

THE NEW AGE.

VOLUME I.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1875.

NUMBER 1.

Photographic.

WE acknowledge our indebtedness to Hon. George S. Boutwell for a full set of the Congressional Record for the last session of Congress.

MR. HOLYOAKE'S *History of Coöperation* is noticed at length on the seventh page. The work is for sale at this office, and will be sent by mail for two dollars.

THE cable has just told us that the Crown Prince of Germany proposes to attend the Centennial next year; now will it tell us if Joshua Jenkins is coming?

WE learn from *The Golden Rule* that "eternity will give us all a chance to study, but it will not give us a chance to be saved." We don't know why we should want to study, if we can't be saved.

SOME of our Express Companies are getting to be as lazy and slow as Deacon Lovejoy's farm-hand. The mild old deacon said to him, very gently, one day, "Jonas, did you ever see a snail?" "Y-es." "Then you must have met it, for you never could overtake one."

IT IS SAID that some Ohio dairymen "extinguished" a plea for inflation after this wise:—"We don't exactly make out how, if you add two gallons of water to a gallon of milk, it will make any more cheese." They had probably tried the experiment.

The *Christian Register* notes as curious, that just as *The Golden Age* has ceased to be, its name should be divided between *The Golden Rule* and *THE NEW AGE*. As age brings wisdom, and as wisdom is better than gold, we are abundantly satisfied with our share in this division.

STANLEY has at last been heard from; he had passed through perilous adventures, and had arrived at Victoria Nyanza or Albert Nyanza, it is not quite certain which. Now if he comes back to tell us that he has found the source of the Nile, will there be a dispute as to whether he has been there at all?

MR. CONWAY has been in Boston, and lectured before a large audience. That is one way to do it. Send a man of progressive spirit and radical instincts across the water, to mingle for ten years with the influences of Old-World civilization, and then bring him back to tell us what he has seen and what he thinks; that is a process to make cosmopolites of us all.

A MEMBER of the Second Radical Club makes to us the suggestion, that since the name of the (first) Radical Club has been changed to "Chestnut Street Club," it would be wise if the Second Radical Club should adopt the name of "Radical Reform Club;" as, he says, "it is time such a club should mean action as well as an idea." We reserve our judgment.

THE *Golden Rule*, with Rev. W. H. H. Murray as editor-in-chief, made its appearance three weeks since, looking very bright and attractive, and filled with varied matter. It starts under the most flattering auspices, and appears to be floating on the tide of success. We hail its appearance as a John-the-Baptist, preparing the way for *THE NEW AGE*. "He must increase, but I must decrease." (*John iii. 30.*)

IT WOULD SEEM to be an excellent thing if we could rear our children in blissful ignorance of the wickedness and suffering in the world; but after all there are two sides to that question. The knowledge of the woe must come with the knowledge of the evil: and the effect of the one will be likely to neutralize the baneful influence of the other. We think it is better, as the old hymn has it,—

"To weep in sadness o'er the woes
We want the power to heal,"

than to emulate the exquisite simplicity of the carefully-nursed daughter of a London house of fashion, who is reported to have said, during a time of unusual suffering in that city, "I do not see why any one should die of hunger when a pine-apple can be bought for a guinea!"

THE representatives of the Fall River manufacturers met certain gentlemen of the press, in this city, quite recently, for the purpose of making statements that would "disabuse the public mind." That looks well. It is worth something that they have discovered there is a public mind it is not well to abuse. Now suppose these fair-minded gentlemen should next attend some meeting, "by arrangement," in which the statements would not be entirely one-sided; might not the public mind be a little more sure of being "disabused"?

WE were once present at a conference of clergymen, where two hours were spent in discussing a question relating to the resurrection of the body: whether it should consist of its original and identical particles of matter, or of other and equivalent particles. If that question is settled we would like to propose another: Why did Noah take a pair of mosquitoes into the ark? If he had had any experience of their peculiar disposition, we should suppose he would gladly have left them all to drown.

THE LOCAL NEWSPAPER is an unobtrusive but by no means useless agent among the varied activities of our civilization. It collects and preserves, in its own special territory, not only much information that would otherwise be lost, and which adds much to the social life of the towns in which it circulates, but many valuable views and ideas, from its local correspondents, which, without its existence, might never find their way into print. The *Public Spirit*, of Ayer, Mass., John H. Turner, editor and proprietor, is one of the best printed and sprightliest of its class.

THE papers recently gave this item:—"The brother of the author of '*Lorna Doon*' recently committed suicide, leaving \$100,000 to Charles Bradlaugh." The

information about the legacy, if true, is specially noticeable. It is a very rare thing that so large a bequest falls to such a man as Mr. Bradlaugh: churches, colleges, and cats usually having the preference in the benevolent provisions of rich men's wills. We are heartily glad of Mr. Bradlaugh's good fortune, and hope he will live long enough to show that money does not necessarily spoil a good reformer!

THE announcement a few weeks since of the design of publishing *THE NEW AGE* has been met by a number of journals with kind and cordial words—a courtesy we shall long remember. The transfer of these expressions to these columns is forbidden by the best taste; but we cannot withhold our special acknowledgments to the *Christian Register* for saying that this paper "will be neither weak nor dull." These words have thoroughly reassured us: it was the only point on which we had any fears. But our good friend must share, for that prophecy, our flattering reputation for bravery.

PRESIDENT GRANT uttered noble words at Des Moines, and is entitled to the respect due to one who gives expression to right sentiments; but there is no reason whatever for giving his language any more prominence or emphasis than it would deserve from the lips of the obscurest man in the world. But the folly of estimating the weight of words by the reputation of him who speaks them is not yet outgrown, and it will be long before the almost self-evident truth will be accepted, that the value of words is in the words themselves, not in the wealth or position of him who utters them.

MR. BENJAMIN R. TUCKER, associate editor of *The Word*, has finished a translation of P. J. Proudhon's book entitled, *What is Property? or, An Inquiry into the Principle of Right and of Government*. The manuscript is in the hands of John Wilson and Son, who will soon have the volume printed in their usual handsome style of the art. From the proof-sheets that already have come under our eye, we can predict with safety that not only the translation will be found to have been rendered in a crisp and racy manner, but that the book itself will prove to be full of meaty suggestion for radical thought and conclusion. *

THE SECOND RADICAL CLUB has become one of the truly notable institutions of Boston. It celebrated, last month, its fourth anniversary, in a meeting which was festive, social, and conversational. On the evening of Oct. 11, David A. Wasson read the first essay to which the Club has listened this season,—an essay remarkable for ability and suggestiveness. Last year was the most successful one which the Club has experienced, and it has every reason to look forward to an equally fortunate one in that upon which it has just entered. Its meetings occur on the second and fourth Mondays of the month. The payment of two dollars each year constitutes the condition of membership. *

WE were very much gratified to see in the second number of *The Golden Rule* a short but ringing article in reference to the labor troubles at Fall River. It revealed the existence of humane impulses in the editorial spirit of that journal, which promised well of its future, and was a pleasant contrast to the apparent heartlessness of some other professedly religious newspapers on the same matter. It was also cheering as another indication that a subject in which is really involved the interests of all classes of society has attracted the attention, and forced itself on the consideration, of people who have seemed to suppose that they were, by culture or position, exonerated from all solicitude or responsibility concerning it.

THE papers have been largely occupied of late in abusing Wendell Phillips for his views on the currency question. They would be better occupied in demonstrating, if they can, the unsoundness of those views. Gold and silver may be the world's money in virtue of the laws of Nature: but that is something which has not yet been proved. The claim that the world generally thinks so does not raise a very strong presumption that it is true. We can conceive that the assumption of a hard-money standard may serve the present purposes of large capitalists: but what is best for capital is certainly not always best for the interests of the people. Stop abusing a man on whom thirty years' abuse has been tried in vain, gentlemen! and bring out your convincing facts and arguments.

IN an ecclesiastical meeting, a few days since, we heard a sad-toned lament that it was impossible to devise any policy to which "at least one-third of the denomination would not object." It is an old and stereotyped complaint. We would not attempt to count the times we have heard it in similar bodies in twenty years. But we think there is no help for it while human nature continues in its present condition. There are some persons so happily organized that they readily swallow any dose they are asked to take: if there were not such persons, organizations would be very much smaller. There are others who taste before they take, and will not swallow what they think is not good; of course such temperaments are unfortunate: but if there were not such persons, there would be no progress. Our choice is reduced to this: difference of opinion and advancement, or conformity and death.

WE go to press in the midst of a political campaign, in which perhaps we ought not to be sorry that we have had no opportunity to have a hand. It is curious to notice that the current political topics are similar to those that were discussed thirty-five years ago, though the watch-words vary slightly. The issue then was between a "sound constitutional currency" and a "sound national currency;" now the terms are "rag-baby" and "barbarian money." Probably the questions involved are understood nearly as well now as then. Years ago the "Carnatic Question" was rife in British politics. "Electors," said an orator on the hustings, one day, "the Carnatic question is the greatest question of this or any other age. If the Carnatic question is not settled soon, this great empire is gone." "What is the Carnatic question?" somebody happened to ask. "I don't know," replied the candid orator. All political oracles are not as candid.

The Ideal.

THE NEW AGE.

BY SIDNEY H. MORSE.

SING, O Sons of Men!
Sing the glory yet to be,
Sing the hour when o'er the earth
Spreads the glory of the free;
Sing of Beauty, Love, and Truth,
Blest to all—renewing youth;
Sing of Mercy, Justice, Peace—
These shall bring the Soul increase;
Since the ages were begun
Men have missed the larger bliss—
Reverence for the lowly one:
Sing, O sing of this;
Sing the war-song nevermore;
Sing of Reason's victory o'er
Superstition, Prejudice;
Sing the days of social worth,
Sing the Friendships of the earth,
Sing all these that they abide,
Sing, O voices, far and wide;
Sing the glory yet shall be,
Sing the NEW AGE of the Free!

Dreams.

BY THE EDITOR.

THERE are occasional and unlooked-for experiences and visions which give us hints of the wealth we possess in the intangible elements of our inner life. Is it not a marvellous thing that a thought or a feeling can exist in our nature during a long period in which we make no use of it, in which we do not remember that it was ever ours, but which some trifling circumstance—an unexpected meeting with an old friend, the sight of a picture or an old letter—will show us has an indestructible life? Yet just that marvel constitutes one of the veritable facts of human experience.

In this department of experience—the accretions of which are so completely disconnected with every-day thought and feeling, that it may not unfitly be termed our unconscious life—we may expect to find the more enduring fruits of existence. The things that are demanded for constant use, we are compelled to carry continually about us; and such as we destroy in the using must be held in readiness for the employment of the external senses; but that inner life, whose wealth is so locked up that our eyes do not often have a glimpse of it, may be presumed to hold the imperishable treasures of our being. We came into this world without a thought, an idea, or a moral purpose. With the dawn of the earliest intelligence we begin to aim, to aspire, and to think. At length we find ourselves stirred with aims we can never reach, inspired by ideals that are destined never to become actual; we find ourselves glowing with affections that this world is too narrow to employ, and this life too brief to exhaust.

The heart and brain of humanity are full of unsatisfied desires and unfulfilled dreams. If the facts were known, I suspect very few would be found who make in their accustomed avocations the full use of all their faculties, or the complete application of all their ideas. In any calling there is felt some yearning for what some other function only could supply. There is latent eloquence in many a tongue condemned to silence beside the bench; there are images created by a poet's fancy peopling the mental world of those who swing the sledge; there are strains of music floating in tuneless souls where we see only hands linked to continuous labor; there is unoccupied philosophy in the active brains of men to whom the imperative dictates of a complex business refuse retirement to a student's cell; there is a vast amount of stored force in multitudes of minds—of reserved feeling in multitudes of hearts. Look at a theorist: he is prolific of schemes that never come to fruit; he turns his hand to a thousand things that end where they began; he goes shabbily through life to die a shabby death at last. We say of him—"Oh, he never brought any thing to pass; he was a dreamer—a most unpractical man." But we all have in some degree what he had in large degree:—that ideal faculty whose creations cannot be planted in a present actual world. Such are the grasp and compass of our unconscious life, that we cannot use all its resources as fast as we gather them up. Shall none of

these dreams have fulfilment? We cannot suppose that they are all to be wasted when we call to mind the dreams that have transformed themselves into history. How many have been laughed at as insane enthusiasts by their own generation only to become revered as benefactors of the world by a succeeding generation. Watt was a dreamer; Stephenson was a dreamer; Morse was a dreamer: yet out of the resources of the unconscious life of these men came the thoughts and schemes by which steam and lightning have wedded the continents. Plato was a dreamer; but the Republic of his dreams promises to be more than realized on a shore of which he never dreamed. And what are our best conceptions to-day, in the higher realm of moral ideas, but the stuff of which were woven the dreams of the prophets and apostles whose names are sacred to humanity. The world has certainly been indebted to its lunatics. The folly of one age is the wisdom of the next.

It is in dreams that we see how much deeper meaning life has than appears on the surface. How many are living the lower life of materialism, as if the most serious and weighty results were wrought out in the outward and tangible elements, while the fancy, the sentiment, the dreaming, in which we now and then indulge, are nothing more to us than the mere fringe of life! Yet the time may come when we shall see that the longings we hardly dared to cherish, the conceptions we almost felt it were unworthy to utter—the expanding germs of our unconscious life—constitute the enduring warp and woof of existence. What a joy to discover ultimately, that what we ventured to indulge tremblingly, yet could not bear to give up, were the wings to bear us aloft, into the purer skies of moral elevation!

And of what more admirable and magnificent a thing can we have any conception, than that of a human being in whom keen animal appetites are conjoined with amazing intellectual energy and high moral capacities, placed in a material world, yet compelling all the forces of sensuous objects and sensuous propensities to contribute to the growth of the spiritual life. What a Divine Alchemy is that which can transmute the elements of our baser life into the pure gold of creative thought and enduring affection!

THIS is the true nature of home—it is the place of Peace; the shelter, not only from all injury, but from all terror, doubt, and division. In so far as it is not this, it is not home; so far as the anxieties of outer life penetrate into it, and the inconsistently-minded, unloved, or hostile society of the outer world is allowed by either husband or wife to cross the threshold, it ceases to be home; it is then only a part of that outer world which you have roofed over, and lighted a fire in. But so far as it is a sacred place, a vestal temple, a temple of the hearth watched over by Household Gods, before whose faces none may come but those whom they can receive with love,—so far as it is this, and roof and fire are types only of a nobler shade and light,—shade as of the rock in a weary land, and light as of the Pharos in the stormy sea;—so far it vindicates the name, and fulfils the praise, of home.

And wherever a true wife comes, this home is always round her. The stars only may be over her head; the glow-worm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her feet: but home is yet wherever she is: and for a noble woman it stretches far round her, better than ceiled with cedar, or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light afar, for those who else were homeless. —*Ruskin.*

I'm proof against that word failure. I've seen behind it. The only failure a man ought to fear is failure in cleaving to the purpose he sees to be best. As to just the amount of result he may see from his particular work—that's a tremendous uncertainty: the universe has not been arranged for the gratification of his feelings. As long as a man sees and believes in some great good, he'll prefer working for that in the way he's best fit for, come what may. I put effects at their minimum, but I'd rather have the minimum of effect, if it's the sort I care for, than the maximum of effect I don't care for—a lot of fine things that are not to my taste—and if they were, the conditions of holding them while the world is what it is, are such as would jar on me like grating metal.—*George Eliot.*

Equality of Woman.

The Value of the Ballot.

BY FREDERIC A. HINCKLEY.

THE history of the world is the history of the rise and progress of liberty and the breaking of chains; an essential element in the evolution of ideas. Everything is gravitating toward self-government, which is the only possible basis for the largest individual freedom. In the light of this truth, principles which in the abstract are good for all time are constantly receiving new interpretations. What once meant to the most prophetic soul only all *white* men now means *all* men, and in the good time coming will mean, simply and grandly, *ALL*. Liberty for all—that is the key-note to the anthem of democracy. But what is liberty under institutions like ours?

It is: (1) ownership of the person; (2) ownership of property; (3) the right to vote and to be eligible to office. Any class in the community which is deprived of any or all of these rights by conditions in themselves insurmountable, is enslaved; and an essential step toward peace and prosperity for the republic is to break its fetters.

The most conspicuous and inexcusable denial of all these rights in this country is found in the case of Woman. As a wife, she owns neither her person nor her property. As a citizen, she is neither permitted to vote nor to hold office. She belongs, therefore, to a subject-class, and her emancipation is necessary before we shall have, in reality as in name, a democracy.

The movement for Woman's Rights, or for Woman Suffrage, if that narrower term be preferred, means nothing less than woman's complete equality. What is the real significance of the ballot to man? It means for him a voice in the making of the laws by which he is to be governed, and in the selection of the clerks who are to administer them; it means that he is a sovereign unit, whole and complete, politically speaking, in himself; it means that he has by right supreme control of his own person and property, so long as he does not interfere with the like right for every other person. It is precisely the same with woman. Since she is, like man, a human being, the ballot means for her the same rights and the same protection, and its denial to her means that she is denied the most efficient instrument wherewith to obtain redress for the wrongs she suffers. Whoever thinks, therefore, that Woman Suffrage signifies simply an increase in the number of votes, is gravely mistaken. It signifies also an increase in the amount of liberty. The woman who holds the ballot intelligently will never be expected to pass over the control of her person to a man, even though that man be her husband; and if she should be expected to, she will decline the serfdom which such a surrender involves. A sovereign citizen, with power to make and unmake politicians and parties, will hardly be asked, if she falls, to submit to a moral and legal code infamously severe, while the other sovereign citizen, who in nine cases out of ten causes her fall, retains his passport to good society and his eligibility to the highest offices. When two persons with the ballot behind them do the same work equally well, it will not be necessary to ascertain their sex before their pay is announced. In a word, the ballot means an approximation toward justice and fair play among those who possess it. In order that this approximation may be enjoyed by all, all must possess the ballot; and that *all*, by every rule and definition of the English language, must include woman. This understood, the Woman Movement assumes its true proportions. It ceases to be a petty or in any way a narrow reform; it becomes a great crusade for a principle of universal justice. It ceases to be a matter simply of class interest; it becomes a vital issue to individual, social, national life. It proposes to make the individual more godlike by giving increased freedom to self-development; it proposes to make the home more godlike by basing it on the union of two intelligent souls as well as two loving hearts.

"Two hearts in council, two beside the hearth,
Two in the tangled business of the world,
Two in the liberal offices of life."

It proposes to make the State more godlike by basing it not on bachelorhood but on the holy alliance of the

father and mother heart. In this work the aristocrat, the stickler for the old, the believer in sex superiority, will hold back; but the man who remembers the care of a wise mother, the loving counsel of a faithful wife, or who has any proper and abiding respect for the sex to which they belong, will give it a hearty God-speed in its ministry of freedom. "A man defines his standing at the court of chastity," says one, "by his estimate of woman; he can be no man's friend nor his own, if not hers." In the same strain I would say, our institutions—marriage, society, the State—are yet to be judged by their conception of the character of womanhood. If that conception continues to be low, if the wife continues the victim of lust, if society continues to encourage women to be dolls and nonentities, if the State continues long to be a male aristocracy, then do each and all contain within themselves the seeds of dissolution. But if, on the contrary, marriage shall become the union of two souls in love and freedom, society the association of mutually respected and self-respecting units, and the State the happy rule of *all* the people, then will they each and all live, potent influences for individual growth and universal freedom. The keynote of the whole movement, however, is the ballot. Only remember it is not an end in itself, not simply carrying out the necessary logic of the democratic idea, but a practical power for the realization in all these departments of the highest ideals of freedom, holiness, and love.

Illogical Fireworks.

SINCE the woman question began its agitation, there has been not a little of this sort of illumination. Quite recently, a rocket of this description was sent into the presence of a company of teachers; to the effect that if every teacher in the country should resign on any day her situation, the very next every place could be filled; and so on for twenty days in succession. This very startling proposition was said to have originated in the brains of a school superintendent, high in rank; and was borne to this little group by one of our foremost female reformers, delivered with the assent of her profoundest reason.

Admitting that Nature abhors a vacuum, and generally manages to fill emptiness with something, we will allow that the vacant school-rooms might be stocked with as many pounds avoirdupois as had left; perhaps more. But ignorance would take the place of intelligence, inexperience of professional experience, in this department; for nowhere could this fresh arrival of teachers have had opportunity to obtain the invaluable treasures afforded by experience, that the departing teachers would take with them.

The very fact that the latter had held the keys to these halls where this knowledge only could be obtained, proves this beyond a question.

All knowing, worthy the name, is obtained by experience—the subject with the object; and, in the teacher's profession more than any other, experimental knowledge is the only kind that can hold its own for any long period. Children will not be manipulated by ignorant fingers, without making a very bad appearance, and putting forth decided and long-continued objections,—which in the end will result in their ruin or in routing the teacher from her position.

The pulpits of the country, the medical chairs and lecture platforms, could much more easily find substitutes in one day, than the teacher's desk. For older people are far slower to detect the alloy than a child is; and, if detected, the older head might possibly endure in silence, when the child could not restrain the muscles and sensitive nerves of its little body from revealing the whole story, even though the tongue were unable to express it.

Truth endures, though falsehood may sometimes be more showy, and magnetize more quickly. Women should not be induced to seek new conditions in life, except through physical, mental, and moral fitness; and they should be sure that they obey the demands each of her own existence, and not an impulsive desire for some flattering change. Hundreds of women are, without doubt, in school, who have no sympathy with the occupation; but thousands more are there because they love the work, and by long experience and hard study have gained such knowledge of the profession, that their removal would be an irreparable loss to the educational interests of the country.

This profession is a noble one for either man or woman, when Nature leads on to its adoption. And as it will in time become as remunerative to woman as man, it will be one of the most honored and satisfactory of professions. On the other hand, there are vast fields of industrial and professional labor, other than this, which women are destined to fill. But the wise woman will not rush from the teacher's desk to the pulpit, or rostrum, or counting room, simply because the latter has more money, or more laurels, or fewer occupants. Any soul is rich whose heart is wedded to its work; and there are laurels enough for such to win and wear, unseen though they may be to mortal eyes. No profession or occupation that is useful in the world is overcrowded with competent workmen; and in the teacher's profession there is always a sad dearth of well-equipped educators.

The true way to clear our schools of the parasitic teachers who hang upon them merely for an existence of bread and butter, while utter contempt for the profession fills up the measure of their days, is to lay before them, and all women, as much as possible, the duties and responsibilities of other positions.

Let them search the shop-windows and work-rooms of all, till they find a seeming affinity; then try the hand at the tools, and see if there be a returning throb of inspiration. If the little wire says "yes," that shall be the *datum* of a true calling to life's work.

Boston, October, 1875.

L. S. H.

Free Religion.

Less Appearance—More Reality.

BY JOHN H. CLIFFORD.

M. TAINE calls religion, as he saw it in England, a "serious poem." A keen observer and precise delineator. His phrase should be an apt one. But, judging even by the tokens which reach us across the sea, the Anglican "poem" has movements which were better described as comical. The Pegasus bestrode by surplined votaries of the Muses, sometimes possesses the unmistakable parts, the auricular elongation, quadrupedal limits, ashy color, and dissonant voice, of a less classical beast. Bishop Bellerophon, well mounted, and in hot pursuit of the chimera of modern unbelief—what spectacle, in these days, more ridiculous!

But if English religion—the semi-Catholicism of the Establishment—can be fitly described as a "poem," either serious or comic, or both at once, the description equally befits universal Christianity, so far, at least, as concerns its institutional character. Therefore we need not deplore our unacquaintance with trans-Atlantic worship, since we live and move in the midst of that which is simply its American counterpart. The European seal corresponds to the impression which even the Puritan attempt could not hinder it from deeply making upon this continent.

Here, as elsewhere in Christendom, religion has become a "poem," a tragedy, with its inter-play and by-play of farce. In the strictest sense, it is largely objective. It "shows a body rather than a life." It is spectacular rather than vital. All the way through, from the vulgar dramatizing of Moody and Sankey, which has excited such unnecessary interest in sceptical circles, to the dignified dullness of present Unitarianism, which represents the "deportment" in religion, there exists in America a huge body of *appearance*, to which it were difficult to find any corresponding *reality* in solid religious character. The latter, it may be feared, is in inverse ratio to the former.

The accident of Mr. Moody's preaching in his New England village-home brings into view an obscure country minister, by reason of mere re-statement of the commonplaces of the old Unitarian controversy; and from one end of the land to the other a needless hubbub ensues over an incident in itself insignificant, belonging to a movement worse than puerile. Professing absolute hostility to the doctrines which Mr. Moody preaches, his considerate opponent, upon waking, evidently alarmed to find himself so far famous as to hear his name coupled with that of the travelled evangelist, makes haste to disavow the least antagonism towards the revivalist or his work. He rather

bids him God-speed, and puts himself in an attitude of readiness to rejoice in case it should turn out that Mr. Moody's efforts are productive of any "good." And all good Unitarians say, Amen! One can hardly decide which should be most deplored, the audacious confidence of itinerant Calvinism, determined to "walk into" the "infidelity" of the time, or the doughfaceism of your half-rationalist, behind a frowning *a priori* prejudice, hiding a benignant *a posteriori* smile!

There is no making a clean breast of it, and confronting the enginery of a false revival with the conditions of a true one, undeterred by the fear that falsehood may cry out if it is hurt. On the contrary, there is vacillation and shuffle, half-speech and apology, and finally a slinking away to the cover of liberal generalities; as though the degenerate representatives of "a more rational theology," whose ancestors made the strongholds of Orthodoxy tremble beneath their blows, were in mortal terror lest after all Moody and Sankey might be armed with the genuine thunderbolts of divine vengeance.

Such are certain phases in the cycle of lunar changes whereby we are vouchsafed varying quantities of theologic moonshine. Ecclesiasticism does not cease to pester the world with the claim that its opaque body of a theological moon, which must needs reflect somewhat of the light of Nature, is nothing less than the central sun of truth. It would make the world accept its appearance for reality. Men perceive that its moon brings light. It would have them know that it also brings heat. Hence "blasts from hell" by Moody, and heavings from the furnace of emotion by brethren in Brooklyn and Chicago. Ecclesiasticism also claims as its own the "ocean of eternity." Whatever craft navigates that sea must sail by its lunar method. And when wind and tide fail, the gospel-ship must nevertheless be propelled. If revivalism come short, then let sentimentalism be applied. "If the wind were down, I would drive the boat with my sighs."

Such is institutional Christianity at present: however varying among its sects as to things indifferent, a unit in its purely objective existence, and in its claims of supremacy. Is it not then a poem, a tragedy rushing onward to its consummation—a farce rollicking through the whole—whose impending catastrophe is at once sorrowful and ridiculous? This, enacted without interruption, appealing to the popular favor by all theatrical tricks, forms an appearance which easily gets substituted in the general mind for reality.

This confirmed tendency in religion to outward show betrays a self-consciousness in the mind from which it proceeds that of itself is fatal to a normal religious life. Self-consciousness being so pronounced, self-hood must be reckoned at its minimum. The necessary product of such a general dramatizing of religious "interests" is an excess of busy-bodies, appearing as actors on the scene. The vast numbers of individuals who undertake to do the work of salvation once for all, constitute, perhaps, the most alarming hinderance to real religious being. They succeed in diverting attention from the inward essentials of religion to the external counterfeits. Their combined efforts culminate, not in the generation or conservation of spiritual energy, but rather in its dissipation; and in the construction and perpetuation of an inert and deadening ecclesiasticism—a grand mausoleum of the virtues.

What wonder, then, if preachers, orthodox and heretic, now and again awake, with a sense of suffocation, to find themselves immured within a charnel-house? One listens eagerly when they begin to talk of a "death-in-life," and to deplore the moribund condition of the churches. But the old feeling, half-pitiful, half-derisive, returns upon the beholder, as he sees them gravely apply the exhausted aids of gospel galvanism, in hope to "revive" a corpse wherein there never was the blood or breath of life.

