

# THE PRESENT AGE.

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IN ADVANCE.

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## Selected Poetry.

From Truth's Freedom Hour.

ANNIVERSARY POEM.

March 31st, 1870.

"What has been, is forever, sages say—  
The faintest ornament of crumbling clay,  
The play-thing, only, of an infant's hour,  
The flashing thought, the morning-dawning flower,  
The rainbow's fitting hue, the poet's dream,  
The canvass glowing with the glory gleam  
Redeemed from some gifted artist's soul—  
All! All, exist, while countless ages roll  
Above their perished forms. The infant's toy;  
The word-clothed thought; the fragrant breath of joy  
Which rose like incense from the blushing flower;  
The rainbow's hue; the poet's verse of power,  
The pictured glories which the canvass bore,  
Though all forgot; th'Eternal has in store.  
They flash and sparkle from its boundless walls,  
And yawn adown its mighty pillared halls,  
Ages back of age their pictured history spread—  
By hand invisible my soul is led  
To-day those gleaming corridors along,  
Each pulse of hope within my veins made strong.  
For truth triumphant everywhere appears  
And error clouds roll back before the years.  
Each age the triumphs of the past repeats,  
And light which is, the light that's coming greets;  
So vividly appears the pictured past,  
So bright the flashing gleams around me cast,  
I seem amid those vanished scenes to dwell:  
Great surging seas of life around me swell,  
And I submit me to the visioned spell.

How swiftly round the circling centuries sweep,  
And brighter, freer, flash the flames that leap  
From the great beacon-towers of the past!  
And one by one, old error-robcs are cast  
From off the souls, which they encumbered long,  
And old wrongs vanish while the right grows strong.  
And so through history's repetitions borne  
By hands invisible, again I turn  
Through the great portal where the present dwells;  
And free from vision'd-dreams and tranced spells,  
I mingle with the throbbing, pulsing life,  
And see to-day, the oft-repeated strife,  
Old error, with the living truth at war.  
Through memory's door which stands to-day ajar,  
I turn me back a score and two of years;  
No blazing scroll, no fiery hand appears,  
But in the quiet of the evening hour,  
In humble dwelling is a signal heard;  
A mystic sound which more than Sinai's word  
Has thrilled the living pulses of the world;  
The mighty throne of skepticism hurled  
From the firm base, where assault defied  
That, more than polished theories, supplied  
The great domain of Reason's growing age.  
The word which added to the history page  
Where Paul affirmed, and prophets' visions dreamed,  
The living evidence, till that which gleamed  
Dim, through tradition's light-obscuring haze,  
Changed to a bright, a brilliant, flashing blaze;  
Illuminating earth's great, earnest soul.  
In gathering waves the joyful tidings roll,  
And from that humble manger-cradle spread,  
Till grief-bowed form, and sorrow-throbbing head,  
With living hope again grown firm and strong;  
And hearts that faintest in the night, so long,  
Revive, as quickening pulses through them throb,  
And tear-dimmed eyes, and anguish-wailing sob,  
Are changed to smiling hopes and joyful songs.  
But what is this? Amid the cheerful throngs  
Are dark-browed men; and scold, and bitter sneer,  
And words of scorn, and heartless, cruel jeer,  
These heaven-commissioned messengers assail:  
And slander-serpents leave their loathsome trail  
Across the path which they in pain must tread;  
And tender youth, and age's silver'd hand,  
Alike must feel the venom of their hate.  
But what avails? While solemn doctors prate  
Of loosened joints, and theologians tell  
Of fallen angels from a seething hell,  
Let loose awhile to desolate the earth,  
While sage philosophers bring into birth,  
A vague, mysterious law, as yet unknown,  
An Odic force, intelligent alone,  
Which, strangely ignorant, knows not its name;  
While bigots rave, and priestly power claim,  
To bind more tightly on the chains that gall;  
While communication's thunders fall  
On those who turn not from the light away,  
Truth journeys onward to her FREEDOM DAY;  
The day which we, to celebrate, appear.  
From infancy to manhood's opening year  
What sturdy growth! No swaddling clothes to bind,  
Within no olden temple coat confined,  
Hedged by no cramping, limiting creeds,  
Nature's true child, its just and simple needs,  
From nature's plain, yet bounteous store supplied;  
Feeling no want; with luxury ne'er cloyed,  
With free and supple limbs to-day it stands,  
With long unfastening, and with ready hands,  
To speak and strike against the ancient wrong;  
With earnest will and manhood's vigor strong,  
To grapple error on its throned seat,  
And trample it forever 'neath its feet.  
But yesterday a weak and feeble child,  
By king, and priest, and people all reviled,  
In upper chambers hid away with shame,  
The lips fear-blanching that dared to speak its name;  
To-day, a manhood giant brave and bold  
Confronting error in its strongest hold—  
With head erect, where science holds its court,  
Welcomes its judgment, while the vile report  
Of slander, trampled 'neath its manly heel,  
Like moan's mists condenses, which make haste to  
steal

Away before the dew-absorbing light,  
Is lost within the shadows of the night,  
While it was born. But yesterday consigned  
To bulrush couch, and fickle wave and wind,  
To-day at palace board a welcome guest,  
With wandrous power, and oft repeated test,  
Confounding Magi, Pharaoh and Priest,  
Bodily commanding that the world, released  
From bigot shackled limb, and fettered hand,  
Shall journey free towards its promised land.  
Well may we celebrate this freedom hour—  
A score and two of years, and such a power  
As earth before has never felt or known,  
Is grandly sweeping on from zone to zone.  
Th' electric flash, which, in that humble room,  
Broke like a sunbeam through the fearful gloom,  
Which gathered thickly round death's dreaded  
stream,  
Is quickening millions with its fervid gleam.  
Doctors, confounded, in the temples stand,  
With wisdom shaking head, and trembling hand,  
Protesting 'gainst the truth they cannot check;  
Poor puzzled science, 'mid the fearful wreck  
Of her pet theories, in grim despair,  
With firm closed lips, and furrowed brow of care,  
Waits for the coming law which shall explain  
This rash intrusion on her old domain,  
But waits, and looks, and longs for it in vain.  
A score and two of years have passed, the band,  
Which the authority-uptift hand  
Of a centurian guard would have dismayed,  
To millions grown, in solid square arrayed,  
Presents a bristling front so firm and strong,  
The charging squadrons of enthroned wrong,  
Cease their assault, and haste, in mortal fear,  
To trench, against the advance they know is near

Well may they trench; the world's great heart  
awakes,  
Throws off its chains; each galling fetter breaks,  
And pulsing with a new and grand desire,  
Prepares, like a resistless wave of fire,  
To level all that would obstruct its way;  
This is, indeed, its grand, ITS FREEDOM DAY;  
And well may we rejoice; the historic old  
Repeats itself; the glowing pictures scrolld  
The walls of th' eternal past, along,  
The right triumphant o'er the ancient wrong,  
The infant truth become a giant strong,  
'Tis ours to-day to see, and hear, and feel;  
Through every vein let glowing pulses steal.  
This is no time for weak and trembling tongue,  
The bell of progress error's knell has rung—  
Bold be the hands that dig its final grave,  
Cheer to the hearts which strong, and true and brave,  
Dare battle on until the victory's won;  
That rest not; pause not till their work is done.  
Shame to the cowards who the truth deny.  
The cravens, who for ease would live a lie,  
Pause not to parody with the subtle foe,  
With truth steeld sinews strike the earnest blow,  
Advance your standards from this FREEDOM HOUR,  
Fling out defiantly their folds of power;  
Against the serried squadrons that oppose  
Bear bravely down; in final conflict close;  
Hand matched to hand, eye looking into eye;  
So shall we see those routed columns fly;  
Those mocking lips with mortal terror paled,  
Those haunting banners in dishonor trailed;  
Charge! I hear ye not to-day the trumpet sound—  
The thundering echoes of the trampled ground!  
Advance the line! th' opposing columns cover;  
Upon them sweep, with one great surge of power,  
The tidal wave of TRUTH'S GRAND FREEDOM HOUR.

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## IS IT POSSIBLE?

### A STORY FROM REAL LIFE!

WRITTEN FOR THE PRESENT AGE BY  
ANNIE DENTON CRIDGE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Where was Gavin Kirtland, and what had  
he been doing since writing that first charac-  
teristic letter to Jane? One summer had  
passed and another had come; had she seen  
him yet?

Before answering this question, let us go  
back a few months to narrate a rather curious  
circumstance. Jane, who was in her school,  
had dismissed her scholars at noon, and then  
taken from her pocket a letter she had that  
day received from Gavin Kirtland. She  
spread it out on her desk before her, read it  
again, then replaced it in her pocket and let  
her head fall on her hands, and allowed her  
thoughts to dwell for a few moments on the  
writer. "O, how I wish this matter was  
in some way disposed of," she thought; "all  
this is like cherishing a myth, a delusion;  
could I once look in his face, I would feel de-  
cided in one way or another."

Jane did not think that the quiet of her  
school room, in connection with her passive  
mental state, constituted excellent psychom-  
etric conditions; but in an instant she found  
herself in a small sitting-room, and near the  
fire in an easy chair sat a gentleman, whom  
she as quickly knew to be Gavin Kirtland.

On her return from school in the evening,  
she said to Hannah and Jessie, "I have seen  
Gavin."

"Seen him!" replied Hannah, in astonish-  
ment, "has he come?"  
"Oh, no!" replied Jane, laughing at her  
friend's enthusiasm; then she related the  
circumstance.

"Why, then got that psychometrically,"  
said Hannah; "though, as neither thy  
hands nor thy forehead were in contact with  
the letter, I should call that Independent  
Psychometry; this must be another step  
gained, or another lesson learned. But what  
was he like?"

"He has a large head, somewhat bald; his  
eyes decidedly blue, his countenance fine; I  
like his head-piece exceedingly."

"Go on," said Hannah, greatly inter-  
ested.

"He is rather short of stature, broad-  
shouldered, and not very neat in his dress;  
he looks rather careless in that respect."  
"Now I believe thee has seen him," said  
Hannah, "for thee is exactly correct about  
him."

That evening when the family gathered as  
usual, the circumstance of Jane seeing Gavin  
was fully discussed; it was a new feature in  
psychometry. Oscar expressed himself as  
follows:

"I am not in the least astonished; she  
had just read the letter, had it then in her  
pocket; Gavin is a marked character, and in-  
fused his spirit into his writing. I have al-  
ways thought that it was not absolutely nec-  
essary that a letter should be held against the  
forehead. By-and-by a good psychometer  
will be enabled to visit any place or person at  
pleasure."

"What then, becomes," said William, "of  
the whole theory of seeing spirits? There is  
Jane seeing the spirit of the living."

"Not the spirit of the living, I think,"  
said Thomas Martindale, "but the living in-  
dividual."

"Be that as it may," continued William,  
"Jane sees Gavin—sees him, perhaps, be-  
cause he has written that letter; because his  
fingers passed over or rested on the paper;  
because it has become impregnated with his  
influence. Now, clothes which people have  
worn, books they have handled, furniture  
they have used, and houses they have in-  
habited, must be saturated with their influence;  
and a naturally intuitive person—a psychom-  
eter—coming in contact with these, may see  
those persons, not really—not as spirits—but  
sees them psychometrically. Here the whole  
fabric of seeing the spirits of the departed  
is swept away and a natural solution given."

"But," said Hannah, "such seeing being

only a reflection or picture of what has been,  
must be statue-like; what of the animals  
there has seen from geological specimens,  
Jane?"

"I have seen them move and eat; but  
there were no indications or appearances of  
their seeing me."

"Now," said skeptical William, exulting-  
ly, "what says thee, Hannah, to that?"

"Nothing," replied Hannah; "I only  
want the truth of the matter."

"I think," remarked Oscar, "that Wil-  
liam's theory of our clothes, furniture, house,  
&c., being saturated with our influence, and  
a good psychometer being thereby enabled to  
see us or our reflection thereby, is correct.  
We are writing our histories on those walls  
to-night; and centuries hence a good psy-  
chometer might, from a piece of the plaster-  
ing of this room, be enabled to see us just  
as we are grouped here. Why may not  
sounds, too, as well as figures, leave their im-  
pressions? I think they do, for Jane once  
spoke of the terrible music she heard made  
by a volcano. If sounds thus leave their im-  
pressions, our words, our conversation to-  
night might be heard centuries hence by a  
good psychometer of that day. But all this  
does not prove to me that there is no life be-  
yond the grave, that the spirit of man does  
not exist after death, or ever manifest itself  
to mortals. Here, I think, is the line of de-  
marcation: persons seen psychometrically  
do not address the psychometer; Gavin did  
not see or speak to Jane, and gave her no  
look of recognition. If ever Jane should be  
addressed by any of those individuals thus  
seen—if they look at her and talk with her  
—then we would know for a certainty that it  
was not a psychometric image, but a living  
presence."

"Thee is right," said Hannah, earnestly,  
as Oscar concluded; "there is a great differ-  
ence between a picture—even if a moving  
one—and intelligent existences looking at and  
speaking to us face to face, as a man with  
his friend."  
Jane, in her next letter to Gavin, described  
to him the room, its size, and other particu-  
lars as she seemed to see them, mentioning  
especially the easy chair and his position  
therein. He replied that the circumstance  
was most remarkable, she having exactly  
described the room and the easy chair in  
which he was accustomed to sit, and in which  
he was seated when writing the letter to her  
that she was reading in the school-room as  
previously mentioned; that at the time in  
question he had hurt his foot, and was com-  
pelled to lie over several days before recom-  
mencing his journey.

