

THE NEW AGE.

VOLUME I.

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Photographic.

THE *Investigator* is the name of a new paper, devoted to the Spiritual philosophy, and published at 33 Park Row, New York.

A FRIEND sends us the following conundrum:—"How can teachers be expected to instil principles of political integrity into the characters of their pupils, when committee-men are hiring their older brothers to peddle votes for their election upon the new School Board?" We give it up.

WE have received the first number of the *Pacific Liberal*, a monthly journal, published at 555½ Minna Street, San Francisco, with A. J. Boyer as editor and proprietor. We commend it to public attention, and heartily wish it the best success; as, indeed, we could not help doing, since it is so much like THE NEW AGE in its make-up and general purpose. It has also a fine taste—in selection.

THE *Congregationalist* more than hints that some of its contributors send manuscripts to its office at printed-matter rates, and that correspondents send messages on the inner folds of a newspaper. We are glad that we do not conduct a "religious" newspaper, if that is the way with the contributors and correspondents of one. Ours never thought of cheating Uncle Sam in that way.

WE are glad to see that so many papers are using our paragraphs. Many of them, when they take anything from THE NEW AGE, tell where they got it; but others do not. This makes no difference to us; we make our paragraphs for circulation; and when they are circulated, we are so happy in the good they will do, that we do not care where the credit goes. So go ahead, brethren; persevere in the good work. For the sake of relieving your consciences, we consent that you use anything on this page, without taking the trouble to give credit, if you wish to do so. If a thing is good, who cares what paper it comes from?

WE would respectfully ask if it is not time that the public heard something in reference to the labor troubles at Fall River. Certain gentlemen of high character and influence kindly undertook to get at the facts, and reconcile, if possible, the parties. The manufacturers hastened to give their version to the public through the press. The representatives of the workpeople patiently withheld any public appeal, awaited the proper time, and laid their case before these gentlemen. The people of the State were considerably stirred at the time of the troubles, and a genuine and commendable interest in the subject was awakened. It should not be allowed to die away without leading to some good result. We do not suppose the kindly-disposed gentlemen are idle, but it is time that something be heard from them.

ON a great many questions, there is a lot of rubbish to be cleared out of the way before a genuine discussion can well begin. The currency is one of these. It is a constant assumption, in particular localities, that inflation is a great moral wrong. We do not now deny this; but we do not remember that the journals now so stoutly asserting it, had anything of this kind to say when inflation was begun on so large a scale, a dozen years ago. No moral principle has changed since then. What is more evident than anything else is, that men take sides on this question according to their real or imagined interests. In localities where a large amount of money is hoarded, no one disputes that moneyed men would gain by contraction; where there is little currency, inflation would give at least temporary relief. So we notice that the West abounds in inflationists, and the East in contractionists. This does not settle the merits of the question. But a man does not always succeed in convincing people that a certain measure is demanded by moral obligations, when it is apparent that the first effect of its adoption will be to put money in his pocket.

THE papers give us the charming news that the Boston and Providence Railroad Corporation refuse to cut down the wages of their employees in order to increase the stockholders' dividends. We will agree not to use a half-fare ticket on that road for the entire winter.

THE *Christian Register* says, "If they ever really 'rekindle the flames of Smithfield' down stairs, as soon as the odor of roasting flesh and the shrieks of the modern martyrs ascend to our sanctum, we will throw so much cold water upon such proceedings as shall drown the Assistant Secretary, besides floating every sheet of the new *Year Book* far off into merited oblivion." There was a time when the *Register* might have done noble service as such a fire-extinguisher; but it let the magnificent moment pass. Now that THE NEW AGE has appeared, and the danger is over, it hastens to tell of the great things it is ready to do; like a tardy reinforcement appearing on the field when the battle is finished, and eager to join in the pursuit of a defeated foe. We nevertheless accept, with befitting magnanimity, its new-formed purpose, and will put it on probation.

AMONG the untrustworthy things, we are inclined to count the official statistics relating to the Labor question. Edward Young, the head of the Statistical Department of the Treasury, has published a book of over eight hundred pages, on the condition of labor. It has confirmed the *Commonwealth* in "the opinion that the working-people of New England are better paid and better provided for than anywhere else in the wide world." Yet the *Workingman*, of Pottsville, Pennsylvania, shows from the figures in Mr. Young's book, that the miners in England and Wales are better paid than they are in the great coal State. If, according to the figures in that book, six-room tenements can be found in New England for \$7.45 a month, we would like to have them pointed out. We cannot find such rents. The solution of the labor problem is as far off as ever, if it has no better aid than such data.

THE whiskey-fraud trials are still progressing at St. Louis; but we cannot enlighten the public about the matter, for we are so unsophisticated as not to know the difference between straight and crooked whiskey; the only thing we can guess about it is, that it is the difference between whiskey *before* and *after*—for we have been told that when a man takes his whiskey straight, after the manner and preference of Nasby, he immediately goes crooked. But "where ignorance is bliss, it is folly to be wise;" and we can afford to be innocent, remembering that Horace Greeley did not know that Heidsieck and champagne are not different drinks. The papers say that Gen. Babcock is implicated; but we presume no one expects us to believe that. But why would not this whole business be an admirable test of political economy theories? Let the whiskey-ring men alone, and let whiskey be either straight or crooked, according to the "law of supply and demand."

IN a generous and discriminating notice of THE NEW AGE, after the issue of our first number, *The Index* complimented us by saying that we held our convictions in reserve. Of course we felt flattered; we discovered we had the art to conceal our opinions through eight columns of editorial matter; with abilities so peculiar and so rare we might hope some day to be President. In the same notice, *The Index* intimated that we could not deserve success or sympathy unless we "advocated" something, and the *Christian Register* seconded the hint. We thought this a fair question for general discussion, and let loose our convictions on the subject; using for illustration the *Woman's Journal*, the *Register*, and *The Index*. Whether the *Journal* agreed with us, and was delighted with our illustration, we do not know, as it does not exchange with us. The *Register* responded with its usual amiability and wit. But on the point of "advocacy" it seems we have silenced *The Index*. "Let us have peace."

WHEN the war with Spain was so happily concluded, as chronicled last week, we expected to enjoy a season of peace; but we were disappointed. A war with England immediately broke out, and raged with great fury in the streets of this city—for two days. Our office is near the principal scene of hostilities; but during the whole bombardment we were perfectly safe. The *Globe* mingled in the fray, and was so confused by the noise of battle and the sight of carnage that it fell into the blunder of supposing that war was to be made on Turkey; so on Thanksgiving day it joined vigorously in the attack, and is now slowly recovering from its wounds. Peace reigns once more; and the dead, wounded, and missing are counted up in nickels.

WE learn by a daily paper that a "meeting of the friends of Woman Suffrage was held in Room 6, Wesleyan Building, recently, to express their dissatisfaction at the attitude of the *Woman's Journal* during the late political campaign." This shows another of the "perils of advocacy." If you assume to be an organ, you must acknowledge the right of any friend of the cause you undertake to represent to disown you as an advocate of it; which may sometimes put you in an awkward position. We have heard that somebody has said that THE NEW AGE is to become the organ of something. The individual who invented this statement has too much imagination to waste on such trifles. He should turn poet at once, and manufacture hymns for Sankey; he is altogether too *Sankeymonious* for us. How are you going to make an organ of THE NEW AGE without its knowledge and consent? You can't do it if you try. You can't find a Hercules strong enough to turn the crank.

IN an article on our relations with Spain, *The Nation* says that in case of States really equal, no such language as we have been in the habit of using in our intercourse with that power would ever have been allowed or possible; and that as Spain is not in the position of an equal, there would be neither sense nor kindness in being too polite with her. We did not know before that it was honorable in a nation to adopt the manners of a bully. We are happy to think that our contemporary does not, in this utterance, represent the sentiment of the country. Our government has sometimes been guilty of the baseness it justifies; but when Sumner, in one of his most effective speeches, showed that the Republic of Hayti was entitled to the same measure of justice we were willing to accord the most powerful nation, he was supported by the best moral sentiment of the country. We should say that if any difference is to be made, use the most sense and politeness with the weakest.

THE people, both in public and private station, have been engaged during the last week in paying funeral honors to the remains of Vice-President Wilson. Aside from the enduring renown to which his name may be entitled, there is something in such a spectacle which deserves grateful recognition. These labored obsequies do not always express or represent precisely the same feeling, but there is always a good impulse behind them all. Sometimes these honors are an offering to worth that has never been questioned and always been appreciated; sometimes, as in the case of Sumner, they are the spontaneous outpouring of admiration and gratitude, all the more intense because it was not till after he was gone that the people felt how much they loved him; sometimes, and of this Sheridan's funeral is the best example, they are the hollow mockery of respect which title and rank accord to the genius they have employed and neglected; and sometimes they are merely the tribute which custom and propriety pay to distinguished station; but in any case, they afford grateful evidence of the fact, that human sympathy and gratitude are vital forces; and that, although we often wait until a man is dead before we discover his full merit, it is to the honor of our common nature that when conscious of his worth, we do not withhold the expression of the respect and affection which are his due.

The Ideal.

The Harvest-Secret.

III.

BY WILLIAM C. GANNETT.

WE might trace our Harvest-Secret farther, and see how the Lord of Harvests hoards the result of all dead generations, of perished nations, of dropped civilizations, in the broadened intellect and nobler ideals and fairer instincts of His children of to-day; and might note the outlook which it gives towards Immortality. This method called "organization" holds good of many things. To much in our own life it is a clue. Thanks to it, we need not mourn for anything as wholly vanishing.

For instance, our vanished knowledge. "I have forgotten more than you ever knew," is the poor unctious some of us have to lay to our souls, when we meet the young bright people all equipped with facts and items. But how is knowledge best reckoned,—in so many school-years, so many books read, so many facts hived up in memory? That is the usual way. And it is good to have facts hived away as facts. Theories are worth nothing unless based on them; and as a good deal of a man's talk and judgment is theorizing, it is most helpful to have at hand a large quarry of the corner-stones. It is good to remember the books we read, and the faces we have met and what names go with the faces, and to be able to quote the formulas and Latin Grammar lists we learned when young, and to keep the French and German nimble on the tongue. But this is only knowledge, after all, not wisdom,—which is knowledge become oneself; it is only learning, not education,—which is learning transformed to human faculty. It is only the means by which and not the end for which. It is only leaves, not fruit.

The College-gift is much mis-valued. Many a man gets great good from College who at his graduation could hardly enter over again for lack of the statistics and the prosody that helped to pass him in, and to whom in a few years, the Greek and trigonometry become more Greek and unknown quantities than ever,—great good because, though dropping these, he has meanwhile learned by them how to *handle his mind*. "He knows what he knows, he knows that he don't know much, he knows how to get what he don't know, and needs." He has learned that snap-judgments are worthless, that nothing is learned until both sides are seen; and he has gained a certain tactile sense by which shams in culture and attainment are detected at quick sight. And all this is no bad harvest for the four years. But just because this is so large a part of the four years' harvest, many a man who never goes to College gets the essence of the College-education.

I am not decrying "culture"; but the best result of education is still a *finer common-sense*. Common-sense,—the power of using wisely in conjunction all the powers one has, be they great or small. He who gets that may boast with Richter that he has "made the most he could out of the stuff." And what is this common-sense but the concentrated result of judgments, memories, reflections, the organized product and final outcome of all our thinking processes? Such organized and final outcome, as we have seen, is "fruit." In this the books and lessons and days and persons we meet must harvest themselves, or they are as good as lost, "nothing but leaves:" if so harvested, they have been saved, although in themselves books, days, persons fade from memory and die entirely off our tree of life.

Another harvest of education is the increased *special faculty* which mental exercise gives us. And here again, those who count as the unbred not seldom pass by the highly bred, because life's practical school has trained so well their powers. The scholar, it would seem, should be the one best furnished to see most in Europe,—that great crystal of history stored up in cities and cathedrals and old art and customs. No doubt usually the scholar does see most. But have you never found the scholar come back with little of Europe in him; while our neighbor, the merchant, who began life as a shop-boy, and ever since has lived among his boxes and ledgers, and has made his money, and at sixty sets out with his four children and his

wife and his wife's sister to go around Europe, with an English Murray in every pair of hands,—have you never seen him coming home with a hundred times the amount of Europe *organized* in him as memory, yes, and as real culture? He will lean back in his chair before the fire-place and tell you he has been to seventy-two cities, and has a clear picture of each one in his mind, and will know how many stairs there are in the cathedral-towers, and how high and long St. Peter's is, and where the pictures hang in the gallery. He has "done" Europe, rather prosaically, it is true; but none the less it is in him now, real culture for the rest of life. And how has he been able to see and bring home so much? Because, in working over those boxes and ledgers and correspondence in the years of business-life, he has been harvesting this habit of wide-awakeness, this quickness to see minutely and seize firmly and recall vividly, details; and he carried abroad with him these sheaves of faculty barned up in his brain. He hardly knows he has them, at least he had never suspected they would give him so much Europe. He is surprised at his friends' surprise that he has seen so much,—“Who couldn't? It's there to see,” he says: but at the same time he is conscious of a new feeling of ease and fellowship with those whom he had always before revered afar off as the happy possessors of that mystic "culture." The old ledgers are mouldering on the back shelf in the cellar, the boxes have long since turned to kindling-wood in other cellars through the land, while the shoes or candles or drugs they held have gone to their own place: all have dropped out of the merchant's life like leaves from the tree, but they have left this fruit of ripened faculty behind them,—seed which has flowered to this late summer of pleasant knowledge for him.

But our Harvest-Secret is true of other parts of life's experience besides the intellectual. The trials, the disappointments, the sorrows that make the anniversaries sad, the wane of friendships, the temptations that took struggle to put under foot, are leaves which the seasons bring and the seasons take away,—to no purpose? Nay, they give us the new preciousness of ourselves, our strength of spiritual fibre, our wiser philosophy of life, the beautiful lines on the face, the quiet cheer in the heart, and our increasing helpfulness.

Do you know no woman who has been thus ripened? Greet her: she has had small chance outside of the house-keeping, but you find her answering you with bright, live, first-brain thoughts. She can offer you her experience against your education, and is very apt to give you more than she gets from you. There is so much of her, because all she has is not in her merely, but *is herself*. It is a stay-at-home wife, a plain, humble-minded sister, probably. Not for her the outdoor exhilaration, the pleasant changes which the husband or brother has. But the stamina of the home may lie in her, not in him. She is perhaps the real bulwark, the comfort, the pleasant crispness of the household life,—and he the limpness of it, if there be any, although he earn the money. And how comes it? Those tame home-hours, the lonely drudgeries, that long patience with the children, the evenings over their stockings, with the book shut on the table—while *he* smokes; the mornings over their lessons—while he reads the paper; the quiet going around for whims—his probably; the word held back on the tongue,—all this has been slowly vested in strength and self-control and the sweet shrewdness. She is continually pulling down her spirit-barns and building bigger to hold the riches of her harvest. She is gray-haired before she finds out that the harvest is a large one. Many generations of stockings have passed through the basket, the boys who missed the spelling so are grown up, and almost all those little doings and bearings are forgotten: those *leaves* have dropped from year to year, but the *seed* which they have made,—her friends are praising that when they say, "How good and pleasant she is, and how we lean on her!" The citizens are praising that when they elect her boys to the legislature.

My merchant and his wife are only typical. It is you and I, it is man and woman. In us all and all through life, the Secret of the Harvest is the same. We are a part of Nature and the laws of the seasons reign in us. "Herein is the Father glorified, that we bear much fruit." The unborn years bud, unroll,

spread into the living present, do their work or do not do it, and drop back into the past a withering memory,—and alas for us if they have not left themselves behind in fruit-seed that will make the years to come more fair! Our yesterdays are harvested for good or evil in to-day: and whether we will or no, we bear into to-morrow for weal or woe the forgotten moments of to-day, garpered up in body, mind, and character.

The course of life is a thousand trifles, then some crisis,—and again a thousand trifles and a crisis: nothing but green leaves under common sun and shadow, and then a storm or a rare June day. And far more than the heart of the June day, that common sun and common shadow do to make the autumn rich. It is the "every days" that count. They must be made to tell, or the years have failed. To tell: for that, thought and feeling must become acts, and acts must become habit, principle, character. Action is to thought and feeling what the leaf is to the crude sap; character is to action what fruit is to the leaf,—its concentrated result, its organized deposit, its harvest in us and the seed of the after-life. Call it Character or call it Habit,—no difference: Habit is the materialistic name for Character. Character and Principle are spirit-names for Habit. And if, friends, for some of us action cannot mean *doing*, then remember *bearing*, too, is action, often its hardest part.

"I am not eager, bold, or strong—
All that is past!
I am ready *not* to do
At last—at last!"

When that verse comes into the psalm of life, as, sooner or later, it must come for so many of us, remember that not-to-do *well* is a kind of well-doing.

But between the bearings and the doings our years are passing fast. Death is predetermined in our frames as in that of the leaves. From ten to twenty we hardly know it. From twenty to thirty we know but little care. At thirty we begin to care,—for already June is well-nigh past! Are we leafing yet? Are we *only* leafing? or so leafing that life's autumn shall find us rich in pleasant fruit? *Are we ripening Seed?*

Religion.

Spiritual Clothing.

BY JOHN H. CLIFFORD.

GOLDSMITH informed Boswell that "as he took his shoes from the shoemaker, and his coat from the tailor, so he took his religion from the priest."