It is inevitable that there must be a stupendous funeral, before the "poem" of religion—which is neither true epic, nor lyric, nor drama of human life, but a dismal "paradise lost," and "paradise [to be] regained," composed out of the once supreme, but happily now degraded, worship of the objective—will give place to that organic existence, in which religion is inseparable from the natural functions and the legitimate products of man's whole being. The previous order must be reversed. The appearance must be buried out of sight by the reality.

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JOHN M. L. BABCOCK, EDITOR.

ABRAM WALTER STEVENS, EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTOR.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 6, 1875.

WE take special pleasure in announcing the name of ABRAM WALTER STEVENS as Editorial Contributor, because of the conviction that the high reputation he has won as a writer is based upon the real ability and excellent spirit of whatever comes from his pen.

Our Design.

WITH this, its first issue, THE NEW AGE enters upon a work as yet unattempted, and occupies ground until now vacant in journalism. The enterprise we assume is demanded by the present condition of our American society. It is divided into classes; and the essential spirit of classes is to repel and exclude each other; a tendency which has more than once in human history resulted in destroying the foundations of social life. With this danger beginning to threaten us, the painful fact is that none of our organized agencies are effective to disarm it.

We have the press, the pulpit, the legislature: but they are, without intending it, doing more to intensify than to defeat the perils that confront us. There are various and diverse interests in our civilization; but of the almost innumerable number of journals, daily, weekly, and monthly, now published, no one represents more than a very small fraction of these interests; and of those not represented in any one of them, only prejudiced, or at least partial, views are given. We have ~~sixty thousand papers, and they speak alone for~~ ~~thoroughly thousands of people, but they speak alone for~~ the sects that built them: how can they speak the reconciling word? We have our National and State legislatures; but who does not know that only the more powerful and influential classes are represented in their halls, or get a hearing in their debates? In a word, no ground is yet provided, where a free conference can be held between the numerous and different interests of society; and to a consequent ignorance of each others' rights and purposes may be traced much of the misunderstanding and antagonism from whence spring the bitter conflicts and hot rivalries of life.

And not only this, but the general movement of human progress halts and wavers from similar causes. The devotion of oneself to one idea, to the exclusion of all others—of which there are many examples—may have its advantages; but it has one pernicious liability—that of making a man radical in one thing and conservative in all others. This generation has been wonderfully agitated over the problems raised by such men as Buckle, Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Spencer, and Fiske; and at one side of humanity's column of advance are found those who are bringing the resources of high scholastic culture to the study of these problems. At the other side of the column, are seen those who are devoted to social or ethical schemes, of a more practical character. And these sections of progressive men are struggling onward, separated by lack of sympathy, because unconscious that they are on the same line of march, that they belong to the same great movement.

Our purpose is to convene in these columns a Congress of all sections and representatives of human progress. The point we aim at is to make all classes of society understand and apply the principles under the operation of which all antagonisms will ultimately disappear. As leading to this, we shall endeavor to bring the mental and moral activity which springs from two forms of culture—that of the schools and the books, and that of the harsher discipline of actual affairs and contact with men—into that intelligent harmony of spirit and purpose that will secure the highest effectiveness of each. The struggle for the right to the common comforts of life is one phase of active reform; we expect that he who is engaged in it shall yet see that the questions which are now stirring

the world of philosophy and science have a direct connection with it. And we expect, too, that the earnest and scholarly student of new discoveries in the higher realms of thought will discern the fact that the principles involved in his own pursuit underlie, for instance, the movement for the Emancipation of Woman, or that for securing the just Rights of Labor.

In the impulse of the intrinsic Sympathy of Reforms we convene this congress. Here all the different interests of society can meet and speak on equal terms, and by impartial discussion become more thoroughly acquainted with each other. The treasures of advanced thought, on all subjects, will here be brought into one storehouse. And in such a congress, met not to enact laws but to discover them, not to establish organizations but ideas, something may be done to clear the mental vision and inspire the moral consciousness of mankind.

If there is a journal now doing the work we propose for THE NEW AGE, we are unacquainted with it. If it does not appear that vacant ground has waited until now for a journal to possess it, we must regret our inability to make a clear statement.

As we do not wish, if we can avoid it, to make any allusion henceforth in these columns to our paper or ourself, we ask that it may be understood, once for all, that THE NEW AGE is not devoted to any special interest whatever, nor the advocate of any special policy. Its method is discussion, not advocacy; and the moment it dwarfs itself to a policy, it will defeat its own mission. The editorial judgment must of course be exercised in preserving a just balance of space between the various topics, and a proper method and tone of discussion; but with these inevitable limitations, we shall freely admit sentiments we do not personally endorse, in the conviction that it is always best for human welfare that all sides should be heard. Each article which appears in these columns must stand, not in the editorial approval, but on its own merits alone.

We have but one word to add. We have heard that it has been asked, "Why start another paper, when there are already so many?" We wonder the question has never been asked of other things. It would be just as pertinent in reference to every new book, or railroad, or factory, or lawyer, or doctor, or minister. All we have to say is, that if THE NEW AGE unites to any extent in the work which other journals are doing, that circumstance will give it strength; but it will gain much more from the fact that, in so far as their work is unlike its own, they testify unconsciously that its appearance is timely.

The Patient and his Doctors.

EVERY earnest and thoughtful man feels related to the age in which he lives, by a certain sense of responsibility for its current ideas, sentiments, and usages. If false opinions and customs prevail, if ill-grounded institutions exist, he cannot excuse himself to his own conscientious regard for the true and beautiful, if he omit all endeavor to correct them according to his best conception. He feels it to be his duty to enlighten his age with that enlightenment which he himself has received; to make the very noblest contribution in his power to the thought and the life of his time.

Doubtless it is something of this feeling which prompts so many to write a book, to indite magazine and newspaper articles, to engage in journalism, or to take up and advocate some reform. Every one who does so feels unquestionably that he has something important to say, something to communicate to the world, which, if it do not hear, it will be the loser; some thought glows in his mind, some word burns on his tongue, that must be uttered,—else nights are sleepless, and the day's work cannot be done.

There is something divine and beautiful, surely, in such a mental and spiritual solicitude concerning the wants of the age and the world's social imperfection. It is infinitely nobler than the stagnation of indifference, or the stupidity of well-to-do worldliness. If there are any superior celestial intelligences, they must yearn mightily over the sad state of mortals; and in proportion as our own hearts become fired with heavenly imaginations, we cannot help groaning and travailling with the pain of mankind's yet unfit and unfair existence.

But no physician is qualified to grapple with the serious condition of his patient's health, if he be not able in the first place to make out an accurate diagnosis of the case, and, in the second, if he have not the skill to deal with more than one of the ills that flesh is heir to, or to apply more than one of the remedies known to pharmacy. If our doctor be only a quack, then his zeal to cure our infirmities becomes an impertinence and an insufferable nuisance; we show him the door, and only refrain from bidding him throw his physic to the dogs out of sheer pity for those animals. If, in fact, he be any thing short of a most scientific practitioner, one who knows not as well how and when not to do as to do; who, indeed, has any thought other than to coöperate, never to interfere, with Nature,—we decline even his gratuitous services, with the kindest advice to him that he take in his sign, and give himself to the study rather than the practice of medicine. And though he should be reluctant to depart, and assure us that at least he is "death on fits," still we should have to refuse his special skill, if the disease from which we now suffer be not fits, but only a slow malarial fever.

With no more indulgent consideration shall we be able to treat any one who comes forward with the claim that he is qualified to cure the social ills of mankind. Though his zeal be never so great, we shall be obliged to interrupt him long enough to inquire as to the extent of his real knowledge. Even if his honesty be unquestioned, and his capacity for self-sacrifice unbounded, still must the accuracy of his information, the largeness of his discernment, and the soundness of his judgment be to us matters of the most pressing curiosity. Pretension certainly will not pass with us. Devotion alone will not satisfy us. Is our teacher wise? Is our reformer judicious? Is our propounder of theories catholic and comprehensive? Only an unequivocal affirmative answer to these inquiries will suffice to command our attention, much less to win our confidence, to any one who undertakes to deal with or even to discuss the wants of our present time.

But when we turn to the arena of reform, what do we behold? Social doctors there without number, each one of whom claims, or appears to claim, to be in possession of a panacea for all the woes of the age. Verily, it is a wonder that society is not reformed desperately, when we consider how many there are ready to bid for the job; nay, how many there are who have actually undertaken it! A score of doctors have their finger upon the pulse of the patient at once, each with an eye to a different symptom, and each proclaiming a different disease to be the very affliction. One says that the patient is sick in his head, with false beliefs and erroneous doctrines; and that nothing will do but an utter change in his theology,—a complete rejection of Christianity, and acceptance of free religion, infidelity, or materialism. Another declares that the patient is sick in his heart, that his amative condition is all wrong; and the prescription is the abolition of marriage and a dose of free love. Still another pronounces the patient sick in his conscience; affirms that the moral sense is totally deranged,—the symptoms being the oppression of woman, the wrongs of the laborer, the poverty of the masses, the corruption of politics, the low state of morals; and the prescription is woman suffrage, eight hours, re-distribution of wealth, change of administration, and an increase of the police. Each doctor is sure that his diagnosis of the patient's case is correct, that the fatal symptoms are what he affirms, and that the veritable means of restoration are such as he prescribes.

What now is to be done? Shall we try all the doctors in turn, and take a little of the medicine of each? Perhaps this depends upon the confidence we have in the capacity of our social system to endure. We have time enough certainly for experiment. We also have complete faith in our ultimate recovery, feeling sure that *all* the doctors cannot kill us, because Nature has decreed that we shall be a well man in spite of them,—in spite of their and our mistakes.

But *calmness* is the first requisite to wisdom. A surgeon who has a difficult operation to perform must have a clear head and steady nerves. O doctors! we do not object to heroic treatment; but let us have no fanaticism, if you please. Above all things, quarrel not among yourselves. Banish arrogance, conceit, and dogmatism, and come to a fundamental agreement if you can!

What if it be true that the patient is rather sick *all over*; that he is not quite well in head, heart, or conscience? We think this is true. But what then? Shall we neglect one part of him while we attend to another? No, verily. We seek the true, the good, the beautiful: not one, but all. Whatsoever else we do, we must *keep up the tone of the general system*. Neglect that, and in vain shall we doctor away on some local ail. Give the patient light, give him air, give him a chance to turn around and take what exercise he can himself. Do not crowd too close about him, kind friends: he is not so far gone but he can speak and tell you something of what he wants; and be sure, if you can hear him, he will ask only for the most natural remedies.

What we most need, to-day, is a true social science. Reformers must not ignore one another, nor indulge in mutual scorn. Rather must they come into council together, into a free parliament, where the state of society may be scientifically considered, and acted upon without haste and without passion. We have had quacks enough and nostrums enough, God knows! Specialists have swarmed, while social ills have not abated. The age calls for men of broad minds and broad sympathies; men with souls too large to be warped by any special conceits or personal ambitions. It calls for men of knowledge and of wisdom, who shall unite a true science with a true philosophy. It asks for reformers who are catholic enough to consider the interests of the whole of humanity, not those of a class only; who labor to unite men in one brotherhood, not to promote the enmities and strifes of parties and factions; who are eager to prove the true interests of each the true interests of all. It demands reformers who believe in peace, not war; who are patient to wait as well as resolute to act; who counsel, first and last, resort to reason, not to force.

He who studies humanity wisely sees that its one great sense is that of HUNGER. But it hungers, not for one thing, but for everything; not for a little, but for all. Do we see that man's first hunger is for food? Swift then must we be to perceive that his next immediate hunger is for beauty and for truth. No sooner has the body cried out its want, than the heart and the intellect follow with their importunate asking. The age demands of us to be too wise to be swept away by any partial or momentary clamor of the multitude, but to make slow and grand and solid provision for the *whole* hunger of man. So shall we build a civilization as broad and inclusive as humanity itself, and which shall hold to its nourishing breast every one of us, with every one of our longings and aspirations.

A. W. S.

Religion: What is it?

WE desire, and we expect, that the columns of THE NEW AGE shall give expression to various and differing forms of thought on all religious questions; since the usefulness of a journal is sadly impaired when it confines itself to one groove of opinion; and nothing is more hopeless than to be continually repeating platitudes, and reiterating inanities.

But while holding our columns open to all serious and fitly-expressed opinions, in all our discussions of this vital subject we have one test unhesitatingly to apply: it is that no system, theory, or methods of religion have any value whatever that do not DIRECTLY tend to human improvement. The religious world must yet be taught to see, that if a man's religious experiences, belief, or observances do not make him better, his religion is utterly worthless, and he might just as well be destitute of any. In fact, in such a case, destitution would be an advantage: for we have met persons, of whom, on personal acquaintance, we were sure that the worst things in their disposition and impulses were those they had borrowed of their religion; that they would have been more amiable, just, and loving, had their better instincts and affections not been blunted and stifled by the bigotry or the superstition they had received with their religious education.

The necessity of being outspoken on this point is seen in the fact that the religious multitudes do not seem to be conscious of the wide chasm there is between the gospel they profess to follow and the doctrines and usages of any of the Christian churches.

If we assume, even nominally, to be disciples of Jesus, there is no way but to study his ideas, principles, and methods: if we leave him to follow Moses, David, or Paul, so much do they differ from him that we are in sad danger of disregarding his words.

Yet Jesus is almost entirely forgotten and neglected in Christian teaching, that Moses, David, and Paul may be heard, and heard, too, on points on which they are least in sympathy with him. Of all the sermons preached in this country in the last twenty-five years, we venture the estimate that the words of Jesus have not furnished the text for more than one in five hundred; and when any of his words are used, they often consist of some disjointed phrase, that means nothing out of its place: as, for example, when the simple words "follow me," used by Jesus merely as an invitation to personal association while he lived, are "spiritualized" into some impossible meaning, and made to signify "conversion," or something else, of which he never dreamed. If Jesus were to reappear on earth, as has sometimes been suggested, it might be a question whether his indignation at the notions for which in Christian pulpits his name was made responsible would not after all be less than his astonishment that this should be called a Christian land. He would find churches costly enough, and services of worship in preparing which no expense was spared; but that the only thing for which no provision was made was that of making religious worship a power by which human life may be purified and human character ennobled. We do not expect that our religious observances will be of much practical use to us, until, at least, the conviction that such is their only true end shall be firmly lodged in the popular consciousness. This is now so far from being recognized, that the statement that religion is essentially GOODNESS is sometimes mentioned with something like a sneer in our best religious journals.

It is time that there should be a fair understanding on this point. Something of a conflict has recently sprung up as to the use of the name *Christian*. We care but little for names—qualities are fundamental. We see no objection to call goodness by the name of Christianity: but if Christianity in its essential elements be not goodness, that venerated name no longer has any charms for us.

The Labor Question.

THE Labor Question has become so prominent, and is now seen to involve interests so vital, that it is no longer to be treated with abuse or ridicule. The frequent disagreements between employers and workmen in large manufacturing establishments, attended with "strikes" and "vacations," make it imperative that this subject should receive intelligent consideration. It is a sad and sober truth that on the part of those whose position and attainments are supposed to entitle them to be the leaders or the exponents of public sentiment, or the depositaries of the best practical wisdom, no attention or examination befitting a subject of this magnitude has yet been given. The papers have usually treated it as though it were a matter too contemptible for serious discussion; and the claims of workingmen, and the alleged grievances of labor, have not only been denied all sympathy, but met with abuse and disdain. A thousand workpeople do not resort to the expedient of a "strike" simply as a pastime, or merely to gratify their leaders. They may be misled; but when they make a protest, in a form which brings immediate distress, against what they claim to be great wrongs, there can be no doubt that some actual suffering compels the step. Respectable journals may attempt to represent them as foolish or worthless wretches, who disturb society without reason; they may denounce their so-called leaders as demagogues and "blatherskites," deserving infamy or the jail: but no disguise can conceal the fact that desperate measures are only impelled by genuine distress.

The schemes which working men have proposed for their relief, are generally dismissed without discussion as being crude, absurd, or mischievous. But is it to be expected that those whose days have been passed in poorly-paid labor, and who have never had the higher advantages of the schools, should embody perfect wisdom on these questions? The right to vilify and scorn them does not certainly belong to those who have

never tried their own philosophy and insight at the task of devising a remedy for these constantly-recurring labor troubles. The fact is, the best wisdom of this age is woefully at fault in providing or even proposing any measure, method, or contrivance which might establish harmonious relations between the holders of capital and the owners of labor.

We know, of course, that it is usual to appeal to Political Economy as having definitely settled all these questions. But in the case of a strike, such as those that have made Fall River famous, you go to this fountain of wisdom in vain. Ask the political economist on what principle, or by what conditions, the belligerent mill-owners and operatives may be brought into mutual harmony, and he is dumb—he has nothing to propose. The papers, it is true, at every strike, trot out the old and worn catch-words of Supply and Demand; but there is no charm in the sound. We have seen that overworked phrase doing service in this way, off and on, for thirty years; but it was never worth, for this purpose, the types that spelled it.

Men never cheated themselves, or tried to cheat others, with a fallacy more delusive, than that which assumes to define a principle of social economy by the terms "supply and demand." The terms express nothing that is either decisive or helpful in Nature or life. If it is said that demand and supply always regulate prices, the proposition is not true. If it is said (and this is about all it amounts to) that there is sometimes more of one than the other, what is such nonsense worth? In the time of copious spring freshets, there is more land covered with water than there is at the end of a long summer's drouth, when brooks and ponds are low; and if some wise-acre should take these simple facts, and call them the "law of land and water," he would be as wise as the political economists are when they take the simple facts of supply and demand—facts which are changing continually without changing values—and dub them law. And if he should go to the mill owner when he fears his dam will be carried away, or to the farmer when his crops are suffering for want of rain, and say to either or both, "Do not be

disturbed—this is all right—this is all settled by the great law of land and water," he would do just as sensible a thing as the papers do when in times of labor troubles they say, "It is very absurd to make any disturbance about these matters—they are all settled by the law of supply and demand." No, whatever the facts may be, we must go farther; no solution will come until the causes behind the facts, and from which the facts spring, are investigated and understood. And the causes of labor disturbances will be found to be less of a purely business than of a moral character: and into that realm political economy does not profess to enter. So it has no word of counsel for suffering workpeople—except this: "Your only relief will be found in either murder or suicide." As yet no holy hand of horror has been lifted up at this, by those who are ready to seize upon some hot word from a laborer's lips as a latent threat that the agrarian's sword, or the communist's torch, is about to make wild havoc in our midst.

That it is entirely possible to unite capital and labor in peaceful relations, we are firmly convinced. Their interests, when rightly understood, are really harmonious and identical. But the light will not come through coarse and scurrilous denunciation of either. The whole subject must engage the profoundest thought, be investigated and considered in a philosophic spirit, and awaken the wisest and most thorough discussion, before the problem will be solved. And we believe that the most violent strike was never so wicked a thing as it will be for the educated and intelligent classes longer to withhold the resources of their wisdom and culture from the attempt to discover the principle on which all differences may be adjusted. For Labor's wail of suffering is one that can be compared with no other. In those experiences of emotional or mental anguish which we think the most intense because they sometimes break the heart or craze the brain, there is the relief afforded by the soothing hand of time, and the comforts of religious faith and communion. But no religious inspiration can supply, no human thought has conceived, any relief for that suffering which comes in the maddening form of starvation—save one; and if the multitude's cry for bread is unheeded, who can tell what convulsion and anarchy may follow?

Spiritualism.

The Spiritualistic Philosophy of Life.

BY PROF. WILLIAM DENTON.

SPIRITUALISM, by demonstrating to man his continuance after death, gives us the true philosophy of life.

I have noticed, among those who have no faith in the spirit's future, a dissatisfaction with life and humanity that appears to be caused by the necessary one-sided and imperfect view of it obtained from the merely material side. Could the crawling caterpillar be made aware that at some future time it should be a fly, and mount on silken wings and flit from flower to flower, sipping honey, it would enable the worm to bear the ills of the present in anticipation of its butterfly future, and give it a philosophy of worm life, quite impossible without it. Those who have no belief in future existence feel frequently that life is a poor, mean affair, hardly worth coming into the world for; while looking at their fellows as mere creatures of a day, they feel and sometimes express a contempt for them that neither adds to their own well-being nor the happiness of others. Riding with such a man one day in Southern Colorado—and, by the way, he had been governor of the territory—he said, "What a devilish dunghill of a concern this human nature is!" Nothing but a very restricted view of humanity could ever have bred such a sentiment. The author of Ecclesiastes, after telling us that man is no better than a beast, and that as one dieth so dieth the other, very appropriately adds, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

Spiritualism gives us the philosophy of life. It tells us what the love means that throbs in young hearts and leads them to unite in marriage, finding in each other, for the time being, all the heaven that they desire. It reveals to us the meaning of these children, crying, prattling, growing up into boys and girls, around us. It translates into language that we can understand the smiles, the tears, the comforts, and the troubles of life: all so many threads out of which are woven the garment that the soul shall wear in the hereafter.

What means this blazing globe rushing from the glowing bosom of the sun? Is it merely to light and warm the moon that rejoices in its beams? Ages pass, and rocks arise, pile on pile. Was the planet born that granite and quartz, slate and trap, might be? No; for life appears, and the waters swarm; sea-snails cling to the rocks that are carpeted with sea-weeds, and trilobites like water-beetles skim over the surface of the warm, shallow ocean by myriads. Crinoids expand their living blossoms and make gay the sea-bed like a garden of flowers. But even these fail to give us a key to the riddle of creation.

Nor do their successors, the bony-scaled fishes flashing through the waters, reptiles churning the sea with their huge paddles, nor birds with varied plumage making the palmy forests still more gay, nor the monkeys chattering in the tree-tops, nor even the low-browed men who lorded it over the world by brute strength—give us a rational answer to the question, Why the earth endured for ages incalculable, and life advanced from the monad to the man? But, guided by the truth which Spiritualism reveals, we find that man's earthly life is but a chrysalis state, and that he is heir of a future whose limit is all unknown; then all the past lies before us like a landscape, and the philosophy of all that has been is unfolded to the soul of the thinker.

It gives us the philosophy of death. Death to the materialist is the skeleton grim, the antagonist of life, the end of all conscious being, the night that comes to all, but without a star or dawn of returning day; death to him reaps all, and the grave is the granary of humanity, and holds its contents forever. We are so constituted that we never can be satisfied with this. The people that are so unfortunately constituted that they must believe it shrink from the fate that their faith assigns them, for in it there is no philosophy of life or death. Why, then, millions of years of preparation for a being who is outlived by the turtle that paddles in the brook, and by the willow the shadows of whose leaves shall play over his grand-children's graves? Why these souls, with unfathomable depths and breadths like celestial oceans in which universes swim, but into which life pours but a drop? All is explained when we learn our destiny.

Materialism.

Preliminary Statement.

Few thinkers study the records of progress for the sake of learning the best course of duty, and to aid the chances of a higher future, without seeing that the religious thought of the past is ill adapted to improve the condition of society. There is a growing distrust of the Church as an agent of progress, and a feeling that it does but little in the interest of the people; and that phase of modern thought appropriately termed Materialism is vigorously supplanting it.

The Church has so long cultivated the emotional element, that it is not to be expected that all those who break away from it will at once thread the entire pathway from Christianity to Materialism. So we have Spiritualists; the best of whom use the word Spirit in the same sense in which Materialists use the word Force. But had it not been for materialistic tendencies, all emotional people might still have been in the bosom of the Church.

Materialism, in its shortest definition, seems to be the Study of the Real. It gives the inductive faculties the fullest scope, yet confines our reasoning to that which is, and places no confidence in the mere creations of the imagination. It admits the value of negation in pointing out errors, but accords the highest place to positive truths. It repudiates all ideas of special Providence, and of an Infinite Being separate and distinct from that existence of which we all are a mode; believes there is no evidence yet advanced of a continuance of life after death; and disbelieves in the efficacy of prayer to alter the course of the universe, or any part of it. Of the existence of God, the burden of proof is on the Theist; and his usual method of attempting this by the argument from design only shifts the difficulty backwards to gods *ad infinitum*, leaving the solution as inextricable as before.

The morality of Materialism is of the Utilitarian school: that which tends to human happiness. Morality is not the prerogative of any chosen people, nor the exclusive property of any book, claimed to be inspired. If it be said that the Materialist plagiarizes his morals from such a book, we ask what becomes of the Christian's book under a similar criticism? If it be urged that Materialism offers a changing and unsubstantial system of morals, we say the taunt would come with better grace if it were expected that society would make no progress in ten thousand years. The Church has fought against progress, and expended its anathemas against what must ultimately supersede it. The necessity of scientific advancement is being acknowledged, and progress is being effected, not by Christianity, but in spite of it.

D. K.

The Labor Question.

The Lesson of Fall River.

BY W. G. H. SMART.

THE long series of troubles between employers and employed, at Fall River, extending over several months, and such as are of frequent occurrence at other manufacturing centres, where large bodies of men are subject to the control of capitalists or corporations, are attracting a great amount of public attention.

The recent culmination of these disputes in the complete submission of the operatives, and the manner in which the corporations have used their victory, have so shocked the moral sense and republican ideas of the community, that even leading journals, usually found supporting the interests of capital as against labor, have awakened to the danger of the power thus arbitrarily exercised, and warned the capitalists in plain terms—not of the injustice of their course—but of the consequences likely to accrue to themselves. It is true that for two or three days, while the question was pending whether the starving multitudes would consent to the ignominious terms or not, a portion of the press spoke boldly of the abstract wrong it was proposed to inflict; and the *Transcript*, of this city, was more outspoken than others, advising the operatives not to sign the shameful conditions, *even for bread*. Still, to the shame of the press, as soon as the cup had been drained to the dregs, without one bitter ingredient

being removed; when all these thousands of our fellow-citizens (except the noble "three hundred" who still hold out) had submitted to sign themselves as slaves in a free republic,—the subject is allowed quietly to drop, and the papers are filled with the usual daily pabulum which is more profitable to print. But we agree with the *Springfield Republican*, that "It is useless to tell the laboring man of Fall River that he has no grievance. It is a grievance that in his quarrels with his employer, and his employer's quarrels with him, the Christian intelligence of the community turns its back on them and abandons them to the devices and practices of barbarism, while the politicians, seeking for some noble and chivalrous issue, pass them by as though it were a dog-fight in the streets."

But what is the moral of the sickening story? Are we to admit that modern civilization is not intelligent enough to grapple with the questions growing out of our social and industrial relations? Are the artificial conditions that are rapidly subjecting the masses of the people—not the workingmen alone—to the irresponsible control of an all-powerful few to be allowed to continue until the republic is overthrown? Or is the theory of a "government of the people, by the people, for the people," a stupendous myth? Is God or Nature responsible for the fact that a nation, started under such fair auspices, with such magnificent natural advantages, and based upon the idea that "all men are created equal,"—is thus far, in all that relates to the higher purposes of government, a complete failure? Or, have the new factors introduced by the material progress of a hundred years so changed the organization of society that another great step must be taken in the science of government, another social revolution effected, another definition made of the rights of property, another limitation placed on the power of the individual over the general interests of society? These are questions of the gravest import, not only to the wage-laborers,—who produce, with the aid of the surplus labor of the past, all and more than the nation can consume, and who are rapidly sinking to the subordinate position of the negroes of the South,—but also to all other classes of our citizens. The interests of the traders, professional men, and small capitalists are, equally with those of the laboring men, endangered by the vast combinations of great wealth, that are already beginning to rule us with a rod of iron. Republican government, even in form, cannot long coexist with an all-powerful privileged class, no matter whether such privilege is conferred by military power, hereditary ownership of land, or the control of one of the essential elements of the national industry, namely, fixed and floating capital.

