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PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD .-- PAUL.

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VOLUME. I.

### BOSTON AND PORTLAND, FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1860.

NUMBER 1.

## Phenomenal.

### "ROCHESTER "NOCKINGS."

We present the following most authentic and full account of the "Rochester Knockings" we have yet seen. We quote it from Mr. Owen's "FOOTFALLS ON THE BOUNDARY OF ANOTHER WORLD." We deem it quite approprinted for this, our first number.-ED. ECLEC-

### The Hydesville Dwelling House.

DISTURBANCES IN WESTERN NEW YORK IN 1848.

There stands, not far from the town of Newark, in the county of Wayne and State of New York, a wooden dwelling-one of a cluster of small houses like itself, scarcely meriting the title of a village, but known under the name of Hydesville; being so called after Dr. Hyde, an old settler, whose son is the proprietor of the house in question. It is a story and a half high, fronting south; the lower floor consisting, in 1848, of two moderate-sized rooms, opening into each other; east of these a bed-room, opening into the sitting-room, and a buttery, opening into the same room; together with a stairway, (between the bedroom and buttery,) leading from the sitting-room up to the half-story above, and from the buttery down to the cellar.

This humble dwelling had been selected as a temporary residence, during the erection of another house in the country, by Mr. John D.

The Fox family were reputable farmers, members of the Methodist Church in good standing, and much respected by their neighbors as honest, upright people. Mr. Fox's ancestors were Germans, the name being originally Voss; but both he and Mrs. Fox were native born. In Mrs. Fox's family, French by origin and Rutan by name, several individuals had evinced the power of second-sight,-her maternal grand-mother, whose maiden name was Margaret Ackerman, and who resided at Long Island, among the number. She had, frequently, perceptions of funerals before they occurred, and was wont to follow these phantom processions to the grave as if they were

material. Mrs. Fox's sister also, Mrs. Elizabeth Hig gins, had similar power. On one occasion, in the year 1823, the two sisters, then residing in New York, proposed to go to Sodus by canal. But Elizabeth said, one morning, "We shall not make this trip by water." "Why so?" her sister asked. "Because I dreamed last night that we traveled by land, and there was a strange lady with us. In my dream, too, I thought we came to Mott's tavern in the beech woods, and that they could not admit us, because Mrs. Mott lay dying in the house. I know it will all come true." "Very unlikely, indeed," replied her sister; "for last year, when we passed there, Mr. Mott's wife lay dead in the house." "You will see. He must have married again; and he will lose his second wife." Every particular came to pass as Mrs. Higgins had predicted. Mrs. Johnson, a stranger, whom at the time of the dream they had not seen, did go with them, they made the journey by land, and were refused admittance into Mott's tavern, for the very cause assigned in Mrs. Higgins's dream.

Mr. and Mrs. Fox had six children, of whom the two youngest were staying with them when, on the 11th December, 1847, they removed into the house I have described. The children were both girls; Margaret, then 12 years old; and Kate, 9.

Soon after they had taken up their residence in the dwelling referred to, they began to think it was a very noisy house; but this was attributed to rats and mice. During the next month, however, (January, 1848,) the noise began to assume the character of slight knockings heard at night in the bed-room; sometimes appearing to sound from the cellar beneath. At first Mrs. Fox sought to persuade herself this might be but the hammering of a .shoemaker, in a house hard by, sitting up late at work. But further observation showed that the sounds, whencesoever proceeding, originated in the house. For not only did the knockings gradually become more distinct, and not only were they heard first in one part of the house, then in another, but the family finally remarked that these raps, even when not very loud, often caused a motion, tremulous rather than a sudden jar, of the bedsteads and chairs -sometimes of the floor; a motion which was

was laid on the chairs, which was sometimes sensibly felt at night in the slightly oscillating motion of the bed, and which was occasionally perceived as a sort of vibration, even when standing on the floor.

After a time, also, the noises varied in their character, sounding occasionally like distinct footfalls in the different rooms.

Nor were the disturbances, after a month or two had passed, confined to sounds. Once something heavy, as if a dog, seemed to lie on the feet of the children; but it was gone before the mother could come to their aid. Another time (this was late in March), Kate felt as if a cold hand were on her face. Occasionally, too, the bed-clothes were pulled during the night. Finally chairs were moved from their places. So, on one occasion, was the dining-table.

The disturbances, which had been limited to occasional knockings throughout February and the early part of March, gradually increased, toward the close of the latter month, in loudness and frequency, so seriously as to break the rest of the family. Mrs. Fox and his wife got up night after night, lit a candle, and thoroughly searched every nook and corner of the house; but without any result. They discovered nothing. When the raps came on the door, Mr. Fox would stand, ready to open, the moment they were repeated. But this expedient, too, proved unavailing. Though he opened the door on the instant, there was no one to be seen. Nor did he or Mrs. Fox ever obtain the slightest clue to the cause of these distur-

The only circumstance which seemed to suggest the possibility of trickery or of mistake was, that these various unexplained occurrences never happened in daylight.

And thus, notwithstanding the strangeness of the thing, when morning came they began to think it must have been but the fancy of the night. Not being given to superstition, they clung, throughout several weeks of annovance, to the idea that some natural explanation of these seeming accidents would at last appear. Nor did they abandon this hope till the night of Friday, the 31st of March,

The day had been cold and stormy, with snow on the ground. In the course of the afternoon, a son, David, came to visit them from his farm, about three miles distant. His mother then first recounted to him the particulars of the annoyances they had endured; for till now they had been little disposed to communicate these to any one. He heard her with a smile. "Well, mother," he said, "I advise you not to say a word to the neighbors about it. When you find it out, it will be one of the simplest things in the world." And in that belief he returned home.

Wearied out by a succession of sleepless nights, and of fruitless attempts to penetrate the mystery, the Fox family retired on that Friday evening very early to rest, hoping for a respite from the disturbances that harassed them. But they were doomed to disappoint-

The parents had had the children's beds removed into their bedroom, and strictly enjoined them not to talk of noises even if they heard them. But scarcely had the mother seen them safely in bed, and was retiring to rest herself, when the children cried out, " Here they are again!" The mother chid them, and lay down. Thereupon the noises became louder and more startling. The children sat up in bed. Mrs. Fox called in her husband. The night being windy, it suggested itself to him that it might be the rattling of the sashes. He tried several, shaking them to see if they were loose. Kate, the youngest girl, happened to remark that as often as her father shook a window-sash, the noises seemed to reply. Being a lively child, and in a measure accustomed to what was going on, she turned to where the noise was, snapped her fingers, and called out, Here, old Splitfoot, do as I do!" THE KNOCKING INSTANTLY RESPONDED.

That was the very commencement. Who can tell where the end may be?

I do not mean it was Kate Fox who thus, half in childish jest, first discovered that these mysterious sounds seemed instinct with intelligence. Mr. Mompesson, two hundred years ago, had already observed a similar phenomenon. Glanvil had verified it. So had Wesley and his children. So, we have seen, had others. But in all these cases the matter rested there, and the observation was no further prosecuted. As, previous to the invention of the steam-engine, sundry observers had trod-

quite perceptible to the touch when a hand | den the very threshold of discovery and there stopped, little thinking what lay close before them, so in this case, where the Royal Chaplain, disciple though he was of the inductive philosophy, and where the founder of Methodism, admitting though/he did, the probabilities of ultramundane interference, were both at fault, a Yankee girl, but nine years old, following up, more in sport than earnest, a chance observation, became the instigator of a movement which, whatever its true character, has had its influence throughout the civilized world. The spark had several times been ignited,-once, at least, two centuries ago; but it had died out each time without effect. It kindled no flame till the middle of the nineteenth century.

And yet how trifling the step from the observation at Tedworth to the discovery at Hydesville! Mr. Mompesson, in bed with his little daughter, (about Kate's age,) whom the sound seemed chiefly to follow, "observed that it would exactly answer, in drumming, anything that was beaten or called for." But this curiosity led him no further.

Not so Kate Fox. She tried, by silently bringing together her thumb and forefinger. whether she could still obtain a response. Yes! It could see, then, as well as hear! She called her mother. "Only look, mother!" she said, bringing together her finger and thumb as before. And as often as she repeated the noiseless motion, just so often responded the

This at once arrested her mother's attention. "Count ten," she said, addressing the noise. Ten strokes, distinctly given! "How old is my daughter Margaret ?" Twelve strokes! "And Kate?" Nine! "What can all this mean ?" was Mrs. Fox's thought. Who was answering her? Was it only some mysterious echo of her own thought? But the next question which she put seemed to refute that idea. "How many children have I?" the asked, aloud. Seven strokes. "Ah!" she thought, "it can blunder sometimes." And then, aloud "Try again!" Still the number of raps was seven. Of a sudden a thought crossed Mrs. Fox's mind. "Are they all alive?" she asked. Silence, for answer. "How many are living?" Six strokes. " How many dead?" A single stroke. She had lost a child.

Then she asked, "Are you a man?" No answer. "Are you a spirit?" It rapped. May my neighbors hear if I call them? rapped again.

Thereupon she asked her husband to call a neighbor, a Mrs. Redfield, who came in laughing. But her cheer was soon changed. The answers to her inquiries were as prompt and pertinent as they had been to those of Mrs. Fox. She was struck with awe; and when, in reply to a question about the number of her children, by rapping four, instead of three as she expected, it reminded her of a little daughter, Mary, whom she had recently lost, the

mother burst into tears. But it avails not further to follow out in minute detail, the issue of these disturbances, since the particulars have already been given, partly in the shape of formal depositions, in more than one publication,\* and since they are not essential to the illustration of this branch of the subject.

It may, however, be satisfactory to the reader that I here subjoin to the above narrativeevery particular of which I had from Mrs. Fox, her daughters Margaret and Kate, and her son David-a supplement, containing a brief outline, as well of the events which im-

\* The earliest of these, published in Canandaigua only three weeks after the occurrences of the 31st of March, is a pamphlet of forty pages, entitled "A Report of the Mysterious Noises heard in the house of Mr. John D. Fox, in Hydesville, Arcadia, Wayne county, authenticated by the certificates and confirmed by the statements of the citizens of that place and vicinity." Canandalgua, published by E. E. Lewis, 1848. It contains twenty-one certificates, chiefly given by the immediate neighbors, including those of Mr. Mrs. Fox, of their son and daughter-in law, of Mrs. Redfield, &c., &c., taken chiefly on the 11th and 12th of April-For a copy of the above pamphlet, now very scarce, I am indebted to the family of Mr. Fox, whom I visited in August 1859, at the house of the son, Mr. John D. Fox, when I had an opportunity to visit the small dwelling in which the above related circumstances took place; descending to its cellar, the alleged scene of dark deeds. The house is now occupied by a farm-laborer, who, Faraday-like, "does not believe in spooks."

A more connected account, followed up by a history of the movement which had birth at Hydesville, is to be found in "Modern Spiritualism, its Facts and Fanaticisms," by E W. Capron, Boston, 1855, pp. 33 to 56.

Most of the witnesses signing the certificates above refer red to offer to confirm their statements, if necessary, under oath; and they almost all expressly declare their conviction that the family had no agency in producing the sounds, that these were not referable to trick or deception or to any known natural cause, usually adding that they were no believers in the supernatural, and had never before heard or witnessed anything not susceptible of a natural explanation.

mediately succeed, as those, connected with the dwelling in question, which preceded the disturbances of the 31st of March.

On that night, the neighbors, attracted by the rumor of the disturbances, gradually gathered in, to the number of seventy or eighty, so that Mrs. Fox left the house for that of Mrs. Redfield, while the children were taken home by another neighbor. Mr. Fox remained.

Many of the assembled crowd, one after another, put questions to the noise, requesting that assent might be testified by rapping. When there was no response by raps, and the question was reversed, there were always rappings; thus indicating that silence was to be taken for assent.

In this way the sounds alleged that they were produced by a spirit; by an injured spirit; by a spirit who had been injured in that house; between four and five years ago: not by any of the neighbors, whose names were called over one by one, but by a man who formerly resided in the house-a certain John C. Bell, a blacksmith. His name was obtained by naming, in succession, the former occupants of the house.

The noises alleged, further, that it was the spirit of a man thirty-one years of age; that he had been murdered in the bedroom, for money, on a Tuesday night, at twelve o'clock; that no one but the murdered man and Mr. Bell were in the house at the time; Mrs. Bell and a girl named Lucretia Pulver, who worked for them, being both absent; that the body was carried down to the cellar early next morning, not through the outside cellar-door, but by being dragged through the parlor into the buttery, and thence down the cellar-stairs that it was buried, ten feet deep, in the cellar,

but not until the night after the murder. Thereupon the party assembled adjourned to the cellar, which had an earthen floor; and Mr. Redfield having placed himself on various parts of it, asking, each time, if that was the spot of burial, there was no response until he stood in the centre; then the noises were heard, as from beneath the ground. This was repeated several times, always with a similar result, no sound occurring when he stood at any other place than the centre. One of the witnesses describes the sounds in the cellar as resembling " a thumping, a foot or two under ground."†

the letters of the alphabet, asking, at each, if that was the initial of the murdered man's first name; and so of the second name. The sounds responded at C and B. An attempt to obtain the entire name did not then succeed. At a later period, the full name, (as Chas. B. Rosma,) was given in the same way in reply to the questions of Mr. David Fox. Still it did not suggest itself to any one to attempt, by the raps, to have a communication spelled out. It is a remarkable fact, and one which in a measure explains the lack of further results at Tedworth and at Epworth, that it was not till about four months afterward, and at Rochester, that the very first brief communication by raps was obtained; the suggester being Isaac Post, a member of the Society of Friends, and an old acquaintance of the Fox family.

The report of the night's wonders at Hydesville spread all over the neighborhood; and next day, Saturday, the house was beset by a crowd of the curious. But while daylight lasted there were no noises.‡ These re-commenced before seven o'clock in the evening. That night there were some three hundred people in and about the house. § Various persons asked questions; and the replies corresponded at every point to those formerly given.

Then it was proposed to dig in the cellar; but, as the house stands on a flat plain not far

†" Report of the Mysterious Noises," p. 25. See also p.

Mr. Marvin Losey and Mr. David Fox, state in their repective certificates, that on the night of Saturday, April 1, when the crowd were asking questions, it was arranged that those in the cellar should all stand in one place, except one, Mr. Carlos Hyde, while that one moved about to different spots; and that Mr. Duesler, being in the bedroom above, where of course he could not see Mr. Hyde nor any one else in the cellar, should be the questioner. Then as Mr. Hyde stepped about in the cellar, the question was repeated by Mr. Duesler in the bedroom, " Is any one standing over the place where the body was buried?" In every instance, as soon as Mr. Hyde stepped to the centre of the cellar the raps were heard, so that both those in the cellar and those in the rooms above heard them; but as often as he stood anywhere else there was a silence. This was repeated again and again .- "Report of the Mysterious Noises,"

‡ The next day, however, Surday, April 2, this was reversed. The neises responded throughout the day, but ceased in the evening, and were not lobtained throughout the night .- " Report of the Mysterious Noises," p. 9.

2" Report of the Mysterious Noises," p. 15.

from a small sluggish stream, the diggers reached water at the depth of less than three feet, and had to abandon the attempt. It was renewed on Monday, the 3rd April, and again. the next day, by Mr. David Fox and others, bailing and pumping out the water; but they could not reduce it much, and had to give

At a later period, when the water had much lowered, to wit, in the summer of 1848, Mr. David Fox, aided by Messrs. Henry Bush and Lyman Granger, of Rochester, and others, recommenced digging in the cellar. At the depth of five feet they came to a plank, through which they bored with an auger, when, the auger-bit being loose, it dropped through out of sight. Digging further, they found several pieces of crockery and some charcoal and quicklime, indicating that the soil must, at some time, have been disturbed to a considerable depth; and finally, they came upon some human hair, and several bones, which, on examination by a medical man skilled in anatomy, proved to be portions of a human skeleton, including two bones of the hand and certain parts of the skull; but no connected skull was found.\*

It remains briefly to trace the antecedents of the disturbed dwelling.

William Duesler, one of those who gave certificates touching this matter, and who offers to confirm his testimony under oath, states that he inhabited the same house seven years before, and that during the term of his residence there, he never heard any noise of the kind in or about the premises. He adds that a Mr. Johnson, and others, who, like himself, had lived there before Mr. Bell occupied the dwelling, make the same statement.†

Mrs. Pulver, a near neighbor, states that, having called one morning on Mrs. Bell while she occupied the house, she, (Mrs. B.) told her she felt very ill, not having slept at all during the previous night; and, on being asked what the matter was, Mrs. Bell said she had thought she heard some one walking about from one room to another. Mrs. Pulver further deposes that she heard Mrs. Bell, on subsequent occasions, speak of noises which she could not account for.

The daughter of this deponent, Lucretia Pulver, states that she lived with Mr. and Mrs. Bell during part of the time they occupied the house, namely, for three months during the winter of 1843-44, sometimes working for them, sometimes boarding with them, and going to school, she being then fifteen years old. She says Mr. and Mrs. Bell "appeared to be very good folks, only rather quick tempered."

She states that, during the latter part of her residence with them, one afternoon about two o'clock, a peddler, on foot, apparently about thirty years of age, wearing a black frock coat and light colored pantaloons, and having with him a trunk and a basket, called at Mr. Bell's. Mrs. Bell informed her she had known him formerly .---Shortly after he came in, Mr. and Mrs. Bell consulted together for nearly half an hour in the buttery. Then Mrs. Bell told her-very unexpectedly to her-that they did not require her any more; that she (Mrs. B.) was going that afternoon to Lock Berlin, and that she (Lucretia,) had better return home, as they thought they could not afford to keep her longer. Accordingly Mrs. Bell and Lucretia left the house, the peddler and Mr. Bell remaining. Before she went, however, Lucretia looked at a piece of delaine, and told the peddler she would take a dress of it, if he would call the next day at her father's house, hard by, which he promised to do, but he never came. Three days afterward, Mrs. Bell returned, and, to Lucretia's surprise, sent for her again to stay with them.

A few days after this, Lucretia began to hear knocking in the bedroom-afterward occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Fox-where she slept. The sounds seemed to be under the foot of the bed, and were repeated during a number of nights. One night, when Mr. and Mrs. Bell had gone to Lock Berlin, and she had remained in the house with her little brother and a daughter of Mr. Losey, named Amelia, they heard, about twelve o'clock, what seemed to be the footsteps of a man walking in the buttery. They had not gone to bed till eleven, and had not yet fallen asleep. It sounded as

"Report of the Mysterious Noises," p. 16.

‡ Ibid, pp. 87, 38.

