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## A Good Story.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

### SINGULAR SCENES

FROM A SINGULAR LIFE.

BY VINE W. OSGOOD.

As a child I was peculiar, even in looks, for I was peculiarly beautiful.

At the age when children are usually at play with dolls and baby toys, I had eschewed infantile sports altogether. My only amusement was roaming the open fields and dense woods upon my father's estate, and reading. Books were my constant companions. Not children's story books. I had no taste for them—although I passionately admired the German fairy tales, and often sat alone in the dark woods and sang snatches of song, in which I invoked the spirits of the wood and air to come about me. I always returned from these excursions moody and cross, from my want of success.

I read the lives of great men, exulting in their success and weeping over their failures.

My father's library was filled with the choicest collection of books, select enough to suit the most fastidious taste. I was allowed free access to it, my mother never dreaming that I sought the room for any other purpose than to examine the fine engravings in the illustrated works. Indeed, she was glad to know that I was at rest any where, for I was the most intractable being in existence,—mother often telling me that I should "never be anything in the world," and comparing me with my younger sister, who was gentle and winning and whom every body loved.

When visitors were present, if sent for to go into the room, I would stand and stare at them for a moment; my large blue eyes expanded, and then run unceremoniously away to my silent companions in the library, no matter how many exhortations to good behaviour I had previously received from the governess and my mother.

The guests would say, "what a beautiful child," and "how bashful she is!" My mother, in her mortification, not knowing what to reply.

My sister was a "perfect little lady," always behaving with the nicest sense of propriety, while I was a continual source of vexation to all who came in contact with me.—At last my mother gave up in despair, saying, "it is futile to try, I can never make any thing out of her. The more strenuous my exertions, the more perverse she becomes."

Subsequent to this, I was seldom molested, but allowed to roam at will, after spending the prescribed number of hours each day in the school-room, where, I may as well say, I was a problem to my governess, which she essayed in vain to solve. I vexed her past her patience with my obstinacy; frightened her with my oracular sayings and predictions of coming events, the verifications of which caused her to look upon me with superstitious dread. I comprehended my lessons almost intuitively, I mean the result, the rules I never could commit.

I would tell her that such and such things were so, but when questioned as to the why and wherefore, I would sink into impenetrable silence. No threat subdued me, no coaxing broke the spell, I was inexorable. The most severe punishment failed to extort a sound from me.

Thus I continued my intransigent life until I was fifteen; my stern, proud father seldom noticing me; my mother alternately trying to "make something out of me"—then yielding the contest. Teachers were employed, no expense was spared, but all to no purpose. I could not be made to comprehend the rules of even the simplest things. With one bound I reached the top of the ladder, and the intermediate steps were in oblivion.

I had a voice unsurpassed in sweetness and power, and I made the old halls ring with the most unearthly melodies, knowing not—caring not, whence they came. Often, at midnight, have I aroused the inmates of the house, with the softest and sweetest strains of music, waking the most beautiful harmonies that ever floated from the old organ, then hastened back to my room before it was discovered.—I had been visited with so much wrath for irregular habits that I began to conceal my movements. While I did not refrain from rousing the tempest, I fled from its results.

At this time reports began to reach the ears of my mother, relative to her singular child, who was never seen in company, even at her own house, but was observed at all hours of the day and evening in the fields and woods; reports that I was excluded from visitors by my relations, and tales of ill treatment were circulated and whispered to the

servants, who communicated them to the family. This roused my mother's ire, and I overheard her telling my father that "such a state of things must not be allowed to exist. She had labored until patience was exhausted, to no avail," and now she solicited his assistance in trying to bring me within the pale of family discipline. I began to tremble, for when my father's determination was aroused, his wrath was fearful upon every object that impeded his progress.

The next morning a servant came to my room saying, "Miss Evelyn's presence is required in the library." I was at no loss to divine from whom the summons came, and immediately bent my steps towards the room. As I did so I commenced singing aloud, one of those strange, sad airs, which once heard can never be forgotten. It was not premeditated, it was as if some unseen power held control of my organs of speech, and gave utterance to these wailing strains without effort, almost without cognizance of my own. My father met me at the door, pale, aghast, like one stricken with sudden terror, but it did not move me, I observed, without being affected by his emotion.

"Evelyn," said he, "where did you learn that piece of music?" His face worked convulsively, and he leaned upon a chair for support.

I did not answer him, but going closely to his side I laid my hand upon his arm and laughed a low, sweet laugh that filled the room with ripples of music. My father did not speak, but clasped me earnestly in his arms, while his tears fell over him like rain. It was the first time I had seen a spirit of tenderness manifested by one who had always worn such a look and appearance of haughty coldness that his own family shrank with awe from his presence. He held me in his arms, and conversed with me tenderly of my desultory course of life, and begged me, for his sake, to abjure my wild rambling and make myself amenable to the laws of society.

It was the first time the ice about my heart had been penetrated, my father's warm tears seemed to thaw the congealed mass, and I promised him that I would commence, under his instruction, a different course of life.—From this time I date my first change. My aversion to people began slowly to disappear. I learnt to love my father enthusiastically, then my sister and mother, who was indefatigable in her efforts to win me from what she termed my "misanthropy." But here commenced a new trial for my friends. I could not be divested of that unyielding haughtiness of demeanor that characterized my intercourse with society. With my family I was communicative to a degree, with my father, unqualifiedly so; but the moment I left the limits of the family circle, a chilling reserve would steal over me, until I walked apart, like some cold, proud star, unrivalled in brilliancy and beauty, but fearing contamination from surrounding orbs. My mother was proud of her child, almost worshipping her singular beauty; yet she seldom approached me without shrinking, as with some undefined fear. When I lifted my large blue eyes to her face when in conversation with her, she would lay her hand playfully over them, or turn away from my gaze as if she feared I should read the secrets of her soul.

Teachers of the finest ability were employed at exorbitant rates to give me instructions in music, but it was a fruitless expenditure, although I strove with all my power to comprehend them. Whenever I seated myself at the instrument to practice, I would immediately fall into forgetfulness, and sing and play wild mountain airs, or low, sweet melodies, trembling with pathos, until my teachers would turn away to hide their tears, and exclaim, "wonderful—strange creature!"

"She improvises," said one, "she is inspired," said another; but I moved on my cold course like a mountain glacier, unconscious of the origin of my singular abilities, almost unconscious of their possession.

I was continually shocking polite people by my want of fashionable accomplishments, and by what was termed my "utter disregard of propriety." It was unpardonable, "this conversing upon subjects never before thought of by a woman!"

My neglect of all forms of religious ceremony made me the object of much animadversion, but my wealth and high position shielded me from open insults, although my heretical notions were bruited about quietly from one to another. I could not worship God in the glare of fashionable folly; the still small voice did not reach me there—I was frozen in its midst.

It was my sister's birth-day, and in the evening there was to be a grand celebration in honor of her betrothal. My father came to me in the morning and importuned me to lay aside, for once, my usual simple style of dress, and attire myself in a manner becoming the house and the occasion. The rooms and grounds were decorated with the most princely profusion and beauty, my father would have his child in keeping with the scene—his peerless, beautiful daughter must be unsurpassed in the throng of beauty that would crowd his halls that night. I could not resist the pleadings of my haughty father, who never manifested tenderness for any being but his erratic daughter.

I entered my room at the robing hour and arranged my jewels for brow, neck and arms—jewels for the fleecy folds of the rare laces I had selected to wear. Alone I attired myself, and then descended to my father, who seemed delighted, calling me again and again, "his beautiful—his darling child!" But I had forgotten a bracelet my father had presented me, to wear upon the occasion, and I returned to my room to procure it. I had hardly crossed the threshold before the desire seized me to substitute lilies, which I could see from my window, waving upon the pond, for my diamonds. I summoned a servant and bade him procure them. I wove them into a chaplet, and crowned my brown curls with it. I looped them in my sleeves, and let them fall over my bare arms. I fastened them, full blown and snowy white, upon my bosom, twined them with green cypress spray amongst the rich laces that festooned my skirt. I made my bouquet of fragrant, beautiful lilies, and they fell from the jeweled girdle about my waist.

It was a gay, proud throng that filled our rooms, and strolled through the illuminated grounds that eve; for my sister's affianced was the noblest of their number.

Many came to pay their respects to my lordly father; many to hear his singular child sing. They were all solicitous to hear me play, and for the first time I did not think of refusing. I executed an anthem; the rich toned old organ pealed forth its grandest notes. Every sound was hushed. My audience stood with almost suspended breath; every sense seemed concentrated in that of hearing. The anthem died away in almost inaudible melody, trembling upon the air; then I turned upon the music stool and commenced singing a wild, plaintive air, words and music were entirely new to me, and the concluding lines of each verse were:

"Vengeance is mine; I will follow thee  
Where'er thou roamest o'er land or sea."

As I concluded the last verse, my father entered the room; he came towards me, paused, looked at me for a moment, then fell fainting at my feet. He was taken up insensible and carried from the room. I followed the servants as they bore him through the hall and up the grand stair-case to his room, and commenced manipulating his limbs to restore animation. I, alone, was calm amongst the frightened group of friends and domestics who were walking the floor, wringing their hands, or standing by in inactive silence.

When my father opened his eyes I was leaning over him, bathing his forehead; he closed them again with a quick convulsive movement of his whole body, and as he relapsed into insensibility, he exclaimed, "For God's sake take off those lilies!"

I left him to the care of the family physician, and retired to my room, revolving in my mind every circumstance that could possibly cause my father's illness, unused as he was to such attacks. How could my fantastic attire be connected with it? and whence the strange music which I knew I had never seen or heard until I gave utterance to it? For the first time I looked inquiringly upon myself, I could not comprehend my nature, and began, heartily, to wish myself "like other people," as my poor mother had a thousand times before. I looked forth from the mystery within to the mysterious world without. The beautiful proud day slept in its emerald cradle, and the June zephyrs sang over it a lullaby; the golden scented hearts and white leaves of the superb lilies were folded in their green night garments, and waved and nodded upon the water as if to kiss the bosom which bore them into deeper sleep. The green leaves rustled upon the giant trees, and seemed whispering tales of mystic meaning. The fountains played in their marble basins, casting great white pearls upon the green spray, where they hung glittering and tremulous. Over the bosom of the earth the moon cast a translucent veil of silver light; it rose and fell with her

great heart throbs in undulating gleams upon the pond; it drooped from the trees and dabbled in the fountains, the light breeze tangled it with a thousand shadows.

"O! incomprehensible! I sighed, where is the unseen agent that sways this mass of life? Nature, from her illimitable numbers of harp strings, breathes forth her joys and sorrows in music, in great wailing sobs of anguish, in low, sweet notes of gladness, or in thunder tones of anger! I, too, am but a harp, and know not whence the invisible powers that wait at will upon the strings, or waken them to melodious utterances."

Then, again, I pondered upon the strange events of the last few hours, when, suddenly, I seemed to be walking in the garden, I heard voices, one of which I recognized as my father's; he was speaking in suppressed tones, as if fearful of being overheard, but his words were cold and haughty, evincing great anger.

I walked on, until I beheld my father standing in close proximity to a lady, who was weeping bitterly, but as she removed her handkerchief from her face, what was my astonishment upon beholding her resemblance to myself, as I was a few hours before, with the cypress and lilies twined about me!—There was the same curious wreathing of the spray and flowers in the folds of her white robe, giving her an appearance of the most unearthly loveliness. As her beautiful but colorless face was upturned, I beheld the same expression that I saw in my mirror, after completing my toilet with the fateful lilies.

"Why," I heard my father say, in his haughtiest tones, "why did you come here to curse me with your hateful presence?"

I saw the look of anguish upon her white face as she answered:

"I came, hoping that the joy of being again a father, would soften your heart and bid you restore my child—the last tie that binds me to earth. You have taken every thing from me, but grant me this one boon, and I will never enter your presence again. Oh, let your own happiness plead with you—plead for the restoration of my child!"

"How did you know that I was again a father?" he questioned. "You are the terror of my life with your witchcraft! I believe you are in league with the powers of darkness, or you would not have known of the event, and haven't I told you again and again, that your child is not living?"

"Yes," she replied, with flashing eyes, "You have told me so, and each time uttered an untruth! The same power that tells me of the birth of another daughter to you, informs that *your* child and *mine* is living yet upon the earth!"

"I will tell you," he answered angrily, "that our child—yours and mine—does live; but I will take good care that she shall never know you as her mother. I will not have her learn your infamous trade of necromancy.—Begone," he exclaimed, "Begone from my presence forever; this is the last time I shall stop to bandy words with you; if you visit my grounds again, I will give you up to the public authorities as a sorceress."

Then I saw a look of stern, proud defiance upon her face as she turned to leave him, singing in the wildest strains:

"Vengeance is mine; I will follow thee  
Where'er thou roamest o'er land or sea."

Then the scene changed. I stood upon the margin of the pond, and saw my haughty father standing over the lifeless form of that beautiful being, whom I then recognized as *my mother*; cold, calm, but pale as marble he stood, regarding her as she lay, just as they had drawn her from the water, upon the sand, with the dripping lilies yet nestling upon her fair, white bosom, and in her tangled hair.

When the servants had gone for assistance, my father sat down beside her, lifted her in his arms and kissed the cold white face again and again; then he severed one of the long, brown curls from her fair head, took the ring from her finger, and the gold cord to which a locket was attached from her neck, and concealing them upon his person, he laid her again upon the sand.

At this moment a summons to appear before my father, recalled me to my normal condition, and I hastened into his presence. He raised himself upon the bed, and questioned me sternly relative to the song. I answered him that I never heard it before,—I knew nothing of its origin. He covered his face with his hands and groaned aloud. "Never!" said he, "Never let me see you with lilies upon your person again!"

I went to my room wondering whether all that I had seen was not a dream, so vivid that it seemed like life, or whether they were, at

one time, actual occurrences. I felt sure I was not asleep; that I had not lost my individual consciousness for a moment, for I held in my hand a bottle of perfumery, from which I had bathed my father's head, and I remembered, distinctly, setting it in its place upon my toilet-table and tying down the stopper to prevent evaporation, while a portion of the vision was being presented to my view.—But circumstances soon occurred which removed all my doubts and established me firmly in my belief that it was not a dream, or the work of disordered imagination, but all actual occurrences, by what agency presented I did not pretend to solve.

I was sitting in the library one morning, a few days subsequent to these events, looking over some papers from which my father had requested me to select one, when my hand came accidentally in contact with a spring, and the cover to a concealed apartment in the box which contained the papers, sprang open.

My heart throbbed wildly, and a shiver ran through every nerve as my eyes rested upon the tress and the ornaments, that in my vision I had seen my father take from my mother's lifeless form, as she lay in her still beauty upon the bench.

I burst into tears. It was fearful to be thus convinced of a loved father's inhumanity!—I tried to evade it. I tried, even, with the evidence in my own hands, to believe it all the workings of sick fancy; but it came home to my heart with crushing force as I opened the locket, which contained pictures of my father and mother, as she was when my father first saw her. The most angelic innocence and beauty spoke in every lineament of her spiritual face.

There was the ring he had taken from her finger—her bridal ring. Alas! what sorrow that ill-fated bridal had brought upon her pure young spirit. The angel of light had wedded with the mere worldling—the man of dross, the act bringing its own retribution.

Still tangled in the long, brown curl, was a withered stem of one of the water lilies she had twined in her hair upon the night of her death. I shuddered with horror as I thought of that scene. Could my mother have been a suicide? Could my father have been intentionally accessory to her death? I questioned of myself vainly. What an unfathomable mystery it all appeared to me!

I slipped the diamond ring upon my finger, resolving never to part with it. I knew my father would not ask me about it if he missed it, as that would involve an explanation.

I laid the long, heavy tress back upon the velvet cushions and re-opened the locket for a last look upon that angelic face, preparatory to placing it in the box. For a moment I gazed; then, suddenly, I was transported to foreign lands. I walked along by a silvery stream until I came to a white cottage, half hidden by the trees and flowering vines.—Through the half opened door came low sounds as of happy voices holding sweet intercourse. I stepped within the little bird's nest of a room and surveyed the inmates. My father sat holding in his arms the fair creature whom I knew to be my mother. He was calling her, for the first time, his wife. Her glossy curls were crowned with lilies, and my father kissed them, calling her "the queen of lilies." He folded his arms tenderly about her with many an earnest caress, and an angel might have coveted the look of innocent joy that shone in her beautiful eyes as she laid her fair young head in trusting confidence upon his bosom. His face did not wear the stern look so habitual to it since, but ever and anon, a wave of troubled feeling would flow over it, making it dark as night; hostile elements seemed to be warring within him, and, involuntarily, he clasped the gentle lady closer in his arms, she sang to him, and her voice seemed but an echo of my own, so soft, so sweet, so peculiar.

Thus I followed them through a length of time that seemed years to me, until my proud father grew weary of his low-born, uneducated wife, whose only accomplishments were her sinless soul and her sweet gift of song.—He grew weary of his little heaven of beauty, and longed for his stately halls and his native land; he could not introduce his peasant wife to his haughty relatives, as if *she*, who drank purity at the fount of God, was not superior to his boasted nobility of birth!