The depressed condition of industry, to-day, with the prospect that it will grow worse instead of better; the fact that there is no panic, and the banks are overflowing with money seeking safe investment; that our wisest statesmen and commercial men differ widely on the cause and remedy of the great derangement,—all show that the disease is deep-seated and organic. The questions we propose are therefore pertinent; the national difficulties stare us in the face and will not be evaded. The public welfare demands that no individual or vested interests shall stand in the way of a thorough investigation of the public calamities, the unequal distribution of wealth, and the inequitable relations of the various classes that form the national coöperation.

An excellent article by Mr. Hallowell in *The Index* of Oct. 7, on "Capital and Labor," fully exposes the injustice of the position assumed by the employers at Fall River, in denying their employees the same privilege of combination to protect their interests they claim for themselves; and shows how, by the conditions they imposed, they compelled the operatives to coöperate in their own enslavement. But the article fails to reach the principles involved, for it proposes contracts mutually obligatory, as though such troubles are not inevitable as long as such relations exist between labor and capital.

It is folly to denounce the manufacturers as tyrants, and to hold them up to the execration of mankind; they have done just what human nature always will do when not subjected to the restraints which a proper system of society will some day impose. It is done every day in individual cases, and only shocks us when seen in an aggregated form.

Literature.

THE HISTORY OF COÖPERATION IN ENGLAND: Its Literature and its Advocates. By George Jacob Holyoake. Vol. I. The Pioneer Period—1812 to 1844. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

WE classify books in this way: (1) the suggestive, or those whose fact and thought become to us the germs of new thought; (2) books which contain ideas or conceptions of truth of intrinsic value, though failing of the highest suggestive effect; (3) books which are treasuries of accurate information and useful knowledge. All other books we class below these. Mr. Holyoake's work belongs to the first class. The style is clear and animated. The facts are given, not in the form of barren detail, but in clear relation to their philosophical bearing. A moral earnestness gives force to every sentiment; except, possibly, where in one or two instances we detect traces of a spirit of cautiousness, verging on expediency, for which the reputation of Mr. Holyoake had not prepared us. But, considering that the general public has not become familiar with the facts or the literature of Co-operation, this book is particularly interesting and suggestive. Some of the facts are specially pertinent in the light of recent events. It is enough to sting an American heart to think of what an English manufacturer accomplished in his relations with workpeople at New Lanark sixty years ago, in contrast with the proceedings of the Fall River manufacturers. In this contrast it seems as if sixty years, instead of carrying us forward in this part of the social system, had dragged us back hundreds nearer barbarism. The work, of course, records many attempts that failed; but the men that made them were of the stamp of those whose methods alone lead to genuine success. As an indication of the philosophy which pervades this volume, we extract this sentence, as one unmatched for real wisdom in the current treatises on political economy:—"Co-operation, in the social sense of the word, is a new power of industry, constituted by the equitable combination of worker, capitalist, and consumer, and a new means of commercial morality, by which honesty is rendered productive."

As this work has a special value at this time, we append the following notice of it, by Moncure D. Conway, and selected from his correspondence to the *Cincinnati Commercial*:—

A curious and very readable volume is the first of George Jacob Holyoake's *History of Co-operation*. Although a first volume, it has a completeness in itself, representing the "Pioneer Period." There is little to interest those who think of co-operation in a purely commercial light; but the work is extremely valuable to those who care more for the discoveries of a principle than for its mere mechanical expansion or multiplication. After all, a romance will cling to Watt—sitting in his mother's chimney-corner, more interested in the tea-kettle than the tea—which all the railway system does not possess. Columbus in his little barque is a more picturesque figure than all the Cunard captains put together. Holyoake rightly sees that the power which co-operation has reached in Great Britain is less impressive than the moral enthusiasm out of which it grew. No man now living knows more of the men who pioneered this movement when it bore the various formidable names of Socialism, Communism, Heresy, and so forth. He was the friend and comrade of those brave, poetic seekers of a new moral world, and his friends will read on every page what he is too modest to write—*Quorum magna pars fui*. He dedicates his book as follows:—"To Wendell Phillips, of America, a country where what is new is welcome; where what is true expands: to him whose intrepid eloquence, confronting dangerous majorities, animating forlorn hopes, has ever been generously exerted on behalf of the slave, black or white, in bondage to planter or capitalist, this history of the Pioneer Period of Co-operation in England is inscribed, in gratitude and regard, by George Jacob Holyoake." There is a good deal of appropriateness in this association of radical social movements with America. There is in Bradford an old house, over the door of which is the Declaration of Independence cut in stone. It was put there early in this century by a radical Squire, Farrar, who built the house. The general impression was that the world recommenced about that time. But Mr. Holyoake dates the new-world makers farther back. He does homage to Sir Thomas More's "Utopia" (1516), and Harrington's agrarian "Oceana," dedicated to Cromwell (1656), who said that "what he had won by the sword he was not going to be scribbled out of by Mr. Harrington," though Hume said it was "the most valuable model of a commonwealth which had been offered to the public." Then came (1696) John Bellers, a Quaker, with his scheme for a College of Industry, which Robert Owen reprinted, regarding it as, in a large extent, an anticipation of his own aim. Then in the eighteenth century came Morelly, a Frenchman, trying "to find that state of things in which it should be impossible for any one to be depraved or poor." Mr. Holyoake gives a brief account too of Babeuf and his fellow-conspirators in Paris (1796), who wished to establish equality by force, and found that the force was on the other side. They lost their heads, metaphorically and then literally. St. Simon and Fourier are also referred to. With the fourth chapter the author begins his real history with Robert Owen and New Lanark. Fifty pages are devoted to "The Enthusiastic Period," (1820 and 1830), when the mind of prosaic England was raised into glowing phantasy of dreams.

Besides Robert Owen, Francis Place, William Pare, William Thompson, the Combes (Abram, George, and Andrew), Allen Davenport, and many others fairly bourgeoned out with theories and schemes, wise and otherwise. Among the notions is mentioned one which was to rectify the world by the science of

"Somatopsychonologia," and I save the reader the trouble of looking into his Greek lexicon by saying that the compound refers to body, soul, and mind. The "Co-operative Magazine," in 1826, seems to have published many queer things, such as papers on the "Unhappiness of the Higher Orders," and the means of remedying the same. How close some of these enthusiasts were to fatuity is particularly shown by the fact that one Hamilton, a cunning satirist, wrote a burlesque of Robert Owen's marriage ideas, and sent it to the above organ, which printed it in simple faith as a serious scheme. Such caricatures as this would hardly have injured the Socialists had it not been for their religious radicalism. Many of the titled and wealthy were disposed at first to unite with Mr. Owen until offended by his infidelity, when one by one they forsook him.

The first London Co-operative Society was formed in 1824. In 1826 numbers of such societies were formed throughout the Kingdom. But it seems to have been a very long time before these men got out of their sentimental mist, and perceived that if their idea was to prosper, it must be in co-operation with the great practical tendencies of the world that is, and that they could by no means evolve any other world. It is impossible to read such books as this of Holyoake's—and I may add the autobiographies of such men as Robert Dale Owen, Samuel Bamford, &c.—without feeling that the long agitations struck out a good deal of vigorous character, and stimulated much of the intellectual activity which the present inherits; but at the same time it is equally plain that a great deal of mental and money power was wasted. Co-operation was always the fundamental fact of human society; every stage coach was, as every railway train is, a co-operative institution. What these men had to do was, to try and extend the existing plan, and that could be done only by showing that families could save money by uniting for other things than they now have in common. The co-operation movement as it is now spreading—and the *London Times* has this week devoted three columns to the subject, showing that it is the most growing principle in the country—really means the net result of all such dreams and enthusiasms from Fourier and St. Simon to the fading glories of the Owens. It took so much on the long or poetic arm of the lever to lift the prosaic pounds which now begin to rise.

Communications.

Tramps.

THE question which is so often asked to-day between neighbors and in public prints, "What are we to do with the tramps?" is every day assuming a graver aspect. Forty years ago, a few men known in the country villages as strollers, were as regular in their summer visits to the farmhouses in their various beats, as the Scottish blue-gowns or "Gaberlunzies," described so pleasantly by Walter Scott in *The Antiquary*; but they by no means received the same welcome in New England as did the Scottish beggars among their constituents.

Vile and degraded, however, as they were, they committed no crimes beyond occasional petit larceny, while the tramps of to-day are almost invariably ready for any crime which may enable their armed and organized bands to accomplish the object they may have in view, whether that of procuring food or money, or the gratification of passion in the basest outrage. I have noticed of late, in some of the secular papers, certain articles, full of that lazy benevolence which seeks to avoid active efforts to remove a crying evil, by patting the tramps upon the back, and telling them they are pretty good fellows, and are only driven into this mode of living by hard times and the scarcity of work.

Now I do not hesitate to say that an experience of thirty years has convinced me that this pity is thrown away; for there is not a man in New England to-day who cannot get work, if he will work at such a rate of wages as his employer can afford to pay; and these men who loiter about the country, committing highway robbery, murder, rape, and every other crime to which their low impulses or their sense of power lead them, are essentially and by nature tramps, reasoning upon the vile basis that the world owes them a living, and they are bound to have it.

Can anything be done, then, by the community at large to check the evil, without resorting to the uncertain influences of the law, and quibbling lawyers? Living as I have done for nearly fifty years in an agricultural town, and in situations peculiarly favorable for these roving nuisances, I adopted a rule, thirty years ago, never to give money to beggars at the door, and never to give food to any man who was not willing to work faithfully for half an hour before receiving his meal. The result has been that in all that time, although large numbers have applied for food, I have never found but one man who was willing to give a half-hour's labor for a substantial meal. If every one would adopt this rule, there would soon be a diminution of the number of tramps, and the nuisance would be abated.

I am often told that it would be dangerous for women when alone to adopt this course, as the beggar would offer violence. In secluded situations this might be the case; but in a village, where a loud cry would readily bring help, the danger is nearly imaginary. Besides, there are few men who have the courage to resort to violence against a firm and determined woman, especially if armed, as she easily may be, with a knife or revolver.

Soon after I began the course alluded to above, a beggar came to the door and made his application for something to eat. Upon the conditions being stated to him, he declined acceding to them, saying he could do better elsewhere; and at the same time made the remark that if everybody adopted the same rule, there would soon be an end of begging. So say I. Let everybody try it.

Newspapers.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW AGE:—There is a man in the community whom every one respects. Every one values his acquaintance. In the first place, he always has something fresh and bright to tell you. In the second place, he always gives you a fair hearing upon any matter that interests or troubles you. And, in the third place, he always speaks out his honest advice, dissent, or approval, without reserve through fear, or exaggeration through hope of reward. You know him? Well, a good newspaper is like that man. It is vigorous, healthful, sympathetic, just. If in its competition with the legion of papers, your "NEW AGE" can establish such a character, its friends will rejoice to see in it a good instance of "survival of the fittest."

I know a paper which was afraid to publish, over the author's signature, a crisp and logical article upon the Fall River case of *Oppression et al., vs. Human Rights et al.*; another, that refused to admit an item of important criminal news to its columns of trivial scraps, when it might reflect upon a corporation; another, that gave large and prominent space to puff an arrant swindler, and aid a fraudulent enterprise, when a brief investigation would have disclosed that seven-eighths of its statements were lies; another, which tried to tell the truth, and fell short because it didn't know the alphabet of the art it was talking about; another, that published "growls" about smoking on the open street-cars, and suppressed an intelligent communication in reply; in brief, I have seen so many newspaper short-comings and dishonesties that I can almost share Gen. Butler's contempt of them.

Now don't sound a trumpet before you, as did *The Golden Rule*, and caused suspicion that some of its gold resembled brass, or else was shortened a little, like a deacon's half bushel. But find the fact, and say it; find a sincere opinion, and say it, and then let another earnest man or woman balance opinions with you, so that truth shall brighten and error blush. Then if any man pervert your well-chosen name it will be but to make it a better one—*The New Youth*. Very truly yours,
Boston, Oct. 16, 1875. CHARLES E. PRATT.

Scintillations.

"WHAT do you think of THE NEW AGE?" said Quoin. "I think it is better than old age," replied Quad. Quad is a young man.

"WERE you once a Baptist?" "Yes." "How long is it since you left them?" "It is about ten years since I chipped the shell." "Was it *Hard-shell*?" Audible smiles!

A WESTERN moralist seasonably remarks that it is painful to hear an ungodly man say "It's as hot as ginger," when you know that he doesn't mean "ginger" at all.

"WHAT object do you now see?" asked the doctor. The young man hesitated for a few moments, and then replied: "It appears like a jackass, doctor, but I rather think it is your shadow."

A FACETIOUS fellow went into a village dry-goods store the other day, and was observed to be looking about, when the proprietor remarked, "We don't keep whiskey here." "It would save you a good many steps if you did," was the quick reply.

THE bright young writer who wished to know "which magazine will give me the highest position quickest?" was told by the journal to which he sent his question, "a powder magazine, if you contribute a fiery article."

RESIGNATION was curiously expressed by good old brother Pitkins in the prayer-meeting:—"Now, brethren, I wouldn't give up this hope I have for all this world: because, brethren, I am so old and infirm that it would only be a torment to me if I had it."

A LITTLE GIRL of four or five years asked her mother one day if she had not seen Col. Porter. "No, my child," was the reply, "he died before you were born." "Well, but, mamma," she insisted, "if he went up before I came down, we must have met."

THIS little dialogue took place the other day, at the dinner table, between a young scion of the house, and a guest: Scion—"I wish I was you!" Guest—"Do you, little boy; and why do you wish you were me?" Scion—"Cos you don't get your ear pinched when you eat vittles with your knife." Tableau!

A YOUNGSTER, being required to write a composition upon some portion of the human body, selected that which unites the head to the body, and expounded as follows:—"A throat is convenient to have, especially to roosters and ministers. The former eats corn and crows with it: the latter preaches through his'n, and then ties it up. This is most all I can think of about necks."

SHE stepped into the horse-car, radiant with youth, and looking cool and bright in her flower-trimmed hat and speckless suit of linen. Four young men immediately offered her their seats. She accepted one, with an entrancing smile, and instantly gave it to a poor, wan, little old woman who had been standing for ten blocks; whereupon the young men did not know whether to get up again or not, and tried their best not to look foolish.

THERE does not appear to be much limit to a farm laborer's hours. A man who has been working for a New Canaan farmer, putting in thirteen to sixteen hours a day, quit on Saturday. "What's the matter? don't you like the place?" asked the farmer. "Oh, yes, I like the place well enough," explained the "hand," "but the nights are getting so long I'm afraid I can't do a full day's work." The farmer smiled like an invalid.—*Danbury News*.

PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

✍️ We send this number of THE NEW AGE to many persons who are not yet subscribers, in the hope that each will give it a candid and intelligent examination. If all do so, the good they will thereby receive will doubtless compensate us for the trouble of mailing it: but we frankly say that we shall be equally benefited and gratified to receive their names as subscribers. We should be glad to have them see for a year what our paper will be. Address "THE NEW AGE, No. 235 Washington Street, Boston, Mass."

OUR FRIENDS who have already subscribed, but have not paid, are kindly invited, according to our terms, to forward the amount of their subscriptions.

For a special reason, we issue the first number of THE NEW AGE some days in advance of its date; hereafter we shall go to press regularly at the usual time for papers that are published on Saturday.

OUR first conception was to publish a paper without advertisements; for the eye has something to do with reading, and the large type and inartistic wood-cuts with which modern business literature insists on garnishing its flaming sentences would ruin the beauty of an otherwise handsome sheet. But we have so far yielded to the persuasions of our friends, that we have consented to admit a few announcements, whose merits will not be questioned; but our purpose is that, until our paper is enlarged, an advertisement shall adorn no page but this. We thought we might concede so much, without creating a suspicion that the aim of this journal is to enrich its proprietor.

THAT the style and beauty of the type-faces used on this paper will be admired by all our readers, we count as certain. We therefore proceed to forestall all inquiries by stating, as we do with pleasure, that all our type came from the long-established DICKINSON TYPE FOUNDRY, No. 3 Court Avenue. We have found the proprietors, PHELPS, DALTON & CO., we are also happy to say, very courteous and honorable in business.

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THE NEW AGE.

It may justly be demanded of the periodical press that, in addition to the publication of news, it shall strive to aid in stimulating and diffusing the wisest and broadest thought upon all matters relating to human interests. This service a journal is incapable of rendering, unless its views and opinions are based upon intelligence, and inspired by sincerity and independence. Ordinary journalism is strikingly unsatisfactory, and signally unsuccessful in performing such a service, because of its deficiency in these respects. Well-nigh every periodical now published is an organ of some special interest, or the mere echo of popular sentiment. In most cases, a paper is established only to advocate some sect in religion, some party in politics, some particular ethical, social, or financial theory; and, as a natural and inevitable consequence, all its utterances are fatally damaged by subserviency to the actual or imagined interests of the sect, party, or theory it is committed to defend. Opinions the most serviceable to humanity it is impossible to obtain, and folly to expect, under such conditions.

With the purpose of putting in circulation a journal devoted to the highest function of the press, it is proposed to establish THE NEW AGE; which, being the organ of no sect or party, nor the mouthpiece of any special religious, political, or social movement, shall aim at the most comprehensive view of man's true interests in all departments of thought and action. This generation is asked to consider the questions involved in

Free Religion, Labor Reform, Emancipation of Woman, Spiritualism, Materialism, and Temperance,

besides all the theories of

Political Economy and Government,

embraced in current political discussion. In addition to these, the

Relation between Church and State,

the complete

Secularization of our Common School System,

and the whole subject of EDUCATION in every one of its phases,—all these are matters which more and more are challenging the serious and earnest consideration of our American people. That the perfection of society could be achieved by the success of any one of these Reforms, it obviously would be absurd to claim; yet often each is urged as if it alone held the destinies of mankind. THE NEW AGE, believing that the fair humanities go in groups, that the race must advance abreast, and that the method which is to ennoble human life and perfect the condition of society must be more comprehensive than that suggested by any partial reform, will labor to co-ordinate all the reforms, and to combine in one view every element of progress.

Already we have seen the disastrous effect of attempting to separate inseparable things. Up to this time, it has been held, in the Church, that religion is one thing and righteousness another; in politics, that success is one thing and integrity another; in business, that capital is one thing and labor another; in life, that society is one thing and brotherhood another. The logical result of this insane discrimination is that righteousness is sacrificed to religious observance, public integrity immolated on the altar of party success, labor enslaved in the service of capital, and humanity smothered in artificial social distinctions. It will be the steadfast purpose of THE NEW AGE to check all these evils, by striving to make it more clear that religion and goodness, purity and politics, labor and capital, brotherhood and society, are one and inseparable; that they must not and cannot be sundered.

The columns of THE NEW AGE will be open to all the serious forms of thought and all the earnest voices of the present time, which shall seek fitting and proper expression. In its own utterances it will always put more emphasis upon principles than names, upon spirit and aim than methods and appliances. Whatever of essential worth it may discover in any institution, in any organization or system, it will recognize and commend; but any iniquity therein harbored it will point out and scourge without fear or favor. The prejudices of no human being, the vested interests or organized selfishness of no body of men, will ever be permitted consciously to modify or cloud its opinions, or dictate its utterances. Its purpose to look around the whole horizon of humanity's aspirations and efforts, and to utter the freest and most advanced thought upon all subjects pertaining to human welfare, will constitute its strongest right to exist. Recognizing as ever operative in the history of the race the two elements of conservatism and progress, THE NEW AGE will endeavor to take wise advantage of both; and while it will never hesitate to aid in the work of destruction, while destruction shall seem to be in order, it will especially rejoice to build for the future upon the durable foundations afforded by the past. Desirous to preserve the good, it always will be seeking the better.

With the undoubting consciousness that there is a yet unoccupied place in journalism to fill, THE NEW AGE has only to prove its ability to occupy it to make its permanent existence assured. It but asks of the public the opportunity to make this proof.

Each of its articles will be expected to stand on its own merits. In providing contributions to its columns, no deference will be given to mere reputation; since this is not always a just measure of literary ability, or vigor or originality of thought.

TERMS, Three Dollars a Year, with Postage Prepaid.

ADDRESS

J. M. L. BABCOCK, PUBLISHER.

THE NEW AGE, 235 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

THE NEW AGE.

VOLUME I.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1875.

NUMBER 1.

Photographic.

WE acknowledge our indebtedness to Hon. George S. Boutwell for a full set of the Congressional Record for the last session of Congress.

MR. HOLYOAKE'S *History of Coöperation* is noticed at length on the seventh page. The work is for sale at this office, and will be sent by mail for two dollars.

THE cable has just told us that the Crown Prince of Germany proposes to attend the Centennial next year; now will it tell us if Joshua Jenkins is coming?

WE learn from *The Golden Rule* that "eternity will give us all a chance to study, but it will not give us a chance to be saved." We don't know why we should want to study, if we can't be saved.

SOME of our Express Companies are getting to be as lazy and slow as Deacon Lovejoy's farm-hand. The mild old deacon said to him, very gently, one day, "Jonas, did you ever see a snail?" "Y-es." "Then you must have met it, for you never could overtake one."

IT IS SAID that some Ohio dairymen "extinguished" a plea for inflation after this wise:—"We don't exactly make out how, if you add two gallons of water to a gallon of milk, it will make any more cheese." They had probably tried the experiment.

The *Christian Register* notes as curious, that just as *The Golden Age* has ceased to be, its name should be divided between *The Golden Rule* and *THE NEW AGE*. As age brings wisdom, and as wisdom is better than gold, we are abundantly satisfied with our share in this division.

STANLEY has just been heard of again, he had passed through perilous adventures, and had arrived at Victoria Nyanza or Albert Nyanza, it is not quite certain which. Now if he comes back to tell us that he has found the source of the Nile, will there be a dispute as to whether he has been there at all?

MR. CONWAY has been in Boston, and lectured before a large audience. That is one way to do it. Send a man of progressive spirit and radical instincts across the water, to mingle for ten years with the influences of Old-World civilization, and then bring him back to tell us what he has seen and what he thinks; that is a process to make cosmopolites of us all.

A MEMBER of the Second Radical Club makes to us the suggestion, that since the name of the (first) Radical Club has been changed to "Chestnut Street Club," it would be wise if the Second Radical Club should adopt the name of "Radical Reform Club;" as, he says, "it is time such a club should mean action as well as an idea." We reserve our judgment.

THE *Golden Rule*, with Rev. W. H. H. Murray as editor-in-chief, made its appearance three weeks since, looking very bright and attractive, and filled with varied matter. It starts under the most flattering auspices, and appears to be floating on the tide of success. We hail its appearance as a John-the-Baptist, preparing the way for *THE NEW AGE*. "He must increase, but I must decrease." (*John iii. 30.*)

IT WOULD SEEM to be an excellent thing if we could rear our children in blissful ignorance of the wickedness and suffering in the world; but after all there are two sides to that question. The knowledge of the woe must come with the knowledge of the evil: and the effect of the one will be likely to neutralize the baneful influence of the other. We think it is better, as the old hymn has it,—

"To weep in sadness o'er the woes
We want the power to heal,"

than to emulate the exquisite simplicity of the carefully-nursed daughter of a London house of fashion, who is reported to have said, during a time of unusual suffering in that city, "I do not see why any one should die of hunger when a pine-apple can be bought for a guinea!"

THE representatives of the Fall River manufacturers met certain gentlemen of the press, in this city, quite recently, for the purpose of making statements that would "disabuse the public mind." That looks well. It is worth something that they have discovered there is a public mind it is not well to abuse. Now suppose these fair-minded gentlemen should next attend some meeting, "by arrangement," in which the statements would not be entirely one-sided; might not the public mind be a little more sure of being "disabused"?

WE were once present at a conference of clergymen, where two hours were spent in discussing a question relating to the resurrection of the body: whether it should consist of its original and identical particles of matter, or of other and equivalent particles. If that question is settled we would like to propose another: Why did Noah take a pair of musquitoes into the ark? If he had had any experience of their peculiar disposition, we should suppose he would gladly have left them all to drown.

THE LOCAL NEWSPAPER is an unobtrusive but by no means useless agent among the varied activities of our civilization. It collects and preserves, in its own special territory, not only much information that would otherwise be lost, and which adds much to the social life of the towns in which it circulates, but many valuable views and ideas, from its local correspondents, which, without its existence, might never find their way into print. The *Public Spirit*, of Ayer, Mass., John H. Turner, editor and proprietor, is one of the best printed and sprightliest of its class.

THE papers recently gave this item:—"The brother of the author of '*Lorna Doon*' recently committed suicide, leaving \$100,000 to Charles Bradlaugh." The

information about the legacy, if true, is specially noticeable. It is a very rare thing that so large a bequest falls to such a man as Mr. Bradlaugh: churches, colleges, and cats usually having the preference in the benevolent provisions of rich men's wills. We are heartily glad of Mr. Bradlaugh's good fortune, and hope he will live long enough to show that money does not necessarily spoil a good reformer!

THE announcement a few weeks since of the design of publishing *THE NEW AGE* has been met by a number of journals with kind and cordial words—a courtesy we shall long remember. The transfer of these expressions to these columns is forbidden by the best taste; but we cannot withhold our special acknowledgments to the *Christian Register* for saying that this paper "will be neither weak nor dull." These words have thoroughly reassured us: it was the only point on which we had any fears. But our good friend must share, for that prophecy, our flattering reputation for bravery.

PRESIDENT GRANT uttered noble words at Des Moines, and is entitled to the respect due to one who gives expression to right sentiments; but there is no reason whatever for giving his language any more prominence or emphasis than it would deserve from the lips of the obscurest man in the world. But the folly of estimating the weight of words by the reputation of him who speaks them is not yet outgrown, and it will be long before the almost self-evident truth will be accepted, that the value of words is in the words themselves, not in the wealth or position of him who utters them.

MR. BENJAMIN R. TUCKER, associate editor of *The Word*, has finished a translation of P. J. Proudhon's book entitled, *What is Property? or, An Inquiry into the Principle of Right and of Government*. The manuscript is in the hands of John Wilson and Son, who will soon have the volume printed in their usual handsome style of the art. From the proof-sheets that already have come under our eye, we can predict with safety that not only the translation will be found to have been rendered in a crisp and racy manner, but that the book itself will prove to be full of meaty suggestion for radical thought and conclusion.

THE SECOND RADICAL CLUB has become one of the truly notable institutions of Boston. It celebrated, last month, its fourth anniversary, in a meeting which was festive, social, and conversational. On the evening of Oct. 11, David A. Wasson read the first essay to which the Club has listened this season,—an essay remarkable for ability and suggestiveness. Last year was the most successful one which the Club has experienced, and it has every reason to look forward to an equally fortunate one in that upon which it has just entered. Its meetings occur on the second and fourth Mondays of the month. The payment of two dollars each year constitutes the condition of membership.

WE were very much gratified to see in the second number of *The Golden Rule* a short but ringing article in reference to the labor troubles at Fall River. It revealed the existence of humane impulses in the editorial spirit of that journal, which promised well of its future, and was a pleasant contrast to the apparent heartlessness of some other professedly religious newspapers on the same matter. It was also cheering as another indication that a subject in which is really involved the interests of all classes of society has attracted the attention, and forced itself on the consideration, of people who have seemed to suppose that they were, by culture or position, exonerated from all solicitude or responsibility concerning it.

THE papers have been largely occupied of late in abusing Wendell Phillips for his views on the currency question. They would be better occupied in demonstrating, if they can, the unsoundness of those views. Gold and silver may be the world's money in violation of the laws of Nature: but that is something different from what has been claimed. The claim that the

world generally thinks so does not raise a very strong presumption that it is true. We can conceive that the assumption of a hard-money standard may serve the present purposes of large capitalists: but what is best for capital is certainly not always best for the interests of the people. Stop abusing a man on whom thirty years' abuse has been tried in vain, gentlemen! and bring out your convincing facts and arguments.

