





From the Detroit Tribune

FED PATRIA.  
(On celebrating the anniversary of the Michigan Soldiers' Monument, at Detroit, April 9, 1872.)

Through glade and glen, from deep to deep,  
The silent hosts of heroes sleep—  
Their arms at rest, their labor done,  
The battle fought, the victory won.

O'er some, through all the golden day,  
Fame's loudest echoes grandly play,  
And immortal and myrtle weave  
A dewy wreath for them at eve.

While floats around them, low and sweet,  
The prayer which loving lips repeat,  
O'er many more no trophies ring—  
Unmanned, unknown each sleeper lies.

With wilding fern or asphodel  
Alone to mark where valor fell,  
What thought above their dreamless sleep  
No mourner's head be bowed to weep?

What thought no sage their record write,  
Nor grateful bard their fame indite?  
Their glory gleams o'er every plain  
That bears their blood's redeeming stain.

Like the soft splendor of the stars  
When first they break their twilight bars,  
The pure effulgence pours around,  
And hallows the historic ground.

Pile ye the granite, rear the bronze  
For Freedom's brave, immortal sons—  
Rich though the tribute, rare the pains,  
A prouder guerdon yet remains.

When bronze shall waste, and granite fall,  
And dark oblivion mantle all,  
On generations yet to be  
Shall break the anthem of the free.

Forever wafting with its tone  
The names ye carve in crumbling stone:  
Forever bearing—blest refrain!  
The honors of the nameless slain.

Then sleep, ye silent heroes, sleep,  
Through glade and glen, from deep to deep;  
Nor foeman's shaft nor coward's blame  
Shall reach your everlasting fame.

And thou, O Empire of the Free!  
Beloved land, God compass thee!  
Still keep and guard thee in thy ways,  
Still prosper thee in coming days!

And ye, O People brave and blest!  
Love still our country's cause the best:  
Uphold her faith, maintain her powers,  
Defend her ramparts and her towers.

While waves her dauntless flag on high,  
While jingous salves shake the sky,  
Be praise to Him whose fiat broke  
The traitor's steel, the tyrant's yoke.

INTERNATIONALISM.

On April 10th, Mrs. Phoebe M. Kelsey, of New York city, delivered at Lincoln Hall a lecture on this subject; the following are some of the points:

In New York City we find the extremes of misery and splendor, of privation and of prodigality; some who labor from morning till night want for the most necessary food, clothing and accommodations, while others who never performed any useful work in their lives, riot in unbounded luxury and extravagance. But the evil is not confined to cities or to the East. In the West where the very air is redolent of freedom, the land is monopolized by speculators who in Washington luxuriate in their own palaces, their wives visiting in the "first society." But what supports their extravagance? One thousand men work hard on their farms in the West, one thousand women must go without calicoes, and three thousand children must be shoeless to keep this one speculator's wife in diamonds and jewels. Half the proceeds of all labor is absorbed by non-producers; those who labor the most possess the least, and the most disagreeable kinds of labor secure the smallest pay. Paul's rule that "if a man will not work, neither shall he eat," is not only ignored but reversed, and the ruling text in the East (with slight modification) is, "From him that hath not shall be taken away even that he hath."

Assuming the average product of labor to be one dollar per day in value, and five thousand days work in an average workingman's life, a railroad king worth three million, five hundred and forty-six thousand, two hundred dollars, has appropriated the life earnings of six thousand, six hundred and eighty-one men. At a recent reception, a diamond necklace on the neck of a silly-looking girl cost forty

thousand dollars, so that the labor of eight men, each for a lifetime, was employed in adorning a girl who probably never did a single useful act in her life; scores of better looking girls are sewing in New York, at starvation wages; and plenty of New York nabobs think nothing of paying as much for a dinner as a girl can earn in a month. Before the war there were conventions of slave-owners held in Charleston and in Mississippi, at which the conclusion was reached, as a matter of experiment, that it paid better to "use up" (work to death) a set of hands on a plantation in seven or eight years, than to keep them healthy and vigorous by moderate labor. Wade Hampton tried the experiment of gradually substituting cotton seed for corn in the rations, until the increasing death rates demonstrated that the operation was unremunerative.

But whatever indignation may be due to such deliberate atrocity, is equally due to Northern manufacturers. Within the past twenty years the wages of factory girls have been decreased, and their hours and labor increased, until their lot is now but little better than that of slaves—worked to exhaustion, crowded and poorly fed, no Southern planter ever figured more heartlessly as to the endurance of his slaves than do factory owners as to their employees. New York nabobs are also figuring to reduce the wages of their clerks to a minimum by the barack system of board; and if Anglo-Saxon blood grows restive under these schemes Chinamen are to be imported. The analogy between these and negro slavery suggests that as one system of injustice was swept away in blood, so may be another. "The Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

Workingmen in place of seeking for increase of wages, should labor to keep results in their own hands; there is no object in seeking to perpetuate the system of white slavery. The difference between rich and poor was never so great as now; the difficulty of supporting a family increases. Speculation and pillage are the order of the day; political parties are based on spoils; cunning men frame laws to secure land enough to make kingdoms, and the Supreme Court is at the feet of moneybrokers and landholders. We have twenty immensely rich men now to one before the war. Railroad monopolists charge ten dollars for a ticket costing but five dollars, riding free themselves in palaca cars. On every article purchased we pay a heavy advance on cost to some one who has the advantage of us, the rills of extortion swelling into a Mississippi, the results of labor thus contributing to the production of bonds by which their European holders sweep away in masses the results of our labor. The railroad, the grandest result of labor, has become the most fearful monopoly that the world has yet seen.

The value of a government depends on the extent of protection afforded, to which allegiance is proportioned. The preamble to the Declaration of Independence sets forth the legitimate purposes of a government; a comparison of present conditions therewith shows those purposes to be unfulfilled. "We, the people," is not appropriate to a government where more than half the people have no voice. "To establish justice;" injustice is pretty thoroughly established by governmental machinery. Aristocracy and serfage do not "promote the general welfare." It is time for the sons and daughters of toil to give notice to whom it may concern that they will have justice by whatever means. I have an abiding faith in the theories on which our own political structure is based; we have in our hands the ballot as the means of education; we can meet and consult when and where we please; let us be up and doing while so much of liberty remains, for there is no time to be lost. Settlers in California have been driven from their homes by United States soldiers unattended by any civil officer. On the Cherokee neutral lands, troops have been quartered in buildings used by the R. R. company to overawe twenty-five thousand settlers, (three-fourths of them ex-volunteers and their families,) on one thousand square miles of land all claimed by one company

under a pretended treaty sale made by a pious Senatorial swindler, who in 1866 was Sec Interior. Soldiers have been stationed in Chicago, though the Governor of the State made no call for them and expressed himself able to keep order, avowedly, as stated by Gen. Sherman, to protect bankers from their depositors and prevent strikes. See Sherman's telegraphic despatch of Oct. 12th, 1871. Railroad companies and capitalists have been planning for years to get control of the national army. Let them beware, or we may read in the Declaration of Independence the warrant of revolution.

Political action is necessary and there is no hope from either Republican or Democrat. The former party passed the eight hour law (but does not enforce it); it has given away (combining with the Democratic Congressmen,) public lands enough to make six states as large as New York State; by its banking monopolies it robs every one who handles its currency. Plundering, under its administration, has been reduced to a science. The Democratic party was pro-slavery; out of thirty-five Democratic members in the House of Representatives, twenty voted for the N. P. R. R. grant, and the Democratic rule in New York city is not encouraging. "To the shades with both parties; let the dead bury their dead." Let woman vote side by side with man; let legislature be founded on equal and exact justice; if no more special legislation is allowed there can be no more monopoly. We also need graduated taxation, (on a percentage increasing with income or property,) no more war, a universal practical education teaching people how to live. We also need to connect with every nation on the globe, so as to carry on a universal movement. The people know they are wronged, and need to learn the remedies, and the difference between demagogism and statesmanship.

Senator Wilson recently in New Hampshire, claimed that the Republican party having destroyed slavery, had made labor honorable; had advocated small farms as against large plantations. But people in the West say that a very large share of the best land has been given to railroad companies, and an equal portion reserved at two dollars and eighty cts. per acre, the railroad usually charging five prices. There is, however, progress in the right direction marked by Magna Charta, the Declaration of Independence and Emancipation; but I have more hope in the use of a party which shall aim both to establish justice among nations and to secure to each individual the last cent due. The field of such a party is the world. Such is the International.

[Remarks. At first sight, the subject matter of this lecture may seem inappropriate to a spiritual paper. It will be generally recognized, however, that Spiritualists are rarely recruited from millionaires, proletaires or paupers; excessive wealth, excessive toil and excessive poverty are all unfavorable to independence, free thought and the growth of the spiritual nature. It is the comparative absence of these conditions in the United States, the large percentage of the people as compared with other countries, that has probably made our land the nucleus of rational Spiritualism; and it has probably become necessary to its future growth, that legislation tending to make millionaires and paupers should be replaced by something very different.

VANGUARD.]

FOR THE PRESENT AGE.  
MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN.

BY W. J. SWEASEY.

The letter of a correspondent which appeared in the PRESENT AGE of March 9th, and the fact that the Indians are not likely to reply, make it my duty to give my experience. In 1850 I left Indiana for California. I had some cattle, several wagons, and a family without a mother, consisting of four girls and two boys, from the ages of three years to near twenty. I had with me a number of men who were to pay me for their food and passage out of the first money they earned in California. The day after we crossed the Missouri river one of the men said

he would shoot the first Indian he saw. I asked him why. He said because some years before the Indians had killed his uncle. Finding argument was in vain, and considering in addition to its injustice, that it would jeopardize the safety of myself and family, I told him, "if you shoot an Indian I will shoot you or any other man in this company who does." I was too well known for any one of my company to doubt my word, consequently we had no Indian killing or Indian difficulties. We often camped near places where, but the night before, there had been scenes of violence, and when I was off the road seeking grass I saw more than one poor Indian lying unburied where the white man's bullet had felled him. We had several visits from Indians, were always on the lookout for treachery, but always parted good friends.

In the fall of that year I took possession of a piece of land on Moquolinie river and fenced in a large tract by a trench and bank from one bite or bend in the river to another, and put in a crop of barley. In the spring a number of Indians pitched their tents within my enclosure. I went to drive them away off my land. I found that the men all talked Spanish, and as I also knew something of the language we could understand each other pretty well. I found the *Capatana*, whose name was Alvena, was no fool. His argument was manly—noble. I felt ashamed of myself and my position. The consequence was they cultivated a patch of ground where they stood as their fathers had done before them. They were my friends. They made a track through my barley to go inland, but excepting that narrow track they respected my rights and I theirs. Some time after this Alvena saved my life. But for his assistance I should have been drowned with the whole of my family looking on, but powerless to save. That fall some Indians below where I lived had a large patch of watermelons which some white men coveted. They were worth one dollar each where they lay. An accusation was brought against the Indians that they had robbed two white men who had settled near them. They applied to Dr. Elliot to help them clean the Indians out; he refused, but a number got together, attacked them in the night, killed quite a number of women, children and aged people, while a few of the most able escaped. The two white men took possession of all the poor wretches had, and justified the slaughter by asserting that they had proof of the robbery in the fact that they found part of a saddle amongst their effects. Dr. Elliot was so exasperated at the outrage that he went to Sacramento City to prefer a charge against the white men, but found none willing to accept it. They, in consequence, were so exasperated that as he was returning, when he was near his home, a bullet was put through his hat and he went for months after in danger of his life. I then moved into San Francisco county, but finding the claimants under Spanish claims so grasping, and that there were no Spanish away north, I resolved to look at the country and if it suited me to move there. With three others I went up Russian river to its source. We were there told dreadful tales about the Indians; they were cannibals and I know not what beside, but we determined to accomplish what we had left home for. Three nights after we left the settlement we heard a great noise and confusion, with an occasional pistol shot. In the gray of the morning we saw seven or eight men on horseback driving along a lot of Indians of both sexes and all ages like a drove of sheep or cattle, as we had heard of the Spaniards doing in former years. We saddled up as quickly as possible, overtook them, and with a little controversy and cocking our rifles, the Indians were allowed to go. One of the Spaniards I knew; his name was Sanchez, and he owned or rather claimed a large tract of land near San Francisco. Although foiled in that attempt, it appeared before they left they got some other poor wretches and drove them to Sanchez' ranch. A prosecution was the effect but it resulted in

