

THE NEW AGE.

VOLUME I.

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Photographic.

IN THE NEW AGE, November will cease to be a melancholy month. We were never happier.

PRINTERS do not indorse the doctrine of Justification by Faith; they say they would give all the world if it were true, but a long experience has taught them that there is no justification but Justification by Work.

BENJAMIN R. TUCKER, of Princeton, was sent to jail for refusing to pay his poll-tax, but was released, as we learn, in two days. Now let us see the State imprison at once all the men who do not pay a poll-tax.

WE wish to preserve a pure moral tone in our paper, so that it may safely enter any Christian family. That is why we have no news to give of the arrival of the Prince of Wales in India. It would be contaminating, you know, to publish in detail the wanderings of fast young men.

THE *Congregationalist* thinks that as *Sunday* is a heathen name, and *Sabbath* a Jewish name, "neither is in a full sense Christian;" and proposes instead for the first day of the week the name of *Lordsday*. But Jesus said, "The Sabbath was made for man;" and if the name is to be in a full sense Christian, it must be called MANSDAY.

WE find we have sadly puzzled some of our good friends, who say they do not see that our journal differs from any other, and that they never before heard of a paper that didn't advocate somebody or something. When they have satisfied themselves which way it is, we will reward them with a special mission to the Kingdom of Hibernicisms.

IN summing up the results of the elections, *The Nation* speaks of the defection of the Prohibitionists as being greater last year than this. Must we lose our faith in the accuracy of this journal? Last year the Prohibitionists had their own candidate nominated by the Republicans, and voted for him: this year nine thousand of them bolted for Baker. We fear Dr. Miner's ire will be aroused, and then what will be the fate of *The Nation*?

WE are indebted to *The Golden Rule* for the following picture of financial distress:—"One of the worst results of the hard times is seen in the fact that many of our hardest-worked business and professional men can no longer afford to keep a good horse." What delightful views of life the world presents to us, when our horizon is bounded by the Brighton road! We had supposed that one of the worst results of the hard times was that many of our hardest-worked laboring men could not get a full dinner.

BEFORE we bid adieu to elections for a year, let us drop one tear of sympathy for the Private and Patriotic Partisan. We have known him for thirty-five years. He has never sought an office; he has never known an improper nomination in his own party; he has never bolted, but always voted an unscratched ticket. About a month before election, he pricks up his ears and scents the battle from afar. Then begins the happy period of the year to him. He attends all the political gatherings of his party, and applauds in the proper places. He knows beforehand, on the authority of his party organ, exactly what States his party will carry. He has so strong a faith in these prophecies, that it has never been disturbed by the fact that they have always failed at least twice where they have been verified once. He lives on his expectations, and his highest joy is in the success of his party—if he does not know why, his joy is all the greater for that. When the returns come in, if his party has been defeated, he has 4.49 minutes of extreme anguish, and for that period the world is dark to him. If it has won, he has 2.24½ minutes of perfect ecstasy. In either case he then goes into calm and placid obscurity, and hibernates for eleven months. We will promise to think of him.

THE *Golden Rule* says that it is not news to state such a fact as that "Mr. Barney O'Flynn has beaten his wife to death in a New York tenement-house," because, "change the name and date, and the O'Flynn unpleasantness . . . would be as fresh next year as this," &c. Then nothing is news which narrates anything similar to what has occurred before. So it is not news that Rev. Mr. Murray preached in Music Hall on Sabbath morning, for, "change the name and date," and the statement "would be as fresh next year as this."

IT would be affecting an insensibility for which we should have no credit, if we should fail to say that we are exceedingly grateful for the generous and cordial notices we have received from the press, and the commendations we find in our correspondence. . . . If it is feared by any that we are in danger of becoming too much elated, we are happy to say that our humility is in a good state of preservation. If there is danger that it will spoil, we shall at once import a critic or the toothache as an antiseptic. Our friends may trust us.

IT is not on account of any personal grievance—for we have nothing to complain of—but from what we have known of the unhappy experience of many better men, that we are impelled to say that the dark side of life presents no meaner forms of injustice and wrong than those from which a minister sometimes suffers. The martyrdom he endures at the hands of a wealthy and offended minority of a parish, is of the keenest type, because he feels it unmanly to speak of it, and because it stings his nature in a way which makes it impossible for other human beings to sympathize with him.

THE SECOND RADICAL CLUB (which is now, since the sequestration of the First, the only Radical Club in Boston) has had two meetings since our last issue. It is an intelligent spirit-power, or force, projecting

At one, Rev. M. J. Savage read a very interesting essay on "What we know about God," which was followed by an animated and excellent discussion. At the other, Sydney H. Morse opened a discussion on "The School Question," which proved so fruitful in suggestiveness that it was voted to continue the same subject over to the next meeting; when Francis E. Abbot will open the discussion.

WE have received a copy of a sermon by Rev. John W. Chadwick, of Brooklyn, entitled *The Great Salvation*, and we learn by a note printed with it that it is proposed to publish a series of his sermons. So many sermons are now printed that it might be supposed they had become a popular form of literature; but we hope never to commit a crime so awful as to deserve the punishment of reading the largest portion of them. This handsome pamphlet, though it bears the forbidding name of sermon, must contain one of a different order; for we detected ourself in the indulgence of wandering among its charming sentences on one of our busiest days. C. P. Somerby, 139 Eighth Street, New York, will send copies of the sermons by mail, at the rate of five cents each and postage.

A CORRESPONDENT respectfully expresses "the hope that THE NEW AGE will consider it to be its duty heartily to coöperate with *The Index* in its tenor and objects." If *The Index* had exactly filled our ideal of a journal, THE NEW AGE would not have been projected; nevertheless we have the highest respect for Mr. Abbot, and honor him for the fidelity and earnestness with which he has followed his convictions; and although we do not sympathize with all the methods *The Index* proposes, we are glad to recognize it as belonging to the great movement of human progress to which we are devoted. But we believe there is a constituency for both. THE NEW AGE has already been accorded an entrance into places where *The Index* would not be likely to go for years; and we shall be too busy in exploring the fields we have found outside of Mr. Abbot's hunting-grounds, to think of changing for an unmanly rivalry the cordial feelings we now cherish for him and his paper.

ALEXANDER H. RICE is Governor-elect of Massachusetts. It is a very high honor. We remember that we heard the late Hon. Abbott Lawrence say, more than thirty years ago, in reference to a gentleman then in nomination for the office, "Fellow-citizens, I don't think he is fit to be Governor. I don't say he is not fit to be a Governor—he may do, perhaps, to be Governor of New Hampshire; but in my judgment he is not fit to be the Governor of Massachusetts." Mr. Lawrence did not necessarily imply any disparagement of the Granite State; but might have only indicated the high qualifications his native State required in her magistrates: as a religious society might say, "The man who preaches to Plymouth church is not good enough for us."

OUR annual autumnal game of "Fall Elections" is played. And still the country is safe. The general result is favorable to the Republican party, which shows that the people, if dissatisfied with it, are not ready to give the Democrats the ascendancy. Many people are expecting a general breaking up and reorganization of parties. The gains in New York are not a source of unmixed gratification to an honorable Republican. Gov. Tilden, whether justly or otherwise, has made the impression that he means to reform abuses. The man in public life who attempts this, does the noblest and most hazardous thing possible in politics; he is usually sacrificed, even if he succeeds in his reform. Any advantages a party gains at his expense, however, reflect no credit on the winners.

WE learn that a few gentlemen of this city arranged a private conference, in which representatives of the manufacturers and operatives of Fall River were to state the cases of these parties respectively, with the view of discovering, if possible, some method of a harmonious adjustment. The day was designated; but some of the gentlemen before whom the conference was to be held, found at a late hour that their own engagements compelled a postponement, of which the parties at Fall River were notified by letter or telegram. But this notice of a postponement was not received in season; and the representatives came to Boston on the appointed day. Those of the operatives, on learning that there would be no conference, quietly returned; but the others hastily collected certain gentlemen of the press, and stated to them the manufacturers' side of the case, which went before the public. Subsequently the proposed conference was held, at which the case of the operatives was presented, but the manufacturers did not put in an appearance. In these transactions, so far as at present explained, the operatives manifested the most confidence in the justice of their cause.

IN THE TOWN of Princeton, in this State, there lives a man who refuses to acknowledge the right of Massachusetts to compel him to pay a poll-tax. The consequence was that our venerable Commonwealth sent her recalcitrant citizen to jail,—as for a long, long time she has been in the habit of doing with those of her children who offend her. The prompting of this citizen's refusal to pay his poll-tax was not a mere caprice, but a settled and honest conviction. He does not object to the contributing his share to the necessary expenses of the town of Princeton; his objection is to the element of *compulsion* in the tax-system of the State. We admire our friend's earnestness; but where will this end? The thoughtful citizen has a long list of objections to the State as it is; shall he proceed to press them all in this overt way? Life is too short for such a quarrel; the State has no choice but to oppose us and, if necessary, to crush us. We may obey a law without consenting to it. Think and speak we can, and think and speak we will,—this the State herself must submit to; but when it comes to a physical issue, she is conqueror every time by virtue of her superior strength. Unless our friend, then, has made up his mind to a complete martyrdom, he had best withdraw from this unequal contest. There is no humiliation in submitting to the inevitable.

The Ideal.

THE NEW AGE.

BY MARTHA A. LANGLEY.

O! TOILERS up the steeps of Time,
Who bear in life a helpful part,
Who dream of better lives than ours,
And feel, through all, life's bitter smart—
Take heart! look up! the world moves on;
The time shall come, if not for you,
When Love shall wave its sceptre broad,
And men shall yield a service true.

Somewhere within the Future vast,
Beyond our mortal reach or ken,
Shall dawn the age when Gold shall be
Counted as something less than Men;
The higher thought, the greater good,
The heart that feels another's grief,
Shall wield the power that Might has held,
And bring to sorrowing ones relief.

No more shall woe, and want, and crime,
Stalk on beneath a heedless gaze,
And sorrow press on bleeding hearts,
Sad victims of our thoughtless ways;
But each shall feel his brother's pain,
And each shall try his woe to cure;
And, taught by Love, the fallen one
Shall stand once more upright and pure.

THE FLOW OF FAITH.

BY WILLIAM C. GANNETT.

Sung at the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the First Religious Society of Newburyport, Oct. 20, 1875.

From heart to heart, from creed to creed,
The hidden river runs,
It quickens all the ages down,
It binds the sires to sons,—
The stream of Faith whose source is God,
Whose sound, the sound of Prayer,
Whose meadows are the Holy Lives
Upspringing everywhere.

Oh, deep it flowed in olden time,
When men by it were strong
To dare to tame the desert land

The Ballad for Women

Charmed on as by a song;
And where they passed by hill or shore,
They gave the song a voice,
Till all the wilderness had heard
The Fathers' Faith rejoice.

And still it moves, a broadening flood;
And fresher, fuller grows
A sense as if the sea were near,
Towards which the river flows.
O Thou, who art the Secret Source
That rises in each soul,
Thou art the Ocean too,—Thy charm,
That ever-deepening roll!

The Power of an Idea.

BY THE EDITOR.

In our moments of pure speculation, we find no problem that has a profounder interest than that involved in the relation of a human being to the material world, and to the forms of external life. What makes human life so complex in its interests, so difficult to understand, and many of its forces so hard to guide and control, is, that an intangible, immaterial essence, which we call spirit, is here put into a material tenement, and brought into constant contact with material objects. How many disappointments and disasters, from the bitter experience of which so many human hearts wail in anguish, result from the mistakes and errors caused by an imperfect understanding of this mysterious union of soul and matter!

We do not see why so intimate a union should not be for purposes of coöperation: we find, alas! that it is too often a source of conflict. The hourly demands of existence enforce a continual contact with outward and visible things. The sounds that we hear, the objects that we touch and handle, the various and variegated forms that we see, give us employment or give us delight. And yet through all this experience we are oppressed with a brooding sense of the imperfection or incompleteness of all external and visible things. With the unrest that waits upon satiety, as well as with the longing for higher knowledge that

comes with every discovery of the secrets of Nature, the eye turns involuntarily toward the dim Unknown; and the aspiring soul flutters its wing in the endeavor to rise from tangible into spiritual realms. It is in such experiences that moral ideas are conceived.

What a wonder it is, after all, that a moral idea was ever born into this life! A moral idea is not a tangible, material thing: where can a place be found to lodge the germ of an idea within the limits or the inevitable limitations of the physical world? Yet moral ideas have constituted the great force of human advancement. The idea of liberty has become an actual power in a world whose visible aspects taught nothing but the necessity of physical force—and force and freedom are necessarily antagonistic qualities. The idea of benevolence has found a foothold in a world whose visible forces all conspire to imprison a human being in the dreary cell of a selfish isolation.

Now what does an idea do? It gives a man the victory in a conflict between his moral purposes and his material or sensuous inclinations—between his principles and his impulses. It is one of the pregnant issues of life, that an impulse sends us in one direction, and an idea in another. These impulses are such as are fed by the material life. They are in the nature of some appetite that craves improper indulgence; some thirst for outward acquisition; some rage for external success:—as when a man who has enslaved his nature to intemperate habits, is tempted by the inordinate glass; or he, who has nursed acquisitiveness into a passion, sees a chance to add a dishonest dollar to his gains; or he, who is ambitious of distinction or of power, thinks he can secure his object by packing a caucus. The question is not, whether the instincts from which these impulses rise shall be eradicated, for that is impossible: but shall the impulses themselves be regulated and controlled? Shall they minister to the spirit's growth, or shall they poison the source of its life? It is a conquest that brings moral purification, when the glass is left untasted—when the coffers are left unstained by fraud—when honor in private life is preferred to infamy in public life; in a word, when that which we are strongly

tempted to do, which it is exceedingly hard not to do, is left undone in obedience to a moral consideration!

There have always been those who had faith only in physical and tangible forces, and were ready to sneer at any other; but where have such forces ever achieved such wonders as this? In a conflict between principle and impulse, the opposing forces seem greatly disproportioned in strength; yet that disparity shows the value of the apparently weaker force: it is the over-matched side that wins. An impulse sends you in pursuit of an object that is pleasing to the sight and charming to the sense—an impulse, fortified by custom and habit, and intensified by burning passion: what confronts and combats it? An IDEA, that speaks in no audible voice, that appears in no visible form, that pictures no beauty to the eye, that touches no sensitive chord of feeling; and yet that invisible and insensible thought checks and overthrows an impulse, reinforced though it be by all the organs of sense, and driven by the headlong force of thrilling nerves, and quivering with all the fervor of desire! We turn from an evil habit, we overcome a debasing passion, we advance in virtue and humanity, in obedience to an idea! In such conflicts and victories we learn to prize and cherish the eternal verities that are neither visible to the eye nor perceptible to the touch.

WHAT we call illusions are often, in truth, a wider vision of past and present realities—a willing movement of a man's soul with the larger sweep of the world's forces—a movement towards a more assured end than the chances of a single life. We see human heroism broken into units and say, this unit did little—might as well not have been. But in this way we might break up a great army into units; in this way we might break the sunlight into fragments, and think that this and the other might be cheaply parted with. Let us rather raise a monument to the soldiers whose brave hearts only kept the ranks unbroken, and met death—a monument to the faithful who were not famous, and who are precious as the continuity of the subbeams is precious, though some of them fall unseen and on barrenness.—George Eliot.

Religion.

The Tendency of Scientific Thought.

[FIRST PAPER.]

BY REV. EDWIN S. ELDER.

Is the tendency of modern scientific thought toward infidelity in religion? This is the question which is now exciting general attention, and causing much discussion. The phrase "scientific thought" includes not only facts, laws, and verified theories, but many as yet unverified and probably erroneous theories. A very partial enumeration of the subjects of scientific thought will show how much it stands for and includes.

Among these are the indisputable facts of science: the shape and motions of the earth; its gradual formation unknown millions of years ago; the indestructibility of matter; the correlation of all forces. Of the theories not yet verified, may be mentioned: the Nebular hypothesis; the Development theory; the Darwinian theory of the ascent of man from the dust through lower forms of life; the theory that affirms that matter contains the potency of all forms of terrestrial life; the theory of spontaneous generation; the reign of the law of uninterrupted uniformity; the philosophy of Evolution. There is a difference of opinion among scientists concerning these unverified theories. Of those who accept them, some will declare that their acceptance tends toward the rejection of everything peculiar to religion, while others will maintain that their acceptance is essential to the continued existence of religion, at least among the thoughtful.

The word "religion" represents that which is no less complex and many-sided than the contents of scientific thought. It is unphilosophical to identify religion with an individual phase of faith, or with a belief in one dogma. A belief in the existence of a conscious, personal Being, or in the continuance of our personal consciousness after the dissolution of the body, is but a small part of religion. Religion, in this discussion, must be understood to comprehend the essential elements of the faith of all who claim to be religious, or to have a religion. The term religion, used in this

broad sense, is seen to include very much. Look at a few of the articles of faith that are held by those who, within the limits of Christendom, accept them as parts of their religion—remembering that though many of these tenets are foreign to our religion, they are parts of the religion of others:—that the world was created in six days; that the sin of the first man brought sin into the world; that the Pope is infallible; that the Bible is infallible; that Jesus rose from the dead; that verbal petition will cure disease, affect the weather, secure prosperity; that this present existence is but a part of the life of the individual; that there is a personal, conscious Being, who created the universe, and who wills its phenomena. But religion includes something more than opinions. There is a consciousness of relation to and communion with the creating and sustaining Power. There is a love of God and man, a constraining consciousness of moral obligation, a hunger after righteousness, an aspiration of the soul to holiness and perfection. It will be seen that the contents of religion are numerous and complex, made up of opinions, sentiments, hopes, fears, and affections.