<sup>\* &</sup>quot; Modern Spiritualism," p. 53. Mr. David Fox, during my visit to him, confirmed to me the truth of this.

if some one crossed the buttery, then went down the cellar-stair, then walked part of the way across the cellar, and stopped. The girls were greatly frightened, got up, and fastened doors and windows.

About a week after this, Lucretia, having occasion to go down into the cellar, screamed out. . Mrs. Bell asked what was the matter. Lucretia exclaimed, "What has Mr. Bell been doing in the cellar ?" She had sunk in the soft soil and fallen. Mrs. Bell replied that it was only rat holes. A few days afterward, at nightfall, Mr. Bell carried some earth into the cellar, and was at work there some time. Mrs. Bell said he was filling up rat holes.‡

Mr. and Mrs. Weekman depose that they occupied the house in question, after Mr. Bell left it, during eighteen months, namely, from the spring of 1846, till the autumn of 1847.

About March, 1847, one night, as they were going to bed, they heard knockings on the outside door; but when they opened there was no one there. This was repeated, till Mr. Weekman lost patience; and, after searching all round the house, he resolved, if possible, to detect these disturbers of his peace. Accordingly, he stood with his hand on the door, ready to open it at the instant the knocking was repeated. It was repeated, so that he felt the door jar under his hand; but, though he sprang out instantly and searched all round the house, he found not a trace of any in-

They were frequently afterward disturbed by strange and unaccountable noises. One night, Mrs. Weekman heard what seemed the footsteps of some one walking in the cellar. Another night one of her little girls, eight years old, screamed out, so as to wake every one in the house. She said something cold had been moving over her head and face; and it was long ere the terrified child was pacified, nor would she consent to sleep in the same room for several nights afterward.

Mr. Weekman offers to repeat his certificate, if required, under oath.

But it needs not further to multiply extracts from these depositions. Nothing positive can be gathered from them. It is certain, howover, that the peddler never re-appeared in Hydesville nor kept his promise to call. On the other hand, Mr. Bell, who removed early in 1846 to the town of Lyons, in the same county, on hearing the reports of the above disclosures, came forthwith to the scene of his former residence, and obtained from the neighbors, and made public, a certificate setting forth that "they never knew anything against his character," and that when he lived among them " they thought him, and still think him. a man of honest and upright character, incapable of committing crime." This certificate is dated April 5 (six days after the first communications), and is signed by forty-four persons. The author of the "Report of the Mysterious Noises," in giving it entire, adds, that others besides the signers are willing to join in the recommendation.

It is proper also to state, in this connection, that, a few months afterward.—to wit, in July or August, 1848,-a circumstance occurred at Rochester, New York, somewhat analogous in character, and indicating the danger of indulging, without corroborating evidence, in suspicions aroused by alleged spiritual information. A young peddler, with a wagon and two horses, and known to be possessed of several hundred dollars, having put up at a tavern in that city, suddenly disappeared. Public opinion settled down to the belief that he was murdered. An enthusiastic Spiritualist had the surmise confirmed by the raps. Through the same medium the credulous inquirer was informed that the body lay in the canal, several spots being successively indicated where it could be found. These were anxiously dragged, but to no purpose. Finally the dupe's wife was required to go into the canal at a designated point, where she would certainly discover the corpse; in obeying which injunction she nearly lost her life. Some months afterward, the alleged victim reappeared; he had departed secretly for Canada, to avoid the importunities of his creditors.\*

In the Hydesville case, too, there was some rebutting evidence. The raps had alleged that, though the peddler's wife was dead, his five children lived in Orange county, New York; but all efforts to discover them there were fruitless. Nor does it appear that any man named Rosma was ascertained to have resided there.

It remains to be added that no legal proceedings were ever instituted, either against Mr. Bell. in virtue of the suspicions aroused, or by him against those who expressed such suspicions. He finally left the country.

It is evident that no sufficient case is made out against him. The statements of the earthly witnesses amount to circumstantial evidence only; and upon unsupported ultramundane testimony no dependence can be placed. It may supply hints; it may suggest inquiries; but assurance it cannot give.

The Hydesville narrative, however, as one of unexplained disturbances, like those at Cideville, at Ahrensburg, at Slawensik, at Epworth, and at Tedworth, rests for verification on the reality of the phenomena themselves, not on the accuracy of the extrinsic information alleged to be thereby supplied.†

#### "FRATERNITY TRACTS."

We have received Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6, of the Tracts selected from the writings of Theodore Parker, No. 2 of which we below present. It is quite characteristic of the author.

### Errors of the Popular Theology.

The Popular Theology, common to all Christendom, logically rests on this supposition: It is wholly impossible for man, by himself, to ascertain any moral or religious truth; he cannot know that the soul is immortal, that there is a God, that it is right to love men, and wrong to hate; he may have "opinions," but they will be "only whims;" belief in immortality, " one guess among many;" there can be no knowledge of justice, no practice of charity and forgiveness. But God has made a miraculous communication of doctrines on matters pertaining to religion; these are complete, containing all the truth that man will ever need to know on religion; and perfect, having no error at all; man must accept these as ultimate authority in all that pertains to religion-to Sentiments, Ideas, and Actions. The sum of these miraculous doctrines is called the "Supernatural Revelation;" it is the peculiar heritage of Christians, though part of it was designed originally for the Jews, and previously delivered to them, who were once the "peculiar people," " the Lord's own," but now, in consequence of their refusing the new Revelation, which repeals the old, are " cast off and rejected." The Catholic maintains that the Roman Church is the exclusive denository of this miraculous revelation, and the Protestant limits it to the Bible; but both, and all their manifold sects, claim to rest on this foundation-the Word of God, supernatural, miraculous, exclusive, and infallible. Hence their ministers profess to derive the " power to bind and loose," and claim to teach with an authority superior to Reason, Conscience, the Heart and Soul of man. Hence they call their doctrine "divine;" all else is only "human teaching," " founded in reason, but with no authority." Hence Theology is called "sacred," not because true, and so far as true-for then the truths which Thales, or which Plato taught were also "sacred" and "divine;" but as miraculous in its origin, coming from a source which is outside of human consciousness, and above all the doubts of men. In virtue of this miraculous revelation, the meanest priest ever let loose from Rome, or the smallest possible minister ever brooded into motion at Oberlin or Princeton, is supposed to know more about God, man, and the relation between them, than Socrates and all the "uninspired" philosophers, from Aristotle of Stagyra, down to Baur of Tubingen, could ever find out with all the thinking of their mighty heads.

Now there is no philosophic or historical foundation for this vast fiction; it is " such stuff as dreams are made of;" there is no supernatural, miraculous, or infallible revelation; the Roman Church has none such, the Protestant none; it is not in the Bible; but the Universe is the only Scripture of God-Material Nature its Old Testament, Human Nature the New, and in both fresh leaves get written over every day. Inspiration comes not supernaturally and exceptionally, by the miraculous act of God; but naturally and instantially, by the normal act of man, and is proportionate to the individual's powers and use thereof; the test of inspiration is in the doctrine, not outside thereof; its Truth the only proof that what man thinks is also thought by God; all truth is equally His word, and they who discover it are alike inspired-whether truth pertaining to Astronomy or Religion; the highest authority for any doctrine is its agreement with fact-facts of observation, or of intuitive or demonstrative consciousness. Surely no man, no sect, no book nor oracle, is master to a single soul, for each man is born a new

#### "The world is all before him where to choose His place of rest, and Providence his guide."

Who shall dare bind the spirit of man and say, "Thus far shalt thou reason, but no farther, and here shall thy proud thoughts be stayed?" The smallest priest! But who can stay the movement of those orbs in the spiritual heaven? Only He, who, in the constitution of our spirit, gave us that great charter which secures unbounded freedom of thought. A spoiled child, a little waywardminded girl, idiotic even, may command a thousand adult persons, if they be but slaves! What if they are men?

+ For details, see "Modern Spiritualism," pp. 60 to 62. If we concede the reality of the spirit-rap, and if we asume to judge of ultramundane intentions, we may imagine that the purpose was, by so early and so marked a lesson, to warn men, even from the commencement, against putting implicit faith in spiritual communications.

It is worthy of remark, however, that there is this great difference in these two cases, that the Hydesville communi cations came by spontaneous agency, uncalled for, unlooked for, while those obtained at Rochester were evoked and ex-

Once the hierarchy of philosophers sought to shut men in the midland seas, between the two Hercules' Pillars of Aristotle and Ptolemy; none must sail forth with venturous keel into the wide ocean, seeking for scientific truth; man must only paddle about the shores, where the masters had named all the headlands and marked out the way. What honor do we pay to men who broke the spell that bound the race? Once kings forbade all thought and speech about the State; the subject must not doubt, but only answer and obey. Where will such tyrants go? Let future Cromwells say. In Theology, such men are forbid to think, to doubt, to reason and inquire. "Search the Scripture" is made to mean, accept it as an idol. So we see men chained by the neck to some post of authority, their heads also tied down to their feet, forever hobbling round and round, picking some trampled grass on the closely nibbled spot, yet counting their limping stumble as the divine march of the heavenly host, and the clanking of their chains as the music of the spheres, most grateful unto God. Now and then some minister comes down and moves off the human cattle, and ties them out to feed on some other bit of well-trod land, while all before us reaches out the heavenly pasture, for which we long, and faint, and

It is an amazing spectacle! Modern science has shown that the Theological astronomy, geology and geography are mixed with whims, which overlay their facts; that the Theological History is false in its chief particulars, relating to the origin and development of mankind; that its metaphysics are often absurd: its chief premises false; that the whole tree is of gradual growth; and still men have the hardihood to pretend it is all divine, all true, and that every truth in the science and morals of our times, nay, any piety and benevolence in human consciousness, has come from the miraculous Revelation, and this alone! Truly it is a minister's duty to expose this claim, so groundless, so wicked, so absurd, and refer men to the perpetual revelation from God, in the facts of his world of matter and of

This scheme of Theology stands in the way of man's progressive improvement. It impedes human progress more than all the vices of passion, drunkenness, and debauchery; more than all the abominations of slavery, which puts the chains on every eighth man in this republican Democracy! Accordingly the Teacher who wishes to secure a normal development of the religious faculties of men, and to direct their powers so as to produce the highest human welfare, must use all the weapons of Science against the errors of this Theology, opposing them as Luther opposed the Pope and Roman Church, as Paul and Jesus the polytheism and pharisaism of their time; yes, as Moses withstood the idolatry of Egypt-not with ill-nature, with abuse, but with all the weapons of fair argument.

How much we need a natural theology, scientifically derived from the world of matter and of man, the product of religious feeling and philosophic thought. True ideas of God, of man, of the relation between the two; of Inspiration, of Salvation—it is what mankind longs for, as painters, long for artistic loveliness, and scholars for scientific truth; yea, as hungry men long for their daily bread. The philosopher wants a theology as comprehensive as his science—a God with wisdom and with power immanent in all the universe, and yet transcending that. The philanthropist wants it not less, a God who loves all men. Yea, men and women all throughout the land, desire a theology like this, which shall legitimate the instinctive emotions of reverence and love, and trust in God, that, to their spirits, careful and troubled about many things, shall give the comfort, and the Hope and Peace for which they sigh! How much doubt there is in all the churches which the minister cannot appease; how much hunger he can never still; because he offers only that old barbaric Theology which suited the rudeness of a savage age, and is rejected by the enlightened consciousness of this! How much truth is there outside of all the sects-how much justice and benevolence, and noblest piety, which they cannot bring in, because this Popular Theology, like a destroying angel armed with a flaming fiery sword, struts evermore before the church's gate, barring men off from beneath the Tree of Life, anxious to hew off the head of lofty men, and gash and frighten all such as be of gentle, holy heart!

DRY DEACONS .- By the records of one of the oldest religious societies in Boston, it appears that there was a large consumption of wine for church purposes in the parish several generations ago. Taking the number of communicants, and the amount of wine charged in a year, it would appear, from the records, that there was an average consumption of a pint of wine to a church member each communion season! It is shrewdly suspected, however, that the deacons and leading members of the church, at their business meetings, partook quite freely of the parish stores, and thus incurred bills for wine, which seem rather strange to those who have imbibed the idea that, in the "good old times," about which

when good wine cost them nothing, than they are in our day and generation .- Boston Tran-

#### [From the Cornhill Magazine.] WASHINGTON IRVING.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

WASHINGTON IRVING was the first Ambassador whom the New World of letters sent to the Old. He was born almost with the Republic; the Pater Patrice had laid his hands on the child's head. He bore Washington's name: he came among us bringing the kindest sympathy, the most artless, smiling good will. His new country, which some people here might be disposed to regard rather superciliously, could send us, as he showed in his own person, a gentleman, who, though born in no very high sphere, was most finished, polished, easy, witty, quiet; and, socially, the equal of the most refined Europeans. If Irving's welcome in England was a kind one, was it not also gratefully remembered? If he ate our salt, did he not pay us with a thankful heart? Who can calculate the amount of friendliness and good feeling for our country which this writer's generous and untiring regard for us disseminated in his own? His books are read by millions of his countrymen, whom he has taught to love England; and why to love her? It would have been easy to speak otherwise than he did, to inflame national rancors, which, at the time when he first became known as a public writer, war had just renewed; to cry down the old civilization at the expense of the new; to point out our faults, arrogance, short-comings, and give the Republic to infer how much she was the parent state's superior. There are writers enough in the United States, honest and otherwise, who preach that kind of doctrine. But the good Irving, the peaceful, the friendly, had no place for bitterness in his heart, and no scheme but kindness. Received in England with extraordinary tenderness and friendship (Scott, Southey, Byron, a hundred, others, have borne witness to their liking for him), he was a messenger of good will and peace between his country and ours. "See, friends!" he seems to say, "t hese English are not so wicked, rapacious, callous, proud, as you have been taught to believe them. I went among them a humble man; won my way by my pen; and, when known, found every hand held out to me with kindliness and welcome. Scott is a great man, you acknowledge. Did not Scott's king of England give a gold medal to him, and another to me, your countryman, and a stranger?" Tradition in the United States still fondly

retains the history of the feasts and rejoicings which awaited Irving on his return to his native country from Europe. He had a national welcome; he stammered in his speeches, hid himself in confusion, and the people loved him all the better. He had worthily represented America in Europe. In that young community a man who brings home with him abundant European testimonials is still treated with respect (I have found American writers of world-wide reputation strangely solicitous about the opinions of quite obscure British critics, and elated or depressed by their judgments); and Irving went home medalled by the king, diplomatized by the university, crowned, and honored, and admired. He had not in any way intrigued for his honors, he had fairly won them; and, in Irving's instance, as in others, the old country was glad and eager to pay them.

In America the love and regard for Irving was a national sentiment. Party wars are perpetually raging there, and are carried on by the press with a rancor and fierceness against individuals which exceed British, almost Irish virulence. It seemed to me, during a year's travel in the country, as if no one ever aimed a blow at Irving. All men held their hand from that harmless, friendly peacemaker. I had the good fortune to see him at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, and remarked how in every place he was honored and welcomed. Every large city has its "Irving House." The country takes pride in the fame of its men of letters. The gate of his own charming little domain on the beautiful Hudson river was forever swinging before visitors who came to him. He shut out no one. I had seen many pictures of his house, and read descriptions of it, in both of which it was treated with not unusual American exaggeration. It was but a pretty little cabin of a place; the gentleman of the press who took notes of the place while his kind old host was sleeping, might have visited the whole house in a couple of minutes.

And how came it that this house was so small, when Mr. Irving's books were sold by hundreds of thousands, nay, millions-when his profits were known to be large, and the habits of life of the good old bachelor were notoriously modest and simple? He had loved once in his life. The lady he loved died; and he, whom all the world loved, never sought to replace her. I can't say how much the thought of that fidelity has touched me. Does not the very cheerfulness of his after-life add to the pathos of that untold story? To grieve always was not in his nature; or, when he had his sorrow, to bring all the world in to we hear so much, men were less frail and dry, | condole with him and bemoan it. Deep and

quiet he lays the love of his heart, and buries it; and grass and flowers grow over it in due time.

Irving had such a small house and such narrow rooms because there was a great number of persons to occupy them. He could only afford to keep one old horse, (which, lazy and aged as it was, managed once or twice to run away with that careless old horseman). He could only afford to give plain sherry to that amiable British paragraph-monger from New York, who saw the patriarch asleep over his modest, blameless cup, and fetched the public into his private chamber to look at him. Irving could only live very modestly, because the wifeless, childless man had a number of children to whom he was as a father. He had as many as nine nieces, I am told-I saw two of these ladies at his house-with all of whom the dear old man had shared the produce of his labor and genius.

"Be a good man, my dear." One can't but think of these last words of the veteran Chief of Letters, who had tasted and tested the value of worldly success, admiration, prosperity. Was Irving not good, and, of his works, was not his life the best part? In his family gentle, generous, good-humored, affectionate, selfdenying; in society, a delightful example of complete gentlemanhood; quite unspoiled by prosperity; never obsequious to the great (or, worse still, to the base and mean, as some public men are forced to be in this and other countries); eager to acknowledge every contemporary's merit; always kind and affable with the young members of his calling; in his professional bargains and mercantile dealings delicately honest and grateful; one of the most charming masters of our lighter language; the constant friend to us and our nation; to men of letters doubly dear, not for his wit and genius merely, but as an exemplar of goodness, probity, and pure life. I don't know what sort of testimonial will be raised to him in his own country, where generous and enthusiastic acknowledgment of  ${f American}$ merit is never wanting; but Irving was in our service as well as theirs; and as they have placed a stone at Greenwich youder in memory of that gallant young Bellot, who shared the perils and fate of some of our Arctic seamen, I would like to hear of some memorial raised by English writers and friends of letters in affectionate remembrance of the dear and good Washington Inving.

### LOVE IN MARRIED LIFE.

The separation of Mr. Burch and his wife at Chicago, on the ground of adultery by the latter, attracts much attention on account of the social position of the parties. Mr. Burch is a wealthy merchant, and his wife is the adopted daughter of Erastus Corning of Albany. They have been married twelve years, and have two daughters. The wife signed a written confession of her guilt, but she now alleges that it was extorted from her by violence. She has returned to the house of her foster parent, who has employed eminent counsel for her defense. Opinions differ as to the guilt of the wife, but the general belief at Chicago is that an improper intimacy existed. The London Times, in discussing the elopement of the young and rich Mrs. Gurney with one of her servant men, attributes her fault to the separate settlement of her estate upon herself, thus leaving her independent of her husband. It states that in a large number of privately arranged separations, recorded by an eminent London lawyer, in the space of forty years, in every case but one the wife had a provision independent of her husband, and in almost every case the wife was the chief wrong-doer.

