

The Spiritual Eclectic.

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

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An Interesting Sketch.

[From Dwight's Journal of Music.]

IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

From ELISE POLKOR'S "Musikalische Marchen, Phantasien und Skizzen," translated by FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

Oh, radiant art of tones, blessed is the head thou surroundest with thy shining glory! Like a powerful talisman, thy light preserves from the insect swarm of every-day mortal cares; happily wander the spirits thou shelterest, over the rough floor of life, and through its darkness; their feet stumble not, and before their prophet eyes all shadows disappear.— "Loneliness amid the noisy crowd of life, is true loneliness!" Thus, on a lovely April morning, might any of the fair forms have whispered to themselves, whose glances rested on a serious, thoughtful man, who had taken a place on one of the little seats in the budding garden of the park of Versailles. His upward-looking face was turned away from the glittering crowd; his forehead bore the unmistakable stamp of greatness; his clear, blue eyes shone undazzled by the sunlight, and a smile of heavenly enthusiasm played around his noble mouth. His dress was simple—almost negligent; and its plain, gray color contrasted strongly with the richly embroidered apparel of the French court gentleman; for it was in the year 1774, and Louis the Sixteenth was then king of France. The countless promenaders, who came and went like a swarm of bees, laughing, chattering, and coquetting, scarcely remarked the immovable stranger; the violet sellers, who pounced on every man like a swarm of flies, had grown tired of importuning the apparent petrification, and no longer condescended to direct a look or a smile to him. The crowd gradually thinned; the garden grew quieter, paler gleamed the sunbeams, the blue of heaven darkened, the spring-intoxicated birds sought their nests, and at length all was silence around. Then the lonely man arose and turned homewards; but, walking with upturned glance, he missed the way to the entrance door, and wandered deeper into the centre of the park. Here all was enchanting scenery; the sweet spring seemed to have hidden herself in those close walks, thickets and bushes; all was bloom and perfume; fountains told their watery legends, and white marble deities peeped through the young green. The wanderer paused and smiled dreamily; but not the beauty of the garden had called forth the smile; it arose from the deepest soul of the silent one; glorious thoughts seemed to agitate him. He lifted up his hands, then let them fall; then went on in haste, humming to himself a complaining melody. Then his expressive face darkened, threatening glances shone from his eyes, and with a full, penetrating voice he sang this recitative:

"Go, seek death at a father's hand! my step shall follow thee to the dreadful altar! there will I lame the arm that threatens thee!"

Then, clenching his hands, and raising himself to his fullest height, he stretched out his arms, and sang with passionate anger:

"Soon shall he be my anger's prey—
My dagger before him unsheathing,
The altar they're cruelly wreathing,
In the dust shall this venging arm lay!"

At this moment, two of the Swiss guards burst like tigers from the bushes, seized the excited stranger by the shoulder, and plentifully showered him with French and German words of abuse. "Scoundrel!" cried one in broken German—"Dare you lift your arms to threaten the palace! Dare you raise a dagger against king Louis! Will you blaspheme the holy church and the altar of the Lord?"

"Look here," panted the other, "the fellow has destroyed the flower-beds of the royal park, and trodden down all the violets and daisies. Off to prison with him!" The accused was motionless for a moment; he stared at his captors with astonishment, threw a glance of surprise on the destruction his footsteps had caused; at last a smile played over his features. "Now, then," he said quietly to the tall soldiers, whose eyes angrily followed his every movement, "take me where-ever you will! but I desire first to be led before the king; only to him will I exculpate myself!" The soldiers made signs to each other that their prisoner was decidedly weak in the upper story; however, they nodded to him affirmatively, and the little procession moved onwards.

As they arrived in the court yard, a splendid gilt carriage, drawn by four spirited white horses, whose heads were decked with blue plumes, drove up, and stopped before the portal of the palace. Officious hands were offered to assist a graceful female form to alight from the elegant fairy equipage, whose seat was covered with nothing less than blue velvet. A black velvet hat, with floating feathers, ornamented the lady's delicately powdered little head; lace and rose-colored satin veiled her exquisite figure. This lovely apparition was Marie Antoinette, queen of France. While the queen's fat companion struggled with difficulty out of the carriage, Marie Antoinette, looking curiously around her, observed the mysterious prisoner, held fast in the grasp of the soldiers. "What is the matter?" she asked hastily, in German, pausing at the threshold of the palace. At the sound of her voice, the prisoner looked up and smiled; a little scream escaped from the rosy lips of the princess. "Oh, Master Gluck," she cried, delighted, holding out her hand, "dear Gluck, who ventures to fetter your free spirit in my kingdom?" Gluck's eyes glistened. A glance from the queen dismissed the confounded Swiss guards. "Come, master, follow me," cried the queen, gayly, "you shall not escape! Now I will be your gaoler. Tell me what led you in such suspicious company to the door of our palace; and rest a few moments in the apartment of your former scholar." So saying, she ran in such girlish haste up the carpeted staircase, that Gluck found it difficult to follow her. The assiduous crowd of servants remained, on a little word of command, in astonishment behind. Marie Antoinette passed, with a rapid step, through several handsome, gilded state-chambers, then opened a tapestried door, and stepped, with her silent companion, into a charming, simple little room, with a fine view over the fresh spring garden.

"Princess!" cried Gluck, visibly surprised, "this is precisely the comfortable room of our beloved arch-duchess Maria in the royal palace at Vienna! What a graceful miracle!" "Do you recognize it so well?" answered the queen, handing a soft seat to the master—"Come, sit down by me," she continued with enchanting grace and cordiality, "we will talk German, and chatter about our dear Vienna, shall we not, Gluck? So long as you are here, I am only the cheerful, careless princess Marie, the darling of her noble queen mother, and the awkward pupil of the great master, Gluck." As she said this, she laid aside her rose-colored mantle and her hat, and stood before her former teacher in a pale green silk dress, with a bouquet of orange-blossoms and roses at her breast; a lovely picture to look on. Throwing herself into a large arm-chair, and resting her little foot on a red velvet cushion, she went on: "Ah, Gluck! since I heard of your arrival in Paris, how often I have longed to be back in those by-gone days! but the troublesome court festivals have left me no leisure. I have not seen you since that stiff reception, when you were presented to the king, and brought me letters from Vienna. I scarcely knew you in your court dress; but I was obliged to smile to myself, when I saw your proud greeting, that accorded so ill with your finery. In that hardly visible movement of the head, that set all our courtiers beside themselves. I recognized our Gluck again.—Now I like you a great deal better; in this plain gray coat, I find my austere master again." "Gracious princess," answered the master, absently, "those were pleasant hours that I passed in the pretty blue saloon of the royal palace of Vienna, and Marie Antoinette was a careful, attentive scholar, anxious to learn, and persevering as few women are."—"Not always, Gluck," answered the queen, shaking her head; "do you not remember how cross you were sometimes, when I played badly, because a court ball or a sleighing party was running in my head? And have you forgotten how little I fancied Bach's fugues? and how often you drew me away from the piano, saying,—'Archduchess, such jingling is not to be borne!' and then you would take my place, and thunder away at the fugues, so that I almost lost sight and hearing, and drew back frightened into the furthest corner of the room. Oh, then, how you played finer and finer, and I understood the intricate melodies, as I could not before, until the door softly opened, and the queen came in to listen. And then the quiet auditors increased, until the room and the ante-chamber were both full! And you paid no attention to them, but went on with your flights of tone, until some careless listener stumbled against a

noisy object, or the fat, tight-laced court-gouvernante was taken with her spasmodic cough; then you would start up suddenly, and say hurriedly: 'That was finely played, Archduchess!' But sometimes you were so strange, that I scarcely dared speak; then Marie Antoinette might play as she would, Master Gluck heard nothing, did not reprove false chords, unresolved dissonances, heavy allegros, or furious andantes; the eyes of my master were turned on high; his hands played on the piano-lid, he murmured to himself, until, at last, he almost sprang up, and whispered with a happy smile: 'Ah, now, now thou art mine, sacred melody!' and then you would turn to me, as if no interruption had taken place, and say: 'Go on, archduchess!'"

Gluck looked with fatherly kindness on his former pupil, and his forehead grew clear under the cheerful, happy influence of her lovely face. "We have not altered, your Majesty," he said, dreamily; "you are still the child-like, careless, gracious princess; I am always the awkward, odd, absent-minded Gluck."—The princess suddenly bethought her of his new opera: "Is it not Iphigenia in Aulis?—When will it be brought out? Have you commenced the rehearsals yet?" "Ah, your Majesty," answered the master, "I held the first rehearsal to-day, in the royal garden.—Have you forgotten that I promised to give you an account of the way I came to appear in such company before you? I was just flinging to the winds the recitative and grand air of my Achilles, with the suitable gestures, as two of the park guards seized me. The good Swiss supposed that my Achilles, as he raved about his drawn dagger, was threatening the life of their lord, and they strangely confounded Louis the Sixteenth with Agamemnon!"

"Poor ill-treated, unappreciated singer!" cried the queen, "what a good thing it was that I happened to be queen of France, just at the moment they were slipping off with my dear master! But tell me seriously, how your Iphigenia is getting on, and when it will be brought out? I can scarcely wait for the triumph of my countryman and master over Piccini, Sacchini, and Lulli!"

"I do not even dream of victory," answered Gluck, sadly; there is yet nothing said of a representation; I have fought unceasingly against the power of secret intrigues that prevent any rehearsals, that prejudice public opinion beforehand, and wound me in a thousand ways. But I will not yield; my work deserves that I should employ all my strength to smooth its way to the hearts of men. And should I sink after the struggle, it would be without a sigh! for then I could say—I have not lived in vain! I have left my trace behind me! Yes, my queen," continued the noble master, with louder voice, and increasing enthusiasm, "it is a good work, this youngest child of my soul, this fruit of consecrated hours! I have displayed in it the noblest movements of my soul, the purest feelings of my heart, and my loftiest thoughts. In this opera is my own being unveiled; here shall posterity see what I am, or rather what I would be. This music is all Gluck! I have not merely felt, I have also thought it; it is a part of myself! Gone forever are my days and nights of error; gone my restless, passionate striving;—the lofty ideal of my soul, unclouded clearness, a glorious simplicity of melody, a godlike truth to nature, all stands now unveiled and eternal before my eyes; my happy aim will soon be gained, the blessed goal reached!"

Gluck was silent; how wonderful was the expression of his classic features, and his glowing eyes, that seemed looking into another world! Marie Antoinette regarded him with wondering reverence. She cried—"Dear master, trust in your queen! Iphigenia shall be brought out, next week if you will, by our command. With a royal word of power, I will annihilate the cobwebs of envy. Tomorrow I will express my wishes to the intendant of the royal opera. You shall not struggle any more; you shall conquer, and I will crown the conqueror myself." Gluck looked kindly, but doubtfully, in the face of his excited pupil, whose lively enthusiasm would probably be extinguished by the next ball; but she met his glance with one so serious and determined, that he, with much emotion, took her pretty hand and pressed it with devotion to his lips.

Near the midnight hour of the 19th of April, 1774, the Parisian opera house rang with such delight as its walls had never before re-echoed. The *Iphigenia in Aulis* of Gluck was just ended; the audience had ac-

companied every number with increasing applause; but the glorious aria of Achilles raised enthusiasm to the highest pitch; the officers grasped their swords involuntarily; public excitement was displayed in a manner that mocks description, in a manner that we could blooded German citizens would have stigmatized as insanity; tears flowed, sobs resounded, Gluck's name was pronounced by a thousand lips, flowers fell in showers on the stage. On the red velvet cushions of the royal box, leaned Marie Antoinette, splendidly attired, her eyes glittering and overflowing for joy in the noble triumph of her honored master. Louis the Sixteenth stood near her; his ordinarily pale face, with its kindly eyes, was colored with a slight blush; he looked with lively sympathy on the excited crowd. "Good heavens," he cried suddenly, turning to the queen, "if the feverish flames of delight should be transformed to those of rage, in the breasts of this easily excited populace! What a fearful idea!" Marie Antoinette did not answer; she looked in wonder on the king, shuddered involuntarily, and anxiously grasped the arm of her husband. "Where is Gluck?" she whispered, in a restless and hardly audible voice. He was but that moment breaking away from the embraces and raptures of his admirers, the compliments of his vanquished enemies; and pressing the hand of his generous opponent Piccini, he hurried up from behind the scenes, and followed, with uncertain steps, and almost overcome by his feelings, a patient attendant, who led him to the royal box. As Gluck entered, he bowed to the king; but the countless tapers dazzled his eyes with their light; his heart beat loudly; he struggled for breath. The queen approached the hesitating master, and with a lovely smile, placed a full, fresh laurel wreath on the head of the hero of tones. But he, suddenly rising, with burning eyes, passed his thin hand over his pale forehead, and turning to the queen with a look of horror, cried out: "Merciful God, what a fearful sight! Gracious queen, wipe off that dreadful streak of blood that encircles and disfigures your white throat! Who gave you such an ornament? Quick, destroy it! the horrible band grows larger every moment; your head is tottering; it is a stream of blood now! too late, too late, oh, heavenly Father!" With this cry he staggered, and fell down in a swoon.

"Does Gluck see ghosts?" asked the king, as pale as death; "this extraordinary excitement was too much for him; the victory was too sublime—too brilliant for body and soul to support." Marie Antoinette trembled all over; like a frightened child, she tore off the precious ruby necklace that encircled her snowy neck, and, recommending the senseless Gluck to the care of her physicians and servants, she left the box, still sobbing and shuddering, on the arm of the king.

Little didst thou foresee, newly arisen Orpheus, that, in this moment of exaltation, thy prophetic eye pierced the veil of the future, as thy lip pronounced those fearful words.—That thy spirit overcame time and space in that superhuman hour, and prophesied what was to be.

The unwithering laurel of fame flourished over thy grave, and between its leaves, blossomed in imperishable freshness those flowers of wonder: *Helena, Alceste, Orpheus, Armida*, those glorious twin blossoms, thy two *Iphigenias!* Sweetly didst thou rest after thy struggles, and even the worship of posterity no longer reached thine ear; in a happier land cherubim and seraphim hearkened to the transfigured tones of thy purified lyre; then came the fulfilment of thy prophecy.

Nineteen years after thy first glorious triumph, the head of Marie Antoinette sank under the axe of the guillotine, in October of the year 1793.

WELL ANSWERED.—A young man in Western New York wrote to Horace Greely, asking his advice whether one of the professions would not be preferable to tilling the soil.—The editor of the Tribune returned the following answer to the query:

"Dear Sir:—I judge that there are three times as many lawyers and doctors in the country as are needed, and judging from the price of flour and beef, not half enough farmers. Of course, I judge that you could better look toward growing grain than making pills or pleas.

Yours, HORACE GREELY."

WHAT a world of gossip would be prevented if it was only remembered that a person who tells you of the faults of others, intends to tell others of your faults.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

Weddings out West.

Weddings form one of the fixed institutions of the west. Nearly every one gets married, or rather every two, and those who do not, sink into such obscurity as never to be known save to the immediate relatives of the family, and a few intimate friends. At least such is the course pursued by the female portion, while quite the reverse takes place with the opposite sex; men always being in demand, from the cradle to the grave. Marriage is a matter, too, in which they seem to feel a vast amount of pride; so different from the sly, half-guilty procedure of our eastern people.

Courtships and engagements are brief, and seldom fail to result in a grand wedding, varying, of course, in the style of appointments in proportion to the wealth and rank of the parties. If the affair comes off in the family of a rich man, there is a magnificent display of costly silks, satins, ribbons, kids, laces, and flowers; and as to etables and drinkables, the quantity is immense, and the varieties innumerable.

If the parties belong to a poorer class, it is a wedding all the same, and as much, if not more effort is made to celebrate it with all the display their limited means will allow.—Nor are all the festivities confined to the wedding eve at the home of the bride, but the parents of the bridegroom have their cards distributed for a grand "in-fair" on the evening of the second day, and this is not unfrequently succeeded by a series of parties given by the intimate friends of the newly wedded pair.

Another custom is to repair to their new home on the second day, which is made ready beforehand, and hold their splendid reception there.

These forms, as far as possible, are carried out by the very poorest and most degraded classes, and not unfrequently present a most ludicrous appearance, many of the guests often coming a long distance, mounted two or three together, on poor old horses, and decked out in all the cheap, gaudy colors they have been able to procure. But these people, many of them, seek more to get married, than to render that relation pleasant when they have attained it, and all this grand outlay is not uncommonly succeeded, in a few years, by an application for divorce by the husband or wife; and among the lower, more ignorant class, no effort is made to have the separation legally established, but with no apparent misgivings, both seek new relations, and thus marry for the second, or even third time, and each time it is a wedding with all the form and display they can command.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

Sympathy.

Poor little ankle, how it aches! for just now skipping along the walk in all her childish glee, she has made a misstep and turned her slender ankle—that little girl has—and she stoops and rubs it and tries in vain to walk, then stoops and rubs it again; and we express audibly our pity for the little sufferer.

"Oh! she is nothing but Irish," says our companion. And such indeed she is. Perhaps we forgot that, or did not note it in our interest and commiseration for her misfortune. As though her origin could render her tender flesh less sensitive, or the fact of her having been born of poor or degraded parents obliterate the sacred impress of childhood.

When Christ said—"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven"—did he specify that they should all be native born Americans, and children of native born American parents?

Or did he select them from its wealthiest and most respectable class, who live in fine houses and fare sumptuously every day?

To answer these queries in the affirmative would seem a contradiction in terms, and make Christ a most inconsistent character, since he was himself a foreigner, of humble origin, and we are inclined to think, never owned a house, not even so much as a place to lay his head.

Although in most instances we think the kingdom of heaven would be much nearer, were the training of children more properly attended to, yet the very fact of their being little children entitles them to a place at Jesus' feet.