The expression, "infidelity in religion," is equally inclusive and indefinite. Infidelity is the correlate of religion. It may apply to only one opinion, or it may extend to all opinions peculiar to religion. It is evident that what might be infidelity as regards the religion of a Roman Catholic, would not necessarily be infidelity as regards the religion of a Unitarian.

Superstition, another correlated term, also does not stand for anything definite or fixed. Its significance is relative; it depends upon the religious opinions of whoever uses it. What is superstition to one, may be an essential part of another's faith. Yesterday's infidelity may be to-day's religion and to-morrow's superstition. A belief in a personal devil was a part of the religion of our forefathers; at least they so considered it. The denial of his existence was infidelity to them and their faith; to us, the belief in a personal devil is superstition.

I have indicated the indefiniteness, inclusiveness, and interdependence of "scientific thought," "infidelity," and "religion," for the purpose of showing how they stand related to each other.

In this inquiry it may not be possible to reach any conclusion acceptable to those who hold different and opposite forms of faith, yet the general tendency may be determined. The Mississippi river flows North, East, South, and West, in different portions of its course; if those living upon its banks judge of its direction by the portion in front of their homes, there will be as many opinions as there are turns in the river. He who thinks the river flows North, because he sees a very small portion does, can, if he gets far enough away, easily satisfy himself that its general direction is toward the South; so much depends on the point of vision.

I proceed now to inquire—

I. Is the tendency of our own personal thought toward infidelity in religion? Do we find that as our knowledge of science and our interest in scientific thought increases, our religion decreases? It matters nothing that others may declare that our thought tends to infidelity to their religious faith; of course our thought must make us infidels as regards some opinions. But the question is, what is the relation of our scientific thought to our religion? Is there a conflict in our own consciousness? Is our faith as religious as it was before its modification by science and scientific modes of thinking? Do our religious instincts rebel against the already established facts of science? When the inherited faith of our childhood is overwhelmed by the facts, discoveries, and inexorable laws that the scientist acquaints us with, do we find nothing in those facts, and laws, and theories, that appeals to our religious sentiments, and gives direction to our religious thought and faith? While our recognition of the uniformity of all phenomena discourages petitions, does it not hint at a deeper significance in prayer? Is our appreciation of the beneficence of a universal Providence any less religious than our self-regarding faith in a special Providence? In so far as our individual faith has been modified by contact with modern scientific thought, has it deteriorated, or has it become more adequate with the growth of knowledge? Each one will find the answer to these questions in his own consciousness. Each one's answer is conclusive only as regards himself.

II. What has been the tendency of scientific thought in the past? It by no means follows that present tendencies are the same as those of the past, but the fact that scientific thought, up to the present, has been toward either infidelity or a more adequate faith, will establish a presumption in favor of the same tendency in modern thought. What was the tendency of the thought represented by Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler, Hugh Miller, and Lyell, as regards the religion of their times? The representatives of religion insisted that the thought of these men tended to infidelity, and threatened the destruction of their religion. What is the fact? Did religion suffer when it was declared that the earth turned on its axis, and revolved about the sun? Was there a tendency toward infidelity in the gradual discovery of the fact that the earth had been in existence millions of years, and inhabited by human beings for hundreds of centuries? Have those who have accepted the nebular hypothesis as a history of the creation of the solar system become infidels? Relatively, yes; absolutely, no! These opinions or theories, inasmuch as they discredited some one's convictions, were infidel; but they in no way tended toward the negation of religion. It may be objected that these questions have nothing to do with the subject; that a belief concerning them is neither religious nor infidel. To us these opinions are not; but to those who opposed them they were infidel. Can it be shown that the cause of religion suffered by contact with scientific thought? If it should appear that while scientific thought has disproved many theories with which religion was intimately associated, yet that it has substituted a truth for every error taken from the religious faith, may we not assume, in the absence of any evidence to the contrary, that religion will be modified in the future as it has been in the past?

But we are not left to infer the present tendency and future result from the factors of the past. We can compare religion, as modified by modern thought, with contemporaneous religion that has been in no way affected by thought. In Italy, Spain, and Ireland, religion has been carefully guarded against the influence of scientific thought. In Germany, in England, and in the United States, religion and scientific thought

have confronted each other. There is a difference between the religion of Rome and that of Massachusetts; that difference is to be attributed in no small degree to the influence of the thought and method of science, as contrasted with the method of external authority. The method of authority is, "Believe what you are told to believe;" that of science is, "Judge for yourselves what is right." There can be no question but that scientific habits of thought change the attitude of men toward those opinions and dogmas whose only basis is authority. The Catholicism of those who are educated in our public schools will be unlike the Catholicism of the ignorant. The tendency of public school instruction is toward infidelity in Catholicism. This is not so much the result of the knowledge obtained, as it is of a mental habit of inquiry. Now when this inquiry is directed toward opinions that are not based upon and are not the result of thoughtful inquiry, it refuses to accept them. This refusal and consequent unbelief is infidelity to Catholicism, but it by no means follows that it is infidelity in religion. To the Pope, Unitarianism, Universalism, and all forms of belief, that promise salvation outside the Catholic Church, are infidelity. To the Pope, the tendency of our public schools is toward unbelief. It is a significant fact that wherever religion exists to-day, unmodified by and unassociated with modern scientific thought, it is known as superstition. The religion of Italy, Spain, and Ireland, is to us superstition; and it must be admitted that religion associated with and modified by scientific thought is called infidelity by those whose faith is not thus modified.

Spiritualism.

The New Proof in Spiritualism.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

THE latest phase of the manifestations is the taking of casts of spirit fingers and hands. It is an interesting operation; for one has the most palpable evidence of an intelligent spirit-power, or force, projecting objective phenomena into this world of sense, that has yet appeared in what is sometimes called this new revelation. One of the greatest objections to the physical manifestations is the easy imposition of fiction upon credulous people, so that it takes a careful person to tell where the real leaves off and the fraudulent begins, or what is real and what is false: justifying, almost, the wholesale declaration that it is all fraud, except to those who are so fortunate as to know better.

In these casts there is absolute demonstration that an objective materialized form is made apparent and then disappears, by an intelligent super-mundane agency. We have something now that can be weighed and measured; as clear an evidence, to the keen eye of science, of an intelligent spirit-power, as the geologist has of preëxisting forms when he finds in a stratum of rock, not the fossil remains of a silurian shell-fish, but the vacuum made by an occupant in the plastic stratum, long since dematerialized, and the space filled by a later material. Thus have we the silicious cast of a form that once was, but that, had no mould been left of it, would be among the forgotten, or rather, unknown treasures of the world's youth. Wonderful are the teachings of the rocks to the skilled eye of geology! Wonderful also, is it not, that the hand of a spirit can appear, just perceptible to sight and touch, suspiciously dreading the light, and always seeming to need both faith and sight for a certainty; can immerse itself in a paraffine solution, and then dissolving or dissipating itself, leave its mould to be filled with plaster; and lo! the result is a perfect model or cast of the dematerialized hand. Shall the rocks teach us wisdom and knowledge of primordial life, and shall paleontology stop at fossils, or shall we extend its method into a higher order of existence?

The *modus operandi* of the casts referred to is this: a pound or two of paraffine (which looks like transparent spermacetti) is put into a pail filled with hot water, which melts it, and it occupies the surface of the water without being visible. If one dips his hand into it, it is coated; if repeated, as in dipping candles, quite a thick, white coating covers the hand, looking like a well-fitting transparent white glove. It

is rather tenacious and soft, but it is impossible to remove it from the hand except in pieces; and these, as soon as removed, are stiff and brittle, and a very little rough usage breaks them up into greasy-feeling bits. It would not be possible, in the nature of things, for a human being to extract his hand from such a coating without destruction to the coating itself; dissolution of the pattern is the only way of preserving the mould. Prof. Denton thought it possible for the spirit-hand, when materialized, to dip itself into this liquid, and as easily dematerialize itself when the coating was formed; and experiments and questions to the spirits prove this to be the case. The moulds being made of fingers, hands, and parts of hands, they are filled with plaster, and the casts are perfect. There are large and small sizes; and a careful measuring of joints, and nails, and widths, shows that they are not in any sense duplicates of the medium's hand or digits.

A few persons gathered, the day this article was written, at the house of Mrs. Hardy, the medium by whom these manifestations occur, for the purpose of witnessing this experiment. They were seeking knowledge and truth; there was no cheating, and could not be any. The hot liquid was under the table, and nobody had or could have connection with it. Without going into a tedious description of what occurred, we will say that when the spirits were ready, they signified it by raps; and one of the party lifted the cloth that hung from the table, and found lying on a cricket, placed there for the purpose, four fingers, or a part of a hand, and also the mould of a full and perfect hand down to the narrowing for the wrist. This mould must have been made in the way stated; a full, naturally extended hand being dipped into the paraffine, and, having done its duty, dissipated, that is, dematerialized; no hand could have been drawn out without breaking so frail a mould. It is as certainly the mould of a spirit-hand, or a hand extemporized from the circumambient air, and once contained a perfect human hand, with its lines, and nails, and joints, which did not belong to a mortal body, as the cavity in the rock referred to once contained a specimen of extinct life so interesting to the paleontologist.

"Cui bono?" says one; let him say it to the student of the strata, and learn his lesson; we have not time or room now to enlarge upon that point. "Frivolous," says another; "immortals to visit earth and play fantastic tricks!" Verily, if it so appears; but never forget that crabs and scorpions become dignified, as Emerson says, when hung up as signs in the zodiac. Anything, however small—a rap, a tipping table, a fit of epilepsy, an unstrung nerve, a dream with method in it, that points to or connects with the once undiscovered and now almost unknown country—becomes dignified by virtue of such an association.

The interesting feature of these moulds and casts is the sort of "known quantity," so requisite to science, that they present, and which it seems to us will solve this problem to the world at large as a truth, and make a verity of that of which the *Scientific American* says that, if it is true, the nineteenth century will be celebrated for a discovery by the side of which all other discoveries pale.

No doubt that work is a luxury, and a very great one. It is, indeed, at once a luxury and a necessity; no man can retain either health of mind or body without it. So profoundly do I feel this, that one of the principal objects I would recommend to benevolent and practical persons is, to induce rich people to seek for a larger quantity of this luxury than they at present possess. Nevertheless, it appears by experience that even this healthiest of pleasures may be indulged in to excess, and that human beings are just as liable to surfeit of labor as to surfeit of meat; so that, as on the one hand, it may be charitable to provide, for some people, lighter dinner and more work, for others it may be equally expedient to provide lighter work and more dinner.—*Ruskin*.

I WONDER whether the subtle measuring of forces will ever come to measuring the force there would be in one beautiful woman, whose soul was as noble as her face was beautiful; who made a man's passion for her rush in one current with all the great aims of his life.—*George Eliot*.

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JOHN M. L. BABCOCK, EDITOR.

ABRAM WALTER STEVENS, EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTOR.

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Success.

THE sense in which the term "success" is commonly used is one of the strange and absurd things which still astonish the rational mind. In all parts of life, and in all forms of human activity, the best people and the worst people are misled and betrayed by the same low-born conception of the meaning of success. A lawyer or a physician must obtain a lucrative practice, it matters not by what means if the law is evaded; a clergyman must secure a large following and a high salary, whatever the arts of flattery, servility, or sensationalism, by which they are secured; a politician must carry an election, though he wades through the foulest corruption to do it; a journalist must have an immense circulation, even if he sells his columns to a powerful interest, or panders to the lowest taste, to secure it; a merchant or manufacturer must accumulate wealth, making fraud, if need be, essential to his object;—and this, forsooth, is the popular meaning of *success*! Most persons would be surprised to know how deeply this debasing sentiment has penetrated all circles, and to what extent it shapes alike the policy of church, and market-place, and caucus. There are thousands, as we believe, who, in their best moments, look with contempt upon this perversion of a word, yet fall victims to the prevailing folly, and pervert it all the same, in the street, the shop, the sanctuary, giving all the force of their example to put a premium on meanness and baseness.

No one can intelligently deny that this standard of success is an infernal cheat and delusion, since it gives the supremacy to the lowest elements in human character, and the most pernicious arts in human conduct: and scorn never had a better office than to hiss it from society. It is not enough, when we have learned to despise these forms of success, to console ourselves with the certainty that those who pursue them are destined to merited oblivion. That the professional man who commands the largest fee, or enjoys the widest popularity—that the politician who always manages to keep on the top of the wave—that the journal most widely read—that the proudest millionaire—will be among the first to sink into forgetfulness, or to be consigned to lasting contempt, is entirely probable: but this *ought not* to be a satisfaction to any one; and *cannot* be to him who will consider that the effect of each of these examples is to retard the progress of mankind, by deceiving the inexperienced, and leaving a legacy of folly to the simple. This servitude to a false ideal must be broken. The base standard must be supplanted by a nobler conception!

If that standard were not base and pernicious, what would become of the great names of the past? Bruno, Copernicus, Galileo,—Socrates, Epictetus, Jesus,—why repeat the thousand names already so familiar?—were, in the current sense of the term, the most unsuccessful men of their times; why are we such fools as to accord them respect and veneration? Why build churches to an idiot? For Jesus was an idiot, brethren of the clergy and laity, if the prevailing notions of success are correct.

Before we talk of success, we must understand that, in the nature of things, it is not possible to make an accurate estimate of the measure of contemporaneous success. The only genuine success which this life affords any man the opportunity of achieving is that which consists alone in adding something to his wealth of character, or to the forces of human advancement. The stores of truth and affection he is treasuring in his own nature are too imponderable to be weighed in the material scales in which the results of human endeavor are usually determined; and character and reputation are not interchangeable terms. Nor can the

effect of the work he is doing be accurately gauged; the more beneficent the outcome of it is to be, the longer the period, in a world of evolution, before that can be fully seen.

A man must take his ideal of success, not from popular delusions, but from his own best intuitions; and his best success in life is that to secure which he is ready to live in obscurity, and pass to an inglorious grave. Distinction may indeed come to him while he lives, and fame when he dies; and he may accept these conditions without distrust so long as he is certain that his faith in his success is born of his assurance of the purity of his ideal. It is in such conceptions that struggle becomes sublime, and, sustained by such an ideal, a higher satisfaction and sweeter joy are his, even under the pressure of misjudgment and obloquy, than will be likely to visit the luxurious apartment, or soothe the pillow of down!

It will be said, of course, that this is altogether an impractical view, not at all fitted to the condition and demands of the world as we find it. We only ask, in reply, to be pointed to one legitimate effect of the form of success the world has worshiped already too long, which we are not at liberty to despise. How is the world as we find it ever to be lifted into the world as it should be, by perpetuating the folly that chains it where it is? We think it higher wisdom to cherish the conceptions which will not be unfitted to the world as it is yet to be!

A Two-Faced Political Economy.

SUPPOSE we should go to a political economist of the current school, and say:—"Look at that man; he is a journeyman mechanic; when he can find work, he is able to supply his family with the meagre necessities of life; but when work stops, he has no resource. Last winter he received pauper aid from the municipality. But if he should have constant employment, and should be perfectly temperate and frugal in his habits, he has then no better prospect before him than that poverty shall mark him for its own all his days; and if he should outlive his ability to labor, he must be supported by his friends or at the almshouse. It stings his heart to see his children, as they grow up, robbed of their self-respect, and arrested in their natural development of manhood, by the social difference everywhere put between them and the children of the wealthy. Now that man is the type of thousands; and, worse than that, there are many other thousands of laboring people whose condition is more miserable. Do you not see that the State is tolerating abuses which impose unmerited hardships on a large class of our fellow-citizens? Does not the condition of the laboring people plainly show that society is nursing evils which must ultimately canker its very heart? Is there no social science which can secure a juster distribution of the rewards of labor and the bounties of Nature? Is not this a case which demands the most effective offices of justice and philanthropy? What can political economy do?"

What would be his answer? In his blandest tones he would reply:—"My dear sir, this is not a case for justice and philanthropy at all; those are moral qualities; and with moral considerations political economy has nothing to do. Our science is the science of getting rich; and we lay down the principles on which the greatest accumulative result of wealth for the nation can be obtained. No doubt there must be individual suffering incident to this grand result. All the questions your picture raises are settled by the inexorable law of Supply and Demand."

Imagining ourself now silenced, we turn to another topic:—"Please elucidate this vexed currency question. What, according to the laws of your science, would be the effect of increasing the volume of paper money in circulation?" He will reply in the language of John Stuart Mill, as the most intelligent and liberal writer of this school of economists:—

"But besides the benefit reaped by the issuers, or by others through them at the expense of the public generally, there is another unjust gain obtained by a larger class, namely, by those who are under fixed pecuniary obligations. All such persons are freed, by a depreciation of the currency, from a portion of the burthen of their debts or other engagements: in other words, part of the property of their creditors is gratuitously transferred to them. On a superficial view it may be imagined that this is an advantage to industry; since the productive classes are great borrowers, and generally owe larger debts to the unproductive

(if we include among the latter all persons not actually in business) than the unproductive classes owe to them; especially if the national debt be included. It is only thus that a general rise of prices can be a source of benefit to producers and dealers; by diminishing the pressure of their fixed burthens. And this might be accounted an advantage,—"

If we should stop him at this point, he would have presented a solid argument for inflation. Inflation, according to this "science," benefits the debtor class at the expense of the creditor class; but as the first are generally producers, and the latter non-producers, the result is a gain of national wealth; "especially if the national debt be included"—our case exactly. It is true that the monied non-producers suffer; but this science has nothing to do with moral considerations; and it is no worse to rob the wealthy class for the sake of the national accumulation, than it is to rob the poor workpeople for the same magnificent object. But we are to be astonished by a complete "change of base" which the science makes in the close of the passage:—

"And this might be accounted an advantage, if integrity and good faith were of no importance to the world, and to industry and commerce in particular."—(*Mill's Political Economy*, Book iii., chap. 13, § 5.)