To resume the thread of our narrative: It  
had been Gavin's intention to, visit Cincin-  
nati within a few months of writing his first  
letter to Jane, desiring much to see her whom  
he firmly believed was to be his own, own  
wife; but he was suddenly and unexpectedly  
sent to England to transact some business for  
the firm with which he was connected, and  
had only time to write a brief note to Jane,  
informing her of his coming voyage, and  
stating that he should be compelled to forego  
the pleasure of seeing her until his return.  
This note found Jane under the care of Doc-  
tor Perley, and was read to her by Jessie, but  
elicited no remark. In due time a long let-  
ter came from Gavin, to the effect that as his  
business was nearly completed he would soon  
return, and, if possible, visit Cincinnati.  
But he was detained for a longer period than  
he expected, so that Jane had recovered from  
her sickness, and had resumed teaching sev-  
eral months prior to Gavin Kirtland's arrival  
in New York, when letters from him to Jane  
followed each other in rapid succession; and  
now, as another summer appears, we find  
Jane with a letter in which a date was fixed  
for his visit; his business interests again in-  
tervened to prevent the arrangement being  
carried out at the time intended.

After reading Gavin's letters alone, Jane  
always read them in company with Jessie.  
"I like him so much," the latter repeatedly  
observed; "I'm sure he will suit thee, Jane,  
he is so manly."

Hannah, too, had read them; and why  
not? Had she not brought all this to pass?  
Did she not love both of them? Yes, she  
read them, and rejoiced that her two dearest  
friends, as she said, should come.  
"O, how delightful it will be," she remarked,  
on reading his last letter, "for thee and  
friend Gavin to marry and live near us!  
Won't we have good times? We will visit  
each other, and go everywhere together; my  
William and I will spend evenings at thy  
house, and thee and Gavin at our house. O,  
I know you will be married."

At this outburst Jane and Jessie laughed,  
and the former rejoined:  
"But though apparently congenial intel-  
lectually, we may not be personally attracted  
to each other when we meet."

"O, yes you will," said Hannah; "look  
at his picture; where is it?"

"Here it is," said Jessie, who took it from  
Jane's writing case. Hannah held it before  
Jane. "Does thee not like the look of that  
face? Look at those eyes and that mouth—  
so good and true in their expression; then  
look at the phrenological development—that  
broad forehead; I tell thee there is strength  
and power there. Thee would like him per-  
sonally; thee could not help it."

"He may not like me, however, when he  
sees me."

"May not—like—thee!" exclaimed  
Hannah, pausing between each word; "not  
—like—thee!" she repeated; "I know

better; I know that he will; and I hope you  
will be married before he leaves."

"O, no! that will not be, even should we  
like each other."

"Well, now, confess that thee wants to  
see him."  
"Of course, I want to see him; I want  
the decision made now, for this all seems  
like corresponding with and cherishing a  
myth; of course, I want to see him very  
much indeed; I think, too, judging from his  
letters, that I find in him a companion;  
though persons may in writing disguise their  
real character, yet if they choose they can  
make their real internal selves better known  
to each other by that means than by years of  
occasional meeting at stated times and under  
stated circumstances by those who, either by  
instinct or deliberation, put their better side  
outward."

"Yet," she continued, "something more  
is needed than a knowledge of each other's  
intellectual capabilities, moral character,  
hopes and aims, which something can only be  
determined by personal acquaintance. No  
amount of moral and intellectual excellence  
could atone for the want of that mysterious  
principle which constitutes personal attrac-  
tion. So I feel with Gavin—that though he  
seems in every other respect suitable, yet  
when we meet it may be found that the prin-  
ciple, or feeling, which knits kindred souls to  
each other may be lacking. The soul, how-  
ever, if not blunted in its sensibilities, can at  
once recognize its own."

"Thee is right, Jane," said Hannah,  
musingly.

"Yes," said Jessie, "that must be so; I  
knew at once that I would not marry that  
simpleton, Timothy Cuff, and I said 'no' in-  
stantly to that poor young man in Virginia;  
and when the right one comes, I am sure that  
I shall at once know 'yes,' if I did not at  
once say it."

"I'd like to see the man thee would reply  
yes' to," said Hannah, laughing; "what  
kind of a man must he be who would like to  
fly over prairies, dash to the north pole,  
never stay anywhere, but gallop around the  
world with thee, thy curls streaming behind  
thee in the wind!"

"And finally," added Jessie, merrily,  
"settling down on a cloud and singing for  
ever."

At this point Oscar presented himself at  
the open door, with several small parcels in  
his hand, each of which were about an inch  
and a half in diameter. "Come, Jane," he  
said, "down to the parlor; I want to try  
some psychometric experiments; I have five  
specimens here which I have folded in paper,  
so that I do not now know them one from the  
other."

"We will go down stairs," said Jessie and  
Hannah, rising; "then thee and Jane will  
be alone."

Jane then placed on her forehead what was  
ascertained to be a specimen of trap from Lake  
Superior.

"I see an opening in the ground," she  
said; "it is a mine; I see men at work;  
here is trap rock and great quantities of  
metal; (a pause)—it is copper. They would  
have done better had they commenced a little  
farther north; this mine will not pay, unless  
they strike oil in another direction."

Jane here left the room, and Jessie, who  
came in a few minutes, examined the same  
specimen.

"I see a lake and broken cliffs; now I see  
copper; this country is rich in copper; it  
crops out in places. Why, I can move for  
miles underground; there is a dark rock—  
trap, don't you call it?—above me, and the  
veins of copper are all laid bare. Would we  
not be rich if I could bring this away with me?"

"Wait for fun until we have finished, if  
thee please," said Oscar, looking up from his  
writing.

"Now I see some men at work in one  
place; they are on the wrong road; I just  
wish I could whisper in one of their ears,  
'Come this way—come this way a few yards.'  
Then they would find something grand."

Here William Tillman joined them.

"Thee might as well try two or three  
more," said Oscar; "then I will let thee go,  
and Jane can come."

The next specimen was one of fossil coral.  
Jessie was silent for several minutes, then  
she said: "I am under water; I see thou-  
sands of what look like flowers of different col-  
ors; I see drab, red, green and white; I am  
going to touch them, (a pause)—they are not  
flowers; they are hard and look just like  
coral. How curious! O, there are myriads  
of them! I go down deeper into the water  
now. Yes, I am sure that all this is coral.  
What beautiful structures these little polyps  
build for themselves! What magnificent  
gardens they lay out and cultivate! Ideally  
must be highly developed! I am glad thee  
gave me that specimen," said Jessie, as she  
laid it down; "I feel as if I had really lived  
down and made a visit to the coral reefs of  
the Pacific, and their polyp inhabitants."

The next specimen was a fragment of bone  
from a mastodon.

"What a monster!" said Jane; "I see  
an animal that looks like a walking mountain.  
The ankle prints touch the ground. Now I  
see it pull down some branches of trees and  
eat. What a head! Behold there were  
giants on the earth in those days," said Jes-  
sie, laughing; "I should be afraid of that  
animal, I believe; only I am sure he is a  
vegetarian. Give me another; I want to  
finish them."

It is unnecessary to give in detail all the

examinations made. A specimen of quartz  
and a small piece of gold from California  
were next examined by Jessie, and then Jane  
went over the same ground. These descrip-  
tions of course, differed as would be very nat-  
ural in the case of two persons visiting the  
same places, one giving a detailed description  
of one part and merely glancing at another,  
and vice versa.

These five examinations proved, Oscar said,  
that a specimen could, by its own influence,  
unaided by any one in the room, give its own  
history, were any additional proof needed to  
that effect. The result of the last mentioned  
examinations gave to Oscar intense joy. A  
Mr. Gardner, who had spent several years in  
California, had that morning called on Oscar  
at his school, and given him the quartz and  
gold, which were specimens taken from the  
surface. Just as the examinations of them  
were completed, Mr. Gardner called at the  
house, when Oscar read to him the result.

"Better given than I could," said the gen-  
tleman; "the rock and the way in which  
your sisters say the gold lies in the crevices,  
is very accurate, I know, for I superintended  
several of the mines in that locality, and am  
well acquainted with them; sir, I wish I had  
that power—I would return to California  
forthwith."

The next day a pebble from the Isthmus of  
Panama, picked up by Mr. Gardner on his  
return, was examined by both Jane and Jes-  
sie, each agreeing, as usual, with the other;  
in this case they each described great quanti-  
ties of gold just covered from view by the  
sand on the surface.

Oscar and Jane daily walked out together,  
roaming over the hills in their vicinity, gath-  
ering some of the geological specimens with  
which those hills abound, Jane often trying  
experiments on the Heights overlooking the  
busy city. One place in particular had be-  
come to them a favorite spot, and evening  
after evening they might there have been  
seen conversing on the subject which had so  
absorbed their attention, and on the world as  
it is in connection with what it should be  
and, as Oscar held, might become through the  
wealth that would, he said, as a matter of  
course, come to them. The Panama examina-  
tion, in connection with those from the Cal-  
ifornia specimens, was to Oscar so much posi-  
tive proof. He felt that to all that sand-cov-  
ered treasure he had the key, and that one  
day he would unlock the door and become the  
actual possessor. Oscar was a philanthropist,  
and, like all young reformers, full of buoyant  
hope and earnest faith. The family believed  
that in his own day and in some degree by  
his own efforts, much could be done to clear  
away error, superstition and crime. Had he  
not in his own hands the power that would  
introduce them to all the wealth of the  
world? Evidently he so thought, for he  
never wearied in talking to Jane of what they  
would do when they had copper mines, lead  
mines, silver mines and gold mines of their  
own. What a field for them in California;  
for them unfound wealth was hidden in the  
crevices of quartz rocks; and in the beds of  
old rivers were deposited the golden grains  
that under their control should change the  
grabbing system on which commerce is now  
based, to one of benevolent and mutual co-  
operation, thus rendering poverty and starva-  
tion for the honest and industrious a thing of  
the past.

"Think," he said, "what a hazardous busi-  
ness mining is at present. But a day is about  
to dawn when the miner will be as certain of  
the result of his labor as the farmer or  
mechanic—in some respects even more so, I  
am sure this can and will be done by us.  
What good we might thus do for the world?  
how superstition and its attendant tyranny  
and terrors would flee before the new power?  
What interesting books might be written on  
the subject? Yes, and will be, for I will  
write them."

In connection with success by means of  
psychometry they dreamed of no costly palace  
homes, outvying others in display or of any  
other crude and customary yet some barba-  
rous manifestations whereby the accumula-  
tion of wealth in the hands of a few becomes  
a subject of envy to many and a curse to all.  
"If it should come to pass, said Jane re-  
peatedly to herself, then my work in life is  
marked out for me. I will carry out my plans  
relative to woman."

Sitting in their favorite spot, overlooking  
the great, noisy, bustling city, Jane on one  
evening told her brother the story of her  
poverty and suffering in Philadelphia and in  
Camden; of her difficulty in obtaining em-  
ployment; of her opportunities of becoming  
acquainted with working women, of the few  
remunerative employments open to them,  
and these few at reduced rates of compensa-  
tion, the women could not earn a competence,  
and not save money for old age at any em-  
ployment but that of teaching, and even  
then, though as competent as a man she was  
paid less for the same amount and quality of  
labor. Then she told him of what she thought  
might be done and what she would do had she  
the means. Of course she could only give  
to him, as she had previously done to Charles  
Upland, the general outlines of a plan by no  
means matured, and which had lived in her  
rather as a prayer, a desire, than as a matter  
of practical detail—a fair land of promise  
seen not by sight but by the eye of faith.

"O Jane," he said, "mother, Jessie and  
thee suffering all this and I in college! O,  
it is terrible! I in college, who ought to have  
been working for you, and to have protected

you from all this! What a wretch I am!

why did you keep it all from me?"

"It is well that I had the experi-  
ence, Oscar; I should otherwise never  
have known how working women suffer, nor  
thought how they might be saved from all  
this; neither, without such experience, could  
I ever do all that I can and will now do.  
Should psychometry prove practically true,  
thy education was essential; father's wish  
was that thee should go through college; it  
is all right I am sure."

"And thee, my Jane, has come through  
the fire purified, but at what a cost! I, a  
man—the stronger, the brother, the son—do-  
ing nothing while this, all this was—O Jane!  
my education seems a curse!"

"I'm sorry I told thee," replied Jane;  
"but I'm glad that it all occurred, for I shall  
know how to use wealth to a good purpose  
should it ever come to me. Thee trees are  
strengthened by the winds."

Then she talked with him of her engage-  
ment to Charles Upland, and how she had  
hoped to carry out her philanthropic scheme  
through his going to California.

"It shall come to pass Jane yet," said  
Oscar so affectionately, so confidently; then  
he folded her in his arms and kissed her,  
saying, "let us thank the Good Father that  
he has put all this in our hearts, Jane;  
'there is a destiny that shapes our ends,  
rough-hew them as we may.'"

After a long silence he remarked, "I wish  
thee had not been my sister, Jane."

"What a curious wish!" said Jane as  
they both rose from their seats on the hill to  
go. "Tell me why?"

"Because I would like just such a wife as  
thee."

"Not in countenance, however," Jane  
could not think her countenance attrac-  
tive.

"Yes in look, disposition and in every  
respect; when I find just such a woman,  
then I will marry."

"And I would like just such a man as  
brother Oscar."

"As Gavin Kirtland," he said quickly;  
"I like him Jane; you will suit each other,  
I believe."

"I think so, but may be mistaken," she  
said very quietly.

Only three days and Gavin would be there.  
Jane looked at his daguerreotype very often,  
carrying it in her pocket and looking at it  
during school-recess, morning and afternoon,  
as well as in the evening; but receiving no  
definite answer to her mental questions, "Is  
he suitable?" She thought of Charles Up-  
land, of their last interview, of all his kind-  
ness to her and to her family, and felt that  
she would always respect him and that he  
would never be to her a pleasant as well as a  
bitter memory. "I loved him, I know I loved  
him," she soliloquized; "but yet not as I  
could love, I think." And then she thought  
of the child Charley. O, if she could but  
see him again! How her heart yearned to-  
wards the boy! Were the people who had him  
kind to him? did they love him as she would  
have loved him? Did she love the child  
more than she did the father? was her ma-  
ternal nature the stronger? "I will see  
him again if possible;" but then she did not  
know where he was exactly, or who had him.