Then let us not forbid them with cold unsympathizing looks and haughty words, but extending to them a friendly hand, and a loving smile, we may learn the glorious significance of the Scripture, where it saith—"A little child shall lead them."

FRATERNITY TRACTS.

Three Mistakes of the Christian Church.

BY THEOPHORE PARKER.

The Christian Church, while teaching many truths, and doing very great service to mankind—which I should be the last to deny—has made three monstrous errors. Here they are:

First, it has a false conception of God;—its God is a devil, who means damnation.

Second, it has a false conception of Man;—its man is a worm, who is religiously good for nothing; the "natural man" fit only for damnation.

Third, it has a false conception of Religion;—its religion is to save men from hell, and it is fit only for that. But it does not do even that for more than one out of a thousand; for the other nine hundred and ninety-nine, it is absolutely good for nothing on earth or beneath it; and the saved is not borne to heaven on mighty wings of piety and morality, fanning the thin cold air of the world, but by the magic-miracle of the atonement, which turns off God's wrath, and carries man into eternal joy which he has done nothing to merit and to earn.

These ideas are the minister's tools to work with. I am not scolding him, only stating facts. Poor man! he is far more to be pitied than blamed. He sees a vast amount of evil in the world, and thinks it all a finality; it is God's will, and his decree that it shall last forever. The evil cannot be removed here and now,—it is the nature of things; and even in the next life, it will never be diminished to all eternity. Man cannot remove it; God will not; for He loves none but Church members, who believe the Church Theology; He will ruin all else;—and damned for once is damned for evermore.

Hence ministers in churches do not make it a principal thing to try and remove these evils, to develop man's nature, to set the religious faculty, that greatest river of God, to turn the mills of society. They aim chiefly to remove unbelief in ecclesiastical doctrines, to admit men to the church, to save their souls from the wrath of God by belief in the magic atonement. "No man," say they, "goes into heaven for his religion, for any merit of his own; with a whole life of piety and morality, ended in the cruellest martyrdom, he cannot buy a ticket of entrance," while a moment's belief in the ecclesiastical theology, and joining of a church, will admit a pirate, a kidnapper, a deceitful politician who curses a nation, or a hypocritical priest—it will admit them all to heaven—each man as a "dead-head."

Do you doubt that the churches of America count not mainly religious character and life, but only theological belief, as the one thing needful?—then look at these two facts.

First, the Protestant Churches of America have one great corporation—the Tract Society—wherein many sects work together. The aim is theological—to enforce ecclesiastical doctrine; it is not religious—to promote love to God, and the keeping of his natural laws writ in the very constitution of man. So the Tract Society protests against none of the great evils I have named. It attacks no popular wickedness; it would save men from the fancied wrath of God by faith in Christ; not by virtue and wisdom save men from actual ignorance, superstition, covetousness, drunkenness, dishonesty. It would save men in their sins hereafter, not from their sins to-day and here. It has little to say against war, political oppression, slavery, the antagonism of society, the degradation of women. Even the Bible Society, in which all sects unite, dares not give the New Testament to a single slave, though the American Anti-Slavery Society offers them five thousand dollars if they will spend it thus. Spite of its profession, spite of its good intention, the church is baptized worldliness, professing the ecclesiastical theology as a magical means of salvation from the future consequences of a life of wickedness below!

This is the first thing. Next, many Christian ministers think they can tease God to do what they want done; that they can get him to convert men, and if the prayers of the church centre on one man, he presently "caves in." Now, at a revival meeting, who is prayed for, prayed at, prayed against? The Ecclesiastical archers do not draw their bow at a venture; it is with good aim. What Saint Sebastian is there who is stuck full of the arrows of Calvinistic imprecation? Is it the sly, corrupt politician? or the "democrat" who hates democracy, but under its covert seeks to ruin the people? No; he is orthodox in profession; though atheistic in his public practice and private creed. Is it the able lawyer, who prostitutes his grand talents to bring the most miserable culprit safe from the justice of the law? No; Sunday after Sunday he sits in an orthodox meeting-house, and requires no conversion. Is it the capitalist who rents his shops for drunkeries and gambling dens, his houses for brothels? No; he is sound in the faith. Is it the merchant who trades in Coolies? No; he is a church member, painted with the proper stripe. Is it the Doctor of Divinity, who defends Slavery as a Divine Institution? Not at all; he believes in the damnation of Unitarians, Universalists, and babies not wet with baptism; he needs no re-

pentance. Is it the trader, whose word is good for nothing, who will always take you in? No; he is out in the street pimping for the prayer-meetings of his sect. Is it the man who sends rum and gunpowder to the negroes of Africa, and fills his ship with slaves for Cuba, half of them cast shrieking to the hungry waves before it touches land? Oh no; he contributes to the Tract Society.—Do men pray for the President of the United States, that in his grand position, with his magnificent opportunities, he may secure to all men the "inalienable rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness?"—may take the Golden Rule of this blessed New Testament and make that a meet-wand for the American Government? They ask no such thing. Do they pray that our Supreme Court may "do justly and love mercy, and walk humbly with its God?" They pray for no such men; and those they do pray for, they ask only that they may believe the creed, and "come to Christ." To Jesus of Nazareth? It does not mean to come to him who said religion was love to God and love to man! It means only, come to the Catechism and the meeting-house!

These two things show that the Church asks belief in the theology of unreason, not a life of natural piety and morality; and because the ministers work for this, and with tools suited to this end, is it that so many of them pass their lives

"In dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up."

What is the great obstacle to the liberation of France, Spain, Italy? It is the Roman Church; and if every Frenchman was a member of the Roman Church, and believed its creed, France might give up the ghost to-morrow—it would never be free.

We want a revival of religion in the American church which shall be to the church what the religion of Jesus was to Heathenism and Judaism, which, though useful once in his day, had served out their time, and had no more that they could do. We do not want a religion hierarchically organized, which shall generate nothing but meeting houses made of stone, and end at last in a priesthood. We want a religion democratically organized, generating great political, social, domestic institutions, and ending in a world full of noble men and women, all their faculties developed well, they serving God with that love which casts out fear.

How can we stir that element to emotions fit for such a work? Only by a Theology which shall meet the people's want, a natural and just idea of men, of God, of the relation between them—of religion, life, duty, destination on earth and in heaven; a theology which has its evidences in the world of matter—all science God's testimony thereto; and in the world of consciousness,—every man bearing within him the "lively oracles," the present witness of his God, his duty and destination.

We want a piety so deep that men shall understand God made man from a perfect material, for a perfect purpose, and endowed with faculties which are perfect means to that end; so deep, that we shall trust the natural law He writes on the body and in the soul. We want a morality so wide and firm that men shall make the Constitution of the Universe the Common Law of all mankind; every day God's day—lifetime not to be let out to us at the sevenths or the seventieths, the larger fraction for wickedness, the lesser for piety and heaven, but the whole of it His, and the whole of it ours also, because we use it all as He meant it, for our good. Then the dwelling-house, the market-house, the court-house, the senate-house, the shop, the ship, the field, the forest, the mine, shall be a temple where the psalm and prayer of religion goes up from daily, normal, blessed work.

Something for boys to read,—and men, too, those boys of a "larger growth."

"I'll go with the Crowd."

Six boys were once so disobedient and impudent in school, that the teacher felt compelled to expel them, unless they would promise to obey the rules of the school.

"Which will you do?" said the teacher to the eldest, who was fourteen years of age.

"I'll do as Lyman does," was the answer.

"Which will you do, Lyman?" was asked by the teacher.

"I'll do as Dave Bassett does," said Lyman.

The teacher looked at David.

"I'll do as John Freeman does," said David.

"You must promise to obey the rules of the school, John Freeman, or leave it: which will you do?" asked the teacher.

John Freeman does not think for himself, but promised to do as Robert Smith might choose to do.

"Which will do, Robert?" said the teacher, who was determined to know what each thought.

"I'll do as Eugene does," said Robert.

Eugene was the last and youngest, and something of a favorite among them. The teacher asked him the same question. All eyes were turned upon him, as five cowardly boys were awaiting his answer. He looked at

the boys hesitatingly; finally he spoke: "I'll go with the crowd!"

I hope if my little readers know what is right, they will do right without waiting to find how many are to be with them. Do what you know to be right separately and singly, and let the crowd go wrong if they please. How cowardly must a boy be, who cannot act until he sees others act for fear of doing differently from the crowd, and thus be laughed at! Crowds often go wrong. For one do right, and the crowd may soon be with you.—*Home Gem.*

The River of the Water of Life.

Not through some dreamy land, serene and olden,
Flow the sweet waters of this wondrous river—
Flashing in glory 'neath the sunlight golden—
Breaking in music on earth's shores forever.

Nor from earth's emerald hills its voice awaketh,
Glad echoes born of a celestial clime—
Ever unwearied still its bright wave breaketh,
But not upon the dreary shores of Time.

My eyes are weary peering through earth's mid-
night,
When shall I see the holy, radiant river—
O'er whose pure waters, throbbing 'neath the God-
light,
The burning branches of the Life-tree quiver?

Alas! alas! the dim, death-guarded portal!
Trembling takes hold on me with earth-born fears,
Oh! solemn entrance to the life immortal:

Oh! shadowed doors at which I kneel in tears!
Thou Gentle Shepherd, hear thy creature weary,
Forsake me not when life's frail courage falters;
Let light pierce through the portals dark and dreary,
And lead Thou me, beside the living waters.

That stream which ever changeth, as it floweth,
Of Life—Oh! life! the purer life and higher!
While angels listen, and the river gloweth,
With Seraph's shifting wings of opal fire!
—*Congregationalist.*

The Sister's Appeal.

A FRAGMENT.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

You remember—don't you, brother—
In our early years,
The counsels of our poor, dead mother,
And her hopes and fears?
She bade us cling to one another—
Brother, dry your tears!

We are only two, dear brother,
In this Babel wide!
In the churchyard sleeps our mother,
By our father's side!—
Then let us cherish one another
Till in death we bide.

—*Home Journal.*

THE HOME OF THE POET BRYANT.

BY FRANK W. BALLARD.

"Who knows not Melville's beechy grove,
And Roslyn's rocky glen?"

The home of Genius is always a hallowed spot; a shrine whereat the worship is the more sincere, because self-prompted, sympathetic, and silent. We all love to linger amid the scenes that have furnished the inspiration, and fanned to flame the glowing fancy of him upon whose brow Fame has placed the laurel wreath. Naturally much of interest attaches to the features, the manners, the habits, and other personal peculiarities of celebrated men. We flock to look at them in public. We turn aside from dollar-worship, and even from duty, to pay whole-hearted homage to the hero, the philosopher, the poet, whenever and wherever met. But while thus we muse the fire burns; and within us is begotten the wish to know more intimately, or at least familiarly, the man whom the people delight to honor. We would segregate him from the crowd that surrounds celebrity, and, following him apart from the mass, would don the garb of friendship, and enter with him, a bidden guest, within the charmed circle of the great man's home. It was in such a spirit, and prompted by motives in which mere curiosity had small concern, that, not long since, I paid a brief visit to Bryant at Roslyn, his rural home.

Roslyn is situated upon the northern shore of Long Island, about eighteen miles from New York, being opposite the town of Rye, Westchester county, and until within fifteen years, was known by the unromantic name of Hempstead Harbor. At the date of Mr. Bryant's removal thither, in 1843, the village consisted of about forty houses and a population of some two hundred and fifty persons. It has at present the appearance of a hamlet of perhaps five hundred inhabitants. It boasts of having furnished the site of the first grist-mill built on the western part of the island, and of the first paper-mill erected in the State—both of which were established by an ancestor of Bishop Onderdonk. The harbor runs up from the sound, for nearly a mile, between verdure-clad hills, which are said to be the highest peaks upon Long Island, and from whose summits the prospect, comprising both landscape and water views, is grand indeed. Across the harbor's mouth a tongue of sand extends almost from shore to shore, leaving, on the eastern side, a narrow opening for the channel, through which the steamboat finds a passage up to the Roslyn landing-place. On either side of the harbor, at the base of the hills, are seen the houses of the inhabitants, while the declivities themselves are dotted with white dwellings of greater or less pretensions.

The land approach to Roslyn is of rare beauty, the road being lined and overshadowed by locust and other trees, and the scenery varied and romantic. Entering the glen from the west or south, the visitor enjoys, at a single

glance, a comprehensive view of scenery remarkably Swiss-like in its simple grandeur, and prompting the application of Bryant's own lines:—

"Here from dim woods, the aged past
Speaks solemnly; and I behold
The boundless future, in the vast
And lonely river, seaward rolled."

The house occupied by Mr. Bryant is a two-story frame building of liberal arrangement as to room, although far from modern in its general appearance. Nature, and not Art, has supplied its external ornament. A lattice columned piazza extends entirely across the southern front, commanding a fine view up the bay, and of the hills on either side, forcibly suggestive of Swiss lake scenery. An attractive addition to the landscape is a little sheet of water, in front of the house, whose crystal surface holds a mirror up to Nature, and duplicates the beauties of the spot. Over this lake, near its center, has been thrown a trellised foot-bridge, of *petit* proportions, but of pretty design. A gravelled walk extends around the water's edge, and a boat-house, in an unseen corner, shelters a little skiff available for miniature marine excursions. Here, too, is a vine-clad cottage, formerly the residence of the poet's son-in-law, Parke Godwin, but now occupied by the farmer's family. From this little nest, of Nature's building, the wildest of paths winds downward to the bath-house, on the beach, where, at will, one can become a part of a prettier aquarium than Art has ever formed. Turning toward the mansion-house, we found it shaded by noble specimens of the willow, the locust, and the tulip tree, and embowered amid shrubbery of the most varied character, all redolent of Nature's sweetest fragrance. Flowers abound. Honeysuckles, rose-vines, and other creepers, tastefully trained and neatly trimmed, traverse the porch and climb the clapboards in delightful disorder. Utilitarianism has transformed even the sapless tree-trunk into a pedestal, to sustain a vase whose overhanging fringe of vines veils what else were an unsightly stump. To enter the house you pass beneath a living, verdant portion of flowering creepers—Nature's own architecture—which supplies a grateful shade, while far surpassing in its simple beauty, the more pretentious product of mere mechanical skill.

The poet owner of all this loveliness was from home at the hour of our visit. While awaiting his return, we were debtors to the courtesy of Mr. Godwin, whose cottage is pleasantly situated at convenient distance just outside of Mr. Bryant's inclosure. With Mr. Godwin for our guide, we made a tour of observation through the flower garden and adjacent grounds. This is the unpropitious season for buds and blossoms, but I culled enough to form a small bouquet—a slight reminder of what that garden must have been which now lies so beautiful even in its ruins.

"The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more."

Here, happily placed, a pretty arbor invited the passer-by to indulge in love's young dream or some maturer reverie, and suggested the query whether this were not the cradle of Bryant's brain-children—those glorious hymns to Nature that so frequently are found among his published poems. Of such a spot how appropriately can he sing:—

"Though forced to drudge for the dregs of men,
And scrawl strange words with the barbarous pen,
And mingle among the jostling crowd,
Where the sons of strife are subtle and loud—
I often come to this quiet place," etc.

A cold grape-ry, covering vines laden with ripening clusters, and dwarf pear-trees of choicest grafts bending beneath an ill-proportioned burden of golden fruit, are among the attractive features of the garden. In fact, the grounds around the house are orchard-like in the number and variety of fruit-trees everywhere noticeable.

Before we had finished the inspection of these pleasing externals, Mr. Bryant returned and welcomed us to the house. Crossing the threshold we entered upon and enjoyed scenes that tempt the pen into personal details. But generalities—"glittering," however—it is hoped, must prove me not unworthy of the hospitable welcome I received. I have already said that the house is roomy and antiquated. The hall is in the center, and wide enough to excite the envy of the denizens of New York's one-eyed modern dwellings. On either side are two large apartments; on the left the parlor and the poet's library; on the right, the dining-room and another. A rare refinement of taste is everywhere evident. An air of comfort pervades the entire house, and "home" seems inscribed on everything around. The parlor wears not that fixed and frigid look so frequently noticed in country parlors. Here easy chairs abound, fashion and form find no favor, and ceremony is summarily banished.—Choicest engravings, statuettes, and other works of art, adorn the walls, or rest upon the mantel. The poet's portrait, by Durand, hangs in a good light in one corner. This is the original of the fine engraving recently published by the Century Club. Near the portrait is a Catskill Mountain Scene, also painted by Durand, in which the poet and the artist Cole, his whilom congenial companion, are depicted

in sportsman's garb, standing upon a rock that overhangs a mountain torrent. A portrait of Mrs. Godwin, by Inman, is suspended in another part of the room. Articles of *virtu*, portfolios of etchings, and books, are scattered profusely around—Art and Literature vying with each other in their liberal contributions to the rational adornment of this rural retreat.

The library was, I confess, a principal point of attraction to me, and I embraced the first opportunity to gratify a not unnatural curiosity respecting the poet's bibliographical tastes. Like the parlor, this room is tastefully ornamented with objects of artistic interest, so far as its lining of shelves will allow. The collection of books, although less extensive than Mrs. Kirkland had led me to suspect, is valuable and of great variety. In poetry it is unusually rich, comprising the works of all the best writers of different nations. The poets of Italy and Spain occupy considerable space, as might be expected. Books of reference, dictionaries, cyclopedias, and the like, are numerous, many of the books being rare and costly. Horticulture and botany are largely represented on the shelves. These have been favorite studies with the poet; to the book of Nature he has devoted many years of close attention, and respecting her works can truly boast of possessing much practical knowledge. The address delivered by him, before the New York Horticultural Society, a few years ago, has placed his name envitably high among the fruit and flower culturists of this country. There is little literary lumber in Bryant's library, and few books of the kind yepeled "light reading" cumber the shelves.