We must give it up. We do not know what to do with such a chameleon as this boasted science. It reaches no conclusions we can trust, except by discarding the principles on which it is based. It begins by laying a certain foundation; and then finds it can only hope to stand by knocking its foundation away. It starts on the ground of self-interest alone, and disclaims all moral considerations; but it is no sooner confronted with difficulties that selfishness is unable to overcome, than it hastens to build conclusions on the elements it repudiated at the beginning.

What is most exasperating is that it denies to the poor and defenceless the benefit of moral principles, and invokes them only in behalf of the wealthy and powerful. It would be a national gain to inflate the currency: but it must not be done because "integrity and good faith" forbid. Might not a little integrity and good faith, to say nothing of philanthropy, do something to relieve the sufferings of the laboring classes?

Gentlemen! the same moral law must apply to rich and poor alike. If you put yourselves under the protection of "integrity and good faith" to save your own interests, do not complain if the laboring classes invoke the same mighty forces to save theirs. If, on this question, you make moral sentiment your own best defence, while dealing out injustice to the lowly and the poor, do not be surprised if sometime Nature and humanity unite to commend the poisoned chalice to your own lips!

The Man without a Party.

Who is he? Where is he? Has he yet arrived,—the man who belongs not to other men, but to himself, and to truth?

Every man, it would seem, is born with a heavy mortgage resting upon him, which he has to work all his life to pay up, and to get himself free; free in the sense that he is a man, not a *piece*; free in the sense that he owns his own thoughts and sentiments, and is not fatally indebted for them to some sect, or party, or school.

Is it not true that, for us as rational beings, all progress consists in *detaching ourselves from the mass*? Evolution is distinguished by differentiation, is it not? The first thing we have to do is to get born,—to separate from *identity* with another, and become an *entity* by ourselves. This transpires in the physical; but every change here is prophetic of a corresponding intellectual and spiritual event.

In the eye of the law, our birth into citizenship does not transpire until nearly a quarter of a century of our actual existence has passed. During all this time, the State declares, we belong to our parents, to our family. At the age of twenty-one, the State says, a man is born: at that period, we begin to stammer our first articulate words as a citizen, and to walk about on our two feet as a national unit. Henceforth we feel our suffragan responsibility; we assist at the ordination of mayors and governors and presidents; politicians smile upon us, and own our political equality.

But, according to the general arrangements of society, our birth is still longer delayed; in fact, is

indefinitely postponed. Nature and the State fix periods when our birth takes place; society never does. And yet, in the *social* sense, is it not necessary that we should persevere to get born? Or must our social evolution and differentiation forever suffer arrest?

Society is divided into sects and parties. We all are born into one of these. It could not be otherwise, unless our progenitor were a Robinson Crusoe, and our birth-place a lone, desert isle. In fact, it is a wise dispensation that we are born of these social divisions; they act as our parents while we are in intellectual infancy; they suckle and tend us until we are able to do without them. Nevertheless, we suffer somewhat from their limitations. They teach us no universal language, but merely their own patois. They restrain us from the thoroughfare that leads up and down the great world, and confine us to their own little garden-enclosure or front-door plat. They have a religion and a morality and a politics all ready-made for us; the same which our elder brothers wore, and which we in turn must get into. Fond parents as they are, do they ever calculate that we shall sometime untie their apron-strings, and go forth from them, and have our own thoughts and ways independent of them? Never. They would keep us children always; indeed, always they would keep us unborn from the parental matrix, forever choosing to feel us stirring under the parental heart. Is not the old roof-tree large enough for us, they argue: do we need more room than they have moved in ever? Unnamable dangers are outside, they plead; why should we expose ourselves to perils which their foresight ever would shield us from?

How the old always pleads with us against the new! How conservatism always strains its arms around us, to protect us from what is radical! How the old home of life and thought and feeling always implores us to stay in it, and be safe and happy! Ah, indeed, how difficult to get born out of what is into what is-to-be! What throes and pangs and travail, for both parent and child, attend every such accouchment! Do conservatives say that radicals are reckless, unfilial, and wilful: that it is for mere wantonness and pleasure they break with the instituted, and go forth to seek the unformed and unpossessed? Nothing could be more untrue as a whole. Every man who detaches himself from the majority, and sallies out as a youth from his home, always—if he is a man—grows earnest and thoughtful apace; has his frequent hours of loneliness and homesickness, and pushes on through indescribable toil and hardship and suffering. But the destiny is on us! We must have our birth; we must have our freedom. In short, we must *grow* and be strong, and “quit ourselves like men!”

Birth means growth; growth means freedom; and freedom means—whatever is essential.

Society considers it an impertinence that any man should differ from it. What! are not the old ways good enough for him? Of all the sects and the parties, is there not some *one* that he can agree with, and belong to? Radicalism, no less than conservatism, has its sects and parties, its shibboleths and slogans: surely, he can attach himself to one of these; put on its uniform, and fall into line? No; radical narrowness is as bad as conservative narrowness,—nay, it is worse. A thinker must have a home somewhere, it is true. But can he not find it in himself—in the world, indeed—in humanity? Shall I own a brother in the radical, but not in the conservative? Nay, but *both* shall be my brothers! I am not a Protestant, or a Catholic; I am not a Christian, or a Pagan: I say I am all these! They all belong to me; I belong to none of them! I will vote against neither one nor the other; but I *will* vote for any one of them in protection against all the rest. Why should I not have my own religion, my own morality, my own politics, in my own way? Each sect and party differs from every other; why should I not differ from all of them? Indeed I must, because I desire to be at liberty to agree at times with either. To belong to any one separates me from the truth that may be in any other. Advocacy? Who says that I must advocate *something*? Well, then, shall I advocate that two and two make four? Whatever is self-evident will advocate itself; as for what is doubtful, I will be bound to advocate neither side, lest perchance I find myself in favor of falsehood! I am content, if I am free to inquire into and discuss everything.

What I desire is to discover that I am really born;

that I am born, not in America, but in the world; that I belong not to the family of Christ, or of Buddha, but to the family of Man!

And this is the way that we shall prove the profound words of Emerson true,—that it is the destiny of each growing soul to “come full circle.” By detaching ourselves from sects and parties, and becoming a free individual, we find our way through truth home again to *humanity*! By segregation from the majority, we reach aggregation with the *whole*! What do I believe in? I believe in the universe! If there is anything else, I believe in that, too!

A. W. S.

What Interests the Public?

FROM a kind and courteous private note, written to us by a gentleman well known in literature and reform, we are permitted to take the following extract. Referring to the prospectus of THE NEW AGE, he says:—

“Such circulars as yours always surprise me a little—they always seem to assume that an individual is more interesting than a “sect or party,” or a “special religious, political, or social movement;” whereas, usually, the movement is more interesting than the views of an individual. People have no reason to care much for what you or I say; but the collective tendencies we represent may be interesting. There are very few persons in America whose individual views interest the public; and that is why such papers as you project almost invariably fail.”

Our own impressions do not accord with this view. We had supposed that the public had shown a decided taste for whatever basked in the light of a personal reputation. The special effort of the skillful and successful managers of journals seems to have been to emblazon them with the glory of a great name. Would *The Tribune*, for instance, have attained the position it at one time held, except for the reputation which Horace Greeley made for himself in its columns? If the public take no interest in what an individual says, why have not the enterprise and business ability, which have marked that journal since his decease, prevented its decline? Take from certain weekly journals, which we do not wish to designate, the names of their chief editors, and what would become of their fortunes?

We do not defend or justify this taste, but merely give our impressions of the facts. We regard the taste itself as a weakness rather than a virtue, although it may be suggested that we have no right to say so. It does not yet appear that a man, eminent in another function, necessarily makes a good editor. We would like to foster the better taste which prizes an utterance for its intrinsic merit, not for the fame of its author.

But suppose our friend is right (and we are certainly reluctant to place our judgment against his), and the public *are* more interested in a movement than in an individual, is there no reason why the people should care for what an individual may say? Whatever an essay or an article supports or represents—whether written by one supporting a sect or party, or speaking only for himself—it is an *individual* who writes it. It seems to us there is far more reason to care for what he says, if he utters his own independent thought, than there is if he writes only in defence of an interest to which he is devoted. And the public may yet be taught by some convincing example, that its best interests can be better served by the words that spring from honest conviction, than it can possibly be by those used to buttress a foregone conclusion.

We heartily thank our friend for the expression we have quoted, for it indicates a sympathy for an untrumpeted undertaking which confirms our previous impressions of his character and spirit; but while we expect the public to manifest no interest in what we may say simply because we say it, we must still cling to our conviction that it will not turn its ear entirely away from the utterance of one who speaks just what he thinks, to listen alone to the well-anticipated music of the organs of a sect, party, or special interest.

PROFESSOR RICHARD A. PROCTOR began a course of four scientific lectures in Horticultural Hall, in this city, on last Sunday evening. In defining his position, he announced himself as agreeing with Tyn-dall, showing that he did not fear to encounter the bigotry which had assailed that scientist.

Reform.

Not “an Eye for an Eye.”

BY S. H. MORSE.

NOT long since I was stopped in the street by a lady whom I had known and respected. She informed me that she was very tired; for she had “spent the entire day trying to get that Pomeroy boy hanged.” I suppose I must have betrayed in my looks something of the disfavor, not to say disgust, with which I received her communication; for she proceeded to say that it was not because she “thirsted for vengeance,”—how her manner refuted her words!—but because she “wanted the boy sent where he could not be pardoned out.” But there was little doubt in my own mind that she would have taken infinite satisfaction in wringing his neck.

The papers tell us that a “committee of ladies” waited on Mr. Rice, just previous to election day, to know what he, if chosen governor, would do in this case. They reported that his response was “satisfactory.” That is, we were given to understand that Gov. Rice will see to it that Pomeroy is hanged.

It is said that “mothers want to know that their children are safe.” This feeling can be understood. Of course they do. We all desire a like safety for all people. But how shall it be secured? Hang Jesse Pomeroy, and he will, as we suppose, be out of the way. But will the spirit that breeds monsters perish with him? Will children be safe because this one boy has been strangled? The supposition is idle. The very act itself is the perpetuation of slaughter. The spirit these mothers, who are so ardently working to compass Pomeroy’s death, manifest, is only removed as second or third cousin from the spirit they would slay.

Now the practical fact to be regarded is, the evil spirit cannot be slain. It must die a natural death. It must be outgrown. What is this evil spirit? It is the spirit of violence; the spirit that victimizes; the spirit that slays. I pluck out your eye; you shall pluck out mine. What is gained? Thereby two eyes are lost. The spirit of eye-plucking has increased a hundred-fold.

The remedy. What is the remedy? At least be Christians, if nothing better. Resist not evil with evil, but with good. Take this Pomeroy boy and make him the shining example of your *saving* spirit, O, “ladies of Boston!” By your own act, teach your children life is sacred! Be saviors, not destroyers. This is no “sickly sentiment.” It is the everlasting science of God. “What ye sow, that shall ye also reap.” Sow mercy, forgiveness; sow long-suffering, endeavor to heal and save! Go back to Gov. Rice and tell him you withdraw your petitions. Let Pomeroy live. Guard him with your pity, your great charity. See to it that his prison, so far as you can make it, is his salvation. So shall you sow salvation—safety—in the land wherein you dwell, even at your own firesides.

Prison Reform.

BY MRS. M. S. WETMORE.

THE question of Prison Reform is one which requires the attention of all thoughtful people, for within the walls of our prisons are hundreds of men who will come out into society when their terms expire, to prove either a blessing or a curse. Upon society devolves the great responsibility of assisting these men to become what they can never become unaided and alone. Under present prison regulations they are, many of them, shut off from friends who would like to assist them, and are subject to just such petty and narrow regulations as the warden may institute, provided he is so ignorant, narrow-minded, or egotistical, that he will allow no other than his own narrow brain to work for the prisoner’s benefit. Too little attention is given to the matter of furnishing men to preside over these unfortunates; for however wicked they may be, none will deny that they are unfortunate. Is a man fit to be warden of a prison who says, “A prison is not for reformation, but for punishment”? A recent visit to Ohio and Connecticut

prisons convinces me that far greater interest is taken by the wardens of those prisons in the welfare of their prisoners, than the warden of the Massachusetts prison takes in those under his charge. Colonel Innis believes that more can be accomplished by kind treatment than in any other way; and relates an instance of a colored boy, who, when he took charge of the prison, was so troublesome and mischievous that it was difficult to know how to treat him. He had been punished without effect. He talked with him earnestly: telling him he would be his friend if he would only try to do better. The poor boy said he never had a friend in his life, and promised that he would. For a while every thing went well, but he was soon as troublesome as ever. Col. Innis said to him, "How is this?" "Don't speak to me," replied the boy, "I'm terribly ashamed; I don't know what made me do it; I couldn't help it." The colonel said, "Well, let this go, and try again." They had no more trouble with him. Such treatment is better, surely, than solitary confinement. In Massachusetts State Prison two years ago, a young man, for refusing to tell who furnished a *Boston Herald* found upon his person, was confined in solitary fifteen days; the last three of which he was placed in the lower arch, a damp, cold, wretched place, unfit for even a beast, without so much as a board to lie down upon; and he contracted a cough which unfitted him for labor when his term expired, as it did soon after. In this same prison, a young man was confined in solitary three days, for writing a manly letter to the warden, and was finally released by the inspectors who, after reading the letter, pronounced the sentence unjust. Many other cases of injustice in our own prisons could be mentioned. Col. Innis does not go armed, even among his twelve hundred and fifty-seven prisoners. Mr. Hews, of Connecticut State Prison, has established excellent discipline by kind treatment, and not fearing his men, does not go armed. Gen. Chamberlain, with about seven hundred men under him, goes armed, and did, if not now, require the same of his officers. In many of our prisons, every thing is done to make a prisoner feel constantly his utter degradation. His hair is cut close, his beard shaved, and his clothing made to distinguish him from outside people; he is not allowed to talk with the other prisoners, and therefore necessarily resorts to deception to do so. In the Maine State Prison at Thomaston, the warden takes upon himself the responsibility of permitting the men to retain their hair and beard, and permits them to talk in the shops, beside giving them a holiday once a month. Massachusetts is far behind many of the States in prison discipline. We still retain a warden unfit for the position he holds. Shall we punish or reform these men who have erred and fallen? Can we reform them by a punishment the severity of which is such as to arouse their worst passions? Shall we throw around them the same hard influences by which they were led to take the first downward step, or shall we require of the prison officers some better qualification than that of brute force? How much thought do people generally give these matters? Little, alas! beyond what is indicated by a frequent expression, "The men have sinned, let them suffer for it." Reformation *must* be had, and such as is best effected by the offices of *love*. It is in vain to expect it without the kindness born of a soul large enough to understand the wants of men who have never known real love in their lives. Shall we be likely to find this quality in a man, put into power by political favor and kept there that he may serve the interests of a party? Society needs reforming so much, that the day seems distant when prison reforms will commence. Society makes criminals, and then gives them, too often, in charge of a nature as hard as their own. See that the wardens in charge of our prisons are fit for their positions, before prison reform can be expected.

If you examine into the history of rogues, you will find that they are as truly manufactured articles as any thing else, and it is just because our present system of political economy gives so large a stimulus to that manufacture that you may know it to be a false one. We had better seek for a system which will develop honest men, than for one that will deal cunningly with vagabonds. Let us reform our schools, and we shall find little reform needed in our prisons.

—*Ruskin.*

Education.

Sauveur's System of French.

BY LOUISE S. HOTCHKISS.

THE system of French taught by Prof. Sauveur, and of which he is the originator, is well known to Boston people, to whom it was first introduced; and has gradually extended in some measure to the knowledge of all educators and advanced schools in the country. It is based entirely upon Nature's method,—the tongue speaks, the hand writes, the mind thinks; and thus a way is opened into the literature and life of the language, even to its heart's core. The student learns the French language exactly as he learns his own. The *Causeries Avec Les Enfants* is the most primary work. The first chapter introduces us to "Huit Petits Enfants." It is a charming picture: sunshine beams in every eye, and joy is in every heart, as they chat with their pleasant and loving teacher. "Bonjour mes enfants. Voilà de jolis petits enfants! Un, deux, trois, . . . petits enfants! Donnez-moi vos noms, chers enfants." "Arthur, Marguerite"—they count each other; count their fingers; play ball. They talk of all the things in the room, and of all they can do with them; and all this talk is in French: "Donne-moi la main.—Je donne la main.—Je prends ta main. Assieds-toi sur mes genoux. La leçon est terminée, mes enfants. Adieu, monsieur."