He grew moody and irritable, and my sweet mother, in her innocence, tried to win him back to good nature by her sunny smiles and artless caresses, which, alas, drove him farther and farther from her.

I saw him leave his cottage home and his wife, with the tears raining over her, white

face, for what he told her was a visit to his early home. He left with the most sacred promises of speedy return, and she, in her loving confidence believed him, and with her own hands prepared him for the journey from which, in his heart, he never meant to return to her.

In his own land the betrothed of his infancy was waiting and wondering at his long delay, and his lordly relatives were importunate in their demands for his speedy return; he could not brook their haughty scorn, if he informed them that he had degraded their long, proud line of ancestry, by what they would term a "mesalliance;" so he crushed every feeling of reproach, left purity and peace behind and journeyed towards unrest and wretchedness.

After months of anxious waiting, I saw my pale, sad mother, with her young babe clasped close to her bosom, wander forth in search of the delinquent. She found him calling another woman by the sacred name which she knew belonged alone to her, and soon again to be a father.

She was not poor, for my father, as if to indemnify her for the wrong he meant to do her, had left her gold, and the sale of her beautiful cottage home had proved quite a fortune. She secluded herself, living only where she could see him pass on his daily drives.

It was long before he discovered her, and then it was only to call down bitter maledictions upon her innocent head; because he had injured her he could not forgive her.

My father's entrance into the library dispelled the vision, and hastily slipping the locket back into its hiding place, I tried to resume my search after the missing papers.—But I was overdone by the heart-sickening revelations, and pleading indisposition as an excuse, I withdrew to the privacy of my room.

My father's presence was becoming loathsome to me, I had not learnt the divine lesson of forgiveness, and I hated him for the wrong he had done my gentle mother. How my step-mother, as I will proceed to call her, came to consider me her child, was still a mystery, but one that was soon to be solved. She was quite unwell and sent for me one morning to take a book and read aloud to her. I commenced reading a poem in which I was intensely interested, and I became possessed of double consciousness; for, while I read aloud from the book, I read, with equal facility, scenes from her past life, as I already had in my father's and my own mother's.

I saw her in failing health and ordered to a warmer climate; with many tears she left her young babe to the care of a nurse; that child died, and I saw myself, not many months her senior, stolen from my broken-hearted mother and substituted for the dead; my father deliberately planning the outrage. My unsuspecting step-mother never dreamed of the deception practiced upon her, and when she returned, after several years of absence, she reared me as her own child.

Hitherto my visions had had some connection with my own history, as that of my friends, but I soon learnt that my singular powers were not limited to the confines of home. I had only to be in proximity to people to scan their past lives; and I often tested the accuracy of the revelations by inadvertent allusions to scenes which they thought known only to themselves and God; their nervous starting and sudden pallor was sufficient corroboration.

It was a fearful power—this reading people's secrets, and I thank God that I never made it an instrument of evil. I began to mingle with the world with a purpose now; I learned to stand by great men and see scene after scene in their past lives—scenes of which the world never dreamed—of which they hardly dared whisper to themselves lest they should become known.—I saw many a proud face blanch at some fancied allusion to their secret. *Conscience was its own Nemesis!*

New revelations constantly awaited me. I seldom came in contact with any person without some scene which was symbolical of them being presented to my vision; sometimes they were pure and beautiful, but oftener dark and evil. In a short time proximity to people was not necessary in order to read their histories. I had only to hold their writing, or anything that belonged to them in my hand, and the vision would be just as complete. Much of my reserve had worn off in my intercourse with the world. My parents had begun to hope that my singularities had forever disappeared, and, for the first time, informed me that I was betrothed in early infancy, and that I must prepare to meet my future husband. The subject was broached cautiously, and very tenderly to me; my parents dreading a return of my old obstinacy, and not without reason, considering the nature of the relations they were about to make. My father placed in my hands a letter from the gentleman in question, in which he begged that the nuptials should be solemnized as soon as possible after his return from abroad. I took the letter with me to my room, no sooner had I commenced its perusal than I was conscious of the presence of the author, who seemed to stand before me; with me to see him was to love him, he looked so unlike all other men, so noble, beautiful and manly.

My woman's nature was beginning to assert its supremacy; I yearned for love, to love and be loved, irrespective of the ties of consanguinity. In these new and delightful emotions my heart-reading powers became dormant, and it was decided in family conclave, that no mention of my singularities should be made in the presence of my lover; my parents were determined upon consummating their plans. I looked forward to the arrival of my betrothed with the greatest pleasure. I had spent hours with him in my clear-seeing state, and failed to discover aught of wrong. I loved him enthusiastically, and took the most active delight in hastening the preparations for my bridal. I lived in the enjoyment of the most delightful anticipations! For the first time I looked with pride upon my personal loveliness, I could bring my loved one not only wealth but beauty unsurpassed.

My lover came, acquaintance only strengthened my attachment for him, I flattered myself that he was the purest and noblest being in existence; I had read dark traits in all other characters, in him I saw nothing but purity, and with no chilling foreboding I gave myself up to the joy of loving. In those few weeks I became almost another being, my earnest affection for him brought me into union with all the world; my heart expanded under love's harmonizing power into a realization of the beauty of life, and I wondered at my former asceticism.

My parents were delighted and we were for once a happy family, my mother manifesting her joy in the kindest caresses and attentions, my father in lavishing gold upon every thing that could give eclat at the occasion which was approximating.

We were to be married in the evening; it wanted but an hour to the time appointed for the ceremony; the last finishing touches had been given to my magnificent toilet. At my own request my bridesmaids had retired to another apartment; I was alone with my overflowing measure of happiness; my mother had just left me, shedding tears of joy, telling me she would send Edgar up to take a "last look upon his beautiful betrothed ere she became his peerless bride."

I arose and surveyed my faultless form in the mirror; I looked at the splendid diamonds that sparkled on neck, brow and arms; I looked upon my face, to which the joy that was thrilling my heart had lent a new and glorious beauty, instinctively I thought of my mother's suffering and wretched death; could I ever be happy with that dread secret sleeping at my heart? My lover's entrance interrupted my questioning, and all else was forgotten in the ever new joy of meeting him.

"Evelyn," he exclaimed, "My beautiful Evelyn." He came towards me and stooped to caress me, but with a cry of poignant grief I sprang from his embrace! I read his thoughts! In that moment I saw his soul in all its drear deformity, and his fair physical form, upon which I had looked with so much pride, became as worthless dross which shined no gold.

He was selling himself; wronging three human souls for gold!—only gold! For as he came to my side uttering the language of love, I saw another's image upon his heart. He stooped to caress me, and thought of her and sighed, "If she was but possessed of a fortune I would be within her bower to-night!" By folly and extravagance he had sadly impaired his own large fortune, and, even with the incumbrance of myself, my wealth must sustain his station. I fled from the room, almost hating myself for my fatal powers; up the broad stairs, through the long halls I hastened, pursued by my phantom of happiness, which, though wearing joy's beautiful guise, seemed a demon, ready to crush me and rend me limb from limb, with its cruel hands. I did not pause my rapid flight until I reached a small, unoccupied room at the top of the house. I concealed myself behind some boxes, and for a time oblivion relieved me from suffering. When I recovered my consciousness I saw lights gleaming in every direction through the grounds, and the family hurrying to and fro in the greatest confusion as they continued their unavailing search after me. I remained in my hiding place until the lights had disappeared in the direction of the pond, then descended to my room and threw myself in all my bridal finery upon the couch. It was the last I remember for many weeks.

The first light of reason that dawned upon me, brought with it a knowledge of the continuance of my strange power. My step-mother was in the room looking out upon the lawn; even across the broad stately room, with her face hidden from view, I divined her thoughts—the dreadful fear lest she should lose her child by death.

My strange flight, upon what was to have been my nuptial night, was attributed to a violent attack of disease upon my brain, and my long continued illness gave credence to the statement of my friends.

By degrees the details of that eventful evening returned to my mind, but they excited no pain, all suffering seemed to have been washed away by the healing darkness through which I had passed. I remembered every particular relating to my intercourse with my lover; but I had no longer the least affection for him; my beautiful ideal was still un-

crushed, but it was yet unclothed by the material, I felt the greatest indifference to every one around me but my gentle step-mother.—Her tender care of my mother's child had endeared her to me.

When I recovered I called my father to my room and told him that I could never fulfill my engagement to Edgar; then I gave him my reasons, I showed him my mother's ring upon my finger and told him all that I have narrated. "Alas!" he exclaimed in bitterness, "The curse of the mother is visited upon the child!" They were secrets which he intended should die with him, but he acknowledged the truth of all the revelations I had made, and informed me how my mother came by her death. I saw that his statements were true. She had crossed the little pond rowing her own boat, she twined the lilies about her as she gathered them in crossing, frightened and sorrowful, she missed her way when returning, and capsized her tiny boat in the deep water, and when her body was recovered, life was extinct.

My father never essayed to move me from my purpose with even the gentlest dissuasion, but left my room muttering, "If she were like other human beings, I would compel obedience, but with that demon which possesses her I have not the power to cope." He made his own explanations to Edgar, accompanied by a letter from me, in which I besought him never to contemplate the wrong toward another woman that had been so nearly carried out in my case, but to marry his heart's choice.

From this time, thought-reading became habitual to me. I saw my father's days and nights made wretched by remorse, in his heart he acknowledged himself to be a murderer; my mother's wrongs were bitterly avenged.—I saw my unsatisfied step-mother yearning for the love of a husband's heart, which she had too sadly learnt she never possessed; I saw my sister, with the same cold pride and love of station that had characterized our father, give herself in marriage to the haughty Baron, leaving her heart in the keeping of her groom. I read bitterness and strife, and petty deceit in hearts beneath smiling faces, envy and maliciousness in family circles. I saw wives with breaking hearts, smiling upon unloved husbands, and men whom the world called chaste and noble, infidel to their marriage vows; I saw graves of buried hopes and disappointed ambition; over some the rank grass grew, fed by the decay beneath; over others the pall laid lightly, as if some new grief was buried beneath, and trembling hands had essayed, in vain, to cast away the black mantle.

I saw some narrow selfishness in every soul—I became a misanthrope. I hated to see people's faults and follies staring me in the face wherever I went. It was awful to witness the workings of animal passion upon the soul! I shrank from these exhibitions as I would from the tortures of the Inquisition.

I hated men for their concealed villainies, I loathed them for ignobly yielding to private vices; I had not learnt to love people for the divine principle within them, however shadowed it might be; I had yet to learn that sweet waters could flow from even the hardest rock.

Life became irksome to me; I confined myself wholly to my room and the library; I roamed in thought with the dead past—its heroes and noble men—and sighed that the age of true greatness had vanished in its dim archives. Alas! in looking for perfection I saw not the dew-laden violets that lifted up their meek heads in fragrance and beauty at my very feet. I loathed the presence of the very servants who waited upon me, and in their turn they looked with contempt upon the beautiful woman who shut herself in from all the world, and withered for want of the refreshing dews of sympathy and love.

Thus several years passed away in almost hopeless solitude, until accident broke the desolate monotony. One of the work people, engaged upon my father's estate, fell from a building in process of erection, and was brought almost lifeless into the house. They said he was dying, and curiosity led me to read the thoughts of a dying man. I wanted to add a new revelation to my already dark hoard.

I saw before me a soul, so sustained, so tranquil, so pure and elevated that I felt unworthy to stand in his presence. He believed himself to be dying, and occupied his last moments in giving directions for the care of his aged mother, whom he had labored to support, and in urging them to break the news of his death cautiously to her, that she need not be overwhelmed by the sad tidings. Thoughtful and unselfish, he had spent his life for the good of others, and the same Christ-like unselfishness characterized every emotion in what he believed to be his dying hour.

In the presence of so much simple greatness I shrank from myself; my faults became apparent to me, I read my own soul as I had the souls of others. What did the tablet present to me? Nothing but records of selfishness! Had I, in one instance, lightened the burdens of the poor and oppressed? No! no! I had lived in proud unconsciousness of their woes.

I contrasted my life with his. I had lived surrounded by the grandeur of the past, the goodness and greatness of the present, and

how meagre were my attainments, compared by the standard of the humble laborer before me. I had unlimited wealth at my control; he had labored all his life for a pittance, and yet found time to cultivate Christian virtues and graces, to which I was a stranger. I felt, with shame for myself, his infinite superiority to me, I felt how far I was from the spiritual kingdom Christ came to establish; I felt my unworthiness to be even a door-keeper for this apostle of the Savior.

An irresistible influence attracted me to his bedside day after day. As he was convalescing I became a constant witness of his purity of thought and feeling.

Again I loved; this time I loved a true man; my highest ideal was realized. He asked me to become his wife, there was no cringing supplication as from an inferior to one holding supereminence. "Nature," he said, "had made him my equal," he might have added, my superior, for how did his nobility of soul shame my boasted pride of birth.

This time I did not shrink from the kiss of my betrothed, but my soul went out in a song of praise to God, and I felt that the bells of the eternal city rang out chimes of peace.

How to break the tidings to my father became my next consideration; this would be attacking his pride of birth—his love of station, and they formed his most impregnable fortress, he had immolated my mother and his own life-long happiness upon that altar.

We went together to him, and when the old tempest of wrath began to gather upon his face, I turned, involuntarily, and sang again, that wild, pathetic strain, "Vengeance is mine!" and he laid his trembling hands upon our heads and blessed us with pallid lips.

We were married, and from that hour, as if their mission was accomplished, all my singular powers left me, except my gift of song.

I am happy at last. My noble husband and I are striving to elevate ourselves and our race. We live not alone in the reflux of the past, but the reflux of the future showers its glad beams upon us. Life is beautiful to me, death has no terrors, for I have commenced already my immortal life; for, as we uproot the tares and sow the good seed, we become immortal.

We, my husband and I, have commenced in earnest, here upon earth, our eternity of progression.

A COURT LADY.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH BARNETT BROWNING.

[The following beautiful poem, fresh from the pen of one of the most gifted women of the age, will be welcomed and appreciated by our readers, not only as giving a touching picture of Italy after the war, but as delicately conveying the author's political views in reference to that proposed arrangement in the Italian States which is now the chief question of European politics. It is proper to mention that Mrs. Browning is a Napoleonist, and looks with enthusiasm for the freedom of Italy through the aid of France.]

I. Her hair was tawny with gold, her eyes with purple were dark,

Her cheeks' pale opal burnt with a red and restless spark.

II. Never was lady of Milan nobler in name and in race; Never was lady of Italy fairer to see in the face.

III. Never was lady on earth more true as woman and wife, Larger in judgment and instinct, prouder in manners and life.

IV. She stood in the early morning, and said to her maidens, "Bring That silken robe made ready to wear at the court of the king."

V. "Bring me the clasps of diamonds, lucid, clear of the mote, Clasp me the large at the waist, and clasp me the small at the throat,"

VI. "Diamonds to fasten the hair, and diamonds to fasten the sleeves, Laces to drop from their rays, like a powder of snow from the eaves."

VII. Gorgeous she entered the sunlight which gathered her up in a flame; While, straight in her open carriage, she to the hospital came.

VIII. In she went at the door, and gazing from end to end, "Many and low are the pallets, but each is the place of a friend."

IX. Up she passed through the wards, and stood at a young man's bed: Bloody the band on his brow, and livid the droop of his head.

X. "Art thou a Lombard, my brother? Happy art thou," she cried, And smiled like Italy on him: he dreamed in her face and died.

XI. Pale with his passing soul, she went on still to a second: He was a grave, hard man, whose years by dungeons were reckoned.

XII. Wounds in his body were sore, wounds in his life were sorer, "Art thou a Romagnole?" Her eyes drove lightning before her.

XIII. "Austrian and priest had joined to double and tighten the cord Able to bind thee, O strong one!—free by the stroke of a sword."

XIV. "Now be grave for the rest of us, using the life overcast To ripen our wine of the present (too new) in glooms of the past."

XV. Down she stepped to a pallet where lay a face like a girl's, Young, and pathetic with dying,—a deep black hole in the curls.

XVI. "Art thou from Tuscany, brother? and seest thou, dreaming in pain, Thy mother stand in the piazza, searching the list of the slain?"

XVII. Kind as a mother herself, she touched his cheeks with her hands; "Blessed is she who has borne thee, although she should weep as she stands."

XVIII. On she passed to a Frenchman, his arm carried off by a ball: Kneeling,— "O more than my brother! how shall I thank thee for all?"

XIX. "Each of the heroes around us has fought for his land and line, But thou hast fought for a stranger, in hate of a wrong not thine."

XX. "Happy are all free peoples, too strong to be dispossessed; But blessed are those among nations who dare to be strong for the rest!"

XXI. Ever she passed on her way, and came to a couch where pined One with a face from Venetia, white with a hope out of mind.

XXII. Long she stood and gazed, and twice she tried at the name, But two great crystal tears were all that filtered and came.