The statistics of the London lawyer may be faithful to facts as far as they go, but they do not touch the secret of the matter at all. If wives having property in their own right are more likely than others to leave their husbands, it only indicates that there are many more who would escape the ties of matrimony if they could, and are only held to their allegiance by hard necessity. If so, the facts are an argument for separate settlements for wives, rather than against them, useless we hold that woman should be bound where man is free.

We do not know the facts, the secret, unwritten history in the Burch case. In that of Mrs. Gurney in England, there was disparity of age, and the husband, absorbed in business, left the wife to seek such companionship as she might. What wonder that a young, educated, and captivating servant man, constantly about her, and giving her daily the graceful attentions so acceptable to the heart of woman, should have found it easy to win her love? Perhaps her marriage had been only a matter of business and convenience, like too many alliances in high life, and her love for the servant was the first awakening of the tender passion within her. So the people of Manchester felt, and sympathized with the young lovers, guilty as they were in the sight of law and conventional usage. In a great many of these cases we should blame the wives less if we knew their secret history. It is their duty to "suffer and be strong," and many are the wives who fulfill this hard duty, whose secret sorrows the world will never know, Nay, the husband himself is often unconscious of the silent pain which cats out the heart of her he loves, and

<sup>3&</sup>quot; Report of the Mysterious Noises," pp. 35, 36 and 37. I have added a few minor particulars, related by Lucretia to Mrs. Fox.

Ibid, pp. 33, 34. \* " Report of the Mysterious Noises," pp. 88, 89.

which he might remove, and would if he were aware of it. Many a husband thinks that he fulfills all the duties of the sacred relation, to whom the wife looks in vain for that intimate sympathy and affection which every woman requires. The life of woman's heart is love. She instinctively craves it, and is desolate without it. Respect and studied deference will not answer as a substitute for it. There must be in the real sacrament of matrimony a tenderness of love, a fondness, a mutual interchange of delicate and sensitive regards, which language fails to express, but which every man and woman that has truly loved instinctively understands and appreciates.

With too many men this manifestation of the tender passion ends with courtship, and marriage brings only cold respect and fidelity-better a thousand time's of course than unfaithfulness and estrangement—but not satisfying to the highest demands of the heart. The man, engrossed with business, who comes to his home chiefly for for d and rest, does not feel the need of love like, the wife, restricted to a narrower circle ci. cares and occupations, and driven in upon ther own thoughts for solace. What wonder that the woman, thus robbed of "lie affection she craves, by him from whom it is due, opens her heart to the sunshive of another's smile, and accepts the delicate attention from the friend, that the husband denies or neglects? What wonder if friendship sometimes ripens into love, in such cases, and the wife finds her heart completely gone from her husband to another before she had suspected the danger? We do not believe, with the London Times, that the fault is generally on the part of the wives. The original fault often lies with the husband .-The neglect of the husband is often the beginning of the evil. The husband is bound not only to love, but to "cherish" the wife. If she is left in poverty and desolation of heart to seek elsewhere the love her nature requires let not the husband consider himself the innocent and injured party. He may have been faithful, but he should have been fond, and thus the love of the courtship and the honeymoon would have deepened and strengthened as the true pair "clomb the hill thegither," and there would have been no room there for an interloper.—Springfield Republican.

> [Written for the Eclectic.] The Spirit of the Flowers. I saw a pearly drop arise From the spot where flowers grew, As though a magnet far above,

Their spirit-essence drew. Up out of sight it glided on, And then I much desired to learn If floating on through space it went, Or found some lodgment firm.

While musing thus on what I saw, The angel came and to me said: "That was the spirit of a flower:-On earth you view it dead."

"Come, go with me," he kindly said, " And I will fain enlighten you." He bore me to the spheres above, Where fadeless flowers grew!

· He pointed then unto a spot Where bloomed a lovely flower: "This is the one you missed," he said, "From yonder fading bower."

"Then cultivate them while below-Though fading, call them ever thine,-For in this world you'll gather them, Around your brow to twine!" PORTLAND, ME.

### The Out-door Christian.

The Boston Transcript tells us of a " pastor Oberlin, who was in the habit of picking the large stones from the roads, as he walked, and teaching his flock to do the same." We love that habit of mind-that giving of an airing to the religion of the closet-and we coincide also in the still farther remark on the subject by our bright little cotemporary :-- " Give us the man who, in city or suburbs, clears the path, sprinkles sand or ashes on the ice, drains off the standing water in front of his premises, turns out in his sleigh for pedestrians, or keeps to the fair side, or middle of the road, so as to save walkers from dust; is careful not to compel foot passengers to go into the mud to let his horse have the driest track, and steers clear of curb-stones that people may not be sprinkled by the splashing of hoofs or the rolling of wheels through mud-puddles-give us this man, and you give us a gentleman in the true sense; nay more, a Christian—in little things. Give us the lady-for she will be one though clothed in six-penny calico-who contracts, and refuses to spread her crinoline, as if for a picayune she had bought the whole vehicle; who does not allow the half price darlings to crowd out the adults, takes a jam in the crowd without looking daggers, pleasantly thanks a gentleman for resigning his seat in her behalf, does not bother shopmen with the showing and pricing of goods she does not mean to buy, and who is not above carrying home a small parcel in her own gloves-and you give us a lady who understands woman's right to make herself beloved, by her kindly and gentle ways, and to win the respect of all sensible men."-

Enoch, the father of Methuseleh, was translated, so that he did not see death; therefore the oldest man that ever lived died before his father !—Investigator (of course.)

## Correspondence.

AU REVOIR.

We have read with deep emotion and swelling hearts the parting words of one of the most carnest and faithful promulgators of Spiritualism, one whose firm and undaunted support was ever enlisted in the cause of all that is pure and noble, and tending towards the elevation of the human heart; and I not only consider it a sacred duty, but it also affords me the highest pleasure, to express in a few words, the gratitude and love which have erected in the hearts of all who knew him a monument of love, as imperishable as the material of which it is composed.

At the same time, I beg that he will not consider these words as emanating from one source; indeed, they are only the faint echo of the many strings which are attuned to the song of love and gratitude for Mr. Newton, which swell in sweet, yet full, majestic chorus, on the morning air of the new light which is rising to the vision of the soul of man.

You are cheered by the remembrance of kind words and actions sometimes expressed to you by your many well-deserved friends. May it be unspeakable joy to you to know that your labors in the rugged path of truth and holiness stand there as immortal landmarks, which show the weary traveler the road towards the goal of our aspiration, a beaccful happiness, offspring of a pure and holy

And should we, who find in our path only the stumps which the axe of the faithful pioneer in a divine cause could not exterminate, forget who cleared the thickets, and cut the trees which hid the path from the traveler's view, because the axe has been wrested for a while from the strong and noble arm? Far be it from us! We are but poor and weak ourselves, except in the strength with which an unmistakable faith girds our loins and nerves our arm, or, in the desire to promote goodness, in whatever shape we may find it, else we would gladly show you in a material form the acknowledgment of your devoted services in the cause of humanity. It is but natural that you should be wanting in that substance which heretofore has seemed to rule the civilized world.

But we have the unspeakable comfort to know that the dawn of the morning is already visible, when its hydra-headed power will no longer reign supreme.

When such thoughts as flow from the pen of a late contributor to the Age are presented to the thinking public, then we may well flatter ourselves with the hope that moral height and poverty will not always go hand in hand together. Meanwhile your pen must not be allowed to rest. The list of writers for the cause of truth and goodness cannot afford to lose a hand and heart like yours.

Where is the spiritualistic journal in Boston, New York, or any other State, that will not gladly, gratefully present the productions from your pen to their eager readers? And especially the "Age," whose strong foundation was laid by you, (and whose present editors fill us with respect and confidence in their high morality and lofty purposes,) will ever gladly receive any favor you may wish to contribute towards the just merit and popularity of the paper.

That you may be able to do so, may God bless you, and strengthen your health. Then, Mr. Newton, dear and faithful friend, not "adieu," but "au revoir," with many wellwishes for your future success in life, from one who ever remains yours in the bonds of true Christianity.

> ELKHORN, Wis., Walworth Co., ? March 4th, 1860.

EDITOR SPIRITUAL ECLECTIC—Dear Sir :-After two and a half years' investigation on the subject of Spiritualism, applying all the reason and common sense I possess to it, pro and con, I am compelled to embrace it as truth. I have lived a half century; and the subject of man's creation, how he came into being, the nature of the laws by which he was created, and the design of that law, in its operation on man as regards his immortal existence, has been one of much thought; and I never could arrive at anything, under the Bible theology, that would apply to my reason; nothing that reason would accept, and be satisfied. Therefore, virtually, I threw the whole modern theology away, and started on the investigation of Spiritualism: and in this I find that which my reason cannot reject, but embraces it as a perfect law of God, pure and holy. About three months since, my wife became a trance-speaking medium; and she now lectures publicly, occasionally, and if the spirits tell the truth, she will ere long devote her time to proclaiming the glorious truths of the Gospel to mankind. She seems to possess three gifts: speaking, healing, and seeing; and her development is different from all mediums that I have listened to. The teachings through her are apparently of a high order, pure and holy-seem to be a blending of everything into one pure and holy principle, and that is love. The spirit in her, and the spirit in one other medium, which she has met, do not harmonize; and the explanation is, (through my wife) that the spirit in that me-

dium is on the mental plane, and does not the spirit of the Lord prompted him to compossess its spirit-body, and cannot go beyond mentality until the mental and spiritual blend together, which is a perfect law of God. This is a new idea to us, and I write to you to get information, thinking perhaps those who have been long investigating this subject would give some light. We are children just begun, and not having read any spiritual publications, and being located where there are but very few Spiritualists, and those merely philosophical, or something else, they do not harmonize with us. Therefore we want the views of older and more experienced Spiritualists, in order to judge whether we are deceived, or whether, as the spirits say, it is a high development. I could say more on many points; but enough has already been said for you to understand our position, and if you can give us any light, it will be thankfully received. Yours truly, Z. Houghton.

MR. EDITOR:-The accompanying gem is from a roung lady in Maine, who has formerly contributed to papers with which I have been connected, and not being aware that I had retired from the AgE, she enclosed it to me. I pass it over to you, and would here avail myself of the opportunity to speak a word in her favor. Considering her youth, in my opinion, she is the best poetic writer at present unknown to fame; and all that'is wanting to render her name familiar to every good lover of true poetry, is, to draw her from obscurity and let the public read her productions. She has made rapid progress during the

Fancies.

past year, and is still young enough to continue im-

proving for many years to come.

I am gazing at the sunset, While my thoughts are far away, Far away in yonder grave-yard Where the sunbeams lingering stay.

Now upon the brightening cloudlets I can see the angels lie; With their snowy wings half folded In the sunset's rosy dye.

There is one, a gorgeous cloudlet, Floating softly from my view, And the snow-white wings of angels Mingle with the sky of blue.

One is there, whose holy raiment Sweeps the edges of the sky, With her pure white brow upturning To His glorious throne on high.

And I stand and gaze, at sunset, At each soft cloud's brilliant dye, Watching for the radiant raiment Of our sister Margery.

We were seven-but now an angel Sits within her vacant chair, And when e'er I would caress her, Seeking her, she is not there.

Then I weep in heartfelt sorrow, Fain I'd seek my mother's side, But alas! her chair is vacant, Mother too with Lizzie died!

Heavenly Father! thou in wisdom Took our dear ones unto Thee, And I praise Thee, yea, I bless Thee, Yet give strength and grace to me. H. L. A.

MR. EDITOR:—I was much edified to see how one of your correspondents treated II. W. Beecher's sermon, which was delivered on Christmas, and reported in the Banner of Light. What makes Mr. Beecher so popular? he is more liberal in his theological views than ny minister bélonging to his sect; and had he lived thirty years ago, his church would have cast him out as a heretic; but a progressive age has rendered him conspicuous, on account of the large and liberal views which he so fearlessly advocates. When the tenets of the church shall not conflict with the natural sciences which God has established, and whose principles are eternal and unchangeable, then will a rational system of religion be developed among mankind, with teachings founded on laws which are fixed and immutable; then will one creed, derived from the great book of Nature, which no one can gainsay or refute, triumph at last over the senseless jargon of superstition, and the cruel dogmas of a traditionary church.

I see in your last issue, that one of our Shaker brethren is not wholly divested of the superstitions which are common among us; in his criticism, after speaking of what David says, remarks, "that was what the spirit said," &c. And here, I might observe, that the spirit said many things in olden time, which, if it said now, and was obeyed, would subject us who heeded it, to a different fate from those who obeyed its mandates in ancient times. I will give two examples.

Gen., chap. 22, verse 2, And IIe, (the Lord,) said: "Take now thy son, thy only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee unto the land of Moriah, and offer him there for a burnt

Again, Judges, chap. 11, verse 29: "Then the spirit of the Lord came upon Jephthah. and he passed over Gilead," &c.; verse 30th, and Jephthah vowed a vow unto the Lord, and said: "If thou shalt, without fail, deliver the children of Ammon unto my hands, then it shall be, that whatsoever that cometh forth of the doors of my house to meet me, when I return in peace from the children of Ammon, shall surely be the Lord's, and I will offer it up for a burnt offering."

Now, if the reader will look at the 29th verse of the same chapter, he will see that Jephthah put his barbarous and cruel vow into execution, by offering up his own daughter

mit the horrible deed; but I think our motto should be, "Try the spirits and see what manner of spirit they are of."

I think that many of our Shaker brethren, like others, who compose the different churches, have ideas concerning many passages in the old Testament, altogether at variance (when we come to examine their context), with the tenets they wish to establish. For instance, the restoration of Israel, spoken of by Jeremiah, chap. 31, verse 13, can only have reference to the liberation of the Jews from their captivity in Babylon at that time, and which was accomplished by Cyrus, the Persian; and I think, with many others, that the Jews had present troubles enough to attend to and employ themselves about, without looking so far into the future, to a period which could not be of any immediate benefit to their then present condition. EXAMINER.

" Examiner" should have given us his name —we want to know who our correspondents are.—Ed.

#### SUGGESTIONS.

RESPECTED ECLECTIC: -- In reading "Authority and Freedom," vol. 1, No. 21, I wa led to the following reflections. Every one who has had his feelings wrought up to the highest pitch, by the leading theologies of the day, will naturally ask, as I have asked in former days: Why should we be made to lie in entire subjection to the will of God? (Him who makes some for honor, and some for dishonor, and, perhaps, we are the one that He has made for dishonor, and whose decrees are unchangeable, &c., &c., &c.) It would seem a sort of degradation that man cannot have a selfhood. But do we consider that we are in the infancy of life? and that we need one to guide us ? The infant child needs its parents to guide him. And then, too, the earthly parent is not perfect like God. Still, the only way for the child to learn its first lessons, is, to be passive, and learn of its parents. Then how much more is it wise for us to be passive in the hands of God, who is all-wise and knows precisely all of our needs, and is all goodness, and, therefore, will not control but for our best good; for He alone is the Father, who governs by pure or perfect love, while we are children of need, needing that instruction, needing that authority. What parent does not feel that it is his bounden duty to have authority over his child, while that child is innocent and ignorant? Who does not commend the child who thus submits to a good parent? And what could the innocent and ignorant one do, if he did not thus submit to his parents? Thus, we see, there is wisdom in God. He saw man's needs -man has shown his frailty by setting up his own will in opposition to that of his Father -God-before he had learned his own feeble, imperfect, earthy condition, and the wisdom, power and perfection of God-the Father of

Yours, for "light, more light," P. C. SIMMONS. CASTLE GROVE, Jones Co. Iowa, Feb. 15, 1860.

Burrillville, R. I., Feb. 28th, 1860. EDITOR SPIRITUAL ECLECTIC :- I desire to call your attention to a report of a lecture by Rev. T. L. Harris, in London, copied in the New York Tribune of February 25th, from the London Advertiser. I do not wish, myself, to make any particular comments upon this lecture, which, if correctly reported, appears to me to be a most powerful argument against the opponents of Spiritualism. You have, without doubt, already given it all the attention it deserves.

But when we look at the main idea of the lecture, leaving out as not worthy of notice all the misrepresentation and abuse, it is nothing but what all intelligent Spiritualists have long admitted, viz: that there are, doubtless, spirits of evil, as well as good spirits; and that the former can, and do use their influence to deny and pervert the truth, whenever they are permitted to assume dominion in the hearts of those who submit to their sway. It is very difficult to perceive why bad men here should not be bad spirits just beyond this life, until the elevating tendencies inherent in their spiritual nature, have lifted them to a higher and purer atmosphere.

Now, in this lecture, the existence of sprits of all degrees, is nowhere denied. What, then, is more natural than to assume, from the conclusions which he has arrived at, that all the evil of which he complains, and which doubtless exists to some extent, is the direct result of bad spirits. Now, has he fallen beneath the despotic control of such a power, that he should thus do violence to the best intuitions of his nature, thus knowingly assume what he knows to be false, thus absurdly include all, or nearly all spiritualists, in the number of those who do not follow their best guides, nor seek to walk in the bright and beautiful paths of spiritual holiness, purity and peace? What lying spirit of evil has thus prompted him to turn traitor to his best and holiest convictions of right and honor? But it matters not.

Yet the reporter for the London Advertiser falls far below his mark, if he supposes, as he says, that this lecture has had the effect to convince the millions of enlightened Spiritualto the Lord as a sacrifice, and it is said that | ists, that their belief is "the most hideous and

horrible thing that ever came from the other world." On the contrary, it will only jnake them more zealous in receiving and following the good impressions which they receive, and more firmly resolved not to hold any intercourse with evil and wrong.

But, Sir, I only meant. when I began, to call your attention to it, (if, by chance, you had not seen it,) by a line or two, but have so far exceeded my limits that I think I cannot send you, as I designed, at this time, some communications which I daily receive, by impression, from those who have passed on and stand where the sunlight of Truth is reflected from them to us in beams whose brilliance will never dazzle or mislead.

> Heartily yours, SMYTH B. KEACH.

Send them along, brother, but please let them be short, we like the tenor of the above much.—ED.

#### A TEST.

BY MRS. L. T. B. KING.

I was returning from Keene, N. H., to Nashua, in June, 1858, in the cars, and I thought I would like to write a little, for my own amusement. But finding my pencil dull, I looked round to see if any one was near of whom I could borrow a knife with which to sharpen it. An aged gentleman was sitting near me, and I asked him for one. He kindly accommodated me. Sharpening my pencil, I was about to write, when my hand was suddenly controlled. The following was immediately written: " Dear father and mother;" which was followed by a communication claiming to come from a spirit daughter, full of loving and tender expressions. She wrote, too, that her deceased brother was also present with her, helping to control the medium. She filled one page of medium-size paper, and then signed the initial "H." I held the writing a short time, waiting for an impression directing me how to dispose of the paper. I was shortly impressed to give it to the old gentleman and lady who sat behind me .-They read it, and then carnestly questioned me in regard to the origin of my knowledge of the fact that they had one daughter and son in the world of spirits. I told them that I was a spirit-medium, and was often influenced in like manner; but I assured them that I did not know them, nor aught concerning them, save what I had seen in the communication before them. While talking with them, my hand was controlled to take the paper from them, and add an "L" to the 'H," making it read, "from your daughter, I. H." They were "orthodox" people, as they told me, and had never asked "of the living concerning the dead," but they could not but acknowledge that the writing was a complete test of the presence of their deceased children, and their power to communicate.-They gave their names as "Hunt," and 'said they lived in the vicinity of Worcester, Mass.