The teacher reads them stories and fables from the best authors, upon which they converse, and from which they write upon the blackboard, if they are old enough to do so. It is a pleasant nursery school, where sweet, innocent childhood is taught to speak, play, and think in another tongue. When they close their lessons for the year, the tears are on the cheeks of Marguerite. "Ne pleure pas, Marguerite; après les vacances nous continuerons nos chères leçons. Je vous présente un bouquet monsieur. Merci mon enfant. Merci, bons petits amis! au revoir!"

The next work in the series of books that Prof. Sauveur has prepared is the *Petites Causeries* which advances a step farther in conversation; taking up many of the fables of *La Fontaine*, and entering into deeper and more thoughtful conversation upon them, and other topics of absorbing interest. There is not a chapter but is full of fascination, even to the wisest. There is no talking by rule, for the sake simply of becoming learned; but everything is natural, graceful, and beautiful. The manners and morals of the pupils are not neglected, as is too frequent in the old methods, that race after words rather than truth. "Descendez l'escalier tranquillement, une marche à la fois. . . . un moment, George! ne sois pas si pressé. Attends que toutes les filles soient descendues."

Following the *Petites Causeries* is another work of a higher grade for the most advanced students, who are ready to enter into conversation upon all topics—literature, art, politics, religion, and any theme of social interest. This is the *Causeries Avec Mes Elevés*. Here are discourses upon which the profoundest scholar might delight to enter; not only for the French dress in which the thoughts appear, but for the thoughts themselves. Before the pupils leave this book, they are well advanced in the spoken language of the French, and are thoroughly baptized into its spirit. They are now ready to study the science of its construction, which awaits them in the form of *Entretiens Sur La Grammaire*—the climax in this grand series of French works. This grammar Prof. Sauveur has recently issued. Here the principle upon which the system is based is continued without a single missing link in the chain. Every word is written in French. It is not a grammar of definitions to be learned, but a book of ideas. Ideas have been the basis of conversation; they are now made the basis of a grammar. The same little boys and girls we have met in the primary books, and along up through the various *Causeries* are now the learned monsieurs and mesdames who are here discoursing upon the deep and subtle meanings of the language. Every page is alive with pleasant voices. Even the awful subjunctive, and the tormenting genders, and the distracting irregularities of verbs, are made charmingly social and agreeable in the conversations that immortalize these

chapters. The greatest writers of French literature are really the authors of this grammar, in the hands of Prof. Sauveur. Their entire works have been thoroughly scanned, selected, and extracted; and the choicest bits necessary to show the organs that constitute the anatomy of the language are here bound together. Their life's blood—subjunctives, participles, genders, tenses, and every conceivable element of strength and beauty—is put on exhibition, to show the student the way that leads to a perfect knowledge of this language.

The class is introduced to the "L'imparfait et le prétérit défini," tenses by an extract from *Fénelon*. Questions are asked that bring forth the true significance of the verbs employed, as the following:—"Quand était-elle ainsi triste et inconsolable?—Tous les jours et sans cesse. Sans cesse, mesdames c'était son état habituel. Il y avait apparence que sa tristesse durerait tout l'éternité; aussi se trouvait-elle malheureuse d'être immortelle. C'est l'imparfait, dans notre langue, qui marque l'état habituel d'une âme dans le passé, les actions habituelles ou répétées d'un être." Other extracts, from *La Fontaine* and *Musset*, with several pages of questions and answers, complete this chapter. How interested the pupils are becoming in French literature—the grand poems, and beautiful sentiments of the language; and how perfectly unconscious that they are studying a grammar! One could more easily imagine the book to be a choice collection of gems, bound in blue and gold.

To learn the *Prétérit Indéfini* they study Racine, Mme. De Sévigné, and Bossuet. Case, gender, and number are learned from Lamartine, Molière, and dozens more who drop in a word here and there. They are in love with adjectives, and pronouns, and tenses, long before they get to the dreaded subjunctive. This is the way they encounter the monster:—"Cette question est la plus grande et la plus difficile de notre langue, mesdames. Elle m'a occupé seule plus que toutes les autres règles de la grammaire. Pour me préparer à vous en parler, j'ai étudié des milliers de pages de nos maîtres et noté tout ce que j'y ai trouvé de remarquable. Cependant je n'ai pas la prétention de tout décider sur ce point. Une entière lumière ne vous sera pas donnée sur le subjonctif. Cela est impossible. Et est-ce désirable? Je ne le crois pas. L'entière lumière lui ôterait son grand charme. . . . Les maîtres les plus grands peuvent seuls nous le présenter dans son véritable emploi et sa beauté. La lecture attentive d'un roman de George Sand vous édifiera mieux sur cette question que toutes les grammaires du monde."

They study on through pages of this distinguished writer. How the light breaks in upon this benighted mood! What a difference between this delightful season and the old method of saying the terrible conjugations forward and backward, till the tongue was nearly dumb and the brain paralyzed. Five full chapters are given to the subjunctive. Almost every French writer of note comes in, adorning the mood with some brilliant sentence or paragraph, or otherwise casting light upon it; though George Sand carries the grandest luminary through the whole: her writings are oftenest quoted. "La Negative Ne," and "Les Invariables," occupy the closing chapters of this book. "Mesdames, nous voilà arrivés au dernier jour de notre année d'étude, et il me resterait à vous entretenir des mots invariables, c'est-à-dire, de l'adverbe, de la préposition, de la conjonction et de l'interjection." After the same careful consideration of these elements, as of all others, the student finds the end of this delightful book has come. This is the thrilling paragraph that says "good bye." "Je n'ai plus qu'à vous dire adieu, mesdames. . . . Je ne vous ai pas tout appris sur la grammaire, mais j'ai confiance que votre oeil, que j'ai tourné vers les grands maîtres restera fixé sur eux. Je veux dire sur Bossuet, Pascal, Mme. de Sévigné, La Rochefoucauld, La Bruyère, Montesquieu, Voltaire, A. de Musset, G. Sand. Ayez leurs livres entre vos mains tous les jours et écoutez—les parler sans cesse. Ces glorieux immortels achèveront magnifiquement ce que j'ai modestement commencé. Adieu, mesdames."

How inspiring and helpful to be left in the midst of the richest treasures of French thought and literature, with an introduction to its greatest masters! Certainly this is the most wonderful grammar that has ever come to bless the schools or the people. Words

are powerless to describe the delight every lover of the languages and literature must feel in perusing it. It is not only a grammar of all grammars, thoroughly natural and scientific in every part, but a poem, novel, history, and philosophy.

The Labor Question.

More Leisure.

BY FREDERIC A. HINCKLEY.

WHAT is the end of life? Is it to make cloth, to build houses, to sail ships? Is it to net large dividends, to accumulate lands, to hoard gold? The moral sense of to-day says, No, the real purpose of life is to develop men; and these material things are good only as they serve that purpose. The sin of our present industrial system is that at every point it maintains the superiority of things to men. The gist of the Labor movement, which is an organized protest against this system, is seen in its assertion of the superiority of men to things. If amid all the struggles between capital and labor, usually aggressive on the part of the one, usually defensive on the part of the other, these two simple points could be kept plainly in view, they would facilitate a peaceful solution of the Labor problem.

If the purpose of life is to develop manhood, then every human being has a natural right to the best possible conditions in which to develop his own manhood. And any and every person denied such conditions is an abused party. Now manhood implies wholeness. He who has a one-sided development, who is all muscle, or all head, or all heart, lacks manhood. True education, which is simply the effort to create a man, ministers to all the faculties. Its aim is harmony of character. Any system which tends to produce hands at the expense of heads, or stomachs at the expense of hearts, is the enemy of education, and ought to be abolished. This is the rational theory upon which that most reasonable of Labor's demands, more leisure, is based. The man who spends all his vigorous hours in manual toil must of necessity be dwarfed—he is only half a man. His muscles are developed at the expense of every other element of his being. This result, counting success by the yards of cloth produced, satisfies us. When we estimate the manhood produced, we shall find ourselves sadly wanting. Those who claim a reduction of the hours of labor, ask simply, that things shall be subordinated to men, that the time for manual labor be so limited as to leave room for the culture of brains and hearts. The shallow objection often raised that leisure is sought for or will result in idleness, shows a complete failure to appreciate not only the philosophy of the Labor movement, but the secret of the highest human development. True Labor seeks rest, but

"Rest is not quitting the busy career,
Rest is the fitting of self to one's sphere."

What is a man's sphere? Why, the place which by the highest use of his powers he can best fill. How can a man chained to a treadmill find that place? What we call sluggards are simply men out of their spheres. The exceptions are so rare it may be said with a pretty close approximation to the truth, there is no such thing as a lazy man. We shall hardly have a nation of idlers, therefore, if we give men an opportunity to fit themselves to their spheres, or rather, to fit their spheres to them. But no man's sphere is confined to one department of work. Only perverted men are content in such limited quarters. Manhood has no toleration for one idea men. Every individual ought to labor in and for something beside the avocation which gives him his subsistence. The man who chooses to think of nothing but money-getting, and the man who is compelled to think of nothing but manual labor, are alike belittled by their thoughts. Division of labor in the world rests on a sound basis; but it must be supplemented by division of labor in the man. It is well that it takes many men to make a shoe, but it is infinitely ill when a man knows nothing outside the fractional part of the shoe he makes. Men who spend all their time in the study, and men who hear nothing but the whirl of machinery, are alike abnormal. When each member of society does a fair share of manual labor, all will have ample time for higher em-

ploymments. The essayist will write better for a few hours' physical toil, and the machinist will be a better workman for a few hours' invigorating thought. An equitable division of time means an equitable division of work, and an equitable division of work means a truer manhood and womanhood; and so a diviner, more spiritualized life.

It is upon such a philosophy as this that the demand for more leisure is based. Some men call it a narrow movement, crude and impracticable. Then is human nature narrow, and its needs crude and impracticable too. Those who worship the Almighty Dollar naturally think it absurd, and those who think, not only that whatever is, is right, but that whatever is not, is wrong, cry it down; but the thoughtful friends of human progress, when they recognize its true purpose, will hail it with delight as the harbinger of a higher manhood, the liberation of men from the bondage of things.

Communications.

Social Science.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW AGE:—One who indulges a little candid reflection will be led to see that while the present is an era of science in respect to a certain plane of knowledge, it is badly wanting in science, or true knowledge, on a higher and more important plane. Research in the realm of the physical sciences has given us much solid ground to stand upon, and most important leverage in the command of treasures there resident. But when we look for the laws of social order—a science of human society—we look into a realm at present unexplored and dark, notwithstanding society is rent and torn for the want of such science, and the vast knowledge we have acquired is far less valuable than it otherwise would be.

In assuming that present thought and endeavor in behalf of society are void of scientific consistency, and therefore impotent to effect social order, it will be expected of me to make this position valid. Let me try to meet this expectation.

In the first place, if there is a regulative law of society, inherent to the providential economy, it is certain such law has not been discovered and applied; for if it had been we should have harmony and order in human conditions wherein now are discord and disorder to a most shocking extent. A musician who would show himself versed in the laws of tonal order as a science of harmony, must show his mastery in the production of harmony, instead of discord, in the actual tonal expressions adduced. If he gives us discord, instead of harmony, it becomes evident he has no practical comprehension of the science of harmony.

Immutable law is unquestionably the base of science. Science knows what is immutably real in the eternal providence. Such reality, as regulative law, must be understood and applied as such in any given case in order to effect the ends designed in such providence. Hence, to a creative design of orderly conditions in human affairs—true society—there are laws provided adequate to effect such design whenever man shall have come to a knowledge thereof and delivered and applied them as consistent science. Nor can true society be attained upon any other conditions. The present endeavor of the civilized world to order human conditions do not proceed upon such rigid rule of inherent law. It does not seek out basic conditions that cannot be annulled, and then try to regulate societary conditions accordantly therewith; but it takes a stand on the outskirts, observes the various phenomena presented in the distractions that everywhere infract and nullify true society, and then fulminates its edicts with a view to repress the distracting force, when, instead, it ought to comprehend the conditions of its true expression, and so proceed to order it rightly rather than to abolish it. It is a process of shallowest empiricism when it should be a steady rule of social science. The consequence is, with all the vast outlay of means for general culture, refinement, and human worth, such attainments are steadily counterbalanced with ignorance, grossness, and inhuman baseness. The fact is, penal and moral laws may be tolerably effective to rule physical and moral conditions of manhood—a manhood whose main power and inspirations reside in human isolations and opugnance of interests rather than alliance and unity in true social order—but social law alone can suffice to order the way of the coming manhood—the manhood of true society.

Let me try to briefly outline the nature, functions and scope of such law.

First, then, it is *general*, or involved in its nature, as a code of primary principles.

Second, it is *special* and evolutionary in its functions, as a code of constructive methods; such methods being made strictly subservient of the primary principles.

Third and finally, it is a composing or duly organizing law, adjusting the methods of permanent construction and uses.

The *first* lays a true foundation for all proper thought and action of a social nature, in the creative unity of mankind. It finds a communal or creative equality for humanity, without exception, as derived in universal Fatherhood in God.

The *second* proceeds to shape and qualify materials for the superstructure upon that foundation. It finds mankind *one in God*, but *diverse*, or specifically various, in *self* or *conscious personality*. Hence, it proceeds to unfold and qualify all such

special factors according to fullest measure of power and genius, with a view to ultimately organize and express, in immeasurable human quantity and quality in final social order. It permits no neglect or dropping out of a single factor, because the system is rigidly universal and humane, and cannot be wasted or neglected in its minutest fibre without in that measure infracting the system and impairing the primary unity. Thus it is clear that the constructive process, or second degree, of true social science, authorizes, nay, demands the sternest authority and discipline over the more unripe *humanities*, on the part of the riper intelligence and affections; but such authority and discipline are to regard, constantly, the real needs of every person as an integer to an integral public body, and so, order authority and discipline to the sure benefit of each in a better manhood, and through this, the benefit of society in a better condition of its constituent atoms. But to proceed; for I can only present the briefest hints at this time.

The *third* lends itself to consummate true society. Taking the material as delivered by the educational degree—which qualified personality upon the primary principle of nature or uncultured unity in humanity—it gives the law and method of cultivated unity—a unity embracing and operating the amplest genius and power of the boundless diversities thus unfolded, in an order of ravishing harmonies divinely fulfilled and perpetuated.

Such is a hint of social science as based in the common nature of mankind, the essential diversity of specific character and power thence derived, and the quenchless wants of all souls for full freedom, power, and worth, in human experience. Let us try to open THE NEW AGE, by an effort to inaugurate science in its ultimate form, and thereby to conduct Humanity steadily onward to its great destiny. The avowed aims of your "NEW AGE" paper seem promising in this respect; hence, I joyfully hail its advent.

Theron Gray.

The Communion Question.

ONE can hardly conceive a more lamentable farce than the recent commendation of the Baptist Doctor of Divinity, for his unspeakable liberality in discarding the dogma of close communion. Ever to have held such a dogma would seem to be the greater wonder. It is very hard for a modest truth-seeker to realize the arrogance that presumes to teach that no one can be a believer in the religion of Jesus who has not been immersed by a Baptist clergyman; and that only such a convert can be allowed to partake of the Lord's Supper, in full communion.

The whole history of this controversy, as it has appeared in *The Golden Rule*, only tends to show the superstitious tenacity with which blind devotion to ecclesiastical prejudices leads even educated and sensible men to have no possible foundation. A critical study of the New Testament will lead any candid mind to acknowledge that what passes for the institution of the Lord's Supper, has no ground of authority in any thought or act of Jesus. The symbolic language used by him at the Last Supper, was an exhortation to union and love. "Eat of the same loaf. Be perfectly at accord with one another as the proper commemoration of me." Of course in the limited space allowed here, one cannot discuss the subject of religious institutions. But, evidently it was no thought or purpose of Jesus to enjoin the celebration of the Last Supper as a rite to be observed by his disciples. That it should ever have been so held in any age of the church, is to be regretted. That it should be now regarded as an institution, and its observance as a badge of distinction between church and congregation, has no warrant in the teachings of the New Testament, and is productive of immense harm, both to religion itself and to society. This evil has been widely felt and freely discussed in many quarters, and it would be well that some definite and united action on the subject should be taken by at least the liberal churches. It would remove a great deal of doubt from many young persons who need light on this subject; and save many clergymen from the pains and perils of temptation to perform a service from which their hearts revolt. The commemoration of Jesus by all who love him—spending a special hour in such service, an hour of true communion—we would by all means encourage; and it might be made a season of grand refreshment and holy renewal. But we would not have this commemoration made a declaration of religious belief, or a dividing line between church and congregation.

B.

Scintillations.

THE question of labor vs. capital can be studied to advantage in Detroit. Boys buy a ten cent dog, and make him draw them up and down more than fifty dollars' worth.

"SAY!" said the city youth to the modest countryman, "got the hay-seed out of your hair yet?" "Wall," was the deliberate reply. "I judge not from the way the calves run arter me."

"WELL, neighbor Slummidge, how much shall I put you down to get a chandelier for the church?" Neighbor S.—"Sho! what we want to git a chandyleer for? Ther hain't nobody kin play onter it when ye git it!"

A RELIGIOUS TEST.—"Fessenden," said President Lincoln, one day, to his newly-appointed Secretary of the Treasury, "what is your religion?" "Not much to boast of," replied the Secretary; "but I suppose I am as much of a Unitarian as anything." "Oh, a Unitarian; I thought you might be an Episcopalian. Seward is Episcopal, and I notice you swear about as he does."

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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

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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.

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THE NEW AGE.