IN an ecclesiastical meeting, a few days since, we heard a sad-toned lament that it was impossible to devise any policy to which "at least one-third of the denomination would not object." It is an old and stereotyped complaint. We would not attempt to count the times we have heard it in similar bodies in twenty years. But we think there is no help for it while human nature continues in its present condition. There are some persons so happily organized that they readily swallow any dose they are asked to take: if there were not such persons, organizations would be very much smaller. There are others who taste before they take, and will not swallow what they think is not good; of course such temperaments are unfortunate: but if there were not such persons, there would be no progress. Our choice is reduced to this: difference of opinion and advancement, or conformity and death.

WE go to press in the midst of a political campaign, in which perhaps we ought not to be sorry that we have had no opportunity to have a hand. It is curious to notice that the current political topics are similar to those that were discussed thirty-five years ago, though the watch-words vary slightly. The issue then was between a "sound constitutional currency" and a "sound national currency," now the terms are "rag-baby" and "barbarian money." Probably the questions involved are understood nearly as well now as then. Years ago the "Carnatic Question" was rife in British politics. "Electors," said an orator on the hustings, one day, "the Carnatic question is the greatest question of this or any other age. If the Carnatic question is not settled soon, this great empire is gone." "What is the Carnatic question?" somebody happened to ask. "I don't know," replied the candid orator. All political oracles are not as candid.

The Ideal.

THE NEW AGE.

BY SIDNEY H. MORSE.

SING, O Sons of Men!
Sing the glory yet to be,
Sing the hour when o'er the earth
Spreads the glory of the free;
Sing of Beauty, Love, and Truth,
Blest to all—renewing youth;
Sing of Mercy, Justice, Peace—
These shall bring the Soul increase;
Since the ages were begun
Men have missed the larger bliss—
Reverence for the lowly one:
Sing, O sing of this;
Sing the war-song nevermore;
Sing of Reason's victory o'er
Superstition, Prejudice;
Sing the days of social worth,
Sing the Friendships of the earth,
Sing all these that they abide,
Sing, O voices, far and wide;
Sing the glory yet shall be,
Sing the NEW AGE of the Free!

Dreams.

BY THE EDITOR.

THERE are occasional and unlooked-for experiences and visions which give us hints of the wealth we possess in the intangible elements of our inner life. Is it not a marvellous thing that a thought or a feeling can exist in our nature during a long period in which we make no use of it, in which we do not remember that it was ever ours, but which some trifling circumstance—an unexpected meeting with an old friend, the sight of a picture or an old letter—will show us has an indestructible life? Yet just that marvel constitutes one of the veritable facts of human experience.

In this department of experience—the accretions of which are so completely disconnected with every-day

thought and feeling, that it may not unfitly be termed our unconscious life—we may expect to find the more enduring fruits of existence. The things that are demanded for constant use, we are compelled to carry continually about us; and such as we destroy in the using must be held in readiness for the employment of the external senses; but that inner life, whose wealth is so locked up that our eyes do not often have a glimpse of it, may be presumed to hold the imperishable treasures of our being. We came into this world without a thought, an idea, or a moral purpose. With the dawn of the earliest intelligence we begin to aim, to aspire, and to think. At length we find ourselves stirred with aims we can never reach, inspired by ideals that are destined never to become actual; we find ourselves glowing with affections that this world is too narrow to employ, and this life too brief to exhaust.

The heart and brain of humanity are full of unsatisfied desires and unfulfilled dreams. If the facts were known, I suspect very few would be found who make in their accustomed avocations the full use of all their faculties, or the complete application of all their ideas. In any calling there is felt some yearning for what some other function only could supply. There is latent eloquence in many a tongue condemned to silence beside the bench; there are images created by a poet's fancy peopling the mental world of those who swing the sledge; there are strains of music floating in tuneless souls where we see only hands linked to continuous labor; there is unoccupied philosophy in the active brains of men to whom the imperative dictates of a complex business refuse retirement to a student's cell; there is a vast amount of stored force in multitudes of minds—of reserved feeling in multitudes of hearts. Look at a theorist: he is prolific of schemes that never come to fruit; he turns his hand to a thousand things that end where they began; he goes shabbily through life to die a shabby death at last. We say of him—"Oh, he never brought any thing to pass; he was a dreamer—a most impractical man." But we all have in some degree what he had in large degree—that ideal faculty whose creations cannot be planted in a present actual world. Such are the grasp and compass of our unconscious life, that we cannot use all its resources as fast as we gather them up. Shall none of

these dreams have fulfilment? We cannot suppose that they are all to be wasted when we call to mind the dreams that have transformed themselves into history. How many have been laughed at as insane enthusiasts by their own generation only to become revered as benefactors of the world by a succeeding generation. Watt was a dreamer; Stephenson was a dreamer; Morse was a dreamer: yet out of the resources of the unconscious life of these men came the thoughts and schemes by which steam and lightning have wedded the continents. Plato was a dreamer; but the Republic of his dreams promises to be more than realized on a shore of which he never dreamed. And what are our best conceptions to-day, in the higher realm of moral ideas, but the stuff of which were woven the dreams of the prophets and apostles whose names are sacred to humanity. The world has certainly been indebted to its lunatics. The folly of one age is the wisdom of the next.

It is in dreams that we see how much deeper meaning life has than appears on the surface. How many are living the lower life of materialism, as if the most serious and weighty results were wrought out in the outward and tangible elements, while the fancy, the sentiment, the dreaming, in which we now and then indulge, are nothing more to us than the mere fringe of life! Yet the time may come when we shall see that the longings we hardly dared to cherish, the conceptions we almost felt it were unworthy to utter—the expanding germs of our unconscious life—constitute the enduring warp and woof of existence. What a joy to discover ultimately, that what we ventured to indulge tremblingly, yet could not bear to give up, were the wings to bear us aloft, into the purer skies of moral elevation!

And of what more admirable and magnificent a thing can we have any conception, than that of a human being in whom keen animal appetites are conjoined with amazing intellectual energy and high moral capacities, placed in a material world, yet compelling all the forces of sensuous objects and sensuous propensities to contribute to the growth of the spiritual life.

What a Divine Alchemy is that which can transmute the elements of our baser life into the pure gold of creative thought and enduring affection!

THIS is the true nature of home—it is the place of Peace; the shelter, not only from all injury, but from all terror, doubt, and division. In so far as it is not this, it is not home; so far as the anxieties of outer life penetrate into it, and the inconsistently-minded, unloved, or hostile society of the outer world is allowed by either husband or wife to cross the threshold, it ceases to be home; it is then only a part of that outer world which you have roofed over, and lighted a fire in. But so far as it is a sacred place, a vestal temple, a temple of the hearth watched over by Household Gods, before whose faces none may come but those whom they can receive with love,—so far as it is this, and roof and fire are types only of a nobler shade and light,—shade as of the rock in a weary land, and light as of the Pharos in the stormy sea;—so far it vindicates the name, and fulfils the praise, of home.

And wherever a true wife comes, this home is always round her. The stars only may be over her head; the glow-worm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her feet: but home is yet wherever she is: and for a noble woman it stretches far round her, better than ceiled with cedar, or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light afar, for those who else were homeless.—*Ruskin.*

I'm proof against that word failure. I've seen behind it. The only failure a man ought to fear is failure in cleaving to the purpose he sees to be best. As to just the amount of result he may see from his particular work—that's a tremendous uncertainty: the universe has not been arranged for the gratification of his feelings. As long as a man sees and believes in some great good, he'll prefer working for that in the way he's best fit for, come what may. I put effects at their minimum, but I'd rather have the minimum of effect, if it's the sort I care for, than the maximum of effect I don't care for—a lot of fine things that are not to my taste—and if they were, the conditions of holding them while the world is what it is, are such as would jar on me like grating metal.—*George Eliot.*

Equality of Woman.

The Value of the Ballot.

BY FREDERIC A. HINCKLEY.

THE history of the world is the history of the rise and progress of liberty and the breaking of chains; an essential element in the evolution of ideas. Everything is gravitating toward self-government, which is the only possible basis for the largest individual freedom. In the light of this truth, principles which in the abstract are good for all time are constantly receiving new interpretations. What once meant to the most prophetic soul only all *white* men now means *all* men, and in the good time coming will mean, simply and grandly, *ALL*. Liberty for all—that is the key-note to the anthem of democracy. But what is liberty under institutions like ours?

It is: (1) ownership of the person; (2) ownership of property; (3) the right to vote and to be eligible to office. Any class in the community which is deprived of any or all of these rights by conditions in themselves insurmountable, is enslaved; and an essential step toward peace and prosperity for the republic is to break its fetters.

The most conspicuous and inexcusable denial of all these rights in this country is found in the case of Woman. As a wife, she owns neither her person nor her property. As a citizen, she is neither permitted to vote nor to hold office. She belongs, therefore, to a subject class, and her emancipation is necessary before we shall have, in reality as in name, a democracy.

The movement for Woman's Rights, or for Woman Suffrage, if that narrower term be preferred, means nothing less than woman's complete equality. What is the real significance of the ballot to man? It means for him a voice in the making of the laws by which he is to be governed, and in the selection of the clerks who are to administer them; it means that he is a sovereign unit, whole and complete, politically speaking, in himself: it means that he has the right supreme control of

his own person and property, so long as he does not interfere with the like right for every other person. It is precisely the same with woman. Since she is, like man, a human being, the ballot means for her the same rights and the same protection, and its denial to her means that she is denied the most efficient instrument wherewith to obtain redress for the wrongs she suffers. Whoever thinks, therefore, that Woman Suffrage signifies simply an increase in the number of votes, is gravely mistaken. It signifies also an increase in the amount of liberty. The woman who holds the ballot intelligently will never be expected to pass over the control of her person to a man, even though that man be her husband; and if she should be expected to, she will decline the serfdom which such a surrender involves. A sovereign citizen, with power to make and unmake politicians and parties, will hardly be asked, if she falls, to submit to a moral and legal code infamously severe, while the other sovereign citizen, who in nine cases out of ten causes her fall, retains his passport to good society and his eligibility to the highest offices. When two persons with the ballot behind them do the same work equally well, it will not be necessary to ascertain their sex before their pay is announced. In a word, the ballot means an approximation toward justice and fair play among those who possess it. In order that this approximation may be enjoyed by all, all must possess the ballot; and that *all*, by every rule and definition of the English language, must include woman. This understood, the Woman Movement assumes its true proportions. It ceases to be a petty or in any way a narrow reform; it becomes a great crusade for a principle of universal justice. It ceases to be a matter simply of class interest; it becomes a vital issue to individual, social, national life. It proposes to make the individual more godlike by giving increased freedom to self-development; it proposes to make the home more godlike by basing it on the union of two intelligent souls as well as two loving hearts.

"Two hearts in council, two beside the hearth,
Two in the tangled business of the world,
Two in the liberal offices of life."

It proposes to make the State more godlike by basing it not on bachelorhood but on the holy alliance of the

father and mother heart. In this work the aristocrat, the stickler for the old, the believer in sex superiority, will hold back; but the man who remembers the care of a wise mother, the loving counsel of a faithful wife, or who has any proper and abiding respect for the sex to which they belong, will give it a hearty God-speed in its ministry of freedom. "A man defines his standing at the court of chastity," says one, "by his estimate of woman; he can be no man's friend nor his own, if not hers." In the same strain I would say, our institutions—marriage, society, the State—are yet to be judged by their conception of the character of womanhood. If that conception continues to be low, if the wife continues the victim of lust, if society continues to encourage women to be dolls and nonentities, if the State continues long to be a male aristocracy, then do each and all contain within themselves the seeds of dissolution. But if, on the contrary, marriage shall become the union of two souls in love and freedom, society the association of mutually respected and self-respecting units, and the State the happy rule of all the people, then will they each and all live, potent influences for individual growth and universal freedom. The keynote of the whole movement, however, is the ballot. Only remember it is not an end in itself, not simply carrying out the necessary logic of the democratic idea, but a practical power for the realization in all these departments of the highest ideals of freedom, holiness, and love.

Illogical Fireworks.

SINCE the woman question began its agitation, there has been not a little of this sort of illumination. Quite recently, a rocket of this description was sent into the presence of a company of teachers; to the effect that if every teacher in the country should resign on any day her situation, the very next every place could be filled; and so on for twenty days in succession. This very startling proposition was said to have originated in the brains of a school superintendent, high in rank; and was borne to this little group by one of our foremost female reformers, delivered with the assent of her profoundest reason.

Admitting that Nature abhors a vacuum, and generally manages to fill emptiness with something, we will allow that the vacant school-rooms might be stocked with as many pounds avoirdupois as had left; perhaps more. But ignorance would take the place of intelligence, inexperience of professional experience, in this department; for nowhere could this fresh arrival of teachers have had opportunity to obtain the invaluable treasures afforded by experience, that the departing teachers would take with them.

The very fact that the latter had held the keys to these halls where this knowledge only could be obtained, proves this beyond a question.

All knowing, worthy the name, is obtained by experience—the subject with the object; and, in the teacher's profession more than any other, experimental knowledge is the only kind that can hold its own for any long period. Children will not be manipulated by ignorant fingers, without making a very bad appearance, and putting forth decided and long-continued objections,—which in the end will result in their ruin or in routing the teacher from her position.

The pulpits of the country, the medical chairs and lecture platforms, could much more easily find substitutes in one day, than the teacher's desk. For older people are far slower to detect the alloy than a child is; and, if detected, the older head might possibly endure in silence, when the child could not restrain the muscles and sensitive nerves of its little body from revealing the whole story, even though the tongue were unable to express it.

Truth endures, though falsehood may sometimes be more showy, and magnetize more quickly. Women should not be induced to seek new conditions in life, except through physical, mental, and moral fitness; and they should be sure that they obey the demands each of her own existence, and not an impulsive desire for some flattering change. Hundreds of women are, without doubt, in school, who have no sympathy with the occupation; but thousands more are there because they love the work, and by long experience and hard study have gained such knowledge of the profession, that their removal would be an irreparable loss to the educational interests of the country.

This profession is a noble one for either man or woman, when Nature leads on to its adoption. And as it will in time become as remunerative to woman as man, it will be one of the most honored and satisfactory of professions. On the other hand, there are vast fields of industrial and professional labor, other than this, which women are destined to fill. But the wise woman will not rush from the teacher's desk to the pulpit, or rostrum, or counting room, simply because the latter has more money, or more laurels, or fewer occupants. Any soul is rich whose heart is wedded to its work; and there are laurels enough for such to win and wear, unseen though they may be to mortal eyes. No profession or occupation that is useful in the world is overcrowded with competent workmen; and in the teacher's profession there is always a sad dearth of well-equipped educators.

The true way to clear our schools of the parasitic teachers who hang upon them merely for an existence of bread and butter, while utter contempt for the profession fills up the measure of their days, is to lay before them, and all women, as much as possible, the duties and responsibilities of other positions.

Let them search the shop-windows and work-rooms of all, till they find a seeming affinity; then try the hand at the tools, and see if there be a returning throb of inspiration. If the little wire says "yes," that shall be the *datum* of a true calling to life's work.

Boston, October, 1875.

L. S. H.

Free Religion.

Less Appearance---More Reality.

BY JOHN H. CLIFFORD.

M. TAINÉ calls religion, as he saw it in England, a "serious poem." A keen observer and precise delineator. His phrase should be an apt one. But, judging even by the tokens which reach us across the sea, the

Anglican "poem" has movements which were better described as comical. The Pegasus bestrode by surplined votaries of the Muses, sometimes possesses the unmistakable parts, the auricular elongation, quadrupedal limits, ashy color, and dissonant voice, of a less classical beast. Bishop Bellerophon, well mounted, and in hot pursuit of the chimera of modern unbelief—what spectacle, in these days, more ridiculous!

But if English religion—the semi-Catholicism of the Establishment—can be fitly described as a "poem," either serious or comic, or both at once, the description equally befits universal Christianity, so far, at least, as concerns its institutional character. Therefore we need not deplore our unacquaintance with trans-Atlantic worship, since we live and move in the midst of that which is simply its American counterpart. The European seal corresponds to the impression which even the Puritan attempt could not hinder it from deeply making upon this continent.

Here, as elsewhere in Christendom, religion has become a "poem," a tragedy, with its inter-play and by-play of farce. In the strictest sense, it is largely objective. It "shows a body rather than a life." It is spectacular rather than vital. All the way through, from the vulgar dramatizing of Moody and Sankey, which has excited such unnecessary interest in sceptical circles, to the dignified dullness of present Unitarianism, which represents the "deportment" in religion, there exists in America a huge body of *appearance*, to which it were difficult to find any corresponding *reality* in solid religious character. The latter, it may be feared, is in inverse ratio to the former.

The accident of Mr. Moody's preaching in his New England village-home brings into view an obscure country minister, by reason of mere re-statement of the commonplaces of the old Unitarian controversy; and from one end of the land to the other a needless hubbub ensues over an incident in itself insignificant, belonging to a movement worse than puerile. Professing absolute hostility to the doctrines which Mr. Moody preaches, his considerate opponent, upon waking, evidently alarmed to find himself so far famous as to hear his name coupled with that of the travelled evangelist, makes haste to disavow the least antagonism towards the revivalist or his work. He rather

bids him God-speed, and puts himself in an attitude of readiness to rejoice in case it should turn out that Mr. Moody's efforts are productive of any "good." And all good Unitarians say, Amen! One can hardly decide which should be most deplored, the audacious confidence of itinerant Calvinism, determined to "walk into" the "infidelity" of the time, or the doughfaceism of your half-rationalist, behind a frowning *a priori* prejudice, hiding a benignant *a posteriori* smile!

There is no making a clean breast of it, and confronting the enginery of a false revival with the conditions of a true one, undeterred by the fear that falsehood may cry out if it is hurt. On the contrary, there is vacillation and shuffle, half-speech and apology, and finally a slinking away to the cover of liberal generalities; as though the degenerate representatives of "a more rational theology," whose ancestors made the strongholds of Orthodoxy tremble beneath their blows, were in mortal terror lest after all Moody and Sankey might be armed with the genuine thunderbolts of divine vengeance.

Such are certain phases in the cycle of lunar changes whereby we are vouchsafed varying quantities of theologic moonshine. Ecclesiasticism does not cease to pester the world with the claim that its opaque body of a theological moon, which must needs reflect somewhat of the light of Nature, is nothing less than the central sun of truth. It would make the world accept its appearance for reality. Men perceive that its moon brings light. It would have them know that it also brings heat. Hence "blasts from hell" by Moody, and heavings from the furnace of emotion by brethren in Brooklyn and Chicago. Ecclesiasticism also claims as its own the "ocean of eternity." Whatever craft navigates that sea must sail by its lunar method. And when wind and tide fail, the gospel-ship must nevertheless be propelled. If revivalism come short, then let sentimentalism be applied. "If the wind were down, I would drive the boat with my sighs."

Such is institutional Christianity at present: however varying among its sects as to things indifferent, a unit in its purely objective existence, and in its claims

of supremacy. Is it not then a poem, a tragedy rushing onward to its consummation—a farce rollicking through the whole—whose impending catastrophe is at once sorrowful and ridiculous? This, enacted without interruption, appealing to the popular favor by all theatrical tricks, forms an appearance which easily gets substituted in the general mind for reality.

This confirmed tendency in religion to outward show betrays a self-consciousness in the mind from which it proceeds that of itself is fatal to a normal religious life. Self-consciousness being so pronounced, self-hood must be reckoned at its minimum. The necessary product of such a general dramatizing of religious "interests" is an excess of busy-bodies, appearing as actors on the scene. The vast numbers of individuals who undertake to do the work of salvation once for all, constitute, perhaps, the most alarming hinderance to real religious being. They succeed in diverting attention from the inward essentials of religion to the external counterfeits. Their combined efforts culminate, not in the generation or conservation of spiritual energy, but rather in its dissipation; and in the construction and perpetuation of an inert and deadening ecclesiasticism—a grand mausoleum of the virtues.

What wonder, then, if preachers, orthodox and heretic, now and again awake, with a sense of suffocation, to find themselves immured within a charnel-house? One listens eagerly when they begin to talk of a "death-in-life," and to deplore the moribund condition of the churches. But the old feeling, half-pitiful, half-derisive, returns upon the beholder, as he sees them gravely apply the exhausted aids of gospel galvanism, in hope to "revive" a corpse wherein there never was the blood or breath of life.

It is inevitable that there must be a stupendous funeral, before the "poem" of religion—which is neither true epic, nor lyric, nor drama of human life, but a dismal "paradise lost," and "paradise [to be] regained," composed out of the once supreme, but happily now degraded, worship of the objective—will give place to that organic existence, in which religion is inseparable from the natural functions and the legitimate products of man's whole being. The previous order must be reversed. The appearance must be buried out of sight by the reality.

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JOHN M. L. BABCOCK, EDITOR.

ABRAM WALTER STEVENS, EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTOR.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 6, 1875.

WE take special pleasure in announcing the name of ABRAM WALTER STEVENS as Editorial Contributor, because of the conviction that the high reputation he has won as a writer is based upon the real ability and excellent spirit of whatever comes from his pen.

Our Design.

WITH this, its first issue, THE NEW AGE enters upon a work as yet unattempted, and occupies ground until now vacant in journalism. The enterprise we assume is demanded by the present condition of our American society. It is divided into classes; and the essential spirit of classes is to repel and exclude each other; a tendency which has more than once in human history resulted in destroying the foundations of social life. With this danger beginning to threaten us, the painful fact is that none of our organized agencies are effective to disarm it.

We have the press, the pulpit, the legislature: but they are, without intending it, doing more to intensify than to defeat the perils that confront us. There are various and diverse interests in our civilization; but of the almost innumerable number of journals, daily, weekly, and monthly, now published, no one represents more than a very small fraction of these interests; and of those not represented in any one of them, only prejudiced, or at least partial, views are given. We have ~~sixty thousand pulpits; but they must speak alone for~~ ~~sixty thousand papers; but they must speak alone for~~ the sects that built them: how can they speak the reconciling word? We have our National and State legislatures; but who does not know that only the more powerful and influential classes are represented in their halls, or get a hearing in their debates? In a word, no ground is yet provided, where a free conference can be held between the numerous and different interests of society; and to a consequent ignorance of each others' rights and purposes may be traced much of the misunderstanding and antagonism from whence spring the bitter conflicts and hot rivalries of life.

And not only this, but the general movement of human progress halts and wavers from similar causes. The devotion of oneself to one idea, to the exclusion of all others—of which there are many examples—may have its advantages; but it has one pernicious liability—that of making a man radical in one thing and conservative in all others. This generation has been wonderfully agitated over the problems raised by such men as Buckle, Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Spencer, and Fiske; and at one side of humanity's column of advance are found those who are bringing the resources of high scholastic culture to the study of these problems. At the other side of the column, are seen those who are devoted to social or ethical schemes, of a more practical character. And these sections of progressive men are struggling onward, separated by lack of sympathy, because unconscious that they are on the same line of march, that they belong to the same great movement.

Our purpose is to convene in these columns a Congress of all sections and representatives of human progress. The point we aim at is to make all classes of society understand and apply the principles under the operation of which all antagonisms will ultimately disappear. As leading to this, we shall endeavor to bring the mental and moral activity which springs from two forms of culture—that of the schools and the books, and that of the harsher discipline of actual affairs and contact with men—into that intelligent harmony of spirit and purpose that will secure the highest effectiveness of each. The struggle for the right to the common comforts of life is one phase of active reform; we expect that he who is engaged in it shall yet see that the questions which are now stirring

the world of philosophy and science have a direct connection with it. And we expect, too, that the earnest and scholarly student of new discoveries in the higher realms of thought will discern the fact that the principles involved in his own pursuit underlie, for instance, the movement for the Emancipation of Woman, or that for securing the just Rights of Labor.

In the impulse of the intrinsic Sympathy of Reforms we convene this congress. Here all the different interests of society can meet and speak on equal terms, and by impartial discussion become more thoroughly acquainted with each other. The treasures of advanced thought, on all subjects, will here be brought into one storehouse. And in such a congress, met not to enact laws but to discover them, not to establish organizations but ideas, something may be done to clear the mental vision and inspire the moral consciousness of mankind.

If there is a journal now doing the work we propose for THE NEW AGE, we are unacquainted with it. If it does not appear that vacant ground has waited until now for a journal to possess it, we must regret our inability to make a clear statement.

As we do not wish, if we can avoid it, to make any allusion henceforth in these columns to our paper or ourselves, we ask that it may be understood, once for all, that THE NEW AGE is not devoted to any special interest whatever, nor the advocate of any special policy. Its method is discussion, not advocacy; and the moment it dwarfs itself to a policy, it will defeat its own mission. The editorial judgment must of course be exercised in preserving a just balance of space between the various topics, and a proper method and tone of discussion; but with these inevitable limitations, we shall freely admit sentiments we do not personally indorse, in the conviction that it is always best for human welfare that all sides should be heard. Each article which appears in these columns must stand, not in the editorial approval, but on its own merits alone.

We have but one word to add. We have heard that it has been asked, "Why start another paper, when there are already so many?" We wonder the question has never been asked of other things. It would be just as pertinent in reference to every new book, or railroad, or factory, or lawyer, or doctor, or minister. All we have to say is, that if THE NEW AGE unites to any extent in the work which other journals are doing, that circumstance will give it strength; but it will gain much more from the fact that, in so far as their work is unlike its own, they testify unconsciously that its appearance is timely.

The Patient and his Doctors.

EVERY earnest and thoughtful man feels related to the age in which he lives, by a certain sense of responsibility for its current ideas, sentiments, and usages. If false opinions and customs prevail, if ill-grounded institutions exist, he cannot excuse himself to his own conscientious regard for the true and beautiful, if he omit all endeavor to correct them according to his best conception. He feels it to be his duty to enlighten his age with that enlightenment which he himself has received; to make the very noblest contribution in his power to the thought and the life of his time.

Doubtless it is something of this feeling which prompts so many to write a book, to indite magazine and newspaper articles, to engage in journalism, or to take up and advocate some reform. Every one who does so feels unquestionably that he has something important to say, something to communicate to the world, which, if it do not hear, it will be the loser; some thought glows in his mind, some word burns on his tongue, that must be uttered,—else nights are sleepless, and the day's work cannot be done.

There is something divine and beautiful, surely, in such a mental and spiritual solicitude concerning the wants of the age and the world's social imperfection. It is infinitely nobler than the stagnation of indifference, or the stupidity of well-to-do worldliness. If there are any superior celestial intelligences, they must yearn mightily over the sad state of mortals; and in proportion as our own hearts become fired with heavenly imaginations, we cannot help groaning and travailling with the pain of mankind's yet unfit and unfair existence.

But no physician is qualified to grapple with the serious condition of his patient's health, if he be not able in the first place to make out an accurate diagnosis of the case, and, in the second, if he have not the skill to deal with more than one of the ills that flesh is heir to, or to apply more than one of the remedies known to pharmacy. If our doctor be only a quack, then his zeal to cure our infirmities becomes an impertinence and an insufferable nuisance; we show him the door, and only refrain from bidding him throw his physic to the dogs out of sheer pity for those animals. If, in fact, he be any thing short of a most scientific practitioner, one who knows not as well how and when not to do as to do; who, indeed, has any thought other than to coöperate, never to interfere, with Nature,—we decline even his gratuitous services, with the kindest advice to him that he take in his sign, and give himself to the study rather than the practice of medicine. And though he should be reluctant to depart, and assure us that at least he is "death on fits," still we should have to refuse his special skill, if the disease from which we now suffer be not fits, but only a slow malarial fever.