A New Story.-Although we do not intend to be very lavish in our story-telling, we shall, nevertheless, occasionally print a good story, either original or selected. We shall present a very good tale in our next, written expressly for us. We are sure our readers will be deeply interested by it.

A convocation had been held at the Vatican, at which it was decided that the King of Sardinia should not be excommunicated, whatever pol tic. I events might transpire—Exchange.

Victor Emanuel cannot be too grateful for this lenity of the "Vatican."

"All is of God! If He but wave His hand The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud, Till, with a smile of light on sea and land, Lo! he looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are His; Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er; Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this, Against His messengers to shut the door?"

[What a natural, and, withal, beautiful picture is presented in the following stanza from Byron's Don Juan! In such things is the peculiar magic of poetry seen .- ED.]

" A band of children, round a snow-white ram, There wreath his venerable horns with flowers, While, peaceful as if still an unwean'd lamb.

The patriarch of the flock all gently cowers His sober head, majestically tame, Or eats from out the palm, or playful lowers

His brow, as if in act to butt, and then, Yielding to their small hands, draws back again."

I TOLD YOU SO .- A woman who was in the habit of declaring, after the occurrence of any unusual event, that she had predicted it, was one day very cleverly "sold" by her worthy spouse, who, like many another we wot of, had got tired of hearing her eternal " I teld you so." Rushing into the house, breathless with excitement, he dropped into his chair, elevated his hands, and exclaimed, "Oh, wife, wife! what—what—do you think? The old brindle cow has gone and ate up our grindstone !" The old woman was ready; and hardly waiting to hear the last word, she screamed out at the top of her lungs, " I told you so, you old fool! I told you so! You always would let it stand out-a-doors!"

Value of oysters consumed in the city of Baltimore and vicinity last year, \$1,000,000.

# Spiritual Eclectic.

Terms, \$2.00 Per Year. STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1860.

#### OUR NAME AND PURPOSE.

It would be more agreeable to our feelings to let this first number of our paper go forth without much "flourish of trumpets." But as we have instituted a new order of things, based upon the Spiritual Agerit will be expected that we say a few preliminary words.

First, then, we aver that the old Age is not extinct, but resumes its life, and merges its interests, in the Spiritual Eclectic. The books and good will of the former paper constitute the business basis of the latter. Those who have paid for the Age will receive the ECLECTIC in its stead, until their term of subscription expires, when we confidently hope they will renew it. Those, too, who have contracted for the insertion of advertisements, will also be dealt with according to the original agreement. Such business relations will remain intact until they shall have reached their stipulated limits, when they will be renewed if the parties desire it, and we can agree upon terms. Thus much upon business matters.

Next, as to our new name. We do not change the name of the paper because we dislike the old one, but because we want one that will more nearly express the character of the purposes that we have in view in its continued publication. We have no specific theory of our own to advance; and for this reason: we find it, in consequence of the rapid development of the human intellect,-or at any rate in the rapid increase of knowledge,—extremely difficult to reach what is termed a "finality." Truth, though essentially substantial, cloud-like, changes its physiognomical aspects,-or, at least, is continually presenting new phases. It is infinite-sided, and we may not reasonably expect to have permanent theories of its fulness. This is why we cannot promise to operate, editorially, by any fixed program. We must reckon upon shifting modes of operation and results. We affirm, however, that we desire to know what we can of fundamental truth, being sure of its saving quality, find it where we may. It concerns us chiefly, to learn all we can of truth, for that, and that only, will "make us free," natural, and healthy in body and spirit. Where truth unmistakably invites and beckons, we shall think it perfectly safe to follow. For these simple reasons, we cannot be sectarian, but would be continually "open to conviction." and love truth for its own sanitary sake, from whatever source it may come. Therefore, in the character of our views, and in the disposition of our minds, we are eclectic, and hence our name, Spiritual Eclectic.

We hope we shall be able to conduct this paper in a spirit that will accord with the import of its name, and with its pure, elevated, and sincere purposes. We shall strive to ally ourselves with the manifold departments of truth, and therefore shall, at the threshold of our spiritual enterprise, eschewall petty, partial crotchets and hobbies. We shall be many-sided, but mean not to be self-contradictory. Progress being the supreme law of the spirit, we shall endeavor to maintain its lawful freedom. "God, having framed the soul for expansion, has placed it in the midst of an unlimited universe to receive fresh impulses and impressions without end; and man, 'dres:el up in little brief authority,' would sever it from its sublime connection, and would shape it after his own ignorance and narrow views. The mind, in proportion as it is cut off from free communication with nature, with revelation, with God, with itself, loses its life. just as the body droops, when debarred from the fresh air and the cheering light of heaven. Its vision is contracted, its energies blighted, its movements constrained. It finds health only in action." Yes, action in all lawful and natural directions. God is not a God of the dead, but of the living. Therefore we shall endeavor to be alive-to keep our minds ever in a quick state, and receptive evermore of the good and the true, which are, for hopeful, open spirits, providentially streaming from all directions, even those which would seem most unpromising of good. We shall keep as clear as possible from all mortuary thoughts-we promise that our columns shall not emit the odor of the charnelhouse, nor be darkened by the gloom of hopeless dissolutions; but we mean rather that the views we present shall "gild the shades of death," and glow with a far ruddier hue of life than those usually associated with the idea of death. We mean to be boundlessly cheerful in our editorial temper and spirit.

Nor do we mean that our sanctity shall be intense. Duly religious shall we hope and strive to be, but not "righteous over much." We shall doubtlessly smack somewhat, at times, of the outward, natural, every-day world. We shall joke with the jokers-laugh with the merry-rejoice with the happysing with the birds, and (perhaps) croak with the frogs-and doubtless growl "semi-occasionally," with the malcontents and dogs. We shall essay to be at home, editorially, in

this universe, and shall partake of its changing hues, qualities, and humors,-although it shall be our aim to be generally good-natured and charitable.

We do not promise, however, that we shall not be occasionally belligerent. We may feel it to be sometimes our duty to assume the corrective office, and apply the knout to gross offenders against justice and good manners.

Having thus presented an outline of the intended course of this paper, what need is there that we say more under this head? None.

### PRE-EXISTENCE.

"Ma," said a sweet-souled little girl, of five summers, to her mother, not long since, "Ma, did the angels have a funeral when I came away?"

"Why, child!" replied the puzzled and astonished mother, "what are you talking about? What do you mean?"

"Why, ma," rejoined the thoughtful child, "you know I used to live in heaven, don't you? And I want to know if they had a funeral when I came away. Don't you suppose that God felt bad to have me go away off to this world? I know, if I should die and go back to heaven, you and Pa, and Edward, and Maria, and Frank, would feel real bad; and I thought perhaps they felt so up there."

We give the conversation as related by the mother, who assures us that she knows of no way in which her little daughter could have obtained such an idea from any earthly source. The child is one of those singularly mature and thoughtful spirits now and then met with, whose strange questionings and far-reaching intuitions are wont to confound the doctors of earthly wisdom.

Many older minds are puzzled with the question whether human beings have an individualized existence, in any form, either conscious or unconscious, previous to their introduction to this mundane life. The inquiry may be more curious than practical, and yet be worthy of a moment's consideration.

It is well known that a distinguished Orthodox(?) divine of our day\* has affirmed the doctrine of a pre-existence, and that, too, in a state of consciousness and moral responsibility, as necessary to a rational Christian philosophy, that is, as affording the only satisfactory key to the great problem of evil in this world, and the alleged hopeless retribution of sin in the next. Whatever may be the value of the belief, in connection with such a dogma, it is true that there are persons who claim to have memories, more or less distinct, of events and experiences transpiring in an ante-mundane life. These persons are, we believe, usually possessed of intelligent and acute minds, often of remarkably mature and profound spiritual intuitions. The poet Wordsworth was one of these; and he has given utterance to his faith in the following sublime and musical strain:

> "Our birth is but a sleep, and a forgetting: The soul that rises with us, our life's star, Hath had elsowhere its setting, And cometh from afar; Not in entire forgetfulness, Not in utter nakedness, But trailing clouds of glory do we come From God, our home."

If it be true that our spirits, in their past mysterious pilgrimage from the "first Fount of Being," have journeyed through antecedent stages of conscious life and activity, these, doubtless, have left their traces upon the inner memory, some time to be read by us all as an open book. And it is to be expected that the first glimpses of these ante-natal records will be enjoyed by such early ripening and deeply intuitive souls as have been referred to. But these glimpses and intuitions seem hardly sufficient to prove, at least to those who do not enjoy them, such anterior state of consciousness. There are, at least, other ways of accounting for them. Says a recent philosophical writer:

"The existence of a soul prior to its advent as a material being upon some one of the planets, is, according to the best of my remembrance, one so perfectly passive, that few persons, perhaps none, in their after-experience. can recall either enjoyment or suffering as connected with their immaterial being. It is true, certain sensations of happiness, or suggestions of the capacity of our spirits for infinite progress, at times flash like light through our worldly thoughts, connecting us with an unseen but not unfelt sphere of perfection .-These may be the magnetic currents which, descending from a nobler life, illume and cheer the way onward, rather than sparks from the flickering torch of memory of a prior exist-

This suggestion, sufficient though it may be to account for one class of these seeming reminiscences of a previous life, yet does not cover the whole. It does not apply to cases where specific events and transactions appear to be recalled. But there is another explanation of even these, which, at least, may be the true one. It was first suggested, if we mistake not, by Swedenborg; and seems fully corroborated by the more modern light which

has been shed upon spiritual philosophy. It is this: we are continually surrounded by spirit-beings, who were once men and women like ourselves, and lived out their various experiences in the earth-life, as we are now

\* Dr. Edward Beecher, in "Conflict of Ages."
† "Confessions of an Inquirer."

doing. We are capable of coming, and sometimes do come, into very close rapport, or sympathetic relations, with one or more of these disembodied minds-perhaps our guardian spirits. At such times there may flow into our minds, from their memories, more or less distinct impressions or glimpses of what is treasured there—the records of their experience, not ours-but which seem to us like some half-forgotten reminiscence of our own. Who can say that such is not the source of all seeming recollections of a pre-existence?

Nevertheless, if human beings are unfolded from priorly existing individualized spiritgerms, as is supposed by many, these germs must have a history of some sort, which may one day be revealed. On this point, seers as well as philosophers, spirits as well as mortals, seem to be divided. Mr. Davis informs us, that "the germ of the immortal nature is spiritual," but (if we rightly understand him), instead of having an individualized pre-existence, "is detached from the Deific ocean of spirit when the human feetus is within twelve weeks of birth."‡ Possibly, however, if he were to investigate closely, what he calls the "Deific ocean," of spirit-germs, he might find it made up, like any other ocean, of individual globules or entities each having its own prior history and preparatory experience.

If so, his testimony may not conflict with that of Mr. Harris, who claims to have been instructed by high authority, that each human germ passes through a series of three births—that is, in the celestial, the spiritual, and the Ultimate Heavens,—before its debut upon the stage of earthly life.§ That any degree of consciousness is enjoyed in these ante-mundane states, is not distinctly stated, but seems implied. If this be so, it is not improbable that, in our future unfolding, tablets of memory may be exhumed, from which will be deciphered records more marvellous than Babylonian ruins or Egyptian pyramids can ever dis-

Giving these testimonies and suggestions for what they may be worth, we leave the subject to such as have leisure to pursue it.

† "Great Harmonia," Vol. V, p. 386, 2 "Arcana of Christlanity," pp. 194-5.

### "THE OPPOSITION."

When we contemplate the very general opposition which the spiritualistic phenomena, and the truths thereby revealed, or corroborated, most everywhere meet with, our first impression is that of surprise. "Why," we ask ourselves, "do men manifest so virulent a repugnance at this, it would seem, glorious manifestion, or corroboration, of man's immortality?" It would seem to be quite natural, as the manifestations purport to hold out to us all the sure prespect of an eternal life beyond the grave, that they should be hailed with a joyous welcome, instead of being met with such bitter and bigoted oppugnancy! Our surprise, of course, would be lessened if the opponents of the manifestations were but candid investigators of the same. But their opposition does not arise from a fairly gained conviction of the fallacy of the spiritualistic appearances. They do not, and will not investigate, but condemn, almost "without a why or wherefore." Their opposition seems to originate in a sort of chronic hatred of anything that is new, no matter whether true or

The enmity of many toward Spiritualism no doubt arises from conceit and intense egotism. They cannot bear the presence of anything that comes without their special sanction. They will cat no pie, however toothsome in itself, unless they have had a finger in its production. Nobody, they think, can make good pies but themselves. Master Felton of Cambridge is so pre-occupied with his Greek, and other things that have "become," to use an expressive phrase of Goethe's, will not in the least tolerate things that are "becoming." There is no room in his circumscribed head and heart for any fresh importation from the inexhaustible realms of truth. The little man has got enough—far more than it seems he can properly digest. The sight of a new dish, though served by the angels of God, nauseates his dyspeptic stomach, and he raves and rants because the heavenly manna is offered for his and others' good. Still the Professor so far forgets himself as to sometimes instinctively invoke the "shade" of Demosthenes, or that of some other Greek worthy, when in the midst of some impassioned and inspired speech. Nature will sometimes get the better of his perverse will, and then his immortal soul calls unto the mystic land of spirits for the help it instinctively craves. But as he is, having generally silenced the voice of the "living soul" he received from God, he is a fit representative and chief director of a SADDUCEAN COLLEGE. May God have mercy on him and it, and give them some fresh influx of His Divine Spirit. For they now "have a name to live and are dead."

Then there is Elder Grant, of the "World's Crisis," going about like a roaring lion,though he more resembles another not very popular animal, which, however, we will not be so impolite as to name,—seeking to devour spiritualists, and copying into his paper all the gross misrepresentations and scandal which the bigoted, and the spiteful, and the despis-

ers of truth, and the profune, are ceaselessly and most unscrupulously uttering against the new sect! The cause of the Elder's opposition is, because it threatens to submerge, with its "LIVING WATERS," the soulless theory that he has been for a long time endeavoring to foist upon the Christian world. Let him pass now-we can but hope, if he comes in contact with Bro. GRISWOLD, that his darkened mind may become penetrated with so many "sunbeams" as will thoroughly enlighten it. He needs "light, more light."

Another kind of opposition comes to spiritualism from general malcontents. An ill-natured, diseased man cannot well be receptive of truth. Truth can find a ready welcome only in healthy and natural minds. The sweetest and most nutritious food is out of all relation to stomachs oppressed with bilious matter. A man's religious opinions are more or less graduated by the state of the biliary duct. Looking out, and within, through the gloom of an oppressed brain, nothing appears lovely. Everything is inverted—the otherwise loveliest and most desirable things in creation appear to them quite disgusting. Death gravitates to death, and life to life. To those whose lifechannels are partially obstructed, existence seems undesirable. The tidings of a fuller, gladder life to come, "eternal in the heavens," send no thrill of high joy to their emasculated spirits. The thought of eternal life is as repugnant to them as is water to the maddened dog! By reason of disease, the thought of existence becomes oppressive, and hence they scout the idea of immortality. The living witness within the immortal spirit being silenced by some physical malady, they become infidel to the central principle of their nature, and will not listen to the "words of eternal life," come from what source they may. This is a numerous class; and heavenly apparitions, immortal intimations, come in what form they will, will not be by it accredited, but rather coarsely scouted and falsified. The eyes of their "living soul" are unfortunately closed, and will not cognize the evidence which Spiritualism so aboundingly offers in attestation of

### WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Much, if the name be a true indication of qualities and powers; little, if it be but the accidental or arbitrary mis-application of a

The name Reformer, when it designates a large-souled philanthropist, who, having subdued the evil in himself, seeks in self-abnegation, to become the servant of others by helping them to a higher plane of life, means much, It is the symbol of redemptive power. But when the title is applied to, or assumed by, the sour cynic, who only grumbles and snarls at the follies of his kind; by the self-complacent pharisee, who has no tender sympathy with the erring and the fallen; or by the conceited theorist who, forgetting the first lessons of usefulness, which are humility and self-reform, strives to ride some stalking hobby over the necks of the masses,-then the term becomes not only meaningless of good, but "a stench in the nostrils" of humanity.

The term Christian, when it denotes the loving, truthful, sympathizing, obedient, selfsacrificing spirit of the Nazarene, - which prompts to the giving of the life, if need be, for sinners and for enemies,—has in it a power which takes hold on all that is noble and divine in human nature. But when assumed by the cold-hearted bigot, the self-righteous pharisee, the crafty wolf in sheep's clothing, the devotee of empty forms and rituals, by a church that stands aloof from philanthropies. and a State that builds itself on bayonets and cannon balls,—the term becomes a stumbling-

block and rock of offence to the world. So the name of Spiritualist, which has come into modern use, may mean much or littlemay be the symbol of all that is lovely and divine, or of much that is gross and abominable-according as it is rightly or wrongly applied. In its full significance, it is indicative of character as well as belief; and it cannot be denied that it properly designates one who is spiritual—that is, who loves and aspires after the things of the spirit, which are pure, eternal, and divine, embracing all the virtues, all the graces, all the wisdom and the goodness taught by. Christianity and all other religions. When applied to, or assumed by, those whose manifest tendencies are earthly, groveling, sensual, and selfish, the incongruity is plain. The misnomer becomes a sign of odium.

Many a real Spiritualist repudiates the name because of the odium which has become already attached to it from this cause. But the term is a good one in itself-it is rich and comprehensive in significance. Reader, let us do our best to redeem it from its perversions, and make it the synonym of all that is noble, pure, refining, angelic, God-like. "True Spiritualism," says one of its ablest champions,\* "is God in the soul."

\*The editor of the London Spiritual Magazine.

Spiritual Meetings .- If we may judge by the Spiritual meetings which are held in Boston and vicinity, and in Portland, we may feel sure that the "manifestations" are by no means on the decline. In Bromfield Hall, connected with this office, and in the New Melodeon, the meetings, are fully attended, and a great and increasing interest is quite | ach may digest it.

apparent. Spiritualism is not on the decline, as some choose to fancy. Even "Professor" Grimes admits that it is "increasing fearfully." (Poor fellow!) It is fast realizing Ezekiel's vision of the rising waters; already we have "waters to swim in," and they will soon swell to "a river that cannot be passed over."