Whether that sometimes superficial genius thereby meant to express his own manner of dealing with the great question of religion, or intended a satire upon the general habit of the world, may perhaps fairly be considered a matter for conjecture. If it was a confession of his own religious method, it showed that in this respect his extraordinary powers of mind did not raise him above the conventional practice of his time; or, if it was a stricture upon the mockery of the prevailing religious professions, it proved that the "inspired idiot," as Horace Walpole called him, possessed more penetration than his contemporaries allowed.

Since Carlyle began it, there has been no end of expatiating upon the philosophy of clothes. Moralists and satirists have brought their arguments to bear, and levelled their shafts against every sort of social garb, and have equally attacked all indecent exposures of party nakedness. The wearers of purple and fine linen have divided with the *sans-culottes* the ridicule and censure of the independent judges of mankind.

It is easy to deride the weakness that brings the average mortal to passively adopt the fashion of the world, or to blame the aversion which leads singular characters to divest themselves of all imposed habits. But to discriminate with justice the complex circumstances which surround the individual, and largely determine the conduct of the public, and to strike the balance between cowardice, or caprice, and social necessity, requires a more deliberate judgment than the critics of society have commonly displayed.

Doubtless those who have gone to the extreme of renouncing all general customs, who have made a religion of sheer protest and defiance, have erred more

fatally than the critics themselves; yet for every instance of erratic flight should there not be an adequate cause, the discovery of which were more important than declamation against its effect?

The fact that notwithstanding all the hostile efforts of individualism, and the incessant attacks of criticism, society persists in the conservation of general customs, argues a law of its being which the combined forces of opposition shall vainly endeavor to annul. To search out the terms and meaning of this irrevocable law is, then, the proper task of social philosophers, rather than to chide and mock mankind for an obedience which is unconditional. To define this law is not here undertaken, but to assume its existence and operation can hardly be over-confident, with the conclusive facts of the world in plain sight.

To say that one takes his religion from the priest as he takes his coat from the tailor, might appear, considered as an independent assertion, equal to declaring that one has no religion. But viewed in relation to that system which society has approved, whereby the priest is made at once custodian and purveyor of religion, it is seen to be the affirmation of a simple and common fact, applicable to the great mass of men, and not necessarily disparaging to their religious characters. So long as one agrees with society in making the priest the provider of religion, he may surely procure the article, such as it is, from the recognized public vendor. The priest is amenable to a kind of theological common law. His powers are derived. He may not violate the privilege which his office confers. He is part of a universal cooperative plan for bringing to every household for daily use, the "trappings and the suits" of biblical wear. At last he is tailor, who changes the gospel web into coat and trousers to fit the individual trunk and legs. If there were no priest to do this, the individual must do it for himself; and why is it not safer, as well as more convenient, to have it done by a journeyman who knows his trade and will neither spoil the cloth nor make a mis-fit? Viewed in this light, how was Goldsmith, who employed the tailor-priest, more poorly off than Doctor Johnson, who preferred for the most part to clothe himself? Both must have suits off the same piece; and the garments were sure to fit better made by skillful hands. In fact, how unbecoming to the great Johnson do his religious clothes appear—more slouching and threadbare than the dress that disfigured his body! If any one conform insincerely to the custom of priest-patronage, the fault is not to be charged upon society, but upon him. Society is not answerable for the insincerity of individuals; but individuals are responsible for the collective insincerity of society. From this, or from any evil, society cannot relieve its members.

"Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow."

And the stroke by which an individual liberates himself, tells for social emancipation.

As to the question whether the world could not do better without priests, it is one upon which the world itself will continue, as it has been, divided. There is no class of functionaries, no custom, to which the question will not equally apply. One might ask whether it were not better to dispense with mourning-dress. Because there is still a general resort to priests for the aids of religion, it is no more just to say that therefore people are wanting in the religious capabilities, than to argue that because there is recourse to the furnisher for the emblems of mourning, therefore grief is not a universal emotion of the heart.

There is evidence enough that, with all the arrogance and artificiality they have fostered, the childhood religions of the world have performed with a large measure of skill the work for which they were needed—the care of children. And if many of the greatest men have put themselves under this guidance, it must not be forgotten that with respect to the theories of religion, many of the greatest men have been children. It is safe to believe that religion will always have its appropriate clothing. If a man is wearing such as fits him, let him not be interfered with. The only excuse for expostulation is that one is set upon wearing what is ill-suited. Goldsmith's priest could fit him. But it would have been absurd to bring the same suit to Johnson. The task of the religious reformer is not to destroy all priesthoods, and strip men of their spiritual clothes; but to see that men are dressed properly for

themselves. He is not so much *reformer* as *re-fitter*. When there must be a choice of evils, mankind have wisely used to choose the least. If it comes either to enduring the sight of people dressed in the most antique, shabby and unbecoming manner, or straightway denuding them, the sensible reformer will control his impatience, and permit the world to go arrayed, however poorly, rather than see it still more pitiable in its nakedness. The only way for the world to get rid of the old clothes, such as priests for the most part deal in, is to outgrow them in the enlargement of its spiritual proportions and the refinement of its religious taste. Meanwhile, any clothing is better than nudity; and it is folly to berate the people for the fashions which in spite of themselves they adopt.

So long as the world demands or suffers religions of outwardness, there must be priestly clothiers; and it does seem better philosophy—if we must pretend to philosophy—to conclude that until their craft becomes not simply unnecessary, but insufferable to the world, the world will contrive to get some good out of it which it knows not how to obtain otherwise. In some modified sense, doubtless, religion will always have its priests. The royal priesthood of Humanity can never become extinct. The priestly craft, with its pomp and cunning, its mingled magnificence and littleness, will pass away with the creatures of a crude, outgrown necessity; but the sweet virtues and graces, the fair humanities, will succeed to the divine office of religious ministration; and to them the spirit will look for its appropriate attire and its fitting expression.

There is increasing joy in the tendency to ignore the distinctions of religious dress. Character, instead of being hid by clothing, begins to be revealed through it. Men shall dress their religion as they will or as they can. It shall everywhere be understood that the religion is more than the dress. Religion, although itself an inward thing, must yet have its outward embodiments and its modes of communication and contact. But it should be difficult to tell where inward and outward end or begin. Man once a unit in his inner and outer life, religion will be properly clad in the conduct of the individual, and fitly expressed in the framework and adornment of society. And as, through all the gloom of matter and the maze of nature the eternal glory shines, and man finds his way to God by discovering what secret ways God has found to man; so through all the forms and words that religion uses, however they seem to obscure the objects of adoration, and to deaden the sense of devotion, the world is coming to the worship of Spirit in spirit and in truth, to doing the heavenly will on earth, and to fulfilment of the law of love among mankind.

The Labor Question.

"No Bigger than a Mustard Seed."

BY S. H. MORSE.

THE anti-slavery movement began in a garret. To be more accurate, it began in a soul. The soul of one man is a small beginning. Who esteems it? Who is afraid? But listen! There is a noise like the tread of armies. Now we tremble!

One thing is lost sight of; namely, that the justice of heaven, once started on earth "no bigger than a mustard seed," never shrivels up in dismay. It is from the first omnipotent. Brave souls know this. Only the blind and the cowardly wait for majorities. The majority will come, the universe will come, to confess it is supreme!

"I will be heard," said the leader against negro slavery. His words were more than a defiance to the popular outcry. Spite of all men's refusal, they were doomed to hear him, for they were men.

In a speech to slave-owners before the war, the afterwards martyr-President said: "I notice black men, like white men, have backs to clothe and mouths to feed. Also, I notice they have hands which, I take it, were given them to clothe their backs and feed their mouths." Thus he annihilated slavery. The after-battles were but the echo of his words. When this had died away, black men and white men stood shoulder to shoulder on the same plane.

But notice: What is it to be the equal of white men?

The negro now may sell his labor; he cannot be robbed of that, it is said, by any means whatsoever.

Pertinent, then, is the question, What are these millions of hands, black and white, doing? Are they feeding their owners' mouths, clothing their owners' backs? Survey the field and report. I see a group of one hundred men, with their one hundred pairs of hands. All hands are busy. I see ninety backs in fustian; ten in broadcloth. I see ninety mouths unfed as they crave to be fed; ten mouths happy in disposing of the bountiful and choice provision they encounter.

Now what was the emancipation into which the negro was admitted? There are twenty-four hours in a day for each and all, and each laborer hath two hands. Figure the result and tell me. It will appear, I think, that though black men were made the equal of white men, they were but half emancipated.

What is the complete emancipation for all men? What other answer but this: "The security of person and property." Slavery denies both; anti-slavery establishes both. There shall be no robbery! What he or she produces, so much shall abide with each, or depart from each, as he or she may desire. Now it does not so abide or depart. If it did, would the world divide into rich and poor as it does to-day?

Two things must be stated: Time is all men's capital; time to all men must win all that brings culture and comfort, and makes life worth living.

About the time the anti-slavery agitation began, a few hundred people were striving to found New Larnark, or New Harmony. What did New Harmony mean? It meant, or it was supposed to mean, this whole world's emancipation of which I have spoken. Failure revealed to one man the undermining principle on which the endeavor rested; namely, the Communistic principle. The rights of private property were ignored; all things were held in common; endless dispute arose. The experiment of the freest community on the earth's surface vanished in the absolute dictatorship of one individual. Said the man whose great disappointment opened up to him the mistake, "What is it each of these people demand? Security. That is possible only where each is recognized as the sovereign of himself, his time, and all he produces. Society must be thus individualized before there can be peace. We must seek, not a unity, but a harmony of interests. Industrial commerce between people shall consist in the exchange of equivalents of labor, according to their several needs. This will be justice. Justice is peace. It is the security all demand."

Thus he brought civilization forward as a question of property. The old cry of "security to property," he made cover the whole problem of labor.

Recent years have witnessed the assembling in low-priced halls in Boston, of a few earnest people who, by speech or resolution, have often repeated the idea that "the question of labor is essentially a question of property." And they hint that the emancipation they seek is far more world-liberating than any previous movement in history. Their purpose is little esteemed, little understood. If their proceedings are reported, they are badly reported. The outside world, without "ears to hear," smiles contemptuously. But the hearty cheer of these labor reformers—a cheer inspired by "the glory yet to be"—is in no way diminished. Numbers, majorities, are not their fortress. They do not "stand up to be counted." The idea they offer the world will make its own way. They offer a seed, and not a sword. "No bigger than a mustard seed" to-day, its branches, if the earth abide, will cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.

SUPPOSING the captain of a frigate saw it right, or were by any chance obliged, to place his own son in the position of a common sailor; as he would then treat his son, he is bound always to treat those men under him. So, also, supposing the master of a manufactory saw it right, or were by any chance obliged, to place his own son in the position of an ordinary workman; as he would then treat his son, he is bound always to treat every one of his men. This is the only effective, true, or practicable rule which can be given on this point of political economy.—*Ruskin*.

The New Age.

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JOHN M. L. BABCOCK, EDITOR.

ABRAM WALTER STEVENS, EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTOR.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 4, 1875.

WE have experienced our first great sorrow—a typographical error! The magic initials, "A. W. S.," with which we have delighted to indicate the articles of our Editorial Contributor, last week mysteriously disappeared from the leading article, *Reconciled to Life*. If Mr. Stevens can, in another article, reconcile us to that affliction, or soothe us under it half as well as he has soothed thousands under the burdens of life, he will win his greatest triumph. We regret to add that, owing to ill-health, he does not furnish his usual contribution this week.

While we are in this business, we might as well make a clean breast of it. In the last of Mr. Elder's valuable papers on *The Tendency of Scientific Thought*, he said it was his conviction that the tendency of that thought was *not* toward infidelity in religion. The perverse types made him say the reverse of this; and it is no wonder that with this stain upon them, they no longer sparkle with silvery splendor. Having made and confessed a typographical error, we suppose we may henceforth take our place among the first-class journals.

A Point in Social Science.

BEFORE Social Science shall become thoroughly understood and intelligently formulated, there are a great many human tendencies and conditions to be studied and discussed. As one contribution to this discussion, we take up a question which, so far as we know, has not been extensively considered: What is the effect on morals of the exclusiveness which afflicts society?

We bring with us into civilization certain remnants of the barbarism from whence we sprung, attempting, however, to polish them, and pass them off as the legitimate fruits of an enlightened age. One of these is *caste*, a legacy of the earliest ages. It seems to us one of the petty and absurd weaknesses of human character to yearn for admission into some select circle or set; yet such a thing is evidently desired, for no better reason, that we can see, than as a sign of personal superiority. Out of this human infirmity we have developed the class-spirit—simply a method of human isolation. Have we considered the moral effect of this?

In our last issue we briefly pointed at the facts of *cliquism*: that all organizations, religious and other, were essentially exclusive; that this exclusive spirit generated cliques; and that cliques run the organization. We stated these facts because, being so obvious, they were a clearer indication of social conditions than could easily be perceived in any other quarter. From what is known of the manoeuvres and antics of cliques, we can more readily show the tendencies that are drifting us toward evil.

Cliques are simply types of these tendencies. A few persons, imagining that for certain reasons they deserve to be separated from the common herd, arrange themselves into a certain circle or class; another set of persons do the same; and this process runs through society, until all the learned, all the wealthy, all who can boast a respectable birth and parentage, and great numbers who are not distinguished in either of these ways, are hooped up in their respective associations. But we have never quite succeeded in embracing the entire human family in this class-system. One clique sifts the mass, and retains the few it wishes for itself; another repeats the operation; and so on, until, after all the sifting and filtering is completed, there remains a residuum of people whom nobody owns.

In studying the consequences of this, it must be remembered what an immense force in human nature is human sympathy. Adam Smith wrote a treatise

to show that it was the mainspring of human action. The largest portion of human beings are incapable as yet of walking uprightly without this support. An accurate history of the human heart would show, that of the immediate causes of vice, the greatest is the loss of human sympathy. This is our conviction. Of all the men and women who sink into any form of immorality, the largest number are carried down by the fact that, after the first mis-step, they find themselves cut off from this resource, and excluded from human fellowship.

Another thing to be remembered is, that class-assumption is repugnant to our best instincts. It is from the force of a purely natural feeling that men resent the pretensions of superiority, and indignantly repel the claims of higher worth, which have no basis but the distinctions of class. It is in vain to attempt to eradicate this feeling. For ages it has been fought against in vain.

Now take a thousand human beings, and exclude them from every class in which human beings treat each other with ordinary respect and confidence; make them in a certain sense social outcasts; madden them with despair at the loss of human fellowship, and indignation at the denial of their common rights as individuals; and all the penal laws of society are as packthread binding a hurricane to restrain the passions you have aroused. *Cliquism* is a sure fountain-head, however minute, of vice, immorality, and crime.

We do not see it so. Moralists have marked out war, murder, robbery, and licentiousness, as being the great and undoubted evils that afflict society; and can find nothing else so bad as these. But no vices are so pernicious or so fatal as those that are sheltered by respectability. The vices that flaunt their hideous colors in the face of heaven, are partly disarmed by the loathing they excite: but an evil is not made innocuous by concealing its character. It will fester none the less though it diffuse its poison under the garb of a respectable or a sanctimonious exterior.

And so it turns out that the classes,—the "higher classes," as they are called,—gain nothing by their exclusiveness. The immediate motive, or the nominal reason of it, may be that of preserving their own precincts from the contamination of evil; but you can just as easily shut out a pestilence. Close your windows, lock your doors, bar the gates of your avenues, as effectively as you can, but as long as contagion is in the air, it will penetrate your guarded dwelling, and take, as vice and crime often have, your dearest and best for its victims. It is wondrous strange that we do not yet understand that while evil remains in society, no member of it is safe from its assault. And whether the cultivation of more inclusiveness, of more sympathy, of more of human brotherhood, would not conduce to the purification of society, the reader is left to consider.

Is Selfishness Immutable?

THE radical journals are establishing a claim to the confidence of mankind. Something that no conservative journal dares attempt has just been undertaken by *The Index*; it has come to the defence of the delusion of "supply and demand." We print its argument entire:—

When men have anything to sell, they wish to sell at as high a price as they can; when they are obliged to buy, they wish to buy at as low a price as they can. These desires are permanent and universal factors in social economy, and just as noticeable among reformers as among the unreformed. What follows? That whenever the market offers a surplus of any article above the actual wants of consumers, the sellers begin to compete with and underbid each other, and prices fall; but that, when there is a deficiency of the article, the buyers begin to compete with and overbid each other, and prices rise. In the former case, production is checked; in the latter case it is stimulated. That is the law of "supply and demand," against which the railers rail in vain. They might just as well fight the law of gravitation, unless they can totally reconstruct human nature on a brand-new plan. Selfish capitalists chuckle, when workingmen attack this inexorable law of Nature, instead of demanding a fair percentage of the profits of the business. When laborers secure this, their labor will be recognized as capital; they will become themselves capitalists; and the antagonism between capital and labor will vanish in kindly and equitable co-operation.

What is it which is here pronounced to be as immutable as the law of gravitation? Nothing more nor less than this: that the wish to buy as low and sell as high

as possible is a permanent and universal factor in social economy! In this statement there are no restraints expressed or implied, such as honor, or fair-dealing, or common honesty might impose. It justifies any meanness, or any cheating, that the cunning may devise,—except, possibly, whatever might fall under the statute of frauds. If by taking advantage of the ignorance or necessities of another, you can buy low or sell high, it is in obedience to an "inexorable law of Nature" that you do so. The statement is a defence of every form of dishonesty by which men have ever attempted to make money in mercantile pursuits. It is an attempt to give the dignity of a philosophic basis to

"The good old plan,
That they should get who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

It is nothing more nor less than human selfishness divorced from all moral considerations. Is it not unaccountable that its manifest baseness does not compel its absolute and utter repudiation by every honorable and intelligent mind? It deserves words of more burning scorn than those with which Ruskin has scathed it:—"Buy in the cheapest market?—yes; but what made your market cheap? Charcoal may be cheap among your roof timbers after a fire, and bricks may be cheap in your streets after an earthquake; but fire and earthquake may not therefore be national benefits. Sell in the dearest?—yes, truly; but what made your market dear? You sold your bread well to-day; was it to a dying man who gave his last coin for it, and will never need bread more; or to a rich man who to-morrow will buy your farm over your head; or to a soldier on his way to pillage the bank in which you have put your fortune?"