XXIII. Only a tear for Venice?—she turned as in passion and loss, And stooped to his forehead and kissed it, as if she were kissing the cross.

XXIV. Faint with that strain of heart she moved on then to another, Stern and strong in his death. "And dost thou suffer, my brother?"

XXV. Holding his hands in hers:—"Out of the Piedmont lion Cometh the sweetness of freedom! sweetness to live or to die on."

XXVI. Holding his cold, rough hands—"Well, O well have ye done, In noble, noble Piedmont, who would not be noble alone?"

XXVII. Back he fell while she spoke. She rose to her feet with a spring—"That was a Piedmontese! and this is the Court of the King."

AMERICAN LADIES.

Their beginning too early and leaving off too soon.

That our ladies begin sooner, and leave off sooner, than the ladies of Europe, may be a compensatory Americanism; but, is it to be approved altogether? A word or two upon both ends of this social dilemma will at least give our readers an instructive topic to discuss.

In England, and still oftener in France, a woman of "fifty and upwards" is often a leader of society, and a most admired object of attentions from all classes of gentlemen.—The charming "Memoir" literature of the most polite nation in the world owes half its fascinations to the portraits of such women. Why should the like of them be almost unknown in our American cities? The more obvious reasons—difference of education and climate, and difference of social habits of gentlemen—will occur to you; but, let me call attention to a point or two upon which the habitual feeling or impression of our fair countrywomen is erroneous—leading unconsciously and most mistakenly to this abridgment of their natural "term of office."

The complexion and hair are thought too much of. An American lady, to re-assure herself as to what she has that will be agreeable to society, consults her mirror! While dressing, in the morning, she anxiously studies the reflection of her face, and of the mere face, of course, without expression, and without the air and movement of conversation. Unless it retains its juvenescence, or unless she can produce what will pass for a good complexion and youthful hair, she despairs of being still attractive enough for a "mixed company." Fearing to be remarked upon as "growing old," or unwilling to show her incipient wrinkles or gray hairs to any but relatives or family friends, she sighs over the doom pronounced by her dressing-glass, gives up the world, and retires to a seclusion of saddened inactivity or discontented performance of the mere duties of home and relationship. And this, at the very period of her life when she might be most agreeable—when her mind is ripest, her manners most refined, her tact most disciplined, her sympathies truest and most womanly, her perception and appreciation and power of communication at their fullest capability of giving pleasure!

Now, we venture to say that a "middle-aged lady" would think *nineteen-twentieths* of the value of mere youthfulness of face, if she could look at herself through the eyes of the "mixed society" for which, thus mistakenly, she thinks herself too old. Her sisterhood of "lady friends" would be likelier to look lov-

ingly upon her, in the first place, for the very change which she laments—rivalry and envy, like the shadows of the trees, disappearing at the day's first dip below the horizon, and not heedful of the greater glory of the sunset.—But, to the eyes of gentlemen!—we could write a long discourse upon the greater attraction she may now have, if she pleases, to all the gentlemen of her acquaintance—except one! (There is here and there a lady, of course, who dresses, goes into society, and levels all her artillery of charms, as if every gentleman in the world were that one lover—but this more general *homme* is not for her.)

A middle-aged woman can still dress beautifully, and all men admire that. Nineteen-twentieths of her presence, as an object for the eye, is unaffected by her age, therefore. The remaining twentieth—the face—is the small portion of her person which the dress-maker is compelled to leave unembellished, (Nature having ordained that her own heart shall do the dressing of this, with smiles and good humor), and, as to the attraction of this remaining twentieth, for men's eyes, let us make a single remark.

A face which is *sympathetically genial* will leave complexion and hair unthought of by the male beholder! This is true (we solemnly declare, from our sex's point of view!) even where there are incipient wrinkles and gray hair. The features of any woman may be more charming to a man than beauty could make them, if they but express what is possible and easy—sympathetic inquiry for his present thought or feeling, appreciation of his worth, discriminating and sincere pleasure in talking with him then and there. And this charm, which every middle-aged woman of sense may have, and which positively makes beauty of skin and hair quite unnecessary, may last as long as she has sense and intellect unimpaired. Why, then, should our American women, in the very ripeness of their mind and womanhood, retire from the society they could so continue to please?

But the strangest of things, (passing to allude to what took us most by surprise when we went abroad, as a social difference between Europe and our country,) is the insensibility of American ladies to the *especial franchise* of superior middle-aged or elderly women—*confidential friendships with the eminent men of the time*. That so admirable a privilege should be unclaimed and unsought for! The statesmen of England and France, the authors, the artists, and the distinguished of all professions, have women of this character for their friends. It is an intimacy, too, that is more honored than one of passion, cultivated with more refinement, and cherished with more enduringness and devotion. To these disinterested hearts the great and the gifted confide their secrets, unburden their cares and ambitions, tell their triumphs, confess their disappointments, difficulties, and fears. What sovereignty of a belle is comparable to such a woman's circle of friendships? What exercise of female power, what bestowal of beauty's smile and fascination, is equal to the sharing of these higher destinies, serving and helping them as none but a faithful woman-friend can do, and being thus beloved and cherished by the immortals who mingle with us here! Is it not happiness,—of the man and angel, (united in any one gifted or eminent man,) to be the friend of the angel?

Let us glance for a moment, however, at the compensatory opposite extreme of our very fast country?—*precocious girlhood*. Misses from twelve to sixteen, in the majority of our fashionable families, as is well understood, occupy the position of "young ladies grown." A glance around, in the reader's circle of acquaintance, will readily give instances of what we refer to.

Stepping in at GIMBRED'S when in town, the other day, and looking at his many novelties of engraving and note paper, we observed a pack of small visiting cards with a young lady's name and address—the card hardly larger than your thumb nail—ordered, he said, for a young lady of ten or twelve years of age, and to be left, like larger ones, on her friends and acquaintances! Begging one of them as a specimen of city novelty to take back with me to the country, we produced it to our wondering little rustics in the evening, opening, at the same time, a parcel of letters which had arrived in our day's absence from home, and, among them, one from a "young lady" of fourteen. As the topics suggested by this and by the visiting card were somewhat akin, it will not be inapt, perhaps, to rub them together for illustration. By suppressing the name of our juvenescent correspondent and the place she dates from, we can instructively publish her letter without exposure of her secret. She writes in quite a model school-girl hand, spelling and punctuation quite correct, and the letter is literally as follows:

—, January, 17, 1860.  
—:— I am aware that in writing you this note I am doing a very bold thing for a school-girl of fourteen, but at the same time am sure that if any one will pardon such an act of boldness it is you. The boldest and most presumptuous part is yet to be shown, as I will do by stating the object I have in writing you this. It is nothing less than to

ask of you the very great favor to write for me a composition, to be read by me in school. On ordinary occasions I write them myself, but this is for an extra occasion, and should I have the best composition offered, I will receive as a prize a beautiful copy of Longfellow's Poems, and a copy of Sir Walter Scott's Poetical Works. I am very desirous to get this prize if possible, and should you be so very good as to write a composition for me I am sure I will get it. I will be very grateful to you, and will be happy if you will name some way in which I can attest my gratification.

If you will allow me to do so, I will make and embroider for you a pair of nice slippers and a cravat, and will send them to you by express. I am to go next June with uncle — and aunt — to —, and during the tour we shall be about a week at the St. Nicholas Hotel in your city, where I would be delighted to see you, and would you do me so much honor as to call on me there, I would drop you a note on our arrival.

Should you be so kind as to write the composition for me, I would like it to be on the subject of Painting, Music, Flowers or Love, or some kindred subject. (My last subject was Poetry.) To prevent any one in the world from knowing anything about it, I would like it mailed to the fictitious name of —, so that I can get it without the knowledge of any other person. Will you accept the slippers and cravat and a kiss when we meet?

Trusting you will pardon the great liberty I have taken, I am very Respectfully yours,

Now, that is a smart letter from a child of fourteen—but what parent will fail to see that it is a smartness which has outrun all proper foundation of character, and that, while her accomplishments have been cultivated, her sense of propriety and love of truth have been sadly neglected! Able to "map out" such a plausible programme for present advantage and future acquaintance, and to put it on paper; yet evidently wholly unconscious of any dishonesty in the proposed cheat of her schoolmates, or any impropriety in asking a perfect stranger to take a part in it! Let us ask, therefore—is not this lack of perception—mental and moral—a natural result of the encouraging of precocious development? And should it not rather be an earnest endeavor, in female education, to keep back the child's readiness for the world, till, with maturer age, the mind and heart of her true womanhood have asserted their control over her impulses and conduct?

To sum up, once more, the moral of the little sermon:—Should not our fair countrywomen take it into consideration whether they do not begin to be agreeable a little too early and leave off a great deal too soon?  
N. P. W.

INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS.—To dream of a small stone around your neck, is a sign of what you may expect if you get an extravagant wife. To see apples in a dream, betokens a wedding, because where you find apples you may expect to find pears. To dream that you are lame, is a token that you will get into a hobble. When a young lady dreams of a coffin, it betokens that she should instantly discontinue the use of tight stays, and always go warmly and thickly shod in wet weather. To dream of fire, is a sign that, if you are wise, you will see that the lights in your house are out before you go to bed. To dream that your nose is red at the tip, is an intimation that you had better leave off brandy and water. To dream of walking barefooted, denotes a journey that you will make bootless. To dream of eggs, is a sign that you will discover a mare's nest. When a fashionable lady dreams of a filbert, it is a sign that her thoughts are running upon the colonel. If you dream of clothes, it is a warning not to go to law, for, by the rule of contraries, you will be sure of non-suit. To dream that you are eating, is certain to come true at breakfast. To dream of a barber, denotes losses—hairs may be expected to be cut off. To dream of having a great number of servants is madness.—It is very lucky to dream you pay for a thing twice over, since afterward you will probably take care to have all your bills receipted.

NOT A BAD IDEA.—Last summer I took my four-year old to see his aunt in Washington county, New York. There for the first time, he had a new view of a cow. He would stand and look on while his uncle milked (the men do the milking there,) and ask all manner of questions. In this way he learned that the long, crooked branches on the cow's head were called horns. City boys only know of one kind of horns—i. e., little city boys. A few days after obtaining this information, hearing a strange kind of bawling noise in the yard, he ran out to ascertain its source. In a few minutes he returned, wonder and delight depicted on his countenance, exclaiming, "Mamma, mamma! oh! oh! do come out here! The cow's blowing her horn!"

ABSENCE OF MIND.—The first Lord Lytton was very absent in company, and when he fell into the river by the upsetting of a boat at Hagley, it is said of him that "he had sunk twice before he recollected that he could swim."

Correspondence.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]  
SPIRITUALISM REVIEWED.  
BY A MEDIUM.

About ten years have elapsed since Spiritualism was rediscovered; and what have we learned? That spirits do communicate—nothing else under the sun. All other things are contradicted by some spirit or other; and all other things are intended to be contradicted, or they would not be. Why then are contradictory communications necessary? Because either the spirits do not know, or God knows that it is not well to have uniformity, or certainty of opinion.

Is there then no truth spoken of by spirits, that may be relied on? They speak of progression; but do not say how it is to be carried on, after the recognized means of it is abolished; that is, evil. Though it may be deemed that evil is a means of progression, yet this writer does not see how good can be distinguished from nonentity, unless there are things not good, to show what it is, by contrast. Now, it is generally said by mediums—whatever the spirits may say to the contrary—that man is ecstatically happy, after throwing off the body. I do not mean immediately, but after a little time has elapsed to get rid of the loves of the body, which are represented by them as the things that keep us from realizing the loves of the spirit. What these loves are, and what they mean by them, these people do not deign to say; but I, being one of them, may be allowed to explain. It is the old Calvinistic doctrine of total depravity, warmed over in hell, to suit the exigencies of modern spiritualism.

These people—not one in a thousand of them—do not dream of originality. Their anxious thought is, to accommodate spiritualism and the spirits to their preconceived opinions; and by a wise provision of nature, they are accommodated with such spirits as they court. If a spirit were to come to them and tell them flesh and sense are good, they would say it was evil, and bid it depart in the name of their god, or, imaginary ascetic deity. Now these persons are not more ascetic than others. Privately perhaps, they are more sensual than some others who receive all pleasant things from God as good. But they are under a hypocritical restraint, in the presence of a God that they imagine to be ascetic; and therefore frowning on the pleasures, the instruments of which, or, the senses, he himself made! Now, all cant about the baseness of the senses is dishonoring to the God that made us; and therefore, if it is moral, it is not religious.—But it is not moral. Morality consists in thinking that every body is good, and that all the parts and functions of their bodies and minds are good. This is the doctrine of charity, carried out beyond mere cant—which seems to be substitute for the reality, whenever that reality becomes to be disliked.

I was going to criticise modern spiritualism. Well then, my principal objection to it is, that it endorses the most odious features of Christianity, without giving us any information that can be relied on, about another world. No one will believe, or ought to believe, if he is sensible, that we here in the pre-ent juncture—that is, about the year A. D. 1860, are indeed very miserable, in a very miserable world, but that at some future time this evil will be all changed, and all will be in a happy world, with nothing but happy circumstances around us, evil not only being removed, but forgotten. For the memory of evil is itself an evil.—Therefore we must forget it. Therefore we must lose the benefit of it. Then, the past evil and suffering would be unmeaning. What was the use of it? A mistake of God? An experiment, to see poor creatures wretched? A necessary part of the process of the world? Then it will be still necessary. For if it is necessary now, that necessity must have a relation to the future; for all will admit that as to the mere present it might be dispensed with. Then it reaches into the future state, after death; either as evil, or the memory of it, which also is evil, or the consequence of it, which also is evil; or because it is necessary for contrast. All these are reasons enough why there should be evil in a future state, though we cannot see why it should not become small by degrees and beautifully less.

Now I accuse modern spiritualism—not the "raps," not the spirits, but the mediums who are determined to attract such spirits as will confirm them in their cherished belief—I accuse them of attempting, with the best intentions in the world, to perpetuate an ascetic system of religion in the world, and to make the earth positively odious, in comparison with their imagined "spheres" or New Jerusalems, to which they are going to translate us in a few years (a rope or a drug would hasten the consummation) without any desert of our own; the desert, if any, being the other way. Now this is not true, and if modern spiritualism teaches it, it will do no more and no less than ancient spiritualism did, through Paul, Mahomet, and others—propagate errors.

The progress of the world from age to age, and the average progress of the individual in the course of a life-time, is the true measure of human improvement. This, we know of.—The other is only conjecture. For all admit

by this time, that spirit teachings are contradictory, and not to be relied on. It seems that those things only are to be revealed, that cannot otherwise be known, and that all other things are to be gathered, by patient research, from the history of the race. And, it is just that we should judge the future by the past. If it were not so, history would never have been invented.

What does history show? That man, though progressive, is progressing very slowly; and that at times there is an actual retrogression; for instance, in the dark ages; and that the next dark age will not be so dark as the last, because civilization is now opening up with more vigor than it did even in the early ages of Greece and Rome, and that consequently the next dark age, will be proportionately less dark. Well, all these things are of the earth, earthy. So is man. So he will continue to be. We must come down sooner or later, from castle-building to common sense, and see that the earth is the proper home of the human race, and that our progress is with that race, to its destiny, however high. Then we will be able to see our work—to make it a fit home for such aspiring beings, who are ready to storm the very skies, but still sink back to earth, where God made them, and keeps their bodies. We certainly are content to progress with the race. What better are some of us than others? If we are not content, we ought to be taught a lesson of humanity, and leave the "spheres" and the New Jerusalems, to those high-flyers whose self-esteem is so inordinate, that they demand continually what God has not vouchsafed them; and are still disappointed. For are we not all still inhabitants of the earth?

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]  
A LITTLE maid, alone in a bower,  
Was merrily at her play;  
'Twas lovely June and many a flower  
Was blooming bright and gay.  
No lightsome bird with cheerful song,  
From care was e'er more free,  
As through the bower she tripped along,  
And danced in her childish glee.  
The bower, with all its beauties rare,  
No fairer flower had seen,  
Than she the fairest of the fair,  
Among them all the queen.  
A change came o'er the scene at last,  
The flowers that sweetly grew,  
Had withered 'neath the chilling blast,  
And faded from the view.  
And she, the fairest, found a home,  
By angels called away,  
Where blighting storms can never come  
To fade the flowers away.  
Cape Elizabeth. D. D. MARINER.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]  
A MOTHER'S MISSION.

See the young mother: a lisping child, her first-born, kneels before her; his pearly hands are clasped upon her knee, his eyes upraised, revealing a brow of pure, untarnished innocence; his lips are parted, and his childish voice murmurs—"Our Father."  
Angels fold their wings in hushed admiration, as they linger around that scene of Home and Love, and the mother's heart glows as she imbibes the holy inspiration from these heavenly visitants; and laying her hand caressingly upon the soft curls that cluster around the upturned brow of her darling boy, she invokes the blessing of God and his holy angels to rest upon his future life-path.

Is not that a beautiful scene? And is not that mother fulfilling her true position in life, for which God and Heaven designed?