### DON'T LIKE IT.

The New Jerusalem Messenger feels exceedingly scandalized because it thinks that 'Spiritists" are endeavoring to "degrade" their idol, Swedenborg, and their idolatry, Swedenborgianism, to an identity with modern Spiritualism. While we have a genuine respect for the Swedish seer, and also for his followers, in cortain regards, we are far enough from coveting any closer relationship with either of them than the intrinsic union between them and us will warrant. We are not, we trust, such fools as to suppose that an arbitrary connection with Swedenborgianism will be of any essential benefit to us. 'What there is true in that form of religion, we are, and should be, as true eclectics, desirous of embracing. But we do not want its narrowness, its spiritual pride, its "I am-holier-than-thou" temper and disposition. This assumption of superior knowledge, of greater purity and sanctity, this baneful pharisaism, has been a dreadful hinderance to a wider prevalence of pure Christianity. The followers of Swedenborg appear to us to be especially impregnated with this dainty, touch-me-not, spiritual aristocracy. They are too conscious of their intelligence and their righteousness. They plume themselves too much upon their respectability. They would be far more genuinely respectable and righteous if they were less conscious of those characteristics. "The unconscious is alone complete," says Goethe,-and we believe he is right. This superciliousness of Swedenborgianism, coupled with its affected mysticism, is a great barrier to its wider promulgation. It darkens counsel by its multiplicity of strange words. It has not yet been rendered into plain and honest English. Like Peter, too, when the prolific sheet was lowered to him from heaven, it is over anxious to disavow "things common and unclean." It is constantly afraid that it will soil its immaculate garments. Brothren, put on working clothes, and enter the Christian vineyard with a temper and heart adapted to your arduous and various labors! If you expect to do any good, you must mingle with "publicans and sinners," even as the great Master did; and it is not well for you to be continually reminding those whom you would be instrumental in redeeming, of the great disparity, in point of righteousness, between yourselves and them. Swedenborgianism is devoid of two essential elements of Christianity; namely, Humility and Universality.

### Notice to Correspondents.

"A Mother's Mission" will appear in our next number.

"Drops and Draughts, fresh from the Fount of Truth," shall refresh our readers in our next. "Jottings by the way, No. 1," will also appear—or a portion of them.

Some of the articles sent for publication in the Age have been mislaid, and that will account for their non-appearance. If we chance to find them, they will be inserted if they suit our purpose; if they do not, we will state our objection to them. Correspondents shall receive fair treatment.

They must, however, to receive any notice at all from us, give their real names-not necessarily to append to their favors, in print, but that we may know with whom we have to deal. And, furthermore, we request that they write out their favors in a plain, legible hand, and at the same time pay strict regard to grammatical rules; for we have no time to make corrections. We would also have them them send  $\mathit{brief}$  communications. We look with very slight favor upon long-winded articles. They stand a poor chance to be printed, and if they are, they will not be read, unless written with very marked and attractive

### Mystical Writers.

From what has been said elsewhere in this paper, it may be inferred that we do not much affect mystical writers. It seems to us that there is no need that men should think so muddily. What is peculiar to mystical writers, is, they always claim that they are unfolding some mystery. Now how much wiser are their readers for their unfoldments, if they fail to render themselves intelligible? The mystery they would solve is still lodged in the intricate involutions of their speech, and we are constrained to think, with the witty Frenchman, that language is more a vehicle for concealment of thought than for its lucid expression.

We know that some subjects, not much in the popular mind, are not so easily comprehended at their first presentation. So much greater is the necessity of presenting them in a clear and simple style. We therefore ask, especially spiritual and theological ones, writers to convey their thoughts in open vehicles! If by some cunning and powerful mental alembic you have distilled the material of truth into a "compact essence," please dilute the same, that we people of feeble mental stom-

#### EXPLANATORY.

It will be observed by our readers that this paper, though somewhat enlarged, is not quite up to the mark promised by brother Brock, the former proprietor of the Age. When the proposal was made by him to increase the size of his paper, he had no doubt of his ability to make his intentions good in that regard. But the business he had, and still has in hand, and upon which the promised enlargement was contingent, having taken an unexpected turn, he was obliged, for a season at least, to relinquish his interest in the paper. The present managers, who before had some interest in the Age, have, mostly as a "labor of love," undertaken to keep the paper along till brother Brock shall be able to carry out his original plans with regard to it, which he thinks he can do at no distant day. It' was his design to give it a specific character, and to make it the organ, conducted with commanding ability, of a specific organization. This, we repeat, he still intends to accomplish. Meanwhile, the paper is to be continued, but to be managed, editorially and otherwise, after the peculiar style of the present editor. Bro. Brock, for whom we have great love and respect, has not transferred his mantle to our shoulders, and we must e'en wear our own, though it be a little seedy. We shall not attempt what we do not feel amply able to compass, and therefore make no promises .-We hope, at least, to make a readable paper, and one our Spiritual brethren will not be ashamed of. We shall give it our close and undivided attention. More we will not say

#### SPIRITUALISM TESTED.

We see that a book, bearing the above name, has recently made its appearance, put forth by a Doctor of Divinity (there is a good deal of divinity chronically sick, that needs doctoring!) and the President of a College.— Not having seen the book, we know not what kind of solution of Spiritualism it affords, but presume it solves the "enigma" after the current style. "Magnetism," "Odforce," "Electricity," "Electro-biology," "Pathetism," and so forth, figure, probably, in it as they do in all other "solutions" of the subject, which have preceded it. We by no means regret the frequent issue of these solving books; they doubtless will do much good-throw some light upon subjects hitherto quite dubious, even if they fail to account satisfactorily for the Spiritualistic phenomena. We shall not complain even if they prove the remarkable manifestations, many of which we have attributed, and still do attribute, to intelligences who have passed the gates of physical death, to have an entirely mundane origin .-We can have no possible interest, save that which the truth involves, to subserve in this whole matter.

We may safely premise, however, that the Reverend Doctor's plummet—a leaden one, no doubt-has not yet found the bottom of this "mystery." The inhabitants of the higher spheres have not a very great partiality for Doctors of Divinity. God himself does not appear to often treat, or confer, with them directly. He, doubtless, finds them not quite teachable enough for his purposes, and so leaves them to grope their "dim and perilous way" by what little light their more material understandings may furnish. Their brains are stultified by their stiff-necked egotism; they do most always, "resist the Holy Ghost"-and, it would seem, all other kinds of ghosts. For some good reason or other, at any rate. He does not make them, nor do the Spirits, the mediums of new Spiritual truths. He chooses, sometimes, the "foolish things of this world to confound the wise"-just, probably, to show them that they are not permitted to hold the key to all the secrets of this universe. Even the "raps," about which so many knowing ones frequently make themselves merry, and which that astute and exceedingly profound philosopher, "Professor" Grimes, says can't be made in his august presence, set all of their "explanatory" efforts at naught. We know they say that these raps are produced in this and in that way, but still we fail to be satisfied by their explanations.-They do not reach the case by a long shot .-We have sat down at a table with a little girl, six years old, as a "medium," and had the raps come thick and fast all around us, and received intelligent answers to questions put. from it-answers far transcending the ability of the child-medium to give. At the same time, and through the same little "medium," the "rappers" have given us exact imitations of sawing wood, felling trees, and so forth, which we will wager a Thanksgiving turkey these Doctors of Divinity cannot do, even with a veritable saw and horse and axe! For all the excruciating "wit" which has been given birth to by the sombre brains of the antirappers, the raps are still triumphant, and remain to "put a flea" in many a foolish though conceited ear that won't hear,-or, at least, that won't hear aright.

P. S. Since writing the above, we have read some remarks in the Springfield Republican, upon Dr. Samson's book, which we subjoin:

Another attempt to solve the mystery of Spiritualism has been made by Dr. George W. Samson, President of Columbia College,

Washington, D. C. His book gives a concise history of Spiritual phenomena in all ages, and he admits the reality of the exhibitions of modern Spiritualism, and attributes them neither to good nor bad Spirits, but to the nervous fluid in the human body, the nature and laws of which he thinks are yet to be discovered. He discards altogether the agency of Spirits in the matter. The work is written with much learning and acuteness, but it fails to satisfy, because it does not advance us one step beyond a mere statement of facts. Perhaps that is as far as we can go at present, and yet it is difficult to see how a man who admits the Spiritual marvels of the Scriptures, as Dr. Sampson does most fully, should conclude that other events of the same kind in all ages, not recorded in Scriptures, have been and are purely natural, and the results of nervous agitation and disease. All these learned dissertations upon matters lying beyond the domain of the senses only serve to increase our conviction of the profound mystery that still envelopes the Spiritual world, which for wise providential reasons, undoubtedly, still remains and is likely to remain un-

#### WOMEN MUCH WRITTEN ABOUT.

Old Goethe, in speaking of Lord Byron's ideal

"Yes, Byron's women are good indeed, this is the only vase into which we moderns can pour our ideality; nothing can be done with the men. Homer has got it all away in Achilles and Ulysses, the bravest and most prudent of possible

So it would seem, if we may judge by the mass of writing perpetrated at the expense of the fair sex. We infer, from the much contradictory speculatiou in reference to them, that they are quite complex and enigmatical beings. Naturalists, philosophers, political economists, are extremely puzzled about the place that shall be assigned them in the economy of the world.—Pity it is that her true work and duties should not have been made more manifest earlier in the history of man! Let us gather together some of the various notions entertained by the men in relation to them. It may amuse the ladies, if it subserve no higher purpose. Coleridge says of both sexes:

"The man's desire is for the woman; but the woman's desire is rarely other than for the desire of the man."

We can vouch for the truth of the *first* clause of the above sentence, but refer to the ladies for a confirmation of the last clause. Although rather subtle, we are inclined to think that the distinction is right. Again Coleridge says:

"A woman's friendship borders more closely on love than man's. Men affect each other in the reflection of noble or friendly acts; while women ask fewer proofs, and more signs and expressions, of attachment."

A woman said to Goethe:

"We women believe in men! in the ardor of passion they deceive themselves; how, then, can we help being deceived by them?" Sure enough! how can they?

Apropos to what Coleridge says in relation to woman's desire for the desire of man, Michelet says:—" It is much more man's indifference than his tyranny that torments her." Michelet also says of woman that she is "a miracle of divine contradictions."

A French Doctor of Divinity has also written a book entitled "Woman: her Mission and her Life." He is very appreciative of woman, as clergymen generally are. Here will be a good bit for those who take the woman's side of the question in debating Clubs: "They who rock the cradle rule the world." This agrees with what Keats, the poet, said:

"' Tis the eternal law That first in beauty shall be first in might."

Rev. M. Monod again says of woman:-While she is weaker than man, she has more power over him than he over her." This sounds a little paradoxical, but we suppose it is true enough. "Her vocation is charity," he says. We wish it were ordained, also, to be more the 'vocation" of man than it is. Under the present order of things, in relation to woman, her peculiar powers became inverted, he says, as follows: Her "vigilance is transformed into curiosity, tact into artifice, penetration into temerity, promptness into unsteadiness, influence into intrigue, power into dominion, sensitiveness into irritability, the power of loving into jealousy, the necessity of being useful into a passion to please."

A writer in the Christian Examiner, in reviewing the writers above named, gives his views, also, of woman. We quote from the Home Journal what he says:

"It is not the man of gallantry or the philanthropist that most justly estimates woman : it is the natural philosopher. [We should say that this natural philosopher, to be au fait as a judge of women, should unite with his natural philosophy the qualities of gallantry and 'philanthropy, as they would assist in enlarging his vision.—En ECLECTIC.] He recognises in her art of pleasing a means of realizing what is not attainable through her limited executive power; in her perspicacity he beholds a compensation for the want of that philosophic method of reaching truth that distinguishes the masculine intellect. Nice observation is indispensable to minds inadequately endowed with causality; where emotion predominates, interest is absorbed in the imme diate; delicacy of nerve and muscle imply greater dependence; quick to see but slow to generalise, with more tact than reflection, more haste than philosophy, more receptive than creative intellec-

In all this, and much more which physiology reveals, we find established laws of nature which can neither be violated with impunity nor ignored without fallacy. Hence the protest of both men of science and men of sentiment against some of the ironically called 'strong-minded women; hence the physiologist declares that excessive mental labor in women, as a general rule, would 'require development of the head which is often fatal in parturition, and would repress that sensibility which makes them so superior to men in sentiment and affection.' On the same principle Rousseau declared, 'Bring them uplike men, and the more they resemble them the less they will govern them.' Their need of love, their imperfect friendship, their alleged curicily and including to keep a secret, the resent-

ment which follows a wound to their solf-love, the restless union of remarkable talent with feminine sentiment, as in De Btael, Charlotte Bronte, and others, the resort to artifice, and the presence of mind, which, in common talk, we ascribe to woman, are directly traceable to peculiarities of constitution, to facts of nature and temperament in which consists her essential individuality. They insinuate no lesson of inferiority, but proclaim that the Creator laid in the deep and absolute foundation of instinct the vital and moral interests of humanity, too precious to be confided to the wayward reason and the uncontrolled will of man. 'It is a universal rule,' says Michelet, 'which as far as I know, has no exception, that great men always resemble their mothers.'"

·Again he says :--

"Indeed, the best elements of womanly attraction—sentiment, character, and faith—are, in a great degree, sequestred, intimate, and exclusive, and not to be estimated by any external guage or standard; and what are called her rights are so identified with these, that the more actual they are, the less are they claimed and exhibited.—Her true power is not ostensible, but latent; it is felt rather than proclaimed, known rather than defined. 'Nature has been very kind to them,' wrote Jerrold, in allusion to their tears: 'next to a rhinoceros, there is nothing in the world armed like a woman.'

The above views of women, it will be seen, are those of men. We are not so sure that men can fully "enter into their secret." Many, very many knowing women protest that they cannot, or do not, and therefore we are not to implicitly receive what they say of the fair sex as wholly true. Woman must, for aught we see, interpret herself. We shall have no hope that she will fully and truly understand, and fulfill, her sphere in the human economy, until she shall have attained to a good degree of self-comprehension. She can best historify her own consciousness, we verily believe. Shakspeare comes nearer to a true comprehension of woman than any other man.-But he was eminently feminine as well as masculine, and that accounts for his great success in female characterization. He had, combined with a vast generalizing intellect, all the emotional sentiments common to woman. His sonnets give ample evidence of this.

Spiritualism is yet to do much for the proper development of woman, and to indicate the fulness of her sphere of action and duties.

### EDITORIAL ITEMS.

George W. Curtis' editorial relations to Harper's Weekly and Monthly have not been interrupted by the publishers, as reported, to goneiliate southern support; nor for any other cause. He continues a constant contributor to both publications, and it will be a sad day for them when he ceases to be.—Exchange.

Although Mr. Curtis is a very entertaining writer, we have no thought that the world would lose its balance if the Harpers *should* dispense with his valuable services.

Ladies' Dress. We advise our American ladies to dress, during the four seasons, as their comfort and health require. Let them eschew the ornamental as an end, being assured that esthetic laws are in complete harmony with all other laws of our being. The useful and ornamental are inseparable things.

The Boston Spiritual Age is indefinitely suspended for reasons not clearly stated.—Spiritual Clarion.

We thought our statement in relation to the suspension of the AGE was clear enough for common understandings. We said, "its publication will be suspended for a few weeks, in order that the proprietors may have sufficient time to perfect their arrangements for the new order of things." Wasn't this statement lucid enough for you, Bro. URIAH? It was true, at any rate; and now behold said "new order of things!" Treat us politely, if you please! We mean to be very courteous to you, for we like the sound of your instrument right well.

Mr. Charles Mackay has written a new poem in seven Cantos called "A Man's Heart."—Boston Post..

The ladies will be in a great flutter till they read that book. But really, we didn't suppose so much could be made out of a "man's heart."

Rev. Mr. Harris, about whose "splurge" against Spiritualism so much has been said, rather ruthlessly exceriates, in his "Herald of Light," the Swedenborgian brethren. He thus, and it seems to us, truthfully speaks of them:—

"The very first and most incipient form of a New Church Society, has, so far as we know, never yet been realized in England. We might as well preach to the dead; our words are to many as those of one who hath a devil. The lowly mind, the self-renouncing heart, they must be felt to be understood. We think, as we behold the Sect, perusing Swedenborg on the Sabbath, of what Paul said concerning the Israelites o old, that, when they read Moses, 'the veil is on their hearts,' and what shall remove this veil? We are in great sorrow and heaviness of spirit for their sakes. It clings to their faces like a cold shroud, that hides the coffined features of the dead. Here is another lamentable illustration of the truth, that the loftiest formulas of doctrine may be woven into subtle veils of selfdelusion, when taken into the understanding of the natural man.''

The Harvard college people seem to have rather snubbed Professor Huntington. When he resigned, he intimated that he would, save the preaching, serve out the present college year, if desired, in the duties of his professorship; and when the board of overseers interceded to have him withdraw his resignation altogether, he said he awaited the action of the corporation, before going further. But the corporation not only accepts the resignation without qualification, or expressed regret, but proceeds at once to nominate his successor, Rev. Andrew P. Peabody, the Unitarian pastor of Portsmouth, N. H., and editor of the North American Review. In this, as in other developments along the Unitarian line, we see the sensitiveness of a sect, that they have lost a prominent brother, and the want of ability and disposition to treat with that charity and liberality, which they preach so eloquently, one who has left their fold, and no longer followeth their standard. "Shoot the deserters," if not the avowed watchword of parties in politics and religion, as of armies, is certainly quite equally their practice. Dr. Peabody is a man of ripened powers as preacher, pastor and scholar, and will doubtless

ton. Not unlikely there will arise a sectarian controversy in the board of overseers upon his confirmation; and thus will be again exhibited the folly and mischief of this whole machinery that connects Harvard college with the State.—Meanwhile Professor Huntington is advancing into the bosom of the Episcopal church, and will soon be invested with holy orders as a preacher thereof.—Springfield Republican.

The corporation do exactly right in not making more ado about the retrogression of Prof. Huntington. If he is not honestly of the Unitarians, let him go out quietly from among them, and find his home elsewhere.

The following fine little poem was written for the Eclectic by Lizzie Fly, a young lady of excellent poetic ability.

### The Fallen.

Down came the white fleecy snow-flakes,—
Down from the dull ashy sky,
And down sank the heart of the wanderer,
Watching with motionless eye—
Watching the fall of the snow-flakes,
On the street, on the river and brink,
Thinking! Oh merciful Heaven!
Why should the poor ever think?