"I not will tell you where I take him," Charles  
had said to her, "because you are so infatu-  
ated with the child that you would go and take  
him away, had you the means to go there."  
She had, however, learned through a friend  
that he was near Haverhill, Mass.

Two years had passed since Charles left her  
for California; Jane, having climbed some  
what farther up the hill of life, had acquired  
more experience and more comprehensive  
views; it is not therefore, surprising that as  
time rolled on she increasingly doubted the  
love she had once felt for Charles Upland.  
"He was," she reflected, "so good; yet  
we should not have been happy together."  
"To this knowledge she had arrived not through  
any hard or bitter feeling, for she always  
thought kindly, tenderly and appreciatingly  
of many traits of his character and of his re-  
lations to herself, leaving out of view his con-  
duct since the gold fever had seized him,  
which she believed originated in a false theo-  
ry carried into practice under full convic-  
tion of its truth. Even Charles himself must  
have felt, could he have inspected her  
thoughts, that she had fully appreciated his  
excellencies of intellect and heart, and would  
have been gratified to find that he was sealed  
in her memory as one of her best friends."

The three days passed away; instead of  
Gavin, however, came a telegraphic dispatch  
saying, "business prevented my leaving as  
arranged, I leave here to-night." But  
little reference was made by the family to the  
principle object of his visit. The time for  
his arrival came and passed. Jane was very  
anxious, feeling that a crisis was at hand  
which she wished over; she tried to study,  
but her thoughts were far away, and could  
not be controlled; then she tried to read;  
but half a page mastered, the subject of her  
thoughts eclipsed the remainder. In vain she  
pronounced herself foolish and simple; in  
vain she tried to chain her truant  
thoughts which dashed recklessly away to  
Gavin, or seemed to laugh madly at her en-  
deavors to divert them into ordinary channels.  
None in the household knew her perplexity  
and anxiety. How Jessie would have  
laughed at her demure "little mother,"  
she called her, could she have seen the trou-

ble waters of her soul! The only outward  
and visible signs, however, of this inward  
tumult were that she appeared somewhat  
paler than usual and was more alone.

At about eleven o'clock on Sunday morn-  
ing—the day following that on which he was



THE PRESENT AGE

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ANNIE D. CRIDGE, Editor Children's Department.

Kalamazoo, Saturday, April 16, 1870.

INVOCATION.

Our Father!  
Thou who hath recalled the winter king,  
And sent to earth the genial spring,  
Transformed the cloud of rain and mist,  
To a veil of gold by the Day God kissed,  
Thou who dost give the springtime power,  
To call from the earth each sleeping flower,  
Now from the wild wood's feet retreat,  
We hear the music of their deep;  
And now their lovely forms behold  
Arrayed in purple and in gold.  
Thou who dost tint each tiny cup,  
From which thy praise is offered up,  
Place flowers in groups or hanging bells  
On rolling hills or wooded dells.  
Thou who dost hear the wild bird's song  
Hymning thy praise the summer long,  
Accept the praises that we bring,  
For this most glorious morn of spring.  
To-day the hills and valleys' all rejoice,  
The dancing streamlets hear thy voice,  
And hearts once weary faint and sad,  
Look up and whisper we are glad  
For the winter of the soul hath fled,  
And the light of truth is round us shed;  
The clouds that veiled Thee from our eyes  
Have faded from the firmament's skies,  
Souls that by doubts and fears were driven,  
At last have reached their destined heaven,  
And hearts by scorn and pride oppressed,  
Within thy arms have found a rest;  
And from the radiant spheres above,  
Have received the baptism of thy love.  
Oh thou who knowest human needs,  
Teach us to live in noble deeds,  
And worship thee as best we can,  
By doing good to our brother man;  
That the spring of truth thou dost impart,  
May beautify each human heart.

N. M. P.

Anniversary at Niles.

Notwithstanding the unpropitious state of the weather, raining as it did during the entire day, the meeting was well attended and proved a success in every particular. We have every reason to believe that had the weather been pleasant the large Opera House would not have been sufficiently capacious to have contained the congregation.

By request of the Niles society of Spiritualists, the editor of the PRESENT AGE presided over the meeting, and upon calling to order at the opening of the morning session, made the following remarks:

Kind Friends: We meet to commemorate one of the most startling and important events of the many that have occurred within the last half century. In fact when we consider the good already accomplished and the grand promises of the future all others sink into littleness in comparison.

The rattle of musketry at Lexington in 1775, and the report of the first cannon at Sumpter in 1861, resounded throughout North America, aroused a Nation and hundreds of thousands of brave men sprang to arms. March 31st 1848, twenty-two years ago this day, the "Tiny Rap" heard in Western New York, and for the first time interpreted through the instrumentality of a child aroused the World in wonder, and millions of minds were startled into the consciousness of the existence of a real spirit world, and of man's continued existence. The echo to that tiny rap has been heard, and its influence felt throughout the habitable globe.

"Magical changes those rappings have wrought!  
Sweet hope to the hopeless their pater has brought!  
And death is bridged over with amaranth flowers!  
Blest spirits come back from their bright home to ours!"

The mightiest consequences have followed from events considered apparently trivial at the time of their occurrence. The lifting of the lid of a small kettle by the force of the steam from the boiling water within, caught the eye of a philosophic mind, and led to the discovery of that power which by its application to the uses of man, has in that direction revolutionized the world. The throwing overboard of a few chests of tea in Boston Harbor, resulted in the founding on this Western Continent of the grandest and most powerful Republican Government of the world, and paved the way for the event which we this day commemorate. Yet a little later, and a sedate and earnest man, clothed in Quaker garb, is seen in the open field near Philadelphia, flying a kite; to the casual observer a work of a trivial character if not absolutely ridiculous, and yet that great soul was in search of a force or power, which when made as was from the first intended subservient to man, has brought the world of mankind into the most intimate relationship with each other.

But of what importance is the magnetic telegraph, great and grand though it is, traversing continents, and spanning at one leap old Ocean's bed uniting the two Hemispheres; compared with the *Spiritual telegraph*, uniting this material world in which we now live, to the spiritual world to which our friends beloved have gone, and which by the higher development of our own spiritual powers is bringing us into still closer and intimate communion with them; and by which all who have earnestly sought have obtained a satisfactory answer to the question: If a man die shall he live again?

"Rap, Rap, Rap!  
Guests we would honor are here!  
Hear the light rappings, and know  
Visiting angels are near  
Greeting their earth friends below!"

We commemorate, if in one sense we may be allowed the expression, the birthday of Modern Spiritualism which has proclaimed to the world a New Religion, and by it we are able to demonstrate immortality. By its

power a greater revolution has been effected in the religious world in a score of years, than by the Christian or any other religion in near two thousand years. Death hath lost its terrors, the grave has no dread to the Spiritualist for the immortal spirit knows that is not its goal. Satan has been banished from the universe, a place of endless torment has been found to be but an invention of wily priests, who have ever sought thereby to gain spiritual power over the souls and bodies of men; a wrathful God has been transformed into an ALL LOVING FATHER, and above and beyond all this, we are brought into constant communion with the *dear ones* from whom death has separated us, and by them we are assured we are to meet in a higher and even more beautiful world than this; where the continuity of the affections and earth's harmonious unions are ever to continue. Let us then to-day rejoice and be exceeding glad.

Mr. Averill, Agent of the State Association of Spiritualists, then delivered an address very appropriate to the occasion, which we hope hereafter to present to our readers in full.

In the afternoon, at 3 o'clock, the people again assembled, and after singing by Mr. Rice and daughter that beautiful Spiritual song, "Come up Higher," Miss Nettie M. Pease, delivered a lecture, occupying about an hour, the subject being particularly connected with the morning address of Mr. Averill, carrying out its thoughts as to the benefits to the world from the teachings of Spiritualism and contrasting it with the religions of the past.

After the close of the lecture, the audience were favored with some recitations by Aggie Slade, May Simmons, and Miss Nettie Hewitt, from the Children's Progressive Lyceum, of Kalamazoo. The dialogue by the two first named, prepared for this anniversary occasion, was very appropriate indeed, and elicited great applause. Believing that our readers will be interested in its perusal, we publish it, well assured, however, that it cannot be appreciated by them as by the audience, who were permitted to listen to its recitation in a manner that would not have been a discredit to the best elocutionists of our higher schools. The fact that May is only nine and Aggie ten years of age, to gether with the exercises of the evening, favorably impressed the audience with the advantages to be derived from the CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM.

Aggie Slade—I am pleased to meet you here at this time. Do you understand that these people are expecting us to deliver short addresses here to-day?

May Simmons—I have been so informed; and I think the present time a favorable opportunity. Therefore, if you will lead I will follow.

Aggie When I look over this vast assemblage, I feel that I am utterly unable to express the deep sense of gratitude that I entertain toward the good people of Niles, for thus honoring us upon this occasion, by kindly inviting us to be present and take part in these exercises.

Succeeding anniversaries of the natal day of our beautiful philosophy may be celebrated with demonstrations that shall, if possible, rival these.

Yet with me, I trust the recollection of this will long outlive them all.

May—Be it ever remembered, my soul responds to all that you have said. Indeed; language would fail were I to attempt to describe my feelings, as I stand here and contemplate this grand display, together with the multitude of smiling countenances here assembled, for the purpose of publicly acknowledging to the world that we hail the day with happy remembrance in which communion with the spirit world was established upon a basis resting upon and supported by the immutable laws of nature. This, with the glorious assurance that our sainted mothers are here, aiding us in our aspirations by their angelic inspiration, renders it truly an occasion of exceeding great joy to me.

Aggie—Yes, indeed; and while it is a source of great pleasure to us, how many there are who, having no knowledge whatever of these beautiful truths, are therefore incapable of appreciating the beauty and grandeur of our glorious philosophy, which to-day is attracting the attention of the best and wisest minds throughout the entire civilized world. Although these thoughts may be more forcibly expressed by maturer minds, allow me to offer one illustration. Here we are standing to-day, little children looking forward to the time when we shall take our places upon the stage of life and action, and be acknowledged citizens of this great republic, with the full enjoyment of equal rights and privileges. So with the cause that we have here assembled to honor. Only a few short years have passed since it too, was but a child.

But, thanks to our angel friends, who have so wisely planned and so faithfully executed, it now stands an acknowledged citizen among the religious powers of the land.

May—Permit me to add a few thoughts to some of the ideas so beautifully expressed by my friend. Although we stand here children, realizing that our minds are gradually unfolding, thereby fitting us for future usefulness in the coming days of life; nevertheless, in looking back we are unable to fix the mind upon a period in our existence when some have been satisfied without trying to learn something of the causes underlying the grand phenomena of nature, as witnessed by every department of life. Therefore, what can be more reasonable, whenever you would present to our young minds the possibility of a life to come, than for us to ask you to furnish some proof of it. Here then, we can exclaim, *Eureka!* For we have found it.

Although when first discovered or recognized, it was confined to that single manifestation of gently rapping upon material substances.

Yet from that time it has been steadily advancing, gradually introducing new and higher forms of expression, until some who seem to possess organizations of a peculiar character, are permitted to speak face to face, with those the christian world call dead.

And now, who of us that are here to-day can fail to see the evidence of its substantial growth and unfolding. Therefore let us persevere in well doing, and we shall have no cause of regret.

An acrostic on the name of Miss Pease was recited by little Claudia Simmons. The afternoon exercises were closed with some very excellent remarks by H. Straub, of Dowagiac.

In the evening the hall was brilliantly illuminated, and the congregation began to assemble at an early hour. At 8 o'clock the hall was well-filled, and the exercises opened with a song by Mr. Rice and daughter, entitled, "We give you joyous greeting," found in the Spiritual Harp. This was followed by the presentation of the "Celestial City," an inspirational poem by Miss Pease, published in the AGE last year, and of which we gave the particulars at the time; being given after the delivery of a lecture in the city of Baltimore, giving the spiritual significance of the paintings then on exhibition, illustrating the pilgrimage of Christian through the "City of Destruction" to the "Celestial City," as given by Bunyan in

"Pilgrim's Progress." This poem, also the "Angel of Hope," "The Soldier's Bride," and the "Visit of Angels to the Convict," by the same author, had been dramatized for this occasion. These, with the tableaux, were all presented so as not only to entertain, but also to instruct those present in our philosophy, by as correct representations as circumstances would permit. This as a first attempt was very successful indeed, as was apparent by the close attention and applause of the audience. We hope Spiritualists all over the country may encourage entertainments of this kind, which can but have a purifying and elevating tendency. There is no small society but can arrange for such entertainments. Amusements of some kind the people, old and young need, must have, and will have. Spiritualists should look to this.

We cannot, without being tiresome, and using too much of our space, give a full description of the evening's exercises. They were carried out very nearly according to the programme, which was as follows:

- I.—SONG.  
"We give you joyous Greeting." Mr. Rice and daughter.
- II.—RECITATION.  
"The Celestial City." Miss Nettie M. Pease.
- III.—SONG.  
"Spirit Rappings." Miss Mary C. Fox.
- IV.—RECITATION.  
"Compensation." Miss Nettie Hewitt.
- V.—POEM. (Dramatized).  
"THE SOLDIER'S BRIDE."  
Soldier—Mr. Vandercreek.  
Bride—Miss Alice Smedley.
- VI.—DIALOGUE.  
Miss Alice Slade,  
Mary Simmons.
- VII.—POEM. (Dramatized).  
"The Angel of Hope."  
Angel—Miss Nettie Hewitt.  
Archangel—Dr. Henry Slade.
- VIII.—POEM. (Dramatized).  
"The Convict and the Angels."  
Convict—Frank Johnson.  
Guardian Spirit—Miss Nettie M. Pease.
- IX.—SONG.  
Ida and Fannie Hutchinson.
- X.—"THE ASCENSION." (Tableau).  
Miss Alice Smedley,  
Mary C. Fox,  
Nettie Hewitt.
- XI.—"BEN. ADIEM." (Tableau).  
Ben. Adiem—Emily C. Fox,  
Anna—Mary C. Fox.
- XII.—DR. SLADE.  
In Indian costume under the control of Owasso and other Indian Spirits.