See her again; years have passed away since her first-born lisped his childish prayers beside her knee.

The frost of age is wreathing her withered brow, her steps are feeble and childlike, but around her are clustering a happy circle of her own rearing—of wives, mothers, ministers, and statesmen. She feels as she lays aside her commissions, that her mission on earth is ended and quietly sinks to rest, in the sustaining arms of her family and her God. "Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates."

Such may be the chant of angel voices, that greet her ears as she nears the golden gates of the New Jerusalem. How all the good works performed upon earth are emblazoned like sparkling gems upon the diadem which encircles her spirit brow.

Does her heaven-assigned mission end here? Is her work done? Are her labors and duties all performed? No—the work commenced upon earth will be continued in Heaven. She has laid aside the mortal, and put on the immortal. She has exchanged weakness for strength, and been promoted to a higher and loftier degree in her Master's service. She no longer feels the inability of age; her spirit bounds with all the freshness of youthful vigor, and her form, light and ethereal, floats gracefully along over streets of pearl and glittering gold.

Her soul expands with ecstatic delight, as it imbibes glory upon glory of that spirit world. Forms of ethereal beauty are bowing before a throne of dazzling sapphire, and mingling their notes of praise with myriad angel voices, to God and the Lamb, who sit thereon. She joins in the songs which blend harmoniously with the golden harp and rich-toned lyre. She partakes of the rich fruit, as

she rears beneath the broad shadow of the tree of Life, and quaffs from the clear crystal streams which flow noiselessly along, through bowers of ambrosial beauty and fragrance.—She hears the rustling of angel wings as they near the pearly gates with their earth-fraught burdens; bearing to her also, it may be, a messenger from her earthly band. A dear one is sick or dying; or sorrow in a darker form, may be shrouding some loved one's heart or home.

Has she no work to perform there? Her white wings flutter over scene after scene, of enchanting beauty, till she scales the glittering walls of the New Jerusalem; then, softly and quietly she descends to earth, till she hovers around the dwelling of the sorrowing dear one.

Has sickness laid his withering hand upon the ample brow of her noble boy? there as a ministering angel she floats around his pillow with her low, soft whisperings of health, of hope, of happiness, of heaven; till the restlessness of pain and fever is calmed into sweet soothing, and refreshing repose; and he dreams of his childhood's home, and feels again the soft caressing hand of his mother upon his throbbing temples. He listens again to her soft, soothing and encouraging tones, as erst, when she told him tales of the far-off spirit land. And then a deeper slumber cools and calms his fevered brain; her white wings are folded around him, imbued with a healing balm, or soothing restorative.

He awakes, and feels the refreshing influence of his angel mother. His pulses grow calmer and firmer; health again glows upon his manly cheek; and that angel mother soars again to her spirit home, or hovers around the dwelling of another, darkened by sorrow and affliction.

May be, a daughter young in years is kneeling in hopeless grief, beside the couch of an only child. How sweet it looks, as it lies there in the still repose of death; its soft, white lids drooping over the marble cheek; its waxen fingers clasped lovingly over a pulseless breast; its innocent prattling all hushed, by the cold icy fingers of death; and its delicate form shrouded in the habiliments of the tomb.

How the pent up fountains of that mother's heart gush forth in unexpressed and uncontrollable grief, as she kneels there, with her cold white hand pressing convulsively its pulseless brow. Grief and despair are throwing around her a dark impenetrable cloud.—She sees her child torn away from her yearning heart and shielding bosom, and the dark and silent tomb yawning to receive it.

Neighbors and friends gather around her, with tears of sympathy and words of condolence; but she refuses to be comforted.—Then, that angel mother folds her wings around her stricken child, and in a still small voice, she breathes sweet words of consolation into her troubled ear.

A soft, soothing influence seems to calm the crushing agony of her bleeding heart; for soothingly, that angel visitant whispers—"It is well with the child." Hope gleams through the dim distance, as with an eye of faith, the bereaved one penetrates the dark clouds of despair; and far beyond, she sees an ethereal form, dazzlingly beautiful, bearing within her snowy pinions the infant babe.

Again she looks, and softly within the golden gates, free from the sins and sorrows of the world, her babe is sweetly reposing in the bosom of her angel mother. And she is comforted, for she feels of a truth, it is well with the child. She lingers no longer by the vacant couch in hopeless despair; but firm in the strength of Abraham's God, she arises to perform her woman's mission, in the broad field, which God and life present her.

HELBOURNE.  
[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]  
AFFAIRS IN CHARLESTOWN.

We have a fine, harmonious, and growing Society in Charlestown of Bible Spiritualists. The venerable Father Pierpont lectured here a number of Sabbaths, to large, interested houses. Mr. Currier of Lawrence, Mrs. Clough, and last Sabbath Mrs. Clapp, both of this city. The last named lady promises well; it was her first appearance. The Committee who look after the interests of the society are men of the right stamp.

I know of no place so rich in mediumistic powers of such fine materials, as here. They who are thus favored should realize that their powers are a trust, a light, not to be hid, but belonging to society. Thus far no atheistic or pantheistic speakers have disturbed our quiet by his "no evil" doctrine; but kindness, charity, and brotherly love everywhere abounds.

We have not had an indifferent lecturer thus far; while all believing that we are responsible, are free, have evils to shun, and graces to obtain, we are progressing. Miss Sarah Magoon lectured last Sabbath. C. R.

BE NOT DISCOURAGED.—If any one becomes discouraged, he may rest assured that his moral strength is either small or his views extremely limited. If any one becomes disgusted, embittered, because of opposition and failure, he may well doubt the purity of his motives and the goodness of his heart.

Somebody says that the best way to keep food upon a weak stomach is to bolt it down.

# Spiritual Eclectic.

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## CHRISTIAN MIRROR ON ANNIHILATION.

A recent number of this very respectable "orthodox" paper, printed in Portland, contains an article on the subject named in the caption. It seems to be somewhat disturbed because many Bible religionists are attempting to prove, by quoting isolated texts from it, that the wicked will be, by a softening modification of divine wrath, finally swept from existence, and thus be relieved of endless torment. The *Mirror* thinks, and so do we, that the Bible, being justly and logically interpreted, does not teach the doctrine of annihilation. We believe with that paper, that man is constitutionally immortal—that immortality inheres in him as the central principle and very core of his nature. We believe that man was expressly made to be immortal. Neither the Bible, nor the manifold theories which have taken their rise from this greatly mistaken and misinterpreted book, make man immortal, nor even religious; but the book itself, with its large progeny of theories, has grown out of man's primal and essential immortality.—The Bible, and all other providential religious appliances, exist for man, and not man for them. Man is not, properly, to conform to the teachings of the Bible any farther than it is found to be, by our most enlightened reason, suitable to our natural spiritual wants. For instance, if, on the whole, the doctrines of annihilation and endless misery are repugnant to the reason and higher instincts of our humanity—as we may venture to assert they are—a very strong point is gained in the argument that those dreadful dogmas cannot be deduced from the Bible when justly and logically interpreted as a whole. It is only by "isolated texts" that the dogmas of endless misery and annihilation can be maintained. The moment you endeavor to base them upon the general scope and spirit of the Bible, which, to be true, must accord with our higher reason and enlightened instincts, you make it of none effect. This higher reason and these enlightened instincts cannot possibly be reconciled to either of these doctrines. Nor are they in any sense corroborated by the beneficent teachings of nature.

Admitting, therefore, that the Bible is the *bona fide* word of God, it cannot be fairly construed to favor these shocking and exceedingly inhuman theories.

The *Mirror* regards the doctrine of the endless torment of "finally impenitent" people as strictly *evangelical*. If this be the case, the term, which properly belongs to the spirit of Christianity, must have been strangely changed in meaning by theologians of the orthodox school. They certainly have no warrant from the Scriptures to so change its import.

Now, what is evangelism in the New Testament sense of the word?—and, indeed, what is the general spirit and character of Christianity? Is it not love—love absolute? And does the Bible, as a whole, teach, in an absolute sense, anything else than love—the love of God and man? "We trow not." We believe the Bible is but one of the instruments—or means whereby the great universal law of love is to be fulfilled. Let us quote the words of Christ in confirmation of this all-comprehending proposition. He affirms in the clearest manner that he did not come to annul the law of love, but to fulfil it, and he assures us that it shall be made entirely operative. He tells us, too, and in the plainest language, what this law—the *evangelical* law—is. When the pharisaic lawyer temptingly asked him what the great commandment of the law is, Jesus replied, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these hang ALL THE LAW AND THE PROPHETS."

Now we candidly ask the *Mirror*, if the great law of love, which is the central principle of the universe, and not a mere theological crotchet, can be fulfilled in the endless torment of one of God's dependent creatures? We think he will not reply in the affirmative. Nor can it be fulfilled by the "annihilation" of the wicked, but only *wickedness*!

We know well enough that the Bible speaks, —and we have all experienced how truly,—of the sufferings and the punishment of the wicked. It is self-evident that every perverted faculty and power of the spirit is self-avenging. We all know, or ought to know, that wickedness is that wrong state of the spirit which results from the absence of love. When love, that true and normal state of man, is developed within the spirit, it is no longer tormented, for the Comforter has come to it.

We confess we have been not a little puzzled to understand how a man, otherwise good, and apparently imbued with Christian tender-

ness, can so coldly, and even with philosophical unconcern, contemplate so dreadful a destiny for any portion of his fellow-creatures as is implied in his endless sinfulness and consequent wretchedness.

But we are fully persuaded that the subject of the final disposal of man ranges far above all of the quibbles and tricks of language and logic. It rests with the everlasting love and corresponding purposes of God. We feel sure that God could decree nothing inconsistent with His Nature. He created but to finally bless, we may safely conclude.

As for the doctrine of annihilation, it is but a humane, theological dodge, invented, and invested with a textual coloring, as an escape from that more dire and hardened form of "evangelism" which undeveloped and degenerate man has imposed upon the souls of men.

### T. L. HARRIS'S "ABANDONMENT."

#### A Trick of the Enemy!

A statement has been widely circulated in this country, that the Rev. T. L. Harris, of New York, now in England, in a recent sermon in London, utterly "abandoned spiritualism," and denounced its adherents in the most sweeping terms, as idolaters—demon-worshippers—sensualists, and workers of all conceivable abominations. The report originated in the London Morning Advertiser, purporting to be an abstract, by the editor or reporter of that paper, of the sermon in question. It was first copied in this country, we believe, by the New York Tribune, and was eagerly caught up and re-echoed through the land, especially by the religious (?) press, as betokening the utter downfall of spiritualism.

Great has been the rejoicing in many quarters. Fossilized religionists, who had been long shaking in their shoes at the new advent, met us with smiling faces, ejaculating—"well, it's all over with you now! Your head man has deserted you! spiritualism is dead!" etc., etc.

It may seem cruel to put an end to this rejoicing; but the truth must be told. All who were properly grounded in spiritualism, from their own observations and experience, felt that it was of very little consequence if Mr. Harris had "recanted." His defection could not destroy a single fact, nor blot out an iota of truth; but those who were familiar with the peculiar views held by Mr. H. saw at once that he had been grossly misrepresented by this report. So it has proved.

We have now before us a copy of this famous discourse, as revised for publication by Mr. Harris himself, and published by Mr. White, 36 Bloomsbury street, London. We will submit a few extracts from its pages, that our readers may see the extent and audacity of the misrepresentation.

The discourse opens with the following paragraph, which is of itself sufficient to make our jubilant opponents laugh out of the other side of their mouths. Says Mr. Harris, at the outset, (the italics are ours):—

"Modern spiritualism may be defined as a series of actions on and in the human spirit and body, and on the objects of the natural world; produced by the more abundant descent of the Divine Spirit into Christendom and the world, for the purpose of unfolding the more interior and spiritual, as well as natural, human faculties, into higher states of force, perception and utility. It may be defined, in its counter movement, as the results produced, in man and on nature, by the opposite efforts of infernal spirits, to take advantage of new openings, to invert to evils, and to destroy the faith."

It is clear, then, that if Mr. Harris abandons spiritualism, as represented, he abandons what he considers a movement produced by a special outpouring of the Divine Spirit in the world! But he does no such thing. On the contrary, he proceeds to delineate and contrast, in bold and startling language, the characteristics and effects of the two phases of spiritualism,—the heavenly and infernal,—everywhere recognizing both as proceeding from active invisible agents.

He asserts that "mediumship, or the openness of men, whether good or bad, to angels, fiends, and the various grades of human spirits in the intermediate condition, was the accepted 'orthodoxy' of Christian antiquity. And as to our own day he says:

"Table-turning shows that viewless intelligences, good or bad, have power to handle material substances. So do those well-attested facts of human media carried through the air; of communications written through pen or pencil, in broad daylight, with no corporeal hand in contact with the instrument. But they prove more. The invisible fingers that control an accordion or smite the keys of a piano, that can deposit phosphorus in locked cabinets, ignite lucifers, burn smooth holes through glass as with electric bullets, produce, in fine, that vast series of actions in matter which contemporaneous testimony authenticates,—unless restrained, may poison, if evil, all organizations,—may destroy the complex body of the civilization of the world."

Thus, as respects the *fact* of spirit influence and intercourse, Mr. Harris remains as well a spiritualist as he ever was. But, as is well-known, by those familiar with his writings for the past four years, he holds views on some questions of theology and religion different from those entertained by the majority of professed spiritualists. How far he is in the right or wrong, it is not our present purpose to judge; though we are free to say, that we find far more of truth in his views than he

has credit for by those who repudiate him in toto. Of necessity, he regards those spirits who teach doctrines radically different from his own perceptions of truth, as either ignorant or deceivers,—as engaged more or less directly in a great counter movement of infernal hosts to resist and subvert the purposes of a heavenly spiritualism.

Hence he feels called upon to lift a voice of earnest warning against the "dangers of spirit-intercourse," when pursued for frivolous, mercenary, or selfish ends, or through the agency of giddy, worldly, careless, unregenerate mediums,—because of exposure to the inroads of impure and seductive spirits. To quote his words:

"It is not safe, unless there is a Divine use and value in the act, and so, unless it is in the order of Providence, either to submit to a spirit's influence, or to participate in circles for spirit-manifestations. Granting that the medium is impure, the flooding waves of an unholy spiritual magnetism stream out through every pore, through every fibre. Like seeks like; if there is one in the circle whose internal desires are evil, the first rush of the outgoing wave is into that organism. Here the current mingles with the electrical and the magnetic fluids, tainted already with impure moral qualities. \* \* \* Persons of pure mind may, through hereditary liabilities of the corporeal structure, be inundated with this most potent effluence, and all unconsciously; but the virus is taken into the system. \* \* \* Well may those who have passed through the terrific ordeal, and taken unconsciously the infection, and realized the unspeakable horrors that sometimes ensue, and been saved from them through His mercy who alone casts out the demon,—well may they tremble, even to remember the paroxysms, the crisis of the disease."

To some spiritualists, doubtless, who have had no similar experience, such a warning seems extravagant and without cause. But few will deny that there is some occasion for it. Mr. Harris has not been alone in the recognition and experience of these dangers.—There are not a few others, and these, too, among the earliest and most sincere friends of spiritualism, who have long been, to a greater or less extent, aware of and have raised a warning voice against the evils and perils attendant upon indiscriminate submission to spirit-influence, and sitting in promiscuous circles. In fact, the latter, which a few years ago were much in vogue throughout the country, have been very generally discontinued; and not seldom in consequence of the breaking out of moral disorders of the most flagrant character. These perils have been incurred, doubtless, in most instances, through ignorance. The world has needed a new experience on these matters; and through the sufferings of many, wisdom will be learned.

This, in substance, is conceded by Mr. Harris, who, so far from regarding the *whole* movement as dangerous and ruinous, expressly affirms that it has a Divine side,—that every argument that concurs to fix his faith in the Christian gospel, forces him to admit a Divine element in the Spiritual Manifestations of our day. Nay, more. He declares that even such unwise and perilous commerce with spirits as has existed, has been over-ruled beneficially, in several classes of instances, of which he specifies not less than fifteen. Our limits will not allow us to quote, at length, his views on this head, but they are substantially the same as have ever been insisted upon by the more rational advocates of spiritualism in this country.

Instead of the sweeping denunciations of American spiritualists, reported by the London Advertiser, we find the following testimony to their merits, and to the importance of the investigation:

"For the generality of the inquirers into the phenomena of spiritualism, I claim high merit, for honest dealing with phenomena which, from any stand-point, are most worthy of investigation. They are important, especially, to all professional men. To the physician, as connected with, and throwing light upon, the most subtle problems of health and disease; to the jurist, as indicating alike new causes and new preventives of crime, but especially, as affecting the value of testimony and showing the partial insecurity of the present laws of evidence, as incorporated into the civil and criminal code. It indicates a shrinking from the duties of his position for the Divine to stand aloof. I hesitate not to say, that one year of thorough investigation of accredited spiritual phenomena now occurring, will throw more light on the real meaning of the New Testament, than any amount of mere critical reading of the expounders of the text; for here we see human nature wrought upon visibly, alike by the spirit of the living God and by the myriads of darkness, and exhibiting all the sublime or terrible movements and counter-movements of the tremendous fight."