VOLUME I.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1875.

NUMBER 2.

Photographic.

IN THE NEW AGE, November will cease to be a melancholy month. We were never happier.

PRINTERS do not indorse the doctrine of Justification by Faith; they say they would give all the world if it were true, but a long experience has taught them that there is no justification but Justification by Work.

BENJAMIN R. TUCKER, of Princeton, was sent to jail for refusing to pay his poll-tax, but was released, as we learn, in two days. Now let us see the State imprison at once all the men who do not pay a poll-tax.

We wish to preserve a pure moral tone in our paper, so that it may safely enter any Christian family. That is why we have no news to give of the arrival of the Prince of Wales in India. It would be contaminating, you know, to publish in detail the wanderings of fast young men.

THE *Congregationalist* thinks that as *Sunday* is a heathen name, and *Sabbath* a Jewish name, "neither is in a full sense Christian;" and proposes instead for the first day of the week the name of *Lordsday*. But Jesus said, "The Sabbath was made for man;" and if the name is to be in a full sense Christian, it must be called *MANSDAY*.

We find we have sadly puzzled some of our good friends, who say they do not see that our journal differs from any other, and that they never before heard of a paper that didn't advocate somebody or something. When they have satisfied themselves which way it is, we will reward them with a special mission to the Kingdom of Hibernicisms.

In summing up the results of the elections, *The Nation* speaks of the defection of the Prohibitionists as being greater last year than this. Must we lose our faith in the accuracy of this journal? Last year the Prohibitionists had their own candidate nominated by the Republicans, and voted for him: this year nine thousand of them bolted for Baker. We fear Dr. Miner's ire will be aroused, and then what will be the fate of *The Nation*?

We are indebted to *The Golden Rule* for the following picture of financial distress:—"One of the worst results of the hard times is seen in the fact that many of our hardest-worked business and professional men can no longer afford to keep a good horse." What delightful views of life the world presents to us, when our horizon is bounded by the Brighton road! We had supposed that one of the worst results of the hard times was that many of our hardest-worked laboring men could not get a full dinner.

BEFORE we bid adieu to elections for a year, let us drop one tear of sympathy for the Private and Patriotic Partisan. We have known him for thirty-five years. He has never sought an office; he has never known an improper nomination in his own party; he has never bolted, but always voted an unscratched ticket. About a month before election, he pricks up his ears and scents the battle from afar. Then begins the happy period of the year to him. He attends all the political gatherings of his party, and applauds in the proper places. He knows beforehand, on the authority of his party organ, exactly what States his party will carry. He has so strong a faith in these prophecies, that it has never been disturbed by the fact that they have always failed at least twice where they have been verified once. He lives on his expectations, and his highest joy is in the success of his party—if he does not know why, his joy is all the greater for that. When the returns come in, if his party has been defeated, he has 4.49 minutes of extreme anguish, and for that period the world is dark to him. If it has won, he has 2.24½ minutes of perfect ecstasy. In either case he then goes into calm and placid obscurity, and hibernates for eleven months. We will promise to think of him.

THE *Golden Rule* says that it is not news to state such a fact as that "Mr. Barney O'Flynn has beaten his wife to death in a New York tenement-house," because, "change the name and date, and the O'Flynn unpleasantness . . . would be as fresh next year as this," &c. Then nothing is news which narrates anything similar to what has occurred before. So it is not news that Rev. Mr. Murray preached in Music Hall on Sabbath morning, for, "change the name and date," and the statement "would be as fresh next year as this."

It would be affecting an insensibility for which we should have no credit, if we should fail to say that we are exceedingly grateful for the generous and cordial notices we have received from the press, and the commendations we find in our correspondence. . . . If it is feared by any that we are in danger of becoming too much elated, we are happy to say that our humility is in a good state of preservation. If there is danger that it will spoil, we shall at once import a critic or the toothache as an antiseptic. Our friends may trust us.

It is not on account of any personal grievance—for we have nothing to complain of—but from what we have known of the unhappy experience of many better men, that we are impelled to say that the dark side of life presents no meaner forms of injustice and wrong than those from which a minister sometimes suffers. The martyrdom he endures at the hands of a wealthy and offended minority of a parish, is of the keenest type, because he feels it unmanly to speak of it, and because it stings his nature in a way which makes it impossible for other human beings to sympathize with him.

THE SECOND RADICAL CLUB (which is now, since the sequestration of the First, the only Radical Club in Boston) has had two meetings since our last issue. In Boston, we had an intelligent spirit-power, or force, projecting

At one, Rev. M. J. Savage read a very interesting essay on "What we know about God," which was followed by an animated and excellent discussion. At the other, Sydney H. Morse opened a discussion on "The School Question," which proved so fruitful in suggestiveness that it was voted to continue the same subject over to the next meeting; when Francis E. Abbot will open the discussion. *

WE have received a copy of a sermon by Rev. John W. Chadwick, of Brooklyn, entitled *The Great Salvation*, and we learn by a note printed with it that it is proposed to publish a series of his sermons. So many sermons are now printed that it might be supposed they had become a popular form of literature; but we hope never to commit a crime so awful as to deserve the punishment of reading the largest portion of them. This handsome pamphlet, though it bears the forbidding name of sermon, must contain one of a different order; for we detected ourselves in the indulgence of wandering among its charming sentences on one of our busiest days. C. P. Somerby, 139 Eighth Street, New York, will send copies of the sermons by mail, at the rate of five cents each and postage.

A CORRESPONDENT respectfully expresses "the hope that THE NEW AGE will consider it to be its duty heartily to cooperate with *The Index* in its tenor and objects." If *The Index* had exactly filled our ideal of a journal, THE NEW AGE would not have been projected; nevertheless we have the highest respect for Mr. Abbot, and honor him for the fidelity and earnestness with which he has followed his convictions; and although we do not sympathize with all the methods *The Index* proposes, we are glad to recognize it as belonging to the great movement of human progress to which we are devoted. But we believe there is a constituency for both. THE NEW AGE has already been accorded an entrance into places where *The Index* would not be likely to go for years; and we shall be too busy in exploring the fields we have found outside of Mr. Abbot's hunting-grounds, to think of changing for an unmanly rivalry the cordial feelings we now cherish for him and his paper.

ALEXANDER H. RICE is Governor-elect of Massachusetts. It is a very high honor. We remember that we heard the late Hon. Abbott Lawrence say, more than thirty years ago, in reference to a gentleman then in nomination for the office, "Fellow-citizens, I don't think he is fit to be Governor. I don't say he is not fit to be a Governor—he may do, perhaps, to be Governor of New Hampshire; but in my judgment he is not fit to be the Governor of Massachusetts." Mr. Lawrence did not necessarily imply any disparagement of the Granite State; but might have only indicated the high qualifications his native State required in her magistrates: as a religious society might say, "The man who preaches to Plymouth church is not good enough for us."

OUR annual autumnal game of "Fall Elections" is played. And still the country is safe. The general result is favorable to the Republican party, which shows that the people, if dissatisfied with it, are not ready to give the Democrats the ascendancy. Many people are expecting a general breaking up and reorganization of parties. The gains in New York are not a source of unmixed gratification to an honorable Republican. Gov. Tilden, whether justly or otherwise, has made the impression that he means to reform abuses. The man in public life who attempts this, does the noblest and most hazardous thing possible in politics; he is usually sacrificed, even if he succeeds in his reform. Any advantages a party gains at his expense, however, reflect no credit on the winners.

WE learn that a few gentlemen of this city arranged a private conference, in which representatives of the manufacturers and operatives of Fall River were to state the cases of these parties respectively, with the view of discovering, if possible, some method of a harmonious adjustment. The day was designated; but some of the gentlemen before whom the conference

was to be held, found at a late hour that their own engagements compelled a postponement, of which the parties at Fall River were notified by letter or telegram. But this notice of a postponement was not received in season; and the representatives came to Boston on the appointed day. Those of the operatives, on learning that there would be no conference, quietly returned; but the others hastily collected certain gentlemen of the press, and stated to them the manufacturers' side of the case, which went before the public. Subsequently the proposed conference was held, at which the case of the operatives was presented, but the manufacturers did not put in an appearance. In these transactions, so far as at present explained, the operatives manifested the most confidence in the justice of their cause.

IN THE TOWN of Princeton, in this State, there lives a man who refuses to acknowledge the right of Massachusetts to compel him to pay a poll-tax. The consequence was that our venerable Commonwealth sent her recalcitrant citizen to jail,—as for a long, long time she has been in the habit of doing with those of her children who offend her. The prompting of this citizen's refusal to pay his poll-tax was not a mere caprice, but a settled and honest conviction. He does not object to the contributing his share to the necessary expenses of the town of Princeton; his objection is to the element of *compulsion* in the tax-system of the State. We admire our friend's earnestness; but where will this end? The thoughtful citizen has a long list of objections to the State as it is; shall he proceed to press them all in this overt way? Life is too short for such a quarrel; the State has no choice but to oppose us and, if necessary, to crush us. We may obey a law without *consenting* to it. Think and speak we can, and think and speak we will,—this the State herself must submit to; but when it comes to a physical issue, she is conqueror every time by virtue of her superior strength. Unless our friend, then, has made up his mind to a complete martyrdom, he had best withdraw from this unequal contest. There is no humiliation in submitting to the inevitable. *

The Ideal.

THE NEW AGE.

BY MARTHA A. LANGLEY.

O! TOILERS up the steep of Time,
Who bear in life a helpful part,
Who dream of better lives than ours,
And feel, through all, life's bitter smart—
Take heart! look up! the world moves on;
The time shall come, if not for you,
When Love shall wave its sceptre broad,
And men shall yield a service true.

Somewhere within the Future vast,
Beyond our mortal reach or ken,
Shall dawn the age when Gold shall be
Counted as something less than Men;
The higher thought, the greater good,
The heart that feels another's grief,
Shall wield the power that Might has held,
And bring to sorrowing ones relief.

No more shall woe, and want, and crime,
Stalk on beneath a heedless gaze,
And sorrow press on bleeding hearts,
Sad victims of our thoughtless ways;
But each shall feel his brother's pain,
And each shall try his woe to cure;
And, taught by Love, the fallen one
Shall stand once more upright and pure.

THE FLOW OF FAITH.

BY WILLIAM C. GANNETT.

Sung at the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the First Religious Society of Newburyport, Oct. 20, 1875.

From heart to heart, from creed to creed,
The hidden river runs,
It quickens all the ages down,
It binds the sires to sons,—
The stream of Faith whose source is God,
Whose sound, the sound of Prayer,
Whose meadows are the Holy Lives
Upspringing everywhere.

Oh, deep it flowed in olden time,
When men by it were strong
To dare to tame the desert land

Charmed on as by a song;
And where they passed by hill or shore,
They gave the song a voice,
Till all the wilderness had heard
The Fathers' Faith rejoice.

And still it moves, a broadening flood;
And fresher, fuller grows
A sense as if the sea were near,
Towards which the river flows.
O Thou, who art the Secret Source
That rises in each soul,
Thou art the Ocean too,—Thy charm,
That ever-deepening roll!

The Power of an Idea.

BY THE EDITOR.

In our moments of pure speculation, we find no problem that has a profounder interest than that involved in the relation of a human being to the material world, and to the forms of external life. What makes human life so complex in its interests, so difficult to understand, and many of its forces so hard to guide and control, is, that an intangible, immaterial essence, which we call spirit, is here put into a material tenement, and brought into constant contact with material objects. How many disappointments and disasters, from the bitter experience of which so many human hearts wail in anguish, result from the mistakes and errors caused by an imperfect understanding of this mysterious union of soul and matter!

We do not see why so intimate a union should not be for purposes of coöperation: we find, alas! that it is too often a source of conflict. The hourly demands of existence enforce a continual contact with outward and visible things. The sounds that we hear, the objects that we touch and handle, the various and variegated forms that we see, give us employment or give us delight. And yet through all this experience we are oppressed with a brooding sense of the imperfection or incompleteness of all external and visible things. With the unrest that waits upon satiety, as well as with the longing for higher knowledge that

comes with every discovery of the secrets of Nature, the eye turns involuntarily toward the dim Unknown; and the aspiring soul flutters its wing in the endeavor to rise from tangible into spiritual realms. It is in such experiences that moral ideas are conceived.

What a wonder it is, after all, that a moral idea was ever born into this life! A moral idea is not a tangible, material thing: where can a place be found to lodge the germ of an idea within the limits or the inevitable limitations of the physical world? Yet moral ideas have constituted the great force of human advancement. The idea of liberty has become an actual power in a world whose visible aspects taught nothing but the necessity of physical force—and force and freedom are necessarily antagonistic qualities. The idea of benevolence has found a foothold in a world whose visible forces all conspire to imprison a human being in the dreary cell of a selfish isolation.

Now what does an idea do? It gives a man the victory in a conflict between his moral purposes and his material or sensuous inclinations—between his principles and his impulses. It is one of the pregnant issues of life, that an impulse sends us in one direction, and an idea in another. These impulses are such as are fed by the material life. They are in the nature of some appetite that craves improper indulgence; some thirst for outward acquisition; some rage for external success:—as when a man who has enslaved his nature to intemperate habits, is tempted by the inordinate glass; or he, who has nursed acquisitiveness into a passion, sees a chance to add a dishonest dollar to his gains; or he, who is ambitious of distinction or of power, thinks he can secure his object by packing a caucus. The question is not, whether the instincts from which these impulses rise shall be eradicated, for that is impossible: but shall the impulses themselves be regulated and controlled? Shall they minister to the spirit's growth, or shall they poison the source of its life? It is a conquest that brings moral purification, when the glass is left untasted—when the coffers are left unstained by fraud—when honor in private life is preferred to infamy in public life; in a word, when that which we are strongly

tempted to do, which it is exceedingly hard not to do, is left undone in obedience to a moral consideration!

There have always been those who had faith only in physical and tangible forces, and were ready to sneer at any other; but where have such forces ever achieved such wonders as this? In a conflict between principle and impulse, the opposing forces seem greatly disproportioned in strength; yet that disparity shows the value of the apparently weaker force: it is the over-matched side that wins. An impulse sends you in pursuit of an object that is pleasing to the sight and charming to the sense—an impulse, fortified by custom and habit, and intensified by burning passion: what confronts and combats it? An IDEA, that speaks in no audible voice, that appears in no visible form, that pictures no beauty to the eye, that touches no sensitive chord of feeling; and yet that invisible and insensible thought checks and overthrows an impulse, reinforced though it be by all the organs of sense, and driven by the headlong force of thrilling nerves, and quivering with all the fervor of desire! We turn from an evil habit, we overcome a debasing passion, we advance in virtue and humanity, in obedience to an idea! In such conflicts and victories we learn to prize and cherish the eternal verities that are neither visible to the eye nor perceptible to the touch.

WHAT we call illusions are often, in truth, a wider vision of past and present realities—a willing movement of a man's soul with the larger sweep of the world's forces—a movement towards a more assured end than the chances of a single life. We see human heroism broken into units and say, this unit did little—might as well not have been. But in this way we might break up a great army into units; in this way we might break the sunlight into fragments, and think that this and the other might be cheaply parted with. Let us rather raise a monument to the soldiers whose brave hearts only kept the ranks unbroken, and met death—a monument to the faithful who were not famous, and who are precious as the continuity of the subbeams is precious, though some of them fall unseen and on barrenness.—George Eliot.

Religion.

The Tendency of Scientific Thought.

[FIRST PAPER.]

BY REV. EDWIN S. ELDER.

Is the tendency of modern scientific thought toward infidelity in religion? This is the question which is now exciting general attention, and causing much discussion. The phrase "scientific thought" includes not only facts, laws, and verified theories, but many as yet unverified and probably erroneous theories. A very partial enumeration of the subjects of scientific thought will show how much it stands for and includes.

Among these are the indisputable facts of science: the shape and motions of the earth; its gradual formation unknown millions of years ago; the indestructibility of matter; the correlation of all forces. Of the theories not yet verified, may be mentioned: the Nebular hypothesis; the Development theory; the Darwinian theory of the ascent of man from the dust through lower forms of life; the theory that affirms that matter contains the potency of all forms of terrestrial life; the theory of spontaneous generation; the reign of the law of uninterrupted uniformity; the philosophy of Evolution. There is a difference of opinion among scientists concerning these unverified theories. Of those who accept them, some will declare that their acceptance tends toward the rejection of everything peculiar to religion, while others will maintain that their acceptance is essential to the continued existence of religion, at least among the thoughtful.

The word "religion" represents that which is no less complex and many-sided than the contents of scientific thought. It is unphilosophical to identify religion with an individual phase of faith, or with a belief in one dogma. A belief in the existence of a conscious, personal Being, or in the continuance of our personal consciousness after the dissolution of the body, is but a small part of religion. Religion, in this discussion, must be understood to comprehend the essential elements of the faith of all who claim to be religious, or to have a religion. The term religion, used in this

broad sense, is seen to include very much. Look at a few of the articles of faith that are held by those who, within the limits of Christendom, accept them as parts of their religion—remembering that though many of these tenets are foreign to our religion, they are parts of the religion of others:—that the world was created in six days; that the sin of the first man brought sin into the world; that the Pope is infallible; that the Bible is infallible; that Jesus rose from the dead; that verbal petition will cure disease, affect the weather, secure prosperity; that this present existence is but a part of the life of the individual; that there is a personal, conscious Being, who created the universe, and who wills its phenomena. But religion includes something more than opinions. There is a consciousness of relation to and communion with the creating and sustaining Power. There is a love of God and man, a constraining consciousness of moral obligation, a hunger after righteousness, an aspiration of the soul to holiness and perfection. It will be seen that the contents of religion are numerous and complex, made up of opinions, sentiments, hopes, fears, and affections.