Once she was pure as the snow-flakes,
Just dropped on the stones of the street,
Now she is turnished and blackened,
Like the filth 'neath the way-farer's feet!
And the debauchee heedeth as lightly,
Her sin, her remorse and her woe,
As the passer-by heedeth the tarnish,
And stain of the beautiful snow.

How fast the pure snow-flakes are blackened,
In the city's rush, bustle and din,—
How fast the pure souls are polluted,
In its folly, its madness and sin!
Sweet souls, that came down like the flakelets,
In the world's busy riot and rout,
And alas, for the thoughtless and reckless
Who trample their purity out!

The following from Milton's "Agonistes," representing Dalilah approaching Sampson, would do well as a representation of a modern belle. How very much alike are the "fine ladies" of all ages of the world!

"But who is this, what thing of sea or land? Female of sex it seems,
That so bedeck'd, ormate and gay,
Comes this way sailing
Like a stately ship
Of Tarsus, bound for the isles.
Of Javan or Gadine,
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,
Courted by all the winds that hold their play.
An amber-scent of odorous perfume
Her harbinger, a damsel train behind!"

### BOOK NOTICES.

OWEN'S "FOOTFALLS on the Boundary of another World," we have never received, and consequently have not given it that notice which we desire to give. We think we might have materially aided in its sale, but the publishers thereof seem to be of the penny wise school of men. It is possible that they were not apprised of the fact that such a paper as the Spiritual Age existed, as it certainly did when the "Footfalls" was issued. We shall be pleased to notice good and substantial books, if publishers will favor us with copies of the same. We shall not, however, puff books, but shall express honestly entertained opinions of them.

THE ENGLISH REVIEWS AND BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.—We call the attention of our readers to the brief prospectus of these splendid reprints, inserted in our advertising columns.

These reviews contain the best current thought of the English mind, and of course, are every way worthy to be read by all who would know the progress of civilized and spiritualized society.— These journals reflect the most advanced phases of English development. They are exceedingly liberal in their tone, and manifest an exceedingly rich culture. We shall notice each publication as it appears, and, agreeably with our eclectic character, shall make use, in our columns, of such matter contained in them as we think will entertain and edify our readers.

We have been shown a document signed by the Mayors in office of the cities of the United States and Canada, certifying to the superior excellence of Dr. Ayer's compound Extract of Sarsaparilla and to the value of all his remedies as articles of great public utility, Such evidence from such high sources bears us out triumphantly in the position we have long maintained with regard to Doct. Ayer's Preparations, or more particularly our advertisements of them. No publisher need be more opposed than we are to the promulgation of quackery in any shape, but we knew when we began that his remedies were above any suspicion of deception—that they were about the best it is possible to produce for the cure of disease, and that they have the confidence of all communitie swhere they are known. Not alone because the Mayors of the whole country believe them useful to their people, but because we know from experience that they are so to ours, do we believe we are rendering a substantial service to our readers in making their virtues known to them. - Courier, Princeton, Ky.

A singular law-suit is going on in London, a gentleman having sued a confectioner for putting too many portraits of Spurgeon upon a supply of ben'ons he had ordered. He had ordered the lids of the bonbons ornamented with portraits of celebrated living personages, and the confectioner had put five Spurgeons in each dozen. The plaintiff had no objection to a fair proportion of Spurgeon in his sweetmeats, but he thought five out of every twelve was more Spurgeon than he or his guests could stand. The case was adjourned in order to obtain information as to the list of portraits from which the confectioner selected.

## Special Jotices.

The business of our Boston office is intrusted to Mr. P. Clarke, who will ever be found a courteous, prompt, and faithful gentleman. Business done with him, or with the Editor through our Portland office, will be equally valid. The Club terms of the Eclectic will be the same as were those of the Age.

Our more reflective readers will not fail to peruse the column expressly prepared, at the cost of much reading, for them. They will find this department especially rich.

This number of the ECLECTIC will be sent to a number of our old subscribers whose term of subscription has recently expired, with the hope that our "shining morning face". will induce them to renew. We think they will take a liking to us. Our faith in that direction is strong. Obey, brethren, the first liberal impulse, and remit forthwith. We need your help and countenance. It is hoped that our Portland brethren, whom we doubt not are liberal people, will devise liberal things in respect to us, especially as we are not only geographically, but Spiritually, so near to them. Our Maine brethren, generally, will, we trust, give us substantial tokens of . their regard.

#### Notice to Contributors and Exchanges.

As the editor of the Eclectic will be most of the time in Portland, Me., it will accommodate him if contributors to the paper, and those editors who shall see fit to continue to exchange with it, will please direct to the "Spiritual Eclectic," Portland, Maine.

#### Delay of the Eclectic.

We are quite aware that there has been considerable impatience felt at the delay in the appearance of this paper, and we confess we have ourselves largely shared in this feeling. We had reason to expect it would be issued ten days earlier than this, and it is not our fault that it was not. In making arrangements for a new paper like this, many unforeseen hinderances will interpose to check proceedings. But here it is at last, and we hope the community will make much of it.

#### Herald of Light.

We have received the March number of this Monthly Magazine, edited by T. L. HARRIS and Rev. Mr. C. C. Church. We rather like the freedom and tone of this Journal, bating the affected style and cant of some of its articles. When will religious teachers have done with this "highfalutin" terminology? It utterly spoils many otherwise good articles .--We cannot be rid of the impression that, in adopting this sounding and mystical diction, writers betray weak ambition and vicious insincerity. Directness and simplicity of speech indicate honesty of heart and purpose. Look at the beautiful plainness of John Bunyan? How sincere we feel he is! Not that we would altogether eschew ornament of style, but we would not "make of sweet religion a rhapsody of words."

We particularly like, in this magazine, as eminently correct, the article in which a parallel is drawn between Shakspeare and Swedenborg. It is justly full of high appreciation of the great poet, and no less just to the large claims of the unpoetical Seer. If Mr. Harris wrote the article, he has done well for once.

This Magazine is published in New York, by the "New Church Publishing Association," for \$2.00 a year, and is well worth the money.

### Herald of Progress.

We have bought and partially perused this new candidate for public (Spiritualistic) favor. Mechanically, it is a very nice and sightly sheet. In speaking of its contents, it becomes us, perhaps, to pause and maturely cogitate, before we venture an opinion. Much of the matter, it seems to us, is very good, though not so lively and sententious as we like to see in a weekly journal. Andrew Jackson Davis, the editor, has quite an extensive name as a lucid seer, and, at first thought, it would seem that he is just the man to edit a Spiritual newspaper. But it strikes us that he is not exactly the man for this position. His lucubrations may suit a certain-perhaps the most thinking class-but his style of writing is rather too stately, elephantine, and, we may say, stilled, for light and brisk journalism .the kind that the many-eyed, busy public,the Spiritualistic no less that other publics,requires. Perhaps we shall be pardoned for saying that Mr. Davis' natural literary province is book writing. He has produced some very suggestive books, which we think have done a good deal of good, and it remains to be seen whether or no he will succeed as well in the more variable and lighter walk of journalism. Our brother must, to succeed well, learn to doff, occasionally, his facial gravity, and learn to frisk, editorially, with the rest , of the facile fraternity. He will have, at times, to toss his lumbering philosophy "to the dogs," and learn the philosophy of small, common, every-day things.

However, it isn't for us "small fry" to lecture a philosopher on any subject, so we will say no more now, only to request an exchange with Bro. Davis, and to wish him success—if he can command it.

## Thinkers' Department.

I think nothing can be added to Milton's definition or rule of poetry-that it ought to be simple, sensuous, and impassioned; that is to say, single in conception, abounding in sensible images, and informing them all with the spirit of the mind.—Coleridge.

COLERIDGE'S VIEW OF THE DIFFERENCE BE-TWEEN STORIES OF DREAMS AND GHOSTS .-There is a great difference in the credibility to be attached to stories of dreams and stories of ghosts. Dreams have nothing in them which is absurd and nonsensical; and, though most of the coincidences may be readily explained by the diseased system of the dreamer, and the great and surprising power of association, yet it is impossible to say whether an inner sense does not really exist in the mind, seldom developed, indeed, but which may have a power of presentiment. All external senses have their correspondents in the mind; the eye can see an object before it is distinctly apprehended: why may there not be a corresponding power in the soul ? The power of prophecy might have been merely a spiritual excitation of this dormant faculty.

Hence, you will observe, that the Hebrew seers have required music. [A condition of their "mediumship."-ED.] Every thing in nature has a tendency to move in cycles; and it would be a miracle if, out of such myriads of cycles moving concurrently, some coincidences did not take place. No doubt many such take place in the day time; but then our senses drive out the remembrance of them, and render the impression hardly felt; but when we sleep, the mind acts without interruption. Terror and the heated imagination will, even in the day time, create all sorts of features, shapes and colors, out of a single object, possessing none of them in reality.

The Zendavesta, (Persian Bible,) must, I think, have been copied in parts from the writings of Moses. In the description of the creation, the first chapter of Genesis is taken almost literally, except the sun is created before the light, and then the herbs and the plants after the sun; which are precisely the two points they did not understand, and therefore altered as errors.

There are only two acts of the creation, properly so called, in the Mosaic account-the material universe and man. The intermediate acts seem more as the results of secondary causes, or, at any rate, of a modification of prepared materials .- Coleridge.

Whatever may be thought of the genuineness or authority of the book of Daniel, it makes no difference in my belief in Christianity; for Christianity is within a man, even as he is a man gifted with reason; it is associated with your mother's chair, and with the first remembered tones of her blessed voice.

The first three Gospels show the history, that is, the fullfilment of the prophecies, it the facts. St. John declares explicitly the doctrine, oracularly, and without comment, because being pure reason, it can only be proved by itself. For Christianity proves itself, as the sun is seen by its own light. Its evidence is involved in its existence. St. Paul writes more particularly for the dialectic understanding; and proves those doctrines which were capable of such proof by common logic.—Ibid.

THE UNDERSTANDING suggests the materials of reasoning, the reason decides upon them. The first can only say, this is, or ought to be so. The last says, it must be so.—Ibid.

A Rogue is a round-about fool; a fool incircumbendibus.—Ibid.

INCREDULITY is but credulity seen from behind, bowing and nodding assent to the habitual and the fashionable.—Ib.

### Man Immortal.

Either we have an immortal soul, or we have not. If we have not, we are beasts; the tirst and wisest of beasts, it may be; but still true beasts. We shall only differ in degree, and not in kind; just as the elephant differs from the slug. But by the concession of all the materialists of all the schools, or almost all, we are not of the same kind as beaststhis also we say from our own consciousness. Therefore, methinks, it must be the possession of a soul within us that makes the difference.

Try to conceive a man without ideas of a God, eternity, freedom, will, absolute truth: of the good, the true, the beautiful, the infinite. An animal endowed with a memory of appearances and facts might remain. But the man will have vanished, and you have instead a creature more subtle than any beast of the field, but likewise cursed above every beast of the field; upon the belly must it go, and dust must it eat, all the days of its life.—Ib.

READ the first chapter of Genesis without prejudice, and you will be convinced at once. After the narrative of the creation of the earth nd brute animals, Moses seems to pause, and | above all, the manifoldly intelligent ant tribes,

says:-"And God said, let us make man in our own image, after our likeness." And in the next chapter, he repeats the narrative:-"And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life;" and then adds these words,-"and man became a living soul." Materialism will never explain these last words.-

#### Forms of Religion.

It is right that forms of religion should be bestowed by God Himself, but should, as the work of eminent men, be conformed to the understanding of the masses. If they were the work of God, no man could understand them; but, being the work of men, they do not express the inscrutable.

The religion of the highly cultivated Greeks went no farther than to give sensible representations of attributes of this Inscrutable essence. As only limited beings were thus produced, and a gap was obvious in the connection of the whole, they invented the idea of Fate to preside over all. As thus, again, remained a many-sided Inscrutable, the difficulty was rather set aside than met.

Christ thought of a God, comprising all in one, to whom he ascribed all properties which he found excellent in himself. This God was the essence of his own fair inward being; full of love and goodness, like himself; every way suited to induce good men to give themselves to him trustingly, and receive his Idea, as the sweetest connection with a higher sphere. But as the great Being whom we name the Divinity, manifests himself, not in men only, but in a rich, powerful nature, and mighty worldadventures, so, naturally, a representation of Him, framed from human attributes, cannot be adequate, and the attentive observer will soon discern imperfections and contradictions, which will drive him doubt, nay, to despair, unless he be either little enough to let himself be soothed by an artful evasion, or great enough to rise to a stand-point of a higher view."-

TRUTH is a good dog; but beware of barking too close to the heels of an Error, lest you get your brains kicked out.—Coleridge.

Party Men always hate a slightly differing friend more than a downright enemy. I quite calculate on being one day or other holden in worse repute by many Christians than the Unitarians and open infidels. It must be undergone by every one who loves the truth for its own sake beyond all other things.—Ib.

The imperative and oracular form of the inspired Scripture is the form of reason itself, in all things purely rational and moral.-Statesman's Manual.

How much I regret that so many religious persons of the present day think it necessary to adopt a certain cant of manner and phraseology as a token to each other. They must improve this and that text, and they must do so and so in a prayerful way; and so on. Why not use common language? A young lady urged upon me, the other day, that such and such feelings were the marrow of all religion; upon which I recommended her to try to walk to London upon her marrow-bones only .- Coleridge's Table Talk.

## Scale of Animal Beings.

In the very lowest link in the vast and mysterious chain of Being, there is an effort, although scarcely apparent, at individualization; but it is almost lost in the mere nature. A little higher up, the individual is apparent and separate, but subordinate to anything in man. At length, the animal rises to be on a par with the lowest of the human nature. There are some of our natural desires which only remain in our most perfect state on earth as means of the highest powers' acting .- Table Talk.

EVERY rank of creatures, as it ascends in the scale of creation, leaves death behind it or under it. The metal at its height of being seems a mute prophecy of the coming vegetation, into a mimic semblance of which it crystallizes. The blossom and flower, the aeme of vegetable life, divides into correspondent organs with reciprocal functions, and by instinctive motions and approximations seems impatient of that fixture, by which it is differenced in kind from the flower-shaped Psyche that flutters with free wings above it. And wonderfully in the insect realm doth the irritability, the proper seat of instinct, while yet the nascent sensibility is subordinate thereto,most wonderfully, I say, doth the muscular life in the insect, and the musculo-arterial in the bird, imitate and typically rehearse the adaptative understanding, yea, and the moral affections and charities of man. Let us carry ourselves back, in spirit, to the mysterious week, the teeming work-days of the Creator, as they rose in vision before the eye of the inspired historian "of the generations of the heaven and the earth, in the days that the Lord God made the earth and the heavens." And who that hath watched their ways with an understanding heart, could, as the vision evolving still advanced towards him, contemplate the filial and loyal bee; the home-building, wedded, and divorceless swallow; and,

with their commonwealth and confederacies, their warriors and miners, the husband-folk. that fold in their tiny flocks on the honeyed leaf, and the virgin sisters with the hely instincts of maternal love, detached and in selfless purity, and say not to himself, Behold the shadow of approaching Humanity, the sun rising from behind, in the kindling morn of creation! Thus all lower natures find their highest good in semblances and seekings of that which is higher and better. All things strive to ascend, and ascend in their striving! Shall his pursuits and desires, the reflections of his inward life, be like the reflected image of a tree on the edge of a pool, that grows downward, and seeks a mock heaven in the unstable element beneath it, in neighborhood with the slim water-weeds and oozy bottomgrass that are yet better than itself and more noble, in as far as substances that appear as shadows are preferable to shadows mistaken for substances! No! it must be a higher good to make you happy. While you labor for anything below your proper humanity, you seek a happy life in the region of death. Well said the moral poet:-

"Unless above himself he can Erect himself, how mean a thing is man!" [Aids to Reflection.

Motives imply weakness, and the existence of evil and temptation. The angelic nature would act from impulse alone. A due mean of motive and impulse is the only practicable object of our moral philosophy.—Table Talk.

IN SHAKESPEARE one sentence begets the next naturally; the meaning is all interwoven. He goes on kindling like a meteor through the dark atmosphere; yet, when the creation in its outline is once perfect, then he seems to rest from his labor, and to smile upon his work, and tell himself that it is very good .-You see many scenes and parts of scenes which are simply Shakespeare's disporting himself in joyous triumph and vigorous, fun after a great achievement of his highest genius.—Coleridge.

What a beautiful sermon or essay might be written on the growth of prophecy!-from the germ, no bigger than a man's hand, (in Genesis,) till the column of cloud gathers size, and height, and substance, and assumes the shape of a perfect man; just like the smoke in the Arabian Nights' tale, which comes up and at last takes a genie's shape.—Ib.

Unless Christianity be viewed and felt in a high and comprehensive way, how large a portion of our intellectual and moral nature does it leave without object and action.—Ta-

WHEN I REFLECT upon the subject of the messenger of the covenant, and observe the distinction taken in the prophets between the teaching and suffering of Christ,-the Priest, who was to supercede, and the triumphant Messiah, the Judge, who was to follow,-and how Jesus always seems to speak of the Son of Man in a future sense, and yet always at the same time as identical with himself; I sometimes think that our Lord himself in his earthly career was the Messenger; and that the way is now still preparing for the great and visible advent of the Messiah ot Glory. I mention this doubtingly.—Coleridge.

Hooker said, that by looking for that in the Bible which is impossible that any book can have, we lose the benefits which we might reap from its being the best of books.—Ib.

I no not know whether I deceive myself, but it seems to me that the young men who were my contemporaries, fixed certain principles in their minds, and followed them out to their legitimate consequences, in a way which I rarely witness now. No one seems to have any distinct convictions, right or wrong; the mind is completely at sea, rolling and pitching on the waves and facts and personal experiences. Mr. —— is, I suppose, one of the rising young men of the day; yet he went on talking, the other evening, and making remarks with great earnestness, some of which were palpably irreconcilable with each other. He told me facts gave birth to, and were, the absolute ground of principles; which I said, that unless he had a principle of selection, he would not have taken notice of those facts upon which he grounded his principle. You must have a lantern in your hand to give light, otherwise all the materials in the world are useless, for you cannot find, and if you could, you could not arrange them. "But then," said Mr. -"that principle of selection came from facts!" "To be sure," I replied, "but there must have been again an antecedent light to see those antecedent facts. The relapse may be carried in imagination backwards forever,—but go back as you may, you cannot come to a man without a previous aim or principle. He then asked me what I had to say to Bacon's Induction: I told him I had a good deal to say, if need were, but that it was perhaps enough for the occasion to remark, that what he was evidently taking for the Baconian Induction, was mere Deduction-a very different thing .- Ta-

Nothing ever left a stain upon that gentle creature's mind, which looked upon the de-

shine on a dunghill, which shines and takes no pollution. All things are shadows to him, except those which move his affections .- Table Talk.