nothing except large fees to lawyers, not paid by Indians. Our travels satisfied us that there was a chance to get homes, and pasturage for our cattle in Humboldt county outside of their infernal claims, and we returned to our homes. In the spring of 1854 we again started on a long and toilsome journey, a great part of the way over mountains with our wagons and cattle—mountains over which there is still no road, and which men crossing on horse back declare impassable for wagons, but we did cross them and some of the wagons are still here, as well as people to testify to the fact. We found the country full of Indians; they assembled around us in crowds and evidently considered us a superior race, but they did us no harm. One instance I will relate to show the estimate white men put on Indian lives. One of our party found a boy fourteen or fifteen years of age that had been living among the Spaniards and talked some Spanish, and found him useful to help drive cattle. We gave him a horse to ride and strapped a blanket on the horses back for him to ride on. For a day or two an old man was traveling with us who claimed to be the boy's father. The boy watched his opportunity and rode off with his horse; he was soon missed and pursued. The horse was found tied to a tree but the boy and the blanket were gone. When the pursuers came back a rope was thrown around the old man's neck and preparations were made to hang him. When I arrived at camp the rope was over a limb of a tree ready to pull him up, I objected, some sided with me, but the majority were for hanging; words occurred, the rope was cut and the old man ran away like a deer. In a few minutes our quarrel subsided without bloodshed. During this journey finding no trail, five of us left our little party and cattle in good grass to look for a passable trail. We took about two days' bread with us, depending on our rifles for meat. During the two weeks that elapsed before we rejoined our party we had known what hunger was; we had been without food quite a time when we got on Bear river. There we killed a very fine buck and had a gorgeous supper; fatigued we went to sleep and slept as gluttons will; after sunrise we were awakened by Indians. Our first start was to our guns, but we were surrounded by numbers, and instead of injuring us they seemed quite pleased, especially one great big fellow that we afterwards named Goliath. It was a strange scene. On the outer edge were a number of women and children; as we sat on the ground, not less than twenty or twenty-five stalwart fellows were grinning around us, some packing logs to our fire which they had rekindled. When we got up one of our party picked up his gun and in a few minutes killed a deer and we gave it to the Indians. All was mirth and jollity; we got our breakfast and determined to make Bear river our home. They piloted us to the coast. To them that was a sad determination of ours, for then there were not less than from three to five hundred Indians living on that small stream. To-day there is not one left. My companions all settled on that river; myself and family bought farms in the settlements. For the first year there was no difficulty; the Indians exchanged fish and berries for flour or potatoes, and helped to find stray cattle for the smallest pittance in food or raiment. The next year a man with a large stock of cattle came on the river with several men to help. One of them left his comrades at 9 o'clock P. M. to visit the Digger ranch; in the morning he did not come back. Two days afterward he was found secreted away, badly wounded, the Indian women nursing him. In a day or two afterward he died. Application was made to the parties who had settled on the river to turn out and help kill the Indians—they said no; we will get you the Indian who stabbed the man and you can do with him as you please. That would not do. They got help from the settlement and killed all they could find, men, women and children. Now these were the same people who less than two years before had treat-

ed us so hospitably; they then had us in their hands, they could have knocked the brains out of every one of us, possessed themselves of our horses and blankets—things then of great value to them—and we should have been missed by our families, our loss credited to the Indians, but not traceable to any one in particular. At the time of which I write there were but few families, and a great many of the settlers had Indian women living with them as wives, some one, some two, mostly children from fourteen to seventeen years of age. A gentleman whom the people of the county afterward sent to the legislature of the State, lived on this same river and had a large stock of cattle and two women. Deer were very plenty; he had killed a great many for their skins and hams which he smoked for his winter use. During his temporary absence his wife's relations made free with his stock of provisions; a few men turned out and some twenty or thirty paid for their hams with their lives, unresistingly butchered; and then to think of his women refusing to return to their affinity who had slaughtered their kindred! Enough for Bear river county, and white men's—yes, Christians' treatment of savages and barbarians. I assure you I am no special pleader but propose to continue this a little further, and at my leisure will finish the story of what I know of "man's inhumanity to man."

EUREKA, CAL. March 25th, 1872  
[Concluded next week.]

FOR THE PRESENT AGE.  
EMMA HARDINGE'S PLAN.  
BY SADA BALLU.

Emma Hardinge has proposed a plan whereby Spiritualists may prepare a form of belief to lay before the world.

This plan reminds me of the Council of Nice which ordained a portion of the mediumistic inspirations of their day as canonical, naming the remainder apocryphal.

Can such a process be fairly worked out, inasmuch as there is but one belief in which Spiritualists all perfectly agree?

Spiritualism is not responsible for any individual belief on action, neither for the enactments of any body of Spiritualists. Would not such a form, if thus set before the world, prove a bone of contention rather than the means of peace and harmony which Mrs. Hardinge desires? Would not the time, the means, and the efforts necessary for such an undertaking be better spent in procuring subscribers for our excellent Spiritualistic journals? Get the people to read the papers that "the world may know what Spiritualists believe." Spend the time in obtaining readers for "The Arcana of Spiritualism," by Hudson Tuttle, "The History of Modern Spiritualism," by Emma Hardinge, and other commendable works. Would this not be a more legitimate means of disseminating the truths of Spiritualism?

I trust that, in my own weakness I may not sit in mistaken judgment upon the earnest wishes of our noble co-worker, sister Hardinge; rather would I look into her inmost soul and appreciate her sincere desire to behold Spiritualism loom up as a mighty power of grandeur before the world.

Spiritualism is in no peril. The angels hold it in their keeping. "All is well!" All is working together for good.

WAUKEGAN, ILL., April 18th, 1872.

ROBERT COLLYER tells a good story about Fred Douglass. That unfortunate gentleman was travelling on a gusty night on a Sound steamer, and failed to get a berth. Tucked up as comfortable a corner on the deck as he could secure, he was pitted by one of the officers of the steamer who thought that he might perhaps do for him some little kindness. He was not very black after all. He went up to him, and with a meaningful look in his eye, touched him and inquired, "Indian?" Douglass understood him perfectly. Mr. Collyer said he feared he would have yielded to the temptation and said, "Yes." On the contrary, Fred Douglass said, "No—nigger!" and rolling himself carefully up, he made himself as comfortable in his stormy corner as possible. That reply indeed declared grit.







*(Continued from First Page.)*  
 "During this sitting the gas-light was perceptibly raised and lowered by invisible hands to suit the apparent demands of the occasion. At the close Owsen embraced the medium and promised a still clearer demonstration on the following evening. This promise was more than fulfilled, as the same spirit presented himself twelve times. His life-like was his appearance that his mother, who saw his hand resting on the curtain, said, 'Mark do you wish to shake hands with your mother?' when he immediately thrust his hand through the opening, his face beaming with joy and delight, and a great effort to speak and vanish. On the occasion the father, mother and sister of the young man were present, and the testimony of the parents is appended to the letter of the gentleman at whose house they witnessed the phenomena. All are well known citizens of New Haven."

Could anything be more favorable or more conclusive? Away from his own room, circumscribed so as to render collusion or fraud practiced by means of apparatus arranged for the occasion impossible, Dr. Slade triumphantly demonstrated in this one experience the utter falsity and absurdity of the statements made in the article known as the *Sun* expose. Well does Mr. Heman close his interesting statement by asserting that "Dr. Slade, aside from his wonderful medium powers, could no more have produced or assisted in producing those manifestations without my knowing it, than he could overturn my house by whistling at it. I have made this statement because I believe that justice to Dr. Slade, and the interest which every human being has in having the facts of these phenomena fairly tested, requires it at my hands."

Thus triumphantly do our "Convicted Impostors" demonstrate the genuineness of their spiritual gifts and the absurdity of the charges brought against them by their opposers. Never did anything so thrive on exposures as Spiritualism. Over and over again has it been annihilated by some giant of the supernatural, or of the materialistic school of belief. But from each death-blow it has arisen renewed and reinvigorated, and was never so strong in its might as to-day. In church and state its influence mightily felt, and soon it is to put forth its power in a new direction, dimly pre-figured as yet, but bearing directly and most vitally upon the progress of this American Republic. If any reliance at all can be placed upon the inspirations of the spirit world, we stand upon the eve of a social and religious revolution that shall convulse our body politic from its center to its circumference, and the hosts of heaven have their forces marshalled and are at work with all their energies precipitating upon us that conflict that shall insure the triumph of universal liberty, equality and justice—that shall sweep away the last vestige of political, social, or ecclesiastical tyranny, even as the war of the rebellion swept away African slavery.

NOTES.

The religious papers, and also the secular papers that play into the hands of sectarian religionists, are reporting vigorous revivals in various parts of the country. But the aggregate of the converts to sectarian Christianity made yearly, are outnumbered three times over by the converts made to Spiritualism and Liberalism. The churches know this, they feel it, and in many places they are beginning to realize that they have got to conform in a degree to the advancing liberality of the age or perish; therefore they are saying less and less about the demands of their creeds, and becoming more and more moderate in the advancement of their doctrines, so that it is an exceptional thing now-a-days to hear one of the old-fashioned rousing sermons that made sinners quake in their boots, and mothers grow pale with terror as they thought of their unregenerate children.

What does all this mean? "Calvin's Institutes" remain the same! "The Westminster Catechism" has never been changed. "The Thirty-nine Articles" are just what they were. The creeds of all the great denominational bodies of Christendom remain just what they were fifty, or one hundred, or three hundred years ago. And yet the man who should preach such sermons as Jonathan Edwards preached, would soon

find himself with an audience of empty pews. The secret of this lies in the progress of the age which compels churches to ignore their creeds to a greater or less extent, and conform their teachings to the advanced and enlightened religious sentiment of the day, which demands that the appeals of religious teachers be addressed to the intellect, the reason, and not to one of the blindest and basest attributes of man's emotional nature—his fear.

No more striking illustration of the truth of our affirmations could be afforded than is presented in the deliberation of a body of Methodist preachers in this city. An animated discussion took place as to the present test of membership in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Rev. Mr. Dickenson denounced the impertinence of any man or set of men placing any test whatever between the converted soul and the church. He even went so far as to say, if a man's life is holy and good, he could not see what harm a belief in Universalism, or in election, or in close communion could do, nor where in one was better or worse than the other. How is that as a note of progress from within the ranks of one of the largest evangelical sects?

Rev. Dr. True declared himself wholly opposed to the present test of membership, and declared that many of the ministers were not sound in regard to the canon of Scripture. A great many for instance do not think Solomon's song ought to be there, and to ask children and adults to assent to all that the Scriptures contain, and to the twenty-five articles of religion, is preposterous. Wesley selected those twenty-five articles out of the thirty-nine held by the Church of England in which he was a Presbyter, and for his part he had no doubt that if Wesley lived now he would strike out twenty of the twenty-five as he (Dr. True) was in favor of doing.

This discussion was spirited in the extreme, and the question was considered so vitally important that it was continued over until the next meeting of the Conference. The "old fogies" on this occasion were greatly amazed at the progressive ideas presented by their younger brethren in the ministry. And thus it is in all the denominations. The spirit of progress is abroad in all the air, and they cannot shut it out from the most zealously guarded precincts of sectarian fogysim. And of all the mighty agents of reform that are working out the redemption of humanity, Spiritualism stands at the head, the front general in the ranks. Especially is this true in relation to theology. As Homoeopathy has modified the old system of treating disease to such an extent that the doses given fifty years ago are now almost unheard of, so Spiritualism and Liberalism have softened and toned down the old theology to such an extent that the sermons of to-day bear about the same relation to those of fifty years ago, that the globules of the homoeopath do to the immense doses of calomel and quinine that were administered in co-operation with the sermons of Edwards and Emmons.

This is grand to contemplate for it foreshadows the day, not far distant, when these crumbling sect-walls shall wholly disappear and with them the last vestige of ecclesiastical authority. But at the same time we affirm that there is not a consistent sect in Christendom, not one. We allude to the so-called Evangelical sects; for there is not one that has not outgrown the letter and spirit of its creed, and there is not one that has the honesty to come out boldly and declare this, and wipe the dead letter from off its statute books. But in and through them all is working the leaven of our vital faith, and they are borne along toward the kingdom, all unconscious of the force that takes them on.

I would rather believe all the faiths in the Legend, and the Talmud, and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind.—Bacon.

The universe is as much a mental and spiritual phenomena as a physical fact. We find mind and all its attributes—thought, love, hate, hope, fear, in existence; we must concede an adequate cause for these; we must imagine for them an adequate cause; these attributes and affections in ourselves, indicate that the source from whence we came is of like nature. For universal finite life, there must be an infinite similar cause; hence Theism.—E. S. Wheeler.

The Present Age.

A Weekly Journal.  
 Devoted to Religious, Political and Social Reform.  
 Public Literature and General Intelligence.  
 COL. D. M. FOX, - - EDITOR.  
 Associate Editors:  
 DR. F. L. H. WILLIS, E. S. WHEELER.  
 W. F. JAMIESON, Corresponding Editor.

All Communications pertaining to the Editorial and Business Department, should be addressed:  
 COL. D. M. FOX,  
 304 Warren Avenue, Chicago.

HINTS TOWARD LABOR REFORM.

NUMBER II.

The Declaration of Independence, asserts the inalienable right of every one to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." If such a right exist, it involves the right to conditions in which it is possible to make the pursuit of happiness a successful enterprise, and this is the meaning of the fundamental assertion of the declaration. It is the duty of the government based on this proposition, to secure for all such political and social conditions, as shall make the attainment of the material means of happiness easy to the temperate and industrious. Because this has not been done, or attempted, but instead the power of government has been used to build up corporate oppressions of all kinds, which plunder the people who toil; and because the evils and wrongs increase, rather than diminish, the working people would be justified in rebellion and revolution, until government becomes what it should be to each and all, but mostly to the weak a providence and protection.

Hence we infer the obligation of government among other things, to shorten the hours of labor by wise legislation and statesmanship, as the first and most important requirement of the people; because without leisure, men and women become mere machines, or beasts of burden, to whom life is a painful stupor, liberty the name of a delusion, and the "pursuit of happiness" as impossible as the idea of an existence worthy the dignity of human nature is to them incomprehensible. In this position as impractical as those whose supposed selfish interest lead them to oppose it imagine and assert. It is not necessary that government first protect property and capital, which are always strong, directed by intelligence and able to care for themselves; governments are instituted by right, for the protection of the weak and untaught, against the usurpations of the strong and cunning; therefore in protecting the workpeople, and the poor, from overwork by corporate, or other task masters, no one is bound (though economy is essential regarding accumulated values) to see that property as far as it has built itself up by fraud and robbery, does not suffer by any changes which may be essential to the development of justice and progress.