The expression, "infidelity in religion," is equally inclusive and indefinite. Infidelity is the correlate of religion. It may apply to only one opinion, or it may extend to all opinions peculiar to religion. It is evident that what might be infidelity as regards the religion of a Roman Catholic, would not necessarily be infidelity as regards the religion of a Unitarian.

Superstition, another correlated term, also does not stand for anything definite or fixed. Its significance is relative; it depends upon the religious opinions of whoever uses it. What is superstition to one, may be an essential part of another's faith. Yesterday's infidelity may be to-day's religion and to-morrow's superstition. A belief in a personal devil was a part of the religion of our forefathers; at least they so considered it. The denial of his existence was infidelity to them and their faith; to us, the belief in a personal devil is superstition.

I have indicated the indefiniteness, inclusiveness, and interdependence of "scientific thought," "infidelity," and "religion," for the purpose of showing how they stand related to each other.

In this inquiry it may not be possible to reach any conclusion acceptable to those who hold different and opposite forms of faith, yet the general tendency may be determined. The Mississippi river flows North, East, South, and West, in different portions of its course; if those living upon its banks judge of its direction by the portion in front of their homes, there will be as many opinions as there are turns in the river. He who thinks the river flows North, because he sees a very small portion does, can, if he gets far enough away, easily satisfy himself that its general direction is toward the South; so much depends on the point of vision.

I proceed now to inquire—

I. Is the tendency of our own personal thought toward infidelity in religion? Do we find that as our knowledge of science and our interest in scientific thought increases, our religion decreases? It matters nothing that others may declare that our thought tends to infidelity to their religious faith; of course our thought must make us infidels as regards some opinions. But the question is, what is the relation of our scientific thought to our religion? Is there a conflict in our own consciousness? Is our faith as religious as it was before its modification by science and scientific modes of thinking? Do our religious instincts rebel against the already established facts of science? When the inherited faith of our childhood is overwhelmed by the facts, discoveries, and inexorable laws that the scientist acquaints us with, do we find nothing in those facts, and laws, and theories, that appeals to our religious sentiments, and gives direction to our religious thought and faith? While our recognition of the uniformity of all phenomena discourages petitions, does it not hint at a deeper significance in prayer? Is our appreciation of the beneficence of a universal Providence any less religious than our self-regarding faith in a special Providence? In so far as our individual faith has been modified by contact with modern scientific thought, has it deteriorated, or has it become more adequate with the growth of knowledge? Each one will find the answer to these questions in his own consciousness. Each one's answer is conclusive only as regards himself.

II. What has been the tendency of scientific thought in the past? It by no means follows that present tendencies are the same as those of the past, but the fact that scientific thought, up to the present, has been toward either infidelity or a more adequate faith, will establish a presumption in favor of the same tendency in modern thought. What was the tendency of the thought represented by Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler, Hugh Miller, and Lyell, as regards the religion of their times? The representatives of religion insisted that the thought of these men tended to infidelity, and threatened the destruction of their religion. What is the fact? Did religion suffer when it was declared that the earth turned on its axis, and revolved about the sun? Was there a tendency toward infidelity in the gradual discovery of the fact that the earth had been in existence millions of years, and inhabited by human beings for hundreds of centuries? Have those who have accepted the nebular hypothesis as a history of the creation of the solar system become infidels? Relatively, yes; absolutely, no! These opinions or theories, inasmuch as they discredited some one's convictions, were infidel; but they in no way tended toward the negation of religion. It may be objected that these questions have nothing to do with the subject; that a belief concerning them is neither religious nor infidel. To us these opinions are not; but to those who opposed them they were infidel. Can it be shown that the cause of religion suffered by contact with scientific thought? If it should appear that while scientific thought has disproved many theories with which religion was intimately associated, yet that it has substituted a truth for every error taken from the religious faith, may we not assume, in the absence of any evidence to the contrary, that religion will be modified in the future as it has been in the past?

But we are not left to infer the present tendency and future result from the factors of the past. We can compare religion, as modified by modern thought, with contemporaneous religion that has been in no way affected by thought. In Italy, Spain, and Ireland, religion has been carefully guarded against the influence of scientific thought. In Germany, in England, and in the United States, religion and scientific thought

have confronted each other. There is a difference between the religion of Rome and that of Massachusetts; that difference is to be attributed in no small degree to the influence of the thought and method of science, as contrasted with the method of external authority. The method of authority is, "Believe what you are told to believe;" that of science is, "Judge for yourselves what is right." There can be no question but that scientific habits of thought change the attitude of men toward those opinions and dogmas whose only basis is authority. The Catholicism of those who are educated in our public schools will be unlike the Catholicism of the ignorant. The tendency of public school instruction is toward infidelity in Catholicism. This is not so much the result of the knowledge obtained, as it is of a mental habit of inquiry. Now when this inquiry is directed toward opinions that are not based upon and are not the result of thoughtful inquiry, it refuses to accept them. This refusal and consequent unbelief is infidelity to Catholicism, but it by no means follows that it is infidelity in religion. To the Pope, Unitarianism, Universalism, and all forms of belief, that promise salvation outside the Catholic Church, are infidelity. To the Pope, the tendency of our public schools is toward unbelief. It is a significant fact that wherever religion exists to-day, unmodified by and unassociated with modern scientific thought, it is known as superstition. The religion of Italy, Spain, and Ireland, is to us superstition; and it must be admitted that religion associated with and modified by scientific thought is called infidelity by those whose faith is not thus modified.

Spiritualism.

The New Proof in Spiritualism.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

THE latest phase of the manifestations is the taking of casts of spirit fingers and hands. It is an interesting operation; for one has the most palpable evidence of an intelligent spirit-power, or force, projecting objective phenomena into this world of sense, that has yet appeared in what is sometimes called this new revelation. One of the greatest objections to the physical manifestations is the easy imposition of fiction upon credulous people, so that it takes a careful person to tell where the real leaves off and the fraudulent begins, or what is real and what is false: justifying, almost, the wholesale declaration that it is all fraud, except to those who are so fortunate as to know better.

In these casts there is absolute demonstration that an objective materialized form is made apparent and then disappears, by an intelligent super-mundane agency. We have something now that can be weighed and measured; as clear an evidence, to the keen eye of science, of an intelligent spirit-power, as the geologist has of preëxisting forms when he finds in a stratum of rock, not the fossil remains of a silurian shell-fish, but the vacuum made by an occupant in the plastic stratum, long since dematerialized, and the space filled by a later material. Thus have we the silicious cast of a form that once was, but that, had no mould been left of it, would be among the forgotten, or rather, unknown treasures of the world's youth. Wonderful are the teachings of the rocks to the skilled eye of geology! Wonderful also, is it not, that the hand of a spirit can appear, just perceptible to sight and touch, suspiciously dreading the light, and always seeming to need both faith and sight for a certainty; can immerse itself in a paraffine solution, and then dissolving or dissipating itself, leave its mould to be filled with plaster; and lo! the result is a perfect model or cast of the dematerialized hand. Shall the rocks teach us wisdom and knowledge of primordial life, and shall paleontology stop at fossils, or shall we extend its method into a higher order of existence?

The *modus operandi* of the casts referred to is this: a pound or two of paraffine (which looks like transparent spermacetti) is put into a pail filled with hot water, which melts it, and it occupies the surface of the water without being visible. If one dips his hand into it, it is coated; if repeated, as in dipping candles, quite a thick, white coating covers the hand, looking like a well-fitting transparent white glove. It

is rather tenacious and soft, but it is impossible to remove it from the hand except in pieces; and these, as soon as removed, are stiff and brittle, and a very little rough usage breaks them up into greasy-feeling bits. It would not be possible, in the nature of things, for a human being to extract his hand from such a coating without destruction to the coating itself; dissolution of the pattern is the only way of preserving the mould. Prof. Denton thought it possible for the spirit-hand, when materialized, to dip itself into this liquid, and as easily dematerialize itself when the coating was formed; and experiments and questions to the spirits prove this to be the case. The moulds being made of fingers, hands, and parts of hands, they are filled with plaster, and the casts are perfect. There are large and small sizes; and a careful measuring of joints, and nails, and widths, shows that they are not in any sense duplicates of the medium's hand or digits.

A few persons gathered, the day this article was written, at the house of Mrs. Hardy, the medium by whom these manifestations occur, for the purpose of witnessing this experiment. They were seeking knowledge and truth; there was no cheating, and could not be any. The hot liquid was under the table, and nobody had or could have connection with it. Without going into a tedious description of what occurred, we will say that when the spirits were ready, they signified it by raps; and one of the party lifted the cloth that hung from the table, and found lying on a cricket, placed there for the purpose, four fingers, or a part of a hand, and also the mould of a full and perfect hand down to the narrowing for the wrist. This mould must have been made in the way stated; a full, naturally extended hand being dipped into the paraffine, and, having done its duty, dissipated, that is, dematerialized; no hand could have been drawn out without breaking so frail a mould. It is as certainly the mould of a spirit-hand, or a hand extemporized from the circumambient air, and once contained a perfect human hand, with its lines, and nails, and joints, which did not belong to a mortal body, as the cavity in the rock referred to once contained a specimen of extinct life so interesting to the paleontologist.

"*Cui bono?*" says one; let him say it to the student of the strata, and learn his lesson; we have not time or room now to enlarge upon that point. "Frivolous," says another; "immortals to visit earth and play fantastic tricks!" Verily, if it so appears; but never forget that crabs and scorpions become dignified, as Emerson says, when hung up as signs in the zodiac. Anything, however small—a rap, a tipping table, a fit of epilepsy, an unstrung nerve, a dream with method in it, that points to or connects with the once undiscovered and now almost unknown country—becomes dignified by virtue of such an association.

The interesting feature of these moulds and casts is the sort of "known quantity," so requisite to science, that they present, and which it seems to us will solve this problem to the world at large as a truth, and make a verity of that of which the *Scientific American* says that, if it is true, the nineteenth century will be celebrated for a discovery by the side of which all other discoveries pale.

No doubt that work is a luxury, and a very great one. It is, indeed, at once a luxury and a necessity; no man can retain either health of mind or body without it. So profoundly do I feel this, that one of the principal objects I would recommend to benevolent and practical persons is, to induce rich people to seek for a larger quantity of this luxury than they at present possess. Nevertheless, it appears by experience that even this healthiest of pleasures may be indulged in to excess, and that human beings are just as liable to surfeit of labor as to surfeit of meat; so that, as on the one hand, it may be charitable to provide, for some people, lighter dinner and more work, for others it may be equally expedient to provide lighter work and more dinner.—*Ruskin*.

I WONDER whether the subtle measuring of forces will ever come to measuring the force there would be in one beautiful woman, whose soul was as noble as her face was beautiful; who made a man's passion for her rush in one current with all the great aims of his life.—*George Eliot*.

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JOHN M. L. BABCOCK, Editor.

ABRAM WALTER STEVENS, EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTOR.

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Success.

THE sense in which the term "success" is commonly used is one of the strange and absurd things which still astonish the rational mind. In all parts of life, and in all forms of human activity, the best people and the worst people are misled and betrayed by the same low-born conception of the meaning of success. A lawyer or a physician must obtain a lucrative practice, it matters not by what means if the law is evaded; a clergyman must secure a large following and a high salary, whatever the arts of flattery, servility, or sensationalism, by which they are secured; a politician must carry an election, though he wades through the foulest corruption to do it; a journalist must have an immense circulation, even if he sells his columns to a powerful interest, or panders to the lowest taste, to secure it; a merchant or manufacturer must accumulate wealth, making fraud, if need be, essential to his object;—and this, forsooth, is the popular meaning of success! Most persons would be surprised to know how deeply this debasing sentiment has penetrated all circles, and to what extent it shapes alike the policy of church, and market-place, and caucus. There are thousands, as we believe, who, in their best moments, look with contempt upon this perversion of a word, yet fall victims to the prevailing folly, and pervert it all the same, in the street, the shop, the sanctuary, giving all the force of their example to put a premium on meanness and baseness.

No one can intelligently deny that this standard of success is an infernal cheat and delusion, since it gives the supremacy to the lowest elements in human character, and the most pernicious arts in human conduct; and scorn never had a better office than to hiss it from society. It is not enough, when we have learned to despise these forms of success, to console ourselves with the certainty that those who pursue them are destined to merited oblivion. That the professional man who commands the largest fee, or enjoys the widest popularity—that the politician who always manages to keep on the top of the wave—that the journal most widely read—that the proudest millionaire—will be among the first to sink into forgetfulness, or to be consigned to lasting contempt, is entirely probable; but this *ought not* to be a satisfaction to any one; and *cannot* be to him who will consider that the effect of each of these examples is to retard the progress of mankind, by deceiving the inexperienced, and leaving a legacy of folly to the simple. This servitude to a false ideal must be broken. The base standard must be supplanted by a nobler conception!

If that standard were not base and pernicious, what would become of the great names of the past? Bruno, Copernicus, Galileo,—Socrates, Epictetus, Jesus,—why repeat the thousand names already so familiar?—were, in the current sense of the term, the most unsuccessful men of their times; why are we such fools as to accord them respect and veneration? Why build churches to an idiot? For Jesus was an idiot, brethren of the clergy and laity, if the prevailing notions of success are correct.

Before we talk of success, we must understand that, in the nature of things, it is not possible to make an accurate estimate of the measure of contemporaneous success. The only genuine success which this life affords any man the opportunity of achieving is that which consists alone in adding something to his wealth of character, or to the forces of human advancement. The stores of truth and affection he is treasuring in his own nature are too imponderable to be weighed in the material scales in which the results of human endeavor are usually determined; and character and reputation are not interchangeable terms. Nor can the

effect of the work he is doing be accurately gauged; the more beneficent the outcome of it is to be, the longer the period, in a world of evolution, before that can be fully seen.

A man must take his ideal of success, not from popular delusions, but from his own best intuitions; and his best success in life is that to secure which he is ready to live in obscurity, and pass to an inglorious grave. Distinction may indeed come to him while he lives, and fame when he dies; and he may accept these conditions without distrust so long as he is certain that his faith in his success is born of his assurance of the purity of his ideal. It is in such conceptions that struggle becomes sublime, and, sustained by such an ideal, a higher satisfaction and sweeter joy are his, even under the pressure of misjudgment and obloquy, than will be likely to visit the luxurious apartment, or soothe the pillow of down!

It will be said, of course, that this is altogether an impractical view, not at all fitted to the condition and demands of the world as we find it. We only ask, in reply, to be pointed to one legitimate effect of the form of success the world has worshiped already too long, which we are not at liberty to despise. How is the world as we find it ever to be lifted into the world as it should be, by perpetuating the folly that chains it where it is? We think it higher wisdom to cherish the conceptions which will not be unfitted to the world as it is yet to be!

A Two-Faced Political Economy.

SUPPOSE we should go to a political economist of the current school, and say:—"Look at that man; he is a journeyman mechanic; when he can find work, he is able to supply his family with the meagre necessities of life; but when work stops, he has no resource. Last winter he received pauper aid from the municipality. But if he should have constant employment, and should be perfectly temperate and frugal in his habits, he has then no better prospect before him than that poverty shall mark him for its own all his days; and if he should outlive his ability to labor, he must be supported by his friends or at the almshouse. It stings his heart to see his children, as they grow up, robbed of their self-respect, and arrested in their natural development of manhood, by the social difference everywhere put between them and the children of the wealthy. Now that man is the type of thousands; and, worse than that, there are many other thousands of laboring people whose condition is more miserable. Do you not see that the State is tolerating abuses which impose unmerited hardships on a large class of our fellow-citizens? Does not the condition of the laboring people plainly show that society is nursing evils which must ultimately canker its very heart? Is there no social science which can secure a juster distribution of the rewards of labor and the bounties of Nature? Is not this a case which demands the most effective offices of justice and philanthropy? What can political economy do?"

What would be his answer? In his blandest tones he would reply:—"My dear sir, this is not a case for justice and philanthropy at all; those are moral qualities; and with moral considerations political economy has nothing to do. Our science is the science of getting rich; and we lay down the principles on which the greatest accumulative result of wealth for the nation can be obtained. No doubt there must be individual suffering incident to this grand result. All the questions your picture raises are settled by the inexorable law of Supply and Demand."