"A Philosopher's ordinary language and admissions, in general conversation or writings ad populum, are as his watch compared with his astronomical timepiece. He sets the former by the town clock, not because he believes it right, but because his neighbor's and his cook go by it."

A democracy, according to the prescript of pure reason, could, in fact, be a church. There would be focal points in it, but no superior .-Coleridge.

SUMMARY OF WOMEN.—The Boston Courier gives the following spicy summary of "Woman," as analyzed by Michelet in his new book :- " A pair of rosy lips is chiefly significant as the natural barrier of a set of bones which are in constant need of the dentist's care; and the husband's kiss must be bestowed with caution, lest perchance some disorder incident to the feeding of very small children may render it unpleasant or painful. A beautiful woman is a bundle of feminine diseases, combined in mysterious complication beneath a fair exterior. Her progress from infancy to maturity is described as a jockey describes the growth of a horse. She is an animal of fine texture, which, though gifted with speech, usually remains silent, uncomplaining, suffering, in the presence of that great, rough, coarse, tyrannical creature, man, who uses her to abuse her, and then throws her away like a squeezed orange."

Conclusion of Sermon to Young Men .-"I want you, my young sinners, to kiss and get married, and devote your time to morality and money-making. Then let your homes be provided with such comforts and necessaries as piety, pickles, pots and kettles; brushes, brooms, benevolence, bread, virtues, wine, and wisdom. Have these always on hand, and happiness will be with you. Do not drink anything intoxicating, eat moderately, go about business after breakfast, lounge a little after dinner, chat after tea, and kiss after quarrelling. Then all the joy, the peace, and bliss the earth can afford shall be yours until the grave closes over you, and your spirits are borne to a brighter and happier world."

### A Beautiful Sonnet.

Poor soul, the center of this sinful earth. Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee array, Why dost thou pine within, and suffer death, Painting thy outward walls so costly gay? Why so large cost, having so short a lease, Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend? Shall worms, inheritors of this excess, Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end? Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss, And let that pine to aggregate thy store; Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross; Within be fed, without be rich no more:

So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men, And death once dead, there's no more dying then. -Shake peare.

### [From the Boston Investigator.] Robert Dale Owen's "Footfalls."

To the Editor of the Investigator:

Sir-It is not worth any one's while to take much trouble about my consistency. In the first place, it is a matter of little consequence; for it is much more important to test the truth or falsehood of a man's opin ions than to inquire whether he has already held them. In the second place, my consistency will take care of itself. To those whose good opinion is worth having, it will readily suggest itself, that an honest man can decide a case only in accordance with the evidence before him at the time. If, for instance, a judge has to determine the right of a certain claimant to a piece of property, to establish which right six witnesses are brought forward, he may, after hearing the evidence, give judgment against the plaintiff. Yet if, upon a new trial, six other witnesses appear, testifying to additional facts, he must be a fool, or worse, who should hold that judge bound, under penalty of being set down as a knave, to decide in the second case exactly as he did in the first.

There are, indeed, some opinions which a good man cannot change; for example, his opinion of bigotry. Of all the mental vices which act as stumbling blocks in the way of human civilization, this is one of the most mischievous. It is a vice both of the head and the heart. It is a vice springing from that self-conceit, which has been said, and truly said, to be more hopeless than folly itself .-And it is a vice of a thousand phases. It may and does assume' the form of political bigotry, of scientific bigotry, of religious bigotry, of irreligious bigotry, and many others. Religious bigotry is probably the most common of its types, but several of the others are quite as malignant.

This last fact is overlooked by many. Bigotry consists, not in believing too much or too little, but in believing in its own infallibility. It makes a Pope of itself, and issues its bulls from its own Vatican of presumption. The bull may be one that sets up certain articles as imperative, and anathematizes all- who dissent from these; or it may be a manifesto denying all religion and anathematizing all regraded men and things around him like moon- ligionists. Its actual character is not changed

by its particular object. He who would clip or stretch the creed of his neighbor on the Procrustean bed of his own belief or disbelief, is an invador of good will upon earth, and an enemy of free inquiry.

Against this spirit of bigotry, in all its Protean shapes, I have ever warred; and while I live I shall continue the warfare. Whatever else is true or false, this, at least, is incontrovertible, that man has a right to his honest opinions, undisturbed by persecution or denunciation, in word or deed.

Some of your correspondents have yet to learn, that abuse proves nothing except the lack of good sense and good feeling in the abuser. No great truth was ever established, no great error was ever exploded, by a weapon so worthless. It breaks in the hand, and pierces the flesh of him who employs it.

There are certain duties which we all owe our neighbors; among them, the obligation not to impute a bad intention when a good one can be fairly presumed. I've who violates such a duty, not only commits a grave, moral wrong, but interposes, as far as in Limlies, an obstacle in the path of human progress. An Inquisitor, sitting in judgment on motives that are inscrutable to him, he mischievously diverts men's minds from the dispassionate examination of principles, to the angry condemnation. of him who holds them. There are few things we can do that tend to injure the cause of truth more deeply than this.

A book which I have recently written, entitled "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World," has attracted some notice in your columns. I claim to have that work judged, its merits or demerits, not by the pictures which others may choose to draw of it. If it cannot stand the test of the most rigid examination,

Those who may peruse it will find, that it is written strictly according to the inductive method, that best of all Bacon's gifts to posterity; the surest enemy of superstition, the surest ally of truth. They will discover also, that while it brings up a long list of (alleged) facts, most of them collected by myself, and all of them supported by an array of testimony which it is idle to dismiss with a poohpooh, I have suggested, rather than declared, the results. Whatever other faults the book may have, no candid man will accuse it of dog-

Its numerous narratives are adduced in support of the hypothesis, that there have been in past ages, and still are, occasional interferences from another world in this; not miraculous interferences, but phenomena governed by natural laws as unchanging as those which determine the motions of the planets. To my own mind the evidence collected is sufficient to prove this. To others it may appear insufficient. So be it. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind.

It is idle for a man to protest his own sincerity. But to some of our readers who have perused my earlier works, I desire to say a few words.

Have you discovered, in my writings, any traces of moral cowardice? Do they afford indications of any desire to abandon truth, let her lead whither she will? Do they not afford proof, that I have carefully studied what may be called the infidel side of the question; and that I am familiar with the weightiest arguments which can be adduced in proof, that no sufficient evidence touching any state of existence other than this can be

Then, if I am to be judged, as I think I may fairly claim to be, by my antecedents, I am, in connection with such inquiries, neither cowardly nor ignorant. And, in that case, is it unreasonable for me to ask, that you will either suspend judgment, if you have no time or opportunity to examine the "Footfalls," or else that you will read the book and then let me speak for myself?

I ask this, the rather, because the question at issue is an important one; a question of a very practical nature, fraught with much influence on human character, involving many points which bear directly both on the improvement and happiness of mankind.

I should much regret, therefore, for their own sakes as well as mine, if any of my old friends or readers should prejudge me, taking their opinions of my last work from idle tirades or senseless invective. Even if my book should fail to convince them that ultramundane agencies sometimes operate here, it may persuade them that no former work of its author bears evidence of more laborious or more conscientious research than this. They will not be surprised to find that many of its opinions are far from being Orthodox; but tbey may be surprised, after what they have heard of it, to discover, that it is not a work on what, in modern phrase, is called Spiritualism, being an examination of spontaneous phenomena, not of those that are evoked, treating not of table-moving, mediums, trance-speakers, and the like, but of occurrences and appearances that present themselves neither provoked nor expected by human beings, like the rainbow or the aurora borealis, or the wind that bloweth where it listeth, uncontrolled by the wishes or agency of man.

I am, your obedient servant, ROBERT DALE OWEN.

New York, Feb. 28, 1860.

## Miscellaneous.

THE FIRST FAMILY PRAYER AT A TAVERN. -Rowland Hill was once driven by a storm into a village inn, and compelled to spend the night. When it grew late the landlord sent a request by the waiter that the guest would go to bed. Mr. Hill replied, "I have been waiting a long time expecting to be called to family prayer."

"Family prayer! I don't know what you mean, sir: we never have such things here." "Indeed! then tell your master I cannot go to bed until we have family prayer!"

The waiter informed the master, who in consternation bounced into the room occupied by the faithful minister, and said, "Sir, I wish you would go to bed. I connot go until I have seen all the lights are out, I am so afraid

"So am I," was the reply; "but I have been expecting to be summoned to family prayer." "All very well, sir; but it cannot be done at an inn."

"Indeed! then pray get my horse; I cannot sleep in a house where there is no family prayer."

The host preferred to dismiss his prejudice rather than his guest, and said, "I have no objection to have a prayer, but I do not know how."

"Well, then, summon your people, and let us see what can be done."

The landlord obeyed, and in a few moments the astonished domestics were upon their knees, and the landlord called upon to pray. "Sir, I never prayed in my life; I don't

know how to pray." "Ask God to teach you," was the gentle

The landlord said, folding his hands, "God

teach us how to pray." "That is prayer, my friend," cried Mr. Hill.

joyfully, "go on." "I am sure I don't know what to say now,

"Yes, you do; God has taught you how to

pray, now thank Him for it." "Thank you, God Almighty; for letting us

pray to you!"

"Amen! Amen!" exclaimed Mr. Hill, and then prayed himself.

Two years afterwards, Mr. Hill found in that same village a chapel and a school, as the result of the first family prayer at the "Black Lion."

L'Andalouse. - Twenty years ago three young men were walking together on the Boulevard. "Shall we go to breakfast?" said one. "With all my heart," replied the second. "But," claimed the third, "where are the funds? who has a purse?" "I!" exclaimed the others both at once, "but it is empty." "Christi and I are as hungry as a lawyer's clerk. "What's to be done?" "I have an idea," said the first speaker; "come with me." The three entered a music shop, and asked the proprietor whether he would buy a song. "A song? Diable! Whose is it?" "Ours." "Let me see it." "I will sing it to you," said the shortest of the three. He sat down to the piano and sung the piece offered for sale. "Well," said the publisher, "it is not bad: I wilk give you 25f. for it." "What! words and music and all?" "Oh, certainly, the times are hard." "It is very little; never mind, shell out, it will be enough to pay for our breakfast!" The publisher paid the 25f., and the three friends went to breakfast together. Why this story? the reader will ask. Oh, nothing in the world, but this: the song was "L'Andalouse!" The publisher made 100,000f. by his bargain. The author of the words was Alfred de Musset; the author of the music was Monpou; and the singer, Duprez. That's all .- Paris Chârivari.

" While allowing that a treaty of friendship, pure and simple, can exist between a man and a woman—under peculiar circumstances, even between a young man and a young womanit must be allowed that the experiment is difficult, often dangerous; so dangerous that the matter-of-fact half of the world will not believe in it at all !"-Miss Muloch.

RECIPE FOR SLEEP .- To the Chinese ambassador, tossing restless on his bed, his old servant said:

" Sir, may I put to you, and will yau answer, three questions? First, did not the Almighty govern this world very well before you came into it?"

" Of course."

" And will He not also do the same when

you are gone out of it?" " I know that." "Then do you not think, sir, that He is

able to govern it while you are in it?" The ambassador smiled, turned round, and

FEMALE " Pop."-Miss Muloch has established this word (to mean the conditional secrecy of women), by the following sentence in her last book :- " And here is one accusation which I must sorrowfully bring against women, as being much more guilty than men. We can keep a secret-ay, against all satire, I protest we can while the confider remains our friend; but, if that tie ceases, POP ! out it

COMPLIMENTS, carried to an extravagant extent, become rude offences. There is a material difference between prettily asking for a lock of hair, and taking the whole

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.

The bread of life is love; the salt of life is work; the sweetness of life, poetry; the water of life, faith.

THE NEED OF MAN.-Every man knows he is not as good as he ought to be; and no man can make himself so of his own force alone .--What he needs is Divine aid-a power within him working with him to help him effectually to be and to do what he ought. Does the All-Father deny this help to any of His creatures? Does He give it only to those who know the wonderful story of the way in which it comes to us? God forbid.

PRECOCIOUS WIT .- A few days since a little ragged urchin was sent by a tradesman to collect a small bill. He began in the usual way, but becoming more and more importunate, at length the gentleman's patience being exhausted he said to him, "You need not dun me so sharply; I am not going to run away." "I don't suppose you are," said the boy, scratching his head, "but my master is, and he wants the money."

God's Contrivance for Children.-Then, too, being fathers and mothers has a wonderful influence: it is one of God's contrivances in behalf of little children. He takes care that there shall be a blessed inconsistency between a mother's head and a mother's heart, between a father's creed and a father's love; and so through God's love in them and their parents' love surrounding them, the little ones get a chance for a joyous childhood, unless in the midst of very unhappy outward circumstan-

Miss Mulocii declares it to be "flying in the face of Providence" to marry upon "Nothing a week, and that uncertain, very!"

It has been discovered that bread can be manufactured out of wood. Long before this discovery was made, all wood was known to have a grain in it.

"Do you believe, sir, that the dead ever walk after death ?"-" No doubt of it, madam, I have heard the Dead March in Saul."

An indiscreet person is like an unsealed letter, which every one may read, but which is seldom worth reading.

Hypnotism, the anesthesia or nervous sleep produced by placing a bright object before the eyes, has been the subject of numerous experiments by the French savans and physicians. They find that some birds and animals are susceptible to the influence, just as men are. An interesting experiment is made by placing a hen on her side on a board, and drawing a line of chalk around her beak. It is said that she will look at the chalk till she becomes insensible, when you may stick a pin in her and she will not move.

Spiritual philosophers who recognize a Divine intelligence in the order of the Universe, will be happy to learn that Prof. Agassiz, the eminent naturalist, in a late lecture in Boston, made strong argument against the development theory, showing that the animals of the different geological epochs are radically different from each other, and connected by no intermediate formations, indicating successive creations rather than progressive development. -Spiritual Clarion.

We don't think that much harm will be done if the House of Representatives fails to elect a printer at all. That body doesn't seem likely to say or do anything worth printing.

A Colored Discourse .- "My tex, bredren and sisters, will be found in de fus chapter of Gemesis an' de twenty-sebenth werse; - 'An de Lord make Adam.' I tole you how he made him; he make him out ob clay, and when he get dry, he breve into him de breff ob life. He put him in the garden ob Eden, and set him in de corner ob de lot, and he tole him to eat all de apples 'ceptin dem in de middle ob de orchard; dem he want for de winter apples. Bymeby, Adam, he be lonesome. So de Lord make Ebe. I tole you how he make her; he gib Adam loddilum till he go sound asleep, den he gouge a rib out ob his side and make Ebe; an' he told her to eat all de apples 'ceptin dem in de middle ob de orchard ; dem he want for de winter apples. Wun day de Lord he go visiting; de debble he dress himself up in de skin ob de snake, and he find Ebe, and he tole her, 'Ebe, why for you not eat de apples in de middle ob de orchard ?'-Ebe says, 'Dem de Lord's winter apples. But de debble says, 'I tole you for to eat dem case dey's de best apples in de orchard.' So Ebe eat de apple, and guv Adam a bit; and den de debble, he go away. Bymeby de Lord he cum home, and he call Adam; he lay low. So de Lord call again: 'You, Adam!' Adam say 'Hea, Lord!' and de Lor'say, 'Who stole de winter apples?' Adam tole him, 'don't know-Ebe, he spect.' So de Lor' call Ebe; Ebe lay low. De Lor' call again, 'You, Ebe !' Ebe say, 'Hea, Lor'!' De Lor' say, 'Who stole de winter apples?' Ebe tole him, 'Don't know-Adam, she spect.' So de Lor' cotch

'em boff, and trow dem over de fence, and he

tole 'em 'Go work for your libbin.' "

MACAULAY AND THACKERAY .- Upon the occasion of Thackeray's first lecture in London, he saw, on looking over the house, before going forward to the desk, the well-known person of Macaulay on the third bench from the front. Turning to some friends he said: "A five pound note to any man who will get Macaulay out of the house." "Egad, sir," said he, in relating the circumstance, "I felt like a fellow with a sixpence in his pocket, in the banking house of Barings.

PERSONALLY SPEAKING.—England is Free. but in America one is not only Free, but apt very frequently to be a great deal too Free; in fact, more Free than welcome. To put it concisely:-

> England is the Land of Liberty, America is the Land of Liberties.

At an agricultural dinner, somewhere, the following toast was given-" The Game of Fortune—Shuffle the cards as you will, spades will always win."

At Bloomington, Ill., during the past winter, some four hundred children have fallen victims to the scarlet fever. In Steubenville, Ohio, two hundred children have succumbed to the same disease.

A Mr. Amunn, late from India, has arrived in London with a parcel of diamonds, for one of which he asks \$1,500,000. The Hartford Times learns that a customer is waiting for him to get three more just like it, when he proposes to purchase the lot for a set of sleeve-

Do not always refuse to weep with those who weep, because their cause for tears does not appear to you to be precisely adequate to

"Give me a kiss, dear girl." "I can't," she replied. "I don't mind lending you one, out I must have it returned to-morrow."

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The above work is one of the most thrilling interest to the Young of both sexes; detailing some of the most thrilling cases and incidents, in the practice of the Author, pointing out the great causes for such decline and decay of American Youth.

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In view of the awful destruction of human life and health, by marasmus or premature exhaustion and decay of the nervous system, caused by sexual diseases, such as the vice of Self-abuse, Seminal weakness, Spermatorrhea, Syphilis and virulent affections, Gleet, Impotence, Leucorrhon and Sterility, and organic diseases of the Kidneys, and in view of the deceptions which are practiced upon the unfortunate victims of such diseases by quacks and base pretenders, the Directors of the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute have instructed their attending physician to treat this all-pervading class of modern maladies so productive of Pulmonary Consumption. The Institution is provided with the aids of the most improved practice of France, England, and the Oriental countries, in order to insure the utmost and speedy success. The most scrupulous regard to confidence and fidelity will be guaranteed every patient and applicant. The medicines used by the Institution are guaranteed free from Mercury, Minerals and Poisons of every nature. The most approved medicines, of recent discovery imported from India and Japan-and concentrated in the form of Extracts and Alkaloids, are alone used-our remedies will not expose, nor sieken nor debilitate under any circumtances. The Institution has the honor of treating as patients some of the most distinguished men in the United States. Patients can at all times be treated by letter and cured at home, on receiving a full statement of their symptoms, and medicines can be sent by mail or express to any part of the United. States and the Canadas.

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### SPIRITUALISTIC.

The Spiritualists of New York gave a reception to Robert Dale Owen sometime since. His accession is considered an equivalent for half a dozen ordinary declensions from the faith. His recent book on Spiritualism is arousing a fresh interest in the subject, not so much among those who would make it a matter of religious faith as of philosophical investigation.