But it is some comfort to know that the statement cannot be true. There must be some moral element in business, or commerce would be impossible, and her fleets would rot at the wharves. What brings financial panics, deranges our material interests, and shakes the civilized world to its centre? The loss of confidence, the distrust that paralyzes commercial pursuits when some great fraud is exposed. It is as impossible to do business as it is to hold society together without the aid of morals. It is because there are men in business who are too honorable to buy as low or sell as high as they can, that we enjoy material prosperity at all. The law of gravitation has, indeed, been questioned; but see how quickly science would disown it if you could show one variation in its action where you can show, in human action, ten thousand variations from the dictates of selfishness. What great work for the progress of the race has not been undertaken in defiance of purely selfish impulses? If selfishness were as immutable as gravitation, *The Index* would never have had an existence; and every faithful and earnest word, every pregnant thought, it gives to the world, is cumulative evidence that something nobler than the baseness concealed beneath the phrase "supply and demand" is not unfrequently the controlling force of human endeavor. "Selfish capitalists chuckle when workingmen attack this inexorable law of Nature." Do not selfish Christians chuckle when *The Index* attacks Christianity? And does it not continue the attack all the same?

We regret to say that we do not know how to treat the last point in the above statement as serious argument. The workingmen, if they followed its advice, would say:—"O selfish capitalists! by an inexorable law of Nature, you are justified in getting all you can, and keeping all you can get; therefore we ask that you shall give us a share of that which is your own." When such a plea shall be effective to relieve Labor, we shall forswear logic forevermore!

How trying to the nerves it must be to find oneself in a position where it is a very delicate thing to speak the truth. We confess that we have sometimes been in that predicament; and that makes us sympathize the more with *The Golden Rule* in its effort to pay a just tribute to the "Country Ministers." It says, very handsomely and honorably, that it is a great blunder to suppose that "city pulpits monopolize the ministerial talent of the country;" but its great difficulty must have come when, to placate the monopolizing city, it felt obliged to add, that where a city "has one great man, it has scores of small ones."

Special Topics.

The Sickness of the Times.

BY JOHN W. CHADWICK.

THE characteristic vices of our times are less sensual than the vices of former times, more intellectual. They are the vices of unprincipled ambition, of vulgar ostentation, of political chicanery and mercantile dishonesty. They are the vices of extravagance and waste, of impatience with all slow beginnings and all small results; the vices that demand some royal road to wealth and reputation, some pair of seven-league boots in lieu of the toilsome plodding that is almost sure to bring success if kept up long enough. "I cannot dig, to beg I am ashamed," the man says in the parable. That man is now-a-days ubiquitous. He cannot dig, to beg he is ashamed, and so he takes to speculation, and then drops the initial *s* and takes to speculation—stealing pure and simple. "Sin," said the apostle, "is the transgression of the law." The characteristic sin of our times is eminently so. For what is transgression (*trans gradior*) but going "across lots," taking a short cut instead of keeping to the road. That is the characteristic vice and folly of the time. Again, the scriptures say, "The way of the transgressor is hard." I found it so one day last summer, when trying a short cut, I was soon floundering in a morass. Some of our political and financial transgressors have found it eminently so. God grant that they may find it harder in the days to come. In the moral sphere, I think, there always waits for our return from devious ways to the main road of truth and righteousness some vision of simplicity and noble confidence that helps us to forget the hot and dusty way.

Such being the characteristic vices of the times, let us consider how they can be mended. But as the cure of a disease must always bear some definite relation to its cause, let us first consider what causes, one or many, have been operative to produce our social and political condition. As a sick man will commonly assign a dozen far-fetched and inadequate causes for his sickness, rather than confess the cause which clearly is the actual one; so there are plenty of moralists and preachers to assign far-fetched and inadequate causes for our national and social ills, instead of seeing and declaring those which really have been operative. We are told by one set of oracles that the prime cause of all our sorrows is the unlimited extension of the suffrage; by another set that it is the inflation of the currency; and by still another that it is the decay of sound doctrine, the failure of the pulpit and the religious press to insist upon the principles of evangelical religion. The oracles that set forth these specific causes, set forth with equal confidence a corresponding number of specific remedies. These will suggest themselves: limitation of the suffrage, specie payments, Moody and Sankey. I do not mean to lump all of these oracles together, as if they were all equally worthless. In some localities I do not doubt that the unlimited extension of the suffrage is the true cause not only of political but of social immorality. Bad and weak men are put in places where they are subjected to temptations infinitely beyond their power or disposition to resist. As legislators they make unjust laws; as executive officers they do not execute the laws which better men have made; as civil officers they divert the public moneys into their private purses; as judges they conspire with criminals for a consideration. And all these things directly and indirectly foster general social immorality. The law's delay, the judge's lenity, that nice adjustment of the criminal net by which its meshes only hold the petty criminal, letting the bigger one escape,—all these things are manifestly an encouragement to the predatory classes, a premium on all manner of "irregularity." Moreover, young men standing at the parting of the ways, perceiving that success, however won, is generally praised, perceiving that the great prizes are perhaps more commonly won by the unprincipled, reverse the choice of Hercules, and throw all the weight of their young manhood on the evil side. Were the extension of the suffrage wholly responsible for all these dreadful tendencies, as it is, no doubt, in certain instances, es-

pecially in our great cities, it would indeed be a dreadful incubus, and how to shake it off would become the problem of all problems. But suppose that, once extended universally, it were possible for us again to limit it, what sort of limit would improve the quality? A property qualification? But the moneyed men are not all virtuous; the moneyless are not all evil-minded. Moreover, if in a railroad or a bank, a dozen honest men will quietly allow "a horse of another color" to run away not only with other people's but with their own wealth, what assurance have we that it would not be so in large political relations? But will an educational limit do any better? Compulsory education would soon make such a limit void. And until then, the elimination of a few thousands of non-reading and non-writing voters would effect no perceptible change in our political or social morals. If the suffrage could be limited to good men and women, that would no doubt be an improvement. But I will waste no time in showing that such a limit is impossible.

An inflated currency has doubtless proved, in every instance where it has been resorted to, a fruitful source of mercantile dishonesty. But I fear it is not merely the contagion of our eastern manners which has infected the Pacific coast, without being subject to the evils of a paper currency, to such a terrible degree with our eastern mania for wild and ruinous speculation. *Post hoc, sed non propter hoc*. After ours, but not on account of ours; the outcome of great general causes like our own, aided by some specific causes of a local character.

But if neither the political nor the financial cause assigned for our condition is sufficient to account for it, nor the specific remedies, that correspond, sufficient to renew our moral energy, what shall we say of the religious cause assigned, and of the specific remedy that corresponds to that? There is certainly much truth in the allegation that sound doctrine has fallen into disrepute, that Calvinism is no longer thundered from the pulpit as it was once, or echoed from the editorial chair; that especially preachers and editors no longer denounce as they once did on the impenitent and unbelieving the fiery pangs of everlasting hell. But I doubt very much whether there is any close connection between this decay of doctrine and the decay of morals, social and political. Some of our most notorious swindlers have been notoriously pious and thoroughly evangelical. In the same breath, with which he announces himself as a statesman, Tweed declares that he has "no religion," but his case is exceptional. Colfax was a Christian statesman; so, too, was Pomeroy; and many others might be named. But there are circumstances connected with the decay of evangelical doctrine, that, I do not doubt, have a prejudicial influence on the moral life of the community. Insincerity is one form of dishonesty. The man who is insincere in his religious professions, will the more easily prove dishonest upon 'Change. Now it is palpably true that the religious world to-day is full of insincerity. It is fairly honeycombed with unbelief of the traditional creeds, and yet these creeds are everywhere glibly recited. Hundreds of Orthodox pulpits are occupied by clergymen who are still Orthodox only in a Pickwickian sense. Here I am persuaded we have one very active and potent cause of general immorality. But happily the cause suggests the cure. What insincerity has marred, sincerity will reestablish.

Thus indirectly the church of America, which ought to be as a sea-wall, against which the waves of social and political corruption should be beaten into harmless foam, conspires with that corruption, adding to its baneful energy. But directly as well as indirectly the church lays itself open to this charge. For there is no institution that is more given than this to flatter men of wealth, and to foster the idea which is at the bottom of so much iniquity, that money is the one thing needful. There are hundreds of preachers in America whose mouths are stopped, so that they cannot cry aloud against prevailing wickedness, by the votive bank-notes of some rich parishioner. The man must be very bad whose money is not good when a new church is to be built, a new organ to be got. Let an Evangelical Alliance be assembled, and millionaires, not saints, are the brightest ornaments of the platform, and are listened to, let them discourse ever so pointlessly, with such respect as would suffice for some angelic visitation. How much, too, of our church-build-

ing is of a piece with the most wicked personal extravagance. What chance is there for an impressive sermon on such old-fashioned virtues as paying one's debts, and living within one's means, in a church burdened with debt to the amount of one or two hundred thousand dollars? I do not think that man can build too costly temples wherein to celebrate his gratitude to God, and pledge his consecration; but it were better far that these things should be done in some building barren of all beauty, or beneath the open sky, or in the solitude of one's own heart, than in a cathedral as beautiful as Milan or Cologne, built with money raked together by all sorts of miserable and unscrupulous devices, and burdened with a debt incapable of honest liquidation.

Another fruitful source of our besetting evils is the recollection, still too fresh among us, of the rapidity with which great fortunes were acquired during the war. How little reality there was in many of the fortunes so hastily acquired, is not considered. A false standard having been set of acquisition and expenditure, hundreds of men keep straining after that standard, and failing to reach up to it by fair means, they resort to foul. Very slowly and reluctantly such men are coming to see that they did not do their whole duty to their country, nor pay their part of the full price of Northern infidelity and complacency, by sending all their nearest blood relations to the war; that to this day something of self-sacrifice, and frugality, and simplicity is demanded as the price of that enfranchisement, only the first payments of which were made in blood upon the field of battle.

To name other minor causes of our present sorrows would not be difficult, but I pass them by, that in conclusion I may characterize more fully and distinctly the cause which of all causes is the most responsible for the many-headed hydra of corruption that infests our business and our politics. This is no less a matter than the average religious teaching of the Protestant pulpit for the last three hundred years. What the religious teaching of the Romanist before and since the Reformation has been, and what its probable influence, I care not to consider, for it is not until very lately that it has had any direct influence upon our social and political life. Faith without works is surely dead, but, as surely, no less dead for the addition of such works as Romanism makes compulsory upon her votaries. But what has been the average religious teaching of the Protestant pulpit for the last three hundred years? It has had three principal characteristics, and these have been: (1) the entire subordination of the idea of law to that of mercy; to forgiveness, penalty; and (2) the subordination of morality to faith. With thousands of preachers fulminating these ideas for generation after generation; with thousands of books perpetuating and enforcing them; with eloquence and learning doing evermore their best to give them vital application; with only a few voices here and there raised to protest against them, the wonder is, not that the times are not more pure and just, but that they are not a hundred times more rotten than they are. For hundreds of years religion has been loosening by every possible device the firm grasp of the moral law upon men's consciences. It has heaped immeasurable contempt upon this present life of ours, in comparison with the life that is to come hereafter; it has represented the relation of this life and the next as an antithesis; the things that make for this life's peace and happiness of no account in making preparation for the other; morality as "filthy rags," out of which no saint's ascension robe can possibly be stitched together. It will be said that Calvinism certainly has not maximized mercy at the expense of law, forgiveness at the expense of penalty. But the law which it has emphasized has not been the moral law; the penalties on which it has insisted have not been the self-acting penalties of wickedness. The law has been some arbitrary fiat of Omnipotence; the penalties have been confined to future periods of existence. But latterly the Mohammedan idea, "God is merciful, indulgent," has had things largely its own way. A good-natured, easy-going system of theology has made a good-natured, easy-going system of morality more acceptable and popular. Such virtues as honesty and simplicity and frugality have paled in comparison with free-handed generosity; an ounce of personal charity has excused

a ton of mercantile corruption. Let the Bank of California break, and there shall not be wanting voices to palliate the crime that brought the ruin crashing down, because the president "used his accumulated wealth in whole-souled devotion to the development of a young and immature State," and "extended to strangers a bounteous hospitality not outdone by Nature herself," and because "it was not for his use that nearly a dozen varieties of choice wines, and every delicacy known to cookery, appeared upon his table." I quote these sentences from a letter written in good faith to the *New York Nation*. The writer concludes his letter: "If this is the stuff Napoleons are made of, surely, sir, you must join me in hoping that the world may have more of them." Surely we must not, though very surely many thousands will. No amount of resources developed, no amount of spendthrift generosity or hospitality, can properly atone for mercantile dishonesty or "wildcat" speculation. Be just before you are generous. Better a dinner of herbs where simple justice is, than "a dozen varieties of choice wines and every delicacy known to cookery," which soon or late other people must pay for. Prodigal expenditure or lavish charity is no excuse for wholesale robbery.

But the subordination of morality to faith is the most striking characteristic of the popular theology. Exactly what *faith* is, the sects are not agreed among themselves. Now it means belief of certain unintelligible theological propositions; anon it means some exhibition or experience of "emotional insanity;" some ecstasy of feeling begotten of some sense of special tenderness on the part of God or Christ. Whatever it means, it means something very different from doing one's simple duty in a plain, straight-forward, often unpoetic fashion; telling no lies; doing no meanness; giving good weight and measure; keeping the senses in subordination to the soul. The popular theology has had no language strong enough to express its contempt of these modest, homely virtues. These are mere morality. "Sin has slain its thousands, good works their tens of thousands," cries the impassioned votary. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "Only believe." These are the current war-cries. But it took Martin Luther to express this doctrine forcibly: "Be thou a sinner and sin boldly, but still more boldly believe and rejoice in Christ. From Him sin shall not separate us; no, though a thousand times in every day we should commit fornication or murder." If there is any one thing that I honor Swedenborg for more than for another, it is because he did such valiant and persistent battle with this monstrous and infernal doctrine of salvation by faith alone. What Luther meant by such expressions many apologists have sought to tell us. What he said was most outrageous and pernicious and abominable.

For three hundred years, the average religious teaching of the Protestant pulpit has been more or less infected by the demoralizing notions which I have now clearly set forth. And these notions are responsible to a degree far in excess of any others, near or remote, for whatever of immoral tendency and practice marks the present generation. It is very evident, therefore, that to import Moody and Sankey is no sufficient measure to correct our evil tendencies and practices. Rather will such importation tend, if it has any influence at all, to aggravate these tendencies, and to excite these practices. If any good is to be hoped from the performances of these men, it must be through the perception, by the community at large, that these performances are only a more honest application of principles that are inherent in the bones and marrow of the evangelical creeds and systems; only a more resolute subordination of this world to the next; only a more pointed neglect of the self-acting penalties of immorality, in deference to the penalties of an imaginary hell; only a more steady substitution of human and divine good-nature in the place of simple justice; only a more sublimely-impudent assertion of the superiority of faith, be it dogmatism or emotional excitement, to "mere morality."

A sickness so pervasive as that which now afflicts our social organism, can be cured by no specific remedy. The remedy must be a treatment as general as the disease. It must be nothing short of the incoming of a new religion; more human, more rational, more practical, more sternly moral than the religion which is

fast going to decay. Whatever faith this new religion shall inspire in an immortal life beyond the grave, it will not seek to enhance the glory of that life by making this present life appear contemptible; whatever mercy, human or divine, it may delight to honor, it will remorselessly exhibit the self-acting penalties of immorality, and the unfaltering permanence of law; and whatever importance it may attach to correct opinions, or to emotional sensibility, it will not fail to steadily and earnestly insist that there is no other name given under Heaven, by which men can be saved from the innumerable hells of wasted energy and self-reproach and social degradation, than the name of simple righteousness.

Letters from John Parker. No. 2.

LITTLETON, S. C., Nov. 10, 1875.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW AGE:—I know that editors cannot be imposed upon by intrusive manuscripts, because I have been made aware, before this, that they keep a waste-basket. You will perhaps consign this without compunction to that limbo of the misappreciated; but I shall have the satisfaction of writing out what is on my mind.

I have been thinking of you and your enterprise, as I stand at my anvil,—I am iron-worker for the Littleton colony, blacksmith and machinist in one; as I take the white soft iron from the forge, and mould it with strokes of the hammer; and with every hammer-stroke the sparks fly out, somehow the energy that goes out of my arm comes back to my brain. I do not get over the mysterious excitement of it. You would think that an experience at this work, of nearly forty years, would have converted it to humdrum and routine. But its exhilaration is still fresh to me. I suppose I understand better than you do the meaning of the word "scintillation." I strike; I *scintillate*; sparks fly from my anvil, and sparks fly from my brain. Is it an illustration of the conservation of force? Do I eat my cake and keep it? Are muscular force and brain force at bottom one, so that the exercise of the one involves the other? I will propose this conundrum to THE CLUB at its next session.