But a change in the hours of labor, especially among manufacturers, can be made, and not only will the best interests of the workpeople be served, but the profits of business need not be diminished, nor the income of the capitalist lessened. No doubt there should be a decrease of usury, but it would not of necessity be the effect of an eight or even a five hour law. We can not fully follow out this matter in all its details, but will suppose a single instance. Consider a large cotton or iron manufacturer: the cost of power mills, machinery, stock and so forth, sums up to a total of a million; on this, the capitalist claims most unjustly, the right to expect ten per cent interest; this is one hundred thousand dollars a year. If the mill run twelve hours, less than one third more work may be done than if it were run but eight; and so to reduce the running time to eight hours, would be a loss in interest to the capitalist of nearly \$33,333.33 per annum.

Acknowledging the wrong, because discerning the fraud of such a rate of interest; we are yet aware that time destroys machinery, tools, etc., at a rate only exceeded by active use; but as the rusting and rotting of machines and buildings brings no profit, while interest accumulates incessantly, we see the desirability

that the mill should run steadily, run swiftly, and run many hours. We have no mercy on the insensate machines; we are only anxious they be worn out as soon as possible, turning out while they last the greatest practical amount of good work. But men and women are not made of stone, of brick, and of iron. We must have a different regard for them; they have minds as well as bodies. To bring the interests of the owner and manufacturer, and the needs of the operative in line, a very simple expedient will be all that is required. Run the mill sixteen, twelve, or ten hours, as may be found best, then have two sets of hands, and no person allowed to work more than one "turn." Even three relays of operatives could be employed in emergencies, and the mill run the whole twenty-four hours. The full use of all the facilities of manufacture; the turning out of great amounts of goods in the shortest time with the least amount of machinery would be among the least of the benefits capitalists would realize at first from this change. The population of manufacturing towns would more than double. Trade would increase, and until the people developed the good sense to organize co-operative stores, and throw such taxes on real estate as would make it valueless for speculation, much profit would accrue from the advance of property.

But most and best of all, leisure will admit of self improvement, and the result be a better and more skillful class of operatives, and work done in a better spirit, a better product and greater results for the same amount of pay.

We do not believe in the dogma that workpeople are "totally depraved," and only lack leisure and money to become the victims of drunkenness, and every kind of vice and folly. The same humanity characterizes all, and though the victims of social fraud and industrial oppression have been injured and disgraced by that which they have suffered, still with conditions and opportunities such as others have grown by means of they too, can and will improve.

Indeed it is from the natural life of labor, study, and recreation, of which each should have a due portion, that the best human results are produced; and we may therefore confidently look to the workpeople of the future for the noblest physical, mental, and moral representatives of humanity. There are enough such now, to warrant such an assumption.

The fatigue of labor, the weary limbs, the aching head, the failing faculties, the ruined health, the premature death induced by overwork and underpay, are not the things of which the worker has most cause to complain; but it is this everlasting preoccupation and overoccupation; this eternal work, work, work, without time to eat or sleep which deprives the soul of its natural rights. The best portion of life is utterly impossible, for want of time to live it. For the operative even the sun shines in vain; in vain for him the bloom of spring, the glories of summer; the book of Nature is a sealed book, unless, on some rainy Sunday, they run the risk of orthodox damnation in order to catch a glimpse of its pages. Of what use are libraries and books and galleries of art, when one has no time to read or see, except it be stolen from sleep, or taken at the loss of every moment of recreation?

THE ENVOIUS MAN IS NOT WISE.

"The whispered tale That, like the fabled Nile, no fountain knows, Fair-faced deceit, whose wily conscious eye Ne'er looks direct. The tongue that licks the dust, But when it safely dares, as prompt to sting."

The readers of THE PRESENT AGE will remember that we recently published a notice of the *American Spiritualist*, in which special mention was made of Mr. Geo. A. Bacon, congratulating all concerned upon his assumption of the duties of associate editor. Coming from the pen of our associate, E. S. Wheeler, a personal friend of Mr. Bacon, we published exactly as we received it; not a word was altered, and we supposed

we had performed a fraternal and courteous act. Imagine our surprise when we found, as we did by the *Spiritualist* of April 20th, that Mr. Wheeler by writing and we by publishing this, as we believe, well meant paragraph of kindly notice and criticism, had injured the susceptibilities of the editor, Mr. Peebles, and thrown the manager, Mr. Wheelock, into a towering passion. In his ravings, Mr. Wheelock accuses us personally of everything the reverse of candid, fair and honest. The language by which he disgraces the *American Spiritualist* we cannot copy, since good sense and our personal tastes have led us to keep the *PRESENT AGE* unswayed by such coarse and weakly foolish phraseology.

The falsity of Mr. Wheelock's calumnies is probably a consideration of small influence with him, since he evidently writes in the intemperate language of hatred and passion. We are sorry to say the past has given us similar evidences of his ill-will, for which he has no reason but the unworthy one of envy and malicious jealousy. We have again carefully read the notice of Mr. Wheeler, and fail to see cause for the serious objections made to it, but however it may have been regarded, we cannot be held personally responsible, and are most unjustly and outrageously abused by Mr. Wheelock's vilification regardless of any supposed provocation. THE PRESENT AGE has ever been courteous and fair, in intention at least. We have in times past reciprocated the favors of the various editors of our cotemporary. Of late however, though some of them have *despite its manager*, noticed us briefly, we have been compelled by the published spleen of Mr. Wheelock, to be silent as to the *American Spiritualist*, or reply to his slanders in a way which would be as unpleasant as just and truthful. If the readers of the *Spiritualist* would put the name of E. S. Wheeler where it occurs in the comments made by J. M. P. it will read as follows:

Could not E. S. Wheeler have referred to the retirement of our friend Hudson Tuttle—friend by virtue of the "mystic tie," as well as in book-making and those genial sympathies growing out of a mutual belief in angel ministries—without a covert sneer? And could he not have eulogized George A. Bacon, who richly deserves all said, without a stab at others?

The name of Mr. Wheeler should also be substituted instead of our own in the comments of A. A. W. wherever allusion is made to Mr. Wheeler's notice so uncharitably criticised. It will thus be seen that this "matchless hypocrite's attempt to insult two of the editors of this paper" is by quite another person from the one intended to be hurt. We cannot condescend to answer Mr. Wheelock by recrimination; we are only disturbed by that which occurs on our own plane of spiritual growth; for, better or worse, our instrumentalities and methods differ from those of Mr. Wheelock. With every other person connected with the *American Spiritualist* in the present or past we are in amity and friendship, and only regret that fraternity courtesy and decency alike are impossible, to some unfortunate persons whenever they imagine a co-worker divides with them either praise or profit. Envy, jealousy and uncharitableness are things we hope to keep free from forever.

A. A. W. exaggerates as is customary, when he says that six or eight favorable notices of the *PRESENT AGE* have been published in the columns of the *Spiritualist* since he has had charge of it; and he fails to say that they were published against his wishes, and that he refused to permit the publication of notices of books we published, although we have cheerfully used many columns of the *PRESENT AGE* at various times to notice the works of Hudson Tuttle and J. M. Peebles, as well as more recently the book published for Mrs. Louisa Shepard under Mr. Wheelock's supervision.

A. A. W. by management of which some of his former associates can "a tale unfold," managed to get the control of the *American Spiritualist*, and secure to himself the position of *manager*. The result has been a marked illustration of the adage "Pigmies placed on heights are pigmies still," for however well he may

have managed the financial affairs of the enterprise for his own benefit, as an editor he has been unable from native ignobleness to rise above snarling impressions of personal hatred and malice. Extreme sensationalism in his forte, and in some direction his controlling passion must be gratified.

But we have no disposition to follow this matter further. A. A. W. has forced an issue where none was made, and scandalized journalism by language unworthy the most partisan newspaper. He has injured himself more than us, but unfortunately done as in other cases, more harm to the cause of Spiritualism than to either of us. We hand the whole matter to our associate, Mr. E. S. Wheeler. Perhaps we cannot do better than to use the language of J. M. P. and say "This position he is abundantly competent to fill," he never hesitates, and we are confident his style will vary from Mr. Wheelock's although he knows him well.

CUT THROAT JOURNALISM AND SOCIAL ASSASSINATION.

When a small ill-natured mischievous boy is detected in a fault and called to account, he sometimes meets good advice by making ugly faces and calling bad names. A recent editorial from the manager of *The American Spiritualist* reminds us of the practice. Personally, in common with all peaceable, well disposed people, we have regretted the disgusting personalities which have befouled some of our Spiritualist journals, and in a friendly notice of the assumption of the position of associate editor by our worthy brother Geo. A. Bacon, in a late issue of the *PRESENT AGE* we took occasion to remark.

*The American Spiritualist*, from which Mr. Hudson Tuttle recently withdrew leaving J. M. Peebles in his late editorial position, has now as its assistant editor, George A. Bacon, of Boston, Mass. The more the influence of Mr. Bacon is felt in the paper, the more rapid will be its improvement. He is an industrious and careful writer, who without any great pretense does some terse and useful work. He is also a critic in literary gems of the philosophic and spiritual kind. His comments are consequently valuable.

It is to be hoped his sense of the need of courtesy, fairness, and magnanimity may operate to reform some abuses in Spiritualist journalism. That jealousy and envy may never characterize our movement in any particular, is most desirable, and Mr. Bacon or any other writer, speaking in a medium, will be welcome to public notice in proportion as they find it in their nature to avoid for themselves, and discourage in others, a course marked by actions biased by unworthy passions. Be whatever course any one may take, our efforts still should be "with charity for all and malice towards none for the right, God gives us to see the right."

(We reprint the entire notice at this paragraph offense was taken the matter is made personal; the paragraph attributed to Col. Fox and he is denounced by the manager of *The American Spiritualist* in the most gross and libelous manner—libelous even if every accusation were true; such an oblation we have never seen in print in our whole newspaper reading.

Now as Col. Fox did not write the article; as the honest praise of friend Bacon did not detract from Bro. Peebles; and as the manager deserved no notice from the *PRESENT AGE*, having used the language of insult when speaking of it editorially, this assault was as much out of place as it is out of character.

And that is what came of our effort to "harmonize conditions!" The manager commences his diatribe as follows:

Our associate has sent us the above with the gentle hint that something needed in our line. It has always been motto with us, that if we said any thing of a person, "we would speak of a man as we find him."

If bitter personal attack upon the supposed authors of kindly general criticisms are his "line" he has chosen a graceless and unworthy speciality. To "speak of a man as we find him" may easily be to speak of him with monstrous injustice, and therefore we are bound to follow to some degree a better rule as to personalities: "If we can say no good say nothing" even in private conversation, and offence and injury is to be avoided. The columns of a published journal. We wish his "line" led him to quote and not garble.



...speak of a man as we find him' ...  
 ...M. Peables should imagine ...  
 ...a private matter, as far as ...  
 ...we "guess" however, his line ...  
 ...in line with the line of the ...  
 ...our friend J. M. P. culo- ...  
 ...should Mr. Tuttle detect the ...  
 ...and point it out to us, he ...  
 ...our most abject apolo- ...  
 ...however and whenever we ...  
 ...from him, he is too much ...  
 ...after our own heart, and "a ...  
 ...worthy of our steel" to be ...  
 ...ambiguously. Can it be, ...  
 ...Peables is hurt, because we ...  
 ...speak of him in our little ...  
 ...No. The pilgrim knows us ...  
 ...besides the columns of ...  
 ...from him and *The Ameri-* ...  
 ...*Spiritualist*, which have appeared ...  
 ...with due credit on the pages ...  
 ...PRESENT AGE, should have sat- ...  
 ...him as to the disposition of its ...  
 ...toward him and the ameni- ...  
 ...of journalism, as it has mani- ...  
 ...to the public the opinion en- ...  
 ...of his ability.

success the persistent energy of its management must win, if that force can be directed into legitimate channels, and not allowed to degenerate into violence, and betray itself into ferocity when following the editorial line, on the track of personalities. It may be a pleasant occupation to "sling ink" at those we hate and would hinder, but none of us like a rejoinder in kind. Even the manager of our cotemporary, would not be happy under vivisection. We cannot better end all this and bury it forever, than by quoting that disciple of love and peace, J. M. Peables, *Banner of Light*, March 23, 1872.

It is not a light thing to even report what may be used to the injury of another. The presumption is, that the willing bearer of bad news is himself bad. There must necessarily be some affinity between the evil report and the carrier. "Dogs that bring carry bones," is a Spanish proverb. That an evil report is true, does not help the peddler of it. The small-pox and measles are realities—let those that have them, keep quiet. It is presumable that individuals love what they bear to others. Suppose your neighbor has served a term in the penitentiary—and you know it—is it necessary to tell it to others? Is the Police Gazette just the kind of a family journal? To hold back part of facts, is a common way of lying. False constructions are viciously mean. The truth of one's words cannot always be understood by the words themselves—there are qualifications of time, place and circumstance. Unless I can help my neighbor's failings, let me never hear of them; unless I can win him from his wickedness, let me know nothing of his weakness. In the world of spirits, if not in this, it will be seen that every thorn thrown into the reformer's pathway will cling to the heel of him who hurled it.

**THE FALLEN CITY.**  
 BY NETTIE M. PEASE.

[The following beautiful poem written on the occasion of the author's first tour among the ruins of the "fallen city" a few days subsequent to the great fire, was published in one of the small issues of the PRESENT AGE. By request we republish in our present larger and better form for preservation.]

As I walked through the fallen city,  
 My soul to its depths was stirred  
 By the awful scenes around me,  
 And the tales of horror heard.