During the evening two little girls, the Misses Johnson and Sophia Bacon, aged six years interested the audience by the singing of two beautiful songs.

These exercises closed at half past ten, and were followed by a social dance in which all seemed to enjoy themselves. On the whole, notwithstanding the unpleasant weather the meeting was a success financially and otherwise. Much credit is due to all those who took a part, and particularly to Miss Pease for the finely arranged programme for the entertainment which must have cost her much labor, and also to the Niles Society of Spiritualists who had beautifully decorated their Hall with evergreens, and hospitably entertained all in attendance.

We hope to attend many such anniversary meetings for we believe if rightly managed great good will thereby result to our cause. Many will attend at such times, who do not come out to our ordinary meetings, and thus opportunity is given to have our philosophy, history and progress presented under favorable circumstances.

I Seek Light.

March 17, 1870.

D. M. FOX—SIR: Enclosed please find \$2.00 for another year for the PRESENT AGE. I wish I could send you more, but being obliged to depend upon my own exertions for support I find it difficult to supply all my own wants and those of a widowed mother. I am not a Spiritualist, but I take your paper because I like it—am deeply interested in, although cannot indorse all its doctrines. I desire to solve this wonderful mystery for myself. I will never pin my faith to another's garment—yet, I do so much desire an experimental knowledge of this spirit communion. O, if I could for one hour feel sure that those gone before can return and manifest themselves visibly, I would feel more resigned in anticipation of the change we call death. I wish I could find some one who could enlighten my darkened mind in relation to the "great hereafter." O, tell me, is there a recognition of friends in that "Summer Land" you talk so much about? It seems to me at times, I must know for myself before I enter upon those untrodden scenes, and how, I cannot tell. I have never had one satisfactory test, have never read anything that could satisfy my hungry soul, and it is not, because my mind is not open to conviction, for I endeavor constantly to improve every opportunity presented, and one thing is certain, I have long since ceased to derive any benefit from the perusal of the Bible. I have written you under the name of — which is not my own. I did so because mother is so prejudiced against Spiritualism. She is not quite so much opposed to my reading this class of literature now, so I will have the PRESENT AGE sent the coming year to my address. I may perhaps obtain one or two new subscribers. I have very little time to devote as my time is all occupied, but I will not let one opportunity pass by. If your teachings are true we should each of us feel a personal responsibility resting upon us that we might do all in our power to advance the cause. I hope you will pardon me for writing this long letter, but I feel as though I must talk to you for once.

Very respectfully yours, —

As the above letter was written, probably with no expectation of publication we have withheld the name, lest we give offence; but we very much desired to present it to our readers, to give expression to the deep earnestness of soul with which this sister is seeking for some assurance of immortality and evidence of spirit communion. We get a great many letters of a similar character, some from members of churches, earnestly seeking for the truth and thanking us for the light that comes to them through the columns of the AGE. None, however, speak more earnestly than does the writer above. We deeply sympathize with such, and have full assurance that no soul can thus seek in deep sincerity without finding the evidence so much needed. It would be nonsense for us to say to the sister as did one of old "believe, and thou shalt be saved," for such a person cannot fully believe without evidence. The

very desire thus earnestly expressed for spirit communion is to us an evidence of its existence; for God never created that demand in our nature without providing the needed supply. These silent forces do not give themselves immediate expression but grow and deepen in the soul's deep quarries till the hour of labor comes:

"We know that darkened hours  
Precede the light;  
That anchors sure and firm,  
Are out of sight?"

The senses falter, then firmly grasp the mighty truth. A new power is developed within us, something above and beyond the sense of sight and touch. Our sister may be seeking too much for external evidence. This belief in the presence of invisibles around us, cannot always be grafted upon the external being. There must be an interior spiritual awakening for its unfolding. External evidences, however, are often needed to arouse the inner being, but there must be a response from within to give rest.

A Spirit Communication.

NO 9.  
HEARTS AND HOMES.

It was a lovely evening in the month of roses, when I once again looked down upon the scenes of earth. The last rays of the setting sun still lingered in the western sky, and a few pale stars looked down from their golden thrones. How beautiful the earth appeared, it seemed resting in the atmosphere that surrounded it, as a child rests in the arms of its mother. The earth has been transformed since I left it, I said to SILVER SPRAY. Formerly every thing wore a dark and forbidding aspect; now all seems radiant and beautiful. "The Kingdom of heaven is within," replied SILVER SPRAY: "If beauty, joy, and love are within, what we see around corresponds to the brightness within. Follow me and I will give you proof of this," she continued as she led the way to a mansion standing on an eminence, a short distance from us. It was surrounded by a wide lawn beautified by flowers, fountains, and shade trees. As we passed up the broad avenue leading to the house, I asked why should I come here to learn the truth of what my own spirit testifies to, viz, that what is within gives coloring to all that is without? "That you may perceive this truth more clearly," was SILVER SPRAY's reply, "and learn that the outer temple may be enriched and adorned with beautiful gems, while the heart is in ruins, and also that you may see the effect of such a life upon the soul."

We had now reached the house and passing through the open door, at once entered a spacious and elegantly furnished drawing room. There was no light in the room excepting that which came from the moon and stars. This soft silvery light shone through the open casement, lighting up the beautiful carpet and rich furniture, and hanging like a silver veil of beauty, over a large portrait which hung opposite one of the windows. The picture represented a young man in the prime of life, his broad brow, classic features large deep blue eyes, dark waving hair, chained the attention at once. The mouth spoke of firmness and decision of character; while the gentle smile that rested upon the face told of a warm impulsive nature. Standing before this portrait, was a young and handsome woman and although surrounded by luxuries, and blessed with youth and beauty, her attitude and the expression of unutterable woe that rested upon her up-turned face, spoke stronger than language of the mockery of the life she was living. With clasped hands and in a voice of agony that I can never forget, she thus addressed the picture.

"Oh! Frederick if you had but lived, how different would have been by lot! Oh God! why did you take him from me, or taking him why not take my life too? Oh! Frederick! heart of my heart, life of my life! without you, life is a blank. Oh! worse than this, this existence becomes a curse! Here she commenced pacing the room with rapid steps, now being concealed by the dark shadows, now standing in the full light of the moon; and ceasing not to talk, now to herself and now to the picture. "Oh Frederick! why did I consent to take upon myself the name of wife, when my heart was dead—dead? Yes colder than your clay-cold form. Oh God! I hate this ease and luxury purchased at so dear a price! Oh Frederick! would to God I had died with you. But no! I must at my part, must crush my heart back into its living tomb, must smile and profess an affection I have never felt! must receive flattery and return again flattery as vain. I have heard of those who were buried alive, that is my case, my body is the tomb, and now he comes again; I almost think I hear his step, and my spirit shrinks from the touch of the hand that brought me. Oh my poor brain! it seems on fire, reason totters on her throne! Ah it would be grand to be a maniac! then I would be free to roam and

"Pluck the tender leaves from every bough,  
To drive the howling demons from my brow."  
But no! no! no! amid this darkness comes one ray of light. To-day I met one who told me that he was not dead! To-day, he was described as lingering near—my guardian angel. Oh Frederick! Frederick! can it be, that you have seen and know how much my pride has cost me? Oh God 'twas I that killed him! slowly but surely my scorn and pride poisoned his cup of life, and broke the noblest heart that has ever been enshrined in human form! and he has seen and known it all. Frederick! I would not veil my heart from your spirit sight, alas it is too late he is dead! dead! and I am his murderer!" as the last word rang out on the still evening air, a tall form entered the room and a figure clothed in black glided swiftly to the side of her who completely exhausted had sank down upon a crimson sofa.

Anna! Anna! what is the meaning of this said a low musical voice; are you mad, or are you rehearsing here in the moon light? Anna why do you not speak, is this my reception after a four week's absence? Reception! reception! responded the lady in white, yes we'll have a grand reception, Yes, and then we'll have an auction and sell hearts and souls too, the heart of Anna Bacon, going—going—gone for \$50,000 screamed the lady,

the maniac—for such she now was. But why dwell upon this horrible picture, there was no shelter but no HOME! There was the mockery of marriage, but no soul union! NO HEART! NO HOME! She had robbed her highest nature, of its deepest needs and remorse and madness was the result. Looking from her unhappy, wretched condition, earth-life took on the same appearance. Beware! beware! how you trifle with the hearts deepest treasures. Obey the voice of nature, without this there can be no happy HEARTS, no true HOMES.

The next chapter will portray another scene perhaps not so sad as this. N. M. P.

"The War Has Begun."

Such is the sensational heading of an article in a Protestant Christian paper published in Detroit, *The Anti Roman Advocate*, which we publish for the benefit of our readers; and we ask such, candidly to answer this question after the perusal of the article. Who was in the fault? The Editor of the *Advocate* says: "A priest has given the signal for quite a riot." The facts according to the extract which he publishes are clear in the statement that "Superintendent Randall made a speech in which he took strong ground in favor of the retention of the Bible in the public schools." Now what right had Mr. Superintendent Randall, or did it at all pertain to his duties to make a speech of such a character on such an occasion? The Rev. Dr. Mc Glyn, certainly after the subject was introduced had a right after complimenting the teachers to express his views, and the result was the Cry "Mash him," "put him out."

Well, let the "war" begin, come it will sooner or later. And we can but believe the right will prevail. Our schools will be wrenched from the hands of Sectarian bigotry, and a good secular education, and this only, be insisted upon by our government.

"THE WAR HAS BEGUN."

"As we are closing our paper, the following comes to substantiate our apprehensions. A priest has given the signal for quite a riot. Becoming more and more daring, the priests will stop their work only when Romanism is played out or the Republic is dead.

"A New York special to the Chicago *Times* says that an extraordinary scene took place in a public school in Twenty-seventh street on Wednesday. After the graduates had received their diplomas, Superintendent Randall made a speech, in favor of the retention of the Bible in the public schools. He appealed to all to do their utmost to retain the sacred book, and was more than ordinarily impressive in his remarks. Rev. Dr. McGlynn of St. Stephen's Roman Catholic Church, followed, and after complimenting the teachers on the efficiency of the scholars begged to differ with the remarks of the previous speaker. He, for one, was not in favor of having the Bible in the schools, and he knew that the majority of the audience present coincided with him. At this there arose such a storm of applause and hisses, the audience being evenly divided, that a regular panic set in. Cries of "Put him out," "Mash him," were heard on all sides. Several ladies, among whom were three graduates, fainted. The excitement was intense, one Bible man knocking down an anti-Bible man, and the entire school-room suddenly appeared to be filled with a lot of maniacs who tried their utmost to out do one another in denouncing either one of the speakers. One man who attempted to put Rev. Dr. McGlynn out, was handled himself by the police, and these finally cleared the hall. The excitement then spread to the streets, and is to night the great town talk in the upper districts."

Personal.

GEO WILLIS COOKE: From whose pen appears a beautiful Poem in this number of the AGE, has entered the Lecture field, and from what we can learn gives promise of great usefulness. We are glad to announce new Lecturers, and hope they may be encouraged every where. We must have more to supply the increasing demand. Address brother Cooke, Jefferson Wis.

M. WRIGHT: We are glad to also announce that Marcus Wright, to whom so many listened with pleasure at our last Michigan State Convention, will answer calls to lecture. We regard brother Wright as one of the most remarkable Mediums of the age. In many respects there is a manifest similarity in his manifestations and writings, to those of A. J. Davis—Address Middleville, Barry Co. Mich.

DR. M. HENRY HOUGHTON: Has closed his engagement in Ohio, where he has been successfully engaged the past year, and returned to the East. His address will until further notice be Underhill, Vermont. We clip the following notice of brother Houghton, from the *Norwalk Experiment*.

LAST LECTURE FOR THE PRESENT.

"We understand that Dr. M. H. HOUGHTON is soon to leave for his former place of residence in Vermont, and that he will deliver his last Lecture for the present, before the Spiritual society of this place, on Wednesday afternoon and Sunday. The Doctor is a social, kind-hearted gentleman, and we regret that he is to leave our place. Whatever may be thought of his peculiar religious doctrines, no more zealously to promote the cause of morality and brotherly feeling than the Doctor has, all of which has been backed up by a well ordered life" on his part."

W. F. JAMIESON: Is doing a grand missionary work in the west and is rising in popular favor as a Lecturer with all classes. We give the following not so much to compliment our brother as to show the more favorable disposition of the secular press towards our cause:

SPIRITUAL LECTURES—The people of Ellis-worth and vicinity have been favored within the past week with a series of lectures, six in number, delivered by W. F. Jamieson, late of Chicago, Illinois. Mr. Jamieson is a gentleman of fine address, a fluent speaker, and his lectures are evidently the result of deep research and study; they were attentively listened to by large audiences, and all unite in expressions of satisfaction with them. Though all ideas advanced by the speaker can hardly be conveyed in the lectures taken, they were instructive and entertaining. The lecturer expects to commence a series of lectures at River Falls, this evening.—*Pierce County (Wis) Herald*, March 10th, 1870.

Orders for Books.

