYANT, AND J. SIMMONS. FORMERLY of Jackson, are now located at Kalamazoo. OFFICE—S. Side Main St., near Burdick.

How Old is Creation? NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. ALICEVALE: STORY FOR THE TIMES. BY LOIS WAISBROOKER.



PHILOSOPHICAL DEPT.

J. S. LOVELAND, Editor.

All communications for this Department should be addressed to the Editor, at 350 Jessie St. San Francisco, Cal.

THE LABORER.

Who blushes for labor, for honest toil? Who scorns the rough, hard hand? It is nobler far to till the soil, Than slothfully to own the land.

The Great Reconciliation—The Atonement.

The natural corollary of a lapse, or fall, would be, that the lapsed race would need help, in consequence of their weakness.

The Influence of Philosophical Systems upon Religious Opinions.

THE HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY.

To A. J. Davis we must ascribe the founding of the Harmonical School of Philosophy. Harmonialism is, in effect, eclectic, but not in the sense in which that term is commonly used.

The relation of Harmonialism to the preceding systems deserves a brief notice. In the first works of Mr. Davis, it was thought he most decidedly leaned toward sensationalism or materialism.

We, therefore, deduce this proposition, that the idea of vicarious, or substitutionary suffering, as a means of human salvation, is a universal feeling among men; and therefore, it is in essence true.

This is seen in so common a fact as taxation. The great burden of taxation is because of crime. All war is crime.

As God is embodied in the universe and the universe in God, all development is but the unfolding Deity. The blossoming of a rose—the birth of a child, are, as real, and as grand miracles as ever occurred, or can occur.

we are to ascend a step higher. Who suffers most in consequence of moral wrong, the doers, or those whose spiritual unfolding gives them the clear insight into the nature and fearful consequences of the wrong?

Like idealism, Harmonialism tends to Pantheism—seeing "God in clouds," and hearing him "in the winds;" regarding Deity as the immanent life, and force of all things, it is extremely difficult if not impossible to conceive of Him as a personal being, possessed of self-conscious will, reason and affection.

Cosmology.

We have read and re-read some portions of this strange volume, and that too with not a little satisfaction. We are not converted to the authors theories. Nevertheless, we are happy to find him in accord with ourself in respect to some of the current, so-called philosophy of the day; and though, as it seems to us, our author has failed, in many instances, to present a better one, we rejoice in his exposure of the old errors.

Cosmology is the Science of the World, or of the Universe.

Her father endeavored by persuasion and threats to dissuade her from what he considered an infatuation, but she was immovable. The desolation of her native village decided her. She determined on presenting herself before the dauphin, she would do so, "if she made the journey on her knees."

The Dauphin and his Court became interested in her and received her kindly, but he sent her to be examined by the University and the Parliament. She met a better fate than is usual before such bodies, in fact, convinced them of her truthfulness.

Of course, this construction of worlds involves the old, vexed question of motion, which, our author supposes, had an origin. He must show the genesis of that origin, for his "two atoms" could never come together without motion.

This is his solution: "Heat, Moisture and Attraction are the three creative elements or properties of matter." These constitute the Trinity of his system.

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ous fruitage of the Summer Land hereafter. But, as flowers do not bloom, nor fruits ripen till stem and leaf have reached a given stage of growth, so neither are we to expect the religious as the first manifestation of human nature.

JOAN OF ARC.

A Biography—Translation from the French—By Sarah M. Grimké, Boston, Adams & Co., 52 Bromfield Street, p 108, Price \$1 10

This is a beautiful little volume, as interesting as a novel and brimming with instruction. Its intense and concentrated style will not bear further concentration or we should be tempted to sketch from it at length the biography of this most wonderful woman.

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We have read and re-read some portions of this strange volume, and that too with not a little satisfaction. We are not converted to the authors theories. Nevertheless, we are happy to find him in accord with ourself in respect to some of the current, so-called philosophy of the day; and though, as it seems to us, our author has failed, in many instances, to present a better one, we rejoice in his exposure of the old errors.

Cosmology is the Science of the World, or of the Universe.

Her father endeavored by persuasion and threats to dissuade her from what he considered an infatuation, but she was immovable. The desolation of her native village decided her. She determined on presenting herself before the dauphin, she would do so, "if she made the journey on her knees."

The Dauphin and his Court became interested in her and received her kindly, but he sent her to be examined by the University and the Parliament. She met a better fate than is usual before such bodies, in fact, convinced them of her truthfulness.

Of course, this construction of worlds involves the old, vexed question of motion, which, our author supposes, had an origin. He must show the genesis of that origin, for his "two atoms" could never come together without motion.

This is his solution: "Heat, Moisture and Attraction are the three creative elements or properties of matter." These constitute the Trinity of his system.

As God is embodied in the universe and the universe in God, all development is but the unfolding Deity. The blossoming of a rose—the birth of a child, are, as real, and as grand miracles as ever occurred, or can occur.

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