Transformed to dust and ashes  
 Are its mansions costly and rare,  
 And even its sacred temples  
 The fire-fiend did not spare.

Down into dust and ashes  
 In its glory and pride it fell:  
 Oh God! what tales of anguish,  
 Those blackened ruins tell!

The crumbling walls left standing,  
 The piles of brick and stone,  
 The heat and smoke still rising,  
 As from a demon's throne.

The trees robbed of their beauty,  
 Their long limbs black and bare,  
 Seem like sentinels on duty,  
 In the region of despair.

The moaning, sighing night-wind,  
 Wandering from place to place,  
 Like some sad, restless spirit,  
 Earth's memories to efface.

Drives from my heart all lightness,  
 And fills my eyes with tears  
 For the fate of the beautiful city,  
 That fell so young in years.

There are miles and miles of ruins  
 Standing to mark the spot  
 Which, through all coming ages,  
 Will never be forgot.

Alas! there are other ruins  
 Concealed from human sight,  
 The remains of those who perished  
 On that most fearful night.

Down in the dust and ashes  
 A thousand victims lie,  
 The fiery walls closed round them  
 And they were doomed to die.

Transformed into dust and ashes  
 Is this the fate of all?  
 Doth the soul in God's own image  
 Into oblivion fall?

Out of the dust and ashes  
 An answer quickly came,  
 That thrilled throughout my being,  
 And set my heart aflame.

Out of the dust and ashes  
 I saw a child arise,  
 With the light of heaven on his forehead,  
 And in his azure eyes.

Out of the dust and ashes  
 The child looked up and said:  
 "My body lies under the ruins,  
 My spirit is not dead."

"Down through the smoke and the burning  
 A beautiful angel came,  
 And throwing her arms around me,  
 Carried me out of the flame."

Thank God! that dust and ashes  
 Cannot reach the immortal mind,  
 They only take the casket;  
 The soul they cannot bind.

**Editorial Notes.**

We continue to receive many expressions of commendation for the general excellency of the AGE in all its departments, but especially do our poetical contributions receive words of praise from correspondents. The present number will in this respect compare favorably with any former issue. We have "Biding the Time," to Miss Ellen M. Harris by Anna Herbert. Miss Harris has been in our employ in the office of the PRESENT AGE for the last two years, where many of our readers have met her, and none have known her but to praise. Those who have known her best will the better appreciate the utterances of the poet. We have been requested to republish the beautiful inspirational poem entitled "The Fallen City," composed by Miss Nettie M. Pease while standing amid the ruins of Chicago a few days subsequent to the fire. We published the poem in our small issue the week after the great calamity, when perhaps it could be better appreciated than now; but as we have many new subscribers who have never seen it, we comply with the request. We have a pretty poem by the controlling spirit of one of our Louisville contributors to "My Medium," from whom our readers have frequently heard. PRO PATRIA by Henry M. Look of Michigan, will be read with deep interest by all who cherish a love for our fallen heroes. To all who participated in the fearful struggle these words are doubly dear, and every patriotic freeman will pray that the following stanza may prove a truthful prophecy:  
 When bronze shall waste, and granite fall,  
 And dark oblivion mantle all,  
 On generations yet to be  
 Shall break the anthem of the free.

**THE WOODHULL CLAPLIN WEEKLY.**

We continue to receive numerous complaints of the non receipt of the *Weekly*. In some instances the parties write us that it came for a time, then ceased. We again make the request that all persons who have not received it, and are entitled to it, will write immediately to the publishers, 44 Broad street, New York City. We always send the names of subscribers received, and unless we hear otherwise, suppose the paper is being received. Mistakes will occur more or less, but we think they have been much too numerous in that office. We have this week again sent forward the names of all who have complained to us for the last two months, and hope all mistakes may be speedily corrected.

**Personal.**

EDWARD S. WHEELER, associate editor of the PRESENT AGE lectured last Sunday in Waukegan, Ill. His subject in the morning was "The System of Spiritualism;" in the evening, "The Facts and Science of Spiritualism." The discourse was attentively listened to in the morning by a small audience on account of the terrible storm, but in the evening the storm had passed over and the audience was large. After the close of the lecture Mr. Wheeler gave opportunity for the presentation of subjects for poetical improvisation. Several were suggested, but the audience by vote expressed a preference for the one last proposed, "Evil." The effort was a masterly one, and gave entire satisfaction. Mr. Wheeler is one of the best improvisators we have. We wish his physical strength was sufficient for the demands made upon it by the mental.

W. F. JAMIESON has been laboring successfully in Van Buren county the last two weeks. May 4th and 5th he will attend the Van Buren County Circle, meeting at Hartford, to which place we forward specimen copies of the PRESENT AGE for his use. Brother Jamieson is our most active agent, and we hope to hear a good report of his success in securing renewals and new subscribers for us. Next week he will again be in Chicago attending to the publication of his new book, "The Clergy a source of danger to the American Republic." We hope to see this book obtain at once a wide circulation. Everybody should call attention to it. It may be ordered from the office of the PRESENT AGE.

NETTIE M. PEASE is speaking the Sundays of this month and the first two of May in Clyde, Ohio. She will respond to calls for lectures in that vicinity on week-day evenings during the time mentioned. She is unengaged the last two Sundays of May and also the Sundays of June. Address as above at 364 Warren Avenue, Chicago.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

By publishing the following poem we would not intimate that contributors for the PRESENT AGE, more than others, need to "boil it down." It is, however, a fact that very many of us need the advice thus given in rhythm. If we should occupy an hour in writing upon the subject, we should fail to more clearly indicate to our contributors the importance of studying brevity:

**BOIL IT DOWN.**

Whatever you have to say, my friend,  
 Whether witty, or grave, or gay,  
 Condense as much as ever you can,  
 And say it in the readiest way;  
 And whether you write of rural affairs,  
 Or particular things in town,  
 Just take a word of friendly advice—  
 Boil it down.

For if you go spluttering over a page  
 When a couple of lines would do,  
 Your butter is spread so thin, you see,  
 That the bread shows plainly through;  
 So when you have a story to tell,  
 And would like a little renown,  
 To make you sure of your wish, my friend,  
 Boil it down.

When writing an article for the press,  
 Whether prose, or verse, just try  
 To utter your thoughts in the fewest words,  
 And let them be crisp and dry;  
 And when it is finished, and you suppose  
 It is done exactly brown,  
 Just look it over again, and then  
 Boil it down.

For editors do not like to print  
 An article lazily long,  
 And the busy reader does not care  
 For a couple of yards of song;  
 So gather your wits in the smallest space,  
 If you'd win the author's crown,  
 And every time you write, my friend,  
 Boil it down.

**Corresponding Editor.**

W. F. JAMIESON.

**MY YOUNGEST GOD-SON.**

It rejoices the paternal heart when progeny exhibit talent. But my godson, Robert, is not the first boy in the history of the race who came to think he knew more than his "daddy!" In the PRESENT AGE of April 20th, he gives an instance of bad logic to prove that a hatter is a mechanic, and a blacksmith is not. He committed the blunder of supposing that if he stated a sophism, it in some way, proved I had been guilty of sophistry! His effort to show that a blacksmith is not a mechanic is about as applicable to my reasoning as the young student's "logic" was to the two roast ducks which his father was about to carve.

"Well, sonny, how are you getting on in your studies?"

"Admirably, father, admirably! I took up the study of Logic last term, and to show you what a noble science it is, I can prove to you and mother that there are three ducks on that platter!"

"Impossible! There are only two, my son."

"Well, father, there is one, is there not? and there is two," pointing to the second, "and one and two are three!"

"Sure enough! Wife, I will help you to the first duck, I will take the second, and our boy, fresh from college, may have the third for his smartness!"

I supposed I had sufficiently instructed Robert so that he would not attempt the impossible task of destroying a sound syllogism by placing a sophism beside it.

In my last article left at the AGE office nearly two weeks ago, but not yet published, the question whether certain words are repudiated by Spiritualists is fully presented, I show beyond dispute, I think, that Spiritualists have repudiated words. Robert says, "the judgment that deems these will blot out the entire language." By no means. Many words have already been deemed by the best English scholars. "Son" Robert takes the argument by the blade instead of the handle, when he is forced to admit that radical changes have characterized nearly all the words of our language. As a result of these changes many words have dropped out entirely, become obsolete, published last week.—Ed. AGE.

were "doomed"—and the "entire language" is not blotted out, as Robert argued would be the consequence of such a course. Something the matter with sonny's logic here! In fact the very opposite is true. It is by this process of constant changes, dropping many words and adding better ones, that has enriched our language. Had all the old English words been retained we would have had, instead of a flexible tongue, an unwieldy, cumbersome language. As new words are being coined, many old ones become useless, as I can clearly see will be the case with the words "Christian," "Christianity," "heaven," "hell," "devil," "death," "create," "God," "damnation," etc.

I must confess that I am a little surprised to see some Progressives conservative on this question of language, when it is a well-known fact that every distinguished linguist concedes that a changeable language indicates a progressive people. Those nations that boasted of their unchangeable laws, customs and language, were fighting against Nature, and became weak. Every new phase of science has brought us a fresh stock of words. My "son," Robert, would have us infer that ours is a perfect tongue—"Our beautiful and flowery English, that has reached its present glorious symmetry." The English is but in its infancy yet. It promises much for the race, because it is growing! Growth means segregation as well as aggregation, to take from as well as to add.

Even the "Orthodox" cannot grow without repudiating words that grew dear to their Puritan ancestors. As an illustration I will refer to the word "damnation." Many Christians ignore that word in toto. They neither believe in the word nor the idea which it was used to represent.

Nothing has proved such a damage to a so-called infallible revelation as the mobility of our language. The believers in an unchangeable revelation have had their souls wrung with torture because the language would not remain as fixed as they desired revelation to be. Consequently the greatest theologians have admitted the necessity of frequent revision of "God's Word," but they beheld with consternation that such revision was at the expense of its infallibility, so that the mass of them prefer the imperfect old to the improved new translation, or revision.

Noah Webster in his new revision of the Bible said, "in the lapse of two or three centuries, changes have taken place." He also said in his preface, "Some words have fallen into

He declares that there are words in King James' version that "present a wrong signification, or false ideas." This putting "Words versus Ideas," therefore, is unphilosophical. Words, if not true signs of ideas are base counterfeits. This was Webster's thought. Webster speaks of words that "have ceased to be a part of the living language." My opponents have taken the position that if any words are repudiated or banished that the same fate is in store, as Eccles says, for the "entire language." Mr. Webster did not think so. He said the English has "lost very many of the words" which belonged to it several centuries ago. It is a fact, too, that one half its vocabulary is borrowed from other languages, especially the French and the Latin.

There may be those who may think the right use of words is of but little importance. Why then expend millions upon the rising generation to make it acquainted with the proper use of words? A loose, careless use of language accompanies confusion of thought. Correct language facilitates the discovery of truth. The Spiritual Philosophy requires, and is entitled to a nomenclature distinct from Christianity or any other system of religion.

Robert defines "God" as "good" the opposite of evil or ignorance. "Good" is a quality; evil and ignorance are conditions. Evil is not an entity. Why call "good" an entity? His definition destroys his individualized God, and Robert stands in the light of his own definition, an Atheist like his "god-father," a veritable "chip of the old block."

His definition of "Religion, allegiance to good or knowledge" is wrong. He says "Nature is organized." Natural Philosophy would teach him better, that Nature includes both the organized and unorganized. Is space organized? Is ether?

My youngest boy wants to know if there can be an effect without its equivalent cause. No, sonny. What of it?

Another question: "Man is intelligent. Can aught save intelligence produce intelligence, its only equivalent?"

It must first be shown that intelligence is produced. If it is true that nothing but intelligence could produce intelligence, and God is intelligent, did he produce himself? If not, and intelligence is its own only equivalent, who or what produced God's intelligence? W. F. J. BREDSVILLE, Mich., April 18th.

**The Present Age.**

A Weekly Journal.  
 Devoted to Religious, Political and Social Reforms, Political Literature and General Intelligence.

**An Independent Critic on all Popular Movements.**

COL. D. M. FOX, - - - EDITOR.  
 364 WARREN AVENUE, CHICAGO.

Associate Editors:  
 DR. F. L. H. WILLIS, of N. Y. Office, 213 West 23d Street,  
 E. S. WHEELER, No. 6 Gloucester Place, Boston.

**Woman's Department,**

MISS NETTIE M. PEASE, EDITOR.

**The Home Circle,**

ANNIE DENTON CRIDGE, EDITOR.

W. F. JAMIESON, Corresponding Editor.

Terms of Subscription:  
 ONE YEAR..... \$ 3.00  
 SIX MONTHS..... 1.50  
 THREE MONTHS..... .75  
 FOUR COPIES, (one year) to one post office..... 10.00

Advertising Rates.  
 Per Nonpareil Line, Each Insertion,  
 1 Time..... 50 cents  
 4 Times (1 month)..... 15 "  
 13 " (3 months)..... 32 "  
 26 " (6 months)..... 60 "  
 Editorial Notices..... 40 "

Remittances for subscriptions or renewals if addressed to either of the associate editors will receive prompt attention. We prefer to have all communications in the east addressed to the New York office. E. S. Wheeler will act as General Traveling Agent, and will appoint Local Agents at all desirable points.

To every new annual subscriber, and to every old subscriber who renews for one year, we will send Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly. Read the following:  
 We have made arrangements with Col. D. M. Fox to send our weekly Journal to all new annual subscribers to the PRESENT AGE, and all present subscribers who shall hereafter renew their subscriptions for one year. WOODHULL, CLAPLIN & CO.