A *secrétaire*, conveniently arranged both for comfort and light, occupies a prominent position in this room. Surrounded by such an assemblage of book-embalmed worthies, and amid so many appropriate appliances, this would seem to be just the spot in which to give a being to the noble thoughts and thick coming fancies of that teeming brain. The very atmosphere is redolent of poetry. Nature peeps in coyly at the window, and the rays of heaven, refracted by the foliage, finally reach the chambers of imagery, lighting up the waiting mind and rainbow-hueing every thought. Smile not, good-natured reader, when I add that, from the position of his desk, the great poet writes by the help of the "Northern Lights!" What wonder that he writes so well?

Here, in the enjoyment of Nature's loveliest smiles, and surrounded by a family group, the venerable poet passes the summer months.—Here, in the evening of life, it is his privilege and right to know the luxury of leisure, and in the seclusion of these quiet scenes, to forget the cares of journalism, the sinuosities of party politics, and even fame itself, in ministering and being ministered unto, in exercising a twice-blessed hospitality, and in winning the personal esteem of those to whom he plays the part of host.

THE PROUD MILKMAID.

It was more than a hundred years ago, upon a brilliant afternoon of September, a coach and four, covered with dust, had just stopped in front of the only tavern of a small village in the "merry country of France." The hostlers were busy taking the harness from the jaded horses, and amidst sundry ejaculations and impatient exclamations, were exchanging commentaries upon the rank or profession of the traveler. The latter had disappeared with the host in the bright and cheerful kitchen, where, in those days, guests and hosts used to partake, together, of the same fare. After giving his orders for a bountiful repast, and adding that he wanted it in a hurry, as he wished to reach, before night, a large town, somewhat distant, he sauntered along the street, gazed at by the children at play, and by the old women spinning in front of their dwellings. All delighted to have such an event as a "traveler" to discuss. What a figure he would cut, now, to be sure! with his carefully powdered hair, his three-cornered hat, his bright blue coat, with shining buttons, his buff knee-breeches, and buckled shoes. His whole appearance denoted the rich man: the ruffles on his bosom and wrists were of the finest fabric, wide and undulating with rare old lace; his hands, white and small, showed no sign of hard work; his step, even, had that saunter and ease which tell of no obligation to hurry, and bespeak the man owner of his time, subservient to no one.

He was a young man; perhaps not over twenty-two. His clear, blue eyes and fair complexion showed, at a glance, his northern origin; his features were regular, his figure tall and straight, his whole appearance noble. As we have already said, the stranger was quietly walking along the little village street, and soon had reached its last house, prettily inclosed by a little garden filled with the flaunting blossoms of the hollyhocks and sunflowers. Here the street was merging itself into a lane—a real old-fashioned country lane—meandering among meadows, and crossed by babbling brooks, all fragrant with the many tiny flowers of the fields, and here and there overreached by the luxuriant wild pear-trees. It was near sunset: the lowing of the cows and the tinkling of their bells were heard everywhere. The fields were alive with the boys

and girls driving the cattle home. It was that cheerful hour of the day when every object is tinged with the brightest shades, and the sun, before disappearing, turns everything to gold. The traveller was enchanted. He had, five days before, left the noisy city of Paris, and ever since hurried through scarcely less busy or less noisy towns. Here, at last, he could refresh eyes and mind; and he was feasting on that peaceful agitation of country life.

Just as he was turning from the main road into a narrow path running along the laughing brook, he saw, coming across the meadow, a young girl, carrying on her head a pail brimming over with milk. She must have been wonderfully fair and lovely, that rustic milkmaid, to attract and rivet the attention of the somewhat *blase* young man, used to the beauties of the unrivalled city. Never had he seen such perfection of features and such gracefulness of form. Her bare arm, raised to steady the pail poised on her head, though sunburnt, was faultless in its shape. The round outline of her bust, and the beauty of the ankle and foot, which neither shoe nor stocking concealed, the noble and graceful head, the bright red lips and beaming eyes—nothing escaped the attention and scrutiny of the stranger. He was at first spell-bound, little thinking he should meet with such rare beauty in such a rustic garb; but soon recovering thought and speech, he jumped over the low fence that divided the path from the meadow, and coming up to the young girl he addressed her as, in those days, one of his class in life thought fit to address a pretty country lass. His first words were not heeded, only the girl gave him an astonished and somewhat scornful glance, which must have enhanced her beauty tenfold, for the young man expressed his admiration in warm and plain language, and ventured on some proposals which, in his gay life in the capital, he had never known to be refused.—What must have been his astonishment when the young girl, who uttered not a single word, yet took the milk-pail from her head, and throwing its contents into the young man's face, exclaimed: "That's your answer, impertinent fellow!" And leaving him thus deluged, she quickly walked off.

There was no further travelling that night: nor the next day, nor for many days after.—The energetic answer of the insulted girl had touched a vibrating chord in our young man's heart. From a mere amateur's admiration his feelings had turned to respect. It was so novel an adventure that he resolved to follow it to the end.

On that very night, after he had announced his wish to stay at the inn for a few days, he made inquiries about the young girl. She was well known as the "beautiful Petronella," and better known as the proudest girl in the country; one to whom no one dared to offer the least familiarity, and whose low birth was hidden under her noble and spotless character.

Our traveller went to the small farm house where she lived with her old parents, the youngest of four children, and the only daughter. He saw her there; he apologized to her; he spoke to her with the respect he felt; and, at last, after many a parley and discussion with the old people, the young girl was taken to the school of the neighboring convent, there to be educated; taught to read, and write, and embroider on satin—the three requisites of a lady's education in those plain and easy times.

Three years did she stay there, until the day she became twenty. On that day, and by the pastor of the village church, she was married to the young man whom she had once so bravely repulsed, and whose patient waiting and deferential courtship were fully rewarded by the loveliness and rare beauty of his rustic bride; they had lost nothing of their perfection by being taught how to shine.

The milk-maid became the wife of the rich banker, and for many a year adorned his princely mansion, and did the honors of her husband's table, with a native and striking grace that every one noticed. But very few were made acquainted with her early life and rather novel courtship; she did not wish to become a wonder and a curiosity to her husband's friends, but to those who had become intimate enough to be told of her native place and avocation, she used to say that when she carried the milk-pails and milked her father's cows, she felt as high-bred, if not as high-born, as the first lady of the land. Nature had made her a lady, and circumstances had only given her the lady's attire.

Her first child, a daughter, named after Petronella's mother, Jenny, married one of the most widely known, living religious writers. In that daughter's house my grandmother ended her days, respected and loved by all, and beautiful even in death. She was buried very near her native place, and, by her wish, in an out-of-the-way, secluded village churchyard, surrounded by shady fields.

At Dieppe, in France, the following notice was recently issued:—"The bathing police are requested, when a lady is in danger of drowning, to seize her by the dress and not by the hair, which oftentimes remains in their grasp. Newfoundland dogs will also govern themselves accordingly!"

Correspondence.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

How (or What) Shall We Teach Our Children?

The other day I was a listener to the conversation of two children, who believed themselves wholly unobserved. "I should think God must have a pretty big book, to write down everything that we do!" exclaimed Henry, a boy six years old. "Yes," replied his older sister, "and every word we say, too, He writes down." "Does he then write down, 'Fiddlestick'?" rejoined Henry, laughing. "Yes," Mary answered, gaily, the ridiculous having gained the mastery over her usual religious veneration. "He writes down when I say 'Peekabo!'" Both laughed heartily; and I confess, I had to smile myself, at their foolish remarks.

"Then he writes down when I make a somerset?" continued Henry, highly enjoying the frolic which their conversation was causing. "Of course, and when I snap my fingers," Mary replied, carried away by the current.—Thinking that this was about enough, I stepped out of the closet, where I had been arranging and dusting the shelves, and sat down between them.

"You are mistaken," I said, "God does not write down all that you say or do, you do it yourselves! Didn't you know that?"

"How?" they eagerly inquired, looking up at me in perfect astonishment, and a little ashamed of their irreverent conduct.

"Why," I continued, "every act you do, or every word which you speak, is written on the air, which I call atmosphere! God needs no books. He reads the atmosphere, which surrounds you, and upon which your actions in word and deed are painted, just as your face is mirrored in the looking glass, or in the clear water of the brook. You cannot wipe away your image from the mirror, neither can you wipe away anything that is written down on the atmosphere, which is God's great book of life!"

"But we cannot see it?" inquired Henry. "No, you cannot see it now, but the holy angels can see it, so can also some people on the earth read some of the pages of people's lives they perhaps never saw before. I can myself read some of it, though rather imperfectly, and perhaps you will, when you grow older.—Now remember, children, that, though God does not write down everything in his book, it is written down, and you do it yourselves."

Let us all see to it that when the time comes when we shall lay aside this mortal garb of ours and we cast one searching glance over our book of life, it may not fill us with sadness and remorse, at the dark pages which swell it to a volume of a—life misspent.

L. P.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

MR. Z. HOUGHTON—DEAR SIR:—Perhaps by not fully understanding or comprehending the meaning of the spirit, I may fail to give a correct opinion of his or her explanations of the cause for the inharmonious to which you alluded. Yet I will endeavor briefly to give you some of my ideas in regard to spirits. In the first place, I believe, (because it seems consistent with the philosophy of spirit-life), that there exists in each sphere or condition of unfolding, spirits that are positive to each other, and repel each other instead of attracting and mingling together harmoniously. We see exhibitions of a like nature within our own sphere, and understand that to be the result of a "perfect law of God." "Positive attracts negative but repels positive." Two positive minds cannot fully and harmoniously mingle. Secondly, I believe that spirits of a very high development do not possess or take complete possession of mediums in their first controlment. Nor do I believe that we can have direct personal communication with the highest development in spirit-life. Not because they do not possess their "spirit-body," but owing to our possessing still gross and unspiritual ones, and minds whose faculties are not sufficiently unfolded to receive or understand aught so refined and spiritual as their electrical magnetism or spiritual teachings. It seems more rational to me that spirits of the higher developments communicate through their agents nearer the plane of the medium, consequently the communication is greatly modified to suit (or nearly so) the understanding or comprehension of the medium or individuals to whom it is communicated.

Many spirits communicating with the children of earth, do not understand the philosophy of mind, and the laws governing and directing its phenomena better, nor as well as many still within the mortal body. Each are constantly learning something new in relation to themselves and their own powers of mind, directing their actions, and it is with them (by virtue of a law of the mind) as with embodied spirits. As they truly progress they feel more sensibly their want of perfectness in wisdom, broader and more expansive fields of knowledge are constantly opening for investigation before their progressing powers of perception and reason, and they become humble in view of their lack of knowledge, yet inspired, by their soul-views of "excellency of wisdom," they continue seeking. We judge

of other's wisdom and goodness only by comparison. Spirits do the same. I also find that some spirits, like some people here, condemn as erroneous and absurd all they cannot understand, while others blindly receive it as something superior to mortal comprehension, and in awe will exclaim, "God's mysteries," when, in fact, it is only *man's folly*.

Our condition is not at once materially changed after passing away, therefore we find like degrees of intelligence as well as of goodness in the spirit world that we find in this. Therefore we should judge of all communications accordingly. We often hear senseless and unmeaning expressions—a combination of words which mean much separately, and still more when correctly and properly arranged, but when imperfectly construed possess no meaning—no definite idea, and from spirits too.—I do not offer this as positive evidence of their want of ability to speak correctly, (aside from other and more conclusive evidence it would not prove an unqualifiedness on the part of the contending spirit), as the "conditions" for giving distinct and correct impressions are not at all times favorable, and the medium's mind may also be in a disturbed or unsettled condition, and the communication or impression would be imperfect.

Look within a placid, clear body of water, like a true mirror it will reflect your looks correctly, then drop a pebble within, your features at once become distorted and confused until nothing that looks like yourself is to be seen. Again, if the water is muddy, your true color is not correctly revealed, but your reflex takes the color of the water into which you are gazing. May this not also be measurably true in regard to the human mind?—Do we not reflect objects and ideas in accordance with our condition at the time in which the impression was given? In view of this, two suggestions at least find their way to the mind. The first is the necessity of mediums living for their mediumship,—taking favorable times and places for a controlling influence,—seeking also the food, the air, the exercise, mentally and physically, favorable for their developments, and never sitting for an influence when sensible of a fault in conditions. If this were practised there would be less "evil communications," (as they are termed), and more spiritual, life-giving, and soul-elevating truths given to the children of earth's sphere. The second is, the necessity of our developing our own reasoning faculties by constantly exercising them, that we may be enabled to judge for ourselves what is true, and "trying the spirits," receiving unto ourselves all that seems worthy of our acceptance, laying all else aside for further investigation by the higher light within the soul, and if each brighter gleam reveals new beauties, still hold it in possession, but if the greater light reveals greater deformities and imperfections, seek not to bind it to the soul. Can no room there be found, but some truth must be crowded out, to give a place for error? O God forbid that this should be.

Much charity should be exercised when receiving a communication from a spirit; they labor under great difficulties. I have seen them deeply grieved. I have seen them weep when they had made a false, incorrect impression—they saw it all, but with such conditions could do no better. I have also seen them in high glee when they had succeeded in playing upon the credulity of minds, too ready to receive all that came from the spirits, without due consideration to enable them to determine its merits or demerits. Others will act in like manner, and will gravely exclaim, "We will learn them a lesson." They are too credulous. Therefore let us try the spirits, and according to the motto of the Eclectic, "Prove all things, and hold fast that which is good."

Portland, Me. L. T. B. KING.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

Now's the Day and now's the Hour.

The *Spiritual Eclectic*, my heart welcomes this beautifully printed well-filled sheet to my family; it breathes not of profane or impious lips; and is suited for family reading. It recognizes the person and the being of a God—the inspiration of the scriptures, without endorsing every word and comma found within their lids, leaving the interpretation to the reason of every individual.

Thus arise human responsibilities; our obligation to do good, to love and aid our fellow-man, which could not be, if "there is no evil;" then man would not be a cause, but a thing—virtue and honesty would be a mere dream.

This paper is called for, occupying a position no other paper does. It stands on unoccupied ground, and it is to be seen if there are not, among the "five millions of spiritualists in these United States," enough Bible or Eclectic spiritualists to put this paper on a sound footing. We are not of the "all right" stamp philosophers, but want things right, by the diffusion of knowledge and lighting the fires of truth, and good will to man.

This is to be done by each individual taking hold and inviting his neighbor to subscribe.—Mediums sending their tests, their little pearls, gathered from the spirit-world; lecturers and others sending in their offering of four lines, which is often better than forty.

I have been the conductor of a paper sixteen years, and have taken the liberty to speak on this subject, without consultation, as I know

in these premises, we are called upon to act.—We are a *cause*, and it is a duty by virtue of it—by our regard for true spiritualism—as we love God, as we recognize the great brotherhood of man, in his moral and social relations, to put our shoulders to the wheel, and have our craft ride beautifully. One hour's exertion, every month, in its behalf, will give it that impulse it needs. *It is your paper—it is my paper*, and shall we not at once "step to the Captain's office and pay our fares?" I know a paper cannot live on *good wishes*. Not two weeks since I was told, by a distinguished lecturer, that "*Spiritualists do not recognize the claims of God, or scripture, and thus Newton's paper failed* in advocating them." Oh, each one who loves God and man, help wipe this reproach from our ranks. The want of success was from the fact, that all relied for Mr. N. to do, what no editor can do, and what you and I could do far better than he. A moving among the rank and file, the bone and sinew, is absolutely necessary to success; nothing less than this will give triumph to principle. Place not the alternatives of refined mormonism, or starvation before these proprietors.—The paper is being printed, cash is being spent; hand in, at once, your names and your change, and prove the virtue and progress of the age.

CHAS. ROBBINS, M. D.

Charlestown, April 7th, 1860.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

Hymn to Death.

BY H. CLAY BURCH.

Eternal fiat of Almighty Power
The universe bows to thy potency!
Thou movest forth upon infinitude
And changeth all existence. E'en the Throne
Of worlds, by thee, is scattered into dust.
Creation is thy realm—eternity
Thy reign. To thee the stars are floating isles
Of light, that flame awhile as beacons o'er
The wave—torches of God that burn to warn
The empyrean host that Death on Time's swift wings
Sweeps through immensity. Thou art of old
The mighty Alchemist whose subtle power
Dissolves life's vial forms and turns all space
Into one vast alembic.

Thou hast been

Our desolator, yet by thee does man
Put on immortal robes, and banquet in
The upper halls of time. Thy hands have wrapped
The starry bulric of the gods around
The soul, and thus begirt we enter in
The portals of high Paradise. For our
Earth-pangs thou givest glory-crowns, in which
Gleam the thought-jewels of Seraphic Love.
O Death! thou once was man's chief terror, but
God's smile rests on thee now, as rests the bright
And seven-lined bow upon the storm-king's breast,
So shalt thou be until we all are brought
Within the changeless Omnicracy of
The Heaven's eternal Peace.

I hear a voice

Sounding along the corridors of Space.
Each burning orb has found a tongue, and their
Star-whispers speak of the mysterious deep
Whose atramental vault contains the wrecks
Of past eternities. It is the voice
Of God, hymning the Epic of His reign
To the love-planets glittering round the Throne.
The star-robed Hierarch looks forth upon
The rayless gloom of thy Abyss, nor bids
Thee cease thy devastations; for thou art
His great Magician, waving thy trident
Wand-like o'er infinitude, whose billows
Feel thy power and cease to roll.

methinks I

See thee stand, a lurid form, upon the
Dust which thou hast gathered in Creation's
Urn, and sound thy Pean through the lifeless
Void. But this shall never be. 'Tis but the
Phantom of the Past imaged upon the
Darksome deep of our Futurity. Time's
Cycles roll forever throughout changes
Endless; and thy desolations shall not
Be complete. Old Nature's gorgeous temple
May be ravished; but each coming age will
Soon re-beautify it with new Life. So
Thou shalt never end our life, but ever
Re-begin existence. Such art thou, Death.
Smith's Mills, Jan. 10th, 1860.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

MR. EDITOR:—In your first issue, I noticed an article ascribed to Coleridge from which I extract the following:

"The Zendavasta, (Persian Bible,) must, I think, have been copied in part from the writings of Moses."