Several orders for "Real Life" by Mrs. King, and also for other books are not responded to on account of some delay unaccountable to us in forwarding the last ordered from the Publishers. We have sent a second order and hope soon to send to all who have ordered.

Number 41.

Will our friends who do not wish to preserve a file of the AGE, please send us No. 41. We will reciprocate by sending any number of the paper desired.

Helen Harlow's Wow.

We have just received this new work fresh from the pen of the author of "Alice Vale," and but a cursory glance at its pages assures us that it will be eagerly sought after by the people, and particularly those who are at the present time deeply interested in the social wrongs of woman. Some parts of the book are most intensely exciting, and we anticipate that it will become one of the most popular works issued from the press during the year. For further particulars of the work see advertisement on our third page. The following are the words of the authoress on the dedicating page.

To WOMAN EVERYWHERE, and to *Wronged and Outcast Woman especially*, is this book lovingly dedicated by the Authoress.

"As I gazed, and as I listened, there came a pale, blue footed maiden;  
Eyes filled with lurid light;  
Her body bent with sickness, her lone heart heavy laden;  
Her home had been the noisome street,  
Her day had been the night:  
First wept the angel sadly,—then smiled the angel gladly,  
And caught the maiden noddily rushing from the open door;  
And I heard a chorus swelling,  
Grand beyond a mortal's telling,  
'Enter sister, thou art pure, thou art unseemly evermore.'"

For the Present Age.

OUR WANT.

BY GEORGE WILLIS COOKE.

The freer life, the fresher thought,  
The impulse of a nobler zeal,  
We daily need, and all is naught  
'Till we this daily want shall feel.

When it is felt, all else is vain;  
And one high purpose rears our lives,  
Conquering then in earnest strain,  
Which crushes sin, while truth survives.

A high, heroic impulse felt,  
A kingly rising of the mind,  
Make nobler men than ere have dwelt  
With us before, except we fight.

One here and there along the way  
Back to the old, herold-days,  
When Homer sweetly sang his lay;  
A low brave man, well worthy praise.

We bear a mountain load of sin,  
Our hopes are crushed by mountain weight,  
While we all vainly strive to win  
Some little good, which comes too late.

And so we tread the old-time way,  
And pray at morn and pray at night,  
Make lamentations all the day,  
And vainly curse our lack of light.

Shake off the sluggish ways at once,  
Shake off the old-time round of thought,  
Shake off old customs, long worn out,  
And you will find what you have sought.

This freer life, and fresher thought,  
We stand in need of every hour,  
'Till all our living be wrought  
With one high impulse, full of power.

We need no longer puny men,  
Who fear to stand up for the right,  
Or fight the old-time fights again,  
And watch and pray far in the night.

The men who have a doubt must fall,  
And slumber in the unknown graves;  
While they whom fear or death appal  
Were better 'neath the ocean waves.

The man who lives the purest life,  
The man who breathes the freshest air,  
Is he who wins in every strife,  
If he but thinks the noblest thought.

Such men as these are they we need,  
Whose grander life and higher thought  
Bear noble fruit from every seed  
Sown by the ways where they have wrought.

Jefferson, Wis.

The Impending Revolution.

NUMBER 5.

Despotism has always entrenched itself behind the divine right of kings and priests. We vanquished the divine right of kings in the war of the revolution, finally and completely destroyed its representative in the late rebellion, and were about to congratulate ourselves on having put down the last enemy of our free institutions, when, lo! the note of alarm is heard from another quarter. And though the cloud is but "the size of a man's hand," yet it threatens a storm that will rock our civil fabric to its foundation.

This threatened storm consists in the attack of the priesthood on our free constitution and free schools. We treated of this subject in our last article, but the subject, particularly of schools, will assume such a prominence in the coming revolution that we will treat it more at length.

In the prosecution of this design, as in all others undertaken by the priests, they intrench themselves behind the divinity of their mission and religion; and so long as mankind acquiesce in this claim of divinity, the priests will carry any measure they please. We will examine this claim to divinity hereafter; but at present we will discuss the school question in the light of the rapidly growing common sense of the nineteenth century.

With reference to the common school, three positions are assumed:

First, That the common school be maintained with the Bible in it.

Second, That the common school be maintained with the Bible out of it.

Third, That the common school be abolished, and the education of the country be placed in the hands of the different religious denominations, the various sects supporting their own schools.

The first position is supported by a majority of the orthodox sects and a portion of the liberal sects. The second position is supported by a portion of the orthodox and liberal sects, by all Spiritualists and by Infidels, Deists and skeptics in general. The third position is supported by the Catholics.

Practically, the question assumes these three forms, though theoretically it has but two forms. One form would place the education of the people under the control of the church; the other under the control of the State, without the interference of the church.

The most advanced minds among us are firm in the conviction that our free institutions can only be maintained in their integrity, by the dissemination of knowledge among all classes of the people. This conviction has resulted in our common school—the crowning glory of American institutions.

It is self evident that to make a free education available by all classes, all religious instruction must be omitted in the schools to which they send their children. For all parents who are honest in their religious con-

victions cannot send their children to a school which inculcates doctrines that in their opinion are erroneous and in the highest degree detrimental to the present and future welfare of their children. The party that insists on religious instruction in schools, claims for itself a right which it denies to others, and thus, not only denies a fundamental principle in Christianity, but subverts a fundamental principle in our government, which legislates in favor of no religion or form of religion, but protects all in its free exercise. The advocates of the Bible in schools endeavor to meet this objection by the assertion that they do not propose to teach the peculiar doctrines of any sect, but simply to read the Bible, on the authority of which all are agreed. But they propose to use the protestant translation, to which the Catholic objects as being erroneous. Clearly the Catholic has as good a right to insist on the use of his translation in schools as the protestant has for insisting on King James' translation. The claim of unsectarianism is therefore invalid, for the question simply resolves itself into a sectarianism on a larger scale—the sect of Catholicism versus the sect of Protestantism.

But should Catholics and Protestants agree on a translation of the Bible and introduce it into the common school; that would not obviate the charge of sectarianism, for it would still be sectarianism, but on a much larger scale.

All Christian priests proceed upon the assumption that the Bible teaches a *universal* religion, to which nobody has any right to object. They cannot conceive that Christianity is as much a sect as Judaism, Mohammedanism or Buddhism, Deists, Atheists and Spiritualists do not regard the Bible as an infallible standard in morals or religion; on the contrary, they think that it contains much that is subversive of good morals and a rational religion. Consequently their rights are as much violated when the Bible is read in the public schools, as the rights of the Protestants or Catholics are when the version of the opposing sect is read in the public schools.

It follows then that no religion has a right to be taught in the common school, except a *universal* religion which is regarded as such by all the people. Neither Protestantism, Catholicism, nor indeed Christianity itself is a universal religion. The religion of Nature—of Science and Philosophy—is the only Universal Religion; and this religion will be taught in the public schools just as fast as the priests and priestesses of Nature reveal her divine truths to the people.

From an examination of the first position it follows that if we would maintain a system of public instruction at all, it must be maintained on the



## CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

Mrs. ANNIE D. CRIDGE, - Editor.

All communications for this Department should be addressed to the Editor, at No. 16 Philadelphia Row, 11th St. East, Washington, D. C.

ENJOINED IN THE HUMAN INFANT IS THE 'IMAGE' OF AN IMPERISHABLE AND PERFECT BEING."

### WILLIE AND JESSIE.

#### CHAPTER X.

It was Sunday. The roast beef and vegetables had been removed from the table, and the dessert brought into the dining-room, when Professor Greenleaf called.

Of course Jessie and Willie were just as glad to see their good friend as were their father and mother. "Come and take some dessert with us," said Mr. Martyn.

"Yes, do," said Willie and Jessie; "we have vegetarian mince pie," said Willie; "I know you will like it, Professor Greenleaf."

"Vegetarian mince pie!" he replied; "I never heard of that kind of pie before."

Then he took his seat at the table, saying: "Well, my friends, as I took my breakfast about half-past ten o'clock this morning, I will take dessert with you."

"Is that the way you keep the Sabbath?" said Mrs. Martyn, smiling.

"Certainly," replied Professor Greenleaf. "I keep the Sabbath as we are commanded to keep it."

"How?" inquired Mrs. Martyn; "you are not commanded to lie in bed on the Sabbath."

"We are commanded to rest; so I take the most comfortable place to rest, which is bed. God rested from his labor on the Sabbath, and so the proper way to keep the Sabbath is to rest. Now, what say you to that explanation," asked the Professor, with a laugh.

Willie, who was listening to every word, just then laid down his knife and fork, and replied:

"Well, I do not think God rests much now on the Sabbath day, if he has to listen to all the prayers that are said to Him in the churches, by all the people in every place almost. I should think the Sabbath for God was a very hard working day."

"Well done, well done!" exclaimed Professor Greenleaf, leaning back in his chair, and laughing again and again. Mrs. and Mr. Martyn laughed, too, but Willie looked very comical, a sort of half smile on his face, and half wonder.

"Go on, go on, my boy, the same way," said Professor Greenleaf, "and you will be a preacher some day."

"A preacher!" said Willie, "what kind of a preacher?"

"Not a bible preacher, I am sure," remarked Professor Greenleaf.

"I know what I will preach—I will preach astronomy," replied Willie.

"Well done, well done!" said Professor Greenleaf; "you will preach the gospel of truth—the gospel according to Galileo, Jordan Corvino, La Place, Kepler, Newton and Herschel."

After dinner they all went for a walk, and had a delightful time in the woods, gathering moss, and taking up by the roots green plants they found hidden under the dead leaves, which covered them like a warm blanket. They had a basket with them.

But I must not linger here, or tell you much more about Willie and Jessie. They filled their baskets with the beauties of the winter woods, and when they arrived at home and had seen their mother arrange the moss and plants in two deep plates, and Professor Greenleaf had gone home, then they brought their foot-stools to their mother's side and said:

"Now, mamma, for the second chapter of Rob and Bessie!"

"Very well," replied their mother.

### ROB AND BESSIE.

#### CHAPTER II.

Bright and early next morning Rob and Bessie awoke. Their mother had said to them the night before, when she kissed them, "In the morning, Rob and Bessie, when you awake, you will see a little baby, and it is going to be our own darling baby."

"So, just as soon as they opened their eyes in the morning, one said to the other, 'Let us rise and see if there really is a baby!'" So up they jumped, and soon they were scampering to their mother's room.

"Now the baby, mamma!" said Bessie.

"Yes, mamma, where is the baby?" said Rob.

"Here it is," replied their mother, as she gently removed the blanket, and showed them their little sister Vinney.

"How pretty! how nice! oh, you little tiny, tiny baby!" was exclaimed a great many times. Then Bessie hurried on her clothes, and down stairs she went to see if any of her playmates were out; but the streets were quiet, shutters were closed, and everybody seemed to be asleep. Bessie had never been up so early before, and as she stood there, waiting for some of the little girls to come out to whom she might tell the good news, there came along the opposite side of the street a man who was going to his daily work. Here was somebody at last; so she ran across the street to him, and said: "We have a dear little baby—a baby sister; she came this morning, and her name is Vinney."

"Have you?" replied the man; he was patting her head; and you are glad, are you?"

"Yes—so glad!"

"And is it pretty?"

"Yes, very pretty; it has blue eyes."

"Ah! I like blue eyes; good morning, little girl."

"Then as she returned to the front steps of her house, she saw Rob standing there with his hands in his two pockets, jumping up and down.

"Now we have a sister, have we not, Bess? and we will take her with us to get flowers when she has grown a little, won't we? I am real glad; so are you, Bessie, are you not? I wish all the folks would wake up and open their shutters, so we might tell all the

boys and girls about our baby! I know why our baby is called Vinney."

"So do I," said Bessie.

"Why?" asked Rob.

"Because," said Bessie, "grapes grow on vines, and nothing is so nice as grapes, and there is not anything so pretty as grapevines."

"I know a great many things as pretty," said Rob; "but maybe you are right, Bessie, about Vinney."

"It was Saturday when Vinney was born, and every Saturday their mother gave them a half-penny, which is worth about one cent, for pocket-money; this half-penny they could spend just as they liked. The money was never given to them only on Saturday, so they never asked for money only on that day.

"As Rob stood there on the steps he said:

"We will get our half-penny to-day, and I am going to the market to buy some pictures."

"So am I," said Bessie.

"Then they went up-stairs again into their mother's room; and as they stood at her bedside, they said, very gently:

"Mother, it is Saturday."

"Is it?" she said; "then I suppose you must have your money."

"Then she put her hand under her pillow and drew out her pocket; I don't know that you ever saw such a pocket; it was shaped something like a kite with the points out off; and along this part a tape bound it, and two long ends of tape were left to tie around the waist.

"As their mother untied the pocket around which was twisted the long tape string, then put her hand in her pocket, and they heard the well-known 'chink! chink! chink!' of the coppers and silver pieces, their eyes sparkled and a smile spread all over their faces.

"I would like to be as rich as you, mother," said Bessie.

"What would you do with it if you were?"

"I would buy a new frock for my doll."

"Her mother smiled and said, 'I had a brother ruined by my mother and father giving him too much pocket money, and I am resolved that my children shall not be ruined in the same way. Money is the root of all evil. Here, Bessie, is your half-penny; when you are older, you shall have two half-pence every Saturday. Here, Rob, are two half-pence for you.'

"So, mother," said Bessie, as the tears stole to her eyes, "do you give me only one half-penny, when you give to Rob two half-pence?"

"Because," replied her mother, "you are a girl."

"Because—I am—a—girl!" repeated Bessie slowly, as if trying to understand it; "because I am a girl! Oh, mother, I don't know what that means."

"Now go away," said their mother; and poor little Bessie covered her face with her apron and went out of the room, her heart aching as if it would break.