Will these contemptuous opposers of spiritualism, who have suddenly discovered that Mr. Harris, since his alleged "recantation," is "the ablest and most intellectual man in America that spiritualism has ever been able to number among its disciples,"—a "master mind of the day,"—give heed to the above truthful declarations from his lips?

We will give but one more quotation: "I solemnly affirm, that, from the best of my knowledge, results have been produced, through a heavenly spiritualism, within the last seven years, equal in quality, though not in quantity, to the best results, from the labors of Whitfield, or the Wesleys, of Oberlin or of the early Friends. Since the great tide-wave of revivalism, harmonizing with the best of the two contending influences in spiritualism, has begun to flow, (and the revival

movement is all a spiritual phenomenon, though not the work of individual spirits, in its inception, but of Almighty God,) we may doubtless expect an extension of its startling but elevating results. I design this remark for my religious reader, who has only seen that view of the subject commonly presented by the public press, which, while it has, with a few exceptions, earnestly enforced the extravagances, deceits or diabolisms attending spiritual phenomena, has suppressed a series of facts not less important, pregnant with evidences that the Lord, with His holy Angels, moves wonderfully upon mankind. No earthly consideration could induce me to forego my own spiritual experience, or recede, mentally, into the dim twilight of my perception before these manifestations began."

The last declaration is worthy of special note, when it is remembered that few if any persons have suffered more intensely, from what Mr. Harris deems diabolical influences in spiritualism than himself, in some of the earlier stages of his experience. If he has brought out from these sufferings, lessons of priceless value, so others may and will. And such as cannot, or will not, profit by his severe experience, or that of others, must learn the lesson for themselves through like sufferings. There is no other way.

Much more of interest and importance might be quoted from this discourse; but want of room compels us to desist.\* The consequence into which it has been magnified by an unscrupulous opposition, is a sufficient apology for the large space already given to it.—Enough has been presented, however, to show the utter unfairness of the report which has been so industriously circulated. The reporter, it appears, saw fit to represent what was said of the "counter" or "infernal" side of the movement, as affirmed of spiritualism as a whole! This indicates that English journalism is no more reliable than American, when spiritualism is the theme. A. E. N.

\*Those who desire to peruse the whole sermon, which contains much that is worthy of serious thought, can probably obtain copies from the office of the "Herald of Light," New York.

### HAWTHORNE'S MARBLE FAUN.

All high and truly inspiring books must have more or less of the spirit of immortality—must glance beyond earth and its scenes—must over-step the "flaming bounds of time and space," and deal with the ideal and infinite. As, to in any right sense approximate true manhood, an individual must live with constant reference to an immortal future, so a good book must, in its character and scope, transcend earthly limits, and incorporate into its fabric much of the Spiritual element. It must not be of the earth, earthy, but partake of the heavenly. A man of high genius finds it quite difficult to confine his creative operations within the narrow circle of the known and the material. The natural freedom of the larger reason demands the Spiritual and the limitless for its true objects. Hence most all great books trench more or less upon the supernatural. Great and Spiritualized imaginations sweep over the boundaries of the present existence with the same naturalness that a canary-bird would fly the limits of his wire cage.

Let us repeat it; almost without exception, great works of genius embrace the supernal. This is a somewhat significant fact, and a clear indication, of itself, of man's inherent immortality. Men of large genius are but "representative men"—are but pre-travellers, in their instinctive path, on that immortal thoroughfare over which all men are to follow. These men of more developed reason and heart but range a little ahead of the slow-marching myriads who are bound on the same never-ending journey of immortality.

All good books are therefore greatly significant to the Spiritual philosopher, and indeed, to all who understand their august and blessed import.

Hawthorne's recent book is one of this high class, and should be read with more serious intent than that which we bestow on ordinary stories. It is a highly ideal and Spiritualistic work, though presented in the form of a novel. There is nothing, however, trivial or transitory about it. It was doubtless written to illustrate high art, but its criticisms are connected by a golden, yet slight but fitting thread of story. Three of the principal characters are artists, who are endowed with highly Spiritualized attributes. HILDA, one of the principal personages of the tale, is a young New England lady who goes to Italy on an artistic pilgrimage. She has a great passion for the old masters, and employs herself in copying them, rather than in endeavors to originate. In this sphere of effort she is very successful, these same old masters making her conceptive powers and obedient hands mediums through which to not only reproduce the spirit and expression achieved by their mortal hands, but to further adumbrate their unexpressed ideal. In a word, Hawthorne makes the delicate and marvellously sensitive Hilda a Spiritual medium, as the term is now generally understood. Let us subjoin a description of Hilda's mediumship:—

"It was not Hilda's general practice to attempt reproducing the whole of a great picture, but to select some high, noble, delicate portion of it, in which the spirit and essence of the picture culminated: the Virgin's celestial sorrow, for example, or a hovering angel, or a saint with a glow of heaven in his dying face—and these would be rendered with her

whole soul. If a picture had darkened into an indistinct shadow, through time and neglect, or had been injured by cleaning, or retouched by some profane hand, she seemed to possess the faculty of seeing it in its pristine glory. The copy would come from her hands with what the beholder felt must be the light which the old master had left upon the original in bestowing his final and most ethereal touch. In some instances even, (at least, so those believed who best appreciated Hilda's power and sensibility,) she had been enabled to execute what the great master had conceived in his imagination, but had not so perfectly succeeded in putting on canvas; a result surely not impossible when such depths of sympathy as she possessed were assisted by delicate skill and accuracy of her slender hand. In such cases the girl was but a finer instrument, a more exquisitely effective piece of mechanism, by the help of which the SPIRIT of some great departed painter now first achieved his ideal, CENTURIES AFTER HIS OWN EARTHLY HAND, THAT OTHER TOOL, HAD TURNED TO DUST!"

It would seem from this that Hawthorne is either a Spiritualist, or that he so far sanctions its views as to borrow its mediumistic idea. He again furthers the idea of this Spiritualistic appliance, while describing the process by which Kenyon, the sculptor, is endeavoring to mould the bust of his faun-like friend, Donatello:

"Helpless of a good result, Kenyon gave up all pre-conceptions about the character of his subject, and let his hands work uncontrolled with the clay, somewhat as a SPIRITUAL MEDIUM, while holding a pen, yields it to an unseen guidance other than his own will. Now and then he fancied that his plan was destined to be a successful one. A skill and insight beyond his consciousness seemed occasionally to take up the task. The mystery, the miracle of imbuing an inanimate substance with thought, feeling, and all the intangible attributes of the soul, appeared on the verge of being wrought, but now, as he flattered himself, the true image of his friend was about to emerge from the facile material, bringing with it more of Donatello's character than the keenest observer could detect at any moment in the face of the original. Vain expectation! some touch, whereby the artist thought to improve or hasten the result, interfered with the design of his unseen Spiritual assistant, and spoiled the whole."

From the above extracts, we may fairly infer that Hawthorne is a Spiritualist, and that he fully believes that Spirits may control, to some extent, and for high ends, the organisms of persons yet in the flesh.

All through these two volumes we distinctly discover traces of Spiritualism, and the author's mind is considerably exercised with topics which Spiritualists are constantly agitating. We shall refer to this book in another article, and make still further extracts, which afford hints concerning the solution of the problems of evil and sin.

EDITOR OF THE SPIRITUAL ECLECTIC.—I am much pleased with the first number of your paper. In its mechanical department it is a perfect gem of neatness and beauty—a rare feast to the eye. The quality of the paper is excellent, a little too good if any fault is to be found with it. The editorials are vigorous and pertinent. The selections evince a discriminating taste that prophesies well for the future conduct of the paper, indicating that your name is not a *misnomer*. You could not have hit upon a better name. We need Eclecticism in art, science, literature, and particularly in theology in this Babel age when "some cry one thing and some another," and scarcely any one knows just what he does, or ought to, believe. Above all, in the great field of spiritual research which is now inviting more minds than in any former age of the world, is there demanded the exercise of an eclectic wisdom, which, appropriating the good, casts the bad away. The manifold blunders which have lately been made in this department of investigation, verify Paul's statement that "the animal man discerneth not the things of the spirit," and indicate that, in order to profitable explorations, one needs an eye of observation sharpened by spiritual attainments. The spirit of a true spiritualism, which is the spirit of God, is eclectic.—It "searcheth all things," proves all things, discriminates in all things.

May I not venture to hope that your name is a faithful index to the future character of the paper? Let it rebuke grossness, uncleanness, sensuality, and inculcate purity, heavenly-mindedness, spirituality, seeking to lift up spiritualism from the vile estate to which it might seem it has been the purpose of some of its professed votaries to degrade it, to its legitimate and normal plane. Let it discriminate in favor of pure, wholesome Christian sentiment, and a divine interior spiritual life, the fruits of which are bountiful, comely and good works, an orderly and decorous exterior deportment, and against the multifarious phases of *infidelity* (I use the word in its popular sense), with their manifest results which have gained currency through some spiritual mediums and papers. Spiritualism, "the synonym of all that is pure, noble, refining, angelic, Godlike," ought not to be made responsible for these perversions, and I here, as I have always hitherto done, disclaim all complicity and fellowship with whatever of this detestable character goes under the name of Spiritualism.

I am glad to learn that the spirit of the "old Age" is to survive in the Eclectic. And this seems almost equivalent to an intimation that the Eclectic will be a medium for the practical and elevating thoughts of the philo-

sophie and pure-minded Newton, who was the soul of the Age, and traces of whose pen those having spiritual discernment might fancy they see over the cabalistic "E" in the present number.

I do not mean to insinuate a doubt of the ability of the present Editor to make the Eclectic just such a paper as the cause to which it is devoted demands, but to hint my estimation of the talent and moral worth of Mr. Newton, towards whom let me freely endorse the sentiments of love and fellowship of "L. P." in the article "Au Revoir."

I thank you, Mr. Editor, for your relevant and pungent reprimand of the "superciliousness of Swedenborgianism." It is just and deserved.

Let all who desire the success of such an instrument of good as the Eclectic promise to be, unite heart and hand to give it encouragement and support.

H. P. Osgood.

Foxcroft, Me., April 6, 1860.

BROTHER A. E. NEWTON.

We are happy to announce that Bro. A. E. Newton, who is so well known, and so highly regarded, both as an editor and a man, will assist us in our editorial labors. He probably will contribute something to every number of this paper. This, we know, will rejoice his numerous friends all over the country. He is a good and sincere man, as well as one of the best writers—if not the best—we have in our ranks. In a logical and philosophical controversy, he is unsurpassed. He will be responsible only for the articles that bear his own signature. The articles in last week's paper, over the signature of "E," were from his pen.

RESPECTABILITY.

What is respectability? The dictionaries, in which words sometimes prematurely crystallize, define it as "the state or quality of being respectable—worthiness of respect—estimable," etc. In the more general acceptance of the word, it means to be peculiarly well-to-do—to have a fair degree of outside morality—to make a "good appearance," and, above all, to be endorsed by that immaculate, smooth-faced, and universally popular lady, Mrs. GRUNDY, who is the general conscience-keeper of society.

Let us describe this much referred-to lady. Well, then, she is a *lettle* religious, though "none to hurt." Her religion, like the beauty of many of her sex, is only "skin deep." It isn't, with her, an intrinsic sentiment. Mrs. Grundy never insists upon intrinsic things—save and excepting intrinsic hypocrisy and deceit. Mrs. Grundy is a fashionable lady to some extent. Mrs. G. doesn't allow any "ancient landmarks" to be removed with regard to religion. In this respect, and we believe in this only, her wisdom and Solomon's coincide. She is not a progressive individual; she frowns upon all new movements, and declares them "vulgar." She has in full charge only what has "become," and fully repudiates the "becoming"—that is, that which is advancing to take place among the acquisitions of civilization. She has regard only to external; she never troubles herself, if, indeed, she has the faculty to do so, which is a very doubtful matter,—about the operation of spiritual forces; she is only troubled by them; they shock her and make her "nervous."—She isn't, however, susceptible of any deeper agitation than a slight "nervousness," and that is partly simulated. Mrs. Grundy is a "fair-weather Christian," and a fair-weather every thing else; catch her to "eat with publicans and sinners," indeed! No! she wouldn't go near the horrid creatures, save, perhaps, to leave at their doors an "orthodox" tract! She can hardly reconcile herself to that portion of Christ's history which refers to his going among that "low class of people."—Were he on earth now, and should repeat his calls on these same "publicans and sinners," Mrs. Grundy would give him the cold shoulder and treat him with scorn. (Mrs. G. is never in earnest except in the manifestation of scorn for "low people.") She would pronounce him a "free lover," (Mrs. G. herself is quite a "free lover," only she is rather shy about her amorous proceedings,) and a tippler. She, nominally, respects his memory, to be sure, because time has glossed over those habits of his of visiting and conversing kindly with the despised classes of community.

Perhaps we have said enough of Mrs. Grundy's traits to give our readers an inkling of her general character. It was necessary to say thus much of this great queen of "respectability," that her subjects might be indicated.—Their views of respectability are like unto hers. These subjects, and they are very numerous, never will do any thing till they consult their sovereign. Before they proceed to do anything out of the ordinary course of things, they first consult Mrs. G. If the movement meets her approbation, they "will go it with a perfect looseness."

Now we do not wish to be misunderstood on this subject. We would not, for our lives, ridicule genuine respectability; withered by our hands when we attempt to write anything that shall in the least favor immorality of any kind. Purity of life is the only condition of blessedness, which we account, with

Carlyle, is something beyond happiness, and infinitely more to be desired. And, therefore, we would see to it that it shall not be substituted by external, false propriety or respectability. It is time, if we would have in society a genuine respectability, to scrape these "whited walls," and expose the hypocrisy which this thin wash of bogus respectability so successfully screens.

Not Till Then.

Not till we are crushed, torn, and bleeding, in the conflicts of life, do we turn our attention to the "land of the hereafter" as the place where the deferred hopes of the soul will be realized. When we are occupied with the immediate necessities, real or imaginary ones, of the present state, the deeper needs of the spirit but vaguely indicate themselves.—They lie in "pensive shadows," awaiting the culmination, and ebbing away, of life's cruder wants, before their murmurings become audible. But after the "beggarly elements" of time and space have done their utmost for us, and the great void is yet felt, we grow into a temper to welcome the comforter, even the deep spirit of truth which abideth forever.—Until we are satisfied with worldliness—with these perishable matters which cannot meet our inmost demands—we shall live on the husks of things—he trivial, heartless, and exceedingly thoughtless creatures. But when the adverse hour comes; or when our growing spirits begin to pant after something that external life gives not, then, willingly, longingly, do we incline our ears unto the deeper wisdom that speaks to us of a glorious and everlasting hereafter.

Doubting Thomases

Are always numerous. We have encountered a few of them at the beginning of this our enterprise, and we take this occasion to say to our dubious friends (?) that we did not re-annate the SPIRITUAL AGE with the least doubt of full success. We start the paper with a list amply large enough to sustain it, even if we had not a very reasonable hope of enlarging it immediately. We have already received numerous compliments for the neatness and general good appearance of our paper, as we expected we should. Without the least disposition to boast, or to disparage our brethren of the Spiritual press, we think we transcend them all in the mechanical beauty of the ECLECTIC. Not designing it for a temporary institution, we made up our mind to send it forth in the creditable shape it bears. We do not say that its contents correspond with its typographical perfection, but we do say that we mean to present, from week to week, quite a readable paper. However, we will let our readers judge for themselves.—But we would have the doubting Thomases reassured,—or at least, if they do not mean to lend us a helping hand, to let us go cheerfully about our business. We blame not the doubting Thomases—we know that they are the victims of unfortunate organizations, and cannot, perhaps, help the "gloomy doubts that rise," and which cloud their visions to all legitimate success in life's grave business. We can but hope, in relation to them, that they will learn to "believe all things"—that are true and feasible—and to especially believe that "some things can be done as well as others."

Infidelity.

We observe that Spiritualism is stirring up quite a fuss among our infidel neighbors of the Investigator. It has greatly decimated their ranks—taking willing captive some of their formerly, stoutest champions—such as Joseph Baker, Robert Dale Owen, &c.—and some of the more bigoted of the survivors are waxing uneasy about the stability of their negatory craft. Even brother Seaver is softening down a little, and the never-fading light is somewhat radiating his face. We heard him talk in a Spiritual Conference, at Bromfield Hall, one Sunday morning, and we felt that he could not be far from the heavenly kingdom. He has, if we do not greatly mistake his natural character, a strong religious and Spiritual tendency, and it cannot be congenial to him to dwell in the gloomy shadows of eternal death. The tyranny of his will, the pride of intellect, doubtless, keeps him from rising unto the "light and liberty" of Spiritualism.

Vast is the mission of Spiritualism, and it is radiating its divine and central light in all directions, and bringing in happy converts from all extremes of religious and non-religious opposition. It is exerting a wondrous power.

Give Him a Call.