So much for Coleridge's opinion. But by examining into the matter, I find that others who were noted for their learning and celebrity have expressed a contrary opinion to the author above mentioned.

Diogenes Laertias, an ancient and reputable author, in speaking of the religion of the Persians as promulgated by their priests and magi, says the Jewish Rabbins were the successors of their doctrine.

Eben Ezra and Spinoza, Jewish authors of much repute, have written treatises on the ceremonies of the ancient Jews, to show that Moses is not the author of those books ascribed to him, and that they did not exist as a book till the time of the Maccabees, which was more than one hundred years after the return of the Jews from the Babylonian captivity.

Another fact more significant than any other is, the Jews before their captivity in Babylon had no such names among them as Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joshua, &c., but since that time those names are as common with them as Patrick is to the Irish; and how can this be accounted for, except they knew nothing about such books and such names prior to their captivity? And then the silence of all

the books of the Bible from Genesis to Malachi about the creating of the world, the tempting of Eve by the serpent, the garden of Eden, &c., none of these things are spoken of or even alluded to, by kings or prophets, and had they known anything about them, their silence concerning subjects so momentous as they are supposed to be is quite a mystery.

It is likewise apparent that the book of the law of the Lord given by Moses as it is called, see 2d Chronicles, chap. 34, verse 14, was not known among the judges who governed Israel for more than three hundred years, and the account of finding such a book is recorded in the reign of King Josiah, about eight hundred and twenty-one years after the death of Moses, according to history, and about twenty-four years before the Jews were carried into captivity by Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, when they ceased to exist as a nation.

In the 36th chapter of Genesis, verse 31st reads thus, "And these are the kings that reigned in the land of Edom before there reigned any king over the children of Israel." This verse reads the same as that which is recorded in 1st of Chronicles, chap. 1, verse 43, and which is an interpolation in Genesis that Clark and other eminent divines admit, and plainly shows that Moses is not its author, for how could he know anything about the kings who reigned over Israel, when from the time of Moses to Saul, the first king of Israel, it was more than three hundred years?

Another author is of the opinion that the Jews while in their captivity in Babylon and Persia, became acquainted with the cosmogony as registered in the Zendavasta of Zoroaster, the Persian law-giver, and that after their return from captivity they manufactured and modelled as their own, and ante-dated it by giving to it the name of Moses.

D. D. MARRINER.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

Drops and Draughts, Fresh from the Fount of Truth.

The consent of the selfish is colder than the refusal of the generous.

Language, although so common, is not used. Like many things common it is much abused.

The most sterling characters are not the most popular. Verbose and versatile genius generally obtains the widest publicity, as the ocean conceals its treasures at the bottom, while the lighter substances float on the surface.

In the economy of Divine government, all punishment is designed for reform.]

The pursuit of wealth for its own sake is unjustifiable; measurably so is the search after truth as a possession.

Discontents and disappointments are rounds in the ladder of improvement.

Human energy is like powder, in that it must be concentrated and compressed, to be effective.

Wisdom directeth, that in giving a child reasons for not doing what is judged to be wrong the reason of its being a *moral wrong* be first presented as a motive to desist, and minor reasons, such as the pecuniary disadvantage thereof, afterwards.

Remember, that reserve and modesty inspire respect and confidence in thee, Greater than a display of wit or parts—How to be silent is the art of arts.

His treatment of woman and the inferior of his own sex, is the test of a man's magnanimity.

In manners, openness and triviality tempt rudeness and rascality, as an open house tempts beggars and burglars. Setting the door ajar is equivalent to a placard, "walk in."

LEOLETT.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

THE philosophy of Spiritualism, as far as understood, is beautiful—yet in itself alone, like other systems, it is cold. It is only when under the guidance of Christian principles, that it flowers and brings forth the fruit of brotherly kindness, charity and love. It is the wicked heart that quarrels with Bible purity, that attempts to fritter away the commands of God and his threatenings. It is the sensuous heart, disturbed by the light of God's truth, that seeks an *anodyne* from the doctrine, that there is *no evil*; that God makes him or her licentious, that fraud, lying, and licentiousness are from *necessity*,—thus denying human responsibility,—that we are *beings* and not things. That only is true Spiritualism which breathes in holy living, that cultivating the graces of the spirit, by which we go up, from one degree of light to another, showing the temper Jesus illustrated in his life; thus making us practically better in all the relations of life. These are the kindlings of the kingdom of heaven. Thus we are happy and must be, as we have the elements of life within.

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LOOK AT ALL SIDES.

"I never think," says the eloquent Ruskin, "that I have seen all sides of a subject until I have contradicted myself at least three times in relation to it."

There is apt to be, in the minds of public men, who set up for teachers of the people, a strong pride of consistency. This, if it does not actually keep them committed to known error, because they are ashamed to acknowledge that they have been mistaken, is yet very unfavorable to all-sided perceptions of truth. The mind is kept fixed to one view, and closed against all others.

"I preach the same doctrine that I did forty years ago," was the remark, not long since, of a distinguished Doctor of Divinity, a leader in one of the prominent sects; and his tone evinced that he took great credit to himself for the fact. Strange that a man should make it a boast that he had learned nothing new in forty years!

Truly great minds are not of this stamp.—They are always teachable—never ashamed to confess their ignorance—ever ready to learn—respectful towards the honest opinions of others—happy, as far as possible, to look through others' eyes, that they may see what others see, and thus get more rounded views of things. Such minds cannot be narrowly sectarian. They will find something of truth everywhere; and they will be able to see that what smaller minds deem conflicting theories, are often but the complementary arcs of one whole circle of truth.

The Calvinist sees the grand reality of Divine Sovereignty; and this so fills his eye as to shut out all recognition of the corresponding reality of Human Freedom. The Methodist, on the other hand, is sure of man's free agency, and hence infers that Calvin was altogether in the wrong. If both were broad enough to take in at once the two sides of the subject, they might see that these truths are but complementary of each other—like the positive and negative movements of electricity, and the centripetal and centrifugal forces that balance the universe.

So of other long-disputed questions of the sects—as the Trinity and Unity of God—the Divinity and Humanity of Jesus—the Nobility and Depravity of man—etc., etc. There is a higher ground of unity where all these seeming contradictions are seen to harmonize. But narrow minds of a similar cast gather around some one truth, which in fact is but half a truth, and this so engrosses the eye that others equally true are ignored or denied.—Their sympathies are withdrawn from those who differ; there is no openness of mind to the view of others; no effort to see things from others' points of vision; and feelings of antagonism, jealousy, and mutual hatred are the result. This is the history of sectarianism throughout the world.

But narrow minds are not all within the pale of the religious sects. So-called "liberals" are sometimes found to be the most cramped of bigots. Shriveling into some little nook of egotistic negation, they imagine that all which they have not seen or experienced is illusory and false. They recognize neither good nor truth, neither honesty nor use, in religionists or religions of any class. Could they come out of *self* far enough to feel one generous throb of sympathy with their fellows, they might learn that other men's experiences are as real as their own, and their perception as much to be respected.

Modern reformers, so-called, too, are often found lacking in breadth. We find them, in many instances, fixing upon some one branch or angle of Reform,—as Anti-Slavery, Anti-War, Temperance, Woman's Rights, etc.—and magnifying this out of all proportion, make devotion to it in their way, the test of fealty to Humanity; and hence deprecate and depreciate all labors in other departments. Any laborer, to be efficient, should select his own field, and choose his own tools, and use them in his own way. But if he insists that all others should work in the same patch, with the same instruments, and after exactly the same method, he shows that he neither understands himself nor the magnitude of his calling. The broad-minded philanthropist sees that the field is large, the labor various, the workmen as varied in qualifications; and he rejoices in all earnest, self-sacrificing work, even though bunglingly performed.

Narrowness is perhaps not altogether blameable or avoidable. It may be born in us. The walls of our clayey tenement may be so cramped, or the texture of our mental fiber so unelastic, that breadth and comprehensiveness are impossible while we inhabit the earthly body. Let those who are more favored be patient and tolerant of such.

But in so far as it results from mere pride of consistency, or from a self-conceit which

makes us unteachable, inhospitable to the thoughts of others, it may be outgrown. Too much of it unquestionably, springs from the lack of a generous interest in—an all-embracing love towards—our human brotherhood. We despise our differing brothers, and care not for their goods or their truths. Were we loving and reverent to all, as we like to have others respectful to us, then should we be open to conviction on all sides.

A striking illustration of the influence of friendly feelings in opening the way for overcoming differences of opinion, occurred in the last century, between two English gentlemen. They had been sworn friends in college; separated in after years, one became a devout Roman Catholic, the other an earnest adherent of the Anglican Protestant Church. They opened a correspondence on the subject, each endeavoring to set before the other the merits of his own faith. The result was, both were converted, and changed places—the Protestant became a Romanist, the Romanist a Protestant!

This singular case, while it shows the receptivity of true friendship, shows also narrowness on both sides. Had each been broad enough to have seen the essential truths of the other, without abandoning his own, they might have met half-way, or rather on the common ground of a higher catholicism.

Spiritualists, of all others, should be broad, catholic, and eclectic—open to the truths and uses of all types of mind, and all phases of experience. The man who truly respects his own individuality, will respect that of all others,—will see that the honest convictions of no mind are to be despised. Too often do even Spiritualists allow a novel idea, or a glimpse of some side of truth not seen before, to seemingly blot out other ideas equally as important. Too often are they inclined to depreciate the wisdom and experience of the past as utterly misguided,—to forget, in the dazzling light of to-day, that the same sun shone yesterday.

It is, indeed, a glorious thing to know that we can walk and talk with angels; but this is not all there is to be known or done. We are to become ourselves angels of beneficence to all around us, by earnestly engaging in every good word and work that offers itself to our hands. Then shall we have a fellow-feeling with all the good on earth and in heaven.—Then shall we see a friend and a brother in every earnest worker in whatever part of the great field of Human Improvement.

A. E. N.

THE MARBLE FAUN, AGAIN.

We last week made some remarks upon this great book, which we illustrated by a few extracts. We promised to recur to it again with a view to show that Hawthorne's mind has also been exercised upon those great and puzzling problems which have been more or less discussed by Spiritualists—problems, in fact, which no other religionists have dared to look boldly in the face. Although a novel, this book deals with fundamental things. A mind like Hawthorne's cannot trifle—cannot skip and play upon the surface of things, but must ascend to the heights, and descend to the depths of life. He is necessarily stirred by great and pressing thoughts, and his spirit is therefore tinged by tragic hues. Like Carlyle's hero, he is on his devious way from the "everlasting No," to the "everlasting Yea"—a journey inevitable to every man of high and earnest thought.—To men and women of hopeful natures—persons whose mental and physical constitutions are pervaded by the light of truth, the journey is a comparatively easy one. They have, as we have often heard revivalists pertinently say, "a little heaven to go to heaven in."—Other persons of more sombre and hopeless constitutions, and of more questioning and exacting intellects, have to reach the "promised land" of full faith through much tribulation of thought. The onward way, which, however, they *must* go, has to be disputed inch by inch, until at last the glory of a full and sure faith makes unspeakably glad their entire being. After they have penetrated the hard and cold crust of human life, and reached the eternal fire of love that underlies all, they have no longer chilling doubts—life is no longer a mocking mystery, but an ineffable and glorious reality.

Hawthorne, a man of great genius, is one of the latter class of persons. He has gone slowly on his pre-appointed journey. He has been in the thickets of doubt—has travelled toward the unfolding light through many blinding and bewildering storms; but we think he is now drawing near to the "Celestial City," to recede from it no more forever. We think we can see signs of this enlarged and sure faith in the Marble Faun.

But to further indicate the growing faith of Hawthorne, we shall have to make a few more extracts from his book; and to make the extracts intelligible to the reader, we shall have to give a brief statement of the story. We last week remarked that three of the principal characters of the book are artists. The fourth principal personage of the story, and the one who suggests its name, is a beautiful Italian, bearing the name of Donatello. He is a simple and inexperienced young fellow who very much resembles the famous marble Faun of Praxiteles. He attaches himself to

Miriam, one of the lady characters, but who, being a superior and very brilliant woman, does not regard him with a feeling other than she would experience for a playful, good-natured pet animal, in which light, indeed, from his strong resemblance to the fabled Faun, she rather estimates him—the rather, as he manifests none other than animal traits. Still, he is unaccountably attached to her, and accompanies her everywhere as would a loving dog.

One day while exploring, in company with Kenyon, Donatello, Miriam, and Hilda, the catacombs of Rome, Miriam encounters a ghostly stranger, to whom, by some singular fate, she is tragically connected. They meet with mutual repugnance. The quick eyes and keen instincts of Donatello sees the embarrassment of the parties, and at once is seized with a dreadful hatred for the stranger, whose presence, he instinctively detects, bodes no good to the lady whom he so wholly loves. This ghostly, mysterious stranger and Miriam often encounter each other in the presence of the jealous Donatello, whose rage at the former waxed stronger and stronger. At last the three meet near the Tarpeian Rock, and Donatello, in a fit of ungovernable rage, seizes the offensive stranger, and, encouraged by the look of Miriam, hurls him down the dreadful precipice! This crime transforms the poor youth, and brings to his hitherto innocent spirit the consciousness of having committed a terrible crime.

While the act attaches Miriam to him in steadfast and deathless love, it has a most stunning effect upon the poor fellow, and even for a while silences his love to her for whose sake the deed was accomplished. He leaves her society, and retires to his estate in Tuscany, and there becomes a solitary and moody man,—the sense of crime still burning more and more deeply within him. Kenyon visits him, and becomes his counsellor, and, in so far as he can, his comforter. Miriam, too, who is a singular, yet noble woman, hovers, unbeknown, near him. But the transformation of the poor fellow is complete. His guilt haunts him continually, and he can receive no solace. He carries most of the time, like a brooding owl, in a tower that surmounts his castle.—While taking, for the first time, Kenyon up into his penance-loft, he remarks to him:

"Come, then," said the Count, adding with a sigh, "it has a weary staircase, and dismal chambers, and it is very lonesome at the summit!"

"Like a man's life, when he has climbed to eminence," remarked the sculptor; "or, let us rather say, with its difficult steps, and the dark prison-cells you speak of, your tower resembles the spiritual existence of many a sinful soul, which, nevertheless, may struggle upward into the pure air and light of Heaven at last!"

After getting into his airy chamber, Donatello shows his friend its furniture—among other things a human skull, an heir-loom of his family. Kenyon, who would be a cheerful fellow, objects to the death's head as an unwelcome presence, and he thus moralizes, in view of it, to his afflicted friend:

"It is absurdly monstrous, my friend, thus to fling the dead weight of our mortality upon our immortal hopes. While we live on earth, 'tis true, we must needs carry our skeletons about with us; but, for heaven's sake, do not let us burden our spirits with them, in our feeble efforts to soar upward! Believe me, it will change the whole aspect of death, if you can once disconnect it, in your idea, with that corruption from which it disengages our higher part."

That is good talk, and full of light. Hear him again, as he gives vent to feelings which the grand scene around suggests:

"Thank God for letting me behold this scene!" said the sculptor, a devout man in his way, reverently taking off his hat. "I have viewed it from many points, and never without as full a sensation of gratitude as my heart seems capable of feeling. How it strengthens the poor human spirit in its reliance on His providence, to ascend but this little way above the common level, and so attain a somewhat wider glimpse of His dealings with mankind. He doeth all things right. His will be done!"

"You discern something that is hidden from me," observed Donatello, gloomily, though striving with unwonted grasp to catch the analogies which so cheered his friend. I see sunshine on one spot, and a cloud on another, and no reason for it in either case. The sun on you; the cloud on me! What comfort can I draw from this?"

"Nay; I cannot preach," said Kenyon, "with a page of heaven and a page of earth spread wide open before us! Only begin to read it, and you will find it interpreting itself without the aid of words. It is a great mistake to try to put our best thoughts into human language. When we ascend into the higher regions of emotion and spiritual enjoyment, they are only expressible by such grand hieroglyphics as these around us."

This is fine and true philosophy, and is doubtless Hawthorne's own. He begins to solve the great problem satisfactorily to himself, and a noble and grand faith is dawning in his mind. Donatello is profiting somewhat by even his crime. The other says of him,—
"The effect of this hard lesson, upon Donatello's intellect and disposition, was very striking. It was perceptible that he had glimpses of strange and subtle matters in those dark caverns, into which all men must descend, if they would know anything beneath the surface and illusive pleasures of existence. And when they emerge, though blinded and dazzled by the daylight, they take truer and sadder views of life forever afterwards."

He says again of Donatello:—"In the black depths, the Faun had found a soul, and was

struggling with it toward the light of heaven."

As long as this article is, we cannot refrain from taking one more extract as indicative of Hawthorne's views of the ends of sin. Donatello has partially risen from the "slough of despond" into which his crime cast him, and is putting on beautiful spiritual garments.

He and the lovely Miriam are brought together, and she thus speaks of his heavenly transformation:

"Is he not beautiful?" said Miriam, watching the sculptor's eye as it dwelt admiringly on Donatello. "So changed, yet still, in a deeper sense, so much the same! He has travelled in a circle, as all things heavenly and earthly do, and now comes back to his original self, with an inestimable treasure of improvement won from an experience of pain. How wonderful is this! I tremble at my own thoughts, yet must needs probe them to their depths. Was the crime—in which he and I were wedded—was it a blessing, in that strange disguise? Was it a means of education, bringing a simple and imperfect nature to a point of feeling and intelligence which it could have reached under no other discipline?"