With no more indulgent consideration shall we be able to treat any one who comes forward with the claim that he is qualified to cure the social ills of mankind. Though his zeal be never so great, we shall be obliged to interrupt him long enough to inquire as to the extent of his real knowledge. Even if his honesty be unquestioned, and his capacity for self-sacrifice unbounded, still must the accuracy of his information, the largeness of his discernment, and the soundness of his judgment be to us matters of the most pressing curiosity. Pretension certainly will not pass with us. Devotion alone will not satisfy us. Is our teacher wise? Is our reformer judicious? Is our propounder of theories catholic and comprehensive? Only an unequivocal affirmative answer to these inquiries will suffice to command our attention, much less to win our confidence, to any one who undertakes to deal with or even to discuss the wants of our present time.

But when we turn to the arena of reform, what do we behold? Social doctors there without number, each one of whom claims, or appears to claim, to be in possession of a panacea for all the woes of the age. Verily, it is a wonder that society is not reformed desperately, when we consider how many there are ready to bid for the job; nay, how many there are who have actually undertaken it! A score of doctors have their finger upon the pulse of the patient at once, each with an eye to a different symptom, and each proclaiming a different disease to be the very affliction. One says that the patient is sick in his head, with false beliefs and erroneous doctrines; and that nothing will do but an utter change in his theology,—a complete rejection of Christianity, and acceptance of free religion, infidelity, or materialism. Another declares that the patient is sick in his heart, that his amative condition is all wrong; and the prescription is the abolition of marriage and a dose of free love. Still another pronounces the patient sick in his conscience; affirms that the moral sense is totally deranged,—the symptoms being the oppression of woman, the wrongs of the laborer, the poverty of the masses, the corruption of politics, the low state of morals; and the prescription is woman suffrage, eight hours, re-distribution of wealth, change of administration, and an increase of the police. Each doctor is sure that his diagnosis of the patient's case is correct, that the fatal symptoms are what he affirms, and that the veritable means of restoration are such as he prescribes.

What now is to be done? Shall we try all the doctors in turn, and take a little of the medicine of each? Perhaps this depends upon the confidence we have in the capacity of our social system to endure. We have time enough certainly for experiment. We also have complete faith in our ultimate recovery, feeling sure that all the doctors cannot kill us, because Nature has decreed that we shall be a well man in spite of them,—in spite of their and our mistakes.

But calmness is the first requisite to wisdom. A surgeon who has a difficult operation to perform must have a clear head and steady nerves. O doctors! we do not object to heroic treatment; but let us have no fanaticism, if you please. Above all things, quarrel not among yourselves. Banish arrogance, conceit, and dogmatism, and come to a fundamental agreement if you can!

What if it be true that the patient is rather sick *all over*; that he is not quite well in head, heart, or conscience? We think this is true. But what then? Shall we neglect one part of him while we attend to another? No, verily. We seek the true, the good, the beautiful: not one, but all. Whatsoever else we do, we must *keep up the tone of the general system*. Neglect that, and in vain shall we doctor away on some local ail. Give the patient light, give him air, give him a chance to turn around and take what exercise he can himself. Do not crowd too close about him, kind friends: he is not so far gone but he can speak and tell you something of what he wants; and be sure, if you can hear him, he will ask only for the most natural remedies.

What we most need, to-day, is a true social science. Reformers must not ignore one another, nor indulge in mutual scorn. Rather must they come into council together, into a free parliament, where the state of society may be scientifically considered, and acted upon without haste and without passion. We have had quacks enough and nostrums enough, God knows! Specialists have swarmed, while social ills have not abated. The age calls for men of broad minds and broad sympathies; men with souls too large to be warped by any special conceits or personal ambitions. It calls for men of knowledge and of wisdom, who shall unite a true science with a true philosophy. It asks for reformers who are catholic enough to consider the interests of the whole of humanity, not those of a class only; who labor to unite men in one brotherhood, not to promote the enmities and strifes of parties and factions; who are eager to prove the true interests of each the true interests of all. It demands reformers who believe in peace, not war; who are patient to wait as well as resolute to act; who counsel, first and last, resort to reason, not to force.

He who studies humanity wisely sees that its one great sense is that of HUNGER. But it hungers, not for one thing, but for everything; not for a little, but for all. Do we see that man's first hunger is for food? Swift then must we be to perceive that his next immediate hunger is for beauty and for truth. No sooner has the body cried out its want, than the heart and the intellect follow with their importunate asking. The age demands of us to be too wise to be swept away by any partial or momentary clamor of the multitude, but to make slow and grand and solid provision for the *whole* hunger of man. So shall we build a civilization as broad and inclusive as humanity itself, and which shall hold to its nourishing breast every one of us, with every one of our longings and aspirations.

A. W. S.

Religion: What is it?

WE desire, and we expect, that the columns of THE NEW AGE shall give expression to various and differing forms of thought on all religious questions; since the usefulness of a journal is sadly impaired when it confines itself to one groove of opinion; and nothing is more hopeless than to be continually repeating platitudes, and reiterating inanities.

But while holding our columns open to all serious and fitly-expressed opinions, in all our discussions of this vital subject we have one test unhesitatingly to apply: it is that no system, theory, or methods of religion have any value whatever that do not DIRECTLY tend to human improvement. The religious world must yet be taught to see, that if a man's religious experiences, belief, or observances do not make him better, his religion is utterly worthless, and he might just as well be destitute of any. In fact, in such a case, destitution would be an advantage: for we have met persons, of whom, on personal acquaintance, we were sure that the worst things in their disposition and impulses were those they had borrowed of their religion; that they would have been more amiable, just, and loving, had their better instincts and affections not been blunted and stifled by the bigotry or the superstition they had received with their religious education.

The necessity of being outspoken on this point is seen in the fact that the religious multitudes do not seem to be conscious of the wide chasm there is between the gospel they profess to follow and the doctrines and usages of any of the Christian churches.

If we assume, even nominally, to be disciples of Jesus, there is no way but to study his ideas, principles, and methods: if we leave him to follow Moses, David, or Paul, so much do they differ from him that we are in sad danger of disregarding his words.

Yet Jesus is almost entirely forgotten and neglected in Christian teaching, that Moses, David, and Paul may be heard, and heard, too, on points on which they are least in sympathy with him. Of all the sermons preached in this country in the last twenty-five years, we venture the estimate that the words of Jesus have not furnished the text for more than one in five hundred; and when any of his words are used, they often consist of some disjointed phrase, that means nothing out of its place: as, for example, when the simple words "follow me," used by Jesus merely as an invitation to personal association while he lived, are "spiritualized" into some impossible meaning, and made to signify "conversion," or something else, of which he never dreamed. If Jesus were to reappear on earth, as has sometimes been suggested, it might be a question whether his indignation at the notions for which in Christian pulpits his name was made responsible would not after all be less than his astonishment that this should be called a Christian land. He would find churches costly enough, and services of worship in preparing which no expense was spared; but that the only thing for which no provision was made was that of making religious worship a power by which human life may be purified and human character ennobled. We do not expect that our religious observances will be of much practical use to us, until, at least, the conviction that such is their only true end shall be firmly lodged in the popular consciousness. This is now so far from being recognized, that the statement that religion is essentially GOODNESS is sometimes mentioned with something like a sneer in our best religious journals.

It is time that there should be a fair understanding on this point. Something of a conflict has recently sprung up as to the use of the name *Christian*. We care but little for names—qualities are fundamental.

We see no objection to call goodness by the name of Christianity: but if Christianity in its essential elements be not goodness, that venerated name no longer has any charms for us.

The Labor Question.

THE Labor Question has become so prominent, and is now seen to involve interests so vital, that it is no longer to be treated with abuse or ridicule. The frequent disagreements between employers and workmen in large manufacturing establishments, attended with "strikes" and "vacations," make it imperative that this subject should receive intelligent consideration. It is a sad and sober truth that on the part of those whose position and attainments are supposed to entitle them to be the leaders or the exponents of public sentiment, or the depositaries of the best practical wisdom, no attention or examination befitting a subject of this magnitude has yet been given. The papers have usually treated it as though it were a matter too contemptible for serious discussion; and the claims of workingmen, and the alleged grievances of labor, have not only been denied all sympathy, but met with abuse and disdain. A thousand workpeople do not resort to the expedient of a "strike" simply as a pastime, or merely to gratify their leaders. They may be misled; but when they make a protest, in a form which brings immediate distress, against what they claim to be great wrongs, there can be no doubt that some actual suffering compels the step. Respectable journals may attempt to represent them as foolish or worthless wretches, who disturb society without reason; they may denounce their so-called leaders as demagogues and "blatherskites," deserving infamy or the jail: but no disguise can conceal the fact that desperate measures are only impelled by genuine distress.

The schemes which working men have proposed for their relief, are generally dismissed without discussion as being crude, absurd, or mischievous. But is it to be expected that those whose days have been passed in poorly-paid labor, and who have never had the higher advantages of the schools, should embody perfect wisdom on these questions? The right to vilify and scorn them does not certainly belong to those who have

never tried their own philosophy and insight at the task of devising a remedy for these constantly-recurring labor troubles. The fact is, the best wisdom of this age is woefully at fault in providing or even proposing any measure, method, or contrivance which might establish harmonious relations between the holders of capital and the owners of labor.

We know, of course, that it is usual to appeal to Political Economy as having definitely settled all these questions. But in the case of a strike, such as those that have made Fall River famous, you go to this fountain of wisdom in vain. Ask the political economist on what principle, or by what conditions, the belligerent mill-owners and operatives may be brought into mutual harmony, and he is dumb—he has nothing to propose. The papers, it is true, at every strike, trot out the old and worn catch-words of Supply and Demand; but there is no charm in the sound. We have seen that overworked phrase doing service in this way, off and on, for thirty years; but it was never worth, for this purpose, the types that spelled it.

Men never cheated themselves, or tried to cheat others, with a fallacy more delusive, than that which assumes to define a principle of social economy by the terms "supply and demand." The terms express nothing that is either decisive or helpful in Nature or life. If it is said that demand and supply always regulate prices, the proposition is not true. If it is said (and this is about all it amounts to) that there is sometimes more of one than the other, what is such nonsense worth? In the time of copious spring freshets, there is more land covered with water than there is at the end of a long summer's drouth, when brooks and ponds are low; and if some wise-acre should take these simple facts, and call them the "law of land and water," he would be as wise as the political economists are when they take the simple facts of supply and demand—facts which are changing continually without changing values—and dub them law. And if he should go to the mill owner when he fears his dam will be carried away, or to the farmer when his crops are suffering for want of rain, and say to either or both, "Do not be

disturbed—this is all right—this is all settled by the great law of land and water," he would do just as sensible a thing as the papers do when in times of labor troubles they say, "It is very absurd to make any disturbance about these matters—they are all settled by the law of supply and demand." No, whatever the facts may be, we must go farther; no solution will come until the causes behind the facts, and from which the facts spring, are investigated and understood. And the causes of labor disturbances will be found to be less of a purely business than of a moral character: and into that realm political economy does not profess to enter. So it has no word of counsel for suffering workpeople—except this: "Your only relief will be found in either murder or suicide." As yet no holy hand of horror has been lifted up at this, by those who are ready to seize upon some hot word from a laborer's lips as a latent threat that the agrarian's sword, or the communist's torch, is about to make wild havoc in our midst.

That it is entirely possible to unite capital and labor in peaceful relations, we are firmly convinced. Their interests, when rightly understood, are really harmonious and identical. But the light will not come through coarse and scurrilous denunciation of either. The whole subject must engage the profoundest thought, be investigated and considered in a philosophic spirit, and awaken the wisest and most thorough discussion, before the problem will be solved. And we believe that the most violent strike was never so wicked a thing as it will be for the educated and intelligent classes longer to withhold the resources of their wisdom and culture from the attempt to discover the principle on which all differences may be adjusted. For Labor's wail of suffering is one that can be compared with no other. In those experiences of emotional or mental anguish which we think the most intense because they sometimes break the heart or craze the brain, there is the relief afforded by the soothing hand of time, and the comforts of religious faith and communion. But no religious inspiration can supply, no human thought has conceived, any relief for that suffering which comes in the maddening form of starvation—save one; and if the multitude's cry for bread is unheeded, who can tell what convulsion and anarchy may follow?

Spiritualism.

The Spiritualistic Philosophy of Life.

BY PROF. WILLIAM DENTON.

SPIRITUALISM, by demonstrating to man his continuance after death, gives us the true philosophy of life.

I have noticed, among those who have no faith in the spirit's future, a dissatisfaction with life and humanity that appears to be caused by the necessary one-sided and imperfect view of it obtained from the merely material side. Could the crawling caterpillar be made aware that at some future time it should be a fly, and mount on silken wings and flit from flower to flower, sipping honey, it would enable the worm to bear the ills of the present in anticipation of its butterfly future, and give it a philosophy of worm life, quite impossible without it. Those who have no belief in future existence feel frequently that life is a poor, mean affair, hardly worth coming into the world for; while looking at their fellows as mere creatures of a day, they feel and sometimes express a contempt for them that neither adds to their own well-being nor the happiness of others. Riding with such a man one day in Southern Colorado—and, by the way, he had been governor of the territory—he said, "What a devilish dunghill of a concern this human nature is!" Nothing but a very restricted view of humanity could ever have bred such a sentiment. The author of Ecclesiastes, after telling us that man is no better than a beast, and that as one dieth so dieth the other, very appropriately adds, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

Spiritualism gives us the philosophy of life. It tells us what the love means that throbs in young hearts and leads them to unite in marriage, finding in each other, for the time being, all the heaven that they desire. It reveals to us the meaning of these children, crying, prattling, growing up into boys and girls, around us. It translates into language that we can understand the smiles, the tears, the comforts, and the troubles of life: all so many threads out of which are woven the garment that the soul shall wear in the hereafter.

What means this blazing globe rushing from the glowing bosom of the sun? Is it merely to light and warm the moon that rejoices in its beams? Ages pass, and rocks arise, pile on pile. Was the planet born that granite and quartz, slate and trap, might be? No; for life appears, and the waters swarm; sea-snails cling to the rocks that are carpeted with sea-weeds, and trilobites like water-beetles skim over the surface of the warm, shallow ocean by myriads. Crinoids expand their living blossoms and make gay the sea-bed like a garden of flowers. But even these fail to give us a key to the riddle of creation.

Nor do their successors, the bony-scaled fishes flashing through the waters, reptiles churning the sea with their huge paddles, nor birds with varied plumage making the palmy forests still more gay, nor the monkeys chattering in the tree-tops, nor even the low-browed men who lorded it over the world by brute strength—give us a rational answer to the question, Why the earth endured for ages incalculable, and life advanced from the monad to the man? But, guided by the truth which Spiritualism reveals, we find that man's earthly life is but a chrysalis state, and that he is heir of a future whose limit is all unknown; then all the past lies before us like a landscape, and the philosophy of all that has been is unfolded to the soul of the thinker.

It gives us the philosophy of death. Death to the materialist is the skeleton grim, the antagonist of life, the end of all conscious being, the night that comes to all, but without a star or dawn of returning day; death to him reaps all, and the grave is the granary of humanity, and holds its contents forever. We are so constituted that we never can be satisfied with this. The people that are so unfortunately constituted that they must believe it shrink from the fate that their faith assigns them, for in it there is no philosophy of life or death. Why, then, millions of years of preparation for a being who is outlived by the turtle that paddles in the brook, and by the willow the shadows of whose leaves shall play over his grand-children's graves? Why these souls, with unfathomable depths and breadths like celestial oceans in which universes swim, but into which life pours but a drop? All is explained when we learn our destiny.

Materialism.

Preliminary Statement.

Few thinkers study the records of progress for the sake of learning the best course of duty, and to aid the chances of a higher future, without seeing that the religious thought of the past is ill adapted to improve the condition of society. There is a growing distrust of the Church as an agent of progress, and a feeling that it does but little in the interest of the people; and that phase of modern thought appropriately termed Materialism is vigorously supplanting it.

The Church has so long cultivated the emotional element, that it is not to be expected that all those who break away from it will at once thread the entire pathway from Christianity to Materialism. So we have Spiritualists; the best of whom use the word Spirit in the same sense in which Materialists use the word Force. But had it not been for materialistic tendencies, all emotional people might still have been in the bosom of the Church.

Materialism, in its shortest definition, seems to be the Study of the Real. It gives the inductive faculties the fullest scope, yet confines our reasoning to that which is, and places no confidence in the mere creations of the imagination. It admits the value of negation in pointing out errors, but accords the highest place to positive truths. It repudiates all ideas of special Providence, and of an Infinite Being separate and distinct from that existence of which we all are a mode; believes there is no evidence yet advanced of a continuance of life after death; and disbelieves in the efficacy of prayer to alter the course of the universe, or any part of it. Of the existence of God, the burden of proof is on the Theist; and his usual method of attempting this by the argument from design only shifts the difficulty backwards to gods *ad infinitum*, leaving the solution as inextricable as before.

The morality of Materialism is of the Utilitarian school: that which tends to human happiness. Morality is not the prerogative of any chosen people, nor the exclusive property of any book, claimed to be inspired. If it be said that the Materialist plagiarizes his morals from such a book, we ask what becomes of the Christian's book under a similar criticism? If it be urged that Materialism offers a changing and unsubstantial system of morals, we say the taunt would come with better grace if it were expected that society would make no progress in ten thousand years. The Church has fought against progress, and expended its anathemas against what must ultimately supersede it. The necessity of scientific advancement is being acknowledged, and progress is being effected, not by Christianity, but in spite of it.

D. K.

The Labor Question.

The Lesson of Fall River.

BY W. G. H. SMART.

THE long series of troubles between employers and employed, at Fall River, extending over several months, and such as are of frequent occurrence at other manufacturing centres, where large bodies of men are subject to the control of capitalists or corporations, are attracting a great amount of public attention.

The recent culmination of these disputes in the complete submission of the operatives, and the manner in which the corporations have used their victory, have so shocked the moral sense and republican ideas of the community, that even leading journals, usually found supporting the interests of capital as against labor, have awakened to the danger of the power thus arbitrarily exercised, and warned the capitalists in plain terms—not of the injustice of their course—but of the consequences likely to accrue to themselves. It is true that for two or three days, while the question was pending whether the starving multitudes would consent to the ignominious terms or not, a portion of the press spoke boldly of the abstract wrong it was proposed to inflict; and the *Transcript*, of this city, was more outspoken than others, advising the operatives not to sign the shameful conditions, *even for bread*. Still, to the shame of the press, as soon as the cup had been drained to the dregs, without one bitter ingredient

being removed; when all these thousands of our fellow-citizens (except the noble "three hundred" who still hold out) had submitted to sign themselves as slaves in a free republic,—the subject is allowed quietly to drop, and the papers are filled with the usual daily pabulum which is more profitable to print. But we agree with the *Springfield Republican*, that "It is useless to tell the laboring man of Fall River that he has no grievance. It is a grievance that in his quarrels with his employer, and his employer's quarrels with him, the Christian intelligence of the community turns its back on them and abandons them to the devices and practices of barbarism, while the politicians, seeking for some noble and chivalrous issue, pass them by as though it were a dog-fight in the streets."

But what is the moral of the sickening story? Are we to admit that modern civilization is not intelligent enough to grapple with the questions growing out of our social and industrial relations? Are the artificial conditions that are rapidly subjecting the masses of the people—not the workingmen alone—to the irresponsible control of an all-powerful few to be allowed to continue until the republic is overthrown? Or is the theory of a "government of the people, by the people, for the people," a stupendous myth? Is God or Nature responsible for the fact that a nation, started under such fair auspices, with such magnificent natural advantages, and based upon the idea that "all men are created equal,"—is thus far, in all that relates to the higher purposes of government, a complete failure? Or, have the new factors introduced by the material progress of a hundred years so changed the organization of society that another great step must be taken in the science of government, another social revolution effected, another definition made of the rights of property, another limitation placed on the power of the individual over the general interests of society? These are questions of the gravest import, not only to the wage-laborers,—who produce, with the aid of the surplus labor of the past, all and more than the nation can consume, and who are rapidly sinking to the subordinate position of the negroes of the South,—but also to all other classes of our citizens. The interests of the traders, professional men, and small capitalists are, equally with those of the laboring men, endangered by the vast combinations of great wealth, that are already beginning to rule us with a rod of iron. Republican government, even in form, cannot long coexist with an all-powerful privileged class, no matter whether such privilege is conferred by military power, hereditary ownership of land, or the control of one of the essential elements of the national industry, namely, fixed and floating capital.

The depressed condition of industry, to-day, with the prospect that it will grow worse instead of better; the fact that there is no panic, and the banks are overflowing with money seeking safe investment; that our wisest statesmen and commercial men differ widely on the cause and remedy of the great derangement,—all show that the disease is deep-seated and organic. The questions we propose are therefore pertinent; the national difficulties stare us in the face and will not be evaded. The public welfare demands that no individual or vested interests shall stand in the way of a thorough investigation of the public calamities, the unequal distribution of wealth, and the inequitable relations of the various classes that form the national cooperation.

An excellent article by Mr. Hallowell in *The Index* of Oct. 7, on "Capital and Labor," fully exposes the injustice of the position assumed by the employers at Fall River, in denying their employees the same privilege of combination to protect their interests they claim for themselves; and shows how, by the conditions they imposed, they compelled the operatives to cooperate in their own enslavement. But the article fails to reach the principles involved, for it proposes contracts mutually obligatory, as though such troubles are not inevitable as long as such relations exist between labor and capital.

It is folly to denounce the manufacturers as tyrants, and to hold them up to the execration of mankind; they have done just what human nature always will do when not subjected to the restraints which a proper system of society will some day impose. It is done every day in individual cases, and only shocks us when seen in an aggregated form.

Literature.

THE HISTORY OF COÖPERATION IN ENGLAND: Its Literature and its Advocates. By George Jacob Holyoake. Vol. I. The Pioneer Period—1812 to 1844. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

WE classify books in this way: (1) the suggestive, or those whose fact and thought become to us the germs of new thought; (2) books which contain ideas or conceptions of truth of intrinsic value, though failing of the highest suggestive effect; (3) books which are treasuries of accurate information and useful knowledge. All other books we class below these. Mr. Holyoake's work belongs to the first class. The style is clear and animated. The facts are given, not in the form of barren detail, but in clear relation to their philosophical bearing. A moral earnestness gives force to every sentiment; except, possibly, where in one or two instances we detect traces of a spirit of cautiousness, verging on expediency, for which the reputation of Mr. Holyoake had not prepared us. But, considering that the general public has not become familiar with the facts or the literature of Co-operation, this book is particularly interesting and suggestive. Some of the facts are specially pertinent in the light of recent events. It is enough to sting an American heart to think of what an English manufacturer accomplished in his relations with workpeople at New Lanark sixty years ago, in contrast with the proceedings of the Fall River manufacturers. In this contrast it seems as if sixty years, instead of carrying us forward in this part of the social system, had dragged us back hundreds nearer barbarism. The work, of course, records many attempts that failed; but the men that made them were of the stamp of those whose methods alone lead to genuine success. As an indication of the philosophy which pervades this volume, we extract this sentence, as one unmatched for real wisdom in the current treatises on political economy:—"Co-operation, in the social sense of the word, is a new power of industry, constituted by the equitable combination of worker, capitalist, and consumer, and a new means of commercial morality, by which honesty is rendered productive."

As this work has a special value at this time, we append the following notice of it, by Moncure D. Conway, and selected from his correspondence to the *Cincinnati Commercial*:—

A curious and very readable volume is the first of George Jacob Holyoake's History of Co-operation. Although a first volume, it has a completeness in itself, representing the "Pioneer Period." There is little to interest those who think of co-operation in a purely commercial light; but the work is extremely valuable to those who care more for the discoveries of a principle than for its mere mechanical expansion or multiplication. After all, a romance will cling to Watt—sitting in his mother's chimney-corner, more interested in the tea-kettle than the tea—which all the railway system does not possess. Columbus in his little barque is a more picturesque figure than all the Cunard captains put together. Holyoake rightly sees that the power which co-operation has reached in Great Britain is less impressive than the moral enthusiasm out of which it grew. No man now living knows more of the men who pioneered this movement when it bore the various formidable names of Socialism, Communism, Heresy, and so forth. He was the friend and comrade of those brave, poetic seekers of a new moral world, and his friends will read on every page what he is too modest to write—*Quorum magna pars fui*. He dedicates his book as follows:—"To Wendell Phillips, of America, a country where what is new is welcome; where what is true expands: to him whose intrepid eloquence, confronting dangerous majorities, animating forlorn hopes, has ever been generously exerted on behalf of the slave, black or white, in bondage to planter or capitalist, this history of the Pioneer Period of Co-operation in England is inscribed, in gratitude and regard, by George Jacob Holyoake." There is a good deal of appropriateness in this association of radical social movements with America. There is in Bradford an old house, over the door of which is the Declaration of Independence cut in stone. It was put there early in this century by a radical Squire, Farrar, who built the house. The general impression was that the world recommenced about that time. But Mr. Holyoake dates the new-world makers farther back. He does homage to Sir Thomas More's "Utopia" (1516), and Harrington's agrarian "Oceana," dedicated to Cromwell (1656), who said that "what he had won by the sword he was not going to be scribbled out of by Mr. Harrington," though Hume said it was "the most valuable model of a commonwealth which had been offered to the public." Then came (1696) John Bellers, a Quaker, with his scheme for a College of Industry, which Robert Owen reprinted, regarding it as, in a large extent, an anticipation of his own aim. Then in the eighteenth century came Morelly, a Frenchman, trying "to find that state of things in which it should be impossible for any one to be depraved or poor." Mr. Holyoake gives a brief account too of Babeuf and his fellow-conspirators in Paris (1796), who wished to establish equality by force, and found that the force was on the other side. They lost their heads, metaphorically and then literally. St. Simon and Fourier are also referred to. With the fourth chapter the author begins his real history with Robert Owen and New Lanark. Fifty pages are devoted to "The Enthusiastic Period," (1820 and 1830), when the mind of prosaic England was raised into glowing phantasies of dreams.

Besides Robert Owen, Francis Place, William Pare, William Thompson, the Combes (Abram, George, and Andrew), Allen Davenport, and many others fairly bourgeoned out with theories and schemes, wise and otherwise. Among the notions is mentioned one which was to rectify the world by the science of

"Somatopsychonologia," and I save the reader the trouble of looking into his Greek lexicon by saying that the compound refers to body, soul, and mind. The "Co-operative Magazine," in 1826, seems to have published many queer things, such as papers on the "Unhappiness of the Higher Orders," and the means of remedying the same. How close some of these enthusiasts were to fatuity is particularly shown by the fact that one Hamilton, a cunning satirist, wrote a burlesque of Robert Owen's marriage ideas, and sent it to the above organ, which printed it in simple faith as a serious scheme. Such caricatures as this would hardly have injured the Socialists had it not been for their religious radicalism. Many of the titled and wealthy were disposed at first to unite with Mr. Owen until offended by his infidelity, when one by one they forsook him.

The first London Co-operative Society was formed in 1824. In 1826 numbers of such societies were formed throughout the Kingdom. But it seems to have been a very long time before these men got out of their sentimental mist, and perceived that if their idea was to prosper, it must be in co-operation with the great practical tendencies of the world that is, and that they could by no means evolve any other world. It is impossible to read such books as this of Holyoake's—and I may add the autobiographies of such men as Robert Dale Owen, Samuel Bamford, &c.—without feeling that the long agitations struck out a good deal of vigorous character, and stimulated much of the intellectual activity which the present inherits; but at the same time it is equally plain that a great deal of mental and money power was wasted. Co-operation was always the fundamental fact of human society; every stage coach was, as every railway train is, a co-operative institution. What these men had to do was, to try and extend the existing plan, and that could be done only by showing that families could save money by uniting for other things than they now have in common. The co-operation movement as it is now spreading—and the *London Times* has this week devoted three columns to the subject, showing that it is the most growing principle in the country—really means the net result of all such dreams and enthusiasms from Fourier and St. Simon to the fading glories of the Owens. It took so much on the long or poetic arm of the lever to lift the prosaic pounds which now begin to rise.