I am making, perhaps, a ring for a ring-bolt; a rather nice piece of work, of its class. I must have the diameter of the iron the same throughout, and also the diameter of the ring, and I must weld the ends securely. But the labor excites more mental action than can spend itself in that work. In fact, through long custom, I do the work automatically, and all, or nearly all, the mental action it excites is, as regards that work, surplusage,—it must hammer something else. Nor am I ever at a loss for crude material to work on in that inner shop. I have not needed to hang a grammar within easy visual reach, that I might keep time to my hammer with a "*hic, haec, hoc*;"—had I begun on that at an early stage, you would doubtless have heard of me as "John Parker, the Learned Blacksmith." Every one to his taste. My own taste has led me to read the newspapers, and such contemporary magazines as came within my orbit, and instead of dwelling with the dead past, I have sought to know the living present, and to "Catch the manners living as they rise." I have not read Plato, even in a translation; and though I have seen something of Homer, as given by Pope, I have easily remanded him to the period to which he belongs; to the period when "horse-tamers" and men-slayers constituted the world's nobility. I am satisfied that "times change and we change in them,"—that every century offers its own problems,—that the future is better worth studying than the past. The future is plastic; the past is finished; by studying the future we mould it. You, living under the shadow of Harvard College, will condemn my idiosyncrasy,—perhaps I ought to apologize for it; it doubtless springs from my trade—as a maker of new things I am most interested in what is unfinished and unfashioned.

It is true that, except at rare intervals, when I become absorbed in a course of thought, and forget to pump my bellows, and the iron grows cold as my thought grows warm, I do my shop-thinking by shreds and patches, incoherently. On that account I have spent some time in trying to devise a *glimpse machine*, for registering evanescent conceptions. If I should succeed in constructing the machine, one of its first

fruits will be a volume by John Parker on *Culture*, or on *Babes in the Wood*, resembling the works of Emerson and Artemus Ward in coherency, and resembling the works of one of these two authors in intrinsic value.

Do not understand, however, that *all* my mental work is patch-work. I am not always in my shop. The iron-work of the colony demands usually about half my time, and the rest is leisure. In my afternoons I light my pipe, and, reclining on the bank of Little River, just beyond my garden gate, watching the seine as the belabored mule draws it up full of mullett, *pro bono publico*, or, according to the time of tide, listlessly observing the indolence of some colored brother pulling his basket with oysters from the flats, I try to gather up the sparks struck off in the morning, and give to my airy nothings a local habitation and a name. At such times I have thought with much interest of you and your enterprise. I supposed when I began this letter that I was going to tell you what I have thought. But my letter is too long already.

I am certainly getting old,—this garrulity is a sign. It is strange, by the way, on what slight indications we old men rely, to convince ourselves that we are getting old. Gray hairs are nothing; the infirm foothold is nothing. The generations springing up around us are nothing. My daughter, at twenty, is as young as she ever was to me,—though younger men notice a difference. All definite and pronounced indications go for nothing, but the slight intangible tokens remind us that we ought to plead guilty. Not long ago, in Washington, riding in a "bob-tail horse-car," I got out my fare, according to the instructions blazoned above the windows, and was about to go forward with it, when a sprightly young man opposite extended his hand with an "allow me, sir," and I found myself actually waited on, as if I were a feeble woman. I thought then "I must be getting old." And now I am reminded somehow by this letter of that bright expression in one of Byron's letters:—"An eternal monologue which old men call conversation."

I certainly shall not be any younger when I write again, but I hope I may be able to tell you without indirection what I have been thinking about THE NEW AGE, and its mission.

Meanwhile, whether you print this or not, I am cordially yours,
JOHN PARKER.

What is Crime?

BY MRS. M. S. WETMORE.

MEN, violating the laws of the land, are obliged to pay penalty by fines, imprisonment, etc., and are considered criminals; and after serving out a sentence for one, two, five, or ten years, come out into society to be viewed as despicable characters, not fit to associate with respectable (?) people. The men detected in wrong are the criminals; those *not* detected are honorable, even though it is well known that they step aside from the path of rectitude daily. It is crime, or considered such, if a man commits forgery under an insane passion produced by gambling. He knows the habit is a fearful one, he realizes all the evils that may result from it; but spite of all, he rushes madly on, even after he has suffered imprisonment for a term of years, in consequence of indulging the passion. Born and reared in wealth, the natural result of which is a gratification of selfish indulgences, everything tends to moral weakness. Born of parents who have never had to struggle for an existence, with plenty always at command, the father striving only to pile his coffers higher, the mother with no ambition to even differ in sentiment from her husband, believing it to be woman's duty to submit in all things; what wonder if the children of such parents have little will to battle with the enemy that lies in wait for all? An inordinate love of money in the father—who is perhaps a wealthy banker, planning only to increase his means by every possible method—is a passion which in the child may assume another form, and lead to crime. He shows no evidence in boyhood of the disease lurking in his nature, but is the genial, sunny-faced, lovable boy. He is sent to college; there, away from all loving, refining influences, the nature that was inherited begins to develop, and that which in the father was an unnatural desire to accumulate, becomes in the son a mad passion for excitement, and he acquires the

habit of gambling—a habit which seems to satisfy the wants of his excitable nature. He also wants more money than he has allowed him, and he gambles to procure it; he wins and loses alternately; finally, to make good a loss, he commits forgery, and as a criminal is sent to prison. He knew it was wrong; he realized every day the evils resulting from such a life, still he pursued the same course, feeling his guilt constantly. Is this failing, or weakness, or, more properly speaking, this moral infirmity, any more a crime in him than the weakness of violating the laws of life every day for years, and thereby materially shortening their lives, was a crime in Charles Sumner, Theodore Parker, Henry Wilson, Robert Dale Owen, and a host of others? We deplore the death of such men, and only regret that they did not make a better use of their knowledge, that they might have remained longer where they are so much needed. Robert Dale Owen gambled with his brain in letters, and instead of going to State Prison, went to an insane asylum,—just where the gamblers of to-day should go, only I would have the asylums better suited to their wants. Who can determine what is crime and what disease? Solve this problem and we shall, I imagine, find that we are a morally diseased people, and that the class we shut up in prisons are the morally sick, needing a physician such as we have not for them. We shall find that we are *all* criminals, and those laboring for reform as great, many of them, as those they would elevate. Shall we call men who fall weak, or wicked? Is it “sickly sentimentality” to pity the offender and strive to show him whence his weakness originated? If his grandfather is to blame, or his mother, shall we hang the offender and commend him to God’s mercy? God’s mercy must be found in human souls; and if not there, then where? Let us discover the *cause* of crime, and then speak the truth in relation thereto, and pity the offender, whoever he may be, and make that pity a strengthening bond of elevation to him; and if, in spite of all efforts, he falls again, let us still pity him, for the poor soul feels his utter degradation beyond our imaginings. And let us *tell* him he is morally sick; let us not *commit still more of crime by lying to him*. Can he not see, and does he not know that even worse men walk the streets every day, and are “honorable”? Can he be re-formed, or recover, while writhing under such injustice? We are a people *living lies daily*, and until we dare speak the truth and act it, we shall take no steps toward reform; for we cannot progress while we fear to move or speak. Let us speak what seems truth, though all condemn. Let us try a little “sickly sentimentality” for a change. Crime is not decreasing, and with all the “hangings,” murders do not cease. Let us have charity; it surely will cover a multitude of sins, and make us all very nearly related.

Literature.

THE GODS, AND OTHER LECTURES. By Robert G. Ingersoll. Peoria, Illinois.

THIS is a real and rare book, written in that terse and robust style sometimes found in western publications, which tells that the ideas had a distinct and living existence before being clothed in words. It is dedicated to “Eva A. Ingersoll: a woman without superstition;” and the preface, which cannot be here described or quoted, is far more expressive than lengthy. The book contains five lectures, on *The Gods*, *Humboldt*, *Thomas Paine*, *Individuality*, and *Heretics and Heresies*; and as to all, it must be admitted that though they may not be exhaustive, little if any more could be said in the same space. The matter is well-considered, the subjects seeming to run directly in the writer’s usual line of thought. The idea illustrated by each lecture is stated; that of the first being, “An honest God is the noblest work of man;” of the second, “The universe is governed by law;” of the third, “With his name left out, the history of liberty cannot be written;” of the fourth, “His soul was like a star and dwelt apart;” and of the fifth, “Liberty: a word without which all other words are vain.” The whole discussion breathes the tenor of a fearless, high-toned, and progressive rationalism; and the reader, fascinated with the pure and vigorous style, arises from the scarcely interrupted reading with the conviction, whatever may be his views, that the author, though often sarcastic, has honestly and manfully performed his part.

A few selections have been taken hastily, and perhaps not with discrimination. In the first lecture: “Nations like individuals have their periods of youth, of manhood and decay. Religions are the same; the same inexorable destiny awaits them all. The gods created by the nations must perish with their creators.” “Day by day religious conceptions grow less

and less intense. The burning enthusiasm, the quenchless zeal, of the early church, have gone, never, never to return. The ceremonies remain, but the ancient faith is fading out of the human heart. The worn-out arguments fail to convince; and denunciations that once blanched the faces of a race, excite in us only derision and disgust. As time rolls on, the miracles grow mean and small, and the evidences our fathers thought conclusive, utterly fail to satisfy us. There is an ‘irrepressible conflict’ between religion and science, and they cannot peaceably occupy the same brain or the same world.” “Reason, observation, and experience—the Holy Trinity of science—have taught us that happiness is the only good; that the time to be happy is now, and the way to be happy is to make others so. This is enough for us. In this belief we are content to live and die. If by any possibility the existence of a power superior to and independent of Nature shall be demonstrated, there will then be time enough to kneel. Until then let us stand erect.”

In the second lecture: “Great men do not live alone; they are surrounded by the great; they are the instruments used to accomplish the tendencies of their generation; they fulfil the prophecies of their age.” “I have seen a picture of the old man sitting upon a mountain side; above him the eternal snow, below the smiling valley of the tropics, filled with vine and palm; his chin upon his breast; his eyes deep, thoughtful, and calm; his forehead majestic—grander than the mountain upon which he sat; crowned with the snow of his whitened hair, he looked the intellectual autocrat of this world.” “Slowly, beautifully, like the coming of the dawn, came the grand truth, that *the universe is governed by law*”—“by the term law is meant the same invariable relations of succession and resemblance predicated of all facts springing from like conditions.” “At the head of this great army of investigators stood Humboldt, the serene leader of an intellectual host, a king by the suffrage of Science and the divine right of Genius.”

In the third lecture many things might be selected, but perhaps none with entire justice to the author. No word should be omitted; the whole should be read as the most masterly refutation of that continued calumny by the church, which has almost driven from common history the name of one of the nation’s greatest political and moral benefactors.

In the fourth lecture: “The church hates a thinker precisely for the same reason a robber dislikes a sheriff, or a thief despises the prosecuting witness.” “To worship another is to degrade yourself. Worship is awe and dread and vague fear and blind hope.” “We should all remember that the intellect has no knees, and that whatever the attitude of the body may be, the brave soul is always found erect. Whoever worships, abdicates. Whoever believes at the command of power, tramples his own individuality beneath his feet, and voluntarily robs himself of all that renders man superior to the brute.” “The church has won no victories for the rights of man.” “On every chain has been the sign of the Cross. The altar and throne have leaned against and supported each other.” “All the machinery of the Church is constantly employed in corrupting the reason of children. In every possible way they are robbed of their own thoughts, and forced to accept the statements of others. Every Sunday school has for its object the crushing out of every germ of individuality.” “Is it possible that an infinite God created this world simply to be the dwelling place of slaves and serfs? That he did a few miracles to astonish them; that all the evils of life are simply his punishments; and that he is finally going to turn heaven into a kind of religious museum, filled with Baptist barnacles, petrified Presbyterians, and Methodist mummies? I want no heaven for which I must give my reason, no happiness in exchange for my liberty, and no immortality that demands the surrender of my individuality.” “Give the Church a place in the Constitution, let her touch once more the sword of power, and the priceless fruit of all the ages will turn to ashes on the lips of man.”

In the last lecture: “Whoever has an opinion of his own, and honestly expresses it, will be guilty of heresy. Heresy is what the minority believe; it is the name given by the powerful to the doctrine of the weak.” “This word was born of intellectual slavery in the feudal ages of thought. It was an epithet used in the place of argument.” “In those days the cross and rack were inseparable companions. Across the open Bible lay the sword and fagot. Not content with burning such heretics as were alive, they even tried the dead, in order that the church might rob their wives and children. The property of all heretics was confiscated, and on this account they charged the dead with being heretical—indicted, as it were, their dust, to the end that the church might clutch the bread of orphans. Learned divines discussed the propriety of tearing out the tongues of heretics before they were burned; and the general opinion was that this ought to be done, so that the *heretics* should not be able, by uttering blasphemies, to shock the Christians who were burning them.” “One of the Presbyterian ministers, and one who has been enjoying the luxury of a little honest thought, and the real rapture of expressing it, has already been indicted, and is about to be tried, by the Presbytery of Illinois. He is charged: First, with having neglected to preach that most comforting and consoling truth, the eternal damnation of the soul. Surely that man must be a monster who could wish to blot this blessed doctrine out, and rob earth’s wretched children of this blissful hope!” “Growth is heresy.” “Imagine a vine that grows at one end and decays at the other. The end that grows is heresy; the end that rots is Orthodoxy.” “Heresy extends the hospitalities of the brain to a new thought. Heresy is a cradle; Orthodoxy a coffin.”

These brief quotations have been taken because they seemed less dependent on the context than other striking portions, but the argument can only be understood by a full reading.

G. W. P.

Communications.

Division among the Woman Suffragists.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW AGE:—It seems that a new convention of the suffragists is about being formed in this State. We have known for a long time that there was a feeling of discontent among the workers, concerning the best way to carry on this reform; and that many have left the old church because it is governed a little too much by the “one-man power.”

The *Woman’s Journal* is the chief organ of this reform, and is really a worthy paper; yet it does not give expression to all of the ripest and most advanced thought upon this question, and one must look in other journals to find it. This is as it should be. Truth grows faster in plenty of room, or surrounded by different ideas, from which it may draw nourishment or receive correction. When opinions are too much crowded, as they have been in the *Woman’s Journal*, they imitate each other, and eventually look as much alike as peas in the same pod.

It has been amusing to notice how closely young speakers have copied the voice and manner of their aged suffrage parents; all of which was perfectly natural in the early days of this school. But the infancy of the Woman question was passed long ago; and nothing is more ridiculous now than for intelligent men and women to support the Republican ticket for the reason that Mr. Blackwell approves it; or imitate the sweet tones of Lucy Stone, because they do not dare to try their own voices. The sooner they cut loose from these apron strings, and walk on their own independent feet, the better. So we hail the formation of many new conventions and journals; all of which mean a larger growth for the good cause.

A SUFFRAGIST.

A Question.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW AGE:—In Mr. Elder’s thoughtful and interesting papers on the *Tendency of Scientific Thought*, I could not help regretting what appears to me to be the occurrence of a single vague expression. It is in the last paper, where he says: “He who conceives of creation as an event that occurred during such a week nearly six thousand years ago, has no adequate conception of creation as one continuous process, going on from the beginning until now.” Does not the word “beginning” here introduce a confusion of thought scarcely less troublesome than the hypothetical “week” itself? Of course the thought of creation transcends our language; but can we not find expressions which approximately hint at the *timelessness* of that eternal act?

J. H. C.

The Sovereignty of Individuality.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW AGE:—That humanity has so far progressed as to produce individuals—choice types—able to rise above lower law influences, we have more than *prima facie* evidence.

In my circle of acquaintance are those to whom I make my most reverential bow. To my perception, they are the personification, the materialization of the power of God and the wisdom of God. The power of God, to preserve their form erect, through all strains upon their integrity. The wisdom of God, directing their every action, word and thought. Of course they have dropped the “Forgiveness of Sins” from their creed, and “Imputed Righteousness” from their platform. They recognize the relation of cause and effect, and are prepared to meet their liabilities like honest men and women—have no faith in dodging. They do right because it is right, if all the heavens in the universe fall. And who ever knew any very good heavens to fall by doing right?

But somewhere about here the question arises, Are there already enough such types of humanity to sustain a periodical on your platform?

OLIVER PRENTISS.

Mount Lebanon, N. Y.

Scintillations.

JAPANESE officials commit suicide when found guilty of theft or embezzlement. American officials retire to their farms and receive the congratulations of their friends.

“JOHN HENRY,” said his wife, with stony severity, “I saw you coming out of a saloon this afternoon.” “Well, madam,” replied the obdurate John, “you wouldn’t have me stay in there, would you?”

Yes, women are unreasonable, and you may have remarked that when one of them sits down in a new silk dress on a chair where a neighbor’s child has carelessly deposited two cents’ worth of taffy, she will go on about it just as bad as if it were two dollars’ worth.

As a schoolmaster was employed, the other day, in Scotland, in his delightful task of teaching a sharp urchin to cipher on the slate, the precious pupil put the following question to his instructor: “Whaur diz a’ the figures gang till when they’re rubbit out?”

A DRAG driven by an elegantly attired lady, and with a trim and neatly dressed colored boy perched on the footman’s seat behind, was passing through the street, when it was espied by an old negro woman. “Bress de Lord,” she exclaimed, raising her hands as she spoke, “Bress de Lord, I never s’pected to see dat. Wonder what dat callud young gemman pays dat young white ‘oman fur drivin’ dat kerridge? I know’d it’d come, but never s’pected to lib to see it. Dis nigga’s ready to go ‘way now.”

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Relation between Church and State,

the complete

Secularization of our Common School System,

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

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

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

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

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

TERMS, Three Dollars a Year, with Postage Prepaid.

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THE NEW AGE.

VOLUME I.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1875.

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Photographic.