In all cases, subscribers, in remitting payment for the PRESENT AGE, will send their orders to Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly. If not specially ordered, it will not be sent.

THE PRESENT AGE..... \$3.00  
 WOODHULL & CLAPLIN'S WEEKLY..... 2.00  
 WESTERN RURAL..... 2.00  
 We send all three for..... 5.00

Saved by subscribing with us..... 2.50  
 THE PRESENT AGE..... 3.00  
 WOODHULL & CLAPLIN'S WEEKLY..... 2.00  
 WESTERN RURAL..... 2.00  
 We send all of above for..... 5.00

Saved if ordered of us..... 3.00  
 THE PRESENT AGE..... \$3.00  
 WOODHULL & CLAPLIN'S WEEKLY..... 2.00  
 WESTERN RURAL..... 2.00  
 We send all of above for..... 5.00

**OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.**

We are pleased to welcome once more in its full size, our cotemporary, the PRESENT AGE, which since the Chicago fire has been gradually increasing its borders until No. 1 of Vol. VI. lies on our table looking as if it meant work in a city where there is so much required of its activity. It is published at 364 Warren Avenue, Chicago—New York office, 213 West 23d Street. Col. D. M. Fox, with Dr. F. L. H. Willis and E. S. Wheeler as associates, and W. F. Jamieson, Corresponding Editor, will with determination continue the struggle which all liberal newspapers must keep up with an opposing world. In his salutatory address to the readers of the new volume, the editor has laid out a plan of work which he shall endeavor to make the AGE a faithful reporter of the facts of Spiritualism and an exponent of its science and progress, as well as the honest teacher of the sceptical and ignorant, and the morality of practical sense and humanity."

"Not denying the use of any publication, and the excellence of some, there is yet left a position of the field of action unoccupied, where a good work may be done, if the liberal Spiritualists of the time can be induced to second our efforts."  
 "Aspiring to preserve the good and develop the better, and at once frankly repudiate help that must be bought by compromise of truth, or retained at the cost of freedom of speech."  
 "Aspiring to preserve the good and develop the better, we ask the help in every way of all true hearts and clear heads, in our effort to establish the supremacy of the best."—Banner of Light

The Chicago Present Age has reappeared from the ashes of Chicago, and appeals to the Spiritualists of the country who are so ably and faithfully represented, for sympathy and aid. Col. Fox, its editor, seems all undaunted by the reverses he has experienced, and expresses his intention to battle whatever may betide. If his paper had nothing else but this unwavering zeal to recommend it, it should receive every encouragement, but it has the confidence and regard of the public. We wish the AGE from the present time all success.—Port Huron Commercial.

**THE PRESENT AGE.**

This excellent journal, published in the city of Chicago, has bravely stood the test of fire, gradually resuming its original dimensions, notwithstanding the entire loss of office, material, presses and all.

The AGE is devoted to the advancement of spiritual philosophy, literature, science, general intelligence and social reform as enunciated by some of the deepest thinkers and best reasoners among the cultivated minds of the present day.

The editorial staff is composed of Col. D. M. Fox, Dr. F. L. H. Willis, E. S. Wheeler and W. F. Jamieson. Mr. Wheeler, who is ably and faithfully represented, is now in our city, and is recognized by us, as elsewhere, as a gentleman of the highest stamp. He has shown himself, both in person and in his lectures, to be a gentleman of high intellectual caste, and in the business community has won confidence and esteem. He is a fitting representative of a journal devoted to the advancement of the most respectable morality. The PRESENT AGE is not a persecutor of orthodox, but a clear eliminator of science, philosophy and spiritualized thought, and earnest and able advocate of true religion, and political and social reform.

For specimens copies of the AGE, address Col. D. M. Fox, 364 Warren Avenue, Chicago, Illinois—Memphis Real Estate Bulletin.

THE PRESENT AGE deals with the living soul and religious questions of the time and is ably edited.—Daily Times (Council Bluffs).  
 "The PRESENT AGE, Chicago, is a bright, earnest critic, with spiritualistic tendencies. It carries a liberal patronage among reformers."—Memphis, a year. Weekly.—The Household (New York).  
 "The PRESENT AGE is a liberal weekly paper independent and liberal in its attitude."—Joseph (Missouri).  
 "The PRESENT AGE is a liberal weekly paper, advocating religious, political and social reforms."—The Daily News (stands high in the field of letters)—The Daily News (Council Bluffs).

THE PRESENT AGE is a liberal weekly paper, advocating religious, political and social reforms. It stands high in the field of letters.—The Daily News (Council Bluffs).



Woman's Department.

MISS NETTIE M. PEASE, EDITOR.

The right of woman to participate in the Government cannot be denied, and the Government will be made purer and better for her participation.

For the PRESENT AGE. APPEAL TO WOMAN.

BY MRS. F. A. ROWLEY.

O, woman! arise in your power, Lay aside ostentation and pride, Prepare to go forth from this hour To battle on liberty's side.

Spend not all your God-given moments, So precious, and fleeting as they, Preparing such foolish adornments, To decorate perishing clay.

Sit not with white hands folded weakly, So listlessly, idle and still, But rise, and do something to gladden Some soul, that must work with a will.

Seek earnestly now for some mission, There is one important for you, And make this your final decision, That you will find something to do.

Look well to those noble attainments, Required to equip you for work, Waste not in this life golden moments, Nor e'er try your duty to shirk.

Say not, that you wish no conceding Those rights that belong to your sex, While many, with hearts torn and bleeding, Are cast into sin's dark vortex.

Be brave, be in earnest dear sister, Large fields are awaiting your care, The harvest is ripe for the reaper, Be ready to work all your share.

Prepare for the future that's coming, Stand firm in your womanly pride, The sands in time's hour-glass are running, Guard each as they silently glide.

Arouse then, dear sister and mother, Answer quickly the loud bugle call, Demanding true rights for each other, That our flag may float free over all.

LAURA B. FAIR.

Our readers will call to mind the report of the telegraphic wires, that Mrs. Fair had died in prison. Before the mails brought us intelligence of the falseness of the report, we published a letter we had received from Mrs. Fair, and in our comments assumed that she was not the vile woman interested parties in California had represented her to be. We then gave some evidence to that effect. Now, in one of our California exchanges we find the following letter from the mother of Col. Fair, the former husband of Laura, which plainly contradicts the stories circulated to the injury of Mrs. Fair in connection with the death of her husband. We believe Mrs. Fair has been more sinned against than sinning, and hope in the new trial that awaits her she may have at least a show of justice.

Mrs. Fair's case has been assigned by Judge Dwinelle, of the Fifteenth District Court, for trial on the 25th of April.

The following letter from the mother of Col. Fair, mails several lies which have been in active circulation for the past year to injure the reputation of Mrs. Fair.

LYNCHBURG, VA., March 27, 1872. Mrs. STEVENS—Dear Madam: I have read many articles from your paper, the Pioneer, and have asked God to bless you for your noble efforts in trying to expose the cruel injustice done to my dear daughter-in-law, Laura D. Fair, in her trial, and by the many slanders uttered against her. After my son's marriage to her, and up to the very time of his death, his letters to me were filled with the warmest praise of her as a devoted, loving wife, and the slanders about her having caused his death are false; and since his death she has tried to take his place, and has been as kind and loving to me as an own daughter. Ever since she has been in prison she has not forgotten or neglected to do what she could for her aged mother-in-law. In her deepest grief I was not forgotten. I am sixty-two years old, but I pray God that I may live to see her once more, and see her happy as she deserves to be. I love her as if she were my own daughter, and her dear, blessed little girl is dearer to me than my life.

God bless you, Madam, and believe me, you have my heart's deepest feeling of gratitude for your true and earnest protest against the cruel wrong done my poor, darling daughter. That the good God may present me to her once more, and let me fold her and my precious grandchild in my heart, is the prayer, night and day, of yours in sorrow.

ANN FAIR.

A LADY writes saying, if women were as particular in choosing a virtuous husband, as men are in selecting a virtuous wife, a moral reformation would soon begin, which would be something more than froth and foam. And now another says if women were thus particular, what proportion of them could succeed in getting any husbands at all?

WOMAN'S FORGIVING DISPOSITION A POWER IN THE GOVERNMENT.

Woman is proverbial for her natural capacity to endure and forgive. As a general rule, the life of the mother is one of constant toil and care, patience and self-denial for the comfort and happiness of those around and dependent upon her. Almost every family could furnish the heroic material for the framework of a novel, if brought out with the imaginative and poetic adjuncts peculiar to our romantic literature. The history of wives, as a general rule, is one of self-denying devotion to the interests of others. It is woman's peculiar prerogative to do good—to improve, to elevate and bless those with whom she associates. It is a peculiar quality that our Government now most needs, above all others, to modify and soften, purify and humanize its laws, its courts and its general administration. Man has perfected the force system; but force is only one element for the government of rational, social and moral beings. This alone is good for the control and management of material mechanism, but it can only dominate over the animal passions and material portion of man. It can't reach and control the higher and nobler qualities of the human soul. Woman, being the representative of patience and endurance, kindness and forgiveness, is now needed in government, to blend her humanizing characteristics with those of the molding and governing power of man. Woman is the representative of mercy, man of justice. Woman draws to her by attraction, man rules by virtue of his power and force of character. When these two opposite forces, which are but complements to each other, shall blend in harmonious proportions, then will our government be in a condition to purify, elevate and humanize our present civilization—but which now, as by preconcerted action, degrades, debases, brutalizes, and qualifies for ungenerous, unkind and criminal action those who, under more favorable conditions, would adorn society and bless mankind by their presence and influence.

Who believes that if woman was free to inquire into the causes that operate to produce poverty and overwork with one class, idleness and ignorance with another, and overreaching and crime with another class—we say, who believes that if woman was not only allowed to examine into the causes which produce intemperance, and ignorance, poverty and crime, but that she also was made to share the responsibility for their existence and continuance, and that such investigation was in the line of her duty, we say again, with increased emphasis, who believes that she would, either by her voice, personal influence or vote, tolerate the continuance of that body-poisoning, mind-destroying, soul-polluting, home-disturbing and crime-creating system known as the Whisky Traffic? Who believes that the wives and mothers of the country would be indifferent to or remain satisfied with existing institutions, if they were allowed to vote and made to share the responsibility for the existence of criminal temptations, that now everywhere beset their sons and daughters, husbands and fathers? Who believes that prostitution would be allowed to continue without a serious and determined struggle to destroy it, and with it the numerous causes that assist to keep it up and make its continuance a seeming necessity, if women were allowed to be an active party in the Government? Who believes that gambling would long survive the political enfranchisement of woman? If woman had an equal voice with man in the management of our public schools, who believes that the medical profession would be able to keep out physiology and hygiene, two of the most important branches of an elementary education? Did woman vote, and custom allow her to attend the primary elections and political conventions—were she allowed a place on the Bench, in the Legislature and in Congress—who believes that profanity and obscenity, violence or rowdiness would any more prevail in those places than they now do in public balls or concerts, theatres or operas? If woman was a political power in the State, who believes that the present system of bribery and other corrupting conditions could long survive her watchful, elevating, purifying presence and influence? If woman was enfranchised, who believes that war would be long regarded as a necessary condition of civilization, or that our colleges and schools would long remain seminaries to cultivate in boys the spirit of narrow selfishness and hate, brutality and murder?

It is to be able to accomplish some good, and not for the mere pleasure of casting a ballot, that woman demands to be politically enfranchised. The ballot is valuable only as it is a lever of power for good. We feel confident that the husbands and brothers and fathers, when they shall give this subject their serious consideration, will not be long in making up their minds that the good of man as well as woman, the good of society and the State, will be alike subserved by their sharing with their mothers, wives and sisters the duties and responsibilities of government.

WOMEN IN LITERATURE.

In the year 1801 there was very little of what could be called feminine literature. Mme. de Sevigne and de Genlis were the only conspicuous names in French literature, and the latter had not produced her mature work, while Mme. de Staël had but a limited reputation, and her *Corinne* and *Germany* had not seen the light. In England, Hannah More was just entering into her theological honors after repenting of her dramatic achievements, and Joanna Baillie had just sent out her first volume of plays; while Marie Edgeworth, although thirty-five years old, was unknown to fame, and Jane Austen had not yet told her somewhat sad experience of love to the world. Then our America had produced no female writer of note, and gave no promise of the thousand names now in our literature. How great the change! Now fully half of the novels that are written are by women, and probably far more than half of the magazine stories, while in natural history, education, biography and religion, they are every year giving proof of their ability. Nor are we to estimate their influence upon literature by what they write, for they have become readers as never before, and authors and publishers have a keen eye to what the host of female readers most like. The consequence is a great improvement in refinement and delicacy of taste, for women generally abhor all grossness, especially all coarse treatment of their own sex, all lewdness and profanity. Hence, too, a greater prominence to the sentiment of love in which women so much live and move, while the passion of love, which has always been the staple of romance, has met with a more delicate handling under the influence of a public opinion composed so largely of feminine critics. Our great novelists evidently have felt the presence of this great company of readers, and their masterpieces have owed much of their inspiration to feminine sympathy. If women have not done the great things in literature and art, they have inspired men to do them, and it is hard to name a great work of genius which has not had a woman in the plot of the piece and in the heart of the author.

INTO ALL.

The sunbeam flies, Nor asks what star it greets; The raindrop hies, Nor seeks the cup it meets. A fountain flows, Careless whose thirst it slakes; A flow'et blows, Thoughtless what a joy it wakes. You thrush apart For none sings not the less; So give, O heart, Nor ask whom thou shalt bless!