"You stir up deep and perilous matter, Miriam," replied Kenyon. "I dare not follow you into the unfathomable abysses whither you are tending."

"Yet there is a pleasure in them! I delight to brood on the verge of this great mystery," returned she. "The story of the fall of man! Is it not repeated in our romance of Monte Beni? And may we follow the analogy yet further? Was that very sin—into which Adam precipitated himself and all his race—was it the destined means by which, over a long pathway of toil and sorrow, we are to attain a higher, brighter, and profounder happiness, than our last birthright gave?—Will not this idea account for the permitted existence of sin, as no other theory can?"

"It is too dangerous, Miriam! I cannot follow you!" repeated the sculptor. "Mortal man has no right to tread on the ground where you now set your feet."

"Ask Hilda what she thinks of it," said Miriam, with a thoughtful smile. "At least, she might conclude that sin—which man chose instead of good—has been so beneficently handled by omniscience and omnipotence, that, whereas our dark enemy sought to destroy us by it, it has really become an instrument most effective in the education of intellect and soul."

The above extracts will indicate Hawthorne's position in regard to the great question which involves the existence of sin and evil. He clearly enough believes that they will be made, by a divine alchemy, the instruments of a greater good. But he does not teach that we should therefore purposely sin that good may thereby come.

The greatness of this book, and the peculiar themes it indirectly discusses, are our apology for making the article so long. We will not soon again so trespass upon our readers' patience.

Charlotte Bronte.

Thackeray, in the April number of his Cornhill Magazine, has a very beautiful and touching article in relation to Charlotte Bronte, and to which he appends the fragment of a new story she commenced a little while previous to her death. We subjoin a portion of the article:—

"One evening, at the close of 1854, as Charlotte Nicholls sat with her husband by the fire, listening to the howling of the wind about the house, she suddenly said to her husband, 'If you had not been with me, I must have been writing now.' She then ran up stairs, and brought down, and read aloud, the beginning of a new tale. When she had finished, her husband remarked, 'The critics will accuse you of repetition.' She replied, 'Oh! I shall alter that. I always begin two or three times before I can please myself.' But it was not to be. The trembling little hand was to write no more."

He says further of her:—

"I saw her first just as I rose out of an illness from which I had never thought to recover. I remember the trembling little frame, the little hand, the great honest eyes. An impetuous honesty seemed to me to characterize the woman. Twice I recollect she took me to task for what she held to be errors in doctrine. Once about Fielding we had a dispute. She spoke her mind out. She jumped too rapidly to conclusions. (I have smiled at one or two passages in the *Biography*, in which my own disposition or behavior forms the subject of talk.) She formed conclusions that might be wrong, and built up whole theories of character upon them. New to the London world, she entered it with an independent, indomitable spirit of her own; and judged of contemporaries, and especially spied out arrogance or affectation, with extraordinary keenness of vision. She was angry with her favorites if their conduct or conversation fell below her ideal. Often she seemed to me to be judging the London folk prematurely; but perhaps the city is rather angry at being judged. I fancied an austere little Joan of Arc marching in upon us, and rebuking our easy lives, our easy morals. She gave me the impression of being a very pure, and lofty, and high-minded person. A great and holy reverence of right and truth seemed to be with her always. Such, in our brief interview, she appeared to me. As one thinks of that life so noble, so lovely—of that passion for truth—of those nights and nights of eager study, swarming fancies, invention, depression, elation, prayer; as one reads the necessarily incomplete, though most touching and admirable history of the heart that throbbled in this one little frame—of this one among the myriads of souls that have lived and died on this great earth—this great earth—this little speck in the infinite universe of God,—with what wonder do we think of to-day, with what awe await to-morrow, when that which is now but darkly seen shall be clear!"

The fragment of the story that follows these remarks of Thackeray's, is quite characteristic of the author—fresh, full of vigor, unique, weird-like, bold, and at once awakens the most

intense interest. Not wishing to tantalize our readers, we withhold it. But we are tempted to add what Thackeray says of it:—

"As I read this little fragmentary sketch, I think of the rest. Is it? And where is it? Will not the leaf be turned some day, and the story be told?"

That is the question; and here we leave the sad subject.

PORTSMOUTH, VA., April 13, 1860.

EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC:—I like the appearance of your new Spiritual Phoenix much; was grieved at the decay of the former Age which had been to me, during its life, a constant gratification and profit, and I had begun to fear I should ne'er look upon its like again, not expecting from its ashes there was another to arise that could in any essential wise eclipse its glory. The new paper, with its clear, sharp form, fresh from the mould, promises well: let it give us the clear solid ring of its honest predecessor, and every other parental quality that characterized it, with such additional merits as a later birth from a pure stock authorizes us to expect.

For one, I hope to see brother Newton's pen at work in its columns. I do not think his old readers can willingly give up their accustomed pleasure in hearing from him. Our cause owes much to him, and perhaps the only way he can obtain his debt, is to keep on increasing our obligations and our gratitude to him. Were his spiritual friends as rich in other goods as in those of love, faith, and truth, how gladly would they add them in their payments. But God bless him, and give us more of him.

Perhaps there is no need of any suggestions as to the details of the work you have undertaken to perform with the Eclectic, for it may be presumed that you have already decided upon its general programme. But you will pardon any seeming obtrusion upon your arrangements in the intimation I would venture to offer in relation to an especial branch of Social Reform. I have no doubt it will be acceptable to a large number of your subscribers, if the subject of the condition of the laboring classes, and the discussion of the principles and means for its amelioration, could find a place in your paper. Such a topic in these times, when public attention has been forced upon it by the recent demonstrations among several departments of these classes, would no doubt find many able and earnest writers as well as deeply interested readers. If the suggestion finds a welcome in your response, I can perhaps find a word or two to say in the matter, though they would be uttered less with the expectation of its elucidation than with the desire of starting it in motion and seeing the effort followed by abler pens. Spiritualists owe Humanity a duty too deplorably neglected by their contemporaries, in preaching some sort of an approximation to a Gospel to the poor. Let us try and see if we have such a thing to offer them; some practical food with solid pleasant meat in it, helping to sustain the body as well as the soul, and not the indigestible husks and shells of a barren unattractive Theology whose dubious uses, utterly impracticable on earth, are postponed to a mysterious guessed-at Eternity.

C. B.

Our columns will always be open to discussion in relation to social reforms. The poor do need a bread-and-butter Gospel preached to them, to be sure, as well as a spiritual Gospel. We are ready to listen to any suggestions our friend may have to offer, or any one else has to offer. All we ask of our contributors is, that they will give their ideas of all truth in the spirit of love and good will to men. We shall allow to them a large liberty, under these conditions.

We thank our friend for his remittance, as it clearly proves he is in earnest in his kind regard for the poor in this world's good.

Profoundly Conceited

Are some of the "New Church" people. The editor of the "Crisis," in a late number of his paper, speaking of the much-written about lecture of T. L. Harris, says he entirely disavows the term Spiritualism. He will have nothing to do with it—not even with "Christian Spiritualism." "We do not," says this lofty New Jerusalemite, "believe in looking to spirits for anything—whether instruction, aid, comfort, or anything else. With the Word in our hands, we look to the Lord only." Well done, you have got along nicely! If you go on at this rate, you will doubtless soon attain to an independence of "the Lord" himself. Come down from your stilts, brother, and mingle a little common-sense with your doubly-refined religious preparations.—The "Word" tells you to "condescend to men of low estate," and also to "try the spirits," and ascertain whether they be of God or no. If you are kept from consulting spirits on accounts of fears that they will contaminate you, why then your consciousness of inward fortification is but small. If you are a "sound man," the spirits won't hurt you, and it is barely possible that they might give you a few hints which would essentially benefit you. We can hardly believe that you have got so far along in heavenly knowledge that you can afford to discard all instructors save "the Lord." You must be a "ripe scholar," indeed, if that is the case.

EDITORIAL ITEMS.

Henry Ward Beecher apologized last Sunday to the trustees of his church for calling them "perjured cowards" for refusing the use of the church to Wendell Phillips. He said he had been misinformed, and that the trustees were perfect gentlemen.—Post.

We didn't know before that Bro. Beecher ever took backward tracks—ever apologized for anything. We supposed he was, from the manner he is generally idolized, an infallible gentleman.

A duel was, not long since, on the tapis at Washington. We regret exceedingly that our law makers cannot be civil to one another—or enough so, that they will not feel themselves obliged to resort to deadly weapons in defence of their injured sensibilities. It shocks us greatly, at first, to hear of one of these terrible affairs in embryo. We are soon soothed, however, from the certainty that the parties will contrive to get themselves arrested before matters come to a "bloody issue." That "law of arrest" is a capital dodge, because it allows gentlemen to justify their courage, and still preserve to them a whole hide. After all, these farces are much better than the contemplated tragedies!

We have taken rather a long pull at "The Marble Faun," this week. It is a great book, and we find ourselves powerfully attracted to it. Those who haven't patience to read that longer article, may be excused by reading this.

What we have said of our neighbor, the Banner of Light, in another column, was not prompted by the tickle-me-Tobac-and-I'll-tickle-you spirit, for our article in relation to that paper was written for our last week's issue, and was accidentally crowded out. It was of course prepared before we saw the Banner's notice of us. We thank our neighbor for his handsomely expressed opinion of us.

Mrs. Brown's AGITATOR, which has hitherto been printed in Cleveland, has transferred its list to the Banner of Light. Spasmodic papers are prone to early decay. To live long, one has to be calm and easy.

The Practical Christian, the Hopedale paper, has also been discontinued. We are sorry, for it was a paper to be always read with profit. "It was too good to live," as we sometimes say of amiable persons whose early demise causes us to mourn.

The mischievous winking of a beautiful coquette from under a smart hood, Prentice thinks, is a pleasant kind of hood-winking.—Post.

We heartily wish there were no more unpleasant "hood-winking" than this. But from this even, disastrous consequences frequently ensue.

CONSUMPTION OF FOREIGN SPIRITS IN THE UNITED STATES.—The importation of foreign distilled spirits into the United States in the year 1859, amounted to \$5,300,680, or nearly a million and a half more than in 1858. Of this amount \$3,262,058 was brandy, the largest amount of this article ever received in one year.

The total consumption of all imported beverages during the last year, was as follows:

Distilled Spirits,	\$5,300,680
Wines,	3,502,148
Beer, Ale and Porter,	771,199

Total, \$9,574,027 [Exchange.]

The above statement has a fearful look. It relates to a kind of spiritualism with which we have no fellowship. What can be done to counteract this sensual scourge—this dreadful dissipation of time, money, health, and happiness?

It was understood that the warrants against Heenan and Sayers would be executed at once, and the parties required to find sureties to a heavy amount, as the magistrates are determined, if possible, to prevent the fight from coming off in Hertfordshire.—Exchange.

How it is that any civilized country should in any way and manner countenance, or admit of, such a brutal proceeding as prize-fighting, is to us a matter of some wonder. We do not much marvel, considering human combativeness, that men sometimes get into spontaneous fist-cuffs, and bite, and scratch, and maul each other. This is pitiable enough, to be sure, but how much worse, and what depravity does it manifest, when fighting is deliberately indulged in for gambling purposes. O that we could all get more in the practice of fighting "the good fight of faith and heavenly charity!" We hope the fight between Heenan and Sayers did not and will not occur.

We have heard of an old gentleman who had three daughters, all of whom were marriageable. A young fellow went a-wooing the youngest, and finally got her consent to take him "for better or for worse." On application to the old gentleman for his consent, he flew into a violent rage, declaring that no man should "pick his daughters in that way," and if he wished to get into his family, he might marry the oldest, or leave the house forthwith.—Exchange.

Now if the old man wanted to have his oldest and homeliest girls married off first, he should have heightened their attractions by superadding some extra "spondulics." Nothing like money to make girls marketable.

The Jackson county (Wisconsin) Banner vouches for the fact that silver diggings have been discovered in that county. The diggers are in a high state of feather over the

discovery, and are preparing to unearth the precious metals.—Exchange.

If they don't get their "feathers" pretty thoroughly plucked before they "unearth" much of the "precious metal," we shall lose our guess. Digging potatoes is, in a long run, a much more profitable kind of mining than gold-digging. But man, for some high reason, doubtless, had much rather take his chance in Utopia, than in a place whose possibilities are fully measured. He seems to prefer to go a wool gathering among the stars, rather than in some perfectly feasible sheep-pasture.

We feel greatly obliged to our editorial brethren, especially to the editors of the Portland Transcript and Bridgton Reporter—for their liberal notices of us. We will "pull their hair as much" when opportunity occurs.

Macaulay didn't think Thomas Jefferson any great shakes, according to a letter of his to Mr. Randall, Jefferson's nephew and biographer, and which has been published since Macaulay's death. Macaulay's bad opinion of our great statesman, and one of mankind's greatest benefactors, will lessen neither our love or reverence for, nor our pride in, him. Macaulay could not forget—nor can any other genuine Englishman—the disservice which Jefferson did to his country. It was one of Jefferson's weaknesses—if weakness we may call it—to hate England, and it is quite natural that England should reciprocate the dislike.

Macaulay not only had no faith in Jefferson, but none in his work. He thought our republican institutions would ultimately come to nought. We feel happy in the thought that we are not obliged to receive Macaulay's dictum in this great matter, as infallible. While admitting that he knew a "thing or two," we certainly are not obliged to admit that he knew everything. It takes everybody to know that much.

John Tyler Hodges, the energetic conductor of the Bank Note Reporter, died very suddenly at the Insane Asylum last week, adding another to the many warnings against that devotion to business that is carrying off so many of our eminent merchants.

So say the papers; yet no one recommends that business be abandoned, and State and Wall streets abolished, because they "tend to insanity." But when some imprudent man or weak woman becomes so interested in the glorious truth of immortality demonstrated, as to lose their mental balance, what an outcry is raised against Spiritualism as a cause of insanity!

The New Dispensation.

BY LIZZIE FLY.

Brightly through the mists of error,
Glean the glorious beams of truth,
And the weary, worn wayfarer
Feels the kindling glow of youth,
And his pilgrim staff no longer
Need support the trembling limb—
In his faith he hath grown stronger,
Lo the heavens are open to him.
No dim isle of brief enchantment—
No uncertain fairy land;
But a heaven of real advancement
With its portals high and grand.
And the path he trod in sadness,
Weak in spirit, sad and lone,
Now is radiant with gladness,
Flowing from our Father's throne.
Let no heart live on in sorrow—
Let no spirit grope in doubt;
No breast so stung but it may borrow
From God's mercies all about,
Gleams of comfort for the wounded;
Rays of joy for the distressed,
And in faith securely founded
There is an eternal rest.

Addressed to those who "wish us Success."

Brethren, at this stage of our progress, we have no doubt you are sincere in wishing us to "succeed" in our present undertaking. But, with your kind permission, we will furnish you a hint which, if carried into practice, will really fulfil your wishes in respect to us. We would have you, after the style of the most effective orators, "suit the action to the word," and fork over to us two dollars for the ECLECTIC for one year. Now when our friends do this, we cannot entertain the least doubt of their sincerity when they "wish us success." But if they stop short with the mere lip-expression of the "wish," we assure them that they confer upon us neither "aid" nor "comfort." To say to us, "Be ye warmed, and be ye clothed," and at the same time to lend us no assistance toward realizing these desirable things, fails to excite in us any gratitude whatever. We instantly repeat (mentally), the query of the Apostle, "How dwelleth the love of God in them?" However, we a'n't flinging any; we have great faith that our numerous friends will verify to us their good wishes in the most substantial manner possible. We do not expect to be obliged to regard them as so many barren fig trees.

To the gentleman who sent us word, the other day, that, if we will send him the ECLECTIC "right along," he will "give us credit for a hundred dollars," we reply, if he will send us one of those handsome "pieters" stamped with the figure "2," we will not only send him the paper, but we will give him—which will do him no harm—the credit of being—a pretty generous fellow.

[Reported for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

Mrs. J. W. Currier at Mechanics' Hall, Portland.

On the afternoon and evening of Sunday, April 15th, Mrs. J. W. Currier, of Lowell, addressed the spiritual audience at Mechanics' Hall. We present our readers, this week, with a report of the lectures on the subject of "The Spirit World." Mrs. Currier is a trance-speaker of great power.

Man's curiosity is ever seeking to penetrate the mysteries of the spirit land. Poets and philosophers have speculated upon it—even the great Athenian philosopher, Socrates; while the Grecian sage, Plato, sought by the study of material objects to understand the unseen. The verse of Homer expresses the same, though in a less degree than Dante, whose affections were ever drawing him heavenward after a beloved spirit.

The intellect of Shakspeare, to whose control the passions bowed, was ever grasping after the unseen.

Edgar A. Poe, the gifted and erring, sang of the loved and lost, but his marred spirit is now purified in tears, and with the lost Leonardo.

Yet poets are no more allied to the spirit-land, than less ideal beings; all being united to the higher life by the bond of affection. Even as a mother's love, so peculiar in its tenderness, never ceases to regard her offspring—so eternity has no power to break one thread of true sympathy, and departed spirits in their celestial bowers are waiting for their kindred.

Spirit-life is a topic as boundless as infinity; there exist insurmountable difficulties in communicating spiritual surroundings to mortals; hence communications are often vague and general.

The chief of these obstacles is the poverty of human speech; bearing the same comparison to the spiritual dialect, as does that of savage nations to the Anglo-Saxon.

The new-born spirit finds itself surrounded by objects of which human language would give no idea, hence new words must be coined, and in proportion to the degree of development the language expands.

Were you to describe natural scenery to a blind man, you might give him a vague idea of form, since he has learned that from the sense of touch, but he would have no conception of colors. So the spiritual perceptions are blinded by their gross surroundings, and those splendors cannot be clearly presented to the material vision. Though by spiritual advancement, a mortal may gain a glimpse of the spirit-land, he ever fails in his attempt to describe it.