THE *Investigator* is the name of a new paper, devoted to the Spiritual philosophy, and published at 33 Park Row, New York.

A FRIEND sends us the following conundrum:—"How can teachers be expected to instil principles of political integrity into the characters of their pupils, when committee-men are hiring their older brothers to peddle votes for their election upon the new School Board?" We give it up.

WE have received the first number of the *Pacific Liberal*, a monthly journal, published at 555½ Minna Street, San Francisco, with A. J. Boyer as editor and proprietor. We commend it to public attention, and heartily wish it the best success; as, indeed, we could not help doing, since it is so much like THE NEW AGE in its make-up and general purpose. It has also a fine taste—in selection.

THE *Congregationalist* more than hints that some of its contributors send manuscripts to its office at printed-matter rates, and that correspondents send messages on the inner folds of a newspaper. We are glad that we do not conduct a "religious" newspaper, if that is the way with the contributors and correspondents of one. Ours never thought of cheating Uncle Sam in that way.

WE are glad to see that so many papers are using our paragraphs. Many of them, when they take anything from THE NEW AGE, tell where they got it; but others do not. This makes no difference to us; we make our paragraphs for circulation; and when they are circulated, we are so happy in the good they will do, that we do not care where the credit goes. So go ahead, brethren; persevere in the good work. For the sake of relieving your consciences, we consent that you use anything on this page, without taking the trouble to give credit, if you wish to do so. If a thing is good, who cares what paper it comes from?

WE would respectfully ask if it is not time that the public heard something in reference to the labor troubles at Fall River. Certain gentlemen of high character and influence kindly undertook to get at the facts, and reconcile, if possible, the parties. The manufacturers hastened to give their version to the public through the press. The representatives of the workpeople patiently withheld any public appeal, awaited the proper time, and laid their case before these gentlemen. The people of the State were considerably stirred at the time of the troubles, and a genuine and commendable interest in the subject was awakened. It should not be allowed to die away without leading to some good result. We do not suppose the kindly-disposed gentlemen are idle, but it is time that something be heard from them.

ON a great many questions, there is a lot of rubbish to be cleared out of the way before a genuine discussion can well begin. The currency is one of these. It is a constant assumption, in particular localities, that inflation is a great moral wrong. We do not now deny this; but we do not remember that the journals now so stoutly asserting it, had anything of this kind to say when inflation was begun on so large a scale, a dozen years ago. No moral principle has changed since then. What is more evident than anything else is, that men take sides on this question according to their real or imagined interests. In localities where a large amount of money is hoarded, no one disputes that moneyed men would gain by contraction; where there is little currency, inflation would give at least temporary relief. So we notice that the West abounds in inflationists, and the East in contractionists. This does not settle the merits of the question. But a man does not always succeed in convincing people that a certain measure is demanded by moral obligations, when it is apparent that the first effect of its adoption will be to put money in his pocket.

THE papers give us the charming news that the Boston and Providence Railroad Corporation refuse to cut down the wages of their employees in order to increase the stockholders' dividends. We will agree not to use a half-fare ticket on that road for the entire winter.

THE *Christian Register* says, "If they ever really 'rekindle the flames of Smithfield' down stairs, as soon as the odor of roasting flesh and the shrieks of the modern martyrs ascend to our sanctum, we will throw so much cold water upon such proceedings as shall drown the Assistant Secretary, besides floating every sheet of the new *Year Book* far off into merited oblivion." There was a time when the *Register* might have done noble service as such a fire-extinguisher; but it let the magnificent moment pass. Now that THE NEW AGE has appeared, and the danger is over, it hastens to tell of the great things it is ready to do; like a tardy reinforcement appearing on the field when the battle is finished, and eager to join in the pursuit of a defeated foe. We nevertheless accept, with befitting magnanimity, its new-formed purpose, and will put it on probation.

AMONG the untrustworthy things, we are inclined to count the official statistics relating to the Labor question. Edward Young, the head of the Statistical Department of the Treasury, has published a book of over eight hundred pages, on the condition of labor. It has confirmed the *Commonwealth* in "the opinion that the working-people of New England are better paid and better provided for than anywhere else in the wide world." Yet the *Workingman*, of Pottsville, Pennsylvania, shows from the figures in Mr. Young's book, that the miners in England and Wales are better paid than they are in the great coal State. If, according to the figures in that book, six-room tenements can be found in New England for \$7.45 a month, we would like to have them pointed out. We cannot find such rents. The solution of the labor problem is as far off as ever, if it has no better aid than such data.

THE whiskey-fraud trials are still progressing at St. Louis; but we cannot enlighten the public about the matter, for we are so unsophisticated as not to know the difference between straight and crooked whiskey; the only thing we can guess about it is, that it is the difference between whiskey *before* and *after*—for we have been told that when a man takes his whiskey straight, after the manner and preference of Nasby, he immediately goes crooked. But "where ignorance is bliss, it is folly to be wise;" and we can afford to be innocent, remembering that Horace Greeley did not know that Heidsieck and champagne are not different drinks. The papers say that Gen. Babcock is implicated; but we presume no one expects us to believe that. But why would not this whole business be an admirable test of political economy theories? Let the whiskey-ring men alone, and let whiskey be either straight or crooked, according to the "law of supply and demand."

IN a generous and discriminating notice of THE NEW AGE, after the issue of our first number, *The Index* complimented us by saying that we held our convictions in reserve. Of course we felt flattered; we discovered we had the art to conceal our opinions through eight columns of editorial matter; with abilities so peculiar and so rare we might hope some day to be President. In the same notice, *The Index* intimated that we could not deserve success or sympathy unless we "advocated" something, and the *Christian Register* seconded the hint. We thought this a fair question for general discussion, and let loose our convictions on the subject; using for illustration the *Woman's Journal*, the *Register*, and *The Index*. Whether the *Journal* agreed with us, and was delighted with our illustration, we do not know, as it does not exchange with us. The *Register* responded with its usual amiability and wit. But on the point of "advocacy" it seems we have silenced *The Index*. "Let us have peace."

WHEN the war with Spain was so happily concluded, as chronicled last week, we expected to enjoy a season of peace; but we were disappointed. A war with England immediately broke out, and raged with great fury in the streets of this city—for two days. Our office is near the principal scene of hostilities; but during the whole bombardment we were perfectly safe. The *Globe* mingled in the fray, and was so confused by the noise of battle and the sight of carnage that it fell into the blunder of supposing that war was to be made on Turkey; so on Thanksgiving day it joined vigorously in the attack, and is now slowly recovering from its wounds. Peace reigns once more; and the dead, wounded, and missing are counted up in nickels.

WE learn by a daily paper that a "meeting of the friends of Woman Suffrage was held in Room 6, Wesleyan Building, recently, to express their dissatisfaction at the attitude of the *Woman's Journal* during the late political campaign." This shows another of the "perils of advocacy." If you assume to be an organ, you must acknowledge the right of any friend of the cause you undertake to represent to disown you as an advocate of it; which may sometimes put you in an awkward position. We have heard that somebody has said that THE NEW AGE is to become the organ of something. The individual who invented this statement has too much imagination to waste on such trifles. He should turn poet at once, and manufacture hymns for Sankey; he is altogether too *Sankeymonious* for us. How are you going to make an organ of THE NEW AGE without its knowledge and consent? You can't do it if you try. You can't find a Hercules strong enough to turn the crank.

IN an article on our relations with Spain, *The Nation* says that in case of States really equal, no such language as we have been in the habit of using in our intercourse with that power would ever have been allowed or possible; and that as Spain is not in the position of an equal, there would be neither sense nor kindness in being too polite with her. We did not know before that it was honorable in a nation to adopt the manners of a bully. We are happy to think that our contemporary does not, in this utterance, represent the sentiment of the country. Our government has sometimes been guilty of the baseness it justifies; but when Sumner, in one of his most effective speeches, showed that the Republic of Hayti was entitled to the same measure of justice we were willing to accord the most powerful nation, he was supported by the best moral sentiment of the country. We should say that if any difference is to be made, use the most sense and politeness with the weakest.

THE people, both in public and private station, have been engaged during the last week in paying funeral honors to the remains of Vice-President Wilson. Aside from the enduring renown to which his name may be entitled, there is something in such a spectacle which deserves grateful recognition. These labored obsequies do not always express or represent precisely the same feeling, but there is always a good impulse behind them all. Sometimes these honors are an offering to worth that has never been questioned and always been appreciated; sometimes, as in the case of Sumner, they are the spontaneous outpouring of admiration and gratitude, all the more intense because it was not till after he was gone that the people felt how much they loved him; sometimes, and of this Sheridan's funeral is the best example, they are the hollow mockery of respect which title and rank accord to the genius they have employed and neglected; and sometimes they are merely the tribute which custom and propriety pay to distinguished station; but in any case, they afford grateful evidence of the fact, that human sympathy and gratitude are vital forces; and that, although we often wait until a man is dead before we discover his full merit, it is to the honor of our common nature that when conscious of his worth, we do not withhold the expression of the respect and affection which are his due.

The Ideal.

The Harvest-Secret.

III.

BY WILLIAM C. GANNETT.

WE might trace our Harvest-Secret farther, and see how the Lord of Harvests hoards the result of all dead generations, of perished nations, of dropped civilizations, in the broadened intellect and nobler ideals and fairer instincts of His children of to-day; and might note the outlook which it gives towards Immortality. This method called "organization" holds good of many things. To much in our own life it is a clue. Thanks to it, we need not mourn for anything as wholly vanishing.

For instance, our vanished knowledge. "I have forgotten more than you ever knew," is the poor unctious some of us have to lay to our souls, when we meet the young bright people all equipped with facts and items. But how is knowledge best reckoned,—in so many school-years, so many books read, so many facts hived up in memory? That is the usual way. And it is good to have facts hived away as facts. Theories are worth nothing unless based on them; and as a good deal of a man's talk and judgment is theorizing, it is most helpful to have at hand a large quarry of the corner-stones. It is good to remember the books we read, and the faces we have met and what names go with the faces, and to be able to quote the formulas and Latin Grammar lists we learned when young, and to keep the French and German nimble on the tongue. But this is only knowledge, after all, not wisdom,—which is knowledge become oneself; it is only learning, not education,—which is learning transformed to human faculty. It is only the means by which and not the end for which. It is only leaves, not fruit.

The College-gift is much mis-valued. Many a man gets great good from College who at his graduation could hardly enter over again for lack of the statistics and the prosody that helped to pass him in, and to whom in a few years, the Greek and trigonometry become more Greek and unknown quantities than ever,—great good because, though dropping these, he has meanwhile learned by them how to *handle his mind*. "He knows what he knows, he knows that he don't know much, he knows how to get what he don't know, and needs." He has learned that snap-judgments are worthless, that nothing is learned until both sides are seen; and he has gained a certain tactile sense by which shams in culture and attainment are detected at quick sight. And all this is no bad harvest for the four years. But just because this is so large a part of the four years' harvest, many a man who never goes to College gets the essence of the College-education.

I am not decrying "culture"; but the best result of education is still a *finer common-sense*. Common-sense,—the power of using wisely in conjunction all the powers one has, be they great or small. He who gets that may boast with Richter that he has "made the most he could out of the stuff." And what is this common-sense but the concentrated result of judgments, memories, reflections, the organized product and final outcome of all our thinking processes? Such organized and final outcome, as we have seen, is "fruit." In this the books and lessons and days and persons we meet must harvest themselves, or they are as good as lost, "nothing but leaves:" if so harvested, they have been saved, although in themselves books, days, persons fade from memory and die entirely off our tree of life.

Another harvest of education is the increased *special faculty* which mental exercise gives us. And here again, those who count as the unbred not seldom pass by the highly bred, because life's practical school has trained so well their powers. The scholar, it would seem, should be the one best furnished to see most in Europe,—that great crystal of history stored up in cities and cathedrals and old art and customs. No doubt usually the scholar does see most. But have you never found the scholar come back with little of Europe in him; while our neighbor, the merchant, who began life as a shop-boy, and ever since has lived among his boxes and ledgers, and has made his money, and at sixty sets out with his four children and his

wife and his wife's sister to go around Europe, with an English Murray in every pair of hands,—have you never seen him coming home with a hundred times the amount of Europe *organized* in him as memory, yes, and as real culture? He will lean back in his chair before the fire-place and tell you he has been to seventy-two cities, and has a clear picture of each one in his mind, and will know how many stairs there are in the cathedral-towers, and how high and long St. Peter's is, and where the pictures hang in the gallery. He has "done" Europe, rather prosaically, it is true; but none the less it is in him now, real culture for the rest of life. And how has he been able to see and bring home so much? Because, in working over those boxes and ledgers and correspondence in the years of business-life, he has been harvesting this habit of wide-awakeness, this quickness to see minutely and seize firmly and recall vividly, details; and he carried abroad with him these sheaves of faculty barned up in his brain. He hardly knows he has them, at least he had never suspected they would give him so much Europe. He is surprised at his friends' surprise that he has seen so much,—“Who couldn't? It's there to see,” he says: but at the same time he is conscious of a new feeling of ease and fellowship with those whom he had always before revered afar off as the happy possessors of that mystic "culture." The old ledgers are mouldering on the back shelf in the cellar, the boxes have long since turned to kindling-wood in other cellars through the land, while the shoes or candles or drugs they held have gone to their own place: all have dropped out of the merchant's life like leaves from the tree, but they have left this fruit of ripened faculty behind them,—seed which has flowered to this late summer of pleasant knowledge for him.

But our Harvest-Secret is true of other parts of life's experience besides the intellectual. The trials, the disappointments, the sorrows that make the anniversaries sad, the wane of friendships, the temptations that took struggle to put under foot, are leaves which the seasons bring and the seasons take away,—to no purpose? Nay, they give us the new preciousness of ourselves, our strength of spiritual fibre, our wiser philosophy of life, the beautiful lines on the face, the quiet cheer in the heart, and our increasing helpfulness.

Do you know no woman who has been thus ripened? Greet her: she has had small chance outside of the house-keeping, but you find her answering you with bright, live, first-brain thoughts. She can offer you her experience against your education, and is very apt to give you more than she gets from you. There is so much of her, because all she has is not in her merely, but *is herself*. It is a stay-at-home wife, a plain, humble-minded sister, probably. Not for her the outdoor exhilaration, the pleasant changes which the husband or brother has. But the stamina of the home may lie in her, not in him. She is perhaps the real bulwark, the comfort, the pleasant crispness of the household life,—and he the limpness of it, if there be any, although he earn the money. And how comes it? Those tame home-hours, the lonely drudgeries, that long patience with the children, the evenings over their stockings, with the book shut on the table—while *he* smokes; the mornings over their lessons—while he reads the paper; the quiet going around for whims—his probably; the word held back on the tongue,—all this has been slowly vested in strength and self-control and the sweet shrewdness. She is continually pulling down her spirit-barns and building bigger to hold the riches of her harvest. She is gray-haired before she finds out that the harvest is a large one. Many generations of stockings have passed through the basket, the boys who missed the spelling so are grown up, and almost all those little doings and bearings are forgotten: those *leaves* have dropped from year to year, but the *seed* which they have made,—her friends are praising that when they say, "How good and pleasant she is, and how we lean on her!" The citizens are praising that when they elect her boys to the legislature.

My merchant and his wife are only typical. It is you and I, it is man and woman. In us all and all through life, the Secret of the Harvest is the same. We are a part of Nature and the laws of the seasons reign in us. "Herein is the Father glorified, that we bear much fruit." The unborn years bud, unroll,

spread into the living present, do their work or do not do it, and drop back into the past a withering memory,—and alas for us if they have not left themselves behind in fruit-seed that will make the years to come more fair! Our yesterdays are harvested for good or evil in to-day: and whether we will or no, we bear into to-morrow for weal or woe the forgotten moments of to-day, garnered up in body, mind, and character.

The course of life is a thousand trifles, then some crisis,—and again a thousand trifles and a crisis: nothing but green leaves under common sun and shadow, and then a storm or a rare June day. And far more than the heart of the June day, that common sun and common shadow do to make the autumn rich. It is the "every days" that count. *They* must be made to tell, or the years have failed. To tell: for that, thought and feeling must become acts, and acts must become habit, principle, character. Action is to thought and feeling what the leaf is to the crude sap; character is to action what fruit is to the leaf,—its concentrated result, its organized deposit, its harvest in us and the seed of the after-life. Call it Character or call it Habit,—no difference: Habit is the materialistic name for Character. Character and Principle are spirit-names for Habit. And if, friends, for some of us action cannot mean *doing*, then remember *bearing*, too, is action, often its hardest part.

"I am not eager, bold, or strong—
All that is past!
I am ready *not* to do
At last—at last!"

When that verse comes into the psalm of life, as, sooner or later, it must come for so many of us, remember that *not-to-do well* is a kind of well-doing.

But between the bearings and the doings our years are passing fast. Death is predetermined in our frames as in that of the leaves. From ten to twenty we hardly know it. From twenty to thirty we know but little care. At thirty we begin to care,—for already June is well-nigh past! Are we leafing yet? Are we *only* leafing? or so leafing that life's autumn shall find us rich in pleasant fruit? *Are we ripening Seed?*

Religion.

Spiritual Clothing.

BY JOHN H. CLIFFORD.

GOLDSMITH informed Boswell that "as he took his shoes from the shoemaker, and his coat from the tailor, so he took his religion from the priest."

Whether that sometimes superficial genius thereby meant to express his own manner of dealing with the great question of religion, or intended a satire upon the general habit of the world, may perhaps fairly be considered a matter for conjecture. If it was a confession of his own religious method, it showed that in this respect his extraordinary powers of mind did not raise him above the conventional practice of his time; or, if it was a stricture upon the mockery of the prevailing religious professions, it proved that the "inspired idiot," as Horace Walpole called him, possessed more penetration than his contemporaries allowed.