Independent.

THE SOCIAL EVIL.—Bishop Huntington's report on the "Social Evil" says: "Only let it not be forgotten that in the measure of guilt man shares with woman equally at the last. He is oftener the tempter or instigator, and his accountability must be in the same degree greater. In sins common to two parties, the betrayer sins more than the betrayed; the perjured promiser more than the victim. So it will be certain to appear at the last, when all false partialities pass away, traditional sophistries are torn open, secret things are brought to light, and unerring justice is done. If we have here a more direct regard for one sex than the other it is only because more sympathy is due to that one, and because a reformation there is of greater importance to the health, the homes and the virtue of future generations."

Woman's Memorandum.

ROBERT BROWNING has a poem on the woman question in press. WALL STREET is agitated by a rumor of another firm of lady brokers. MISS CHARLOTTE E. RAY is the first woman admitted to the bar in the District of Columbia. A WOMAN named Sarah Pinkney is captain of one of the steamboats on the Mississippi. MADAME MASSENA, a Creole lady, conducts the *Weedy Magnolia* in New Orleans. THE FRENCH Academy of Fine Arts are pondering upon the eligibility of women to the membership of that body. THE TURKISH Government has opened a school for girls. Pretty well for a religion whose women have no souls.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN has had a school named after her by the Bostonians. It is built on the site of her birth place.

THE Pacific Slope Woman Suffrage Convention will commence its sessions in San Francisco on Tuesday, June 18th, 1872, at 10 o'clock A. M.

AN Eldon (Miss) woman thrashed a bar-keeper for selling whisky to her husband and brother-in-law, and then cowhided the two. She ought to be allowed to vote.

FOR a lady to understand how to keep up an intelligent and interesting conversation with more than one man at a time, has become one of the lost arts.

HOWARD GLYNDON (Miss Rodden) says she adopted a male pseudonym because when she was young people attached no significance to what a woman said.

MISS MARGARET A. MACONISH was first in the prize list of students who attended Professor Huxley's recent course of instruction in biology for teachers of science.

MISS MINNIE F. AUSTIN, a Yankee girl, is now associate principal of the San Francisco Female Seminary, and member of the California State Board for the examination of teachers.

THE ranks of the female journalists in New York have opened to admit Miss Helen Ludlow, sister of the late Fitz-Hugh Ludlow. She has just returned from Europe.

THERE are twenty female physicians in Berlin who are justly entitled to be called famous practitioners. They have amassed individually ample pecuniary means, it is said.

THERE are four hundred women employed in the Treasury Department, Washington, D. C. There are nearly as many more employed in the Interior, Patent Office, and Census Bureau.

ALL save one of Queen Victoria's ladies in waiting are widows, her choice since Prince Albert died. They receive eight hundred pounds per annum, and are widows of deceased peers. Maids of honor are another class.

BOTH branches of the South Carolina Legislature have passed a concurrent resolution referring the Woman Suffrage memorial, which had been presented to a Joint Special Committee, with instructions to report during the session.

A GERMAN lady in Indianapolis, whose husband died about a year ago, leaving his property mortgaged to the fullest extent, has managed his business so skillfully that she has released it all, and is now in possession of an income of two thousand dollars.

A DAUGHTER of the poet Schiller is still living as the Countess von Gleichen. Schiller's grandson, Baron Fritz von Schiller, is a retired officer in the Austrian service, and as he is failing in health and without issue, the name of Schiller will become extinct at his decease.

THE graduating exercises of the twenty third annual term of the New England Female Medical College took place at the College, on East Concord street, Boston, recently. The class for the past term consists of thirty-one students, seven of whom now take their medical degree.

MARION V. CHURCHILL very sensibly says: "I would rather see a policeman, club in hand, marching an offender to punishment, than to see that woman marched to punishment by a policeman for lack of money which would have been her honorable salary in the police service. There are women in the world better fitted for police than for parlor duty. Let them do it."

FOR the first time in some years, an application was made to the Executive Department for the issue of a Commission of Notary Public to a female. The applicant was Miss Annette Conise, of Tiffin, O., a lady who is a graduate of the classical course of Heidelberg College, and who has studied law for one year. The application was referred to Attorney General Pond, who expressed an opinion that under the constitution and laws of Ohio, such a commission could not be issued to a female.

A YOUNG lady in Mississippi, who had just graduated, came home and hired a few colored people, and undertook the experiment of woman farming. The results at the end of the year were: Eight banks of potatoes, six hundred bushels of corn, and nine hundred and sixty-nine dollars in cash from the sale of cotton, after all expenses were paid.

MRS. EMMA A. KEEL, 601 Fifth Avenue, widow of the late Henry Keel, has given one hundred thousand dollars to the New York Homeopathic Institution for the Blind, situated on the corner of Twenty-third street and Third Avenue. The lady also promises to furnish all the beds and bedding, and has named five gentlemen to act as honorary members for life.

Advertisements. AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE! TO CARRIERS for our POPULAR WORKS, specially suited to SALES THROUGH AGENTS. PLAIN HOME TALK.

A book that should be in every family in the land. 12mo. 92 pages, profusely illustrated. Price, elegantly bound, \$3.25.

THE LOST CITY, OR Chicago as it was and is. A book brim full of thrilling interest and startling incidents, profusely illustrated. Orders filled in the order received. Price, elegantly bound, \$1.50.

Wells' Every Man His own Lawyer, AND OTHER SEASIDE POEM BOOK. A complete Business Man's Guide for every State in the Union. 12mo. 650 pages. Price \$2.00.

Wells' Illustrated National Hand Book. A book for everybody. Price, elegantly bound, \$1.50.

DR. WILLIS AND PALMER. 213 West 23d Street, New York. (NEW YORK OFFICE OF THE PRESENT AGE.)

Claïrovoyant, Homeopathic and Magnetic Physicians. DR. FRED. L. H. WELLS, late Professor of Materia Medica in the Woman's Medical College of this city, after two years absence from the duties of his profession, has resumed practice as above, and has associated with him a Magnetic Physician of great power.

DR. WELLS, while in Europe, gave special attention to Cancer and the worst forms of Blood Diseases. Since his return he has made positive and radical cures of Cancers, certificates of which will be mailed to all desiring them.

DR. WELLS' (Claïrovoyant) Examinations, either from a lack of hair, or simply from the handwriting of the patient stating age and sex, are unrivalled, for he not only brings to his diagnosis the aid of rare claïrovoyant perceptions, but also a thorough medical education.

THOUGH making a specialty of Cancer and Blood Diseases, DR. WELLS is unrivalled in his success with all forms of Chronic Nervous Disease, General Debility, and Impaired Vital Force from whatever cause. Our remedies are exceedingly concentrated, and can be sent in a letter all over the country.

DUMONT C. BAKE, M. D. ANALYTICAL PHYSICIAN. No. 64, 24th Street, Chicago, Ill. The Doctor's HEALTH JOURNAL mailed free to any address.

AGENTS! READ THIS! WE WILL PAY AGENTS A SALARY OF \$50 PER WEEK and expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our new and wonderful inventions.

\$290 FOR FIRST CLASS PIANOS—Sent on trial. No Agents. Address U. S. PIANO CO., 610 Broadway, N. Y.

A GREAT CHANCE FOR AGENTS. Do you want an agency, local or traveling, with an opportunity to make \$5 to \$20 a day selling our new 7 strand White Wire Clothes Line? They Last Forever!—Sample free, so there is no risk.

CHOICE SEEDS. Gen. Grant Cucumber. Grows from 20 to 30 inches in length; enormous bearing; is solid, crisp, tender, and in every way unsurpassed for table use or pickles.

THE TROPHY TOMATO. Is the earliest, largest, smoothest and best flavored tomato in cultivation. Rapidly superseding all other varieties. 10c per packet. Postage free.

SANFORD CORN. Is highly recommended by farmers. M. W. Stone, of Gauga Co., Ohio, reports a yield of 208 bushels from one and one-sixth acres of ground without extra cultivation. One quart, 40c; four quarts, \$1.25. Postage free.

THE PEERLESS POTATO. Is the best late variety in cultivation, yields enormously; flesh white; mealy; free from core, and of the finest flavor. One lb. 20c; four lbs. 60c. Postage free. For sale by the bushel on liberal terms.

GEO. W.M. WILSON, Auburn, Ohio. God! Christian! Constitution! "The Clergy a Source of Danger to the American Republic."

AGENTS WANTED! ADDRESS: W. F. JAMIESON, 128 No. 19 North Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.

MRS. E. L. WETHERBEE, PHYSICIAN. 27 Chapman Street, Boston, Mass. Intuitive Diagnosis, Magnetic Treatment, Undoubted References. 110-111

THE GOLDEN KEY OR MYSTERIES Beyond the Veil

BY MISS NETTIE M. PEASE. A Thrilling Story, Founded on Fact.

This book, containing 400 octavo pages, is ready for delivery. Subscribers and those who it is sent by express will please send the price in advance, as the price is 20 cts., must be remitted.

The Book also Contains Several Other Stories. By the same author, entitled as follows:

"The Celestial City," "The Angel of Hope," "The Rainbow Bride," "Star of Progress."

Single Copies, Each, TWO COPIES, EACH, SIX COPIES, EACH, TEN COPIES, or more, EACH.

CANVASSERS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN AND CITY IN THE STATES.

Special contracts made with traveling agents. The Clerical address: MISS NETTIE M. PEASE, 264 Wagon Avenue, CHICAGO.

"THE GOLDEN KEY, or MYSTERIES BEYOND THE VEIL," is the name of a handsome and valuable volume from the press of the PRESENT AGE Publishing Company, of Chicago. The author, who speaks, is Miss Nettie M. Pease, well known as a lecturer on Spiritualism, and the favorite Correspondent Editor of the PRESENT AGE. She was an earnest spirit control while the recital which this book embodies was made to her by the spirit of a person who once lived on earth. It was given her in the month of June, in last year. It has been prepared, as nearly as possible, in the language of the clairvoyant. It is a story whose evolution is accompanied with a striking and deeply interesting development of character, fresh and pure incidents, and a wealth of colloquial discussions of spiritual topics, that attract and hold the attention of readers everywhere. The moral of the tale is not reserved for the end, but is woven in with its web, yet not without beauty and point of the fable, which will attract to it a direct experience to which all human souls are subject, and does it with a naturalness and truth which are almost hope to emulate. We cordially commend THE GOLDEN KEY to the perusal of all Spiritualist readers, promising them the pleasure in its glowing pages. To the story, Miss Pease has appended five of her own characteristic poems—Blosser of Light.



Home Circle.

EDITOR.

their skins off with a large knife. I wish I could have seen him when he caught them. I would have helped him to take off the skins. Then I just think God had a big needle in his pocket, and some strong thread, and a thimble. I guess he had to work very hard; but I know he soon made the coats for Adam and Eve. But I just don't believe one bit of it, do you Dorie?"

"Oh, you little rascal!" said Dr. Howe, lifting Ray on his back. "So you don't believe that God once made a coat for a lady and another for a gentleman?"

"No I don't," said Ray, "and I don't believe a serpent ever talked."

"Neither do I," said the Dr., "but now let us climb up to your mother and Chrisie. Here we go! This is rather hard work to carry you on my back. What makes you so heavy? is it because you are such an infidel?"

"No! not a bit," said Ray.

"See my Chrisie holding out her hands to her papa, bless her little heart! Down you go, Ray. I must take the wee darling." And down went Ray and up went Chrisie.

"Is this not a fine spot?" said Dr. Howe, "is it not fine to sit here among the granite rocks? This is a good place to begin the study of geology; for here are the rocks that underlie all other rocks."

"Yes," said Ray, "this is the stuff the world was made of. I know all about it."

"You are posted I see," said Dr. Howe, as he sat down, "and I know who has been making you wise—your mother."

"Look at these splashes on the rocks," said Ben, "I can scratch it off with my finger."

"And here is some more," said Dorie; "this is yellowish, but yours is dark like dirt."

"Here," said Dr. Howe, "take my magnifying glass and look at it."

"Oh, beautiful!" said Ben, "beautiful! come here Dorie, come here Ray; it looks just like a forest of little trees."

"So it does," said Ray. "So it does," said Dorie, "just think of that growing on the bare rock."

"Those are plants," said Dr. Howe, "and they are called lichens; they grow in every climate, no matter how warm or how cold; they grow on the highest mountains, and in the deepest valleys. Some grow on the earth, others on bark of trees, others on stones and rocks, and some grow on evergreen leaves."

"They are the first commencement of vegetation," said Frank.

"They are the first thing that grows on worn rocks," said Viccie.

"I understand," said Ben, "when the rocks grow old and worn then these lichens begin to grow. I suppose these rocks have lain here very many years, and the water that pours down here when it rains, and the frost, and the air, are all at work to wear the rocks down to soil. Is not that so father?"

"Yes Ben."

"That is so father; look at all this sand down here; it has all come from the worn down rocks, I suppose. See how old the rocks look! and father! father! see, here is a hollow place in this rock."

"I see it," said his father, "that has been worn out by the water."

"Yes, and the little bits of rocks are now soil; and these pretty green leaves are growing in the soil."

"There was a time," said Dr. Howe, "when the rocks were all hard and bare; when there was not a leaf or flower, or life of any kind."

"I see," said Ben. "But by and by lichens began to grow on the rocks; and then as the rocks crumbled to dust other things began to grow; and then animals came, and they lived on the vegetables, and so you see that everything comes from the rocks."

"Rocks, air, and water, give life to vegetation," said Dr. Howe, "and these sustain all animal life."