Communications.

Tramps.

THE question which is so often asked to-day between neighbors and in public prints, "What are we to do with the tramps?" is every day assuming a graver aspect. Forty years ago, a few men known in the country villages as strollers, were as regular in their summer visits to the farmhouses in their various beats, as the Scottish blue-gowns or "Gaberlunzies," described so pleasantly by Walter Scott in *The Antiquary*; but they by no means received the same welcome in New England as did the Scottish beggars among their constituents.

Vile and degraded, however, as they were, they committed no crimes beyond occasional petit larceny, while the tramps of to-day are almost invariably ready for any crime which may enable their armed and organized bands to accomplish the object they may have in view, whether that of procuring food or money, or the gratification of passion in the basest outrage. I have noticed of late, in some of the secular papers, certain articles, full of that lazy benevolence which seeks to avoid active efforts to remove a crying evil, by patting the tramps upon the back, and telling them they are pretty good fellows, and are only driven into this mode of living by hard times and the scarcity of work.

Now I do not hesitate to say that an experience of thirty years has convinced me that this pity is thrown away; for there is not a man in New England to-day who cannot get work, if he will work at such a rate of wages as his employer can afford to pay; and these men who loiter about the country, committing highway robbery, murder, rape, and every other crime to which their low impulses or their sense of power lead them, are essentially and by nature tramps, reasoning upon the vile basis that the world owes them a living, and they are bound to have it.

Can anything be done, then, by the community at large to check the evil, without resorting to the uncertain influences of the law, and quibbling lawyers? Living as I have done for nearly fifty years in an agricultural town, and in situations peculiarly favorable for these roving nuisances, I adopted a rule, thirty years ago, never to give money to beggars at the door, and never to give food to any man who was not willing to work faithfully for half an hour before receiving his meal. The result has been that in all that time, although large numbers have applied for food, I have never found but one man who was willing to give a half-hour's labor for a substantial meal. If every one would adopt this rule, there would soon be a diminution of the number of tramps, and the nuisance would be abated.

I am often told that it would be dangerous for women when alone to adopt this course, as the beggar would offer violence. In secluded situations this might be the case; but in a village, where a loud cry would readily bring help, the danger is nearly imaginary. Besides, there are few men who have the courage to resort to violence against a firm and determined woman, especially if armed, as she easily may be, with a knife or revolver.

Soon after I began the course alluded to above, a beggar came to the door and made his application for something to eat. Upon the conditions being stated to him, he declined acceding to them, saying he could do better elsewhere; and at the same time made the remark that if everybody adopted the same rule, there would soon be an end of begging. So say I. Let everybody try it.

Newspapers.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW AGE:—There is a man in the community whom every one respects. Every one values his acquaintance. In the first place, he always has something fresh and bright to tell you. In the second place, he always gives you a fair hearing upon any matter that interests or troubles you. And, in the third place, he always speaks out his honest advice, dissent, or approval, without reserve through fear, or exaggeration through hope of reward. You know him? Well, a good newspaper is like that man. It is vigorous, healthful, sympathetic, just. If in its competition with the legion of papers, your "NEW AGE" can establish such a character, its friends will rejoice to see in it a good instance of "survival of the fittest."

I know a paper which was afraid to publish, over the author's signature, a crisp and logical article upon the Fall River case of *Oppression et al., vs. Human Rights et al.*; another, that refused to admit an item of important criminal news to its columns of trivial scraps, when it might reflect upon a corporation; another, that gave large and prominent space to puff an arrant swindler, and aid a fraudulent enterprise, when a brief investigation would have disclosed that seven-eighths of its statements were lies; another, which tried to tell the truth, and fell short because it didn't know the alphabet of the art it was talking about; another, that published "growls" about smoking on the open street-cars, and suppressed an intelligent communication in reply; in brief, I have seen so many newspaper short-comings and dishonesties that I can almost share Gen. Butler's contempt of them.

Now don't sound a trumpet before you, as did *The Golden Rule*, and caused suspicion that some of its gold resembled brass, or else was shortened a little, like a deacon's half bushel. But find the fact, and say it; find a sincere opinion, and say it, and then let another earnest man or woman balance opinions with you, so that truth shall brighten and error blush. Then if any man pervert your well-chosen name it will be but to make it a better one—*The New Youth*. Very truly yours,

Boston, Oct. 16, 1875.

CHARLES E. PRATT.

Scintillations.

"WHAT do you think of THE NEW AGE?" said Quoin. "I think it is better than old age," replied Quad. Quad is a young man.

"WERE you once a Baptist?" "Yes." "How long is it since you left them?" "It is about ten years since I chipped the shell." "Was it *Hard-shell*?" Audible smiles!

A WESTERN moralist seasonably remarks that it is painful to hear an ungodly man say "It's as hot as ginger," when you know that he doesn't mean "ginger" at all.

"WHAT object do you now see?" asked the doctor. The young man hesitated for a few moments, and then replied: "It appears like a jackass, doctor, but I rather think it is your shadow."

A FACETIOUS fellow went into a village dry-goods store the other day, and was observed to be looking about, when the proprietor remarked, "We don't keep whiskey here." "It would save you a good many steps if you did," was the quick reply.

THE bright young writer who wished to know "which magazine will give me the highest position quickest?" was told by the journal to which he sent his question, "a powder magazine, if you contribute a fiery article."

RESIGNATION was curiously expressed by good old brother Pitkins in the prayer-meeting:—"Now, brethren, I wouldn't give up this hope I have for all this world: because, brethren, I am so old and infirm that it would only be a torment to me if I had it."

A LITTLE GIRL of four or five years asked her mother one day if she had not seen Col. Porter. "No, my child," was the reply, "he died before you were born." "Well, but, mamma," she insisted, "if he went up before I came down, we must have met."

THIS little dialogue took place the other day, at the dinner table, between a young scion of the house, and a guest: Scion—"I wish I was you!" Guest—"Do you, little boy; and why do you wish you were me?" Scion—"Cos you don't get your ear pinched when you eat vittles with your knife." Tableau!

A YOUNGSTER, being required to write a composition upon some portion of the human body, selected that which unites the head to the body, and expounded as follows:—"A throat is convenient to have, especially to roosters and ministers. The former eats corn and crows with it: the latter preaches through his'n, and then ties it up. This is most all I can think of about necks."

SHE stepped into the horse-car, radiant with youth, and looking cool and bright in her flower-trimmed hat and speckless suit of linen. Four young men immediately offered her their seats. She accepted one, with an entrancing smile, and instantly gave it to a poor, wan, little old woman who had been standing for ten blocks; whereupon the young men did not know whether to get up again or not, and tried their best not to look foolish.

THERE does not appear to be much limit to a farm laborer's hours. A man who has been working for a New Canaan farmer, putting in thirteen to sixteen hours a day, quit on Saturday. "What's the matter? don't you like the place?" asked the farmer. "Oh, yes, I like the place well enough," explained the "hand," "but the nights are getting so long I'm afraid I can't do a full day's work." The farmer smiled like an invalid.—*Danbury News*.

PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

WE send this number of THE NEW AGE to many persons who are not yet subscribers, in the hope that each will give it a candid and intelligent examination. If all do so, the good they will thereby receive will doubtless compensate us for the trouble of mailing it: but we frankly say that we shall be equally benefited and gratified to receive their names as subscribers. We should be glad to have them see for a year what our paper will be. Address "THE NEW AGE, No. 235 Washington Street, Boston, Mass."

OUR FRIENDS who have already subscribed, but have not paid, are kindly invited, according to our terms, to forward the amount of their subscriptions.

FOR a special reason, we issue the first number of THE NEW AGE some days in advance of its date; hereafter we shall go to press regularly at the usual time for papers that are published on Saturday.

OUR first conception was to publish a paper without advertisements; for the eye has something to do with reading, and the large type and inartistic wood-cuts with which modern business literature insists on garnishing its flaming sentences would ruin the beauty of an otherwise handsome sheet. But we have so far yielded to the persuasions of our friends, that we have consented to admit a few announcements, whose merits will not be questioned; but our purpose is that, until our paper is enlarged, an advertisement shall adorn no page but this. We thought we might concede so much, without creating a suspicion that the aim of this journal is to enrich its proprietor.

THAT the style and beauty of the type-faces used on this paper will be admired by all our readers, we count as certain. We therefore proceed to forestall all inquiries by stating, as we do with pleasure, that all our type came from the long-established DICKINSON TYPE FOUNDRY, No. 3 Court Avenue. We have found the proprietors, PHELPS, DALTON & Co., we are also happy to say, very courteous and honorable in business.

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THE NEW AGE, 235 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

THE NEW AGE.

It may justly be demanded of the periodical press that, in addition to the publication of news, it shall strive to aid in stimulating and diffusing the wisest and broadest thought upon all matters relating to human interests. This service a journal is incapable of rendering, unless its views and opinions are based upon intelligence, and inspired by sincerity and independence. Ordinary journalism is strikingly unsatisfactory, and signally unsuccessful in performing such a service, because of its deficiency in these respects. Well-nigh every periodical now published is an organ of some special interest, or the mere echo of popular sentiment. In most cases, a paper is established only to advocate some sect in religion, some party in politics, some particular ethical, social, or financial theory; and, as a natural and inevitable consequence, all its utterances are fatally damaged by subservience to the actual or imagined interests of the sect, party, or theory it is committed to defend. Opinions the most serviceable to humanity it is impossible to obtain, and folly to expect, under such conditions.

With the purpose of putting in circulation a journal devoted to the highest function of the press, it is proposed to establish THE NEW AGE; which, being the organ of no sect or party, nor the mouthpiece of any special religious, political, or social movement, shall aim at the most comprehensive view of man's true interests in all departments of thought and action. This generation is asked to consider the questions involved in

Free Religion, Labor Reform, Emancipation of Woman, Spiritualism, Materialism, and Temperance,

besides all the theories of

Political Economy and Government,

embraced in current political discussion. In addition to these, the

Relation between Church and State,

the complete

Secularization of our Common School System,

and the whole subject of EDUCATION in every one of its phases,—all these are matters which more and more are challenging the serious and earnest consideration of our American people. That the perfection of society could be achieved by the success of any one of these Reforms, it obviously would be absurd to claim; yet often each is urged as if it alone held the destinies of mankind. THE NEW AGE, believing that the fair humanities go in groups, that the race must advance abreast, and that the method which is to ennoble human life and perfect the condition of society must be more comprehensive than that suggested by any partial reform, will labor to co-ordinate all the reforms, and to combine in one view every element of progress.

Already we have seen the disastrous effect of attempting to separate inseparable things. Up to this time, it has been held, in the Church, that religion is one thing and righteousness another; in politics, that success is one thing and integrity another; in business, that capital is one thing and labor another; in life, that society is one thing and brotherhood another. The logical result of this insane discrimination is that righteousness is sacrificed to religious observance, public integrity immolated on the altar of party success, labor enslaved in the service of capital, and humanity smothered in artificial social distinctions. It will be the steadfast purpose of THE NEW AGE to check all these evils, by striving to make it more clear that religion and goodness, purity and politics, labor and capital, brotherhood and society, are one and inseparable; that they must not and cannot be sundered.

The columns of THE NEW AGE will be open to all the serious forms of thought and all the earnest voices of the present time, which shall seek fitting and proper expression. In its own utterances it will always put more emphasis upon principles than names, upon spirit and aim than methods and appliances. Whatever of essential worth it may discover in any institution, in any organization or system, it will recognize and commend; but any iniquity therein harbored it will point out and scourge without fear or favor. The prejudices of no human being, the vested interests or organized selfishness of no body of men, will ever be permitted consciously to modify or cloud its opinions, or dictate its utterances. Its purpose to look around the whole horizon of humanity's aspirations and efforts, and to utter the freest and most advanced thought upon all subjects pertaining to human welfare, will constitute its strongest right to exist. Recognizing as ever operative in the history of the race the two elements of conservatism and progress, THE NEW AGE will endeavor to take wise advantage of both; and while it will never hesitate to aid in the work of destruction, while destruction shall seem to be in order, it will especially rejoice to build for the future upon the durable foundations afforded by the past. Desirous to preserve the good, it always will be seeking the better.

With the undoubting consciousness that there is a yet unoccupied place in journalism to fill, THE NEW AGE has only to prove its ability to occupy it to make its permanent existence assured. It but asks of the public the opportunity to make this proof.

Each of its articles will be expected to stand on its own merits. In providing contributions to its columns, no deference will be given to mere reputation; since this is not always a just measure of literary ability, or vigor or originality of thought.

TERMS, Three Dollars a Year, with Postage Prepaid.

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J. M. L. BABCOCK, PUBLISHER.

THE NEW AGE, 235 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

THE NEW AGE.

VOLUME I.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1875.

NUMBER 1.

Photographic.

WE acknowledge our indebtedness to Hon. George S. Boutwell for a full set of the Congressional Record for the last session of Congress.

MR. HOLYOAKE'S *History of Coöperation* is noticed at length on the seventh page. The work is for sale at this office, and will be sent by mail for two dollars.

THE cable has just told us that the Crown Prince of Germany proposes to attend the Centennial next year; now will it tell us if Joshua Jenkins is coming?

WE learn from *The Golden Rule* that "eternity will give us all a chance to study, but it will not give us a chance to be saved." We don't know why we should want to study, if we can't be saved.

SOME of our Express Companies are getting to be as lazy and slow as Deacon Lovejoy's farm-hand. The mild old deacon said to him, very gently, one day, "Jonas, did you ever see a snail?" "Y-es." "Then you must have met it, for you never could overtake one."

IT IS SAID that some Ohio dairymen "extinguished" a plea for inflation after this wise:—"We don't exactly make out how, if you add two gallons of water to a gallon of milk, it will make any more cheese." They had probably tried the experiment.

THE *Christian Register* notes as curious, that just as *The Golden Age* has ceased to be, its name should be divided between *The Golden Rule* and *THE NEW AGE*. As age brings wisdom, and as wisdom is better than gold, we are abundantly satisfied with our share in this division.

STANLEY BRADLEY, who had passed through perilous adventures, and had arrived at Victoria Nyanza or Albert Nyanza, it is not quite certain which. Now if he comes back to tell us that he has found the source of the Nile, will there be a dispute as to whether he has been there at all?

MR. CONWAY has been in Boston, and lectured before a large audience. That is one way to do it. Send a man of progressive spirit and radical instincts across the water, to mingle for ten years with the influences of Old-World civilization, and then bring him back to tell us what he has seen and what he thinks; that is a process to make cosmopolites of us all.

A MEMBER of the Second Radical Club makes to us the suggestion, that since the name of the (first) Radical Club has been changed to "Chestnut Street Club," it would be wise if the Second Radical Club should adopt the name of "Radical Reform Club;" as, he says, "it is time such a club should mean action as well as an idea." We reserve our judgment.

THE *Golden Rule*, with Rev. W. H. H. Murray as editor-in-chief, made its appearance three weeks since, looking very bright and attractive, and filled with varied matter. It starts under the most flattering auspices, and appears to be floating on the tide of success. We hail its appearance as a John-the-Baptist, preparing the way for *THE NEW AGE*. "He must increase, but I must decrease." (*John iii. 30.*)

IT WOULD SEEM to be an excellent thing if we could rear our children in blissful ignorance of the wickedness and suffering in the world; but after all there are two sides to that question. The knowledge of the woe must come with the knowledge of the evil: and the effect of the one will be likely to neutralize the baneful influence of the other. We think it is better, as the old hymn has it,—

"To weep in sadness o'er the woes
We want the power to heal,"

than to emulate the exquisite simplicity of the carefully-nursed daughter of a London house of fashion, who is reported to have said, during a time of unusual suffering in that city, "I do not see why any one should die of hunger when a pine-apple can be bought for a guinea!"

THE representatives of the Fall River manufacturers met certain gentlemen of the press, in this city, quite recently, for the purpose of making statements that would "disabuse the public mind." That looks well. It is worth something that they have discovered there is a public mind it is not well to abuse. Now suppose these fair-minded gentlemen should next attend some meeting, "by arrangement," in which the statements would not be entirely one-sided; might not the public mind be a little more sure of being "disabused"?

WE were once present at a conference of clergymen, where two hours were spent in discussing a question relating to the resurrection of the body: whether it should consist of its original and identical particles of matter, or of other and equivalent particles. If that question is settled we would like to propose another: Why did Noah take a pair of musquitoes into the ark? If he had had any experience of their peculiar disposition, we should suppose he would gladly have left them all to drown.

THE LOCAL NEWSPAPER is an unobtrusive but by no means useless agent among the varied activities of our civilization. It collects and preserves, in its own special territory, not only much information that would otherwise be lost, and which adds much to the social life of the towns in which it circulates, but many valuable views and ideas, from its local correspondents, which, without its existence, might never find their way into print. The *Public Spirit*, of Ayer, Mass., John H. Turner, editor and proprietor, is one of the best printed and sprightliest of its class.

THE papers recently gave this item:—"The brother of the author of '*Lorna Doon*' recently committed suicide, leaving \$100,000 to Charles Bradlaugh." The

information about the legacy, if true, is specially noticeable. It is a very rare thing that so large a bequest falls to such a man as Mr. Bradlaugh: churches, colleges, and cats usually having the preference in the benevolent provisions of rich men's wills. We are heartily glad of Mr. Bradlaugh's good fortune, and hope he will live long enough to show that money does not necessarily spoil a good reformer!

THE announcement a few weeks since of the design of publishing *THE NEW AGE* has been met by a number of journals with kind and cordial words—a courtesy we shall long remember. The transfer of these expressions to these columns is forbidden by the best taste; but we cannot withhold our special acknowledgments to the *Christian Register* for saying that this paper "will be neither weak nor dull." These words have thoroughly reassured us: it was the only point on which we had any fears. But our good friend must share, for that prophecy, our flattering reputation for bravery.

PRESIDENT GRANT uttered noble words at Des Moines, and is entitled to the respect due to one who gives expression to right sentiments; but there is no reason whatever for giving his language any more prominence or emphasis than it would deserve from the lips of the obscurest man in the world. But the folly of estimating the weight of words by the reputation of him who speaks them is not yet outgrown, and it will be long before the almost self-evident truth will be accepted, that the value of words is in the words themselves, not in the wealth or position of him who utters them.

MR. BENJAMIN R. TUCKER, associate editor of *The Word*, has finished a translation of P. J. Proudhon's book entitled, *What is Property? or, An Inquiry into the Principle of Right and of Government*. The manuscript is in the hands of John Wilson and Son, who will soon have the volume printed in their usual handsome style of the art. From the proof-sheets that already have come under our eye, we can predict with safety that not only the translation will be found to have been rendered in a crisp and racy manner, but that the book itself will prove to be full of meaty suggestion for radical thought and conclusion.

THE SECOND RADICAL CLUB has become one of the truly notable institutions of Boston. It celebrated, last month, its fourth anniversary, in a meeting which was festive, social, and conversational. On the evening of Oct. 11, David A. Wasson read the first essay to which the Club has listened this season,—an essay remarkable for ability and suggestiveness. Last year was the most successful one which the Club has experienced, and it has every reason to look forward to an equally fortunate one in that upon which it has just entered. Its meetings occur on the second and fourth Mondays of the month. The payment of two dollars each year constitutes the condition of membership.

WE were very much gratified to see in the second number of *The Golden Rule* a short but ringing article in reference to the labor troubles at Fall River. It revealed the existence of humane impulses in the editorial spirit of that journal, which promised well of its future, and was a pleasant contrast to the apparent heartlessness of some other professedly religious newspapers on the same matter. It was also cheering as another indication that a subject in which is really involved the interests of all classes of society has attracted the attention, and forced itself on the consideration, of people who have seemed to suppose that they were, by culture or position, exonerated from all solicitude or responsibility concerning it.

THE papers have been largely occupied of late in abusing Wendell Phillips for his views on the currency question. They would be better occupied in demonstrating, if they can, the unsoundness of those views. Gold and silver may be the world's money in violation of the laws of Nature: but that is something different from not being good. The claim that the currency is a natural right is a very strong presumption that it is true. We can conceive that the assumption of a hard-money standard may serve the present purposes of large capitalists: but what is best for capital is certainly not always best for the interests of the people. Stop abusing a man on whom thirty years' abuse has been tried in vain, gentlemen! and bring out your convincing facts and arguments.

THE world generally thinks so does not raise a very strong presumption that it is true. We can conceive that the assumption of a hard-money standard may serve the present purposes of large capitalists: but what is best for capital is certainly not always best for the interests of the people. Stop abusing a man on whom thirty years' abuse has been tried in vain, gentlemen! and bring out your convincing facts and arguments.

IN an ecclesiastical meeting, a few days since, we heard a sad-toned lament that it was impossible to devise any policy to which "at least one-third of the denomination would not object." It is an old and stereotyped complaint. We would not attempt to count the times we have heard it in similar bodies in twenty years. But we think there is no help for it while human nature continues in its present condition. There are some persons so happily organized that they readily swallow any dose they are asked to take: if there were not such persons, organizations would be very much smaller. There are others who taste before they take, and will not swallow what they think is not good; of course such temperaments are unfortunate: but if there were not such persons, there would be no progress. Our choice is reduced to this: difference of opinion and advancement, or conformity and death.

WE go to press in the midst of a political campaign, in which perhaps we ought not to be sorry that we have had no opportunity to have a hand. It is curious to notice that the current political topics are similar to those that were discussed thirty-five years ago, though the watch-words vary slightly. The issue then was between a "sound constitutional currency" and a "sound national currency;" now the terms are "rag-baby" and "barbarian money." Probably the questions involved are understood nearly as well now as then. Years ago the "Carnatic Question" was rife in British politics. "Electors," said an orator on the hustings, one day, "the Carnatic question is the greatest question of this or any other age. If the Carnatic question is not settled soon, this great empire is gone." "What is the Carnatic question?" somebody happened to ask. "I don't know," replied the candid orator. All political oracles are not as candid.

The Ideal.

THE NEW AGE.

BY SIDNEY H. MORSE.

SING, O Sons of Men!
Sing the glory yet to be,
Sing the hour when o'er the earth
Spreads the glory of the free;
Sing of Beauty, Love, and Truth,
Blest to all—renewing youth;
Sing of Mercy, Justice, Peace—
These shall bring the Soul increase;
Since the ages were begun
Men have missed the larger bliss—
Reverence for the lowly one;
Sing, O sing of this;
Sing the war-song nevermore;
Sing of Reason's victory o'er
Superstition, Prejudice;
Sing the days of social worth,
Sing the Friendships of the earth,
Sing all these that they abide,
Sing, O voices, far and wide;
Sing the glory yet shall be,
Sing the NEW AGE of the Free!

Dreams.

BY THE EDITOR.

THERE are occasional and unlooked-for experiences and visions which give us hints of the wealth we possess in the intangible elements of our inner life. Is it not a marvellous thing that a thought or a feeling can exist in our nature during a long period in which we make no use of it, in which we do not remember that it was ever ours, but which some trifling circumstance—an unexpected meeting with an old friend, the sight of a picture or an old letter—will show us has an indestructible life? Yet just that marvel constitutes one of the veritable facts of human experience.

In this department of experience—the accretions of which are so completely disconnected with every-day thought and feeling, that it may not unfitly be termed our unconscious life—we may expect to find the more enduring fruits of existence. The things that are demanded for constant use, we are compelled to carry continually about us; and such as we destroy in the using must be held in readiness for the employment of the external senses; but that inner life, whose wealth is so locked up that our eyes do not often have a glimpse of it, may be presumed to hold the imperishable treasures of our being. We came into this world without a thought, an idea, or a moral purpose. With the dawn of the earliest intelligence we begin to aim, to aspire, and to think. At length we find ourselves stirred with aims we can never reach, inspired by ideals that are destined never to become actual; we find ourselves glowing with affections that this world is too narrow to employ, and this life too brief to exhaust.

The heart and brain of humanity are full of unsatisfied desires and unfulfilled dreams. If the facts were known, I suspect very few would be found who make in their accustomed avocations the full use of all their faculties, or the complete application of all their ideas. In any calling there is felt some yearning for what some other function only could supply. There is latent eloquence in many a tongue condemned to silence beside the bench; there are images created by a poet's fancy peopling the mental world of those who swing the sledge; there are strains of music floating in tuneless souls where we see only hands linked to continuous labor; there is unoccupied philosophy in the active brains of men to whom the imperative dictates of a complex business refuse retirement to a student's cell; there is a vast amount of stored force in multitudes of minds—of reserved feeling in multitudes of hearts. Look at a theorist: he is prolific of schemes that never come to fruit; he turns his hand to a thousand things that end where they began; he goes shabbily through life to die a shabby death at last. We say of him—"Oh, he never brought any thing to pass; he was a dreamer—a most impractical man." But we all have in some degree what he had in large degree:—that ideal faculty whose creations cannot be planted in a present actual world. Such are the grasp and compass of our unconscious life, that we cannot use all its resources as fast as we gather them up. Shall none of

these dreams have fulfilment? We cannot suppose that they are all to be wasted when we call to mind the dreams that have transformed themselves into history. How many have been laughed at as insane enthusiasts by their own generation only to become revered as benefactors of the world by a succeeding generation. Watt was a dreamer; Stephenson was a dreamer; Morse was a dreamer: yet out of the resources of the unconscious life of these men came the thoughts and schemes by which steam and lightning have wedded the continents. Plato was a dreamer; but the Republic of his dreams promises to be more than realized on a shore of which he never dreamed. And what are our best conceptions to-day, in the higher realm of moral ideas, but the stuff of which were woven the dreams of the prophets and apostles whose names are sacred to humanity. The world has certainly been indebted to its lunatics. The folly of one age is the wisdom of the next.

It is in dreams that we see how much deeper meaning life has than appears on the surface. How many are living the lower life of materialism, as if the most serious and weighty results were wrought out in the outward and tangible elements, while the fancy, the sentiment, the dreaming, in which we now and then indulge, are nothing more to us than the mere fringe of life! Yet the time may come when we shall see that the longings we hardly dared to cherish, the conceptions we almost felt it were unworthy to utter—the expanding germs of our unconscious life—constitute the enduring warp and woof of existence. What a joy to discover ultimately, that what we ventured to indulge tremblingly, yet could not bear to give up, were the wings to bear us aloft, into the purer skies of moral elevation!

And of what more admirable and magnificent a thing can we have any conception, than that of a human being in whom keen animal appetites are conjoined with amazing intellectual energy and high moral capacities, placed in a material world, yet compelling all the forces of sensuous objects and sensuous propensities to contribute to the growth of the spiritual life.

What a Divine Alchemy is that which can transmute the elements of our baser life into the pure gold of creative thought and enduring affection!

THIS is the true nature of home—it is the place of Peace; the shelter, not only from all injury, but from all terror, doubt, and division. In so far as it is not this, it is not home; so far as the anxieties of outer life penetrate into it, and the inconsistently-minded, unloved, or hostile society of the outer world is allowed by either husband or wife to cross the threshold, it ceases to be home; it is then only a part of that outer world which you have roofed over, and lighted a fire in. But so far as it is a sacred place, a vestal temple, a temple of the hearth watched over by Household Gods, before whose faces none may come but those whom they can receive with love,—so far as it is this, and roof and fire are types only of a nobler shade and light,—shade as of the rock in a weary land, and light as of the Pharos in the stormy sea;—so far it vindicates the name, and fulfils the praise, of home.