The Spiritual Magazine relates an incident that occurred to Prof. Agassiz, which the Spiritualists consider a spiritual interposition, although there is no evidence that the Professor is of that opinion. He had received a singular fossil, which appeared to be the connecting link between the vertebrate and lower animals, but the parts of most interest were covered with a hard deposit. In a dream the concealed part was clearly disclosed to him, and its place in comparative anatomy made known. But when he awoke he had only a dim recollection of his dream. The dream was repeated on three successive nights, and on the third morning he found on the table by his bedside a drawing of the fossil, just as he had seen it in the dream. How it was made he does not know, but on carefully chisselling the strong deposit from the fossil, the drawing was found to be accurate. If the facts are as related, the presumption is that the Professor's interest in the subject awakened his latent clairvoyant power, and that he saw the fossil through its stone casing, and drew the sketch of it in his sleep.

The most extraordinary of recent spiritual stories is one that is told and extensively believed at Pittsburg, Pa., and vicinity. While mass was saying at Latrobe, Pa., for the repose of the soul of a deceased priest, the form of the same priest appeared in front of the altar, raising his hand in a warning manner .-The officiating priest started back, when the ghostly priest spoke, uttering heresies very shocking to his brethren in the flesh. He told them they need not trouble themselves to pray him out of purgatory, because there is no such place; that there are but two places in the future world, and only two priests had ever gone to heaven, and he was not one of them. If they could get him out of the other place he would be very glad, but that was impossible. Having made this frightful speech, the ghost disappeared, and the congregation separated, leaving the mass unfinished.

Prof. J. S. Grimes is lecturing on Spiritualism, in Boston, and undertakes to show that all the honest phenomena are produced by mesmerism, and all beyond that is gross deception. He accepted a challenge of Dr. Gardiner for a public discussion of the subject, which came off a few weeks since. We suppose President Felton, under the weight of his new dignity, will not enter the lists, as he was always eager to do a year or two since. He can cortainly better afford to retire on the laurels he has won, than to seek more of the same sort.—Springfield Republican.

> A DEAD FRIENDSHIP. We that were friends, yet are not now, We that must daily meet With ready words and courteous bow, Acquaintance of the street; We must not scorn the holy past, We must remember still To honor feelings that outlast The reason and the will.

The capitol of the State of Tennessee, at Nashville, not yet finished, has cost so far \$826,000. The capitol of Ohio, at Columbus, unfinished, is estimated to cost, when completed, \$1,552,207. The capitol of South Carolina, when finished, will cost \$1,300,000. The capitol of Georgia cost the insignificant sum of \$200,000, including original construction and all expenses of repair to date.

Treasury defalcations have been introduced in distant Oregon, and the county Treasurer at Portland is reported missing with \$5,500 of public funds and some \$12,000 borrowed from individuals. He was a leading man in the Methodist Church, and carried off also all the religious funds left in his keeping.

The members of the Canadian parliament are paid, by a new law, at the rate of six dollars per day for the first month, and after that a gross sum of six hundred dollars, whether the session is long or short.

The aggregate shipments of gold from Australia, since the first opening of the gold fields in 1852 amount to \$340,000,000. The yearly yield does not now vary much fram \$50,000,-

The following is said to have been produced during the recent legislative excursion in Ohio, under the immediate inspiration of a drink composed of equal portions of Monongahela and Bourbon :--

The union of rye, and the union of corn, The union of lake ice and river; The union of sugar in one spacious horn And their unflagging union forever.

DRINK .- Rarely drink but when thou art dry; the smaller the drink, the clearer the head, and the cooler the blood-which are great benefits in temper and business .- Wm. Penn's Works.

Miss Catherine Beecher, a woman of great ability, sister of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and of several other distinguished Beechers, has published a theological work, inquiring how sin came into the world. There are matters of more practical importance than that inquiry. If there is a pig in your garden you had better busy yourself in driving it out, than in speculating as to how it got in .- Louisville Journal.

Who can read the following lines without

A health to dear woman, the days are no more, When she watched for her lord, till the revel was

And smoothed the white pillow, and blush'd when he

As she press'd her cold lips to his forehead of flame.

Alas for the loved one! so spotless and fair,

The joys of his banquet to chasten and share; Her eye lost its light, that his goblet might shine, And the rose of her cheek was dissolv'd in his wine. Joy smiles in the fountain, health flows in the rills, As their ribbons of silver unwind from the hills; They breathe not the mist of the bacchanal's dream, But the lilies of innocence float on the stream.

These beautiful stanzas are from the pen of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, and were written for a temperance dinner, at which ladies were invited, New York, 1842.

An old Scotch preacher said of a young opponent, that he had "a great deal of the young man, not a little of the old man, very little of the new man."

"This is a NET gain," as the spider said when he caught the fly.

Those who reprove us, are more valuable friends than those who flatter us. The man who would improve, must have either faithful friends or severe enemies.

Lies of Benevolence.—Tell a man who is growing bald that his hair is getting thicker; tell a man of seventy that he is every day looking younger; tell a man who can now walk but at a slow pace, that he walks uncommonly fast; tell a middle-aged lady whose voice is cracking, that it is always growing finer; tell a cottager who is proud of his garden, about the middle of October, that his garden is looking more blooming than in

Everywhere we see much equality, especially in advantages. Persecution breeds activity, unity, indolence. Wealth has its voluptuousness, poverty its coarseness. The impassioned man does much good and much harm, the languid man, little of either. If many admonitions tell by their frequence, few often tell still more by their rarity. He who knows how to do most good, knows how, by the same comprehensiveness of intellect, to do much evil.

When a woman accepts for a husband a man of feminine and feeble person and character, it is generally from a natural tenderness of heart, which augurs that it will receive its future greatest delight in pitying, consoling and protecting; from absence of strong passion, or from strength of will, or instinctive love of rule, unconsciously, perhaps, predestinating its

Practically, a certain amount of the elements of evil seems necessary for what is commonly called national progress. A little disputation or persecution, to kéep religion awake or astir; the desire of rather more than enough money, to make commerce enterprising; a little too strong love of supremacy, to make statesmen toil; a little too much self-indulgence, to give employment to the working classes who minister to it.

If you can distinguish between a cut from the upper or under side of a sirloin, do not consider that you are entirely "cut up." And if you care much about the difference between well-done and under-done, do not speak of yourself as utterly "undone."

A LANTERN CANE.—One of the most unique of recent Yankee inventions is a cane, which is also a lantern—a stout, elegant walkingstick, and a brilliant, steady light. The lantern is set in the body of the cane, about six inches from its top, and so as not to disfigure its proportions or beauty, and can be lit at pleasure by pulling the cane apart, or borne along dead, when the cane, without close observation, is undistinguishable from an ordinary, large-sized walking-stick. It is a useful invention for doctors, watchmen, editors of daily papers, young men who " sit up" late with people who ain't their sisters, and all other classes who have to be out o' nights .-

- " My son, hold up your head, and tell me who was the strongest man?"
- " Jonah."
- "Why so."
- "Cause the whale couldn't hold him after he got him down."

When we hear two parties in the church, whose mutual animosites are known to be most bitter, perpetually talking about "the pain they feel," and "how painful it is" to be contradicting each other, we are almost tempted to long for the old-fashioned open scurrility of earlier religious controversialists.

FINEST QUALITY OF PENS-the rays of light with which the stars write to each other.

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ALFIED B. TALLEY.

St. Anthony's Bire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter and Salt Rheum, Scald Ringworm, Sore Eyes, Dropsy.

Dr. Robert M. Preblo writes from Salem, N. Y., 12th Sept., 1859, that he has cured an inveterate case of *Dropsy*, which threatened to terminate fatally, by the persevering use of our Sarsaparilla, and also a danger-ous attack of *Malignont Erysipelas* by large doses of the same; says he cures the common *Eruptions* by it con-

Bronchocele, Goitre or Swelled Neck. Zebulon Sloan of Prospect, Texas, writes: "Three bottles of your Sarsaparilla cured mo from a Gatre—a hideous swelling on the neck, which I had suffered from over two years."

Leucorrhea or Whites, Ovarian Tumor, Uterino Ulceration, Female Diseases. Dr. J. B. S. Channing, of New York City, writes; "I most cheerfully comply with the request of your agent in saving I have found your Sarsaparilla a most excellent

saving I have found your Sarsaparilla a most excellent alterative in the numerous complaints for which we employ such a remedy, but especially in Fonale Diseases of the Scrofulous diathesis. I have cured many inveterate cases of Lencorrheea by it, and some where the complaint was caused by alcoration of the alcoration itself was soon cured. Nothing within my knowledge equals it for these female derangements."

"Edward S. Marrow, of Newbury, Ala., writes, "A dangerous overian tumor on one of the females in my family, which had defied all the remedies we could employ, has at length been completely cured by your Extract of Sarsaparilla. Our physician thought nothing but extirpation could afford relief, but he advised the trial of your Sarsaparilla as the last resort before cutting, and it proved effectual. After taking your remedy eight weeks no symptom of the disease remains."

Syphills and Mercurial Disease.

## Syphilis and Mercurial Disease.

Symphom of the disease remains."

Syphilis and Mercurial Disease.

New Ordeans, 25th August, 1859.

Dr. J. C. Aver: Sir, I cheerfully comply with the request of your agent, and resort to you some of the effects. I have realized with your Sarsaparilla.

I have cured with it, in my practice, most of the complaints for which it is recommended, and have found its effects truly wonderful in the care of Veneral and Mercurial Disease. One of my patients had Syphilitic ulcers in his threat, which were consuming his palate and the top of his meath. Your Sarsaparilla, steadily taken, cared him in five weeks. Another was attacked by secondary symptoms in his nose, and the alceration had eaten away a considerable part of it, so that I believe the obsorder would soon reach his brain and kill him. But it yielded to my administration of your Sarsaparilla; the alcers healed, and he is well again, not of course without some disfiguration to his face. A woman who had been treated for the same disorder by mercury was suffering from this poison in her bones. They had become so sensitive to the weather that on a damp day she suffered excruciating pain in her joints and bones. She, to, was cared entirely by your Sarsaparilla in a few weeks. I know from its formula, which your agent gave me, that this Preparation from your laboratory must be a great remedy; consequently, these truly remarkable results with it bave not surprised me.

Fraternally yours, G. V. LARIMER, M. D.

Rheumatism, Gout, Liver Complaint.

### Rheumatism, Gout. Liver Complaint.

INDEPENDENCE, Preston Co., Va., (th July, 1859.)

In. J. C. Ayin: Sir, I have been afflicted with a painful chronic Rheumatism for a long time, which baffled the skill of physicians, and stuck to me in spite of all the remedies I could find, until I tried your Sarsaparilla. One bottle cured me in two weeks, and restored my general health so much that I am far better than before I was attacked. I think it a wonderful medicine. J. FREAM.

Jules Y. Getchell, of St. Louis, writes: "I have been affilited for years with an affection of the Lacer, which destroyed my health. I tried every thing, and every thing failed to relieve me; and I have been a broken-down man latied to relieve me; and I have been a broken-down man for some years from no other cause than derangement of the Livr. My beloved pastor, the Rev. Mr. Espy, advised me to try your Sarsaparilla, because he said he knew you, and any thing you made was worth trying. By the blessing of God it has cured me, and has so purified my blood as to make a new man of me. I feel young again. The best that can be said of you is not half good enough,"

## Schirrus, Cancer Tumors, Enlargement, Ulceration, Caries and Exfoliation of the Bones.

A great variety of cases have been reported to us where cures of these formidable complaints have resulted from the use of this remedy, but our space here will not admit them. Some of them may be found in our American Almanac, which the accurts below named are pleased to furnish gratis to all who fall for them.

Dyspepsia, Heart Disease, Fits, Epilepsy, Melancholy, Neuralgia

sy, Mclancholy, Neuralgia.

Many remarkable cures of these affections have been made by the alterative power of this medicine. It stimulates the vital functions into vigorous action, and thus overcomes disorders which would be supposed beyond its reach. Such a remedy has long been required by the necessities of the people, and we are confident that this will do for them all that medicine can do.

## Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

FOR THE RAPID CURE OF

Coughs, Colds, Influence, Horseness, Croup, Bronchitik, Incipient Consumption, and for the Relief of Consumptive Patients in advanced Stages of the Disease.

This is a remedy so universally known to surpass any other for the cure of threat and lung complaints, that it is useless here to publish the evidence of its virtues. Its unrivalled excellence for coughs and colds, and its truly wonderful cures of pulmonary diseise, have made it known throughout the civilized nations of the carth. Few are the communities, or even families, among them who have not some personal experience of its effects—some living trophy in their midst of its victory over the subtle and dangerous disorders of the threat and lungs. As all know the dreadful fatality of these disorders, and as they know, too, the effects of this remedy, we need not do more than to assure them that it has now all the virtues that it did have when making the eyes which have wen so strongly upon the confidence of mankind.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mans. Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

## Announcements.

[ All persons announced as speakers, under this head, are requested to use their influence in favor of procuring subscribers for, and extending the circulation of, the ECLECTIC.

MISS EMMA HARDINGE will lecture in Philadelphia during March. Providence, Plymouth, Portland, &c., during the Spring months. Applications for week evenings in adjacent places, to be addressed to 8, Fourth Avenue, New York.

Miss Rosa T. Amedy will lecture in Chicago and Milwaukie during the months of May and June .-Friends on the route desiring her services on the Sabbath or week evenings, will please address her during the present month, care of D. L. Poole, Oswego, N. Y.; his address generally, 32 Allen street, Boston, Mass.

N. FRANK WHITE will lecture in Troy, N. Y., through February; Ply mouth, Mass., March 4th and 11th; Quincy, March 18th and 25th; Foxboro', April 1st; Lowell, April 8th and 15th; Dodworth Hall, New York, April 22d and 29th; Providence, R. I., May 6th and 13th; Willimantie, Conn., May 20th and 27th; Oswego, N. Y., through June. Applications for week evenings addressed as above will be attend-

Miss R. R. Amedy, 32 Allen street, Boston, Trance Speaking Medium, will answer calls for speaking on the Sabbath, and at any other time the friends may desire. Address her at 32 Allen street, Boston.-She will also attend funerals.

Mrs. A. P. Thompson may be addressed at Lowell till further notice. Will speak in the surrounding

towns on the Sabbath if desired. CHARLES A. HAYDEN, Trance Speaking Medium, will receive calls to lecture. Address at this office.

MISS A. W. SPRAGUE will speak at Davenport, Iowa, 1st Sunday in Jan., at Cincinnati, 2d and 3d Sundays, at Terre Haute, Ind., 4th and 5th Sundays, and at Chicago through February.

J. S. LOVELAND will lecture in Oswego, N. Y., during the months of November and February; and in Boston on the three first Sundays in January. Will lecture week evenings in the vicinity of the above named places. Address at 14 Bromfield st., care of Bela Marsh, Boston.

N. S. GREENLEAF is ready to answer calls to lecture on the Sabbath. Address, Lowell, Mass. Dr. James Coopen, of Bellefontaine, Ohio, answers

calls to lecture in trance state. G. B. Stebbins speaks on Sundays through the year at Ann Arbor, Mich.; and will answer calls to

lecture in that vicinity in the week. A. C. Robinson, Trance Speaker, will receive calls to lecture. Address at Fall River, Mass.

Rev. John Pierpont will receive calls to speak on Spiritualism. Address, West Medford, Mass.

BENJAMIN DANFORTH will receive calls to preach on Ancient and Modern Spiritualism synonymous with the Gospel of Christ, as he understands it. Address at 22 Pitt st., Boston.

Mrs. E. B. Danforth, Trance Speaking, Healing, and Developing Medium. Office, 14 Bromfield st., from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. At her residence, 22 Pitt st., from 6 to 9 P. M. Boston, Mass.

C. T. IRISH, Trance Medium, Taunton, Mass., care John Eddy, Esq.

Mrs. A. W. Delafolie, Trance and Test Medium. Examinations and Prescriptions given in an accurate form. Rooms, No. 6 La Grange Place. Hours, from 9 A. M. to 7 P. M.

Mrs. MARY A. RICKER, Trance Medium. Rooms. 145 Hanover st., Boston. Office Hours from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. Terms, for private sittings \$1 00 per

THE BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE will be held every Wednesday evening, commencing at 7 1-2 o'clock, at the Spiritual Age Hall, for the discussion of questions connected with Spiritualism and reform.

### MEDIUMS IN MAINE.

Mrs. YORK, Healing Medium and Clairvoyant, has wonderful powers. Medical Examinations \$1 00. Business 50 cents. Residence, Spear Place, out of Pleasant st., Portland.

Rooms 35 Beach st., hours from 9 to 12 A. M., 2 to 6 and from 8 to 10 P. M. Terms per hour for one or two persons \$1 00. Clairvoyant Examinations \$1 00. Examinations by hair \$1 00. Portland, Maine. Mrs. LEACH, Brewer, Writing and Trance Medium.

Mrs. B. K. Little, Trance and Test Medium .-

Mr. Bremhall, Belfast, powerful Healing Medium. Mr. A. B. Pierce, Belfast, Trance Speaking Me-GIBSON SMITH, Camden, Trance Speaking, Heal-

ing and Lecturing Medium. Mr. CALEB THOMAS, Camden, powerful Prescribing, Describing, and Healing Medium, by the laying on of hands.

JOHN P. COTTON, Searsport, Rapping and Physical JOSEPH N. HODGES, Monroe, Prescribing, Tranco

Speaking and Lecturing Medium. G. B. HOPKINS, Oldtown, Trance Speaking Me-ROSAN M. SMITH, Hampden, Trance Speaking

Susan W. Jackson, Hampden, Rapping, Tipping and Healing Medium.

RUSSELL/SEVERENCE, Bradford, powerful Healing and Trance Medium. Miss EMELINE CUNNINGHAM, Bradford, Trance

Speaking and Prescribing Medium. Mrs. KEEN, Augusta, Writing and Trance Medium. J. L. LOVELL, Yarmouth, Clairvoyant, Healing,

Trance Speaking and Lecturing Medium. Mrs. HASKELL, Buckfield, Trance Speaking and Lecturing Medium.

Miss A. C. CRAM, Stevens' Plains, Writing, Tranco Speaking and Lecturing Medium.

BENJ. Colson, Monroe, Prescribing and Trance Medium.

### Free Love and Affinity.

A Discourse delivered under spirit-influence, by Miss Lizzie Doten, at the Melodeon, Boston, Sunday evening, March 20, 1859. Phonographically reported by James M. W. Yerrington. Price 8 cents each, or \$5 per hundred. This discourse contains much good advice, and was listened to with very general satisfaction. BELA MARSH, Publisher, 14 Bromfield street, Boston.