We would say to our friends who may visit Portland that they will find a quiet and excellent home at the COMMERCIAL HOUSE, kept by Mr. N. J. Davis. He is an experienced landlord, and gives his entire attention to securing to his guests the utmost comfort. Strangers coming here from abroad will do no better than to stop with him.

Miss Emily Faithfull has established at 9 Great Coram street, Brunswick square, London, a printing office, in which the work is done wholly by women.

EDITORIAL ITEMS.

John Brown's ghost is a much more sensible article than was John Brown himself. It informs Andrew Jackson Davis's journal that its conduct here was "very wrong," and that "no language of murder or forcible means can remove slavery." Bravo!—Exchange.

You are right there, John, and we are happy to observe that a change of worlds has opened your eyes a bit. Violence and bloodshed will not truly liberate any man, or set of men, and we are glad that you have found that out, in the upper spheres. The truth, instilled into the minds of men, will be the best antidote to slavery of all descriptions.

The following hit at the Independent is a "palpable" one. We clip it from the Christian Mirror. When the grave Orthodox papers do relax their gravity, they do it to some good purpose. If they would smile and joke oftener, their religion would be just as good, and far more acceptable. "Hit him again!"

A CAMPAIGN PAPER.—We have received from "A Maine Patriot," with request to publish, a slip from the Vermont Chronicle. This communication is from a clergyman of that State, expressing his views on the receipt of a Prospectus to canvass his Parish for subscribers to the N. Y. Independent during the Presidential campaign! We presume many in our State as well as ourselves were favored with one of these documents. We did not deem it worth while to make any apology for not accepting so important a trust, as that of stirring the clergy and Christian laity of Maine to political agitation. The reasons of the Vermont pastor are as cutting as the winter air of his northern mountains. The N. Y. Evangelist closes a long article on this campaign enterprise of the Independent with this remark:—"Certainly it is a great undertaking to combine in one tremendous sheet the threefold attractions of a Sunday School Paper, a Comic Almanac, and a Campaign Document."

A strong party man not long since remarked, in extenuation of a somewhat noisy political glorification, that "it was not every day they killed a hog, and when they did the boys had to have the bladder."

A writer in that kinkiest of literary papers, the New York Express, says:—"Indeed I never quite fancied an eternity of anything—not even of happiness; certainly not of the other thing. And I especially dislike all kinds of eternal people. As for the eternal theatre-goer, or the eternal picture-goer, I fear he must be an eternal nuisance. The freshness of his nature soon gets washed away, and nothing whatever is capable of producing a clean impression upon it."

"WHO WROTE IT?"—The speculators about the authorship of certain articles in the Ledger are quite off the track; it does not follow that because an article is written by a clergyman, the author is necessarily a resident of Brooklyn. We employ more Doctors of Divinity in writing for the Ledger than there are or ever were engaged on any other paper in this country.—New York Ledger.

Only think of it! Doctors of Divinity cheek by jowl with the great fiction-monger, Sylvanus Junior! One the romancer of secularism, and the others romancers in theology! However, it is not a bad sign, this of Doctors of Divinity descending into the literary forum "and taking the people by the hand." We are thankful to have their ice thaw a bit, even if the waters thereof do mingle with the debris of sensational literature.

ASTOUNDING PIECE OF INFORMATION.—Bonner, of the New York Ledger, has actually found out the precise number of dollars it takes to make up the salary of the Vice President of the United States of America. This highly valuable piece of statistical information—second only in importance to the discovery of the North West Passage—was derived from no less a source than the Vice President himself. Verily, we are progressing fast. Greely's Almanac, it seems, set the sum \$2000 below the true figure. Wake up, Horace, for Bonner is after you!

Mrs. Swisshelm says that the popularity of her paper in Minnesota is due to the fact that "people are always expecting she will say something she ought not to." There are more such.—Exchange.

That's it exactly! From some unaccountable perversion of our nature, forbidden fruit is always most eagerly sought for, and keenly relished. A very proper and morally unexceptionable paper will always be highly commended, but very little read. Sin, we are sorry to be obliged to say, is very seductive!

The Bible, or some other good book, enjoins it upon us to shun the very appearance of evil. Alas! it is the disposition of too many of us "miserable sinners" to shun only the appearance of it!

A man out West has been severely fined for hugging a girl in church.—Bath Times.

If women are angels—as they are called—where a more appropriate place to display adoration of them than in a church?—Boston Post.

As a church is a holy place, and as hugging is a somewhat questionable operation, the young female should have simply been "greeted with a holy kiss," according to the sainted Apostle's direction.

The wife of "one of the first citizens of Auburn" has just gone raving mad from spiritualism.—Boston Post.

Don't believe a word of it! Most people go "raving mad" for the want of a true spiritualism. A little more spiritualism would do the Post no harm whatever. Those people who are said to be made crazy by spiritualism, are constitutionally a little shaky.

Will those religious presses which have so eagerly given currency to the gross misrepresentations of Mr. T. L. Harris' famous sermon on spiritualism be as prompt to correct it? Will they do it at all? We fear not. Mr. Newton's article in another column sets forth this matter in its true light.

RATHER TART.—Fanny Fern, who is rather a plain spoken lady, doesn't like Bro. Guinness, the Irish revival star-preacher. Hear her: "Having nothing to say, he could not say it;

so, he resorted to rollings of the eyes, clasping of the hands, shakings of the head, and long pauses to introduce the fittest platitudes. One might laugh were it not so terrible to see Christianity so travestied and profaned. The very tones of his voice are false. I measured him before he had done mouthing the first hymn. He impressed me as an egotistical humbug."

Wonder if Brother Guinness figured in the late Irish revivals, which the Westminster Review has so thoroughly analyzed?

NEWS ITEMS.

Mrs. Mary Ann Latson, of New York, committed suicide on account of jealousy of her husband. She stopped up the cracks of the door and windows of her room, lighted a furnace of charcoal, and died from the fumes. Her husband, who is a dentist, found her dead with a note in her hand stating that "his business" had driven her crazy, and imploring forgiveness for the trouble she had caused him. He was both surprised and afflicted at the melancholy occurrence, and stated to the police that for eight years or more she had been unreasonably jealous of him.

The London Times advises the young Prince of Wales to visit the United States, and assures him a courteous reception. It doesn't know anything about the emigrant runners and California ticket swindlers of New York, or it would tell him to shun that city. The confidence men too!—fancy Col. Phipps and the Prince listening respectfully and attentively to some confidence man, buying bogus San Francisco tickets, or being asked to visit a quiet place on Broadway where "there's a little game goin' on."

The London Observer states that the proposal of the directors of the Great Eastern to raise an additional sum of £100,000 to equip the vessel for sea, has been attended with the most complete success. Subscribers to this fund are to be guaranteed a dividend of 17 1/2 per cent. out of the profits, subject to the charges of insurance, and redeemable at the end of two years, with 20 per cent. bonus. This ship will thus cost upwards of a million sterling, which is pretty good evidence that everything about her has cost double its value in one way or another. The Manchester Guardian says the Great Eastern will be ready for sea by the beginning of June, and that she will accompany the royal squadron which is to escort the Prince of Wales to Canada.

THE WAY TO "TURN OUT A PLAT."—At Cincinnati, Ohio, one day last week, Joseph Folder, German, was crushed to death by being drawn between two heavy rollers in a machine shop.—He came out as thin as a pancake.

A great foot race occurred in New Orleans on Sunday, the 1st inst. The wager was for \$10,000, and was won by the Trenton Boy, beating a man named Smith. Some \$10,000 to \$50,000 changed hands on the occasion.

Domestic difficulties induced George Worcester, of Elkhart County, Ind., to tie a rope to a limb of a tree, climb up to the limb and jump off, giving himself as heavy a fall as if he had been on the drop of a scaffold, and quite closing his earthly career.

The gossips are discussing the approaching marriage of Madame de Bodisco to a Capt. Scott, of the East India Company's service, who has followed her here. She was a Georgetown belle when the old Baron wooed and won her, and is now a "leviathan of loveliness." Her oldest sons are in the Imperial Cadet Guard of Russia, but by marrying again, she forfeits her pension as widow of an ambassador.—Washington Letter.

A Washington letter says the British Minister at Washington is putting his bachelor house in order to receive the Prince of Wales. Lord Lyons is described as more popular and less gallant than his predecessor Lord Napier.

"Professor" Grimes' Book on Spiritualism.

We have not seen this, we suppose, recently published book, nor do we especially care to. So far as spiritualism is concerned, we do not regard Grimes at all qualified to render an adequate judgment. Being a materialist, or, to coin a word, an animalist, he cannot rise to that high spiritual point of view from which this subject must necessarily be surveyed.—Taking the science which he professes to teach as the criterion in this matter, it can be easily shown, that in a religious or spiritual sense, he is nearly idiotic. He can have, from the style of his organization, but a meagre religious consciousness. It is difficult for a man to believe what is not in his own constitution.—He has nothing in him that responds to spiritualistic ideas. Being, from his whole make-up, a materialist, he is not aware that he, or any other man or woman, has a "living soul." He relies wholly on the evidences of his senses for all the knowledge he may possess.—Unfortunately he is an unfinished man, because he will persist in assuming to treat of matters that are above his reach. He would, doubtless, do to teach anatomy, and would have been at home in the Prophet Ezekiel's valley of dry bones. We believe Grimes does not recognize man as intrinsically a religious being. If he is any thing, he is positivist after the school of Auguste Comte. But we doubt whether he has any fixed philosophical views, because his mind is too superficial and muddy to afford any permanent anchorage ground.—We think he sometimes holds to the progressive theory, and pretends to believe that man progressed from ape-hood. We were in, one evening, at the New Melodeon to hear the "Professor" debate with Bro. Leo Miller, and we thought his looks and manner was the truest illustration of this, his ape theory, that we have yet seen.

Special Notices.

Special Notice.

Will our exchanges remember to direct to "Spiritual Eclectic," Portland, Me.?

All communications intended for the paper must also be addressed to the Eclectic, as above named.

Letters containing remittances may also be sent to the editor, or P. Clarke, 14 Bromfield street, Boston.

To Correspondents.

A portion of Dr. Robbins' articles will appear next week. Many thanks to him for his kind regards for our paper.

The second instalment of "Drops and Draughts," by "Leollett," (is it?), will appear next week with the verses. Suit your convenience in that matter, but it is better not to write but on one side of the paper.

Bro. Mariner's criticism upon Coleridge and Moses, will appear next week. But we would apprise Bro. M., that Coleridge was a very learned man.

"Corporal Punishment" got mislaid somehow. We read it, and marked it for insertion, although it was too long. Can't friend Litchfield re-write the article and condense it? The subject is a good one, and should be discussed.

"L. P.'s" article is welcome. We have written to you.

We have quite a number of pieces of poetry on hand which will be printed soon.

We feel very grateful to Bro. Osgood for his commendatory notice of our paper, and he, and others, may be assured that we shall try to deserve and retain their good opinions.

"Vesper Bells," though the topic is old, ring very well, and will appear in due season.

We shall, doubtless, insert some of the verses which so highly eulogize Bro. Davis, of the Herald of Progress, although we think the writer lays it on a little too thick. Suppose our friend tries his hand in a line not quite so idolatrous? Beware of idolatry, brother.

Mrs. J. W. Currier will lecture in Portland April 15th, Bangor 22nd, Marblehead 29th and May 6th; Portsmouth, May 13—20; Milford, N. H., 27th; Portland, June 3rd and 10th. She will speak in Oswego and Cincinnati, Sundays of October and November, and intends to spend the winter West and South.—Applications should be sent in as early as possible. Address Lowell, Box 815.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR APRIL.—We have received, from the publishers we suppose, the April number of this Monthly, and have read portions of it with increased satisfaction. The leading article, on "The Laws of Beauty," contains valuable thoughts for an artist, and much information for the general esthetic reader. As we advance in true spiritual culture Beauty, as an end, and the laws by which it is governed, and by which it may be more definitely understood, become more an object of deep interest to us. It has, owing to its subtle character, been a very difficult thing to define. It is in that category of things that are much easier to emotionally experience than to intellectually describe. It is a purely spiritual existence, and has, as the writer of this article avers, its source within. All outward, material forms are but effigies of spiritual principles. But being, in its essence, very ethereal, it is quite difficult to give any adequate outward expression to Beauty. The external forms of things, however perfect, are but faintly suggestive of the deepest and truest Beauty. We have at rare seasons only, prophetic emotional intimations of the unspeakable inmost we name Beauty. The artist tries to catch and fix either in words, colors, or "dull, cold marble," his fleeting radiant visions of this eternal loveliness, but the result falls far short of his inexpressible ideal.

The other articles of this number of the ATLANTIC—or at least enough of them to sustain its high literary reputation—are of a superior cast, both as prose and verse. We have read "BARDIC SYMBOLS," but we confess we cannot as yet discern their significance.—They have the merit of being original, and in our view, no other. The fault, however, may be with our spiritual eyes. It would seem that the "symbols" have some meaning to them, or else the editor of the ATLANTIC would not have inserted them. Perhaps the author explained the meaning, therein couched, to the editor at a private interview.

Mrs. Currier of Lowell.

We have had the pleasure of hearing this lady speak for the two last Sabbaths, in Portland, and were highly edified by her several addresses. In an oratorical point of view, they would be hard to excel. Her subjects, too, are handled with rare intellectual ability.

She develops them all from their premise—germ as fittingly and naturally as a tree expands from the seed. We might say the same of Lizzie Doten's efforts, and of several other trance-speakers whom we could name. Verily, our clergymen must look to their homiletic laurels, or they will find themselves entirely superseded. We most cordially recommend Mrs. CURRIER to those Spiritual societies who would secure the services of a first-class trance-speaker. See notice of her address.

## Thinkers' Department.

**THINGS NOT TO BE SOLVED.**—The nature of the Divinity, immortality, the existence of our own souls, and their connection with the body, are eternal problems, which our philosophers make no progress in solving.—*Goethe.*

**IMMORTALITY.**—I doubt not of our immortality, for nature cannot dispense with our continued activity. But we are not all in like manner immortal; and he who would manifest himself as a great *Entelechia* [an object in complete actualization] to future ages, must begin now.—*Ib.*

**THE WORLD.—HOW SEEN AT DIFFERENT PERIODS OF LIFE.**—We see the world one way from a plain, another way from the promontory, another from the glacier fields of the Alps. We see, from one of these points, a larger piece of the world than from the other; but who can say that we see most truly from one of them? When a writer leaves monuments on the different steps of his life, it is chiefly important that he should have from nature a foundation, and good will; that he should, at each step, see and feel clearly, and say distinctly and truly, what has passed in his mind. Then will his writings, if they are true to the season in which they originated, remain always true and right, however the writer may unfold or alter.—*Ib.*

**MAN.**—Man must go through various stages, each bringing with it its peculiar virtues and faults, which, in the epoch to which they belong, may be considered natural, and in a manner right. On the next step you see him another man; there is no trace left of the earlier virtues or faults; others have taken their places. And so on to the final transformation, after which we know not what we shall be.—*Ib.*

**MUSIC.**—'Tis strange this state to which the great improvements in the technical and mechanical parts have brought our late composers. The productions are no longer music; they go quite beyond the level of human feelings, and the mind and heart answer no more.—*Ib.*

**PROGRESSIVE CULTURE.**—Young people will best enjoy what a man has written in his youth; nor need we think that the world makes such progress in culture or good taste that youth itself has got beyond the era of rudeness. If the world does improve on the whole, yet youth must begin anew, and go through the stages of culture from the beginning.—*Ib.*

**FREEDOM.**—Through all Schiller's works goes the idea of freedom, though this idea assumed a new shape as he advanced in culture, and became another man. In his youth it was physical freedom that engaged his thoughts.—Now, every man has freedom enough, if he can only satisfy himself, and knew what he is fit for. What avails us a superfluity of freedom which we cannot use? You see this chamber, and the next, in which you, through the open door, see my bed. Neither of them is large; and they are by necessary furniture, books, manuscripts, and works of art, made narrower; but they are enough for me. If a man have freedom enough to live healthily, and work at his craft, he has enough; and each man can easily obtain this amount of freedom. Then, none of us are free, except under certain conditions, which we must fulfill.—*Ib.*

**It profits not**  
The wisdom of the wise. The meek of heart,  
And humble, in the Lord who set their trust,  
And lean on his stability, alone  
Know peace. Amid the turbulence and strife  
Of passion, darkly tempesting mankind,  
Their day-spring from within around them beams  
Pure light; and to their spirit, yet on earth,  
The world, in its variety of woe,  
Speaks of the God who made it, and proclaims  
Thy work, eternal Wisdom.—[*Saul.*]

"Beautiful is the blush of morning,—the splendor of youthful hope and love; but the lustre of matured affection, the cloud of evening, made luminous by the moon, with the star of immortal life gleaming from beyond,—this is that spiritual light which neither fades on earth nor dies in heaven."