And wherever a true wife comes, this home is always round her. The stars only may be over her head; the glow-worm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her feet: but home is yet wherever she is: and for a noble woman it stretches far round her, better than ceiled with cedar, or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light afar, for those who else were homeless. —*Ruskin.*

I'm proof against that word failure. I've seen behind it. The only failure a man ought to fear is failure in cleaving to the purpose he sees to be best. As to just the amount of result he may see from his particular work—that's a tremendous uncertainty: the universe has not been arranged for the gratification of his feelings. As long as a man sees and believes in some great good, he'll prefer working for that in the way he's best fit for, come what may. I put effects at their minimum, but I'd rather have the minimum of effect, if it's the sort I care for, than the maximum of effect I don't care for—a lot of fine things that are not to my taste—and if they were, the conditions of holding them while the world is what it is, are such as would jar on me like grating metal.—*George Eliot.*

Equality of Woman.

The Value of the Ballot.

BY FREDERIC A. HINCKLEY.

THE history of the world is the history of the rise and progress of liberty and the breaking of chains; an essential element in the evolution of ideas. Everything is gravitating toward self-government, which is the only possible basis for the largest individual freedom. In the light of this truth, principles which in the abstract are good for all time are constantly receiving new interpretations. What once meant to the most prophetic soul only all *white* men now means *all* men, and in the good time coming will mean, simply and grandly, *ALL*. Liberty for all—that is the key-note to the anthem of democracy. But what is liberty under institutions like ours?

It is: (1) ownership of the person; (2) ownership of property; (3) the right to vote and to be eligible to office. Any class in the community which is deprived of any or all of these rights by conditions in themselves insurmountable, is enslaved; and an essential step toward peace and prosperity for the republic is to break its fetters.

The most conspicuous and inexcusable denial of all these rights in this country is found in the case of Woman. As a wife, she owns neither her person nor her property. As a citizen, she is neither permitted to vote nor to hold office. She belongs, therefore, to a subjected class, and her emancipation is necessary before we shall have, in reality as in name, a democracy.

The movement for Woman's Rights, or for Woman Suffrage, if that narrower term be preferred, means nothing less than woman's complete equality. What is the real significance of the ballot to man? It means for him a voice in the making of the laws by which he is to be governed, and in the selection of the clerks who are to administer them; it means that he is a sovereign unit, whole and complete, politically speaking, in himself: it means that he has by right supreme control of his own person and property, so long as he does not interfere with the like right for every other person. It is precisely the same with woman. Since she is, like man, a human being, the ballot means for her the same rights and the same protection, and its denial to her means that she is denied the most efficient instrument wherewith to obtain redress for the wrongs she suffers. Whoever thinks, therefore, that Woman Suffrage signifies simply an increase in the number of votes, is gravely mistaken. It signifies also an increase in the amount of liberty. The woman who holds the ballot intelligently will never be expected to pass over the control of her person to a man, even though that man be her husband; and if she should be expected to, she will decline the serfdom which such a surrender involves. A sovereign citizen, with power to make and unmake politicians and parties, will hardly be asked, if she falls, to submit to a moral and legal code infamously severe, while the other sovereign citizen, who in nine cases out of ten causes her fall, retains his passport to good society and his eligibility to the highest offices. When two persons with the ballot behind them do the same work equally well, it will not be necessary to ascertain their sex before their pay is announced. In a word, the ballot means an approximation toward justice and fair play among those who possess it. In order that this approximation may be enjoyed by all, all must possess the ballot; and that *all*, by every rule and definition of the English language, must include woman. This understood, the Woman Movement assumes its true proportions. It ceases to be a petty or in any way a narrow reform; it becomes a great crusade for a principle of universal justice. It ceases to be a matter simply of class interest; it becomes a vital issue to individual, social, national life. It proposes to make the individual more godlike by giving increased freedom to self-development; it proposes to make the home more godlike by basing it on the union of two intelligent souls as well as two loving hearts.

"Two hearts in council, two beside the hearth,
Two in the tangled business of the world,
Two in the liberal offices of life."

It proposes to make the State more godlike by basing it not on bachelorhood but on the holy alliance of the

father and mother heart. In this work the aristocrat, the stickler for the old, the believer in sex superiority, will hold back; but the man who remembers the care of a wise mother, the loving counsel of a faithful wife, or who has any proper and abiding respect for the sex to which they belong, will give it a hearty God-speed in its ministry of freedom. "A man defines his standing at the court of chastity," says one, "by his estimate of woman; he can be no man's friend nor his own, if not hers." In the same strain I would say, our institutions—marriage, society, the State—are yet to be judged by their conception of the character of womanhood. If that conception continues to be low, if the wife continues the victim of lust, if society continues to encourage women to be dolls and nonentities, if the State continues long to be a male aristocracy, then do each and all contain within themselves the seeds of dissolution. But if, on the contrary, marriage shall become the union of two souls in love and freedom, society the association of mutually respected and self-respecting units, and the State the happy rule of all the people, then will they each and all live, potent influences for individual growth and universal freedom. The keynote of the whole movement, however, is the ballot. Only remember it is not an end in itself, not simply carrying out the necessary logic of the democratic idea, but a practical power for the realization in all these departments of the highest ideals of freedom, holiness, and love.

Illogical Fireworks.

SINCE the woman question began its agitation, there has been not a little of this sort of illumination. Quite recently, a rocket of this description was sent into the presence of a company of teachers; to the effect that if every teacher in the country should resign on any day her situation, the very next every place could be filled; and so on for twenty days in succession. This very startling proposition was said to have originated in the brains of a school superintendent, high in rank; and was borne to this little group by one of our foremost female reformers, delivered with the assent of her profoundest reason.

Admitting that Nature abhors a vacuum, and generally manages to fill emptiness with something, we will allow that the vacant school-rooms might be stocked with as many pounds of avoirdupois as had left; perhaps more. But ignorance would take the place of intelligence, inexperience of professional experience, in this department; for nowhere could this fresh arrival of teachers have had opportunity to obtain the invaluable treasures afforded by experience, that the departing teachers would take with them.

The very fact that the latter had held the keys to these halls where this knowledge only could be obtained, proves this beyond a question.

All knowing, worthy the name, is obtained by experience—the subject with the object; and, in the teacher's profession more than any other, experimental knowledge is the only kind that can hold its own for any long period. Children will not be manipulated by ignorant fingers, without making a very bad appearance, and putting forth decided and long-continued objections,—which in the end will result in their ruin or in routing the teacher from her position.

The pulpits of the country, the medical chairs and lecture platforms, could much more easily find substitutes in one day, than the teacher's desk. For older people are far slower to detect the alloy than a child is; and, if detected, the older head might possibly endure in silence, when the child could not restrain the muscles and sensitive nerves of its little body from revealing the whole story, even though the tongue were unable to express it.

Truth endures, though falsehood may sometimes be more showy, and magnetize more quickly. Women should not be induced to seek new conditions in life, except through physical, mental, and moral fitness; and they should be sure that they obey the demands each of her own existence, and not an impulsive desire for some flattering change. Hundreds of women are, without doubt, in school, who have no sympathy with the occupation; but thousands more are there because they love the work, and by long experience and hard study have gained such knowledge of the profession, that their removal would be an irreparable loss to the educational interests of the country.

This profession is a noble one for either man or woman, when Nature leads on to its adoption. And as it will in time become as remunerative to woman as man, it will be one of the most honored and satisfactory of professions. On the other hand, there are vast fields of industrial and professional labor, other than this, which women are destined to fill. But the wise woman will not rush from the teacher's desk to the pulpit, or rostrum, or counting room, simply because the latter has more money, or more laurels, or fewer occupants. Any soul is rich whose heart is wedded to its work; and there are laurels enough for such to win and wear, unseen though they may be to mortal eyes. No profession or occupation that is useful in the world is overcrowded with competent workmen; and in the teacher's profession there is always a sad dearth of well-equipped educators.

The true way to clear our schools of the parasitic teachers who hang upon them merely for an existence of bread and butter, while utter contempt for the profession fills up the measure of their days, is to lay before them, and all women, as much as possible, the duties and responsibilities of other positions.

Let them search the shop-windows and work-rooms of all, till they find a seeming affinity; then try the hand at the tools, and see if there be a returning throb of inspiration. If the little wire says "yes," that shall be the datum of a true calling to life's work.

Boston, October, 1875.

L. S. H.

Free Religion.

Less Appearance---More Reality.

BY JOHN H. CLIFFORD.

M. TAINÉ calls religion, as he saw it in England, a "serious poem." A keen observer and precise delineator. His phrase should be an apt one. But, judging even by the tokens which reach us across the sea, the

Anglican "poem" has movements which were better described as comical. The Pegasus bestrode by supplied votaries of the Muses, sometimes possesses the unmistakable parts, the auricular elongation, quadrupedal limits, ashy color, and dissonant voice, of a less classical beast. Bishop Bellerophon, well mounted, and in hot pursuit of the chimera of modern unbelief—what spectacle, in these days, more ridiculous!

But if English religion—the semi-Catholicism of the Establishment—can be fitly described as a "poem," either serious or comic, or both at once, the description equally befits universal Christianity, so far, at least, as concerns its institutional character. Therefore we need not deplore our unacquaintance with trans-Atlantic worship, since we live and move in the midst of that which is simply its American counterpart. The European seal corresponds to the impression which even the Puritan attempt could not hinder it from deeply making upon this continent.

Here, as elsewhere in Christendom, religion has become a "poem," a tragedy, with its inter-play and by-play of farce. In the strictest sense, it is largely objective. It "shows a body rather than a life." It is spectacular rather than vital. All the way through, from the vulgar dramatizing of Moody and Sankey, which has excited such unnecessary interest in sceptical circles, to the dignified dullness of present Unitarianism, which represents the "deportment" in religion, there exists in America a huge body of appearance, to which it were difficult to find any corresponding reality in solid religious character. The latter, it may be feared, is in inverse ratio to the former.

The accident of Mr. Moody's preaching in his New England village-home brings into view an obscure country minister, by reason of mere re-statement of the commonplaces of the old Unitarian controversy; and from one end of the land to the other a needless hubbub ensues over an incident in itself insignificant, belonging to a movement worse than puerile. Professing absolute hostility to the doctrines which Mr. Moody preaches, his considerate opponent, upon waking, evidently alarmed to find himself so far famous as to hear his name coupled with that of the travelled evangelist, makes haste to disavow the least antagonism towards the revivalist or his work. He rather

bids him God-speed, and puts himself in an attitude of readiness to rejoice in case it should turn out that Mr. Moody's efforts are productive of any "good." And all good Unitarians say, Amen! One can hardly decide which should be most deplored, the audacious confidence of itinerant Calvinism, determined to "walk into" the "infidelity" of the time, or the doughfaceism of your half-rationalist, behind a frowning *a priori* prejudice, hiding a benignant *a posteriori* smile!

There is no making a clean breast of it, and confronting the enginery of a false revival with the conditions of a true one, undeterred by the fear that falsehood may cry out if it is hurt. On the contrary, there is vacillation and shuffle, half-speech and apology, and finally a slinking away to the cover of liberal generalities; as though the degenerate representatives of "a more rational theology," whose ancestors made the strongholds of Orthodoxy tremble beneath their blows, were in mortal terror lest after all Moody and Sankey might be armed with the genuine thunderbolts of divine vengeance.

Such are certain phases in the cycle of lunar changes whereby we are vouchsafed varying quantities of theological moonshine. Ecclesiasticism does not cease to pester the world with the claim that its opaque body of a theological moon, which must needs reflect somewhat of the light of Nature, is nothing less than the central sun of truth. It would make the world accept its appearance for reality. Men perceive that its moon brings light. It would have them know that it also brings heat. Hence "blasts from hell" by Moody, and heavings from the furnace of emotion by brethren in Brooklyn and Chicago. Ecclesiasticism also claims as its own the "ocean of eternity." Whatever craft navigates that sea must sail by its lunar method. And when wind and tide fail, the gospel-ship must nevertheless be propelled. If revivalism come short, then let sentimentalism be applied. "If the wind were down, I would drive the boat with my sighs."

Such is institutional Christianity at present: however varying among its sects as to things indifferent, a unit in its purely objective existence, and in its claims of supremacy. Is it not then a poem, a tragedy rushing onward to its consummation—a farce rollicking through the whole—whose impending catastrophe is at once sorrowful and ridiculous? This, enacted without interruption, appealing to the popular favor by all theatrical tricks, forms an appearance which easily gets substituted in the general mind for reality.

This confirmed tendency in religion to outward show betrays a self-consciousness in the mind from which it proceeds that of itself is fatal to a normal religious life. Self-consciousness being so pronounced, self-hood must be reckoned at its minimum. The necessary product of such a general dramatizing of religious "interests" is an excess of busy-bodies, appearing as actors on the scene. The vast numbers of individuals who undertake to do the work of salvation once for all, constitute, perhaps, the most alarming hinderance to real religious being. They succeed in diverting attention from the inward essentials of religion to the external counterfeits. Their combined efforts culminate, not in the generation or conservation of spiritual energy, but rather in its dissipation; and in the construction and perpetuation of an inert and deadening ecclesiasticism—a grand mausoleum of the virtues.

What wonder, then, if preachers, orthodox and heretic, now and again awake, with a sense of suffocation, to find themselves immured within a charnel-house? One listens eagerly when they begin to talk of a "death-in-life," and to deplore the moribund condition of the churches. But the old feeling, half-pitiful, half-derisive, returns upon the beholder, as he sees them gravely apply the exhausted aids of gospel galvanism, in hope to "revive" a corpse wherein there never was the blood or breath of life.

It is inevitable that there must be a stupendous funeral, before the "poem" of religion—which is neither true epic, nor lyric, nor drama of human life, but a dismal "paradise lost," and "paradise [to be] regained," composed out of the once supreme, but happily now degraded, worship of the objective—will give place to that organic existence, in which religion is inseparable from the natural functions and the legitimate products of man's whole being. The previous order must be reversed. The appearance must be buried out of sight by the reality.

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JOHN M. L. BABCOCK, Editor.

ABRAM WALTER STEVENS, Editorial Contributor.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 6, 1875.

We take special pleasure in announcing the name of ABRAM WALTER STEVENS as Editorial Contributor, because of the conviction that the high reputation he has won as a writer is based upon the real ability and excellent spirit of whatever comes from his pen.

Our Design.

WITH this, its first issue, THE NEW AGE enters upon a work as yet unattempted, and occupies ground until now vacant in journalism. The enterprise we assume is demanded by the present condition of our American society. It is divided into classes; and the essential spirit of classes is to repel and exclude each other; a tendency which has more than once in human history resulted in destroying the foundations of social life. With this danger beginning to threaten us, the painful fact is that none of our organized agencies are effective to disarm it.

We have the press, the pulpit, the legislature: but they are, without intending it, doing more to intensify than to defeat the perils that confront us. There are various and diverse interests in our civilization; but of the almost innumerable number of journals, daily, weekly, and monthly, now published, no one represents more than a very small fraction of these interests; and of those not represented in any one of them, only prejudiced, or at least partial, views are given. We have sects that speak, but they must speak alone for only thousand peoples; but they must speak alone for the sects that built them: how can they speak the reconciling word? We have our National and State legislatures; but who does not know that only the more powerful and influential classes are represented in their halls, or get a hearing in their debates? In a word, no ground is yet provided, where a free conference can be held between the numerous and different interests of society; and to a consequent ignorance of each others' rights and purposes may be traced much of the misunderstanding and antagonism from whence spring the bitter conflicts and hot rivalries of life.

And not only this, but the general movement of human progress halts and wavers from similar causes. The devotion of oneself to one idea, to the exclusion of all others—of which there are many examples—may have its advantages; but it has one pernicious liability—that of making a man radical in one thing and conservative in all others. This generation has been wonderfully agitated over the problems raised by such men as Buckle, Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Spencer, and Fiske; and at one side of humanity's column of advance are found those who are bringing the resources of high scholastic culture to the study of these problems. At the other side of the column, are seen those who are devoted to social or ethical schemes, of a more practical character. And these sections of progressive men are struggling onward, separated by lack of sympathy, because unconscious that they are on the same line of march, that they belong to the same great movement.

Our purpose is to convene in these columns a Congress of all sections and representatives of human progress. The point we aim at is to make all classes of society understand and apply the principles under the operation of which all antagonisms will ultimately disappear. As leading to this, we shall endeavor to bring the mental and moral activity which springs from two forms of culture—that of the schools and the books, and that of the harsher discipline of actual affairs and contact with men—into that intelligent harmony of spirit and purpose that will secure the highest effectiveness of each. The struggle for the right to the common comforts of life is one phase of active reform; we expect that he who is engaged in it shall yet see that the questions which are now stirring

the world of philosophy and science have a direct connection with it. And we expect, too, that the earnest and scholarly student of new discoveries in the higher realms of thought will discern the fact that the principles involved in his own pursuit underlie, for instance, the movement for the Emancipation of Woman, or that for securing the just Rights of Labor.

In the impulse of the intrinsic Sympathy of Reforms we convene this congress. Here all the different interests of society can meet and speak on equal terms, and by impartial discussion become more thoroughly acquainted with each other. The treasures of advanced thought, on all subjects, will here be brought into one storehouse. And in such a congress, met not to enact laws but to discover them, not to establish organizations but ideas, something may be done to clear the mental vision and inspire the moral consciousness of mankind.

If there is a journal now doing the work we propose for THE NEW AGE, we are unacquainted with it. If it does not appear that vacant ground has waited until now for a journal to possess it, we must regret our inability to make a clear statement.

As we do not wish, if we can avoid it, to make any allusion henceforth in these columns to our paper or ourself, we ask that it may be understood, once for all, that THE NEW AGE is not devoted to any special interest whatever, nor the advocate of any special policy. Its method is discussion, not advocacy; and the moment it dwarfs itself to a policy, it will defeat its own mission. The editorial judgment must of course be exercised in preserving a just balance of space between the various topics, and a proper method and tone of discussion; but with these inevitable limitations, we shall freely admit sentiments we do not personally indorse, in the conviction that it is always best for human welfare that all sides should be heard. Each article which appears in these columns must stand, not in the editorial approval, but on its own merits alone.

We have but one word to add. We have heard that it has been asked, "Why start another paper, when there are already so many?" We wonder the question has never been asked of other things. It would be just as pertinent in reference to every new book, or railroad, or factory, or lawyer, or doctor, or minister. All we have to say is, that if THE NEW AGE unites to any extent in the work which other journals are doing, that circumstance will give it strength; but it will gain much more from the fact that, in so far as their work is unlike its own, they testify unconsciously that its appearance is timely.

The Patient and his Doctors.

EVERY earnest and thoughtful man feels related to the age in which he lives, by a certain sense of responsibility for its current ideas, sentiments, and usages. If false opinions and customs prevail, if ill-grounded institutions exist, he cannot excuse himself to his own conscientious regard for the true and beautiful, if he omit all endeavor to correct them according to his best conception. He feels it to be his duty to enlighten his age with that enlightenment which he himself has received; to make the very noblest contribution in his power to the thought and the life of his time.

Doubtless it is something of this feeling which prompts so many to write a book, to indite magazine and newspaper articles, to engage in journalism, or to take up and advocate some reform. Every one who does so feels unquestionably that he has something important to say, something to communicate to the world, which, if it do not hear, it will be the loser; some thought glows in his mind, some word burns on his tongue, that must be uttered,—else nights are sleepless, and the day's work cannot be done.

There is something divine and beautiful, surely, in such a mental and spiritual solicitude concerning the wants of the age and the world's social imperfection. It is infinitely nobler than the stagnation of indifference, or the stupidity of well-to-do worldliness. If there are any superior celestial intelligences, they must yearn mightily over the sad state of mortals; and in proportion as our own hearts become fired with heavenly imaginations, we cannot help groaning and travelling with the pain of mankind's yet unfit and unfair existence.

But no physician is qualified to grapple with the serious condition of his patient's health, if he be not able in the first place to make out an accurate diagnosis of the case, and, in the second, if he have not the skill to deal with more than one of the ills that flesh is heir to, or to apply more than one of the remedies known to pharmacy. If our doctor be only a quack, then his zeal to cure our infirmities becomes an impertinence and an insufferable nuisance; we show him the door, and only refrain from bidding him throw his physic to the dogs out of sheer pity for those animals. If, in fact, he be any thing short of a most scientific practitioner, one who knows not as well how and when not to do as to do; who, indeed, has any thought other than to coöperate, never to interfere, with Nature,—we decline even his gratuitous services, with the kindest advice to him that he take in his sign, and give himself to the study rather than the practice of medicine. And though he should be reluctant to depart, and assure us that at least he is "death on fits," still we should have to refuse his special skill, if the disease from which we now suffer be not fits, but only a slow malarial fever.

With no more indulgent consideration shall we be able to treat any one who comes forward with the claim that he is qualified to cure the social ills of mankind. Though his zeal be never so great, we shall be obliged to interrupt him long enough to inquire as to the extent of his real knowledge. Even if his honesty be unquestioned, and his capacity for self-sacrifice unbounded, still must the accuracy of his information, the largeness of his discernment, and the soundness of his judgment be to us matters of the most pressing curiosity. Pretension certainly will not pass with us. Devotion alone will not satisfy us. Is our teacher wise? Is our reformer judicious? Is our propounder of theories catholic and comprehensive? Only an unequivocal affirmative answer to these inquiries will suffice to command our attention, much less to win our confidence, to any one who undertakes to deal with or even to discuss the wants of our present time.

But when we turn to the arena of reform, what do we behold? Social doctors there without number, each one of whom claims, or appears to claim, to be in possession of a panacea for all the woes of the age. Verily, it is a wonder that society is not reformed desperately, when we consider how many there are ready to bid for the job; nay, how many there are who have actually undertaken it! A score of doctors have their finger upon the pulse of the patient at once, each with an eye to a different symptom, and each proclaiming a different disease to be the very affliction. One says that the patient is sick in his head, with false beliefs and erroneous doctrines; and that nothing will do but an utter change in his theology,—a complete rejection of Christianity, and acceptance of free religion, infidelity, or materialism. Another declares that the patient is sick in his heart, that his amative condition is all wrong; and the prescription is the abolition of marriage and a dose of free love. Still another pronounces the patient sick in his conscience; affirms that the moral sense is totally deranged,—the symptoms being the oppression of woman, the wrongs of the laborer, the poverty of the masses, the corruption of politics, the low state of morals; and the prescription is woman suffrage, eight hours, re-distribution of wealth, change of administration, and an increase of the police. Each doctor is sure that his diagnosis of the patient's case is correct, that the fatal symptoms are what he affirms, and that the veritable means of restoration are such as he prescribes.

What now is to be done? Shall we try all the doctors in turn, and take a little of the medicine of each? Perhaps this depends upon the confidence we have in the capacity of our social system to endure. We have time enough certainly for experiment. We also have complete faith in our ultimate recovery, feeling sure that all the doctors cannot kill us, because Nature has decreed that we shall be a well man in spite of them,—in spite of their and our mistakes.

But calmness is the first requisite to wisdom. A surgeon who has a difficult operation to perform must have a clear head and steady nerves. O doctors! we do not object to heroic treatment; but let us have no fanaticism, if you please. Above all things, quarrel not among yourselves. Banish arrogance, conceit, and dogmatism, and come to a fundamental agreement if you can!

What if it be true that the patient is rather sick *all over*; that he is not quite well in head, heart, or conscience? We think this is true. But what then? Shall we neglect one part of him while we attend to another? No, verily. We seek the true, the good, the beautiful: not one, but all. Whatsoever else we do, we must *keep up the tone of the general system*. Neglect that, and in vain shall we doctor away on some local ail. Give the patient light, give him air, give him a chance to turn around and take what exercise he can himself. Do not crowd too close about him, kind friends: he is not so far gone but he can speak and tell you something of what he wants; and be sure, if you can hear him, he will ask only for the most natural remedies.

What we most need, to-day, is a true social science. Reformers must not ignore one another, nor indulge in mutual scorn. Rather must they come into council together, into a free parliament, where the state of society may be scientifically considered, and acted upon without haste and without passion. We have had quacks enough and nostrums enough, God knows! Specialists have swarmed, while social ills have not abated. The age calls for men of broad minds and broad sympathies; men with souls too large to be warped by any special conceits or personal ambitions. It calls for men of knowledge and of wisdom, who shall unite a true science with a true philosophy. It asks for reformers who are catholic enough to consider the interests of the whole of humanity, not those of a class only; who labor to unite men in one brotherhood, not to promote the enmities and strifes of parties and factions; who are eager to prove the true interests of each the true interests of all. It demands reformers who believe in peace, not war; who are patient to wait as well as resolute to act; who counsel, first and last, resort to reason, not to force.

He who studies humanity wisely sees that its one great sense is that of HUNGER. But it hungers, not for one thing, but for everything; not for a little, but for all. Do we see that man's first hunger is for food? Swift then must we be to perceive that his next immediate hunger is for beauty and for truth. No sooner has the body cried out its want, than the heart and the intellect follow with their importunate asking. The age demands of us to be too wise to be swept away by any partial or momentary clamor of the multitude, but to make slow and grand and solid provision for the *whole* hunger of man. So shall we build a civilization as broad and inclusive as humanity itself, and which shall hold to its nourishing breast every one of us, with every one of our longings and aspirations.

A. W. S.

Religion: What is it?

WE desire, and we expect, that the columns of THE NEW AGE shall give expression to various and differing forms of thought on all religious questions; since the usefulness of a journal is sadly impaired when it confines itself to one groove of opinion; and nothing is more hopeless than to be continually repeating platitudes, and reiterating inanities.

But while holding our columns open to all serious and fitly-expressed opinions, in all our discussions of this vital subject we have one test unhesitatingly to apply: it is that no system, theory, or methods of religion have any value whatever that do not DIRECTLY tend to human improvement. The religious world must yet be taught to see, that if a man's religious experiences, belief, or observances do not make him better, his religion is utterly worthless, and he might just as well be destitute of any. In fact, in such a case, destitution would be an advantage: for we have met persons, of whom, on personal acquaintance, we were sure that the worst things in their disposition and impulses were those they had borrowed of their religion; that they would have been more amiable, just, and loving, had their better instincts and affections not been blunted and stifled by the bigotry or the superstition they had received with their religious education.

The necessity of being outspoken on this point is seen in the fact that the religious multitudes do not seem to be conscious of the wide chasm there is between the gospel they profess to follow and the doctrines and usages of any of the Christian churches.

If we assume, even nominally, to be disciples of Jesus, there is no way but to study his ideas, principles, and methods: if we leave him to follow Moses, David, or Paul, so much do they differ from him that we are in sad danger of disregarding his words.

Yet Jesus is almost entirely forgotten and neglected in Christian teaching, that Moses, David, and Paul may be heard, and heard, too, on points on which they are least in sympathy with him. Of all the sermons preached in this country in the last twenty-five years, we venture the estimate that the words of Jesus have not furnished the text for more than one in five hundred; and when any of his words are used, they often consist of some disjointed phrase, that means nothing out of its place: as, for example, when the simple words "follow me," used by Jesus merely as an invitation to personal association while he lived, are "spiritualized" into some impossible meaning, and made to signify "conversion," or something else, of which he never dreamed. If Jesus were to reappear on earth, as has sometimes been suggested, it might be a question whether his indignation at the notions for which in Christian pulpits his name was made responsible would not after all be less than his astonishment that this should be called a Christian land. He would find churches costly enough, and services of worship in preparing which no expense was spared; but that the only thing for which no provision was made was that of making religious worship a power by which human life may be purified and human character ennobled. We do not expect that our religious observances will be of much practical use to us, until, at least, the conviction that such is their only true end shall be firmly lodged in the popular consciousness. This is now so far from being recognized, that the statement that religion is essentially GOODNESS is sometimes mentioned with something like a sneer in our best religious journals.