Since Carlyle began it, there has been no end of expatiating upon the philosophy of clothes. Moralists and satirists have brought their arguments to bear, and levelled their shafts against every sort of social garb, and have equally attacked all indecent exposures of party nakedness. The wearers of purple and fine linen have divided with the *sans-culottes* the ridicule and censure of the independent judges of mankind.

It is easy to deride the weakness that brings the average mortal to passively adopt the fashion of the world, or to blame the aversion which leads singular characters to divest themselves of all imposed habits. But to discriminate with justice the complex circumstances which surround the individual, and largely determine the conduct of the public, and to strike the balance between cowardice, or caprice, and social necessity, requires a more deliberate judgment than the critics of society have commonly displayed.

Doubtless those who have gone to the extreme of renouncing all general customs, who have made a religion of sheer protest and defiance, have erred more

fatally than the critics themselves; yet for every instance of erratic flight should there not be an adequate cause, the discovery of which were more important than declamation against its effect?

The fact that notwithstanding all the hostile efforts of individualism, and the incessant attacks of criticism, society persists in the conservation of general customs, argues a law of its being which the combined forces of opposition shall vainly endeavor to annul. To search out the terms and meaning of this irrevocable law is, then, the proper task of social philosophers, rather than to chide and mock mankind for an obedience which is unconditional. To define this law is not here undertaken, but to assume its existence and operation can hardly be over-confident, with the conclusive facts of the world in plain sight.

To say that one takes his religion from the priest as he takes his coat from the tailor, might appear, considered as an independent assertion, equal to declaring that one has no religion. But viewed in relation to that system which society has approved, whereby the priest is made at once custodian and purveyor of religion, it is seen to be the affirmation of a simple and common fact, applicable to the great mass of men, and not necessarily disparaging to their religious characters. So long as one agrees with society in making the priest the provider of religion, he may surely procure the article, such as it is, from the recognized public vendor. The priest is amenable to a kind of theological common law. His powers are derived. He may not violate the privilege which his office confers. He is part of a universal coöperative plan for bringing to every household for daily use, the "trappings and the suits" of biblical wear. At last he is tailor, who changes the gospel web into coat and trousers to fit the individual trunk and legs. If there were no priest to do this, the individual must do it for himself; and why is it not safer, as well as more convenient, to have it done by a journeyman who knows his trade and will neither spoil the cloth nor make a mis-fit? Viewed in this light, how was Goldsmith, who employed the tailor-priest, more poorly off than Doctor Johnson, who preferred for the most part to clothe himself? Both must have suits off the same piece; and the garments were sure to fit better made by skillful hands. In fact, how unbecoming to the great Johnson do his religious clothes appear—more slouching and threadbare than the dress that disfigured his body! If any one conform insincerely to the custom of priest-patronage, the fault is not to be charged upon society, but upon him. Society is not answerable for the insincerity of individuals; but individuals are responsible for the collective insincerity of society. From this, or from any evil, society cannot relieve its members.

"Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow."

And the stroke by which an individual liberates himself, tells for social emancipation.

As to the question whether the world could not do better without priests, it is one upon which the world itself will continue, as it has been, divided. There is no class of functionaries, no custom, to which the question will not equally apply. One might ask whether it were not better to dispense with mourning-dress. Because there is still a general resort to priests for the aids of religion, it is no more just to say that therefore people are wanting in the religious capabilities, than to argue that because there is recourse to the furnisher for the emblems of mourning, therefore grief is not a universal emotion of the heart.

There is evidence enough that, with all the arrogance and artificiality they have fostered, the childhood religions of the world have performed with a large measure of skill the work for which they were needed—the care of children. And if many of the greatest men have put themselves under this guidance, it must not be forgotten that with respect to the theories of religion, many of the greatest men have been children. It is safe to believe that religion will always have its appropriate clothing. If a man is wearing such as fits him, let him not be interfered with. The only excuse for expostulation is that one is set upon wearing what is ill-suited. Goldsmith's priest could fit him. But it would have been absurd to bring the same suit to Johnson. The task of the religious reformer is not to destroy all priesthoods, and strip men of their spiritual clothes; but to see that men are dressed properly for

themselves. He is not so much *reformer* as *re-fitter*. When there must be a choice of evils, mankind have wisely used to choose the least. If it comes either to enduring the sight of people dressed in the most antique, shabby and unbecoming manner, or straightway denuding them, the sensible reformer will control his impatience, and permit the world to go arrayed, however poorly, rather than see it still more pitiable in its nakedness. The only way for the world to get rid of the old clothes, such as priests for the most part deal in, is to outgrow them in the enlargement of its spiritual proportions and the refinement of its religious taste. Meanwhile, any clothing is better than nudity; and it is folly to berate the people for the fashions which in spite of themselves they adopt.

So long as the world demands or suffers religions of outwardness, there must be priestly clothiers; and it does seem better philosophy—if we must pretend to philosophy—to conclude that until their craft becomes not simply unnecessary, but insufferable to the world, the world will contrive to get some good out of it which it knows not how to obtain otherwise. In some modified sense, doubtless, religion will always have its priests. The royal priesthood of Humanity can never become extinct. The priestly craft, with its pomp and cunning, its mingled magnificence and littleness, will pass away with the creatures of a crude, outgrown necessity; but the sweet virtues and graces, the fair humanities, will succeed to the divine office of religious ministration; and to them the spirit will look for its appropriate attire and its fitting expression.

There is increasing joy in the tendency to ignore the distinctions of religious dress. Character, instead of being hid by clothing, begins to be revealed through it. Men shall dress their religion as they will or as they can. It shall everywhere be understood that the religion is more than the dress. Religion, although itself an inward thing, must yet have its outward embodiments and its modes of communication and contact. But it should be difficult to tell where inward and outward end or begin. Man once a unit in his inner and outer life, religion will be properly clad in the conduct of the individual, and fitly expressed in the framework and adornment of society. And as, through all the gloom of matter and the maze of nature the eternal glory shines, and man finds his way to God by discovering what secret ways God has found to man; so through all the forms and words that religion uses, however they seem to obscure the objects of adoration, and to deaden the sense of devotion, the world is coming to the worship of Spirit in spirit and in truth, to doing the heavenly will on earth, and to fulfilment of the law of love among mankind.

The Labor Question.

"No Bigger than a Mustard Seed."

BY S. H. MORSE.

THE anti-slavery movement began in a garret. To be more accurate, it began in a soul. The soul of one man is a small beginning. Who esteems it? Who is afraid? But listen! There is a noise like the tread of armies. Now we tremble!

One thing is lost sight of; namely, that the justice of heaven, once started on earth "no bigger than a mustard seed," never shrivels up in dismay. It is from the first omnipotent. Brave souls know this. Only the blind and the cowardly wait for majorities. The majority will come, the universe will come, to confess it is supreme!

"I will be heard," said the leader against negro slavery. His words were more than a defiance to the popular outcry. Spite of all men's refusal, they were doomed to hear him, for they were men.

In a speech to slave-owners before the war, the afterwards martyr-President said: "I notice black men, like white men, have backs to clothe and mouths to feed. Also, I notice they have hands which, I take it, were given them to clothe their backs and feed their mouths." Thus he annihilated slavery. The after-battles were but the echo of his words. When this had died away, black men and white men stood shoulder to shoulder on the same plane.

But notice: What is it to be the equal of white men?

The negro now may sell his labor; he cannot be robbed of that, it is said, by any means whatsoever.

Pertinent, then, is the question, What are these millions of hands, black and white, doing? Are they feeding their owners' mouths, clothing their owners' backs? Survey the field and report. I see a group of one hundred men, with their one hundred pairs of hands. All hands are busy. I see ninety backs in fustian; ten in broadcloth. I see ninety mouths unfed as they crave to be fed; ten mouths happy in disposing of the bountiful and choice provision they encounter.

Now what was the emancipation into which the negro was admitted? There are twenty-four hours in a day for each and all, and each laborer hath two hands. Figure the result and tell me. It will appear, I think, that though black men were made the equal of white men, they were but half emancipated.

What is the complete emancipation for all men? What other answer but this: "The security of person and property." Slavery denies both; anti-slavery establishes both. There shall be no robbery! What he or she produces, so much shall abide with each, or depart from each, as he or she may desire. Now it does not so abide or depart. If it did, would the world divide into rich and poor as it does to-day?

Two things must be stated: Time is all men's capital; time to all men must win all that brings culture and comfort, and makes life worth living.

About the time the anti-slavery agitation began, a few hundred people were striving to found New Larnark, or New Harmony. What did New Harmony mean? It meant, or it was supposed to mean, this whole world's emancipation of which I have spoken. Failure revealed to one man the undermining principle on which the endeavor rested; namely, the Communistic principle. The rights of private property were ignored; all things were held in common; endless dispute arose. The experiment of the freest community on the earth's surface vanished in the absolute dictatorship of one individual. Said the man whose great disappointment opened up to him the mistake, "What is it each of these people demand? Security. That is possible only where each is recognized as the sovereign of himself, his time, and all he produces. Society must be thus individualized before there can be peace. We must seek, not a unity, but a harmony of interests. Industrial commerce between people shall consist in the exchange of equivalents of labor, according to their several needs. This will be justice. Justice is peace. It is the security all demand."

Thus he brought civilization forward as a question of property. The old cry of "security to property," he made cover the whole problem of labor.

Recent years have witnessed the assembling in low-priced halls in Boston, of a few earnest people who, by speech or resolution, have often repeated the idea that "the question of labor is essentially a question of property." And they hint that the emancipation they seek is far more world-liberating than any previous movement in history. Their purpose is little esteemed, little understood. If their proceedings are reported, they are badly reported. The outside world, without "ears to hear," smiles contemptuously. But the hearty cheer of these labor reformers—a cheer inspired by "the glory yet to be"—is in no way diminished. Numbers, majorities, are not their fortress. They do not "stand up to be counted." The idea they offer the world will make its own way. They offer a seed, and not a sword. "No bigger than a mustard seed" to-day, its branches, if the earth abide, will cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.

SUPPOSING the captain of a frigate saw it right, or were by any chance obliged, to place his own son in the position of a common sailor; as he would then treat his son, he is bound always to treat those men under him. So, also, supposing the master of a manufactory saw it right, or were by any chance obliged, to place his own son in the position of an ordinary workman; as he would then treat his son, he is bound always to treat every one of his men. This is the only effective, true, or practicable rule which can be given on this point of political economy.—*Ruskin*.

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JOHN M. L. BABCOCK, EDITOR.

ABRAM WALTER STEVENS, EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTOR.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 4, 1875.

WE have experienced our first great sorrow—a typographical error! The magic initials, "A. W. S.," with which we have delighted to indicate the articles of our Editorial Contributor, last week mysteriously disappeared from the leading article, *Reconciled to Life*. If Mr. Stevens can, in another article, reconcile us to that affliction, or soothe us under it half as well as he has soothed thousands under the burdens of life, he will win his greatest triumph. We regret to add that, owing to ill-health, he does not furnish his usual contribution this week.

While we are in this business, we might as well make a clean breast of it. In the last of Mr. Elder's valuable papers on *The Tendency of Scientific Thought*, he said it was his conviction that the tendency of that thought was *not* toward infidelity in religion. The perverse types made him say the reverse of this; and it is no wonder that with this stain upon them, they no longer sparkle with silvery splendor. Having made and confessed a typographical error, we suppose we may henceforth take our place among the first-class journals.

A Point in Social Science.

BEFORE Social Science shall become thoroughly understood and intelligently formulated, there are a great many human tendencies and conditions to be studied and discussed. As one contribution to this discussion, we take up a question which, so far as we know, has not been extensively considered: What is the effect on morals of the exclusiveness which afflicts society?

We bring with us into civilization certain remnants of the barbarism from whence we sprung, attempting, however, to polish them, and pass them off as the legitimate fruits of an enlightened age. One of these is *caste*, a legacy of the earliest ages. It seems to us one of the petty and absurd weaknesses of human character to yearn for admission into some select circle or set; yet such a thing is evidently desired, for no better reason, that we can see, than as a sign of personal superiority. Out of this human infirmity we have developed the class-spirit—simply a method of human isolation. Have we considered the moral effect of this?

In our last issue we briefly pointed at the facts of *cliquism*: that all organizations, religious and other, were essentially exclusive; that this exclusive spirit generated cliques; and that cliques run the organization. We stated these facts because, being so obvious, they were a clearer indication of social conditions than could easily be perceived in any other quarter. From what is known of the manoeuvres and antics of cliques, we can more readily show the tendencies that are drifting us toward evil.

Cliques are simply types of these tendencies. A few persons, imagining that for certain reasons they deserve to be separated from the common herd, arrange themselves into a certain circle or class; another set of persons do the same; and this process runs through society, until all the learned, all the wealthy, all who can boast a respectable birth and parentage, and great numbers who are not distinguished in either of these ways, are hooped up in their respective associations. But we have never quite succeeded in embracing the entire human family in this class-system. One clique sifts the mass, and retains the few it wishes for itself; another repeats the operation; and so on, until, after all the sifting and filtering is completed, there remains a residuum of people whom nobody owns.

In studying the consequences of this, it must be remembered what an immense force in human nature is human sympathy. Adam Smith wrote a treatise

to show that it was the mainspring of human action. The largest portion of human beings are incapable as yet of walking uprightly without this support. An accurate history of the human heart would show, that of the immediate causes of vice, the greatest is the loss of human sympathy. This is our conviction. Of all the men and women who sink into any form of immorality, the largest number are carried down by the fact that, after the first mis-step, they find themselves cut off from this resource, and excluded from human fellowship.

Another thing to be remembered is, that class-assumption is repugnant to our best instincts. It is from the force of a purely natural feeling that men resent the pretensions of superiority, and indignantly repel the claims of higher worth, which have no basis but the distinctions of class. It is in vain to attempt to eradicate this feeling. For ages it has been fought against in vain.

Now take a thousand human beings, and exclude them from every class in which human beings treat each other with ordinary respect and confidence; make them in a certain sense social outcasts; madden them with despair at the loss of human fellowship, and indignation at the denial of their common rights as individuals; and all the penal laws of society are as packthread binding a hurricane to restrain the passions you have aroused. *Cliquism* is a sure fountain-head, however minute, of vice, immorality, and crime.

We do not see it so. Moralists have marked out war, murder, robbery, and licentiousness, as being the great and undoubted evils that afflict society; and can find nothing else so bad as these. But no vices are so pernicious or so fatal as those that are sheltered by respectability. The vices that flaunt their hideous colors in the face of heaven, are partly disarmed by the loathing they excite: but an evil is not made innocuous by concealing its character. It will fester none the less though it diffuse its poison under the garb of a respectable or a sanctimonious exterior.

And so it turns out that the classes,—the "higher classes," as they are called,—gain nothing by their exclusiveness. The immediate motive, or the nominal reason of it, may be that of preserving their own precincts from the contamination of evil; but you can just as easily shut out a pestilence. Close your windows, lock your doors, bar the gates of your avenues, as effectively as you can, but as long as contagion is in the air, it will penetrate your guarded dwelling, and take, as vice and crime often have, your dearest and best for its victims. It is wondrous strange that we do not yet understand that while evil remains in society, no member of it is safe from its assault. And whether the cultivation of more inclusiveness, of more sympathy, of more of human brotherhood, would not conduce to the purification of society, the reader is left to consider.

Is Selfishness Immutable?

THE radical journals are establishing a claim to the confidence of mankind. Something that no conservative journal dares attempt has just been undertaken by *The Index*; it has come to the defence of the delusion of "supply and demand." We print its argument entire:—

When men have anything to sell, they wish to sell at as high a price as they can; when they are obliged to buy, they wish to buy at as low a price as they can. These desires are permanent and universal factors in social economy, and just as noticeable among reformers as among the unreformed. What follows? That whenever the market offers a surplus of any article above the actual wants of consumers, the sellers begin to compete with and underbid each other, and prices fall; but that, when there is a deficiency of the article, the buyers begin to compete with and overbid each other, and prices rise. In the former case, production is checked; in the latter case it is stimulated. That is the law of "supply and demand," against which the railers rail in vain. They might just as well fight the law of gravitation, unless they can totally reconstruct human nature on a brand-new plan. Selfish capitalists chuckle, when workingmen attack this inexorable law of Nature, instead of demanding a fair percentage of the profits of the business. When laborers secure this, their labor will be recognized as capital; they will become themselves capitalists; and the antagonism between capital and labor will vanish in kindly and equitable co-operation.

What is it which is here pronounced to be as immutable as the law of gravitation? Nothing more nor less than this: that the wish to buy as low and sell as high

as possible is a permanent and universal factor in social economy! In this statement there are no restraints expressed or implied, such as honor, or fair-dealing, or common honesty might impose. It justifies any meanness, or any cheating, that the cunning may devise,—except, possibly, whatever might fall under the statute of frauds. If by taking advantage of the ignorance or necessities of another, you can buy low or sell high, it is in obedience to an "inexorable law of Nature" that you do so. The statement is a defence of every form of dishonesty by which men have ever attempted to make money in mercantile pursuits. It is an attempt to give the dignity of a philosophic basis to

"The good old plan,
That they should get who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

It is nothing more nor less than human selfishness divorced from all moral considerations. Is it not unaccountable that its manifest baseness does not compel its absolute and utter repudiation by every honorable and intelligent mind? It deserves words of more burning scorn than those with which Ruskin has scathed it:—"Buy in the cheapest market?—yes; but what made your market cheap? Charcoal may be cheap among your roof timbers after a fire, and bricks may be cheap in your streets after an earthquake; but fire and earthquake may not therefore be national benefits. Sell in the dearest?—yes, truly; but what made your market dear? You sold your bread well to-day; was it to a dying man who gave his last coin for it, and will never need bread more; or to a rich man who to-morrow will buy your farm over your head; or to a soldier on his way to pillage the bank in which you have put your fortune?"