At the age of seventy-five one must, of course, think frequently of death. But this thought never gives me the least uneasiness,—I am so fully convinced that the soul is indestructible, and that its activity will continue through eternity. It is like the sun, which seems to our earthly eyes to set in night, but is in reality gone to diffuse its light elsewhere. Even while sinking it remains the same sun.—*Goethe.*

The Epistle to the Ephesians is evidently a catholic epistle, addressed to the whole of what might be called St. Paul's diocese. It is the divinest composition of man. It embraces every doctrine of Christianity;—first, those precepts common with natural religion. The Epistle to the Colossians is the overflowing, as it were, of St. Paul's mind upon the same subject.—*Coleridge.*

### The Book of Job.

The Book of Job is an Arab poem, antecedent to the Mosaic dispensation. It repre-

sents the mind of a good man not enlightened by an actual revelation, but seeking about for one. In no other book is the desire and necessity for a Mediator so intensely expressed. The personality of God, the I AM of the Hebrews, is most vividly impressed on the book, in opposition to Pantheism.

I now think, after many doubts, that the passage, "I know my Redeemer liveth," &c., may be fairly taken as a burst of determination, a *quasi* prophecy. "I know not how this can be; but in spite of all my difficulties, this I do know, that I shall be recompensed." It should be observed, that all the imagery in the speeches of the man is taken from the East, and is no more than a mere representation of the forms of material nature. But when God speaks the tone is exalted, and almost all of the images are taken from Egypt, the crocodile, the war-horse, and so forth.—Egypt was then the first monarchy that had a splendid court.

Satan, in the prologue, does not mean the devil, our Diabolus. There is no calumny in his words. He is rather the *circulator*, the accusing spirit, a dramatic attorney-general.—But after the prologue, which was necessary to bring the imagination into a proper state for the dialogue, we hear no more of this Satan.—*Ib.*

"The best way to bring a clever young man who has become skeptical and unsettled, to reason, is to make him feel something in any way. Love, if sincere and unworldly, will, in nine cases out of ten, bring him to a sense and assurance of something real and actual; and that sense alone will make him think to a sound purpose, instead of dreaming that he is thinking."

You may depend upon it, religion is, in its essence, the most gentlemanly thing in the world. It will alone gentelize, if unmixed with cant; and I know nothing else that will, alone. Certainly not the army, which is thought to be the grand embellisher of manners.—*Coleridge.*

A woman's head is usually over ears in her heart. Man seems to have been designed for the superior being of the two; but as things are, I think women are generally better creatures than men. They have, taken universally, weaker appetites and weaker intellects, but they have stronger affections. A man with a bad heart has been sometimes saved by a strong head; but a corrupt woman is lost forever.—*Ib.*

—once said, that he could make nothing of love, except that it was friendship accidentally combined with desire. Whence I conclude that he never was in love. For what shall we say of the feeling which a man of sensibility has towards his wife with her baby at her breast! How pure from sensual desire! Yet how different from friendship.—*Ib.*

"Sympathy constitutes friendship; but in love there is a sort of antipathy, or opposing passion. Each strives to be the other, and both together make up one whole."

**COLERIDGE'S SYSTEM.**—"The result of my system will be to show, that, so far from the world being a goddess in petticoats, it is rather the devil in a strait waist-coat." [If his system didn't thus represent the world, it would very evidently be false.—*Ed.*]

**PLATO.**—Plato's works are preparatory exercises for the mind. He leads you to see, that propositions involving in themselves a contradiction in terms are nevertheless true; and which, therefore, must belong to a higher logic—that of ideas. They are self-contradictory only in the Aristotelian logic, which is the instrument of the understanding. I have read most of the works of Plato several times with profound attention, but not all of his writings. I had read Plato by anticipation.—He was a consummate genius.—*Table Talk.*

**MADNESS.**—Madness is not simply a bodily disease. It is the sleep of the spirit with certain conditions of wakefulness; that is to say, lucid intervals. During this sleep, or recession of the spirit, the lower or bestial states rise up into action and prominence. It is an awful thing to be eternally tempted by the perverted senses. The reason may resist—it does resist—for a long time; but too often, at length, it yields for a moment, and the man is mad forever. An act of the will is, in many instances, precedent to complete insanity. I think it was Bishop Butler, who said that he was all his life struggling against the devilish suggestions of his senses, which would have maddened him, if he had relaxed the stern wakefulness of his reason for a single moment.—*Coleridge.*

**PLANTS.—INSECTS.—MEN.—DOG.—ANT AND BEE.**—Plants exist in themselves. Insects by, or by means of, themselves. Men, for themselves. There is growth only in plant; but there is irritability, or, a better word, instinctivity, in insects.

You may understand by *insects*, life in sections—diffused generally over all the parts.

The dog alone, of all brute animals, has an affection upwards to man.

The ant and the bee are, I think, much nearer man in the understanding or faculty of

adapting means to proximate ends, than the elephant.—*Table Talk.*

**LOVE.**—"Love is the admiration and cherishing of the amiable qualities of the beloved person, upon condition of yourself being the object of their action. The qualities of the sexes correspond. Man's courage is loved by woman, whose fortitude again is coveted by the man. His vigorous intellect is answered by her infallible tact."

**MARRIAGE.**—You may depend upon it, that a slight contrast of character is very material to happiness in marriage.—*Coleridge.*

**THE TRINITY.**—It has been objected to me, that the vulgar notions of the Trinity are at variance with this doctrine; and it was added, whether as flattery or sarcasm matters not, that few believers in the Trinity thought of it as I did. To which again humbly, yet confidently, I reply, that my superior light, if superior, consists in nothing more than this,—I more clearly see that the doctrine of Trinal Unity is an absolute truth transcending my human means of understanding it, or demonstrating it. I may or may not be able to utter the formula of my faith in this mystery in more logical terms than some others; but this I say: Go and ask the most ordinary man, a professed believer in the doctrine, whether he believes in and worships a plurality of Gods, and he will start with horror at the bare suggestion. He may not be able to explain his creed in exact terms; but he will tell you that he *does* believe in one God only,—reason about it as you may.—*Ib.*

**COLERIDGE'S VIEWS OF PREACHING.**—Every attempt, in a sermon, to cause emotion, except as the consequence of an impression made on the reason, or understanding, or the will, I hold to be fanatical and sectarian.

**HIS OPINION OF QUAKERS.**—A Quaker is made up of ice and flame. He has no composition, no mean temperature. Hence he is rarely interested about any public measure but he becomes a fanatic, and oversteps, in his irrelative zeal every decency and every right opposed to his course.—*Ib.*

**HIS OPINION OF MILTON.**—In Paradise Lost—indeed, in every one of his poems—it is Milton himself whom you see; his Satan, his Adam, his Raphael, almost his Eve—are all John Milton; and it is a sense of this intense egotism that gives me the great pleasure in reading Milton's works. The egotism of such a man is a revelation of spirit.—*Ib.*

"Men of humor are always in some degree men of genius; wits are rarely so, although a man of genius may, among other gifts, possess wit, as Shakespeare."

"Genius must have talent as its complement and implement, just as, in like manner, imagination must have fancy. In short, the higher intellectual powers can only act through a corresponding energy of the lower."

"Men of genius are rarely much annoyed by the company of vulgar people, because they have a power of looking at such persons as objects of amusement, of another race altogether."

"The most common effect of the mock evangelical spirit, especially in young women, is self-inflation and busy-bodyism."

"How strange and awful is the synthesis of life and death in the gusty winds and falling leaves of an autumn day!"

**MAN CANNOT BE STATIONARY.**—If a man is not rising up to be an angel, depend upon it, he is sinking downward to be a devil. He cannot stop at the beast. The most savage of men are not beasts; they are a good deal worse.—*Coleridge.*

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.—*Ib.*

**NATURAL HISTORY.—THE FLIRT.**—This brilliant insect of the butterfly species is common to all latitudes, but flourishes best in a warm climate. It revels in the atmosphere of the ball-room, matinee, the artistic reunion, and while it loves publicity, it is not loth to lurk in shaded alcoves or to nestle among cushions in quiet corners.

The plumage of the female flirt is very dazzling. It is clad in the most radiant smiles and compliments of the softest and most delicate shades, while its eyes have a strange, deep, and penetrating lustre.

It diffuses a faint yet thrilling perfume, caught from crushed flowers, scent-bags, billet-doux. Its music is a low persuasive hum. It can be true to no tune, but sings in snatches, and at the piano runs over the keys with light and tremulous touch.

The volatility of this insect has long perplexed naturalists. It baffles pursuit. Strange to say, it dissolves to the touch, and when caught it is a handful of ashes cold and colorless.

The sting of the flirt is very severe. Some say it is poisonous. Instances have been known where it has proved fatal to happiness and hope. It is inflicted with perfect impar-

ality, but seems to strike deepest into the free and honest hearts.

The flirt languishes at the first chill breath of sorrow. When storm is in the air, it is pitiful to see it seeking shelter, its gay plumage so beaten and soiled, and the color and the perfume gone, and the low inviting music changed to a despairing plaint.

The flame that it flutters around generally burns it at last, as is the case with many a poor moth.—*Vanity Fair.*

☞ The following beautiful and touching lines are from the German of Fouque.

### Childless House.

Through her chambers roams the Mother,  
Searching, searching everywhere;  
Seeks, and knows not what, with yearning,  
Childless house still finding there.

Childless, house!—O sound of anguish!  
She alone the anguish knows,  
Here by day who led the dear one,  
Here who rock'd its night-repose.

Beechen buds again are swelling,  
Sunshine warms again the shore,  
Ah, fond mother, cease your searching,  
Comes the loved and lost no more.

Then when airs of eve are fresh'ning,  
Home the father winds his way,  
While with smiles his woo he's veiling,  
Gushing tears his heart betray.

Well he knows, within his dwelling  
Still on death he'll find the gloom,  
Only hear the mother moaning,—  
No sweet babe to smile him home.

In a little different strain, though nearly as beautiful, but more consolatory, is the following from the March number of "Cornhill," Thackeray's new magazine.

### A Changeling.

A little changeling Spirit  
Crept to my arms one day,  
I had no heart or courage  
To drive the child away.

So all day long I've soothed her,  
And hushed her to my breast;  
And all night long her wailing  
Would never let me rest.

I dug a grave to hold her,  
A grave both dark and deep:  
I covered her with violets,  
And laid her down to sleep.

I used to go and watch there,  
Both night and morning too;  
It was my tears, I fancy,  
That kept the violets blue.

I took her up; and once more  
I felt the clinging hold,  
And heard the ceaseless wailing  
That wearied me of old.

I wandered and I wandered  
With my burden on my breast,  
Till I saw a church door open,  
And entered in to rest.

In the dim, dying daylight,  
Set in a flowing shrine,  
I saw the kings and shepherds  
Adore the Child divine.

I knelt down there in silence;  
And on the Altar-stone  
I laid my wailing burden,  
And came away,—alone.

And now that little Spirit  
That soiled me so all day long,  
Is now a shining Angel,  
With wings both wide and strong.

She watches me from heaven,  
With loving, tender care,  
And one day she has promised  
That I shall find her there.

Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.

### JOTTINGS BY THE WAY.

BY CHAS. ROBBINS, M. D.

"But some man will say, How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?" 1 Cor. xv: 35.

The subject of the resurrection, or the survivorship of the man, after the dissolution of the body, has lost none of its interest, since the Apostles' time. It is far from being settled even in our day. We live in an age, marked for new evidence, new manifestations of the fact of immortality, yet the latter clause of our motto is involved in doubt.

I will lay along side the following, which shadows forth a fact that gives me comfort.

Two years since, February 15th, 1858, my only, darling child, precocious, indeed, passed to the Morning Land. After nearly one year, I felt an irrepresible desire to learn how she would look and seem to me when I should be called, with her mother, to join her. I accordingly addressed my spirit friends a line, asking that they would inform me, and after reading it aloud, put it in a book, as was and is my custom.

In six months, as I was alone in my house, the room seemed full of pieces of rainbows, and white fleecy clouds were whirling over my head, which soon put on an indistinct, personal form. I closed my eyes so as not to have my mind deviated. Immediately I saw my wife before me, all but her bust was in that white haze, so often described. I saw my darling, she stood between us, grown nearly to the height of her mother, in great beauty. I saw myself clothed, as was my wife. There seemed a sort of reflection, such as we call "the sun drawing water," connecting us. I could see through it, passing, thrilling each. I saw that we had never been apart, but that our presence with each was most intimate. I saw this for an hour. After it had ended, I enquired the meaning; my guardian spirit said, "it is an answer to your question in the book," which question had passed from my

mind. My idea may be correct, it may be error, yet it does not come in conflict with reason.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

### Drops and Draughts, Fresh from the Fount of Truth.

He is the good man who can hate and avoid the evil *per se*, without prejudice to the evil *per sonum*.

HOPE is a sort of pioneer, opening passages through the darkness by which light comes in, revealing every real advantage of our situation,—showing that even the stones o'er which we stumbled in the dark, are useful in avoiding the mire, and giving us inspiring glimpses of the far forward hills and the blue beyond.

If you would have people respect your religious profession, you must respect it yourself, and show your devotion to it.

So elaborate and profound were the discourses of the celebrated John Foster, that a certain smart critic reviewing them, remarked that they should have been preached to an audience created for the purpose.

I HAVE heard people, after having been unjustly accused, remark,—"I would not have cared if it had been true,"—which is placing the "don't care" on the wrong side.

POLITENESS is the transparent enamel of good character, induced thereon by much attrition of men and things.

ONLY our superiors can justly and fully appreciate and praise us.

THINKERS and theorists who discover and promulgate new truths for the benefit of humanity, like delvers in the metal mines, receive no more than their stipend, with daily food and drink.

A SELF application of saving truth, is the paramount need of the nineteenth century.

AS CHIPS and straws, floating on the water, show which way the current sets, so manners—the merest motion, intimation, sigh, and even silence, shows character.

THERE is an equality of luxury not yet recognized. The poor and obscure enjoy, through the imagination, the supposed real pleasures of the rich. Who is too poor to build castles in the air?

LOVE is nowhere voluntary.

LEOLETH.

A CASE OF SYMPATHY.—Colonel Jones and Major Smith lived in Texas 1833, and may live there yet for aught I know. They were both men of property, owned large plantations, were good citizens, kind neighbors, and extremely popular. They were men of tried courage, had been engaged in many a skirmish with the Indians, and not a few with white men more savage than the Indians.

Like most men of that day and country, Jones and Smith would occasionally get on a spree, and their frolics were often protracted until late in the night. Their pleasure on such occasions was frequently damped by the thought of their wives at home, who, like Tam O'Shanter's good dame, sat nursing their wrath to keep it warm.

One night, after having kept up their frolic until a late hour, they returned home, when Colonel Jones found his wife waiting for him with a countenance that foretold a storm.—The Colonel, whose face had never blanched before an enemy, quailed before the just indignation of his better half. Instead of going to bed he took a seat, and resting his elbows on his knees with his face in his hands, seemed to be completely absorbed in grief, sighing heavily, and uttering such exclamations as, "Poor Smith! Poor fellow!" His wife kept silent as long as possible; but at last, overcome by curiosity and anxiety, inquired in a sharp tone, "What's the matter with Smith?"

"Ah!" says the Colonel, "his wife is giving him fits just now!"

Mrs. Jones was mollified by the joke and her wrath was dissolved.

THE CURATE'S COW.—Solomon Grisdale, curate of Merrington, who was very poor, and had a numerous family, lost his only cow.—Mr. Surtees determined to raise a subscription for another cow, and waited on the Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry (the late Earl Cornwallis) then Dean of Durham, and owner of the great tithes of Merrington, to ask what he would give. "Give?" said his lordship, "why, a cow, to be sure. Go, Mr. Surtees, to Woodfield, my steward, and tell him to give you as much money as will buy the best cow you can find." Mr. Surtees, who had not expected above a five-pound note at most, exclaimed, "My lord, I hope you'll ride to heaven on the back of that cow!" A while afterward, he was saluted in the college by the late Lord Barrington with, "Surtees, what is this absurd speech that I hear you have been making to the Dean?" "I see nothing absurd in it," was the reply. "When the Dean rides to heaven on the back of that cow, many of you Prebendaries will be glad to lay hold of her tail."

Miscellaneous.

Frederick the Great was always very fond of disputation; but as he generally terminated his discussion by collaring his antagonist and kicking his shins, few of his guests were disposed to enter into the arena against him.

EVERY MAN HAS A MISSION.—Every man has his mission, and he can accomplish it, be it greater or less. All are not great; all may not become great; but there can be no great work done without the feeling of the power within to do it.

OUR HEARTS.—They may be compared to a garden. The weeds of unkindness, selfishness and pride come up of themselves. They need no cultivation. If we take no care of our hearts, these will be sure to grow rank enough.

Mr. Etheridge of Tennessee, when it was proposed to add to the rules of the House, said, "he thought it not so important to have rules as to observe what they had."

Charles Dickens commenced a speech at the Royal Society of Musicians awfully. He spoke of the time, a hundred years ago, when a glorious musician lived who had a Handel to his famous name.

There is a good story of one of the hangers-on at Washington, who got offices because they need them, and had been appointed engineer, a business of which he had no knowledge.