Music is one of its principal features, proceeding from no usual visible cause, but the trees and flowers exhale sweet melody, and the entire atmosphere constantly vibrates therewith.

There are spiritual truths which cannot at present be communicated, but when they can, it will be a dispensation as glorious as that of giving sight to the blind, yet there is already enough divulged to satisfy any reasoning mind.

We will, as far as possible, transmit our experience, at the same time making no demand upon the credulity of the audience, and the first object will be to define the locality of the spirit-land.

A recent divine has denoted the comet as a prison for the spirits of the damned, being in its alternate near approach to the sun and receding from it, a place of most exquisite torture; while modern philosophers deny that spirits have a right to a local habitation, but while the spirit retains its identity and individuality, it must sustain local relations. As soon as a spirit, in his new state, becomes conscious, he finds himself on a ball similar in many respects to the one he has left, but surrounded by objects differing widely from anything he has ever before seen.

Having thus far described the location of the spirit-world, the subject was suspended, and resumed again in the evening.

EVENING LECTURE.

By the spirit-world is not meant the ultimate abode of all beings who have existence, but merely the inhabitants of this earth, being a distinct family, those in the external world answering to the younger members, and those already passed into the spiritual sphere, the older.

Spiritualists often form incorrect ideas of the future state. The idea of the outer atmosphere being divided into several distinct spheres or circles for the habitation of spirits, is utterly erroneous.

Visible nature presents the only objects from which man can judge, teaching him from physical phenomenon, that the departed are often with their friends, but this globe is not their place of abode, although intimately connected with it.

The universe is composed of innumerable worlds, each of which is dual, possessing two spheres, the material and the spiritual. The spirit-home is globular in form, like the physical world, presenting most charming scenery, as familiar and tangible as the surroundings of earthly homes.

No human being but has a host of spirit friends, either by affinity or consanguinity, who are waiting to attend the departing soul to his proper station in his new abode.

When death occurs, a period intervenes in which the spirit is unconscious. If the process of dissolution be sudden, it will be longer in attaining the normal use of its faculties, while if the body be wasted with slow disease, the spirit must have time to recover its healthy tone, being influenced by physical malady in the flesh, although no form of distemper exists like those known in the flesh, but mind and body are mutually dependent on each other for tone.

A subtle relation ever exists between spirit and matter, as illustrated by the amputation of a limb, and the individual's suffering in the member which has been removed.

This is no freak of imagination, but the invisible spirit limb sympathetically effected, and thus for a time the entire spirit suffers from some earthly disease.

The precise symptoms and sufferings of the departed are often reproduced in the medium. This is not done by the spirits, as is often supposed, to make themselves known to friends, but they cannot avoid it. When again in contact with tangible organs, those old feelings and symptoms will return.

Suicides are the longest in recovering from past suffering; every one most bitterly regretting the step, since he can nowhere escape from himself, and the greatest effort is required on his part to bring peace to the distressed spirit. On the other hand, to those living proper lives, and dying at a ripe old age, the change is almost instantaneous from infirmity to youth and vigor.

Sometimes the advent of a new member is celebrated by previous preparations, and is not infrequently the topic of conversation for a long time beforehand.

Baron Von Humboldt was received by his affinitizing friends Newton, Franklin and other sages and philosophers.

When nations are mourning and lamenting for the departure of their sages and heroes, quite the reverse is taking place in the spirit-land.

Washington Irving was joyfully ushered in by the kindred spirits of Scott, Byron, Moore, &c.

Earthly animosities are all laid aside, as may be seen by the hearty welcome which Webster received from his old opponent Hayne, who was among the first to greet him. Great men are not above enthusiasm, nor are all generous, social impulses extinguished. Spirits possess the power of reading each other's thoughts, so that no deception can be practiced, and all the acts and motives of past life are clearly revealed.

We will not further attempt to portray the scenes of entrance, but proceed to the general government of the spirit-world. "Order is heaven's first law," without which the spiritual life would be as incomplete as the material. Extremes are unknown, and all legal and judicial forms dispensed with.

Yet no being loses at once his former individual characteristics. The pugilist retains his combativeness, the miser his love of gain, and the savage his rude, uncouth manners.

The spirit-world is made up of all kinds and grades of intelligences, yet there exists no prison, no police, no jury. Spirits are subject to stronger moral restraints than any legislative code—laws so perfect that no one has power to violate them, being a result so inherent in nature they cannot be broken.—Supposing one in spirit life desires to seek some revenge upon his neighbor, that very wish would act as a repellent to keep them apart till a better state of feeling was established, and thus no uncongenial spirits can ever associate. Intellect is the only mark of nobility. Aristocracy and nobility are not from birth or wealth, although some retain their peculiar costume and emblems of earthly rank.

The infallible, immutable laws of the universe form the best example of spirit government, which is ever sustained by a reciprocal yet individual influence; and all from the infant cherub to the highest arch angel are governed by the highest principle of moral attraction.

DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC.—We have received from the publishers this excellent paper, and from it we have taken an interesting sketch for our first page. Though not professional and technical musicians, we are still profound lovers of the divine art.—Nothing so refreshes us, spiritually, yea, even physically, as good music. Therefore we cannot but regard journals devoted to its culture with respect and even reverence.

CHARLESTOWN, April 15th.

Mrs. CLOUGH spoke before the Spiritualists at Central Hall Elm street. Text: "Boast not thyself of to-morrow," &c.

She spoke of the evils and dangers of procrastination. The brevity of human life and its uncertainty were urged as inducements to the prompt and energetic discharge of duty to God and one another. For no repentance could bring back misimproved time. She inculcated the duty of love, not that of the free love of the sensualist, but that free love that Jesus came to impart. She improvised some very fine lines of poetry at the close of the discourse.

Brother Currier, from Lawrence, will speak here on the two ensuing Sabbaths.

C. R.

Special Notices.

We repeat, we want all of our exchanges sent to the ECLECTIC, Portland, Me. Communications, too, designed for the paper, must be sent directly here. Letters on business, may also be sent directly to the editor, Portland, Me. New advertisements, designed for the inside page, must reach us by Monday, if designed for that week's issue.

Our Portland subscribers will hereafter find the ECLECTIC at the store of W. D. Robinson on Exchange street. We would also say that most of those whose names are on the books of the Spiritual Age have received all, and some more, of the numbers due. We shall be glad to have them renew, of course.

We would call especial attention to the neatness and finish which characterize the press-work of this week's paper. It is the handy-work of Mr. LEVI W. FENLEY, one of the best pressmen in this great country.

The Banner of Light.

Verily, our neighbor, the Banner of Light, is a large paper. We are almost oppressed with its weight and quantity of matter. We do most sincerely think the Banner, with its small type, was quite large enough before its recent "extension." However, as its enlargement is an evidence both of the liberality and prosperity of our good neighbors, its proprietors, we certainly cannot find fault with them for extending their borders. It is a very able and enterprising journal, and we doubt not is doing much good. We hope to ever be in good fellowship with it.

THE MOZART CLUB OF PORTLAND.—A friend gave us a ticket which admitted us, not long since, into Deering's Hall, to witness this Club's performance of a musical drama called "Haymakers." We were highly entertained, and in some degree elevated, by the whole affair. We had our naturally strong rural feelings stirred up to a pretty good pitch—although the pitching of grass, and the mowing thereof, was a little too much of a mere amateur character. Two or more of the mowers, we think, have handled the scythe, in good earnest, in another "field" of endeavor. The ladies had never spread hay save in an ideal grass-plot, we will venture to say. Simpkins, the city interpolation, "did" his part well, and the girls "teased" him to perfection. They are always, either in city or country, at home in such matters.

The music part of this performance, we thought, was excellent,—at least it suited us. The thunder-storm, accompanied with solemn music, was very naturally enacted, and rose really into the region of the grand. Olympus itself cannot beat that thunder. We were breathless with sympathy for the "Haymakers," and felt an impulse to rush on the stage, and help "rake after the cart," as we have "many a time and oft" on the approach of a bona-fide shower in hay-time.

On the whole, the performance was capital. This Club, we suppose, is entirely a domestic "institution."

THE ENGLISH REVIEWS AND BLACKWOOD.—We have received from L. Scott & Co., New York, the foreign Reviews for January, and Blackwood for January, February and March. It is now too late to give a detailed statement of their contents, but our paper will, from time to time, contain extracts from them all. Hereafter, we shall notice them at length as we receive them. They are to us invaluable works, and should be in the hands of every scholar, especially as they can be obtained for the exceedingly low price of \$10.

An Important Book.

We have received from Dr. J. L. Lovell, of Yarmouth, Me., a book entitled, "Immortality proved by the Testimony of the Sense; in which is contemplated the Doctrine of Spectres, and the existence of a particular Spectre. Addressed to the candor of this enlightened age, by Abraham Cummings," and republished by Dr. Lovell.

This book refers to phenomena that occurred in the town of Sullivan, Maine, in the year 1800. Its author was a clergyman of eminent piety and learning—a graduate of Harvard College. It is not only a very interesting book of itself, but is also valuable as affording another bright and strong link in that long chain of evidence, which the world presents to the external senses themselves, of the immortality of man. We contend that sensible evidence of this fact with respect to the great economy of man was, and still is, necessary to his highest good. To be sure, our natural longings may be taken as strong evidence of our inherent immortality, but they need, to fully assure us, to be corroborated by sensible evidence. In this first degree of life we are, in good part, instructed by our external senses. They have, so it abundantly appears to us, been furnished with the requisite tangible proof, as this book, and a vast collection of other similar indisputable facts, amply determine.

We shall recur to this book again, by and by, and doubtless present a few of its chapters. It may be had of Dr. J. R. Lovell of Yarmouth, Maine, for 25 cents (we think), per copy.

Thinkers' Department.

LOVE AND NATURE.—Love is an internal existence of one in another; I am not parted from thee, if it be true that I love.

These waves following me along the shore, the ripening plenty of these lands, mirrored in the streams; the young day, the fleeting mists, the distant heights, kindled by the morning sun, all this I look at; and as the bee sucks honey in fresh blossoms, thus every look sucks love out of all, carries it home, and treasures it in the heart, as the bee does the honey in its cell.—Bettina.

"PRESENSIONS are emotions to lift the wings of the spirit higher; longing is a proof that the spirit seeks a higher bliss; spirit is not alone the gift of comprehension, but also feeling and instinct of the sublime, through which its appearance, the thought, is to be developed; thinking is not the essential; we could dispense with it, were it not the mirror of the soul, in which her Spirituality is reflected."

LOVE.—"Love is everlasting first-born, it is one single moment, time is nothing to it, it is not within time, for it is eternal; love is brief. Eternity is a celestial briefness.

Nothing celestial passes over, but what is earthly passes over by the celestial."

THE SOUL ASKS FOR TRUTH.—"How eager is the soul after truth, how does she thirst, how does she drink!—as the panting earth, who has a thousand plants to nourish, drinks in the fruitful thunder-shower. Truth is also electric fire, like lightning. I feel the wide, cloud-over-drifted heaven in my breast; I feel the damp storm-wind in my head; the soft nigh-rolling of the thunders. How they increase, mightily,—they attend the electric fire of the spirit. Life! a course which concludes with death through love, through spirit; a secret, hidden fire, which by this conclusion pours forth into light.

Yes! electric fire! this glows! this roars! and the sparks—the thoughts—fly out of the chimney!

Who touches me in the feeling of my spirituality, with him together uproars the spirit tempestuously, and plays in the pulse-stroke of the storms, in the electric vibrations of the air. This I have felt as we have spoken together and thou didst touch my hand."

I know one! as with infant smiles he has made friends with wisdom, with knowledge. The life of nature is to him temple and religion; all within her is to him spirit-glance, divination; each object in her became for him an individual thou; in his songs sounds forth the divine joy to feel himself in all, to harbor all mysteries, and in them become to himself intelligible.—Bettina.

WHEN the seed comes into the earth it becomes alive, and this life strives into a new realm, into the air. If the seed had not already life in itself, it could not be awaked in it; it is life which passes into life. If man had not already bliss within himself, he could not become blessed. The germ of heaven lies in his heart, even as the germ of blossom lies in the shut seed. Bliss is as much a blossoming in a higher element as yonder plant, which is born out of the seed through the earth to a higher element, into air. All life is nourished by a higher element, and where it is withdrawn from it, it dies off.

Cognition, revelation, is seed of a higher life; earthly life is the soil in which it is scattered; in dying, the whole seed springs up to light; growing, blossoming, bearing fruit from the seed which the spirit has here laid in us, this is life after death.—Ib.

"ALL nature is but a symbol of spirit; she is sacred, because her language is spirit; man by her is taught to understand his own mind, that it also requires love; that it will cling to the spirit as his lips will to the lips of the loved one. * * * * *

How far does love go? It unfolds its standards, it conquers its own realms. In the shout of joy, in the tumult of victory, it hastens on toward its eternal generator. So far goes love, as to return again from whence it proceeded."

"NOTHING speaks more convincingly of God, than when he himself from out of beauty speaks. Thus is happy he who sees, for he believes."

THE ARTIST MUST NOT BE HACKNEYED.—"No customary process can unite the spirit, the prophet, and the God, in everlasting peace in the work of art."

Close of Faust.

Delivered is the noble spirit, From the control of evil powers; Who consensually doth strive must merit, That we should save and make him ours: Celestial Love did never cease To watch him from its upper sphere; The children of eternal peace Bid him a cordial welcome there.

The Spiritual.

"The development of the spiritual through a series of material phenomenalizations brings to explicit existence what was already in its infinite nature. * * * * *

The spiritual is, as it were, a tone in eternal solid identity, which nevertheless sustains itself in unceasing individual vibrations.

Not a particular phase, not some fixed form, not some imaginarily permanent phenomenalities, is the truth, but the spiritual in its sublime march through its own fields which start up beneath its feet. Not the footsteps are the truth, but the ever-marching spirit; not the particular glance, but the ever-seeing eye; not this or that word, however pregnant with meaning, but the process of eternal truth and utterance.

It is, we fear, an unquestionable fact, that religion, considered as an intellectual subject, is in a great measure left to a particular body of men, as a professional concern; and the fact is as much to be wondered at as deplored. It is wonderful that the infinite God, the noblest theme of the universe, should be considered a monopoly of professed theologians; that a subject, so vast, so awful, and so exalting, as our relation to the Divinity, should be left to technical men, and to be handled so much for sectarian purposes. Religion is the property and dearest interest of the human race. Every man has an equal concern in it. It should be approached with an independence on human authority. It should be rescued from all factions, which have seized upon it as their peculiar possession. Men of the highest intellect should feel that, if there is a God, then his character and our relation to him throw all other subjects into obscurity, and that the intellect, if not consecrated to him, can never attain its true use, its full dimensions, and its proper happiness. Religion, if it be true, is central truth, and all knowledge which is not gathered round it, and quickened and illuminated by it, is hardly worthy the name. To this great theme we summon all orders of mind, the scholar, the statesman, the student of nature, and the observer of life.—It is a subject to which every faculty and every acquisition may pay tribute, which many receive aids and light from the accuracy of the logician, from the penetrating spirit of philosophy, from the intuitions of genius, from the researches of history, from the science of the mind, from physical science, from every branch of criticism, and, though last not least, from the spontaneous suggestions and the moral aspirations of pure but unlettered men.

It is a fact that shocks us, and which shows the degraded state of religion, that not a few superior minds look down upon it as a subject beneath their investigation. Though allied with all knowledge, and especially with that of human nature and human duty, it is regarded as a separate and inferior study, particularly fitted to the gloom of a convent, and the seclusion of a minister. Religion is still confounded, in many and gifted minds, with the jargon of monks, and the subtleties and strifes of theologians. It is thought a mystery which, far from coalescing, wars with our other knowledge. It is never ranked with the sciences, which expand and adorn the mind. It is regarded as a method of escaping future ruin, not as a vivifying truth through which the intellect and heart are alike to be invigorated and enlarged. Its bearing on the great objects of thought and the great interests of life are hardly suspected. This degradation of religion into a technical study, this disjunction of it from morals, from philosophy, from the various objects of liberal research, has done it infinite injury, has checked its progress, has perpetuated errors which gathered around it in times of barbarism and ignorance, has made it a mark for sophistry and ridicule of the licentious, and has infused a lurking skepticism into many powerful understandings. Nor has religion suffered alone. The whole mind is darkened by the obscuration of this, its central light. Its reasonings and judgments become unstable through want of this foundation to rest upon. Religion is to the whole sphere of truth what God is to the universe, and in dethroning it, or confining it to a narrow range, we commit very much injury on the soul, as the universe would suffer, were the Infinite Being to abandon it, or to contract his energy to a small province of his creation.—Channing.

I should conjecture that the Proverbs and Ecclesiastics were written, or, perhaps, rather collected, about the time of Nehemiah. The language is Hebrew with Chaldaic endings. It is totally unlike the language of Moses on the one hand, and of Isaiah on the other.—Coleridge.

DON QUIXOTE is not a man out of his senses, but a man in whom the imagination and the pure reason are so powerful as to make him disregard the evidence of sense when it opposed their conclusions. SANCHE is the common sense of the social man-animal, unenlightened and un sanctified by reason. You see how he reverences his master at the very time he is cheating him.—Ib.

FOOD—MEDICINE—POISON—OBSTRUCTION. 1. That which is digested wholly, and part of which is assimilated, and part rejected, is—Food.

2. That which is digested wholly, and the whole of which is partly assimilated, and partly not, is—Medicine.

3. That which is digested, but not assimilated, is—Poison.

4. That which is neither digested nor assimilated, is—Mere Obstruction.

As to the stories of slow poisons, I cannot say whether there was any, or what truth in them; but I certainly believe a man may be poisoned by arsenic a year after he has taken it. In fact, I think it is known to have happened.—Table Talk.