But it is some comfort to know that the statement cannot be true. There must be some moral element in business, or commerce would be impossible, and her fleets would rot at the wharves. What brings financial panics, deranges our material interests, and shakes the civilized world to its centre? The loss of confidence, the distrust that paralyzes commercial pursuits when some great fraud is exposed. It is as impossible to do business as it is to hold society together without the aid of morals. It is because there are men in business who are too honorable to buy as low or sell as high as they can, that we enjoy material prosperity at all. The law of gravitation has, indeed, been questioned; but see how quickly science would disown it if you could show one variation in its action where you can show, in human action, ten thousand variations from the dictates of selfishness. What great work for the progress of the race has not been undertaken in defiance of purely selfish impulses? If selfishness were as immutable as gravitation, *The Index* would never have had an existence; and every faithful and earnest word, every pregnant thought, it gives to the world, is cumulative evidence that something nobler than the baseness concealed beneath the phrase "supply and demand" is not unfrequently the controlling force of human endeavor. "Selfish capitalists chuckle when workingmen attack this inexorable law of Nature." Do not selfish Christians chuckle when *The Index* attacks Christianity? And does it not continue the attack all the same?

We regret to say that we do not know how to treat the last point in the above statement as serious argument. The workingmen, if they followed its advice, would say:—"O selfish capitalists! by an inexorable law of Nature, you are justified in getting all you can, and keeping all you can get; therefore we ask that you shall give us a share of that which is your own." When such a plea shall be effective to relieve Labor, we shall forswear logic forevermore!

How trying to the nerves it must be to find oneself in a position where it is a very delicate thing to speak the truth. We confess that we have sometimes been in that predicament; and that makes us sympathize the more with *The Golden Rule* in its effort to pay a just tribute to the "Country Ministers." It says, very handsomely and honorably, that it is a great blunder to suppose that "city pulpits monopolize the ministerial talent of the country;" but its great difficulty must have come when, to placate the monopolizing city, it felt obliged to add, that where a city "has one great man, it has scores of small ones."

Special Topics.

The Sickness of the Times.

BY JOHN W. CHADWICK.

THE characteristic vices of our times are less sensual than the vices of former times, more intellectual. They are the vices of unprincipled ambition, of vulgar ostentation, of political chicanery and mercantile dishonesty. They are the vices of extravagance and waste, of impatience with all slow beginnings and all small results; the vices that demand some royal road to wealth and reputation, some pair of seven-league boots in lieu of the toilsome plodding that is almost sure to bring success if kept up long enough. "I cannot dig, to beg I am ashamed," the man says in the parable. That man is now-a-days ubiquitous. He cannot dig, to beg he is ashamed, and so he takes to speculation, and then drops the initial *s* and takes to speculation—stealing pure and simple. "Sin," said the apostle, "is the transgression of the law." The characteristic sin of our times is eminently so. For what is transgression (*trans gradior*) but going "across lots," taking a short cut instead of keeping to the road. That is the characteristic vice and folly of the time. Again, the scriptures say, "The way of the transgressor is hard." I found it so one day last summer, when trying a short cut, I was soon floundering in a morass. Some of our political and financial transgressors have found it eminently so. God grant that they may find it harder in the days to come. In the moral sphere, I think, there always waits for our return from devious ways to the main road of truth and righteousness some vision of simplicity and noble confidence that helps us to forget the hot and dusty way.

Such being the characteristic vices of the times, let us consider how they can be mended. But as the cure of a disease must always bear some definite relation to its cause, let us first consider what causes, one or many, have been operative to produce our social and political condition. As a sick man will commonly assign a dozen far-fetched and inadequate causes for his sickness, rather than confess the cause which clearly is the actual one; so there are plenty of moralists and preachers to assign far-fetched and inadequate causes for our national and social ills, instead of seeing and declaring those which really have been operative. We are told by one set of oracles that the prime cause of all our sorrows is the unlimited extension of the suffrage; by another set that it is the inflation of the currency; and by still another that it is the decay of sound doctrine, the failure of the pulpit and the religious press to insist upon the principles of evangelical religion. The oracles that set forth these specific causes, set forth with equal confidence a corresponding number of specific remedies. These will suggest themselves: limitation of the suffrage, specie payments, Moody and Sankey. I do not mean to lump all of these oracles together, as if they were all equally worthless. In some localities I do not doubt that the unlimited extension of the suffrage is the true cause not only of political but of social immorality. Bad and weak men are put in places where they are subjected to temptations infinitely beyond their power or disposition to resist. As legislators they make unjust laws; as executive officers they do not execute the laws which better men have made; as civil officers they divert the public moneys into their private purses; as judges they conspire with criminals for a consideration. And all these things directly and indirectly foster general social immorality. The law's delay, the judge's lenity, that nice adjustment of the criminal net by which its meshes only hold the petty criminal, letting the bigger one escape,—all these things are manifestly an encouragement to the predatory classes, a premium on all manner of "irregularity." Moreover, young men standing at the parting of the ways, perceiving that success, however won, is generally praised, perceiving that the great prizes are perhaps more commonly won by the unprincipled, reverse the choice of Hercules, and throw all the weight of their young manhood on the evil side. Were the extension of the suffrage wholly responsible for all these dreadful tendencies, as it is, no doubt, in certain instances, es-

pecially in our great cities, it would indeed be a dreadful incubus, and how to shake it off would become the problem of all problems. But suppose that, once extended universally, it were possible for us again to limit it, what sort of limit would improve the quality? A property qualification? But the moneyed men are not all virtuous; the moneyless are not all evil-minded. Moreover, if in a railroad or a bank, a dozen honest men will quietly allow "a horse of another color" to run away not only with other people's but with their own wealth, what assurance have we that it would not be so in large political relations? But will an educational limit do any better? Compulsory education would soon make such a limit void. And until then, the elimination of a few thousands of non-reading and non-writing voters would effect no perceptible change in our political or social morals. If the suffrage could be limited to good men and women, that would no doubt be an improvement. But I will waste no time in showing that such a limit is impossible.

An inflated currency has doubtless proved, in every instance where it has been resorted to, a fruitful source of mercantile dishonesty. But I fear it is not merely the contagion of our eastern manners which has infected the Pacific coast, without being subject to the evils of a paper currency, to such a terrible degree with our eastern mania for wild and ruinous speculation. *Post hoc, sed non propter hoc*. After ours, but not on account of ours; the outcome of great general causes like our own, aided by some specific causes of a local character.

But if neither the political nor the financial cause assigned for our condition is sufficient to account for it, nor the specific remedies, that correspond, sufficient to renew our moral energy, what shall we say of the religious cause assigned, and of the specific remedy that corresponds to that? There is certainly much truth in the allegation that sound doctrine has fallen into disrepute, that Calvinism is no longer thundered from the pulpit as it was once, or echoed from the editorial chair; that especially preachers and editors no longer denounce as they once did on the impenitent and unbelieving the fiery pangs of everlasting hell. But I doubt very much whether there is any close connection between this decay of doctrine and the decay of morals, social and political. Some of our most notorious swindlers have been notoriously pious and thoroughly evangelical. In the same breath, with which he announces himself as a statesman, Tweed declares that he has "no religion," but his case is exceptional. Colfax was a Christian statesman; so, too, was Pomeroy; and many others might be named. But there are circumstances connected with the decay of evangelical doctrine, that, I do not doubt, have a prejudicial influence on the moral life of the community. Insincerity is one form of dishonesty. The man who is insincere in his religious professions, will the more easily prove dishonest upon 'Change. Now it is palpably true that the religious world to-day is full of insincerity. It is fairly honeycombed with unbelief of the traditional creeds, and yet these creeds are everywhere glibly recited. Hundreds of Orthodox pulpits are occupied by clergymen who are still Orthodox only in a Pickwickian sense. Here I am persuaded we have one very active and potent cause of general immorality. But happily the cause suggests the cure. What insincerity has marred, sincerity will reestablish.

Thus indirectly the church of America, which ought to be as a sea-wall, against which the waves of social and political corruption should be beaten into harmless foam, conspires with that corruption, adding to its baneful energy. But directly as well as indirectly the church lays itself open to this charge. For there is no institution that is more given than this to flatter men of wealth, and to foster the idea which is at the bottom of so much iniquity, that money is the one thing needful. There are hundreds of preachers in America whose mouths are stopped, so that they cannot cry aloud against prevailing wickedness, by the votive bank-notes of some rich parishioner. The man must be very bad whose money is not good when a new church is to be built, a new organ to be got. Let an Evangelical Alliance be assembled, and millionaires, not saints, are the brightest ornaments of the platform, and are listened to, let them discourse ever so pointlessly, with such respect as would suffice for some angelic visitation. How much, too, of our church-build-

ing is of a piece with the most wicked personal extravagance. What chance is there for an impressive sermon on such old-fashioned virtues as paying one's debts, and living within one's means, in a church burdened with debt to the amount of one or two hundred thousand dollars? I do not think that man can build too costly temples wherein to celebrate his gratitude to God, and pledge his consecration; but it were better far that these things should be done in some building barren of all beauty, or beneath the open sky, or in the solitude of one's own heart, than in a cathedral as beautiful as Milan or Cologne, built with money raked together by all sorts of miserable and unscrupulous devices, and burdened with a debt incapable of honest liquidation.

Another fruitful source of our besetting evils is the recollection, still too fresh among us, of the rapidity with which great fortunes were acquired during the war. How little reality there was in many of the fortunes so hastily acquired, is not considered. A false standard having been set of acquisition and expenditure, hundreds of men keep straining after that standard, and failing to reach up to it by fair means, they resort to foul. Very slowly and reluctantly such men are coming to see that they did not do their whole duty to their country, nor pay their part of the full price of Northern infidelity and complacency, by sending all their nearest blood relations to the war; that to this day something of self-sacrifice, and frugality, and simplicity is demanded as the price of that enfranchisement, only the first payments of which were made in blood upon the field of battle.

To name other minor causes of our present sorrows would not be difficult, but I pass them by, that in conclusion I may characterize more fully and distinctly the cause which of all causes is the most responsible for the many-headed hydra of corruption that infests our business and our politics. This is no less a matter than the average religious teaching of the Protestant pulpit for the last three hundred years. What the religious teaching of the Romanist before and since the Reformation has been, and what its probable influence, I care not to consider, for it is not until very lately that it has had any direct influence upon our social and political life. Faith without works is surely dead, but, as surely, no less dead for the addition of such works as Romanism makes compulsory upon her votaries. But what has been the average religious teaching of the Protestant pulpit for the last three hundred years? It has had three principal characteristics, and these have been: (1) the entire subordination of this world to the next; (2) the subordination of the idea of law to that of mercy; to forgiveness, penalty; and (3) the subordination of morality to faith. With thousands of preachers fulminating these ideas for generation after generation; with thousands of books perpetuating and enforcing them; with eloquence and learning doing evermore their best to give them vital application; with only a few voices here and there raised to protest against them, the wonder is, not that the times are not more pure and just, but that they are not a hundred times more rotten than they are. For hundreds of years religion has been loosening by every possible device the firm grasp of the moral law upon men's consciences. It has heaped immeasurable contempt upon this present life of ours, in comparison with the life that is to come hereafter; it has represented the relation of this life and the next as an antithesis; the things that make for this life's peace and happiness of no account in making preparation for the other; morality as "filthy rags," out of which no saint's ascension robe can possibly be stitched together. It will be said that Calvinism certainly has not maximized mercy at the expense of law, forgiveness at the expense of penalty. But the law which it has emphasized has not been the moral law; the penalties on which it has insisted have not been the self-acting penalties of wickedness. The law has been some arbitrary fiat of Omnipotence; the penalties have been confined to future periods of existence. But latterly the Mohammedan idea, "God is merciful, indulgent," has had things largely its own way. A good-natured, easy-going system of theology has made a good-natured, easy-going system of morality more acceptable and popular. Such virtues as honesty and simplicity and frugality have paled in comparison with free-handed generosity; an ounce of personal charity has excused

a ton of mercantile corruption. Let the Bank of California break, and there shall not be wanting voices to palliate the crime that brought the ruin crashing down, because the president "used his accumulated wealth in whole-souled devotion to the development of a young and immature State," and "extended to strangers a bounteous hospitality not outdone by Nature herself," and because "it was not for his use that nearly a dozen varieties of choice wines, and every delicacy known to cookery, appeared upon his table." I quote these sentences from a letter written in good faith to the *New York Nation*. The writer concludes his letter: "If this is the stuff Napoleons are made of, surely, sir, you must join me in hoping that the world may have more of them." Surely we must not, though very surely many thousands will. No amount of resources developed, no amount of spendthrift generosity or hospitality, can properly atone for mercantile dishonesty or "wildcat" speculation. Be just before you are generous. Better a dinner of herbs where simple justice is, than "a dozen varieties of choice wines and every delicacy known to cookery," which soon or late other people must pay for. Prodigal expenditure or lavish charity is no excuse for wholesale robbery.

But the subordination of morality to faith is the most striking characteristic of the popular theology. Exactly what *faith* is, the sects are not agreed among themselves. Now it means belief of certain unintelligible theological propositions; anon it means some exhibition or experience of "emotional insanity;" some ecstasy of feeling begotten of some sense of special tenderness on the part of God or Christ. Whatever it means, it means something very different from doing one's simple duty in a plain, straight-forward, often unpoetic fashion; telling no lies; doing no meanness; giving good weight and measure; keeping the senses in subordination to the soul. The popular theology has had no language strong enough to express its contempt of these modest, homely virtues. These are mere morality. "Sin has slain its thousands, good works their tens of thousands," cries the impassioned votary. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "Only believe." These are the current war-cries. But it took Martin Luther to express this doctrine forcibly: "Be thou a sinner and sin boldly, but still more boldly believe and rejoice in Christ. From Him sin shall not separate us; no, though a thousand times in every day we should commit fornication or murder." If there is any one thing that I honor Swedenborg for more than for another, it is because he did such valiant and persistent battle with this monstrous and infernal doctrine of salvation by faith alone. What Luther meant by such expressions many apologists have sought to tell us. What he said was most outrageous and pernicious and abominable.

For three hundred years, the average religious teaching of the Protestant pulpit has been more or less infected by the demoralizing notions which I have now clearly set forth. And these notions are responsible to a degree far in excess of any others, near or remote, for whatever of immoral tendency and practice marks the present generation. It is very evident, therefore, that to import Moody and Sankey is no sufficient measure to correct our evil tendencies and practices. Rather will such importation tend, if it has any influence at all, to aggravate these tendencies, and to excite these practices. If any good is to be hoped from the performances of these men, it must be through the perception, by the community at large, that these performances are only a more honest application of principles that are inherent in the bones and marrow of the evangelical creeds and systems; only a more resolute subordination of this world to the next; only a more pointed neglect of the self-acting penalties of immorality, in deference to the penalties of an imaginary hell; only a more steady substitution of human and divine good-nature in the place of simple justice; only a more sublimely-impudent assertion of the superiority of faith, be it dogmatism or emotional excitement, to "mere morality."

A sickness so pervasive as that which now afflicts our social organism, can be cured by no specific remedy. The remedy must be a treatment as general as the disease. It must be nothing short of the incoming of a new religion; more human, more rational, more practical, more sternly moral than the religion which is

fast going to decay. Whatever faith this new religion shall inspire in an immortal life beyond the grave, it will not seek to enhance the glory of that life by making this present life appear contemptible; whatever mercy, human or divine, it may delight to honor, it will remorselessly exhibit the self-acting penalties of immorality, and the unfaltering permanence of law; and whatever importance it may attach to correct opinions, or to emotional sensibility, it will not fail to steadily and earnestly insist that there is no other name given under Heaven, by which men can be saved from the innumerable hells of wasted energy and self-reproach and social degradation, than the name of simple righteousness.

Letters from John Parker. No. 2.

LITTLETON, S. C., NOV. 10, 1875.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW AGE:—I know that editors cannot be imposed upon by intrusive manuscripts, because I have been made aware, before this, that they keep a waste-basket. You will perhaps consign this without compunction to that limbo of the misappreciated; but I shall have the satisfaction of writing out what is on my mind.

I have been thinking of you and your enterprise, as I stand at my anvil,—I am iron-worker for the Littleton colony, blacksmith and machinist in one; as I take the white soft iron from the forge, and mould it with strokes of the hammer; and with every hammer-stroke the sparks fly out, somehow the energy that goes out of my arm comes back to my brain. I do not get over the mysterious excitement of it. You would think that an experience at this work, of nearly forty years, would have converted it to humdrum and routine. But its exhilaration is still fresh to me. I suppose I understand better than you do the meaning of the word "scintillation." I strike; I *scintillate*; sparks fly from my anvil, and sparks fly from my brain. Is it an illustration of the conservation of force? Do I eat my cake and keep it? Are muscular force and brain force at bottom one, so that the exercise of the one involves the other? I will propose this conundrum to THE CLUB at its next session.