Imagining myself now silenced, we turn to another topic:—"Please elucidate this vexed currency question. What, according to the laws of your science, would be the effect of increasing the volume of paper money in circulation?" He will reply in the language of John Stuart Mill, as the most intelligent and liberal writer of this school of economists:—

"But besides the benefit reaped by the issuers, or by others through them at the expense of the public generally, there is another unjust gain obtained by a larger class, namely, by those who are under fixed pecuniary obligations. All such persons are freed, by a depreciation of the currency, from a portion of the burthen of their debts or other engagements: in other words, part of the property of their creditors is gratuitously transferred to them. On a superficial view it may be imagined that this is an advantage to industry; since the productive classes are great borrowers, and generally owe larger debts to the unproductive

(if we include among the latter all persons not actually in business) than the unproductive classes owe to them; especially if the national debt be included. It is only thus that a general rise of prices can be a source of benefit to producers and dealers; by diminishing the pressure of their fixed burthens. And this might be accounted an advantage,—"

If we should stop him at this point, he would have presented a solid argument for inflation. Inflation, according to this "science," benefits the debtor class at the expense of the creditor class; but as the first are generally producers, and the latter non-producers, the result is a gain of national wealth; "especially if the national debt be included"—our case exactly. It is true that the monied non-producers suffer; but this science has nothing to do with moral considerations; and it is no worse to rob the wealthy class for the sake of the national accumulation, than it is to rob the poor workpeople for the same magnificent object. But we are to be astonished by a complete "change of base" which the science makes in the close of the passage:—

"And this might be accounted an advantage, if integrity and good faith were of no importance to the world, and to industry and commerce in particular."—(*Mill's Political Economy, Book iii., chap. 13, § 5.*)

We must give it up. We do not know what to do with such a chameleon as this boasted science. It reaches no conclusions we can trust, except by discarding the principles on which it is based. It begins by laying a certain foundation; and then finds it can only hope to stand by knocking its foundation away. It starts on the ground of self-interest alone, and disclaims all moral considerations; but it is no sooner confronted with difficulties that selfishness is unable to overcome, than it hastens to build conclusions on the elements it repudiated at the beginning.

What is most exasperating is that it denies to the poor and defenceless the benefit of moral principles, and invokes them only in behalf of the wealthy and powerful. It would be a national gain to inflate the currency: but it must not be done because "integrity and good faith" forbid. Might not a little integrity and good faith, to say nothing of philanthropy, do something to relieve the sufferings of the laboring classes?

Gentlemen! the same moral law must apply to rich and poor alike. If you put yourselves under the protection of "integrity and good faith" to save your own interests, do not complain if the laboring classes invoke the same mighty forces to save theirs. If, on this question, you make moral sentiment your own best defence, while dealing out injustice to the lowly and the poor, do not be surprised if sometime Nature and humanity unite to commend the poisoned chalice to your own lips!

The Man without a Party.

Who is he? Where is he? Has he yet arrived,—the man who belongs not to other men, but to himself, and to truth?

Every man, it would seem, is born with a heavy mortgage resting upon him, which he has to work all his life to pay up, and to get himself free; free in the sense that he is a man, not a *piece*; free in the sense that he owns his own thoughts and sentiments, and is not fatally indebted for them to some sect, or party, or school.

Is it not true that, for us as rational beings, all progress consists in *detaching ourselves from the mass*? Evolution is distinguished by differentiation, is it not? The first thing we have to do is to get born,—to separate from *identity* with another, and become an *entity* by ourselves. This transpires in the physical; but every change here is prophetic of a corresponding intellectual and spiritual event.

In the eye of the law, our birth into citizenship does not transpire until nearly a quarter of a century of our actual existence has passed. During all this time, the State declares, we belong to our parents, to our family. At the age of twenty-one, the State says, a man is born: at that period, we begin to stammer our first articulate words as a citizen, and to walk about on our two feet as a national unit. Henceforth we feel our suffragan responsibility; we assist at the ordination of mayors and governors and presidents; politicians smile upon us, and own our political equality.

But, according to the general arrangements of society, our birth is still longer delayed; in fact, is

indefinitely postponed. Nature and the State fix periods when our birth takes place; society never does. And yet, in the *social* sense, is it not necessary that we should persevere to get born? Or must our social evolution and differentiation forever suffer arrest?

Society is divided into sects and parties. We all are born into one of these. It could not be otherwise, unless our progenitor were a Robinson Crusoe, and our birth-place a lone, desert isle. In fact, it is a wise dispensation that we are born of these social divisions; they act as our parents while we are in intellectual infancy; they suckle and tend us until we are able to do without them. Nevertheless, we suffer somewhat from their limitations. They teach us no universal language, but merely their own patois. They restrain us from the thoroughfare that leads up and down the great world, and confine us to their own little garden-enclosure or front-door plat. They have a religion and a morality and a politics all ready-made for us; the same which our elder brothers wore, and which we in turn must get into. Fond parents as they are, do they ever calculate that we shall sometime untie their apron-strings, and go forth from them, and have our own thoughts and ways independent of them? Never. They would keep us children always; indeed, always they would keep us unborn from the parental matrix, forever choosing to feel us stirring under the parental heart. Is not the old roof-tree large enough for us, they argue: do we need more room than they have moved in ever? Unnamable dangers are outside, they plead; why should we expose ourselves to perils which their foresight ever would shield us from?

How the old always pleads with us against the new! How conservatism always strains its arms around us, to protect us from what is radical! How the old home of life and thought and feeling always implores us to stay in it, and be safe and happy! Ah, indeed, how difficult to get born out of what is into what is-to-be! What throes and pangs and travail, for both parent and child, attend every such accouchment! Do conservatives say that radicals are reckless, unfilial, and wilful: that it is for mere wantonness and pleasure they break with the instituted, and go forth to seek the unformed and unpossessed? Nothing could be more untrue as a whole. Every man who detaches himself from the majority, and sallies out as a youth from his home, always—if he is a man—grows earnest and thoughtful apace; has his frequent hours of loneliness and homesickness, and pushes on through indescribable toil and hardship and suffering. But the destiny is on us! We must have our birth; we must have our freedom. In short, we must *grow* and be *strong*, and “quit ourselves like men!”

Birth means growth; growth means freedom; and freedom means—whatever is essential.

Society considers it an impertinence that any man should differ from it. What! are not the old ways good enough for him? Of all the sects and the parties, is there not some *one* that he can agree with, and belong to? Radicalism, no less than conservatism, has its sects and parties, its shibboleths and slogans: surely, he can attach himself to one of these; put on its uniform, and fall into line? No; radical narrowness is as bad as conservative narrowness,—nay, it is worse. A thinker must have a home somewhere, it is true. But can he not find it in himself—in the world, indeed—in humanity? Shall I own a brother in the radical, but not in the conservative? Nay, but *both* shall be my brothers! I am not a Protestant, or a Catholic; I am not a Christian, or a Pagan: I say I am all these! They all belong to me; I belong to none of them! I will vote against neither one nor the other; but I will vote for any one of them in protection against all the rest. Why should I not have my own religion, my own morality, my own politics, in my own way? Each sect and party differs from every other; why should I not differ from all of them? Indeed I must, because I desire to be at liberty to agree at times with either. To belong to any one separates me from the truth that may be in any other. Advocacy? Who says that I must advocate *something*? Well, then, shall I advocate that two and two make four? Whatever is self-evident will advocate itself; as for what is doubtful, I will be bound to advocate neither side, lest perchance I find myself in favor of falsehood! I am content, if I am free to inquire into and discuss everything.

What I desire is to discover that I am really born;

that I am born, not in America, but in the world; that I belong not to the family of Christ, or of Buddha, but to the family of Man!

And this is the way that we shall prove the profound words of Emerson true,—that it is the destiny of each growing soul to “come full circle.” By detaching ourselves from sects and parties, and becoming a free individual, we find our way through truth home again to *humanity*! By segregation from the majority, we reach aggregation with the *whole*! What do I believe in? I believe in the universe! If there is anything else, I believe in that, too!

A. W. S.

What Interests the Public?

FROM a kind and courteous private note, written to us by a gentleman well known in literature and reform, we are permitted to take the following extract. Referring to the prospectus of THE NEW AGE, he says:—

“Such circulars as yours always surprise me a little—they always seem to assume that an individual is more interesting than a “sect or party,” or a “special religious, political, or social movement;” whereas, usually, the movement is more interesting than the views of an individual. People have no reason to care much for what you or I say; but the collective tendencies we represent may be interesting. There are very few persons in America whose individual views interest the public; and that is why such papers as you project almost invariably fail.”

Our own impressions do not accord with this view. We had supposed that the public had shown a decided taste for whatever basked in the light of a personal reputation. The special effort of the skillful and successful managers of journals seems to have been to emblazon them with the glory of a great name. Would *The Tribune*, for instance, have attained the position it at one time held, except for the reputation which Horace Greeley made for himself in its columns? If the public take no interest in what an individual says, why have not the enterprise and business ability, which have marked that journal since his decease, prevented its decline? Take from certain weekly journals, which we do not wish to designate, the names of their chief editors, and what would become of their fortunes?

We do not defend or justify this taste, but merely give our impressions of the facts. We regard the taste itself as a weakness rather than a virtue, although it may be suggested that we have no right to say so. It does not yet appear that a man, eminent in another function, necessarily makes a good editor. We would like to foster the better taste which prizes an utterance for its intrinsic merit, not for the fame of its author.

But suppose our friend is right (and we are certainly reluctant to place our judgment against his), and the public *are* more interested in a movement than in an individual, is there no reason why the people should care for what an individual may say? Whatever an essay or an article supports or represents—whether written by one supporting a sect or party, or speaking only for himself—it is an *individual* who writes it. It seems to us there is far more reason to care for what he says, if he utters his own independent thought, than there is if he writes only in defence of an interest to which he is devoted. And the public may yet be taught by some convincing example, that its best interests can be better served by the words that spring from honest conviction, than it can possibly be by those used to buttress a foregone conclusion.

We heartily thank our friend for the expression we have quoted, for it indicates a sympathy for an untrumpeted undertaking which confirms our previous impressions of his character and spirit; but while we expect the public to manifest no interest in what we may say simply because we say it, we must still cling to our conviction that it will not turn its ear entirely away from the utterance of one who speaks just what he thinks, to listen alone to the well-anticipated music of the organs of a sect, party, or special interest.

PROFESSOR RICHARD A. PROCTOR began a course of four scientific lectures in Horticultural Hall, in this city, on last Sunday evening. In defining his position, he announced himself as agreeing with Tyn-dall, showing that he did not fear to encounter the bigotry which had assailed that scientist.

Reform.

Not “an Eye for an Eye.”

BY S. H. MORSE.

NOT long since I was stopped in the street by a lady whom I had known and respected. She informed me that she was very tired; for she had “spent the entire day trying to get that Pomeroy boy hanged.” I suppose I must have betrayed in my looks something of the disfavor, not to say disgust, with which I received her communication; for she proceeded to say that it was not because she “thirsted for vengeance,”—how her manner refuted her words!—but because she “wanted the boy sent where he could not be pardoned out.” But there was little doubt in my own mind that she would have taken infinite satisfaction in wringing his neck.

The papers tell us that a “committee of ladies” waited on Mr. Rice, just previous to election day, to know what he, if chosen governor, would do in this case. They reported that his response was “satisfactory.” That is, we were given to understand that Gov. Rice will see to it that Pomeroy is hanged.

It is said that “mothers want to know that their children are safe.” This feeling can be understood. Of course they do. We all desire a like safety for all people. But how shall it be secured? Hang Jesse Pomeroy, and he will, as we suppose, be out of the way. But will the spirit that breeds monsters perish with him? Will children be safe because this one boy has been strangled? The supposition is idle. The very act itself is the perpetuation of slaughter. The spirit these mothers, who are so ardently working to compass Pomeroy’s death, manifest, is only removed as second or third cousin from the spirit they would slay.

Now the practical fact to be regarded is, the evil spirit cannot be slain. It must die a natural death. It must be outgrown. What is this evil spirit? It is the spirit of violence; the spirit that victimizes; the spirit that slays. I pluck out your eye; you shall pluck out mine. What is gained? Thereby two eyes are lost. The spirit of eye-plucking has increased a hundred-fold.

The remedy. What is the remedy? At least be Christians, if nothing better. Resist not evil with evil, but with good. Take this Pomeroy boy and make him the shining example of your *saving* spirit, O, “ladies of Boston”! By your own act, teach your children life is sacred! Be saviors, not destroyers. This is no “sickly sentiment.” It is the everlasting science of God. “What ye sow, that shall ye also reap.” Sow mercy, forgiveness; sow long-suffering, endeavor to heal and save! Go back to Gov. Rice and tell him you withdraw your petitions. Let Pomeroy live. Guard him with your pity, your great charity. See to it that his prison, so far as you can make it, is his salvation. So shall you sow salvation—safety—in the land wherein you dwell, even at your own firesides.

Prison Reform.

BY MRS. M. S. WETMORE.

THE question of Prison Reform is one which requires the attention of all thoughtful people, for within the walls of our prisons are hundreds of men who will come out into society when their terms expire, to prove either a blessing or a curse. Upon society devolves the great responsibility of assisting these men to become what they can never become unaided and alone. Under present prison regulations they are, many of them, shut off from friends who would like to assist them, and are subject to just such petty and narrow regulations as the warden may institute, provided he is so ignorant, narrow-minded, or egotistical, that he will allow no other than his own narrow brain to work for the prisoner’s benefit. Too little attention is given to the matter of furnishing men to preside over these unfortunates; for however wicked they may be, none will deny that they are unfortunate. Is a man fit to be warden of a prison who says, “A prison is not for reformation, but for punishment”? A recent visit to Ohio and Connecticut

prisons convinces me that far greater interest is taken by the wardens of those prisons in the welfare of their prisoners, than the warden of the Massachusetts prison takes in those under his charge. Colonel Innis believes that more can be accomplished by kind treatment than in any other way; and relates an instance of a colored boy, who, when he took charge of the prison, was so troublesome and mischievous that it was difficult to know how to treat him. He had been punished without effect. He talked with him earnestly: telling him he would be his friend if he would only try to do better. The poor boy said he never had a friend in his life, and promised that he would. For a while every thing went well, but he was soon as troublesome as ever. Col. Innis said to him, "How is this?" "Don't speak to me," replied the boy, "I'm terribly ashamed; I don't know what made me do it; I couldn't help it." The colonel said, "Well, let this go, and try again." They had no more trouble with him. Such treatment is better, surely, than solitary confinement. In Massachusetts State Prison two years ago, a young man, for refusing to tell who furnished a *Boston Herald* found upon his person, was confined in solitary fifteen days; the last three of which he was placed in the lower arch, a damp, cold, wretched place, unfit for even a beast, without so much as a board to lie down upon; and he contracted a cough which unfitted him for labor when his term expired, as it did soon after. In this same prison, a young man was confined in solitary three days, for writing a manly letter to the warden, and was finally released by the inspectors who, after reading the letter, pronounced the sentence unjust. Many other cases of injustice in our own prisons could be mentioned. Col. Innis does not go armed, even among his twelve hundred and fifty-seven prisoners. Mr. Hews, of Connecticut State Prison, has established excellent discipline by kind treatment, and not fearing his men, does not go armed. Gen. Chamberlain, with about seven hundred men under him, goes armed, and did, if not now, require the same of his officers. In many of our prisons, every thing is done to make a prisoner feel constantly his utter degradation. His hair is cut close, his beard shaved, and his clothing made to distinguish him from outside people; he is not allowed to talk with the other prisoners, and therefore necessarily resorts to deception to do so. In the Maine State Prison at Thomaston, the warden takes upon himself the responsibility of permitting the men to retain their hair and beard, and permits them to talk in the shops, beside giving them a holiday once a month. Massachusetts is far behind many of the States in prison discipline. We still retain a warden unfit for the position he holds. Shall we punish or reform these men who have erred and fallen? Can we reform them by a punishment the severity of which is such as to arouse their worst passions? Shall we throw around them the same hard influences by which they were led to take the first downward step, or shall we require of the prison officers some better qualification than that of brute force? How much thought do people generally give these matters? Little, alas! beyond what is indicated by a frequent expression, "The men have sinned, let them suffer for it." Reformation *must* be had, and such as is best effected by the offices of *love*. It is in vain to expect it without the kindness born of a soul large enough to understand the wants of men who have never known real love in their lives. Shall we be likely to find this quality in a man, put into power by political favor and kept there that he may serve the interests of a party? Society needs reforming so much, that the day seems distant when prison reforms will commence. Society makes criminals, and then gives them, too often, in charge of a nature as hard as their own. See that the wardens in charge of our prisons are fit for their positions, before prison reform can be expected.

If you examine into the history of rogues, you will find that they are as truly manufactured articles as any thing else, and it is just because our present system of political economy gives so large a stimulus to that manufacture that you may know it to be a false one. We had better seek for a system which will develop honest men, than for one that will deal cunningly with vagabonds. Let us reform our schools, and we shall find little reform needed in our prisons.

—*Ruskin.*

Education.

Sauveur's System of French.

BY LOUISE S. HOTCHKISS.

THE system of French taught by Prof. Sauveur, and of which he is the originator, is well known to Boston people, to whom it was first introduced; and has gradually extended in some measure to the knowledge of all educators and advanced schools in the country. It is based entirely upon Nature's method,—the tongue speaks, the hand writes, the mind thinks; and thus a way is opened into the literature and life of the language, even to its heart's core. The student learns the French language exactly as he learns his own. The *Causeries Avec Les Enfants* is the most primary work. The first chapter introduces us to "Huit Petits Enfants." It is a charming picture: sunshine beams in every eye, and joy is in every heart, as they chat with their pleasant and loving teacher. "Bonjour mes enfants. Voilà de jolis petits enfants! Un, deux, trois, . . . petits enfants! Donnez-moi vos noms, chers enfants." "Arthur, Marguerite"—they count each other; count their fingers; play ball. They talk of all the things in the room, and of all they can do with them; and all this talk is in French: "Donne-moi la main.—Je donne la main.—Je prends ta main. Assieds-toi sur mes genoux. La leçon est terminée, mes enfants. Adieu, monsieur."