Man does not move in cycles, though nature does. Man's course is like that of an arrow; for the portion of the great cometary ellipse which he occupies is no more than a needle's length to a mile.—Ib.

In natural history, God's freedom is shown in the law of necessity. In moral history, God's necessity or providence is shown in man's freedom.—Ib.

RELIGION.—A religion, that is, a true religion, must consist of ideas and facts both; not of ideas alone without facts, for then it would be mere philosophy; nor of facts alone without ideas of which those facts are the symbols, or out of which they arise, or upon which they are grounded, for then it would be mere history.—Ib.

"If men could learn from history, what lessons it might teach us! But passion and party blind our eyes, and the light which experience gives is a lantern on the stern, which shines only on the waves behind us!"

GRACEFULNESS OF CHILDREN—DOGS.—How imitatively graceful children are in general before they learn to dance!

There seems a sort of sympathy between the more generous dogs and little children.—I believe an instance of a little child being attacked by a large dog is very rare indeed.—Coleridge.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.] February 15th, 1858.

'Twas morn—winds held their breath—her golden beams bent o'er Our child, as happy spirits, from the eternal shore Strewed poppies round her couch—she slept, but woke to-night! The Morning Land deserted—she passed the glory Light! At Home, now safely moor'd amid Heaven's glowing spires Where beauty lights the air—where breathe the Angel-Lyres, Her earth clogged spirit, now free with pinions wet for flight, Poising where fancy flowers and wisdom takes her light, She traverses the singing realms of joy, of life above O'er spreading seas of light—o'er continents of love. Yet 'mid the gorgeous splendors of her bright survey She ne'er forgets us, Parents, on earth's toils, our way, While from Heaven's high opening gallery of grace Star-clasp'd with gems, she meets us face to face. 'Tis true, I wish to smooth that fairy brow, To kiss those cherry lips,—but cannot now. Yet oft she comes from spheres, where fancies roam And bears us flowers from her bless'd airy Home She comes to cheer my heart—to give thought wings, She comes and kneels in prayer,—she comes and sings.

CHARLES ROBINNS, M. D. Charlestown, 1860.

[Copied for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

OF LITTLE I WILL MAKE MUCH.

To the one talent, I will make many more.—Station and wealth shall avail nothing with me. For my humble and obedient child I have favors and treasures untold. I will gild the temple of his imagination, and hang it with treasures rich and rare. I will unfold to him the mysteries of his own being, and initiate him into wonders such as his eye hath never seen, nor his mind conceived. I will steep his soul in beauty, and pave his courts with precious stones. Oh, who shall set bounds to the power of Omnipotence—who shall measure the blessings finite and infinite which He can bestow! We see a few colors blended in petal and leaf, and call them beautiful—so they are—but what are they compared to the flora of my Celestial Kingdom, where seats are prepared for all my loved ones. Oh, comfort ye my people, for they are all mine. The same hand sustains them all. Why seek each other's lives—why live in enmity one towards another—why blister each other's cheeks with tears, and lacerate hearts which should beat with holy love? All such are under a cloud. Their eyes are holden—they grieve the spirit which fain would enter—they close their ears to the gentle voices which murmur about them—they are slaves to evil passions. Let them who have light, allow it to shine—set it upon a hill, and it will cast its rays abroad.—Its heat will penetrate the surrounding masses—it will warm and draw others towards it—many are crushed over by circumstances—they are undeveloped—but more are hopeless—time and occasion will make all things new. Most processes in the natural world are slow—nature is patient—she prepares her elements, drops her seed, waters, watches, and guards. No sudden results appear—they are all anticipated, each in its turn. Man is no abortion—in the ages, he is to do his work, and answer his end. He is to stand on the mount and survey fields and forces beneath him. He will work out his destiny, it may be with fear and trembling. What is the span of his mortal life compared with never ending being—can he not ascend on his old ruins and

catch glimpses before unknown? Is aught so foul that it cannot be cleansed? Who can fashion the alchemy of my laboratory? Deadly poisons, rightly blended, give life, and there is an antidote for every baneful thing. Oh, children of men, space is studded thickly with riches. It is for you to search them out and apply them—it is not for Omnipotence to thrust them upon you—seek and you must find. There are keys of every kind of ore, they all unlock something.

One by one their use is discovered. Be not discouraged in the search, you touch a match at every step, it will light you to the next point, and there kindle another. Look not for great torches, you do not need them; a taper could ignite a world. Patient, quiet, hopeful endeavors will compass all difficulties. They are like burning powder in the mountain, they drill holes where they strike and force an entering wedge, and, best of all, the apertures thus made never close. They link one to eternity, but remember that the joints are in series, and fit each other; and that to be perfect, they must be continuous and never ending. Work is life, and life is only effort. Be then a live spark, ever receiving, ever emitting, reflected upon and reflecting in turn, giving measure for measure. So, only, can you balance your accounts, for every gift, you owe a return to the race. For every idea, you incur the obligation of an act. For every height gained, you owe an extended hand to your neighbor, that he too may share the vision. For every joy, you are to extract some thorn.—And he only can apprehend happiness who has learned to make his debt equal to his credit.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

"Omnis Pro Bono."

O Slaves, condemned to toil's routine, All sick at heart with "hope deferred," What tho' your prayers seem all unheard, Your pains unfelt, your tears unseen?

Mourn not your fate takes such a shape,— Your patient martyrdom of flesh Edicts a widening of the mesh Through which the spirit seeks escape.

And ye who bear the "whips and scorns Of time," neath fickle Fortune's frown, Know ye her fancied bed of down Too often proves a bed of thorns?

And ye to whom she hath denied Great genius, tis yours to shine A reflex of the light Divine, Unfeigned, and pure of human pride.

Yot martyrs to the God of Use, Yours should not be the skeptic's creed To toil but for the present need, As tho' man were a blind recluse.—

This mundane life, tho' short and cold, Is "all for good;" take heart and hope; Within Eternity's vast scope Your good returns a hundred fold!

"LEOLETT." Mt. Thaumal, Ms., Mar. 27th 1860.

[Copied for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

WHO SHALL LIFT THE VEIL?

How often this question is on our lips or in our thoughts. How little do we see clearly. There is ever a mist—a light film before our eyes, and we wonder what we had better do. We see through a glass darkly, and are led to exclaim—will the light ever dawn upon us? In this state we betake ourselves to meditation. We revolve and re-revolve the subject. We grow desperate. We cast it aside, and yield ourselves to a passive state. Slowly a change comes over us—a glimmer of light appears. We gain confidence. We begin to see the way. The taper spreads to a flame, and the road, so dark before, grows luminous as we advance—and we marvel that these lamps were so long hidden from our view.—We must seek to find—and sooner or later we shall learn, that favors are not thrust upon us. We must hold up our cup, or our nectar will be spilled upon the ground—and such waste is not allowed. Use every atom of power, and grain by grain will be added thereto. Who is sufficient for these things is often propounded by us and for us. That is not ours to determine. We are to improve the present occasion, the present appliances, and that ended, the resulting growth fits us for higher and more important functions. Deep in the earth, the foundations of the mountains are laid. They have their bases, layer by layer strata are added. They assimilate from a solid mass, and in time the summit rises, and therefrom the traveller gazes on beauties before unknown to him. A vast panorama surrounds him, and words of burning sublimity fail to convey the depth of his sensations. All this comes through the laying down of the first particle. As in the physical so in the moral and spiritual. Use and not abuse brings added force. The end is not for us to measure—ours is to make every moment and occasion prolific. The law of increase is simply for us to obey, not create. We flutter about, and fancy we are to hang the world on hinges. It is not so. That orb is already swung in space—and set in motion. We have only to accept a dwelling upon its surface, and put ourselves in harmony with the general arrangement. We must do our part, but the result is not in our hands. Through faithfulness, we develop in every faculty. Aid comes from all created things—visible and invisible. Even sleep sometimes brings solutions to our problems. Oft-times a hint from the unlearned

presents a key to that which had long brooded in our minds, not understood in its breadth by him who has unwittingly provided the talisman. One builds wiser than he knows—but another profits thereby. Each helps all and all help each. We are individual stones which through the great artist get moulded into distinct forms, and make a grand and noble picture. How many little sands we all possess, and of what varied hues. They come in opportunity, endeavor, faith, patience, virtue—coarse and fine threads—but each is just what we need to form a leaf, bud, or flower of life, and rightly appropriated, will terminate in some desired end. Nothing is small. The finest needle may destroy life, and the subtlest poison prostrates the hardest frame. All mine are thine and thine are mine, saith Infinite Goodness. Trust in me, and also trust in the efficacy of humble endeavor. I will exalt the lowly, and make the face of my children to shine with spiritual radiance. I will make the feet of the just man sure, and the words of the truthful like letters of fire. I will open my temple to the obedient, and spread out my treasures before him. I will anoint the eyes of the simple, and he shall travel a path hitherto untrodden. He shall cull from my garden, and witness the growth of plants never before known to him. My gifts are boundless as space, and countless as stars.—Be faithful, oh mortal, and as you journey on you shall from time to time exclaim, the half was not told me. Lord, increase my faith.

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.—Exchange.

Quilp says they should advertise an immense auction of damaged dry and fancy goods—the travelling expenses of all single ladies who may attend, to be paid by the auctioneer. That will fetch 'em.

Don't make up your mind about any creature in a belt ribbon and velvet rosettes, without first asking your sister's advice. Depend upon it one woman can read another better in five minutes than you can in five years.—Exchange.

Very pretty talk, says Quilp, but if a fellow isn't to make a selection until he gets a woman's good opinion of another woman—he will be apt to defer his wedding day to the Greek Kaland.—Post.

The influence of woman, either for good or evil, on the heart and mind of man, is omnipotent. Vain are the struggles to resist it. In misfortune it tempers the energies; in prosperity, adds grace to them.

The great use of reading the memoirs of men of excessive and apparently irresistible eccentricities of mind, is that we may be prepared to make allowances for the infinite but undefined grades of approach to these peculiarities in more ordinary men.

Simondi, the French historian, tells us that a body of German crusaders, under Godescalc, put themselves under the guidance of a goose, which was, as they believed, sent from heaven to march before them to the Holy Land. After this, no minister need despair of gathering a congregation.

There are some reasoners and preachers with such a showily adroit mode of managing their arguments, and with such smiling self-satisfied assurance as to their results, that they irresistibly remind us of prestigitators, or those who make lace by the swift movement of bobbins.

The title of hypocrite is easily earned, and readily applied very often where it is little deserved; irresolution receives it, and so even may sheer amiability, where a man pursues a double course of action—one to please himself, and another not openly to violate the feelings of those who are dear to him.

If your friend, though a man of strong sense, is thoroughly determined to do what you consider a silly thing, by all means be kind enough to let him choose his own manner of doing it, as he thus may obviate a part of the evil:

Nor, if the deed must at all risks be done, Hang weeping at his skirts, and spoil his run.

Our real sympathies are terribly confined to our own classes. I have known an individual moved almost to tears at the idea of a gentleman being reduced to live on two hundred a year, but who had not an emotion, (though he may have had five shillings), to spare for a laborer living on seven shillings a week.—And I have known a lady with a smiling progeny of six, who could not conceive what female servants could possibly want with followers.

Step forward, young men! A Bloomer woman wants a husband. Mary E. Haynes writes from Caroline, Tompkins Co., to Mrs. Dr. Lydia Sayer Hasbrouck's Sibyl:—"I am almost alone in wearing the Reform Dress.—People oppose me, and think I am very foolish to dress so unfashionably. I suppose they think I'll die an old maid, if I don't take off my "bloomers;" but I feel some encouraged on reading 'Luna's' remarks in the Sibyl of October. She speaks of a friend who wants a wife; will you please inform her I would like to learn his address. I often feel discouraged and lonely."

Miscellaneous.

Why are jokes like nuts?—Because the drier they are the better they crack.

When you receive a kindness, remember it; when you bestow one, forget it.

Fame is like an eel—rather hard to catch and a good deal harder to hold.

Unquestionably if a man means well the more he means, the better.

Even so!—Our first mother, Eve, married a gardener, and made him lose his situation.

The heart is a book which we ought not to tear in our hurry to get at its contents.

The confidential friendship of two bad and cunning men is generally an injury to others, and no benefit to themselves.

If you wish to cure a scolding wife, never fail to laugh at her with all your might until she ceases—then kiss her. Sure cure.

What is the difference between an emperor and a beggar? The one issues his mandates; the other manifests toes without shoes.

Of eloquence, Pascal says:—"The agreeable and the real are requisite; but this agreeable must be found in the truth."

Every man can and should do something for the public, if it be only to kick a piece of orange peel into the road from the pavement.

A popular author exclaims, "What a pity some quadrupeds can't talk!"—We are rather disposed to say, "What a pity some bipeds can."

There are hardly any persons so forlorn and destitute, as not to have it in their power to do some good. There is much kindness which is not expensive.

It is estimated that, at the present rate of consumption, 100,000,000 tons per annum, the coal-fields of Pennsylvania alone would meet the demand for 3164 years.

In its observations upon fashions, an exchange thinks the man that can "get around" his wife by travelling only twenty-one feet, ought to be satisfied.

Idleness and Poverty.—To be idle and to be poor have always been reproaches; and, therefore, every man endeavors with the utmost care to hide his poverty from others, and his idleness from himself.

The desire for the marriage of our acquaintances is very often nothing more than the itch of curiosity for seeing people in a new position, whom we are tired of seeing in their old one, and of scrutinizing their conduct in it.

To be eternally talking about ourselves, our own virtues, faults, and families, is very far indeed from being an infallible sign of selfishness in action, but it is a symptom. Still, if we are incapable of anything but personal conversation, it may be, on the whole, safer to make ourselves the subject of it than other people.

An exquisitely dressed young gentleman, after buying another seal to dangle about his delicate person, said to the jeweller that "he would-ah like to have-ah something engraved on it-ah to denote what he was."—"Certainly, certainly, I will put a cipher on it," said the tradesman.

Nothing gives a man such a just and reasonable independence of spirit as acquaintance with the master-minds of his country. A man need feel little awe in the presence of an ordinary living nobleman, when he is daily in the habit in his study of conversing with those who have gained an inalienable nobility.

The Musical Whistle.—We remember the man in Boston who whistled so exquisitely well, that the boys would turn and follow him through the streets in the summer evenings, and we fancy that the two following verses were intended as a description of him:—

Supper was over—the boy went out; He passed through the yard and over the stile; The big dog barked as he went along by, And followed him nearly a mile. And he sat him down on a hickory log, And whistled a lively tune, this boy, Which took the ear of this barking dog, And he wagged his tail for joy, The beetle stopped from pinching the fly, The toad in his hole stood still, And the tom-tit heard, with a tear in his eye, And a fish worm in his bill; And the grass-hopper said, "I know that air, But I cannot whistle it so— The tune of the man with no hair on his head, Where hair ever ought to grow."

An exchange says:—"A fellow in New York offers to match an American eagle in a fight against any dog in the country." Why not? If the American eagle could whip a lion, of course he can whip a dog. That's a fortiori, as the logicians say. Trot out your canine!

We bet our money on the national bird— Anybody bet on the dog?

A lady who had read of the extensive manufacture of odometers, to tell how far a carriage had been run, said she wished some Connecticut genius would invent an instrument to tell how far husbands had been in the evening when they "just stepped down to the post office," or "went out to attend a caucus."

—Springfield Republican.

A Modest Request.—The Hull Advertiser has the following advertisement:—"Wanted to borrow, five hundred pounds, on a manuscript poem, the estimated value of which is ten thousand pounds."

A Fortune won in a day is lost in a day; a fortune won slowly, and slowly compacted, seems to acquire from the hand that won it the property of endurance.

How the charm of music lingers after the instrument is hushed, Wordsworth sings very prettily in the lines:—

"The music in my heart I bore Long after it was heard no more."

But an earlier poet has given the idea a far more poetical expression:—

"Time steals away with unregarded wing, And the soul hears her, though she ceases to sing."

A WARNING.—Young men, for the love of reason, and your own lives, avoid drinking wine, beer, or spirituous liquors of any sort. Formerly these worse than useless beverages only stupefied, now they poison. We have kept a record for the last month of the cases of death by delirium tremens in this immediate vicinity, and mostly in Boston itself, which has reached "thirty-two cases!" The horrible stuff retailed under various names, by the glass, in nearly every street, would astonish any one could he see it analyzed.—Welcome Guest.

Women, but by no means all women, are often excessively fond of teasing those whom they love. It is generally the very impassioned in temperament, or the very cold, who do so. The latter, where love is comparatively languid, may do it almost constantly: the former, just in the intervals where the pulse of love rather intermits; and in this case it seems only to be a part or form of the general craving for excitement of some kind or other.

A New Name for an Old Sin.—It has always been considered ungentlemanly to call a man drunk, however obvious that fact might be. Hence, various synonyms have been invented which convey the idea, with more or less intensity, without transgressing the regulations of polite society. Elevated, exhilarated, stewed, cut, tight, how-come-you-so, cocked, half-seas-over, &c., are but a few of these refined modes of expression. But, with all the inventive genius which has been directed to the subject, language long remained destitute of a parliamentary word for this idea, one which would not subject the speaker to the usual appeal to the code of honor. The word is now found. The inventor or discoverer is Mr. Wilkinson, of Minnesota, who, the other day, in the Senate, informed a brother member that he was slightly obtuse.

A Merciful Provision of Nature.—We do not read the following paragraph without a smacking of the lips:—

"The young ladies of one of the villages in Jefferson County have adopted a novel method of raising funds for charitable and religious purposes. At a late festival, a bevy of the prettiest girls in the room formed a line, and, for a price paid down, permitted the gentlemen to take a running kiss of the lot."