At Bruges, Belgium, one of the handsomest women present at a ball was assured by her physician that she must attend at once to a little black pimple that had appeared on her cheek.

A queer old hump-backed miser at Vienna, Austria, recently died, leaving his large estate to a beautiful young girl, on the cruel condition that she shall marry a hump-back, and shall spend three months of each year in a convent, praying for his soul.

Ninety-five bachelors lately held a meeting at Steilacoon, Oregon, to devise ways and means to secure an importation of young women from the Atlantic States.

THE DEFENCE OF JOE SMITH.—The late Justin Butterfield was well known as one of the most eminent lawyers of Illinois.

On one occasion he was retained by the celebrated Joe Smith, the Mormon prophet, to defend him upon an indictment for treason before the United States Court at Springfield.

Judge Pope had permitted, with his usual gallantry, a large number of fair ladies to occupy the ample room in close proximity to the Judge. A large number of spectators from all parts of the State crowded the court-room.

"May it please the Court and gentlemen of the jury—I arise before the 'Pope'—in the presence—of Angels—to defend—the Prophet of the Lord!"

The inspiration of the defender continued to the termination of a successful defence of the defended.

A little Sabbath school girl at Cleveland, Ohio, repented her lesson with this version of one passage: "For if ye love them that love you what reward have ye? do not even the re-publicans the same?"

BOUND OVER TO PLAY WHIST.—A certain judge in Ohio is celebrated for his love of a joke and fondness for a game of whist, as well as for his legal acumen.

ORATOR. He who has no hands Force must use his tongue; Foxes are so cunning Because they are not strong.—Emerson.

NATURE. Boon Nature yields each day a brag which we now first behold, And trains us on to see the new, as if it were the old; But blest is he, who playing deep, yet happy asks not why, Two busy with the crowded hour to live or die.

Men pursue riches under the idea that their possession will set them at ease, and above the world. But the law of association often makes those who begin by loving gold as a servant, finish by becoming themselves its slaves; and independence without wealth is at least as common as wealth without independence.

He who resolves frequently, is apt to spend all his energies in his resolutions. It is better to advance upon the journey which you have proposed, even though the baggage be left behind.

A splendid ear but a very poor voice, as the organ grinder said of the donkey.

What means of conveyance by land, and what by sea, are ladies fondest of? Busses and smacks.

What goes most against a farmer's grain? His reaping-machine.

A Tennessee paper announces that "the inauguration of the governor was celebrated by firing minute guns every half hour."

Ensign Eldridge of Chatham, an unmarried man of about 40 years of age, recently came to the determination to end his life by starvation, and for the last twenty days has persisted in refusing all sustenance.

On inquiry of Quill, touching the meaning of the law term "damnum suum," we were extremely gratified to learn that it isn't half so bad as it sounds; that, in fact, the phrase does not import a profane and peremptory command to bring suit against certain parties, but is an innocent expression signifying "one's own hurt," and containing no intimations of hurting anybody else.—Post.

"WHAT CAN'T BE CURED MUST BE ENDURED."—"They say that smoking cures hams, and herrings, and haddock, and many other things—but all I know is that I've tried it on my wife's temper for the last dozen years, and it hasn't had the smallest effect in curing that."

Misprints will represent themselves in other columns beside those of newspapers. The author of a temperance novel who wrote, "Drunkness is Folly," was horrified to read, "Drunkness is Jolly."

A Mr. Lyon declined fighting a duel, and was called a dog for it. "Ah, you may call me a dog, but a live dog is better than a dead lion."

A rich miser in Auburn, N. Y., has made arrangements to be buried in Owasco Lake, a beautiful sheet of water near that town. He has had a stone coffin made, which takes twelve yoke of oxen to draw it.

A young lady, irritated because a gentleman would not agree with her on some matter, lost her patience, and irritably exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. A—, you have only two ideas in your head." "You are right," replied the gentleman, "I have only two ideas, and one of them is that you do not know how to behave yourself."

A club-boat has just been built, which is so nicely balanced that the rowers are obliged to be particular in parting their hair down in the middle to keep their balance.

An old lady once complained to her doctor that she could scarcely breathe. "Don't try, my good soul," replied the candid physician; "nobody wants you to do it."

Bishop Horne had his dignity somewhat taken down when he took possession of the Episcopal palace at Norwich in 1791. He turned round upon the steps, and exclaimed, "Bless us, bless us! what a multitude of people!" "Oh, my lord," said a bystander, "this is nothing to the crowd last Friday to see a man hung!"

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Thirty-two Wonders; or the Skill displayed in the Miracles of Jesus. By D. Lyman, Jr. D. 25 cents. A Dissertation on the Evidences of Divine Inspiration. By Datus Kelly. 25 cents.

Chips and Porridge.

We clip the following from the Post. It is a fair representation of Mr. Buckle's philosophy: "Scarce any book within the compass of modern literature has awakened more attention than the 'History of Civilization in England,' by Henry Thomas Buckle. The author has an immense number of admirers and followers; and those who do not agree with him probably acknowledge his genius. The following jeu d' esprit, from the (English) Dial, is undoubtedly by one of his opponents:—

This is the creed — let no man chuckle — Of the great thinker — Henry Buckle.

I believe in fire and water, And in Fate, Dame Nature's daughter; Consciousness I set aside, The dissecting knife's my guide. I believe in steam and rice, Not in virtue, nor in vice; In what strikes the outward sense, Not in mind, nor Providence; In a stated course of crimes, In M'ulloch and the Times. As for Truth, the ancients lost her; Plato was a great impostor; Morals are a vain illusion, Leading only to confusion. Not in Latin, nor in Greek, Let us for instruction seek; Let us study snakes and flies, And on fossils fix our eyes. Would we learn what we should do, Let us watch the kangaroo. Would we know the mental march, It depends on dates — and starch. I believe in all the gases, As a means to raise the masses. Carbon animates ambition; Oxygen controls volition; Much that's good and great in man, May be traced to hydrogen; And the body, not the soul, Governs the stupendous whole.

The poor birds are not a very bold race, and yet a great many of them die game.

A quack advertises a compound that will cure everything from a bad character to a bad temper.

AN AFFECTIONATE BUILDING.—In the advertisement of a new hotel, it is said, "it embraces about sixty rooms."

Strict punctuality is perhaps the cheapest virtue which can give force to an otherwise utterly insignificant character.

It is certainly a paradox that we are naturally desirous of long life, and yet unwilling to be old.

The fellow who got intoxicated with delight, has been turned out of the temperance society.

We must trust the perfection of the creation so far as to believe that whatever curiosity the order of things has awakened in our minds, the order of things can satisfy.—Emerson.

In reply to the oft repeated assertion that a man cannot marry his grandmother, Mr. Bunsby wishes to say that it is a mistake. You can marry your grandmamma, provided that you are a Justice of the Peace.

Difficulty is a severe instructor, set over us by the supreme ordinance of a parental guardian and instructor who knows us better than we know ourselves, as He loves us better, too. He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill; our antagonist is thus our helper.—Burke.

THE POINTS OF THE COMPASS.—"Mr. Drock, how many points has the compass, sir?" asked a member of the board. "Well, sir, the compass—allow me to reflect a moment, sir. Ah, yes! The compass, sir, has—yes? It depends entirely upon the size of the instrument, sir," replied the middy.

Lola Montez is making heaps of money out West. In Chicago and Detroit she had, very large audiences, mostly of men, for the ladies still fight shy of her. The Detroit Free Press, in a notice of her lecture on "Yankees," says: "After very tedious delay, which seemed unnecessarily long, the audience having assembled in good time and awaiting impatiently the advent of the heroine of a world of gossip, the Countess appeared, unannounced and unattended, her little round head covered with an abundance of frizzled hair poked forward, her large, expressive eyes and delicately formed features speaking a thousand 'don't cares,' as she tripped quickly to the front of the stage and ensconced herself behind the desk that had been prepared to support her manuscript. A close observer would discover in her features some traces of advancing age, but still she retains those marks of beauty that have cost her so dearly. She has an awkward manner, contorting her form and throwing her head forward very much after the style of a mud-turtle; but this has probably been acquired by her public life. She speaks with the unmistakable voice and intonation of an English woman, and throws her words out with all the boldness and decision for which she is noted. An occasional sharp cut of words which she designs particularly to emphasize, or with which to convey detestation, is a peculiarity more noticeable with the Scotch than the English." The Free Press encourages the sex thus: "It is but just to say that among the ladies present there were none but those of the highest respectability, and they certainly had no occasion to feel that they had over-stepped the bounds of propriety in following the promptings of their curious inclinations."

It seems hardly possible that Miss Effie Carstang will seriously apply for a new trial. Upon the one which has resulted against her at St. Louis, her whole life has been subjected to a merciless scrutiny—the result of which was a conviction on the part of the jury that her record was not sufficiently spotless to entitle her to damages from the wealthy Mr. Shaw. She leaves the Court, therefore, not only without any pecuniary solace to her wounded affections, but with the reflection that her whole life has been scrutinized and sifted and analyzed—every innocent flirtation, every gracious smile bestowed upon a former admirer, every act of thoughtlessness and imprudence, weighed in the nicest balance of legal criticism; that she herself has been subjected to the mortification of sitting day after day and hearing the unfavorable comments of the opposing counsel upon her character, and to all sorts of insinuations and innuendoes, if not the direct charges, that she was a female adventuress, that she had ensnared the defendant in her toils with the purpose of despoiling him of his wealth, and that a painful notoriety will henceforth attach to her name. The experience of the law which Miss Carstang has had will not be without its moral, and it will afford no encouragement to others of her sex, whose affections may have been trifled with, to carry their griefs into court, unless they feel confident that there is no act of their past life upon which an injurious construction can be put, and that they have been patterns of propriety and miracles of prudence. It was quite time that such a lesson was given, for these breach of promise suits have become disgustingly common throughout the country. It was becoming absolutely dangerous for a man of wealth to be civil to an unmarried lady.—Exchange.

LOVE A BENEFACTOR.

Love is a glorious thing for old and young, Love is a glorious thing for high and low, Love is a glorious thing for all below— The Mecca of the heart all bards have sung, The poor are rich if love with them abide; The rich are poor if he dwell not with them; The monarch oft would give his diadem For such sweet company at even-tide. Love is a glorious thing I do rehearse— A burning fount more potent than the god That rules the day and vivifies the clod; It is the spirit of the universe— Th' attraction by Eternal Wisdom given To keep souls in their orbits, both in earth and heaven

THE GREATNESS OF LOVE.

Who loves is great, because to love is great; Who loves is high, because to love is high; Who loves is born to immortality. Who loves, can't hate, since love's opposed to hate; Who loves can't hunger, because love is food; Who loves can't thirst, because love is old wine, Sparkling with spirit from the wine-press divine. Who loves is good since love's both great and good. Love to the heart 's what rain is to the earth; Love to the soul 's what Sol is to the day— The heaven-trimmed lamp that lights its dismal way Back to the realm wherein it had its birth. Oh! ye who would be blessed below, above, Open the portals of your hearts to love!

—Home Journal.

The astonishing rapidity with which "little Patti" learns a new opera, and her marvellous skill in interpreting the characters which she personates, are matters of notoriety. Her career southward has been a succession of triumphs, and has added to the brilliant reputation which she had already gained. But every rose has a thorn, and the youthful prima donna, not satisfied with her artistic success, has ventured upon the terrible experiment of making a pun. The occasion of this new development of character was a supper at which she was present in Baltimore, and, the pun is thus reported by Jenkins of the Washington States:—"A gentleman friend of hers was complimenting her so highly as to raise her suspicions as to the sincerity of his speech, and so, with a charming good-natured girliness, she asked abruptly, 'Won't you tell me where you live, please?' To which the gentleman pertly replied, 'Why, certainly—in the moon.' 'Oh, yes,' quoth little Patti, 'it occurred to me while you were talking that you were something of a lunatic.'—Post.

The reporter of the Memphis Avalanche was present lately at the disinterment of the body of a young lady that had been buried more than five years. The body was closed in a metallic case, which, when opened, revealed the following singular phenomena: The body was in an excellent state of preservation—the hair, particularly, was very life-like; and, what was more astonishing, a full blown camelia japonica, which some affectionate hand had twined in the tresses of her hair, was remarkably fresh looking, the leaves retaining their soft, greenish hue to perfection.

It is a good rule always to back your friends and face your enemies.

Prentice thinks if a young lady has a thousand acres of valuable land, the young men are apt to consider that there are sufficient grounds for attachment.

Quilp says those "Schools of Design for Women" ought to be shut up at once. As if women, says he, had any need of instruction in the designing arts!

"What private griefs he has, that makes him say't, Alas! we know not—"

—Post.

OUR BECKY AND THE BLUE JACKET.—A young damsel who is engaged, and will shortly be united to a gallant son of Neptune, lately visited the Mariner's Church. During the sermon the parson discoursed eloquently and with much earnestness of the dangers and temptations of the sailor. He concluded by asking the following question: "Is there one who thinks anything of him who wears a tarpaulin hat and blue jacket, or a pair of trowsers made of duck? In short, is there one who cares aught for the poor sailor?" A little girl, a sister of the damsel, jumped up, and looking archly at her sister, said, in a tone loud enough for every one to hear, "Yes, sir; our Becky does!"

TENNYSON-ISM.—In his late Idyll, the poet-laureate thus describes a manner that must be common in Wall street—that of a man who wishes to persuade you to "take stock" in a bogus company: "And then began to beat himself, and ooze All over with the fat affectionate smile That makes the widow lean."

PROFESSOR GRIMES AMONG THE SPIRITS.—A very flippant-tongued individual of this name lectured in this village on Wednesday evening of last week for the purpose of showing up the errors of Spiritualism. The tone of his lecture convinced most of his hearers that he had laid a very low estimate upon their intelligence, and a very exalted one upon his own. It was indeed very evident that he had "travelled," (we use his own words,) had "been there," and knew all about it; and it was quite as evident that he supposed his auditory had not travelled—had not been there. He evinced an astonishing amount of brass; in this respect we have never known his equal. His arguments and experiments tended mightily to convince us that neither Spiritualism nor Christianity will ever be obliged to turn their backs to such an antagonist. His auditory were too much for him. He could not be persuaded to face the music a second evening.—Hyannis Messenger.

Dr. Currie, (hot by name and hot by nature,) when asked by a particularly inquisitive woman to tell her the precise meaning of the word "idea," about which she had been reading in some metaphysical work, but could not understand it, at last angrily exclaimed, "Idea, madam, is the feminine of idiot, and means a she-fool."

AN AMERICAN MUNCHAUS.—Not a thousand miles from New York, a certain fashionable watering-place rejoices in a character yclept "Lyme," for short. Lyme has a friend and boon companion, a most determined drawer of the bow—a native American Munchausen. After some of his exploits, on one occasion, Lyme remarked to him: "Joe, why in thunder don't you cut down your stories? Tell moderate-sized lies, and people may believe some of them!"

"Well," replied Joe, "I'll make a bargain, Lime, that whenever you find me getting beyond my depth, or out of bounds, you shall tread on my foot."

And so the compact was understood. Not many days elapsed when, at dinner, after the cloth was removed and the bottle was going round pretty freely, the heroes being present, the conversation turned upon agriculture and farming in general, and Joe put in his oar.

"My uncle, in Illinois, built a barn last year much larger than that last one you told of."

"Pray what were its dimensions?"

"Well," said Joe, "it was twenty-eight feet high, seven hundred and fifty-four feet long, (down comes Lyme's feet under the table,) and (hurriedly) two feet wide!"

"There!" said Lyme, aside, "now you have done it!"

"Well," replied Joe, "if you'd let me alone I'd have had a good proportioned building!"

Two clergymen entering into conversation, one lamented the little power his preaching and admonition had toward reclaiming his parishioners from their vices; to which the other replied he had been more lucky, for he had made many of them proselytes to the three capital virtues, namely, faith, hope, and repentance. "Ay," said the other, "you have been very fortunate, indeed. But, pray, by what means did you bring them to so happy a conversion?" "Why, by borrowing their money; for, had they not had faith in me that I should pay them, they would not have lent it; after I had been indebted to them some time, they hoped I would return it; but now they know I cannot pay them, they heartily repent ever having lent it to me."

Thought is like eternity, in that we neither comprehend its commencement, nor anticipate its end.

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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 Milwaukee 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; Plymouth, Mass., March 4th and 11th; Quincy, March 18th and 25th; Foxboro', April 1st; Lowell, April 8th and 15th; Dedworth Hall, New York, April 22d and 29th; Providence, R. I., May 6th and 13th; Willimantic, Conn., May 20th and 27th; Oswego, N. Y., through June. Applications for week evenings addressed as above will be attended to.

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 COOPER, of Bellefontaine, Ohio, answers calls to lecture in trance state.

G. B. STEINBS speaks on Sundays through the year at Ann Arbor, Mich., and will answer calls to lecture in that vicinity in the week.

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Rev. JOHN PIERPONT will receive calls to speak on Spiritualism. Address, West Medford, Mass.

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