"I know how it is," said Ray, lifting his head very high and strutting proudly to and fro, "I know, I do; rocks make dirt, and dirt makes vegetables, and vegetables feed animals, and so you see we all come from rocks, from granite rocks like this."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Dr. Howe,

"you think you know it all now, don't you Ray?"

"So I do," said Ray, "I found that out myself."

"But you forget that water and air are necessary to the growth of all plants."

"No I didn't forget," said Ray.

"And sunshine," said Dorie, "nothing would grow without the sun."

"That is so Dorie," said Ray, "and I'll tell you what we'll always say, Dorie. We will say that our grand great grandfather is granite rock and not a monkey."

"No sir!" said Frank, "you can't shake off your monkey grandfather quite so easily; the monkey came before man came."

"I don't care," said Ray; "you may have the monkey for your grand great grandfather, but Dorie and I will have granite rock, wont we Dorie?"

"Here comes David with the lunch basket," said Dr. Howe. "Bring it up here David if you please!" and up came David with his load.

"Now we will have a better feast than ever Adam and Eve had in the garden of Eden," said Frank, "and nobody will turn us out of here if we eat a few apples."

"Tell me about that," said Ray.

"I will tell you," said Frank. "God put Adam and Eve to live in a fine garden, and he told them they might eat of every tree but one that stood in the middle of the garden. One day a serpent came to Eve, and told her that if she ate the fruit of that tree, and if Adam would eat some too, they would become wise as Gods. So she ate some and gave some to Adam. One day God was taking a walk in the garden, in the cool of the day, and Adam and his wife hid themselves."

"They were afraid, I suppose," said Ray.

"Yes, they were afraid; but God called to them, and then they came out of their hiding place and told God they were afraid because they were naked. Then God knew that they had been eating fruit from that one tree, for they did not know they were naked before. You see they had grown wise."

"They were simple then, if they did not know that they were naked," said Ray.

"Help yourselves to lunch," said Dr. Howe. "Come David help yourself to some sandwiches."

"In a minute, sir," said David, "I want to hear the rest of this story."

"Go on Frank," said Dorie and Ray.

"Well, God drove poor Adam and Eve out of the garden of Eden, and he put a flaming sword at the entrance; a sword that turned every way, so that they could not go to the tree any more. That is the end of the story. Now let us have lunch."

All now helped themselves to the good things in the basket. Ben brought some water from a small spring he had found in the rocks. How deliciously cold it was, and how they all did enjoy that meal!

Ray had been very busy sometime eating, and had not said a word; he seemed to be in a brown study about something.

David, who was eating some pie, looked at Ray with a broad grin on his face for a moment, and then said, "Ray, what are you thinking of? Frank's story of Adam and Eve?"

"I know all about it," said Ray; "God came down to see about his winter apples, and found they had been eating some of them. He was a strange old God. I guess he took the apples up to heaven, and they had a good time eating them. I suppose he gave the angels one all round."

"Why, Ray!" said his mother, "you are the funniest little fellow I ever knew."

David laughed and his sides shook, and Ben clapped his hands while Frank's loud ha! ha! ha! seemed to shake the very rocks.

"You needn't laugh so, all of you," said Ray. "God rented the garden to Adam but he was not to eat his winter apples."

"That child beats all I ever did see," said David in the midst of convulsions of laughter.

But Ray did not seem to care for

their laughter, or else he did not see why they were all so amused; he went on with his lunch, his face looking very thoughtful, as if he was still thinking about the winter apples. But by and by he and Dorie were down among the rocks, and beautiful vines, and leaves that were growing in the hollow among the rocks.

"Hush! hush!" said Dr. Howe, "listen!" and then all were quiet, and they could hear the voices of Ray and Dorie who were half singing—

"The lions growled, the snakes hissed, The lions growled, the snakes hissed, And God came down and drove them out, And they never could come any more, Never could come and steal winter apples."

"How funny!" said Ben in a whisper.

"Dorie and Ray will never believe that Bible story," said Mrs. Howe.

"You are all such little philosophers," said Dr. Howe, "you will never be able to shut your eyes and open your mouth and see what God will send you; and I am glad of it. If we would understand anything, we must reason about it. Reason is the God within us, by which we are to test and try all things."

"I do wish grandfather would make haste and come," said Ben. "I do want to hear some of his stories."

"So do I," said Frank, "for I like his stories as well as any of you."

"I remember," said Mrs. Howe, "how I used to listen to father's grand stories. Often when I was a girl he would take me on his lap, and a story would be commenced, and how quietly and anxiously I used to listen, for sometimes he narrowly escaped with his life. Oh, father can tell you some grand stories! Truth is always better than fiction, and he only tells true stories, so I know you will all have a rich treat when he comes."

"I remember some of the old gentleman's stories," said Dr. Howe, "and could give you one or two, but as he is coming so soon it will be far better to hear them from his own lips."

"I'd like to know," said Ben, "if lichens are of any use."

medicinal or good for medicine, as Iceland moss; some are used for food, as Iceland moss; some are good for cattle to eat, as reindeer moss; and from some mosses dyestuffs are taken. Here come Ray and Dorie, with their hands full of flowers. Where did you get so many flowers, children?"

"We found them down there," said Dorie. "Come mother, please, tell us something about flowers."

"Yes do, mother," said Ray.

"Well, what do you want to know?" said Mrs. Howe.

"I want to know the name of the green part, just under the flower," said Dorie.

"That is the calyx," said Mrs. Howe, "some flowers have no calyx."

"And what is the name of the leaves of the flower?"

"We call the whole of the leaves of the flower, the corolla, and each leaf we call a petal."

"I'm glad to know," said Dorie, "about flowers; and I will remember. The leaves of a flower are petals, and the petals that are all round the flower are called the corolla; and under the flowers is the calyx."

"We must go home, little philosophers," said Dr. Howe, "and you can talk all the way home and dream all night too about the calyx, the corolla, and the petals of flowers. Come along, I will carry my little Chrisie, and help you too, Ray; give me your hand. Here we go, Adam and Eve and all the little Adams and Eves, here we go; driven out of the garden of Eden by the sun that is setting over yonder, and the night, the dark night that will very soon take possession of this beautiful spot; so away, away to the carriage. Come along here all you little Howes and big Howes. All on board! all on board! Now David off we go to the Land of Nod."

"Where is that?" said Dorie.

"Don't you know?" said Ray. "I do; 'Land of Nod' is sleep. I've seen father nod his head when he was sleepy. We are going home to bed, so we are off to the land of Nod."

Juvenile Correspondence.

DEAR HOME CIRCLE.—As a number of the little girls and boys are writing letters for their favorite papers, and as the AGE is my favorite paper, I thought I would write to let the little girls know that read your paper that I am twelve years old, and attending the Union School. Saturdays when there is no school, I am taking lessons in cooking, and I think I could give your little girl readers a few receipts of my favorite dishes if they would like to have them and return the compliment by sending me some of theirs.

Twenty-four little girls and boys made a quilt for the sufferers by fire in the northern part of this state. The boys bought half the calico, the girls got the other half and did the sewing. Each block had a piece of white in the center with the name of the giver written with indelible ink. I would like to hear from some of the rest of your young readers.

Respectfully yours,  
ROMEO, March 30th, 1872.  
EVA HOPKINS.

A MAN must not be made by, but should make his tailor. To be well dressed is to be dressed precisely as the occasion, place, weather, your height, figure, position, age and remember it, your means require. It is to be clothed without peculiarity, pretension or eccentricity; without violent colors, elaborate ornament or senseless fashions. Good dressing is to wear as little jewelry as possible, to be scrupulously neat, clean and fresh, and to carry your clothes as if you did not give them a thought.

HABIT—Few have sufficient respect for habit, the ease with which it may be formed, the difficulty with which it can be broken, the magical power with which it smooths the rough path of duty, and enables us to look with indifference upon the allurements of the world. It is a kind of shield, which the fingers of a boy may at first weave of threads light as gossamer, and yet which grows into the strength of steel. By its aid the greatest things are accomplished. The cultivation of proper habits should be impressed on mind of the young.

How to ruin a son.—1. Let him have his own way. 2. Allow him free use of money. 3. Suffer him to roam where he pleases on the Sabbath. 4. Give him full access to wicked companions. 5. Call him to no account of his evenings. 6. Furnish him with no stated employment.

Pleasantries.

THE MOST useful thing in the world is run—Breath.

WHEELS go best when they are thoroughly tired.

Why is a bald head like heaven? Because there is no more parting or dyeing there.

A LAZY boy makes a lazy man, just as a crooked sapling makes a crooked tree.

THE man who wrote, "I'm saddest when I sing," was a fool to sing much.

SOME descendant of Solomon has wisely remarked that those who go to law for damages are sure to get them.

A WELL known medical gentleman perpetrated this yesterday afternoon: "Why is Oregon weather like money? Because it's dew at night and mist in the morning." What punishment shall be inflicted upon him?

A RESIDENT of Kalamazoo writes to a School Board in Ohio that he will take a school, as he taught 2 terms school and I attended 1 college 4 yrs at Detroit, Michigan, and am twenty-six yrs of age.

"Professor," said a student in pursuit of knowledge concerning the habits of animals, "why does a cat, while eating, turn her head first one way and then another?" "For the reason," replied the professor "that she can not turn it both ways at once."

How happy is boyhood, which scarcely looks ten minutes ahead toward the dark, uncertain future? Who does not envy the blissful composure of the little fellow who, after watching the burning of the school-house, until the novelty of the thing had ceased, said, "I'm glad the old thing is burned down; didn't have my joggy lesson no how."

A LADY was asked by her Biddy about the nature of the next world, and whether it would be just like this. The lady being blessed with a happy family of eleven children, has a skeleton in the house in the shape of a stocking-basket that never gets empty, and at whose side she has spent many a weary midnight hour in darning for her darlings. With this spectre before her eyes, she replied to the girl playfully saying:

"I don't think we shall be required to darn stockings after midnight." "Sure and that's true for you, mum," was Biddy's reply, "for all the pictures of angels that I have ever seen were barefooted."

Temperance.

THE BAR.

BY D. K. JUNKINS, D. D.

The bar is always supplied with the choicest liquors.—Hotel Advertisement.

Why call it a bar? Say, whence is derived this name for a depot of spirits of evil? Was the name by some sly friend of virtue contrived, Or, like the thing named, did it come from the Devil?

So this as it may, 'tis a capital name—Short, easily said, and of meaning most pregnant, And I rather suspect from the Devil it came, For 'e'en to his friends he is slyly malignant.

But what is its meaning? Why call it a bar? Because, prima facie, it bars from the liquor. But that's not its full, honest meaning, by far; Just juggle the money, the rum follows quicker!

I'll tell what it means: 'tis a bar to all good, And a constant promoter of everything evil.

'Tis a bar to all virtues—that is well understood— A bar to the right and a fort for the Devil.

'Tis a bar to all industry, prudence, and wealth; A bar to reflection, a bar to sobriety; A bar to clear thought, and a bar to sound health; A bar to good conscience, to prayer, and to piety.

A bar to the sending of children to school, To clothing and giving them good education; A bar to the observance of every good rule, A bar to the welfare of family and nation!

A bar to the hallowed enjoyments of home; A bar to the holiest earthly fruition; A bar that forbids its frequenters to come To the goal and rewards of a virtuous ambition.

A bar to integrity, honor, and fame, To friendship and peace and connubial love; To the purest delights that on earth we may claim; A bar to salvation and Heaven above! —National Advocate.

THE GOSPEL PLAN OF REFORM.

It is to be hoped that the friends of this much-needed reform will be of one mind in the support of the laws. Its probable enemies are the prohibitionists. Misunderstanding the relation of the civil power and (sic) moral reform, and misunderstanding also the way in which the gospel proposes to regenerate society, they are likely to be the first to make outcry against any feasible scheme for abating the terrible scourge which sweeps like a pestilence through the land. If our prophecy shall prove untrue, we shall be all the more glad at the sign of returning reason on the part of those who, if they be religious, know more of Judaism than of Christianity.

—Interior, Jan. 18, 1872.

The above was written in Chicago, and intended for a slur upon many earnest temperance reformers. It is more. Emanating from the organ of the United Presbyterian Church, it explains why all the Churches not only fail ever to inaugurate any reform, but are the deadly enemies of each radical effort for good as long as they dare to be.

Moral reform outside the Church is more hateful to Christians than the most horrible depravity. Every sober moral man who is not a Church member; every reform which does not begin with a flood of cant about "Christ and him crucified," is a demonstration of the uselessness of the whole system of ecclesiastical clap-trap, comprehended in "the way in which the gospel proposes to regenerate society."

"Come to Jesus" is the cry! Come unto the United Presbyterian Holy Mother gospel plan Church. Go in for "rum moon" and come out and be sprinkled! Then you are safe. Now it is evident why the Churches oppose all reforms which do not begin with them; and why, as they originate no more than parrots, they fight all progress. E. S. W.

A TEMPERANCE DOG—A workingman, who spent his evenings at the tavern, once persuaded his dog, who had followed him, to swallow some liquor. It made the poor brute tipsy, and he tumbled over and played such queer antics that the toppers roared with laughter.

The next night the man took his dog so as to have some more fun, and when they got to the door the animal would go no further. They coaxed and drove, and the tavern-keeper brought out some cake; but it was no use, Cesar had taken the pledge; one trial of liquor was enough for him. He was not to be caught in a rum trap the second time.