It is time that there should be a fair understanding on this point. Something of a conflict has recently sprung up as to the use of the name *Christian*. We care but little for names—qualities are fundamental. We see no objection to call goodness by the name of Christianity: but if Christianity in its essential elements be not goodness, that venerated name no longer has any charms for us.

The Labor Question.

THE Labor Question has become so prominent, and is now seen to involve interests so vital, that it is no longer to be treated with abuse or ridicule. The frequent disagreements between employers and workmen in large manufacturing establishments, attended with "strikes" and "vacations," make it imperative that this subject should receive intelligent consideration. It is a sad and sober truth that on the part of those whose position and attainments are supposed to entitle them to be the leaders or the exponents of public sentiment, or the depositaries of the best practical wisdom, no attention or examination befitting a subject of this magnitude has yet been given. The papers have usually treated it as though it were a matter too contemptible for serious discussion; and the claims of workingmen, and the alleged grievances of labor, have not only been denied all sympathy, but met with abuse and disdain. A thousand workpeople do not resort to the expedient of a "strike" simply as a pastime, or merely to gratify their leaders. They may be misled; but when they make a protest, in a form which brings immediate distress, against what they claim to be great wrongs, there can be no doubt that some actual suffering compels the step. Respectable journals may attempt to represent them as foolish or worthless wretches, who disturb society without reason; they may denounce their so-called leaders as demagogues and "blatherskites," deserving infamy or the jail: but no disguise can conceal the fact that desperate measures are only impelled by genuine distress.

The schemes which working men have proposed for their relief, are generally dismissed without discussion as being crude, absurd, or mischievous. But is it to be expected that those whose days have been passed in poorly-paid labor, and who have never had the higher advantages of the schools, should embody perfect wisdom on these questions? The right to vilify and scorn them does not certainly belong to those who have

never tried their own philosophy and insight at the task of devising a remedy for these constantly-recurring labor troubles. The fact is, the best wisdom of this age is woefully at fault in providing or even proposing any measure, method, or contrivance which might establish harmonious relations between the holders of capital and the owners of labor.

We know, of course, that it is usual to appeal to Political Economy as having definitely settled all these questions. But in the case of a strike, such as those that have made Fall River famous, you go to this fountain of wisdom in vain. Ask the political economist on what principle, or by what conditions, the belligerent mill-owners and operatives may be brought into mutual harmony, and he is dumb—he has nothing to propose. The papers, it is true, at every strike, trot out the old and worn catch-words of Supply and Demand; but there is no charm in the sound. We have seen that overworked phrase doing service in this way, off and on, for thirty years; but it was never worth, for this purpose, the types that spelled it.

Men never cheated themselves, or tried to cheat others, with a fallacy more delusive, than that which assumes to define a principle of social economy by the terms "supply and demand." The terms express nothing that is either decisive or helpful in Nature or life. If it is said that demand and supply always regulate prices, the proposition is not true. If it is said (and this is about all it amounts to) that there is sometimes more of one than the other, what is such nonsense worth? In the time of copious spring freshets, there is more land covered with water than there is at the end of a long summer's drouth, when brooks and ponds are low; and if some wise-acre should take these simple facts, and call them the "law of land and water," he would be as wise as the political economists are when they take the simple facts of supply and demand—facts which are changing continually without changing values—and dub them law. And if he should go to the mill owner when he fears his dam will be carried away, or to the farmer when his crops are suffering for want of rain, and say to either or both, "Do not be

disturbed—this is all right—this is all settled by the great law of land and water," he would do just as sensible a thing as the papers do when in times of labor troubles they say, "It is very absurd to make any disturbance about these matters—they are all settled by the law of supply and demand." No, whatever the facts may be, we must go farther; no solution will come until the causes behind the facts, and from which the facts spring, are investigated and understood. And the causes of labor disturbances will be found to be less of a purely business than of a moral character: and into that realm political economy does not profess to enter. So it has no word of counsel for suffering workpeople—except this: "Your only relief will be found in either murder or suicide." As yet no holy hand of horror has been lifted up at this, by those who are ready to seize upon some hot word from a laborer's lips as a latent threat that the agrarian's sword, or the communist's torch, is about to make wild havoc in our midst.

That it is entirely possible to unite capital and labor in peaceful relations, we are firmly convinced. Their interests, when rightly understood, are really harmonious and identical. But the light will not come through coarse and scurrilous denunciation of either. The whole subject must engage the profoundest thought, be investigated and considered in a philosophic spirit, and awaken the wisest and most thorough discussion, before the problem will be solved. And we believe that the most violent strike was never so wicked a thing as it will be for the educated and intelligent classes longer to withhold the resources of their wisdom and culture from the attempt to discover the principle on which all differences may be adjusted. For Labor's wail of suffering is one that can be compared with no other. In those experiences of emotional or mental anguish which we think the most intense because they sometimes break the heart or craze the brain, there is the relief afforded by the soothing hand of time, and the comforts of religious faith and communion. But no religious inspiration can supply, no human thought has conceived, any relief for that suffering which comes in the maddening form of starvation—save one; and if the multitude's cry for bread is unheeded, who can tell what convulsion and anarchy may follow?

Spiritualism.

The Spiritualistic Philosophy of Life.

BY PROF. WILLIAM DENTON.

SPIRITUALISM, by demonstrating to man his continuance after death, gives us the true philosophy of life.

I have noticed, among those who have no faith in the spirit's future, a dissatisfaction with life and humanity that appears to be caused by the necessary one-sided and imperfect view of it obtained from the merely material side. Could the crawling caterpillar be made aware that at some future time it should be a fly, and mount on silken wings and flit from flower to flower, sipping honey, it would enable the worm to bear the ills of the present in anticipation of its butterfly future, and give it a philosophy of worm life, quite impossible without it. Those who have no belief in future existence feel frequently that life is a poor, mean affair, hardly worth coming into the world for; while looking at their fellows as mere creatures of a day, they feel and sometimes express a contempt for them that neither adds to their own well-being nor the happiness of others. Riding with such a man one day in Southern Colorado—and, by the way, he had been governor of the territory—he said, "What a devilish dunghill of a concern this human nature is!" Nothing but a very restricted view of humanity could ever have bred such a sentiment. The author of Ecclesiastes, after telling us that man is no better than a beast, and that as one dieth so dieth the other, very appropriately adds, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

Spiritualism gives us the philosophy of life. It tells us what the love means that throbs in young hearts and leads them to unite in marriage, finding in each other, for the time being, all the heaven that they desire. It reveals to us the meaning of these children, crying, prattling, growing up into boys and girls, around us. It translates into language that we can understand the smiles, the tears, the comforts, and the troubles of life; all so many threads out of which are woven the garment that the soul shall wear in the hereafter.

What means this blazing globe rushing from the glowing bosom of the sun? Is it merely to light and warm the moon that rejoices in its beams? Ages pass, and rocks arise, pile on pile. Was the planet born that granite and quartz, slate and trap, might be? No; for life appears, and the waters swarm; sea-snails cling to the rocks that are carpeted with sea-weeds, and trilobites like water-beetles skim over the surface of the warm, shallow ocean by myriads. Crinoids expand their living blossoms and make gay the sea-bed like a garden of flowers. But even these fail to give us a key to the riddle of creation.

Nor do their successors, the bony-scaled fishes flashing through the waters, reptiles churning the sea with their huge paddles, nor birds with varied plumage making the palmy forests still more gay, nor the monkeys chattering in the tree-tops, nor even the low-browed men who lorded it over the world by brute strength—give us a rational answer to the question, Why the earth endured for ages incalculable, and life advanced from the monad to the man? But, guided by the truth which Spiritualism reveals, we find that man's earthly life is but a chrysalis state, and that he is heir of a future whose limit is all unknown; then all the past lies before us like a landscape, and the philosophy of all that has been is unfolded to the soul of the thinker.

It gives us the philosophy of death. Death to the materialist is the skeleton grim, the antagonist of life, the end of all conscious being, the night that comes to all, but without a star or dawn of returning day; death to him reaps all, and the grave is the granary of humanity, and holds its contents forever. We are so constituted that we never can be satisfied with this. The people that are so unfortunately constituted that they must believe it shrink from the fate that their faith assigns them, for in it there is no philosophy of life or death. Why, then, millions of years of preparation for a being who is outlived by the turtle that paddles in the brook, and by the willow the shadows of whose leaves shall play over his grand-children's graves? Why these souls, with unfathomable depths and breadths like celestial oceans in which universes swim, but into which life pours but a drop? All is explained when we learn our destiny.

Materialism.

Preliminary Statement.

Few thinkers study the records of progress for the sake of learning the best course of duty, and to aid the chances of a higher future, without seeing that the religious thought of the past is ill adapted to improve the condition of society. There is a growing distrust of the Church as an agent of progress, and a feeling that it does but little in the interest of the people; and that phase of modern thought appropriately termed Materialism is vigorously supplanting it.

The Church has so long cultivated the emotional element, that it is not to be expected that all those who break away from it will at once thread the entire pathway from Christianity to Materialism. So we have Spiritualists; the best of whom use the word Spirit in the same sense in which Materialists use the word Force. But had it not been for materialistic tendencies, all emotional people might still have been in the bosom of the Church.

Materialism, in its shortest definition, seems to be the Study of the Real. It gives the inductive faculties the fullest scope, yet confines our reasoning to that which is, and places no confidence in the mere creations of the imagination. It admits the value of negation in pointing out errors, but accords the highest place to positive truths. It repudiates all ideas of special Providence, and of an Infinite Being separate and distinct from that existence of which we all are a mode; believes there is no evidence yet advanced of a continuance of life after death; and disbelieves in the efficacy of prayer to alter the course of the universe, or any part of it. Of the existence of God, the burden of proof is on the Theist; and his usual method of attempting this by the argument from design only shifts the difficulty backwards to gods *ad infinitum*, leaving the solution as inextricable as before.

The morality of Materialism is of the Utilitarian school: that which tends to human happiness. Morality is not the prerogative of any chosen people, nor the exclusive property of any book, claimed to be inspired. If it be said that the Materialist plagiarizes his morals from such a book, we ask what becomes of the Christian's book under a similar criticism? If it be urged that Materialism offers a changing and unsubstantial system of morals, we say the taunt would come with better grace if it were expected that society would make no progress in ten thousand years. The Church has fought against progress, and expended its anathemas against what must ultimately supersede it. The necessity of scientific advancement is being acknowledged, and progress is being effected, not by Christianity, but in spite of it.

D. K.

The Labor Question.

The Lesson of Fall River.

BY W. G. H. SMART.

THE long series of troubles between employers and employed, at Fall River, extending over several months, and such as are of frequent occurrence at other manufacturing centres, where large bodies of men are subject to the control of capitalists or corporations, are attracting a great amount of public attention.

The recent culmination of these disputes in the complete submission of the operatives, and the manner in which the corporations have used their victory, have so shocked the moral sense and republican ideas of the community, that even leading journals, usually found supporting the interests of capital as against labor, have awakened to the danger of the power thus arbitrarily exercised, and warned the capitalists in plain terms—not of the injustice of their course—but of the consequences likely to accrue to themselves. It is true that for two or three days, while the question was pending whether the starving multitudes would consent to the ignominious terms or not, a portion of the press spoke boldly of the abstract wrong it was proposed to inflict; and the *Transcript*, of this city, was more outspoken than others, advising the operatives not to sign the shameful conditions, *even for bread*. Still, to the shame of the press, as soon as the cup had been drained to the dregs, without one bitter ingredient

being removed; when all these thousands of our fellow-citizens (except the noble "three hundred" who still hold out) had submitted to sign themselves as slaves in a free republic,—the subject is allowed quietly to drop, and the papers are filled with the usual daily pabulum which is more profitable to print. But we agree with the *Springfield Republican*, that "It is useless to tell the laboring man of Fall River that he has no grievance. It is a grievance that in his quarrels with his employer, and his employer's quarrels with him, the Christian intelligence of the community turns its back on them and abandons them to the devices and practices of barbarism, while the politicians, seeking for some noble and chivalrous issue, pass them by as though it were a dog-fight in the streets."

But what is the moral of the sickening story? Are we to admit that modern civilization is not intelligent enough to grapple with the questions growing out of our social and industrial relations? Are the artificial conditions that are rapidly subjecting the masses of the people—not the workingmen alone—to the irresponsible control of an all-powerful few to be allowed to continue until the republic is overthrown? Or is the theory of a "government of the people, by the people, for the people," a stupendous myth? Is God or Nature responsible for the fact that a nation, started under such fair auspices, with such magnificent natural advantages, and based upon the idea that "all men are created equal,"—is thus far, in all that relates to the higher purposes of government, a complete failure? Or, have the new factors introduced by the material progress of a hundred years so changed the organization of society that another great step must be taken in the science of government, another social revolution effected, another definition made of the rights of property, another limitation placed on the power of the individual over the general interests of society? These are questions of the gravest import, not only to the wage-laborers,—who produce, with the aid of the surplus labor of the past, all and more than the nation can consume, and who are rapidly sinking to the subordinate position of the negroes of the South,—but also to all other classes of our citizens. The interests of the traders, professional men, and small capitalists are, equally with those of the laboring men, endangered by the vast combinations of great wealth, that are already beginning to rule us with a rod of iron. Republican government, even in form, cannot long coexist with an all-powerful privileged class, no matter whether such privilege is conferred by military power, hereditary ownership of land, or the control of one of the essential elements of the national industry, namely, fixed and floating capital.

The depressed condition of industry, to-day, with the prospect that it will grow worse instead of better; the fact that there is no panic, and the banks are overflowing with money seeking safe investment; that our wisest statesmen and commercial men differ widely on the cause and remedy of the great derangement,—all show that the disease is deep-seated and organic. The questions we propose are therefore pertinent; the national difficulties stare us in the face and will not be evaded. The public welfare demands that no individual or vested interests shall stand in the way of a thorough investigation of the public calamities, the unequal distribution of wealth, and the inequitable relations of the various classes that form the national coöperation.

An excellent article by Mr. Hallowell in *The Index* of Oct. 7, on "Capital and Labor," fully exposes the injustice of the position assumed by the employers at Fall River, in denying their employees the same privilege of combination to protect their interests they claim for themselves; and shows how, by the conditions they imposed, they compelled the operatives to coöperate in their own enslavement. But the article fails to reach the principles involved, for it proposes contracts mutually obligatory, as though such troubles are not inevitable as long as such relations exist between labor and capital.

It is folly to denounce the manufacturers as tyrants, and to hold them up to the execration of mankind; they have done just what human nature always will do when not subjected to the restraints which a proper system of society will some day impose. It is done every day in individual cases, and only shocks us when seen in an aggregated form.

Literature.

THE HISTORY OF COÖPERATION IN ENGLAND: Its Literature and its Advocates. By George Jacob Holyoake. Vol. I. The Pioneer Period—1812 to 1844. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

WE classify books in this way: (1) the suggestive, or those whose fact and thought become to us the germs of new thought; (2) books which contain ideas or conceptions of truth of intrinsic value, though failing of the highest suggestive effect; (3) books which are treasuries of accurate information and useful knowledge. All other books we class below these. Mr. Holyoake's work belongs to the first class. The style is clear and animated. The facts are given, not in the form of barren detail, but in clear relation to their philosophical bearing. A moral earnestness gives force to every sentiment; except, possibly, where in one or two instances we detect traces of a spirit of cautiousness, verging on expediency, for which the reputation of Mr. Holyoake had not prepared us. But, considering that the general public has not become familiar with the facts or the literature of Co-operation, this book is particularly interesting and suggestive. Some of the facts are specially pertinent in the light of recent events. It is enough to sting an American heart to think of what an English manufacturer accomplished in his relations with workpeople at New Lanark sixty years ago, in contrast with the proceedings of the Fall River manufacturers. In this contrast it seems as if sixty years, instead of carrying us forward in this part of the social system, had dragged us back hundreds nearer barbarism. The work, of course, records many attempts that failed; but the men that made them were of the stamp of those whose methods alone lead to genuine success. As an indication of the philosophy which pervades this volume, we extract this sentence, as one unmatched for real wisdom in the current treatises on political economy:—"Co-operation, in the social sense of the word, is a new power of industry, constituted by the equitable combination of worker, capitalist, and consumer, and a new means of commercial morality, by which honesty is rendered productive."

As this work has a special value at this time, we append the following notice of it, by Moncure D. Conway, and selected from his correspondence to the *Cincinnati Commercial*:

A curious and very readable volume is the first of George Jacob Holyoake's History of Co-operation. Although a first volume, it has a completeness in itself, representing the "Pioneer Period." There is little to interest those who think of co-operation in a purely commercial light; but the work is extremely valuable to those who care more for the discoveries of a principle than for its mere mechanical expansion or multiplication. After all, a romance will cling to Watt—sitting in his mother's chimney-corner, more interested in the tea-kettle than the tea—which all the railway system does not possess. Columbus in his little barque is a more picturesque figure than all the Cunard captains put together. Holyoake rightly sees that the power which co-operation has reached in Great Britain is less impressive than the moral enthusiasm out of which it grew. No man now living knows more of the men who pioneered this movement when it bore the various formidable names of Socialism, Communism, Heresy, and so forth. He was the friend and comrade of those brave, poetic seekers of a new moral world, and his friends will read on every page what he is too modest to write—*Quorum magna pars fui*. He dedicates his book as follows:—"To Wendell Phillips, of America, a country where what is new is welcome; where what is true expands: to him whose intrepid eloquence, confronting dangerous majorities, animating forlorn hopes, has ever been generously exerted on behalf of the slave, black or white, in bondage to planter or capitalist, this history of the Pioneer Period of Co-operation in England is inscribed, in gratitude and regard, by George Jacob Holyoake." There is a good deal of appropriateness in this association of radical social movements with America. There is in Bradford an old house, over the door of which is the Declaration of Independence cut in stone. It was put there early in this century by a radical Squire, Farrar, who built the house. The general impression was that the world recommenced about that time. But Mr. Holyoake dates the new-world makers farther back. He does homage to Sir Thomas More's "Utopia" (1516), and Harrington's agrarian "Oceana," dedicated to Cromwell (1656), who said that "what he had won by the sword he was not going to be scribbled out of by Mr. Harrington," though Hume said it was "the most valuable model of a commonwealth which had been offered to the public." Then came (1696) John Bellers, a Quaker, with his scheme for a College of Industry, which Robert Owen reprinted, regarding it as, in a large extent, an anticipation of his own aim. Then in the eighteenth century came Morelly, a Frenchman, trying "to find that state of things in which it should be impossible for any one to be depraved or poor." Mr. Holyoake gives a brief account too of Babeuf and his fellow-conspirators in Paris (1796), who wished to establish equality by force, and found that the force was on the other side. They lost their heads, metaphorically and then literally. St. Simon and Fourier are also referred to. With the fourth chapter the author begins his real history with Robert Owen and New Lanark. Fifty pages are devoted to "The Enthusiastic Period," (1820 and 1830), when the mind of prosaic England was raised into glowing phantasy of dreams.

Besides Robert Owen, Francis Place, William Pare, William Thompson, the Combes (Abram, George, and Andrew), Allen Davenport, and many others fairly bourgeoned out with theories and schemes, wise and otherwise. Among the notions is mentioned one which was to rectify the world by the science of

"Somatopsychonologia," and I save the reader the trouble of looking into his Greek lexicon by saying that the compound refers to body, soul, and mind. The "Co-operative Magazine," in 1826, seems to have published many queer things, such as papers on the "Unhappiness of the Higher Orders," and the means of remedying the same. How close some of these enthusiasts were to fatuity is particularly shown by the fact that one Hamilton, a cunning satirist, wrote a burlesque of Robert Owen's marriage ideas, and sent it to the above organ, which printed it in simple faith as a serious scheme. Such caricatures as this would hardly have injured the Socialists had it not been for their religious radicalism. Many of the titled and wealthy were disposed at first to unite with Mr. Owen until offended by his infidelity, when one by one they forsook him.

The first London Co-operative Society was formed in 1824. In 1826 numbers of such societies were formed throughout the Kingdom. But it seems to have been a very long time before these men got out of their sentimental mist, and perceived that if their idea was to prosper, it must be in co-operation with the great practical tendencies of the world that is, and that they could by no means evolve any other world. It is impossible to read such books as this of Holyoake's—and I may add the autobiographies of such men as Robert Dale Owen, Samuel Bamford, &c.—without feeling that the long agitations struck out a good deal of vigorous character, and stimulated much of the intellectual activity which the present inherits; but at the same time it is equally plain that a great deal of mental and money power was wasted. Co-operation was always the fundamental fact of human society; every stage coach was, as every railway train is, a co-operative institution. What these men had to do was, to try and extend the existing plan, and that could be done only by showing that families could save money by uniting for other things than they now have in common. The co-operation movement as it is now spreading—and the *London Times* has this week devoted three columns to the subject, showing that it is the most growing principle in the country—really means the net result of all such dreams and enthusiasms from Fourier and St. Simon to the fading glories of the Owens. It took so much on the long or poetic arm of the lever to lift the prosaic pounds which now begin to rise.

Communications.

Tramps.

THE question which is so often asked to-day between neighbors and in public prints, "What are we to do with the tramps?" is every day assuming a graver aspect. Forty years ago, a few men known in the country villages as strollers, were as regular in their summer visits to the farmhouses in their various beats, as the Scottish blue-gowns or "Gaberlunzies," described so pleasantly by Walter Scott in *The Antiquary*; but they by no means received the same welcome in New England as did the Scottish beggars among their constituents.

Vile and degraded, however, as they were, they committed no crimes beyond occasional petit larceny, while the tramps of to-day are almost invariably ready for any crime which may enable their armed and organized bands to accomplish the object they may have in view, whether that of procuring food or money, or the gratification of passion in the basest outrage. I have noticed of late, in some of the secular papers, certain articles, full of that lazy benevolence which seeks to avoid active efforts to remove a crying evil, by patting the tramps upon the back, and telling them they are pretty good fellows, and are only driven into this mode of living by hard times and the scarcity of work.

Now I do not hesitate to say that an experience of thirty years has convinced me that this pity is thrown away; for there is not a man in New England to-day who cannot get work, if he will work at such a rate of wages as his employer can afford to pay; and these men who loiter about the country, committing highway robbery, murder, rape, and every other crime to which their low impulses or their sense of power lead them, are essentially and by nature tramps, reasoning upon the vile basis that the world owes them a living, and they are bound to have it.

Can anything be done, then, by the community at large to check the evil, without resorting to the uncertain influences of the law, and quibbling lawyers? Living as I have done for nearly fifty years in an agricultural town, and in situations peculiarly favorable for these roving nuisances, I adopted a rule, thirty years ago, never to give money to beggars at the door, and never to give food to any man who was not willing to work faithfully for half an hour before receiving his meal. The result has been that in all that time, although large numbers have applied for food, I have never found but one man who was willing to give a half-hour's labor for a substantial meal. If every one would adopt this rule, there would soon be a diminution of the number of tramps, and the nuisance would be abated.

I am often told that it would be dangerous for women when alone to adopt this course, as the beggar would offer violence. In secluded situations this might be the case; but in a village, where a loud cry would readily bring help, the danger is nearly imaginary. Besides, there are few men who have the courage to resort to violence against a firm and determined woman, especially if armed, as she easily may be, with a knife or revolver.

Soon after I began the course alluded to above, a beggar came to the door and made his application for something to eat. Upon the conditions being stated to him, he declined acceding to them, saying he could do better elsewhere; and at the same time made the remark that if everybody adopted the same rule, there would soon be an end of begging. So say I. Let everybody try it.

Newspapers.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW AGE:—There is a man in the community whom every one respects. Every one values his acquaintance. In the first place, he always has something fresh and bright to tell you. In the second place, he always gives you a fair hearing upon any matter that interests or troubles you. And, in the third place, he always speaks out his honest advice, dissent, or approval, without reserve through fear, or exaggeration through hope of reward. You know him? Well, a good newspaper is like that man. It is vigorous, healthful, sympathetic, just. If in its competition with the legion of papers, your "NEW AGE" can establish such a character, its friends will rejoice to see in it a good instance of "survival of the fittest."

I know a paper which was afraid to publish, over the author's signature, a crisp and logical article upon the Fall River case of Oppression *et al.*, vs. Human Rights *et al.*; another, that refused to admit an item of important criminal news to its columns of trivial scraps, when it might reflect upon a corporation; another, that gave large and prominent space to puff an arrant swindler, and aid a fraudulent enterprise, when a brief investigation would have disclosed that seven-eighths of its statements were lies; another, which tried to tell the truth, and fell short because it didn't know the alphabet of the art it was talking about; another, that published "growls" about smoking on the open street-cars, and suppressed an intelligent communication in reply; in brief, I have seen so many newspaper short-comings and dishonesties that I can almost share Gen. Butler's contempt of them.

Now don't sound a trumpet before you, as did *The Golden Rule*, and caused suspicion that some of its gold resembled brass, or else was shortened a little, like a deacon's half bushel. But find the fact, and say it; find a sincere opinion, and say it, and then let another earnest man or woman balance opinions with you, so that truth shall brighten and error blush. Then if any man pervert your well-chosen name it will be but to make it a better one—*The New Youth*. Very truly yours,

Boston, Oct. 16, 1875.

CHARLES E. PRATT.

Scintillations.

"WHAT do you think of THE NEW AGE?" said Quoin. "I think it is better than old age," replied Quad. Quad is a young man.

"WERE you once a Baptist?" "Yes." "How long is it since you left them?" "It is about ten years since I chipped the shell." "Was it *Hard-shell*?" Audible smiles!

A WESTERN moralist, seasonably remarks that it is painful to hear an ungodly man say "It's as hot as ginger," when you know that he doesn't mean "ginger" at all.

"WHAT object do you now see?" asked the doctor. The young man hesitated for a few moments, and then replied: "It appears like a jackass, doctor, but I rather think it is your shadow."

A FACETIOUS fellow went into a village dry-goods store the other day, and was observed to be looking about, when the proprietor remarked, "We don't keep whiskey here." "It would save you a good many steps if you did," was the quick reply.

THE bright young writer who wished to know "which magazine will give me the highest position quickest?" was told by the journal to which he sent his question, "a powder magazine, if you contribute a fiery article."

RESIGNATION was curiously expressed by good old brother Pitkins in the prayer-meeting:—"Now, brethren, I wouldn't give up this hope I have for all this world: because, brethren, I am so old and infirm that it would only be a torment to me if I had it."

A LITTLE GIRL of four or five years asked her mother one day if she had not seen Col. Porter. "No, my child," was the reply, "he died before you were born." "Well, but, mamma," she insisted, "if he went up before I came down, we must have met."

THIS little dialogue took place the other day, at the dinner table, between a young scion of the house, and a guest: Scion—"I wish I was you!" Guest—"Do you, little boy; and why do you wish you were me?" Scion—"Cos you don't get your ear pinched when you eat vittles with your knife." Tableau!

A YOUNGSTER, being required to write a composition upon some portion of the human body, selected that which unites the head to the body, and expounded as follows:—"A throat is convenient to have, especially to roosters and ministers. The former eats corn and crows with it: the latter preaches through his'n, and then ties it up. This is most all I can think of about necks."

SHE stepped into the horse-car, radiant with youth, and looking cool and bright in her flower-trimmed hat and speckless suit of linen. Four young men immediately offered her their seats. She accepted one, with an entrancing smile, and instantly gave it to a poor, wan, little old woman who had been standing for ten blocks; whereupon the young men did not know whether to get up again or not, and tried their best not to look foolish.

THERE does not appear to be much limit to a farm laborer's hours. A man who has been working for a New Canaan farmer, putting in thirteen to sixteen hours a day, quit on Saturday. "What's the matter? don't you like the place?" asked the farmer. "Oh, yes, I like the place well enough," explained the "hand," "but the nights are getting so long I'm afraid I can't do a full day's work." The farmer smiled like an invalid.—*Danbury News*.