I am making, perhaps, a ring for a ring-bolt; a rather nice piece of work, of its class. I must have the diameter of the iron the same throughout, and also the diameter of the ring, and I must weld the ends securely. But the labor excites more mental action than can spend itself in that work. In fact, through long custom, I do the work automatically, and all, or nearly all, the mental action it excites is, as regards that work, surplusage,—it must hammer something else. Nor am I ever at a loss for crude material to work on in that inner shop. I have not needed to hang a grammar within easy visual reach, that I might keep time to my hammer with a "*hic, haec, hoc*;"—had I begun on that at an early stage, you would doubtless have heard of me as "John Parker, the Learned Blacksmith." Every one to his taste. My own taste has led me to read the newspapers, and such contemporary magazines as came within my orbit, and instead of dwelling with the dead past, I have sought to know the living present, and to "Catch the manners living as they rise." I have not read Plato, even in a translation; and though I have seen something of Homer, as given by Pope, I have easily remanded him to the period to which he belongs; to the period when "horse-tamers" and men-slayers constituted the world's nobility. I am satisfied that "times change and we change in them,"—that every century offers its own problems,—that the future is better worth studying than the past. The future is plastic; the past is finished; by studying the future we mould it. You, living under the shadow of Harvard College, will condemn my idiosyncrasy,—perhaps I ought to apologize for it; it doubtless springs from my trade—as a maker of new things I am most interested in what is unfinished and unfashioned.

It is true that, except at rare intervals, when I become absorbed in a course of thought, and forget to pump my bellows, and the iron grows cold as my thought grows warm, I do my shop-thinking by shreds and patches, incoherently. On that account I have spent some time in trying to devise a *glimpse machine*, for registering evanescent conceptions. If I should succeed in constructing the machine, one of its first

fruits will be a volume by John Parker on *Culture*, or on *Babes in the Wood*, resembling the works of Emerson and Artemus Ward in coherency, and resembling the works of one of these two authors in intrinsic value.

Do not understand, however, that *all* my mental work is patch-work. I am not always in my shop. The iron-work of the colony demands usually about half my time, and the rest is leisure. In my afternoons I light my pipe, and, reclining on the bank of Little River, just beyond my garden gate, watching the seine as the belabored mule draws it up full of mullett, *pro bono publico*, or, according to the time of tide, listlessly observing the indolence of some colored brother pulling his basket with oysters from the flats, I try to gather up the sparks struck off in the morning, and give to my airy nothings a local habitation and a name. At such times I have thought with much interest of you and your enterprise. I supposed when I began this letter that I was going to tell you what I have thought. But my letter is too long already.

I am certainly getting old,—this garrulity is a sign. It is strange, by the way, on what slight indications we old men rely, to convince ourselves that we are getting old. Gray hairs are nothing; the infirm foothold is nothing. The generations springing up around us are nothing. My daughter, at twenty, is as young as she ever was to me,—though younger men notice a difference. All definite and pronounced indications go for nothing, but the slight intangible tokens remind us that we ought to plead guilty. Not long ago, in Washington, riding in a "bob-tail horse-car," I got out my fare, according to the instructions blazoned above the windows, and was about to go forward with it, when a sprightly young man opposite extended his hand with an "allow me, sir," and I found myself actually waited on, as if I were a feeble woman. I thought then "I must be getting old." And now I am reminded somehow by this letter of that bright expression in one of Byron's letters:—"An eternal monologue which old men call conversation."

I certainly shall not be any younger when I write again, but I hope I may be able to tell you without indirection what I have been thinking about THE NEW AGE, and its mission.

Meanwhile, whether you print this or not, I am cordially yours,
JOHN PARKER.

What is Crime?

BY MRS. M. S. WETMORE.

MEN, violating the laws of the land, are obliged to pay penalty by fines, imprisonment, etc., and are considered criminals; and after serving out a sentence for one, two, five, or ten years, come out into society to be viewed as despicable characters, not fit to associate with respectable (?) people. The men detected in wrong are the criminals; those not detected are honorable, even though it is well known that they step aside from the path of rectitude daily. It is crime, or considered such, if a man commits forgery under an insane passion produced by gambling. He knows the habit is a fearful one, he realizes all the evils that may result from it; but spite of all, he rushes madly on, even after he has suffered imprisonment for a term of years, in consequence of indulging the passion. Born and reared in wealth, the natural result of which is a gratification of selfish indulgences, everything tends to moral weakness. Born of parents who have never had to struggle for an existence, with plenty always at command, the father striving only to pile his coffers higher, the mother with no ambition to even differ in sentiment from her husband, believing it to be woman's duty to submit in all things; what wonder if the children of such parents have little will to battle with the enemy that lies in wait for all? An inordinate love of money in the father—who is perhaps a wealthy banker, planning only to increase his means by every possible method—is a passion which in the child may assume another form, and lead to crime. He shows no evidence in boyhood of the disease lurking in his nature, but is the genial, sunny-faced, lovable boy. He is sent to college; there, away from all loving, refining influences, the nature that was inherited begins to develop, and that which in the father was an unnatural desire to accumulate, becomes in the son a mad passion for excitement, and he acquires the

habit of gambling—a habit which seems to satisfy the wants of his excitable nature. He also wants more money than he has allowed him, and he gambles to procure it; he wins and loses alternately; finally, to make good a loss, he commits forgery, and as a criminal is sent to prison. He knew it was wrong; he realized every day the evils resulting from such a life, still he pursued the same course, feeling his guilt constantly. Is this failing, or weakness, or, more properly speaking, this moral infirmity, any more a crime in him than the weakness of violating the laws of life every day for years, and thereby materially shortening their lives, was a crime in Charles Sumner, Theodore Parker, Henry Wilson, Robert Dale Owen, and a host of others? We deplore the death of such men, and only regret that they did not make a better use of their knowledge, that they might have remained longer where they are so much needed. Robert Dale Owen gambled with his brain in letters, and instead of going to State Prison, went to an insane asylum,—just where the gamblers of to-day should go, only I would have the asylums better suited to their wants. Who can determine what is crime and what disease? Solve this problem and we shall, I imagine, find that we are a morally diseased people, and that the class we shut up in prisons are the morally sick, needing a physician such as we have not for them. We shall find that we are *all* criminals, and those laboring for reform as great, many of them, as those they would elevate. Shall we call men who fall weak, or wicked? Is it “sickly sentimentality” to pity the offender and strive to show him whence his weakness originated? If his grandfather is to blame, or his mother, shall we hang the offender and commend him to God’s mercy? God’s mercy must be found in human souls; and if not there, then where? Let us discover the *cause* of crime, and then speak the truth in relation thereto, and pity the offender, whoever he may be, and make that pity a strengthening bond of elevation to him; and if, in spite of all efforts, he falls again, let us still pity him, for the poor soul feels his utter degradation beyond our imaginings. And let us *tell* him he is morally sick; let us not commit still more of crime by lying to him. Can he not see, and does he not know that even worse men walk the streets every day, and are “honorable”? Can he be re-formed, or recover, while writhing under such injustice? We are a people *living lies daily*, and until we dare speak the truth and act it, we shall take no steps toward reform; for we cannot progress while we fear to move or speak. Let us speak what seems truth, though all condemn. Let us try a little “sickly sentimentalism” for a change. Crime is not decreasing, and with all the “hangings,” murders do not cease. Let us have charity; it surely will cover a multitude of sins, and make us all very nearly related.

Literature.

THE GODS, AND OTHER LECTURES. By Robert G. Ingersoll. Peoria, Illinois.

THIS is a real and rare book, written in that terse and robust style sometimes found in western publications, which tells that the ideas had a distinct and living existence before being clothed in words. It is dedicated to “Eva A. Ingersoll: a woman without superstition;” and the preface, which cannot be here described or quoted, is far more expressive than lengthy. The book contains five lectures, on *The Gods*, *Humboldt*, *Thomas Paine*, *Individuality*, and *Heretics and Heresies*; and as to all, it must be admitted that though they may not be exhaustive, little if any more could be said in the same space. The matter is well-considered, the subjects seeming to run directly in the writer’s usual line of thought. The idea illustrated by each lecture is stated; that of the first being, “An honest God is the noblest work of man;” of the second, “The universe is governed by law;” of the third, “With his name left out, the history of liberty cannot be written;” of the fourth, “His soul was like a star and dwelt apart;” and of the fifth, “Liberty: a word without which all other words are vain.” The whole discussion breathes the tenor of a fearless, high-toned, and progressive rationalism; and the reader, fascinated with the pure and vigorous style, arises from the scarcely interrupted reading with the conviction, whatever may be his views, that the author, though often sarcastic, has honestly and manfully performed his part.

A few selections have been taken hastily, and perhaps not with discrimination. In the first lecture: “Nations like individuals have their periods of youth, of manhood and decay. Religions are the same; the same inexorable destiny awaits them all. The gods created by the nations must perish with their creators.” “Day by day religious conceptions grow less

and less intense. The burning enthusiasm, the quenchless zeal, of the early church, have gone, never, never to return. The ceremonies remain, but the ancient faith is fading out of the human heart. The worn-out arguments fail to convince; and denunciations that once blanched the faces of a race, excite in us only derision and disgust. As time rolls on, the miracles grow mean and small, and the evidences our fathers thought conclusive, utterly fail to satisfy us. There is an ‘irrepressible conflict’ between religion and science, and they cannot peaceably occupy the same brain or the same world.” “Reason, observation, and experience—the Holy Trinity of science—have taught us that happiness is the only good; that the time to be happy is now, and the way to be happy is to make others so. This is enough for us. In this belief we are content to live and die. If by any possibility the existence of a power superior to and independent of Nature shall be demonstrated, there will then be time enough to kneel. Until then let us stand erect.”

In the second lecture: “Great men do not live alone; they are surrounded by the great; they are the instruments used to accomplish the tendencies of their generation; they fulfil the prophecies of their age.” “I have seen a picture of the old man sitting upon a mountain side; above him the eternal snow, below the smiling valley of the tropics, filled with vine and palm; his chin upon his breast; his eyes deep, thoughtful, and calm; his forehead majestic—grander than the mountain upon which he sat; crowned with the snow of his whitened hair, he looked the intellectual autocrat of this world.” “Slowly, beautifully, like the coming of the dawn, came the grand truth, that *the universe is governed by law*”—“by the term law is meant the same invariable relations of succession and resemblance predicated of all facts springing from like conditions.” “At the head of this great army of investigators stood Humboldt, the serene leader of an intellectual host, a king by the suffrage of Science and the divine right of Genius.”

In the third lecture many things might be selected, but perhaps none with entire justice to the author. No word should be omitted; the whole should be read as the most masterly refutation of that continued calumny by the church, which has almost driven from common history the name of one of the nation’s greatest political and moral benefactors.

In the fourth lecture: “The church hates a thinker precisely for the same reason a robber dislikes a sheriff, or a thief despises the prosecuting witness.” “To worship another is to degrade yourself. Worship is awe and dread and vague fear and blind hope.” “We should all remember that the intellect has no knees, and that whatever the attitude of the body may be, the brave soul is always found erect. Whoever worships, abdicates. Whoever believes at the command of power, tramples its own individuality beneath his feet, and voluntarily robs himself of all that renders man superior to the brute.” “The church has won no victories for the rights of man.” “On every chain has been the sign of the Cross. The altar and throne have leaned against and supported each other.” “All the machinery of the Church is constantly employed in corrupting the reason of children. In every possible way they are robbed of their own thoughts, and forced to accept the statements of others. Every Sunday school has for its object the crushing out of every germ of individuality.” “Is it possible that an infinite God created this world simply to be the dwelling place of slaves and serfs? That he did a few miracles to astonish them; that all the evils of life are simply his punishments; and that he is finally going to turn heaven into a kind of religious museum, filled with Baptist barnacles, petrified Presbyterians, and Methodist mummies? I want no heaven for which I must give my reason, no happiness in exchange for my liberty, and no immortality that demands the surrender of my individuality.” “Give the Church a place in the Constitution, let her touch once more the sword of power, and the priceless fruit of all the ages will turn to ashes on the lips of man.”

In the last lecture: “Whoever has an opinion of his own, and honestly expresses it, will be guilty of heresy. Heresy is what the minority believe; it is the name given by the powerful to the doctrine of the weak.” “This word was born of intellectual slavery in the feudal ages of thought. It was an epithet used in the place of argument.” “In those days the cross and rack were inseparable companions. Across the open Bible lay the sword and fagot. Not content with burning such heretics as were alive, they even tried the dead, in order that the church might rob their wives and children. The property of all heretics was confiscated, and on this account they charged the dead with being heretical—indicted, as it were, their dust, to the end that the church might clutch the bread of orphans. Learned divines discussed the propriety of tearing out the tongues of heretics before they were burned; and the general opinion was that this ought to be done, so that the *heretics* should not be able, by uttering blasphemies, to shock the Christians who were burning them.” “One of the Presbyterian ministers, and one who has been enjoying the luxury of a little honest thought, and the real rapture of expressing it, has already been indicted, and is about to be tried, by the Presbytery of Illinois. He is charged: First, with having neglected to preach that most comforting and consoling truth, the eternal damnation of the soul. Surely that man must be a monster who could wish to blot this blessed doctrine out, and rob earth’s wretched children of this blissful hope!” “Growth is heresy.” “Imagine a vine that grows at one end and decays at the other. The end that grows is heresy; the end that rots is Orthodoxy.” “Heresy extends the hospitalities of the brain to a new thought. Heresy is a cradle; Orthodoxy a coffin.”

These brief quotations have been taken because they seemed less dependent on the context than other striking portions, but the argument can only be understood by a full reading.

G. W. P.

Communications.

Division among the Woman Suffragists.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW AGE:—It seems that a new convention of the suffragists is about being formed in this State. We have known for a long time that there was a feeling of discontent among the workers, concerning the best way to carry on this reform; and that many have left the old church because it is governed a little too much by the “one-man power.”

The *Woman’s Journal* is the chief organ of this reform, and is really a worthy paper; yet it does not give expression to all of the ripest and most advanced thought upon this question, and one must look in other journals to find it. This is as it should be. Truth grows faster in plenty of room, or surrounded by different ideas, from which it may draw nourishment or receive correction. When opinions are too much crowded, as they have been in the *Woman’s Journal*, they imitate each other, and eventually look as much alike as peas in the same pod.

It has been amusing to notice how closely young speakers have copied the voice and manner of their aged suffrage parents; all of which was perfectly natural in the early days of this school. But the infancy of the Woman question was passed long ago; and nothing is more ridiculous now than for intelligent men and women to support the Republican ticket for the reason that Mr. Blackwell approves it; or imitate the sweet tones of Lucy Stone, because they do not dare to try their own voices. The sooner they cut loose from these apron strings, and walk on their own independent feet, the better. So we hail the formation of many new conventions and journals; all of which mean a larger growth for the good cause.

A SUFFRAGIST.

A Question.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW AGE:—In Mr. Elder’s thoughtful and interesting papers on the *Tendency of Scientific Thought*, I could not help regretting what appears to me to be the occurrence of a single vague expression. It is in the last paper, where he says: “He who conceives of creation as an event that occurred during such a week nearly six thousand years ago, has no adequate conception of creation as one continuous process, going on from the beginning until now.” Does not the word “beginning” here introduce a confusion of thought scarcely less troublesome than the hypothetical “week” itself? Of course the thought of creation transcends our language; but can we not find expressions which approximately hint at the *timelessness* of that eternal act?

J. H. C.

The Sovereignty of Individuality.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW AGE:—That humanity has so far progressed as to produce individuals—choice types—able to rise above lower law influences, we have more than *prima facie* evidence.

In my circle of acquaintance are those to whom I make my most reverential bow. To my perception, they are the personification, the materialization of the power of God and the wisdom of God. The power of God, to preserve their form erect, through all strains upon their integrity. The wisdom of God, directing their every action, word and thought. Of course they have dropped the “Forgiveness of Sins” from their creed, and “Imputed Righteousness” from their platform. They recognize the relation of cause and effect, and are prepared to meet their liabilities like honest men and women—have no faith in dodging. They do right because it is right, if all the heavens in the universe fall. And who ever knew any very good heavens to fall by doing right?

But somewhere about here the question arises, Are there already enough such types of humanity to sustain a periodical on your platform?

OLIVER PRENTISS.

Mount Lebanon, N. Y.

Scintillations.

JAPANESE officials commit suicide when found guilty of theft or embezzlement. American officials retire to their farms and receive the congratulations of their friends.

“JOHN HENRY,” said his wife, with stony severity, “I saw you coming out of a saloon this afternoon.” “Well, madam,” replied the obdurate John, “you wouldn’t have me stay in there, would you?”

Yes, women are unreasonable, and you may have remarked that when one of them sits down in a new silk dress on a chair where a neighbor’s child has carelessly deposited two cents’ worth of taffy, she will go on about it just as bad as if it were two dollars’ worth.

As a schoolmaster was employed, the other day, in Scotland, in his delightful task of teaching a sharp urchin to cipher on the slate, the precious pupil put the following question to his instructor: “Whaur diz a’ the figures gang till when they’re rubbit out?”

A DRAG driven by an elegantly attired lady, and with a trim and neatly dressed colored boy perched on the footman’s seat behind, was passing through the street, when it was espied by an old negro woman. “Bress de Lord,” she exclaimed, raising her hands as she spoke, “Bress de Lord, I never s’pected to see dat. Wonder what dat cullud young gemman pays dat young white ‘oman fur drivin’ dat kerridge? I know’d it’d come, but never s’pected to lib to see it. Dis nigga’s ready to go ‘way now.”

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THE NEW AGE.

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

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

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

besides all the theories of

Political Economy and Government,

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

Relation between Church and State,

the complete

Secularization of our Common School System,

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

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

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

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

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

TERMS, Three Dollars a Year, with Postage Prepaid.

ADDRESS

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