It proved as good as a temperance lecture to all those toppers. The dog's master was never known to enter a tavern again. He made up much as that he ought to know as much as a dog, and some of the other toppers followed his example. Know as much as a dog? We sometimes hear much as a dog? Of men who are drunk as a dog? But beasts don't get drunk! They are wiser in this respect than some men. —Wander Times.

Home Circle. EDITOR. ANTHONY CRIDGE. EDITOR. MURRAY'S HALF-GROWN GIRL. BY MADON CARROLL. ... was bright as a kettle could be, ... like a mirror, caught everything ... had fast beat her heart's jabi- ... been sent other titles to win— ... carried father's dinner. ... out in their Summer array, ... were buzzing like bees in the ... little Pattie turned bravely ... still, but minutes would run, ... carried father's dinner. ... after day, some pleasant, some ... hour with its items small; ...-nearing hour, cold or hot, ... and shoulders above them all, ... Pattie carried the dinner ... bell brawled in the upper air; ... the workmen were getting out! ... at last, though, pair after pair; ... where was the merry song and shout, ... chiding the way to dinner? ... watched them filing down ... black road to the foundry gate; ... the face so tired and so brown, ... in the world made father late, ... where was the kettle and Pattie? ... of these,—the child and the can,— ... should a white tide wash each face? ... did they all, to the oldest man. ... to whisper a prayer or a grace? ... marveled little Pattie. ... laughter, "His dinner." "Ten min- ... her ears the broken words leapt. ... over the way a crowd interknitting, ... father not come—what horror had ... dear our waiting Pattie! ... had better go home, child; father is ... there. ... seemed the roughest, grimest of all, ... light as a flower came his hand on her ... as a star was the tear he let fall ... Over the orphaned Pattie. ... was there when Pattie went in; ... no longer, nor old, nor brown. ... simple come back to his shaven chin, ... hand at rest and folded down, ... labor and striving ended. ... somebody's half-grown girl, ... with a full-grown woman's work to do; ... somebody's baby tags at the curl ... father's hand used to wander through, ... After the dinner was over. ... somebody's—your's, my lady so fair! ... or yours, good madame, with nerves of ... steel! ... lapped in languor, one cumbered with ... care, ... Both forgetting a child can feel,— ... Or who regardeth the poorest. ... somebody's half-grown girl, ah me! ... These Patties are legion, the wide world ... through! ... Her story moves your heart, then see— ... Is she not in the kitchen toiling for you? ... Are you not Pattie's keeper? ... There is One who sees, where'er she may ... be; ... Notes every task she is set to do; ... Deal with her, then, as tenderly ... As you would heaven should deal with you; ... Make not the burden too grievous. ... On some day, the great noon-rest shall ... come, ... And father and child sit together once ... more. ... Eyes shall see in that searching sun ... Who heaped offence against Pattie's ... door,— ... And God, who has seen, will remem- ... ber.

LITTLE PHILOSOPHERS.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Here you are!" said Dr. Howe, "what do you think of this garden of Eden?"

"Beautiful!" said Dorie.

"Splendid!" said the boys.

"If there was only a large apple tree here," said Ben, "and a serpent that could talk, and a man and woman dressed in coats of skins, one might fancy we had found the place where Adam and Eve are said to have lived."

"Did Adam and Eve dress in coats made of skins?" said Ray in astonishment.

"Yes," replied Ben, "the Bible says that the Lord God made coats of skins for Adam and his wife, and clothed them."

"Oh! oh!" said Ray, "then God was a tailor."

"Yes," said Ben, "God was the best tailor."

"I guess," said Ray, "that God killed two large bears, and then took



For the PRESENT AGE, DURING THE TIME.

TO ELLEN M. HARRIS, BALTIMORE, MD.

BY ANNA HERBERT.

Under the ice asleep the violets lie, By every stormy herald of their birth...

"We wait, we dream, we wake from chime to chime, Spring rolls her billows to our still retreat..."

We feel the benediction of the skies, And glints of heaven in children's laughing eyes...

Souls of rare fancies bide in icy thrall, Beneath the iron crust of circumstance...

They touch our selfish lives with deeds of trust, They build up marble from the common dust...

And they look outward for the summer time, When over loving hearts shall fall no chill...

When over loving hearts shall fall no chill, When love shall be a river clear and still...

Special Ohio Correspondence.

GEO. WM. WILSON, EDITOR.

All communications for this department, as well as subscriptions and advertisements for the AGE...

Money may be sent at our risk by Draft, Postoffice Money Order, payable at Chardon, Ohio...

Abstract of an essay read before the Northern Ohio Health and Dress Reform Association...

LECTURE.

Is man naturally and constitutionally a flesh eating animal?

I am aware that in maintaining the negative of this question, I come directly in conflict with the preconceived opinions and deep seated prejudices of a vast majority of the American people...

The annual address before the Cleveland Homeopathic Hospital College graduating class, was delivered by J. D. Buck, M. D., Professor of Psychology...

I am not certain that the law which provides that the medical practitioner shall have previously pursued the study of medicine, attended medical lectures...

imals that are frugivorous in their nature and habits.

Linnaeus, one of the most celebrated naturalists who ever enlightened the world by profound investigations and scientific deductions...

In accordance with these deductions of scientific writers, we find that those nations, and those classes of men who subsist entirely without the use of animal food...

The Greek boatmen are exceedingly abstemious; their food always consisting of a small quantity of bread made of unbolted wheat or rye...

Mr. Buckingham informs us that the inhabitants of the Himalayah mountains, although fed upon nothing but rice, are yet much superior to our sailors in strength...

This I might go on with cases of a similar character indefinitely, but enough have been given to show the fallacy of the common notion that a flesh, or mixed dietary is necessary to give physical endurance or mental vigor...

The annual address before the Cleveland Homeopathic Hospital College graduating class, was delivered by J. D. Buck, M. D., Professor of Psychology...

I am not certain that the law which provides that the medical practitioner shall have previously pursued the study of medicine, attended medical lectures...

Space will not admit our quoting the passages we marked as excellent, but the following indicate the true spirit of humility of the earnest, conscientious student...

The court of appeal is always the enlightened judgment of succeeding generations. Few decisions of one age are reversed as final by the next...

mains under the law of error. The most positive opinions regarding a given subject are not generally entertained by those in possession of most evidence concerning it...

NOTES.

To-day we attended church, and listened to an orthodox sermon. The minister took occasion to assert that all religions, including Mohammedanism, Mormonism, Spiritualism, etc., rests its claims to being true upon miracles...

Our readers will remember that some time since we published a letter from Mrs. Louisa Shepard of Geneva, O., giving some account of the Society at that place and the way it is managed...

When I wrote to you last our Conference and question box was an experiment. We find it works well, as it calls many out to speak who would not otherwise be induced to do it...

Mrs. Shepard urges those societies that cannot have regular speaking to try the Conference and question box. We believe this plan of keeping up and conducting meetings will become popular wherever it is tested...

MARRIED.

On Sunday evening April 21st, 1872, by Tilden W. Porter, Esq., Mr. Geo. Wm. Wilson and Mrs. Amanda M. Hinkley, both of Aurora, Georgia, were united.

We tender to our Ohio associate our hearty congratulations upon the event above noticed, and earnestly wish that happiness as unalloyed as can be attained in earthly conditions may follow the union...

"The kindest and the happiest pair Will have occasion to forbear; And something every day they live, To pity, and perhaps forgive."

Ed. AGE.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

EDITOR PRESENT AGE!—As the most recent incidents of our lives have usually the freshest interest, and hence can be the most vividly presented, I give you, as the newest thing I can communicate just now, a brief sketch of my late trip from Chicago to Baltimore...

Leaving Chicago on the morning train of the Pittsburg and Fort Wayne Railway, as the shortest and least tedious route to my destination, the eastward journey began. A Pullman Palace parlor and sleeping car was attached to the train...

Just here I must relate how my senses were for a moment cheated with a charmingly fanciful illusion. Through the rapid whirl of the car there suddenly flashed upon my sight the brilliant gaudiness of a gaily flourishing hollyhock...

her eyes from the glare of a bright sun while she gazed after the swiftly receding train. She wore an old green skirt and scarlet jacket; these had given the semblance of stalk and blossom...

Reaching Ohio, the first noticeable distinction between it and its neighbor state to the westward, was the general substitution of the more solid brick structure for the picturesque frame. The country, too, began to break into uneven surfaces, prophetic of the hills just beyond and of the magnificent Alleghanies still far ahead...

Daybreak found us among the Alleghany ranges of Pennsylvania, and this almost uninterrupted picture of magnificent mountain scenery terminates some forty or fifty miles further on, a little beyond the famous Horseshoe Bend...

At Harrisburg I made the first and last change of cars that my route necessitated, and only those who have known the perplexity of frequent changes can fully appreciate the convenience of an almost unbroken line of travel...

I would not omit to mention that on the way we had the usual number of newspaper and book vendors, proffering their wares to every passenger who evinced any inclination toward this line of traffic...

Sunday morning April 7th, Rev. George Hepworth of New York giving exchange with Rev. Mr. Murray, thereby giving anxious Boston a chance to hear the noted divine on his "new departure..."

Sunday morning April 7th, Rev. George Hepworth of New York giving exchange with Rev. Mr. Murray, thereby giving anxious Boston a chance to hear the noted divine on his "new departure..."

shall Christians meet the modern skeptics or free religion of the day?"

Mr. Hepworth contended that though Christianity might organize itself, skepticism, try it never so hard, could not do it. He fully believed that in the course of time science itself will demonstrate the fact that Jesus performed miracles in Jerusalem...

If a man leaves a church because he honestly believes more than those who have been with him for years, we ought to be glad for him, and sorry we cannot go with all the broken friendships of fifteen or twenty years behind him...

Notices of Meetings.

OFFICE OF SECRETARY OF INDIANA STATE ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., April, 1872.

To the Spiritualists of Indiana, Greeting: We hereby announce to the friends of Spiritualism in Indiana and elsewhere, that the Sixth Annual Convention of the "Indiana State Association of Spiritualists," will be held in Westernfield's Hall...

Anderson is a thriving place, situated thirty-four miles north-east from Indianapolis, on the Bellefontaine railroad, and has an active society of Spiritualists and a Children's Progressive Lyceum in successful operation...

By order of the Board of Trustees, J. R. BUELL, Sec'y.

The next Quarterly Meeting of the Otisco Society of Spiritualists will be held at Cook's Corners on Saturday and Sunday, May 11th and 12th...

A. WRIGHT, President. Mrs. E. R. WETTER, Secretary.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

- FIRST PAGE.—Life Builders—Poem.—Modern Objections to Miracles—E. L. H. W.—Autobiography of Rachel True.—Our Convicted Impostors—E. L. H. W.—SECOND PAGE.—Pro Patria—Poem.—Internationalism.—Man's Inhumanity to Man.—Emma Hardinge's Plan.—THIRD PAGE.—Geological Sketches.—Spiritualistic Phenomena in England.—Remarkable Death-bed Scene.—Hasty Burials.—Advertisements.—FOURTH PAGE.—Notes.—Hints Toward Labor Reform.—E. S. W.—The Envious Man is not Wise.—Cut Throat Journalism and Social Assassination.—E. S. W.—FIFTH PAGE.—The Fallen City—Poem.—Editorial Notes.—The Woodhull and Claflin Weekly.—Personal.—To Correspondents.—My Youngest God-son.—SIXTH PAGE.—Appeal to Woman—Poem.—Laura D. Fair.—Woman's Forgiving Disposition a Power in the Government.—Women in Literature.—Unto All—Poem.—The Social Evil.—Woman's Memorandum.—Advertisements.—SEVENTH PAGE.—Somebody's Half-grown Girl—Poem.—Little Philosophers.—Juvenile Correspondence.—Pleasanties.—The Bar—Poem.—The Gospel Plan of Reform.—A Temperance Dog.—EIGHTH PAGE.—Biding the Time.—Poem.—Lecture.—Notes.—Married.—Notes by the Way.—Boston Correspondence.—Notices of Meetings.—Advertisements.

Advertisements.

The Model Magazine of America. The Largest in Form, the Largest in Circulation, and the only original FASHION MAGAZINE. Demorest's Illustrated Monthly.

W. Jennings Demorest, 318 Broadway, New York. Demorest and the Present Age. A splendid offer to our subscribers...

MRS. HARDY, Trance Medium, No. 4 Concord Square, Boston.

Spiritual Harp SHEET MUSIC. Send for Spiritual Harps and all kinds of Musical Books and Sheet Music...

What and Where is the Spirit World? BY DR. GEORGE A. LATHROP. No one should fail to read for this Pamphlet...

NOTICES OF MEETINGS. OFFICE OF SECRETARY OF INDIANA STATE ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

CANCERS OR TUMORS, Located in any part of the system, permanently cured without drawing blood...

The Lyceum Banner. A Progressive Journal for the Young. PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY AT \$1 A YEAR.

NIXON'S CELEBRATED APPLE GINGER. A Certain Cure for Colic, Cramps in the Stomach, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, and all Affections of the Bowels...

BOERHAVE'S Holland Bitters. The Celebrated Holland REMEDY FOR FEVER & AGUE. Diseases of the Kidneys.

Lindsay's Improved Blood Searcher. Cures Erysipelas, Scrofula, Ulcers, Cutaneous Diseases, Swellings, Pimples on the Face, Scald Head, Mercurial Diseases, Debility, Salt Rheum, etc.

Johnson's Rheumatic Compound. One bottle in Massachusetts cured 75-year-old Johnson's Rheumatic Compound...

VAN SCHAACK, STEVENSON & REB. CHICAGO, ILL. Prepared only by R. E. SELLERS & CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.