"Poor little Bessie! how glad she had been that morning over the baby—gladder than ever she had felt before in her life; and now had come to her the greatest sorrow she had ever felt. She went into the yard, sat down on the walk, and cried bitterly. The half-penny laid at her feet.

"Mother does not love me as she does Rob," Bessie thought; "oh, dear!" and then she cried again.

"Bessie, however, was mistaken; her mother loved her just as much, but she thought that was the right way to bring up her little daughter.

"By-and-by Rob came into the yard, and found Bessie sitting there crying. He picked up the half-penny to give her, but she would not have it.

"Take it, Bessie," said Rob; "come, Bessie, take the half-penny, and let us go to market to spend our money; I will give you half of what I buy with one of my half-pennies; that is right, is it not?"

"But it is not mine," said Bessie; "Why should I have so little because I am a girl?"

"I don't know," said Rob; "it is very strange, I am sure. Come, Bessie, come."

"Then Bessie allowed herself to be helped up by her brother Rob, and they went to market together; but poor Bessie was very sad; and as they walked through the market together, though she tried very hard to be pleasant, yet her lips would tremble and the tears would start to her eyes, and her head would fall on her breast, just as if she had ashamed something wrong and therefore felt ashamed.

"Poor little Bessie! 'Never mind,' Rob would say; but the words kept ringing through her memory: 'BECAUSE YOU ARE A GIRL!'"

### A Criticism.

LEWISTON, ME., March 24th 1870.

DEAR AGE—I am incited to pen the following by the perusal of an article in your last from Ira Porter, who says the main object of his desire and effort is "to devise and put in practice that mode of life which will secure to each member of society the fullest gratification of all normal and innocent desires without impairing the power or using the means of any other human being, necessary to his enjoying the same gratification."

This I deem a very worthy desire and effort. Have you?" replied the man; he was patting her head; and you are glad, are you?"

"Yes—so glad!"

"And is it pretty?"

"Yes, very pretty; it has blue eyes."

"Ah! I like blue eyes; good morning, little girl."

"Then as she returned to the front steps of her house, she saw Rob standing there with his hands in his two pockets, jumping up and down.

"Now we have a sister, have we not, Bess? and we will take her with us to get flowers when she has grown a little, won't we? I am real glad; so are you, Bessie, are you not? I wish all the folks would wake up and open their shutters, so we might tell all the

helpful act, pay me in dollars and cents—keep things square, 'twill save any outlay of gratitude and love. I want personal freedom. I do not want any persons to have especial claims upon my effort or exertion for their shelter, food, or raiment. I want the claims of society limited and known."

Upon such temporal, worldly justice, unmixed, unadulterated with any of those puerile sentiments called love, charity, sympathy, philanthropy, Mr. Porter would found "a large society or family of intelligent, amiable, aspiring workers and thinkers who believe that God's kingdom may come upon the earth."

Now Mr. P. let me ask you a few questions. Suppose a man happens to be rich; fortune; fickle goddess, has favored him at every turn; or perchance he has inherited, without any effort of his own, a large amount of money, and he wants to join some heavenly association and make some of Gods poor glad; would you take him into your society? How could you? Wouldn't it relieve some from producing what he or she consumes? To help the weak you have said is but to perpetuate their weakness. No matter how self-supporting nor how harmonious he might be, your gate would be too straight for him, would it not?

Again, supposing some intellectual aspiring member of your family, being endowed by nature with the necessary capacity, should, in an hours time, invent some important machine, or make some wonderful discovery which brought millions into his possession, what would you have him do with it?—make a costly hiding place and put it under lock and key? or build a monument and mount himself, Vanderbilt like, to let the world know that "what a man produces he should enjoy?" Is there, with you, no force in the idea,—It is more blessed to give than to receive? And is there no higher idea of justice than what you have expressed in that article?

Is the man who by nature, is endowed with ten talents intellectually, under no more obligation to his race than he who is endowed with only one? Who hath made us to differ? Is not the strong, muscular man called upon by justice to do any more physical labor than the weak one? If a man without any pre-calculations of his own, is born strong, talented, rich and handsome, is he under no especial obligation to him who is born weak, imbecile, poor and homely? Is fortune under no indebtedness to misfortune? Do you, can you believe the kingdom will come until the strong help the weak, the wise the simple, the rich the poor? Can the rich be happy and free with the poor unaided by their side? or the wise be satisfied unless they teach the ignorant? or the strong unless they aid the weak? How is the world to become balanced and harmonious, mete for the kingdom, without this law of love? this higher, this supreme law of justice, in full operation? Christ said a man must give all to get into the kingdom, but you don't seem to be willing to pay even half price. Can you have the claims of society upon you, limited and known until you have done your very best for all your associates who have not so many sources of happiness as yourself? And what higher reward can you possibly have for your efforts than the love of those whom you benefit? Is conventional, shortsighted, worldly usage the highest expression of justice you can think of? What does a good man need after he is clothed, fed and sheltered, but the interchanges of love and wisdom? How far am I astray in the sentiment of the following rhymes?

The vilest man is but ones self  
If born and bred as he,  
And if his vices don't enslave  
O! what but fate makes free?

What folly, then, to kick and cuff  
Or hoot your fellow man,  
The measure that you mete to him  
Must come to you again.

Ye who mock your fellow man  
Must mock his maker too,  
And hence you're not the least redress  
When others mock at you.

Pure justice cries Don't look for much  
Where there has been given,  
Nor spare that brother who's too weak  
To trot with you to heaven.

But take him by the hand and say  
I'll help thee, weaker brother,  
The bruised reed I will not break  
The smoking flax not smother.

Just think what bad conditions  
Bad circumstances too,  
Bad parentage and bad training  
Have with the bad to do.

And when you feel to judge a man  
As though you'd put him through  
As though he were unworthy  
A being, well as you;

Hush up that spiteful tongue of yours—  
Give him a chance to grow—  
Before you hang him tell me this,  
Why differs he from you?

Yours, longing for "the good time coming,"  
D. H. H.

### Capital Punishment.

Synopsis of a Lecture delivered at South Newbury, Ohio, by Henry C. Wright. Reported by Geo. Wm. Wilson for The Present Age.

The wrong-doer always wrongs himself most. The man who robs another of a dime robs himself of what money cannot repay. No one can do wrong without injury to his own soul. Man cannot prosper in wrong-doing. He has no right to do wrong for any object whatever. Man has no right to inflict suffering or wrong on another for his own benefit. The government has no right to injure a human being for its benefit. Governments can have no rights which individuals have not. No true follower of Jesus can inflict injury for his own benefit. It is noble to suffer rather than inflict suffering, to die rather than kill.

No man has a right to kill himself; he cannot give to the government a right to do what he has not the right to do. He has no right to kill himself—he has no right to kill anybody else under any circumstances. Human nature recoils at the thought of taking life. The hangman is always shunned by society, and has always been. Men of principle, and women who respect themselves avoid public executions.

Whoever seeks to regulate our modes of life, that a small amount of money will secure to us all the advantages that we can rightfully desire, will do more to correct the inordinate greed for money which is so peculiarly prevalent in this country, than all the preaching in Christendom.

I. P.

The worst possible use that can be made of a man is to hang him. If people attend public executions their respect for human life is destroyed. Can you inspire people with reverence for truth by telling lies? With respect for the temperance cause by getting drunk?

The salvation of the nation depends upon respect for human life. No government is worth the shedding of the blood of one man, no matter how poor and degraded he is. The way to inspire respect for the sacredness of human life is to honor and reverence the God made manifest in human flesh, in a word, by being true to human life.

Jesus taught the sanctity of human life. You cannot kill a man out of love to him; unless you love your enemies you are not a follower of the meek and lowly Nazarene—If you kill a man, it must be for his good. It is absurd to talk about hanging a man out of love to him. War and capital punishment can never exist in harmony with the loving and forgiving spirit of Jesus.

See and worship God in loving human being. When you hang a man, remember that the object of your revenge is made in the image of God, and endowed with an immortal soul.

Capital punishment is not only opposed to human nature, but to expediency. It does not diminish crime; on the other hand, experience proves that it decreases the respect of men and women for human life, and that it educates them in ways of vice and crime. The abolition of capital punishment will mark an important era in the progress of the human race.

For the Present Age.

### Present Forms of Living.

Every form of living, of government, or of society not in conformity with a true morality is productive of inevitable uneasiness, discontent and irritation and must, sooner or later, be remodified.

Thus society must pass through such change or changes as shall bring it into harmony with an absolute morality. So soon as that shall be attained peace will prevail and relative happiness be secured.

Our present forms of living, of government and of society are not in conformity with a true morality, they need therefore to be changed. All those who are convinced of that fact should study with intense earnestness to find out what modes of life, of government and of society are demanded by the eternal immutable principles of right and wrong. When those modes are ascertained let them be adopted without distrust or hesitation. Absolute right may be always practiced with safety. Compromising wrong never.

So far as human institutions are predicated upon eternal principles, are they likely to be eternal?

If moral wrong enter into the constitution of society, agitation, discontent, discord and dissolution are sure to follow.

Whenever we shall carefully study the divine law for humanity, we shall know that bodily exercise is necessary to our welfare, and that our bodily wants are divinely ordained incentives to that exercise upon which our health and strength depend.

We shall also know that we must so live and act, that in seeking our own happiness, we shall in no way diminish the power of every other man to secure to himself a like amount of happiness.

Our civilization has run into a certain style of living which requires so much labor to support it, that all who adopt that style cannot live on what they earn, but require that, and the products of other people's labor. Hence the present popular modes of life are immoral. They therefore fail to secure to humanity the amount of happiness possible to it. They are immoral. They therefore must be changed. When they are changed, let the change be so radical and far reaching as to conform to the immutable principles of justice.

If our revolutionary fathers had done that in the organization and administration of our government, there would have been no slavery, no sectional strife, no civil war, no laborious, protracted and painful reconstruction.

Complaint is every where made, that the American's God is the Almighty Dollar; that this people are becoming, day by day, more and more devoted to the worship of this God. There is truth in this complaint; but where is the fault? Is it in the organization of man or of society? If it be in man the evil is as unchangeable as his nature; if in society, then so surely as society is changeable, can this evil be changed? God has created whatever selfishness inheres in man. To complain of it, is to complain of Him, who made it. All we have to do is, to place society in such condition, that the self love of its members which is the instinct of self preservation, shall seek the welfare of each in the peace, prosperity and happiness of the whole.

The eagerness of the American for the Almighty Dollar is because it gives him an expensive house, a splendid equipage, rank, respect and political position and power. It brings him out of a prison into a palace, it transforms him from a helpless victim, into a successful victimizer—shields him from a felon's fate and places him in halls of legislation. It gives him style, and in this country, style is rank. Style cannot be maintained except by consuming a large amount of what others earn. Style is demanded. Those who have it are not treated with contempt, if not despised. Hence society decrees justice—imperiously demands fashions that demand large amounts of money. It is thus human nature is corrupted and frauds induced.

Whoever seeks to regulate our modes of life, that a small amount of money will secure to us all the advantages that we can rightfully desire, will do more to correct the inordinate greed for money which is so peculiarly prevalent in this country, than all the preaching in Christendom.

I. P.

For the Present Age.  
LINES TO W. F. JAMESON, LECTURER.

BY MISS E. L. BEALES.

As the hart, long from the fountain  
Wildly leaps along the mountain—  
Listens!—for the welcome spashing—  
Longs to see the warbling dashing  
Gaze wistful for the steaming  
Of the fog wreaths, mystic teeming.  
Catches first one welcome glimmer  
To his sight—it grows not dimmer  
But to him is certainty.

After pain, and doubt, and sadness,  
Thus it is with joy and gladness  
That my spirit weaves a thee.  
I had wept, and watched, and waited,  
Almost thought myself ill-fated  
That I must with pain and anguish,  
Aye! perhaps forever, languish  
In some dark abyss of woe.  
I had reached beyond the sounding  
Truth with error oft confounding—  
Questioned not which God's must be,  
For I knew Thee—Thee—Thee—Thee—  
I would thank thee for thy teachings  
That has helped my soul's outreaching,  
And will bow no more to error.  
Which had filled my soul with terror;  
For I know that God's must be  
Truth and immortality.

RIVER FALLS, Wis., March 30th, 1870.

### Anniversary at East Saginaw.

From a note received from brother M. A. Root, we learn that the twenty-second anniversary was observed in East Saginaw, and that they had a good time. We expect a full report from our corresponding editor, Mrs. Horton, now speaking for the society of that city. We find the following in the Saginaw Enterprise:

THE ANNIVERSARY OF SPIRITUALISM.

The anniversary of modern Spiritualism yesterday, was celebrated very generally by the people of this valley and vicinity. Good Templars' Hall was well filled with an intelligent audience. The object of the anniversary was stated by the President of the Society, after which Mrs. Norton delivered an oration, giving a brief history of the Society from March 31st, 1848, when it was commenced, at Hydeville, New York, by Miss Kate Fox. Mrs. Horton reviewed the persecution it had met with by scientific men, of all classes, who had never been able to agree among themselves as to the cause, and alluded to the fact that the Roman Catholic Church credited the organization with eleven millions actual believers in this country. She alluded to the wide spread of the philosophy all over the globe, and to the benefits derived from its teachings and its tendencies.

Mrs. Martin next spoke at some length of the history of Spiritualism and the fruits of it for twenty-two years, comparing some of its manifestations to the manifestations of Apostolic times, when Peter was released from prison. She said that those ancient manifestations were from the same source that our modern manifestations of the same kind are credited by our opponents, we ought to thank the devil for many good things. Mrs. Martin closed by giving a poem purporting to come from Robert Burns.

Judge Green next spoke. He said he wanted it distinctly understood that he spoke not as a medium but as an individual in his normal state. He spoke of the questions that used to annoy and perplex him, among which was the origin of Satan—why God allowed such a power.