But we cannot understand how the cause of true religion can be advanced by such mere lip-service as this. Perhaps the young ladies remember the good scriptural maxim, "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."—Vanity Fair.

Miss Harriette N. Austin, Editor of a "reform paper" in Dansville, N. Y., devotes a long article to the subject of her making up. Here is an important item: "My pantaloon are all cut, at the bottom, like gentlemen's.—I like them better than straight ones; and those which some ladies have worn, full and gathered at the bottom, are 'unmentionable.' My pattern was cut by a tailor, his wife taking the measure." The spinster's precaution, as stated in the last sentence, was doubtless intended to show that what she was after at the tailor's shop was "measures, not men."

Nice girl is Harriette; not young enough to be giddy, certainly; but rather lunar on pantaloon.

Little Alice A.—dressed and prepared for a walk, was skipping back and forth through the entry, waiting for her mother to get ready to go out. Her little cousin said he was going out, too.

"No!" said Alice, "you can't go—you are not dressed up!"

Her uncle laughingly remarked that "the pride stuck out quite early."

"No," answered Alice, "it isn't my pride, it's my new moreen skirt that sticks out so!"

EXTRACT.—Selfishness withers the heart prematurely, and makes a young man old, while a kind and beneficent life keeps the heart young, and makes old age flourish like a palm-tree. Generous age is deserted neither by God nor man. Its own kindred and co-evals may grow few; but strangers perform the part of kindred, and youth delights to blend its morning beams with the rich sunset of a benignant life. Gratitude and affection smooth the tottering steps, and lighten the infirmities of the merciful man. God and all good angels are with him. The fruits of his charity in part remain to refresh and nourish him till his change comes, while those not to be found on earth are garnered for him in heaven.—Rev. A. P. Peabody.

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Free Thoughts Concerning Religion: or, Nature versus Theology. 15 cents. The Penetrator; being Harmonious Answers to Important Questions. \$1. The Magic Staff: an Autobiography of Andrew Jackson Davis. \$1 25. The History and Philosophy of Evil. In paper 30 cents; cloth 50 cents.

The following works are by different authors: Twelve Messages from the spirit of John Quincy Adams through Joseph D. Stiles, medium, to Josiah Brigham. \$1 60. Woodman's Three Lectures on Spiritualism, in reply to William T. Dwight, D. D. 20 cents.

Monerson, Spiritualism, Witchcraft, and Miracle: by Allen Putnam. 25 cents. Modern Spiritualism: its Facts and Fanaticisms, its consistencies and Contradictions; with an Appendix by E. W. Capron. \$1. The Life Line of the Lone One: By Warren Chase. \$1.

The Bouquet of Spiritual Flowers, received chiefly through the mediumship of Mrs. J. S. Adams. By A. B. Child, M. D. 85 cents; \$1, and \$1 50, according to the style of the binding. The Lily Wreath: by the same; and the prices the same.

The "Ministry of Angels" Realized. A letter to the Edwards Congregational Church, Boston. By A. E. Newton. 15 cents. Answer to Charges of Belief in Modern Revelations, &c. By Mr. & Mrs. A. E. Newton. 10 cents.

The Religion of Manhood; or, The Age of Thought. By Dr. J. H. Robinson. Paper bound, 15 cents; muslin 75 cents. The Philosophy of Creation: unfolding the laws of the Progressive Development of Nature, and embracing the Philosophy of Man, Spirit, and the Spirit World. By Thomas Paine, through the hand of Horace Wood, Medium. 38 cents.

Familiar Spirits, and Spiritual Manifestations; being a series of articles by Dr. Enoch Pond, Professor in the Bangor Theological Seminary, with a reply, by A. Bingham, Esq., of Boston. 15 cents. Spirit Manifestations: being an exposition of Views respecting the principal Facts, Causes and Peculiarities involved, together with interesting Phenomenal Statements and Communications. By Adin Ballou. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

A Rivalry from the Ocean of Truth. An interesting Narrative of the advancement of a Spirit from Darkness to Light,—proving the influence of Man on earth over the departed. By John S. Adams.—25 cents. A Letter to the Chestnut Street Congregational Church, Chelsea, Mass., in reply to its charges of having become a reproach to the cause of Truth, in consequence of a change of religious belief. By J. S. Adams. 15 cents.

New Testament Miracles and Modern Miracles.—The comparative amount of evidence for each; the nature of both; testimony of a hundred witnesses. An Essay read before the Divinity School, Cambridge. By J. H. Fowler. 30 cents. Messages from the Superior State. Communicated by John Murray, through J. M. Spear. 50 cents. An Epitome of Spirit Intercourse: by Alfred Cridge, writing medium. 38 cents.

Progressive Life of Spirits after Death, as given in Spiritual communications to me, with Introduction and Notes, by A. B. Child, M. D. 15 cents. Natty, A Spirit: His Portrait and his Life. By Allen Putnam. Paper 50 cents; cloth 63 cents. Spirit Works, Real and Not Miraculous. A Lecture by Allen Putnam. 25 cents.

The Pantos of Life: A compilation of Psalms, Hymns, Chants, and Anthems, &c., embodying the Spiritual, Progressive and Reformatory Sentiment of the Present Age. By John S. Adams. 75 cents. The Spiritual Minstrel. A collection of Hymns and Music for the use of Spiritualists, in their Circles and Public Meetings. By J. B. Peckard and J. S. Loveland. Paper, 25 cents; cloth, 38 cents. The Harmonical, and Sacred Melodist. By Asa Fitz. 38 cents.

The Providences of God in History. By L. Judd Pardee. 10 cents. The History of Dungeon Rock. 25 cents. Reply to the Rev. Dr. W. P. Lund's Discourse against the Spiritual Philosophy. By Miss Elizabeth R. Torrey. 15 cents.

The Kingdom of Heaven, or the Golden Age. By E. W. Loveland. 75 cents. The Philosophy of Life. By E. W. Loveland.—\$1 25.

Miscellaneous and Reform Works. Eight Historical and Critical Lectures on the Bible. By John Prince. Price \$1. The Mistake of Christendom; or Jesus and his Gospel before Paul and Christianity. By George Stearns. \$1.

Marriage and Parentage; or the Reproductive Element in man as a means to his Elevation and Happiness. By Henry C. Wright. \$1. The Unwelcome Child; or the crime of an undesigned and undesired maternity. By Henry C. Wright. Paper, 30 cents; cloth, 45 cents. Sunderland's Book of Human Nature. \$1. Sunderland's Book of Health, and Psychology.—25 cents each.

Sunderland's Theory of Nutrition. 50 cents. The Errors of the Bible, demonstrated by the Truths of Nature; or Man's only infallible Rule of Faith and Practice. By Henry C. Wright. Paper, 25 cents; cloth, 38 cents.

Unconstitutionality of Slavery. By L. Spooner. Paper, 75 cents; cloth, \$1. An Essay on the Trial by Jury. By Lysander Spooner. \$1.

Personal Memoir of Daniel Drayton. 25 cents. The Book of Notions, compiled by John Hayward, author of several Gazetteers, and other works. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

The Science of Man applied to Epidemics; their Cause, Cure, and Prevention. By Louis S. Hough. (Man's Life is his Universe.) Paper, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

A Wreath for St. Crispin: being Sketches of Eminent Shoemakers. By J. Prince. 50 cents. Christ and the Pharisees, upon the Sabbath. By a Student of Divinity. 20 cents.

Six Years in a Georgia Prison. Narrative of Lewis W. Paine, who was the sufferer. Paper, 25 cents; cloth, 38 cents. Eugene Becklard's Physiological Mysteries and Revelations. 25 cents.

Facts and Important Information for Young Men, on the subject of Masturbation. 12 cents. Facts and Important Information for Young Women, on the same subject. 12 cents. The Anti-Slavery Harp: A collection of Songs; compiled by William W. Brown. 12 cents.

Report of an extraordinary Church Trial; Conservatives versus Progressives. By Philo Hermes 15 cents.

A Voice from the Prison, or Truths for the Multitude. By James A. Clay. 75 cents. Thirty-two Wonders; or the Skill displayed in the Miracles of Jesus. By D. Lyman, Jr. 25 cents.

A Dissertation on the Evidences of Divine Inspiration. By Datus Kelly. 25 cents.

Chips and Porridge.

THE HANGING OF A WOMAN.—Abstractly there is the same propriety in suspending a woman by the neck till she is dead, as a man, but as a matter of fact we doubt whether the hanging of a woman is a pleasant or edifying spectacle.

When the prisoner arrived upon the platform, she was led forward and knelt upon the drop, the clergy, jailer, and the Sisters of Charity and other ladies in the same posture around her.

Dr. Miller, the deputy sheriff, then approached her with the rope, when she exclaimed, "Dr. Miller, how can you stain your hands by putting that rope around my neck—the instrument of my death?"

The New York Home Journal learns from Paris that several ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain have recently revived the fashion of parlor cafes.

AN S-SENSE OF AN ADVERTISEMENT.—An Irish gentleman thus advertises for sale his horse "Spanker."

A MORMON REFORMATION.—A conference was held last week at Amboy, Ill., of the Mormons who hold fast to the original faith and repudiate Brigham Young's authority.

DISPLAY OF DRESS.—The lady who walks in the streets in a show dress suitable only to a fete; who comes to a quiet social gathering with a profusion of costly jewelry;

EGGS IN CHINA.—Don't start, P——, when L. asks you if you ever consumed an egg three or more years old!

A GOOD COMPARISON.—A farmer who had married a rich wife after promising another of poorer circumstances, endeavored to palliate his conduct to a clergyman, who told him it was so wrong that he didn't know of anything like it.

The New York Home Journal learns from Paris that several ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain have recently revived the fashion of parlor cafes.

NEWS ITEMS.

Mr. J. P. HAZARD, of Rhode Island, was attacked by three foot-pads on the Corso, in Rome, who snatched his valuable gold watch from his pocket.

The editor of the Railroad Mercury recommends Horace Greeley as a candidate for the Presidency.

A Western merchant was robbed of \$2200 last Wednesday night while asleep in a car, between Philadelphia and Lancaster, Penn.

The Japanese ambassadors have brought \$100,000 pocket money with them—their expenses are paid by the United States.

DEPARTURE OF THE ADRIATIC.—The splendid steamship Adriatic, belonging to the North Atlantic Steamship Company, left her dock at the foot of Canal street, on Saturday, for Southampton, with 197 passengers.

The New Bedford Times says as the Fourth of July oration in Boston is to be delivered by Edward Everett, it is safe to conclude that a few words complimentary to George Washington will be introduced.

The bleached remains of the emigrant party massacred at the Mountain Meadow, in Utah, have been collected into a single grave, and a stone monument, conical in form, fifty feet in height, now marks the spot where they rest.

The last news from Paris is that "ladies have appeared at Court altogether without crinoline, and the favorite beauties of the public balls have discarded crinoline for petticoats filled and large only at the extremity of the skirt."

As a specimen of the awful results of polygamy it is related that a young English woman was recently sold to a man in Salt Lake City for a load of pumpkins.—Post.

The Pittsburg Post gives the particulars of the accident at the coal mine of William B. Hays & Co., 23 miles from that city.

Lady railway speculators are becoming quite common in England, and among them Maria, Marchioness of Aylesbury, reigns queen.

At a town meeting in Medway, on Monday, Mr. Isaac S. Foster, apparently in a fainting fit, fell upon the floor of the town house and soon died.

James Morgan, of Chatham, Tenn., was burnt to death as he was reading in bed, by the flame of the candle coming in contact with the bed clothes, and with Mr. Morgan were burnt up \$3000 in money.

There was a grand pickpockets' ball in New York last Sunday evening, attended exclusively by pickpockets and immoral women.

The ice crop this year for New York and Brooklyn amounts to about 400,000 tons.

American farmers are wanted in Japan, says a letter writer, who announces potatoes there as selling at six cents a pound.

The Prince of Wales will not leave England till the 10th of July. Private letters received in Toronto state that the Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief, and the Duke of Newcastle, Minister for the Colonies, will visit Canada in company with the heir to the throne.

The freshest in Central Ohio, last week, was quite equal to any former experience. Besides much injury and inconvenience to all the railroad lines, the State canals are estimated to be damaged \$50,000.

Anthropomorphism Dissected and Spiritualism Vindicated, by Dixon L. Davis, M. D.

When man is taught that his spiritual is, as his physical nature, governed by fixed laws, then superstition will die, and a rational system of mental philosophy prevail instead.

PHRENOLOGICAL ROOMS, 142 Washington Street, Boston.

EXAMINATIONS Day and Evening. SPECIAL ADVICE as to Occupation, &c. CLASS LECTURES from October to May. All of FOWLER & WELLS' PUBLICATIONS. CABINET and MUSEUM FREE to VISITORS.

D. P. BUTLER; Phrenologist and Bookseller, No. 142 WASHINGTON STREET.....BOSTON.

S. T. MUNSON, Having removed from No. 5 Grant Jones street, is now located at 143 Fulton street, where he will continue to receive orders for Books, Pamphlets, &c.—He is also prepared to do a general Agency business, and solicits the patronage of his friends and the public generally.

AN ASYLUM FOR THE AFFLICTED.

HEALING by laying on of hands. CHARLES MAIN, Healing Medium, has opened an Asylum for the Afflicted at No. 7 DAVIS STREET, Boston, where he is prepared to accommodate patients desiring treatment by the above process on moderate terms.

S. D. & H. W. SMITH, ORGAN HARMONIUMS, Pedal Bass Harmonium, and Melodeons, NO. 511 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

THE ORGAN HARMONIUM is designed both for Church and Parlor; contains four sets of reeds, eleven registers (or stops), and capable of great power, and yet by the use of the stops, may be played as soft as the Zolian Harp.

Also, every variety of MELODEONS for Parlor use. Purchasers may rely upon instruments from our manufactory being made in the most complete and thorough manner.

Music Teachers, Leaders of Choirs, and others interested in music matters, are respectfully invited to visit our rooms at any time, and examine or test our instruments on exhibition for sale at their pleasure.

MELODEONS and HARMONIUMS RENTED. Persons who wish to hire Melodeons and Harmoniums with a view to purchasing at the end of the year, can have the rent credited as part payment of the purchase money.

PRICE LIST. Scroll leg, 1-2 octave, \$60; Scroll leg, 5 octave, \$75; Piano style, 5 octave, \$100; Piano style, extra finish, 5 octave, \$110; Piano style, carved leg, \$125; Piano style, 2 sets of reeds, \$150; Piano style, 6 octave, \$130; Organ Melodeon, \$200; Organ Harmonium, \$250; Pedal Bass Harmonium, \$275.

S. D. & H. W. SMITH, 512 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON. NEW VOLUMES. Of the Four Reviews and Blackwood, COMMENCE JANUARY, 1860.

FOR any one of the four Reviews, Per ann. \$3 00 For any two of the four Reviews, 6 00 For any three of the four Reviews, 7 00 For all four of the Reviews, 8 00

LEONARD SCOTT & CO., No. 54 Gold St., New York.

Announcements.

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

Mrs. R. H. BURT, writing and trance medium, No. 2 Columbia street, (out of Bedford st.) Boston, Mass. Room No. 6, Thayer on the door. Hours, from 10 to 1 and 2 to 7.

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; Dordworth Hall, New York, April 22d and 29th; Providence, R. I., May 6th and 13th; Williamstown, Conn., May 20th and 27th; Oswego, N. Y., through June.

Mrs. 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. SPIGAGUE 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. STEBENS speaks on Sundays through the year at Ann Arbor, Mich., and will answer calls to lecture in that vicinity in the week.

A. C. ROBINSON, Trance Speaker, will receive calls to lecture. Address at Fall River, Mass.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mrs. R. H. BURT lectures in the trance state upon Spiritual and Practical Life, Metaphysics, and Religion. Address 2 Columbia street, Boston, Mass.

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

Mrs. B. K. LITTLE, Trance and Test Medium.—Rooms 35 Beach st., hours from 9 to 12 A. M., 2 to 6 and from 8 to 10 P. M. Terms per hour for one or two persons \$1 00. Clairvoyant Examinations \$1 00. Examinations by hair \$1 00. Boston, Mass.

MEDICINES IN MAINE. Mrs. LEACH, Brewer, Writing and Trance Medium. Mr. BREMHALL, Belfast, powerful Healing Medium. Mr. A. B. PIENICE, Belfast, Trance Speaking Medium.

GIBSON SMITH, Camden, Trance Speaking, Healing and Lecturing Medium. Mr. CALSB THOMAS, Camden, powerful Prescribing, Describing, and Healing Medium, by the laying on of hands.

JOHN P. COTTON, Searsport, Rapping and Physical Medium. JOSEPH N. HODGES, Monroe, Prescribing, Trance Speaking and Lecturing Medium. G. B. HOPKINS, Oldtown, Trance Speaking Medium. ROSAN M. SMITH, Hampden, Trance Speaking Medium. SUSAN W. JACKSON, Hampden, Rapping, Tipping and Healing Medium. RUSSELL SYVERENCE, Bradford, powerful Healing and Trance Medium. Miss EMELINE CUNNINGHAM, Bradford, Trance Speaking and Prescribing Medium. Mrs. KEEN, Augusta, Writing and Trance Medium. J. L. LOVELL, Yarmouth, Clairvoyant, Healing, Trance Speaking and Lecturing Medium. Mrs. HASKELL, Buckfield, Trance Speaking and Lecturing Medium. Miss A. C. CRAM, Stevens Plains, Writing, Trance Speaking and Lecturing Medium. BENJ. COLSON, Monroe, Prescribing and Trance Medium.

Esoteric Anthropology, By T. L. Nichols, M. D. Price \$1. A new supply of this valuable work is just received and for sale by Bela Marsh, No. 14 Bromfield st. June 4-14