









EXPLANATORY.

It will be observed by our readers that this paper, though somewhat enlarged, is not quite up to the mark promised by brother Brooks...

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...

WOMEN MUCH WRITTEN ABOUT.

Old Goethe, in speaking of Lord Byron's ideal women, remarks:

"Yes, Byron's women are good indeed, this is the only vase into which we moderns can pour our ideal; nothing can be done with the men."

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 speculation in reference to them, that they are quite complex and enigmatical beings.

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.

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."

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:

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,

ment which follows a wound to their self-love, the restless union of remarkable talent with feminine sentiment, as in De Stael, 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.

—Again he says:—

"Indeed, the best elements of womanly attraction—sentiment, character, and faith—are, in a great degree, sequestered, intimate, and exclusive, and not to be estimated by any external gauge 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."

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.

Spiritualism is yet to do much for the proper development of woman, and to indicate the fullness 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 conciliate southern support; nor for any other cause.

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 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."

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 excoriates, in his "Herald of Light," the Swedenborgian brethren.

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 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.

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 bonbons 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.

Not unholily 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.

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—

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!

The following from Milton's "Agonistes," representing Dulich 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 heeded'd, ornate 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 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.

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 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 Dr. Ayer's Preparations, or more particularly our advertisements of them.

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Special Notices.

The business of our Boston office is entrusted 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.

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 hindrances 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 Shakespeare 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 slightly 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, stilted, for light and brisk journalism.—the kind that the many-eyed, busy public,—the Spiritualistic no less than other public,—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.