His remarks were plain common sense. He spoke of the teachings of this philosophy; said the result would be that the world would learn to regard the whole human family as one universal brother and sisterhood.

Mr. Root was called for, and commenced by saying, "Variety is the spice of life." He claimed to speak by spirit influence. In his remarks he referred to what had been done, and by whom, in science, art, literature, philosophy and religion, and referred to the great projects of life being moved by spirit power; urged people to awake to the progress of this philosophy, and fall in before they are submerged in the tide.

The meeting was interspersed with good music by the choir, and adjourned to meet in the evening at Irving Hall for a social entertainment, where a bountiful supper was prepared by ladies of the Society. A large number assembled at the hall, and with Eastern's band in attendance, all seemed to enjoy the occasion, and the Society made a financial success of the undertaking.

### Emma Hardinge's Lecture.

The great fame as an orator of unusual brilliancy and power sustained by Mrs. Emma Hardinge attracted an immense audience to Masonic hall last evening. Her subject—"America, the land of the free; and, America under the anathemas of the Ecumenical Council was handled with masterly historical ability. She rapidly sketched the character of American soil, climate, and scenery, the character of Americans as a cosmopolitan race, and as one prophetic of a better civilization. She then spoke of the condition of Europe, remarking among other things, that in the city of London there are nightly 60,000 homeless wanderers and that, out of its 3,000,000 population, one actually starves to death every day. In view of the destitution in Europe, she thanked God for the world's America. With singular felicity she passed in review the history of America from 1776 to the present time, and in alluding to our late war, and to the great martyrdom of Lincoln, drew tears even from eyes unused to weep. Approaching the religious portion of her lecture, she told in graphic language how Columbus entered upon the discovery of America amid the jeers, ridicule, and denunciations of priestly power, but, with God for his captain and inspiration for his chart, America was discovered, and from the first it was dedicated to the spirit of religious freedom.

Referring to the signers of the Declaration of Independence, she said they performed that act with the rope rounds their necks as traitors, if they failed, or with wreaths of immortal glory round their brows as patriots if they succeeded. The Pope might now attempt to abridge religious freedom, but he would be no more successful than George III. was in trying to abridge civil liberty. She maintained with great force that Europe was helpless in the hands of the Pope, and utterly unable to oppose his power and pretensions. If he had not a single supporter in America, she would still question his power in behalf of England, France, Spain, Italy, Asia, Africa, and all nations suffering from tyrannical laws, unjust oppressions, and having hope, however faint, of civil and religious liberty. It would not do for Americans to regard the Ecumenical Council with apathy. The Pope had no power now to prevent all his actions and purposes from becoming known. In these passages of her great lecture, Mrs. Hardinge gave ample proof of what has often been said of her, that she is the ablest opponent of the Roman, Catholic Church now occupying public attention. She closed with a beautiful and well sustained bit of imagery, presenting the march of civilization, from the East to the West, in the words "Westward Ho." Mrs. Hardinge was listened to with profound attention, and was frequently applauded.

### SPECIAL NOTICES.

Opening of Millinery goods at d'Arcambal's opposite the Burdick House, over Cohn's clothing store, beginning Thursday, April 7th, and continuing through the season, from 7 A. M. until 7 P. M.

### OTISCO.

The Society of Spiritualists of Otisco, Ionia Co., Mich., will hold their Quarterly Meeting, May 7th, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M. continuing over Sunday, Mrs. Pearsall and other Speakers will be in attendance.

Amer. Wright, President.

## New Books.

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Religious, Social, and Political  
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Policy in regard to Divorce East and West: by Robert Dale Owen.  
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Half The World's Work: Part I. A Story by Mrs. Robert Hale Owen.  
Defence of Albert D. Richardson: by Helen Rushton.  
The Richardson Murder—The Principle Involved: by Francis Barry.  
The Relation That Leads to Maternity: by Henry C. Wright.  
Fetichism—Its Facts and Philosophy: by Mrs. Dr. Carpenter.  
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## PACIFIC DEPARTMENT.

J. S. LOVELAND. Editor.

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

### DEEDS, NOT WORDS.

Not forever on thy knees,  
Would Jehovah have thee found;  
There are burdens thou canst ease.  
There are griefs Jehovah sees:  
Look around.

Work is playing if done for God,  
Prayer which God delighted hears.  
See beside you upturned soul,  
One bowed 'neath affliction's rod;  
Dry her tears.

Not long prayers, but earnest zeal;  
This is what is wanted more.  
Put thy shoulder to the wheel;  
Bread unto the famished deal  
From thy store.

Not high sounding words of praise  
Does God want 'neath some high dome,  
But that Thou fallen raise:  
Bring the poor from life's highways  
To thy home.

Worship God by doing good;  
Help the suffering in their needs.  
He who loves God as he should  
Makes his heart's love understood  
By kind deeds.

Deeds are powerful, words are weak,  
Battering at high Heaven's door.  
Let thy love by actions speak;  
Wipe the tear from sorrow's cheek;  
Clothe the poor.

Be it thine life's cares to smother,  
And so brighten eyes now dim.  
Kind deeds done to one another,  
God accepts as done, my brother,  
Unto Him.

### Lessons of Travel.

In our last, we had left Sherman and were descending into the valley of the Laramie, with the snow covered mountains all around. Here we learned a lesson of the utter uncertainty of the senses, when placed in new conditions. Conversing with one of our fellow travellers, a resident of Wyoming Territory, he asked our opinion as to the distance across the plain to the mountains. Knowing the deceptiveness of a water or land level, we estimated it at twice the apparent distance and called it ten miles, but were assured that it was more than thirty. This deceptiveness is caused by the rarefaction of the air in these elevated regions. Objects seem to be very near when really a great way off.

It is needless to attempt a particular description of the plains over which we passed—the hills through which we rushed, or the canons which astonished us by the grandeur and wildness of their wondrous scenery. The most remarkable of the many grand views, which greeted us, were in the canons of the Weber river. Among them were the Devil's Slide and Devil's Gate. On the north of our road, the red hills towered to the clouds, yet chiseled into almost every conceivable form. At times, they presented the appearance of a regularly fortified position, and at the next curve of our snake-like road, we would be startled by the apparition of a group of ruined palaces and castles. But, even here, our attention was called to the wonderful fact, that these precipitous mountains were once a mass of small water worn, pebble stones and sand, which had been worn down from older mountains of rock, and deposited perhaps in some vast river bed or delta; in time hardened into rock by heat or chemical action. Then in after ages, this vast bed of conglomerate rock, thousands of ages younger than the primitive or igneous, was thrown upon in the immense ranges we now see. But this was not all. Through the entire canon, on the north, the action of water upon the cliffs is apparent. It is impossible not to think that the beetling crags, which for miles so nearly overhang the Rail Road, were not once the beach of some ancient Ocean, whose waves wrought out those fantastic and weird forms, which pass before us as though we were in an enchanted land. Certain it is, that water has at some far distant period, for long ages, wrought upon these mountains, not only in fashioning their unique shapes, but also in cutting those fearful gorges, which are torn through rock and earth from mountain top to base. The Weber is a small stream, not larger than Battle Creek. It could never do the fearful work which has here been wrought. Some ocean or a Niagara must have done it. How many ages must have rolled away since these stupendous forces were at work. Ages numerous beyond computation; and yet the earth was old even then! Everywhere, whether we skim the prairie, ascend the mountain or thread the canon, we hear the earth proclaiming the eternal years of her duration, and laughing at the childlike ignorance of the God who inspired Genesis.

But, as we sped on toward the setting sun, "lo! the poor Indian" came in sight, and for the first time, we took in the full significance of phrase, "the poor Indian;" for in the most expressive sense of the word he is poor. Poor in his clothing, which is largely made up of the cast off rags of the white man. Poor, in his dwelling, for it can keep out neither wind, rain or snow, being little more than a few stakes and bushes stuck in the ground, with sometimes a ragged piece of canvas covered over the top. Poor also in his resources, for in many localities, where we saw him, there is no game of any consequence, and they engage apparently in no agricultural avocations. But, in the highest degree, he is poor in intelligence. The Indians, we saw, are children in intellect. But they are wild children, and as such should be treated. We could not resist an overwhelming sense of the ludicrous, as we thought of grave diplomats sitting down, in the dirt with these filthy half-naked painted children, to make treaties with an independent nation! A vast amount of sympathy, and not a little indignation, has found expression through the Spiritual Press concerning the Indian. No doubt it is all right and well, as an exponent of our moral repugnance to wrong, and also of our sympathy with the wronged of all nations or tribes. But it will alter not one

word or letter of nature's great sentence. The Red Man is doomed to extinction. Nothing can save him. He belongs to a non-progressive type of humanity, and hence, when he comes in contact and competition with a stronger race, he must go down in the struggle. The effort to civilize him will only hasten his extinction. It may be more human to blot him out with plough, hoe and Bible, than to use the Rifle and Cannon, but is the former the surer. Along the line of the Rail Road, he is a mendicant. He has learned English enough to ask for "two bits," and the most lofty exhibition we saw of the "nobility of the Indian," was his standing around the cars and begging for "two bits." We repeat, he is a child; belongs to a child race, never destined to reach manhood. The Indian in common with some other races, furnishes an illustration of arrested development. Long ages ago, they reached a point, beyond which they cannot go. In a small degree they may imitate the superior race, but imitation is not growth. We look upon the negro in the same light, and consequently think the most injury which can be done him, is the affirmation of his equality with the white man. The sooner we reverently listen to the teachings of nature, and fashion our laws and customs in harmony therewith, the better it will be with all. The Indian is, as we said, a wild child of nature. He cannot be tamed and live. He cannot remain wild, for progress cannot allow him room to live in his wildness. A thousand men can live in civilization, where only one could subsist with the wild habits of the Savage. He must yield his hunting grounds. Nothing can save them. If he goes on a reservation, a few generations will suffice for his burial. The Negro is different. He bears about the same relation to the Indian that the domestic hen does to the Prairie Chicken, or Pheasant. The Negro can endure domestication. How far he can resist the influence of competition, on equal terms with the whites, remains to be seen. However, we feel sure he must sink down to a secondary position, if not a lower one even, by virtue of his native inferiority. He will gravitate to his own place, by virtue of inevitable law. Let no one misunderstand us. We are for all men, black, red, white or yellow possessing and exercising all the powers they possess, without repression, but we have no idea, that according to man the privilege of using powers which he does not possess by nature, will create what nature has not bestowed. Those who do will see in time.

### The Apparent Failure of Human Life.

Nothing is more common than for us to refer to the divinity of the human soul, its greatness and wondrousness as themes of delight to the poet, philosopher and orator. And yet, judging by the common manifestations of every day life, we should come to precisely opposite conclusions, or, to say the least, should conclude that life was one grand mistake.

When we contemplate the vast numbers, who are deformed, diseased, enfeebled and insane; and, when we add to them the terrible array of those who drown reason, conscience and affection in the poison cup, the conviction is irresistible that mortal life is largely a failure in their case. Certainly, if happiness is "our beings end and aim," these classes are making most sad and bitter failures. Nor can we see how they can avoid suffering the consequences in the future life. Of course, the results will not be the same, but must be disagreeable in all. Ignorance and poverty, too often are the concomitants of these others, and intensify the disagreeable consequences flowing from them.

But, if we exclude those who are classed as unfortunate or criminal, as exceptional cases, and carefully estimate the better and more fortunate classes, we shall find abundant illustration of our assumption; for, we shall find them discontented, complaining and restless. They are not satisfied with what they have, and are seeking continual change as a sort of rest from the monotony of their surroundings. Young men and women leave the country and rush to the cities for change and happiness. Those in the cities flock to theaters, saloons etc., and out in the country for the same purpose. The incessant whirl of business, as well as the constant round of dissipation, is intended to meet this great demand for rest; but they only prove, in their incapacity to meet that demand, the failure of human life in its pursuits. Indeed, these efforts aggravate instead of curing. They amuse for a time, but cloy at last, even as the rarest dish becomes at length, not only distasteful, but even disgusting if we are forced to its constant use. When confined in solitary cells men become maniacs. "Variety is the spice of life," to a certain extent, and the constant repetition of the same thing, offend the palate, and also the mental tastes as well. Inattention to this, renders the society of persons disagreeable and repugnant to each other. No two persons, men or women, can live happily together unless they are all the while becoming new to each other. Thousands of wretched families are made so, because man or woman, or both, never grow, that is, never become new. They become cloyed—disgusted with each other, and come either to open war, or silent contempt and hate. And yet, in multitudes of instances, neither party knows the real cause of their trouble. Consequently they judge wrong and take any measures but the right ones to rectify their bad conditions. Failure is here, as every where else in human life. The same class of faculties, constantly employed, in the same treadmill round of action, must of necessity tire the user, and those with whom he comes in contact.

Now, if the soul, as we assume, is many-sided; if its powers are numerous, and all alike demand exercise as inexorable conditions of happiness, we may well expect this condition of unrest, this evident failure. 'Tis the clamor—the famine-cry of starving soul faculties. The unlovely, moral and social characteristics of our fellows, are only the hunger marks on famishing souls; or, the offensive ulcers perched, caused by improper or poisonous nutriment.

We shall not create happiness, shall not

achieve success, by simply changing our external surroundings, for we remain the same in essence, and, as we have shown, the root of bliss is in our own natures; and a culture, which develops our entire being, is alone success. It is only by a thorough, and more universal culture that life can be made to realize the possibilities of our aspirations. Contentment is a result of the appropriate exercise of all our faculties, upon fitting objects. It is the legitimate work of Spiritualists, to practically teach these important lessons. No other systems of religion can, for they all, in some way, fetter and restrain the inborn powers of humanity. Spiritualism alone teaches a religion broad enough to include the entire category of human powers and susceptibilities.