The teacher reads them stories and fables from the best authors, upon which they converse, and from which they write upon the blackboard, if they are old enough to do so. It is a pleasant nursery school, where sweet, innocent childhood is taught to speak, play, and think in another tongue. When they close their lessons for the year, the tears are on the cheeks of Marguerite. "Ne pleure pas, Marguerite; après les vacances nous continuerons nos chères leçons. Je vous présente un bouquet monsieur. Merci mon enfant. Merci, bons petits amis! au revoir!"

The next work in the series of books that Prof. Sauveur has prepared is the *Petites Causeries* which advances a step farther in conversation; taking up many of the fables of *La Fontaine*, and entering into deeper and more thoughtful conversation upon them, and other topics of absorbing interest. There is not a chapter but is full of fascination, even to the wisest. There is no talking by rule, for the sake simply of becoming learned; but everything is natural, graceful, and beautiful. The manners and morals of the pupils are not neglected, as is too frequent in the old methods, that race after words rather than truth. "Descendez l'escalier tranquillement, une marche à la fois. . . . un moment, George! ne sois pas si pressé. Attends que toutes les filles soient descendues."

Following the *Petites Causeries* is another work of a higher grade for the most advanced students, who are ready to enter into conversation upon all topics—literature, art, politics, religion, and any theme of social interest. This is the *Causeries Avec Mes Elèves*. Here are discourses upon which the profoundest scholar might delight to enter; not only for the French dress in which the thoughts appear, but for the thoughts themselves. Before the pupils leave this book, they are well advanced in the spoken language of the French, and are thoroughly baptized into its spirit. They are now ready to study the science of its construction, which awaits them in the form of *Entretiens Sur La Grammaire*—the climax in this grand series of French works. This grammar Prof. Sauveur has recently issued. Here the principle upon which the system is based is continued without a single missing link in the chain. Every word is written in French. It is not a grammar of definitions to be learned, but a book of ideas. Ideas have been the basis of conversation; they are now made the basis of a grammar. The same little boys and girls we have met in the primary books, and along up through the various *Causeries* are now the learned *messieurs* and *mesdames* who are here discoursing upon the deep and subtle meanings of the language. Every page is alive with pleasant voices. Even the awful subjunctive, and the tormenting genders, and the distracting irregularities of verbs, are made charmingly social and agreeable in the conversations that immortalize these

chapters. The greatest writers of French literature are really the authors of this grammar, in the hands of Prof. Sauveur. Their entire works have been thoroughly scanned, selected, and extracted; and the choicest bits necessary to show the organs that constitute the anatomy of the language are here bound together. Their life's blood—subjunctives, participles, genders, tenses, and every conceivable element of strength and beauty—is put on exhibition, to show the student the way that leads to a perfect knowledge of this language.

The class is introduced to the "L'imparfait et le présent défini," tenses by an extract from *Fénelon*. Questions are asked that bring forth the true significance of the verbs employed, as the following:—"Quand était-elle ainsi triste et inconsolable?—Tous les jours et sans cesse. Sans cesse, mesdames c'était son état habituel. Il y avait apparence que sa tristesse durerait tout l'éternité; aussi se trouvait-elle malheureuse d'être immortelle. C'est l'imparfait, dans notre langue, qui marque l'état habituel d'une âme dans le passé, les actions habituelles ou répétées d'un être." Other extracts, from *La Fontaine* and *Musset*, with several pages of questions and answers, complete this chapter. How interested the pupils are becoming in French literature—the grand poems, and beautiful sentiments of the language; and how perfectly unconscious that they are studying a grammar! One could more easily imagine the book to be a choice collection of gems, bound in blue and gold.

To learn the *Prétérit Indéfini* they study Racine, Mme. De Sévigné, and Bossuet. Case, gender, and number are learned from Lamartine, Molière, and dozens more who drop in a word here and there. They are in love with adjectives, and pronouns, and tenses, long before they get to the dreaded subjunctive. This is the way they encounter the monster:—"Cette question est la plus grande et la plus difficile de notre langue, mesdames. Elle m'a occupé seule plus que toutes les autres règles de la grammaire. Pour me préparer à vous en parler, j'ai étudié des milliers de pages de nos maîtres et noté tout ce que j'y ai trouvé de remarquable. Cependant je n'ai pas la prétention de tout décider sur ce point. Une entière lumière ne vous sera pas donnée sur le subjonctif. Cela est impossible. Et est-ce désirable? Je ne le crois pas. L'entière lumière lui ôterait son grand charme. . . . Les maîtres les plus grands peuvent seuls nous le présenter dans son véritable emploi et sa beauté. La lecture attentive d'un roman de George Sand vous édifiera mieux sur cette question que toutes les grammaires du monde."

They study on through pages of this distinguished writer. How the light breaks in upon this benighted mood! What a difference between this delightful season and the old method of saying the terrible conjugations forward and backward, till the tongue was nearly dumb and the brain paralyzed. Five full chapters are given to the subjunctive. Almost every French writer of note comes in, adorning the mood with some brilliant sentence or paragraph, or otherwise casting light upon it; though George Sand carries the grandest luminary through the whole: her writings are oftenest quoted. "La Negative Ne," and "Les Invariables," occupy the closing chapters of this book. "Mesdames, nous voilà arrivés au dernier jour de notre année d'étude, et il me resterait à vous entretenir des mots invariables, c'est-à-dire, de l'adverbe, de la préposition, de la conjonction et de l'interjection." After the same careful consideration of these elements, as of all others, the student finds the end of this delightful book has come. This is the thrilling paragraph that says "good bye." "Je n'ai plus qu'à vous dire adieu, mesdames. . . . Je ne vous ai pas tout appris sur la grammaire, mais j'ai confiance que votre oeil, que j'ai tourné vers les grands maîtres restera fixé sur eux. Je veux dire sur Bossuet, Pascal, Mme. de Sévigné, La Rochefoucauld, La Bruyère, Montesquieu, Voltaire, A. de Musset, G. Sand. Ayez leurs livres entre vos mains tous les jours et écoutez—les parler sans cesse. Ces glorieux immortels achèveront magnifiquement ce que j'ai modestement commencé. Adieu, mesdames."

How inspiring and helpful to be left in the midst of the richest treasures of French thought and literature, with an introduction to its greatest masters! Certainly this is the most wonderful grammar that has ever come to bless the schools or the people. Words

are powerless to describe the delight every lover of the languages and literature must feel in perusing it. It is not only a grammar of all grammars, thoroughly natural and scientific in every part, but a poem, novel, history, and philosophy.

The Labor Question.

More Leisure.

BY FREDERIC A. HINCKLEY.

WHAT is the end of life? Is it to make cloth, to build houses, to sail ships? Is it to net large dividends, to accumulate lands, to hoard gold? The moral sense of to-day says, No, the real purpose of life is to develop men; and these material things are good only as they serve that purpose. The sin of our present industrial system is that at every point it maintains the superiority of things to men. The gist of the Labor movement, which is an organized protest against this system, is seen in its assertion of the superiority of men to things. If amid all the struggles between capital and labor, usually aggressive on the part of the one, usually defensive on the part of the other, these two simple points could be kept plainly in view, they would facilitate a peaceful solution of the Labor problem.

If the purpose of life is to develop manhood, then every human being has a natural right to the best possible conditions in which to develop his own manhood. And any and every person denied such conditions is an abused party. Now manhood implies wholeness. He who has a one-sided development, who is all muscle, or all head, or all heart, lacks manhood. True education, which is simply the effort to create a man, ministers to all the faculties. Its aim is harmony of character. Any system which tends to produce hands at the expense of heads, or stomachs at the expense of hearts, is the enemy of education, and ought to be abolished. This is the rational theory upon which that most reasonable of Labor's demands, more leisure, is based. The man who spends all his vigorous hours in manual toil must of necessity be dwarfed—he is only half a man. His muscles are developed at the expense of every other element of his being. This result, counting success by the yards of cloth produced, satisfies us. When we estimate the manhood produced, we shall find ourselves sadly wanting. Those who claim a reduction of the hours of labor, ask simply, that things shall be subordinated to men, that the time for manual labor be so limited as to leave room for the culture of brains and hearts. The shallow objection often raised that leisure is sought for or will result in idleness, shows a complete failure to appreciate not only the philosophy of the Labor movement, but the secret of the highest human development. True Labor seeks rest, but

"Rest is not quitting the busy career,
Rest is the fitting of self to one's sphere."

What is a man's sphere? Why, the place which by the highest use of his powers he can best fill. How can a man chained to a treadmill find that place? What we call sluggards are simply men out of their spheres. The exceptions are so rare it may be said with a pretty close approximation to the truth, there is no such thing as a lazy man. We shall hardly have a nation of idlers, therefore, if we give men an opportunity to fit themselves to their spheres, or rather, to fit their spheres to them. But no man's sphere is confined to one department of work. Only perverted men are content in such limited quarters. Manhood has no toleration for one idea men. Every individual ought to labor in and for something beside the avocation which gives him his subsistence. The man who chooses to think of nothing but money-getting, and the man who is compelled to think of nothing but manual labor, are alike belittled by their thoughts. Division of labor in the world rests on a sound basis; but it must be supplemented by division of labor in the man. It is well that it takes many men to make a shoe, but it is infinitely ill when a man knows nothing outside the fractional part of the shoe he makes. Men who spend all their time in the study, and men who hear nothing but the whirl of machinery, are alike abnormal. When each member of society does a fair share of manual labor, all will have ample time for higher em-

ployments. The essayist will write better for a few hours' physical toil, and the machinist will be a better workman for a few hours' invigorating thought. An equitable division of time means an equitable division of work, and an equitable division of work means a truer manhood and womanhood; and so a diviner, more spiritualized life.

It is upon such a philosophy as this that the demand for more leisure is based. Some men call it a narrow movement, crude and impracticable. Then is human nature narrow, and its needs crude and impracticable too. Those who worship the Almighty Dollar naturally think it absurd, and those who think, not only that whatever is, is right, but that whatever is not, is wrong, cry it down; but the thoughtful friends of human progress, when they recognize its true purpose, will hail it with delight as the harbinger of a higher manhood, the liberation of men from the bondage of things.

Communications.

Social Science.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW AGE:—One who indulges a little candid reflection will be led to see that while the present is an era of science in respect to a certain plane of knowledge, it is badly wanting in science, or true knowledge, on a higher and more important plane. Research in the realm of the physical sciences has given us much solid ground to stand upon, and most important leverage in the command of treasures there resident. But when we look for the laws of social order—a science of human society—we look into a realm at present unexplored and dark, notwithstanding society is rent and torn for the want of such science, and the vast knowledge we have acquired is far less valuable than it otherwise would be.

In assuming that present thought and endeavor in behalf of society are void of scientific consistency, and therefore impotent to effect social order, it will be expected of me to make this position valid. Let me try to meet this expectation.

In the first place, if there is a regulative law of society, inherent to the providential economy, it is certain such law has not been discovered and applied; for if it had been we should have harmony and order in human conditions wherein now are discord and disorder to a most shocking extent. A musician who would show himself versed in the laws of tonal order as a science of harmony, must show his mastery in the production of harmony, instead of discord, in the actual tonal expressions adduced. If he gives us discord, instead of harmony, it becomes evident he has no practical comprehension of the science of harmony.

Immutable law is unquestionably the base of science. Science knows what is immutably real in the eternal providence. Such reality, as regulative law, must be understood and applied as such in any given case in order to effect the ends designed in such providence. Hence, to a creative design of orderly conditions in human affairs—true society—there are laws provided adequate to effect such design whenever man shall have come to a knowledge thereof and delivered and applied them as consistent science. Nor can true society be attained upon any other conditions. The present endeavor of the civilized world to order human conditions do not proceed upon such rigid rule of inherent law. It does not seek out basic conditions that cannot be annulled, and then try to regulate society conditions accordingly therewith; but it takes a stand on the outskirts, observes the various phenomena presented in the distractions that everywhere infract and nullify true society, and then fulminates its edicts with a view to repress the distracting force, when, instead, it ought to comprehend the conditions of its true expression, and so proceed to order it rightly rather than to abolish it. It is a process of shallowest empiricism when it should be a steady rule of social science. The consequence is, with all the vast outlay of means for general culture, refinement, and human worth, such attainments are steadily counterbalanced with ignorance, grossness, and inhuman baseness. The fact is, penal and moral laws may be tolerably effective to rule physical and moral conditions of manhood—a manhood whose main power and inspirations reside in human isolations and opugnance of interests rather than alliance and unity in true social order—but social law alone can suffice to order the way of the coming manhood—the manhood of true society.

Let me try to briefly outline the nature, functions and scope of such law.

First, then, it is *general*, or involved in its nature, as a code of primary principles.

Second, it is *special* and evolutionary in its functions, as a code of constructive methods; such methods being made strictly subservient of the primary principles.

Third and finally, it is a composing or duly organizing law, adjusting the methods of permanent construction and uses.

The *first* lays a true foundation for all proper thought and action of a social nature, in the creative unity of mankind. It finds a communal or creative equality for humanity, without exception, as derived in universal Fatherhood in God.

The *second* proceeds to shape and qualify materials for the superstructure upon that foundation. It finds mankind *one in God*, but *diverse*, or specifically various, in *self* or *conscious personality*. Hence, it proceeds to unfold and qualify all such

special factors according to fullest measure of power and genius, with a view to ultimately organize and express, in immeasurable human quantity and quality in final social order. It permits no neglect or dropping out of a single factor, because the system is rigidly universal and humane, and cannot be wasted or neglected in its minutest fibre without in that measure infracting the system and impairing the primary unity. Thus it is clear that the constructive process, or second degree, of true social science, authorizes, nay, demands the sternest authority and discipline over the more unripe humanities, on the part of the riper intelligence and affections; but such authority and discipline are to regard, constantly, the real needs of every person as an integer to an integral public body, and so, order authority and discipline to the sure benefit of each in a better manhood, and through this, the benefit of society in a better condition of its constituent atoms. But to proceed; for I can only present the briefest hints at this time.

The *third* lends itself to consummate true society. Taking the material as delivered by the educational degree—which qualified personality upon the primary principle of nature or uncultured unity in humanity—it gives the law and method of cultivated unity—a unity embracing and operating the amplest genius and power of the boundless diversities thus unfolded, in an order of ravishing harmonies divinely fulfilled and perpetuated.

Such is a hint of social science as based in the common nature of mankind, the essential diversity of specific character and power thence derived, and the quenchless wants of all souls for full freedom, power, and worth, in human experience. Let us try to open THE NEW AGE, by an effort to inaugurate science in its ultimate form, and thereby to conduct Humanity steadily onward to its great destiny. The avowed aims of your "NEW AGE" paper seem promising in this respect; hence, I joyfully hail its advent.

Theron Gray.

The Communion Question.

ONE can hardly conceive a more lamentable farce than the recent commendation of the Baptist Doctor of Divinity, for his unspeakable liberality in discarding the dogma of close communion. Ever to have held such a dogma would seem to be the greater wonder. It is very hard for a modest truth-seeker to realize the arrogance that presumes to teach that no one can be a believer in the religion of Jesus who has not been immersed by a Baptist clergyman; and that only such a convert can be allowed to partake of the Lord's Supper, in full communion.

The whole history of this controversy, as it has appeared in *The Golden Rule*, only tends to show the superstitious tenacity with which blind devotion to ecclesiastical prejudices leads even educated and able men to have no possible foundation. A critical study of the New Testament will lead any candid mind to acknowledge that what passes for the institution of the Lord's Supper, has no ground of authority in any thought or act of Jesus. The symbolic language used by him at the Last Supper, was an exhortation to union and love. "Eat of the same loaf. Be perfectly at accord with one another as the proper commemoration of me." Of course in the limited space allowed here, one cannot discuss the subject of religious institutions. But, evidently it was no thought or purpose of Jesus to enjoin the celebration of the Last Supper as a rite to be observed by his disciples. That it should ever have been so held in any age of the church, is to be regretted. That it should be now regarded as an institution, and its observance as a badge of distinction between church and congregation, has no warrant in the teachings of the New Testament, and is productive of immense harm, both to religion itself and to society. This evil has been widely felt and freely discussed in many quarters, and it would be well that some definite and united action on the subject should be taken by at least the liberal churches. It would remove a great deal of doubt from many young persons who need light on this subject; and save many clergymen from the pains and perils of temptation to perform a service from which their hearts revolt. The commemoration of Jesus by all who love him—spending a special hour in such service, an hour of true communion—we would by all means encourage; and it might be made a season of grand refreshment and holy renewal. But we would not have this commemoration made a declaration of religious belief, or a dividing line between church and congregation.

B.

Scintillations.

THE question of labor vs. capital can be studied to advantage in Detroit. Boys buy a ten cent dog, and make him draw them up and down more than fifty dollars' worth.

"SAY!" said the city youth to the modest countryman, "got the hay-seed out of your hair yet?" "Wall," was the deliberate reply. "I judge not from the way the calves run arter me."

"WELL, neighbor Slummidge, how much shall I put yon down to get a chandelier for the church?" Neighbor S.—"Sho! what we want to git a chandyleer for? Ther hain't nobody kin play onter it when ye git it!"

A RELIGIOUS TEST.—"Fessenden," said President Lincoln, one day, to his newly-appointed Secretary of the Treasury, "what is your religion?" "Not much to boast of," replied the Secretary; "but I suppose I am as much of a Unitarian as anything." "Oh, a Unitarian; I thought you might be an Episcopalian. Seward is Episcopal, and I notice you swear about as he does."

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Office of Brinckerhoff, Turner & Co.,

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