### Woman Suffrage.

The interest in the Suffrage for women seems to be more intense in California than east of the mountains. A portion of the women are in dead earnest in the matter, and are working accordingly. The opposition is correspondingly outspoken, and, as a consequence, the discussion is warm and spicy. So far as we have seen anything in the opposition press, it has been a very low order of slang. Argument seems to be at a discount, and ridicule and misrepresentation the convenient missiles used, by a base and truckling press, to crush out the efforts of the noblest women of any age. We wonder such men, as write against women to-day, can look their mothers in the face, or even think of them without a burning blush of shame. Still, on sober, second thought, we cannot wonder. The Bible and The Church, through long ages, have taught and enforced the subjugation and degradation of woman, and those who are loyal to these, must be hostile to the rights of woman. They can but regard the suffrage movement as a rebellion against Gods declaration "he shall rule over thee." And so it is. No one, with ordinary common sense, can read either old or new testament, and not see that woman's rights is not one of the doctrines of either. Like the Democratic idea, the conception of woman's equality, was then unborn. The men, who had no idea of the earth's form or motion, could never dream of any other position for woman, than slave or menial. "Wives obey your husbands in all things," was the divinely inspired of the "Chiefest Apostle." The Catholic Church, true to its instincts and traditions, opposes itself solidly to the movement. Those papers, which fish for Catholic votes, of course, obey the behests of mother church, and oppose also. Protestants, who are of the old church in sentiment and feeling, are also in the opposition. The odds are largely against the movement at present, but patience and labor will achieve success.

### Sunny California.

BY MRS. L. C. WILLIAMS.

From my earliest recollections, I have had an inexpressible horror of dark days, more particularly of those damp, uncertain ones; when mother earth seemed overlaid with clouds, whose threatening hues were green of their blackness. A rainy day in summer, when the air was soft with warmth and filled with promise, the roll of majestic thunder, or flash of vivid lightning, the shadows laying dim and quiet in the corners of the room, the bursting buds and reviving plants, all had their charms for me—and the sunshine peeping through the cloud rifts—bathing the earth with golden glory, and in a moment smiling through rainy tears, or hidden by a passing rain cloud, this too was filled with a beautiful meaning, the promise of returning light, which even then was heralding its approach. But those days, when the darkness was relieved by no such outbursts, when the leaden sky was dark with boding, a mantle was thrown over my spirits, dark as the cloud hues. Those days were rendered fearfully dark, by my physical and mental suffering; and, we believe it to be a scientific truth, that these days, which contain no sunshine for mother earth, are alike void of sunshine to human nature; and that no suffering is more terrible, no despair more perfectly despair, than that which sick humanity feels, in its sensitive soul, upon such sunless days. The damp air, which seeps with its lifeless presence an ague chill through your veins of every breath, fills you with aches and pains, retards digestion, and blackens life's prospects with dark forebodings, is more the cause of intemperance, suicide and many other of the catalogue of crimes than any thing else. Nor are we alone in this belief. It is conceded, that the majority of suicides, committed in Paris and many other large cities, are largely due to these dark days. And we know, that our most to be dreaded temptations have come us, when mother earth was robed in funeral garb, for no man or woman, was ever free from the blues, who was afflicted with dyspepsia in any of its forms. But to be transported, in a few days time, with the speed of lightning, over the vast plains and rocky steeps, which lie between the land of ague shakes, chills, fever and the like, into this land of sunshine, to awaken, after a few days and nights of shrieking and thundering over rock and rill, upon the "beautiful hills of California, where day after day of peaceful golden sunshine follows each other; one can hardly believe his senses, as he is borne in a day's time, from snow capped mountains, fierce winds and beating storms, into the balmy air of spring, which comes as a lullaby to the tempests one has left behind. On every hand, the eye is met with beauty—as the iron horse goes thundering on, we fit by fields green with wheat, valleys and hills all covered with many tinted flowers, the peach, pear, plum and apple trees all in blossom—the air filled with music of bird and bee. But this it is—and though we cannot fully realize that we stand in terra firma, we are convinced, by our reason, that we are in the famed city of San Francisco. Of California as a mining or gold State, we cannot give our opinion, but believe it ranks as one of the first. But as a farming, gardening,

or fruit growing country, as a beautiful spot to live in, and earn ones own bread by tilling the soil, too much has not been said, and we doubt if enough; for it very far exceeds our expectation, which were by no means tame. In the fullest sense of the term, it is a temperate climate, possessing many tropical advantages, with few of its extremes. Persons who have not seen with their own eyes, can form a poor idea at best of the real beauties of this land. A climate where heavy clothing may be worn any time of the year, yet permitting so sensitive a plant as the rose geranium to grow out of doors all winter. But we have seen every species of this beautiful plant growing out of doors in cemeteries and yards, in full bloom, and growing to the heights of from eight to ten feet, and covering a space from three to five feet in diameter. Fuschias, Cactos, English Joy, and many of the house plants, we tend so carefully in the East, here grow rankly out of doors all winter. The old residents of California inform me that San Francisco is not a climate index for the whole State, for there are a variety of climates, from the snowy Sierras to the soft summer climate. Owing to the peculiar ocean currents, and mountain ranges, the isothermal lines make peculiar bends, but on the coast it is far warmer than in the same latitude on the Atlantic coast. In San Francisco, there are high winds, rendering it quite unpleasant, sometimes of day, but you have only to cross the bay to find yourself in Oakland, a beautiful city of 10,000 inhabitants, where the aristocratic part of the community have residences, and the air is soft as a pure day. So if one like not one place, he has only a few miles lying between him and something better or more to his taste. But few can fail to like California with its variety of fruits, vegetables, flowers, climate and all things taken into consideration. For ourselves, we are more than delighted, our child dream more than realized. More anon.

### Letter from Mrs. H. F. M. Brown.

OAKLAND, CAL., March 22d.

EDITOR PRESENT AGE:—I was out in the yard this morning, watching the humming-birds among the flowers, and listening to the bird-songs in the trees. While watching and listening the morning paper came, so down I sat upon the piazza to read the news. Turning to the Eastern telegrams, I read of "snowed-in trains," of "March storms," and of "driving winds." Well, to my eyes these words looked a little odd. "Howling winds" do not belong to this summer climate. Before me rise the Contra Costa hills. They are out in green, gold and amethyst. Our Chinaman was cutting down and wheeling out the tall grass that cumbered the paths about the house. The roses, pinks and fuschias sweetened all the house. Just then the market man drove along, crying, "new potatoes! green peas! radishes!"

While I bless the fates for one comfortable winter, I do not, in my joy, forget Mrs. Warner, Mrs. Horton, and other brave and beautiful souls, who defy snow and winds in their desire to make the soul-world rejoice in beauty and bloom. I hope that these workers will be rewarded for their sacrifices.

But with fair skies and fresh flowers, California has been, the past half year, under a cloud. Thousands of mechanics are out of employment, and out of the means to live or to leave the State. Some men, driven by ill winds, are shovelling dirt, others are doing general housework, and taking home washing.

Various causes are given for the hard times. Some think the eight-hour law has done the mischief—capitalists refusing to build so long as men demand \$4 in gold for eight hours' labor. One of the city papers, in speaking of the cause of dull times, says: "First, we had George Francis Train, the 'political mountebank,' whose fine-spun theories concerning a great financial crash found currency in the minds of many uninformed persons."

Unfortunate Train! What a ruin worker! Well, in spite of Train, California is looking up again. I trust the laborer, his wife and fashionable daughters, have learned to live a little nearer their income, and lay by something for future dark days.

I have been up to Sacramento, where it is said the wisdom of the State is assembled. I went to witness the presentation of "The Woman's Suffrage Petition," by Senator Froude. The Senate Chamber was crowded, to listen to what might be said, *pro and con* this vexing question. Senator Froude is a large, well-proportioned man, with gray hair, bright brown eyes, dignified presence, and, taking him all in all, just the man one would be proud to call helper, friend. He impresses one as a soul who has been through this world having in view one grand object—making the world better by going through it. And now that he stands at Eternity's gate, looking back upon the places that will soon know him no more, he sees wife, daughter, and his country-women in bonds. They have need of his brave words, his honest works; so he speaks, and he strikes blow on blow, to break the chains that arrest and curse half the human race. Senator Froude made an eloquent speech in support of woman's claim to the franchise.

His speech ended, several younger Senators made little spread-eagle speeches, declaring their devotion to woman, and their great desire to keep them in the "sphere for which God designed them" (!) One man, with raven ringlets and the air of a dandy, was shocked at the very thought of allowing women to soil their fair robes in the foul political pools. What wonderful care some men have of woman's skirts! What right have the "political pools" to be foul? Who made them so? Pity some of these care-takers of women would not turn their attention to cleansing unclean places. By so doing they could render the world some little service.

The petitions were referred to a select committee, who gave the ladies a hearing. I had not the pleasure of listening to the speeches these women made, but the daily journals are loud in commendation of the remarks made by Mrs. Carrie M. Spear, Laura Cuppy Smith,

and Laura DeForeo Gordon. We expected much of these noble women, and we were not disappointed.

It was remarked in Sacramento during the debate, that the women who wanted the ballot—the best of them—were into all the newisms. Mr. Hayes intended his remark as a quietus to the question, but "be builded better than he knew." It is true that those three women who made the speeches before the committee are Spiritualists, and it is also true that Spiritualists lead in all movements for the good of the race.

J. S. Loveland is among us. San Francisco gave him a hearty welcome. He is needed. The work is great, the workers few. You may soon hear that he has resurrected and re-organized the dead lyceum. He will speak to the dry bones and they will live, and finish the work given them years ago to do.

The Oakland and San Antonio Spiritualists have united forces for a Children's Lyceum. We have met three times, and now number fifty-one children.

Angels help us to do well our work.

H. F. M. BROWN.

### Woman's Suffrage.

BY MRS. L. C. WILLIAMS.

Among the arguments which are brought to bear upon the suffrage movement, there are none which contains more truth, and none which goes more directly to the heart of any true worker for enfranchisement, than the fact that "women do not want the ballot." "Women are content in their slavish conditions, which are as death-knells rung and re-rung over all the magnificent possibilities, which lie sleeping in every woman's bosom. It is a sober truth, that a large class of women are sunken so deep in the mire of custom, that they cannot see the chains, and do not know they are captives. A large percentage of my own sex are afraid of being called strong minded—afraid it is not quite popular—afraid they will loose the approval of husband or lover; and many actually love the dependence which makes them menials or beggars, at the door of their liege, Lords, for that which should by right of their position belong to them. Women and men seem to think the ballot will require women to take the occupations of men; that to demand suffrage is to demand the right to plow, hoe, reap or mow. Now, this does not touch the question at issue at all. But, we can see no reason why a woman should be obliged to perform masculine labor, unless she be so minded, because she may have the right to raise a voice in the law making. Women are the mothers of the nation, and upon them naturally falls the care of the little ones—their fine spiritual natures adapt them to fill the countless little wants which children make, and of which men know so little. But men have regarded this position usually as being little or nothing; and, countless mothers have been driven to petty stealing, to supply the never ending wants of house and family, in fear of asking the father for the money which justly belonged to them. Now, we do not ask for anything but equality, and we demand that a law be made, by which, not only our shop girls, school teachers, etc., shall be remunerated accord to the labor performed, but the hard working farmer's and mechanic's wives placed in a condition in which they will feel themselves something better than beggars at the door of their husband's bounty. There will be fewer murders, fewer horse thieves, when woman can, of her own free will, buy, sell, trade, and act out her own impulses without fear. But women are to aid in this battle, not by clinging tighter to coat sleeves, but by an inborn strength, which scorns the helplessness of childhood, and raises itself to a level with men. If woman could know how she debases herself, in the eyes of men, by the small talk, which is the foolish enough to believe they admire, if she could see the covert sneer, and feel what a wall of stigma she is encasing herself in, methinks she would learn wisdom thereby. If women could know, when they deal in slanderous epithets about one another, how much they are weakening themselves: If they could realize that every condemnatory word, which they heap upon their own sex, only sinks them farther down in the scale of real dignity as a sex; and that the arrows poison tipped with their lack of charity for their kind, are sent hurling at them by the very men they seek to please; it seems to me, it would open their eyes to their true position. Women would despise themselves, for their folly, if they could know the deep injury they inflict upon themselves, when they seek to injure others. Men are more kind, more forgiving toward an erring woman than are her own sex. Their associations with vice, in which they are often forced to move, give them knowledge of the causes, and knowledge always gives liberality and charity for so-called sin. Heaven speed the day when women shall have a wider field of action, and better opportunities to see "the workings of human life. Then and not until then, will woman become capable of being her own true friend.

### Religion.

Religion is knowledge. He is most religious who has learned most of nature's divine revelations, or underlying principles, and is brave enough, and strong enough to enact them in his living. The man or woman, who feels the justice of a principle, and applies it, not the man or woman, whose highest convictions of right points out the true path, and they walk not therein, is not religious. The man or woman, who lives two lives, drawing in vain the tattered blanket of deception over the true man, and leaving another to the world, is not religious; for, in dividing himself against himself, he becomes a nonentity. Let us have spiritualists whose sunlit faces are an index of the true life within; let us have brave, strong men and women, who dare to place their standard high, and then let them attain it, though they sweat drops of blood, and their feet leave bloody marks, along the way. The reward will be sweeter, and the true religion, which will become the fountain of happiness, shall flow freely for the healing of the nations.

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MR. WM. H. HENDON, of SPRINGFIELD, Ill., for 20 years the law partner and intimate friend of President LINCOLN, contributes to THE INDEX for April 2, an exceedingly interesting and valuable article, giving a full account of Mr. LINCOLN'S Religious Views, and is followed by another, explaining his PHILOSOPHY, as connected with his religion.

The attention of NEWS DEALERS is called to this announcement.

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