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

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VOLUME I.

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[From the London Journal.]

A Good Story.

THE OLD MAID OF THIRTY-FIVE!

BY M. A. D.

"Thirty-five to-day! My life is just half through—that is, if I am to live the threescore and ten, which the Bible says is the life of man. I sometimes wish that I had already reached the end."

Such was the remark that I addressed to myself upon the morning of my thirty-fifth birthday. I was not in the best of humors, as may be inferred from a portion of my remark. But when I had pushed the curtain aside and opened the window, and had revelled for a while in the glories of an October morning, (for the reader must know, what I am proud of telling, that my birthday comes in the glorious month of October, "which makes the woods so gay"), then did my spirit acquire its usual tone of serenity, and I became half ashamed of my first exclamation. But the day had begun badly, and I was destined to encounter and overcome many more vexations before it ended.

As I looked in the glass that morning, never, so it seemed to me, had the ravages of time been so perceptible. My brown locks, which had been the pride of my friends, and which only yesterday had seemed to me as glossy, abundant, and beautiful as ever, now looked faded and thin - and, yes - actually, there was a gray hair! I am ashamed to confess that, for one instant, I was almost disposed to sit down and cry, but, happily, I did not yield to the temptation. My eyes, too, which in my younger days had been dark and lustrous, and which, as my cousin John had once said, "shone like an angel's when I was animated," now, upon the morning of my thirty-fifth birthday, looked dull and green. There were wrinkles, too, upon my face, which could only have been placed there by the hand of time. In fact, I looked like a wrinkled, faded, grim old maid, and with this impression strong upon my mind, I put on the most Quaker-like dress I possessed, combed my hair back as plainly as possible, and went down to breakfast. As I opened the door, I was unfortunate enough to interrupt a family conference; for there were seated at the table, uncle and aunt, John, Harry, Frank, and little Annie, all seemingly engaged in very earnest conversation. Upon

those boys this morning? I never knew them to behave so. I really believe they wish I were out of the house, and so I begin to think do uncle and aunt, too. Last year I was loaded with presents, and to day there is not even the mention of one. Not, of course, that I

care anything about the presents themselves, but then it is pleasant to know that there is some one in the world who cares about you. Well, I see I shall have to go away from here and find a home by myself, for who cares for an old maid?"

Thus grumbling, I entered my room and cast my eyes around to see what it was best to employ my time about — for upon this, my birthday, I was extremely fastidious as regarded my occupations. It pleased me just then to remember that there was a quantity of old letters to be looked over and sorted—a task that I had put off from day to day as a painful one, for it would necessarily recall the one bitter sorrow of my life.

Twelve years before, upon that very day, my marriage was to have taken place. But before the time came we had quarrelled, and when the sun rose upon our wedding-day, Philip Allen was across the sea, a sad and solitary wanderer. As I re-read those letters relies of my love-dream — how vividly did every circumstance connected with it come up before me! How well I recollect our quarrel, which my own wilfulness had caused, and Philip's sad, reproachful face, when I turned from him with the angry exclamation :—

"Go, if you wish it — it is best — for we shall never agree; we had better never meet again."

And we had never met again. My words, bitterly repented of as soon as spoken, and repented of every day and hour since that time, had been literally adhered to. Philip was in a distant land, and I was an old maid of thirtyfive. My musings were here interrupted by the most outrageous noise down stairs. I began seriously to think that my uncle was knocking away a portion of his house by the hammering that I heard. The most uproarious shouts of laughter likewise floated up from the regions below.

"I really believe everybody here is crazy to-day," thought I, as I commenced my toilet for dinner.

To please John, I put on the very gayest dress I possessed; for, however much I might grumble about the boys, I knew, and they knew, that I would do almost anything to please them.

" Very well-very well, indeed. You'll do,

I was here interrupted by John, who was attacked by the most outrageous fit of coughing, which lasted several minutes, and which, by its violence, threatened to rupture a bloodvessel. Indeed, I was really alarmed by the evident distress in which he was, and which exhibited itself by the purple hue of his face, and by the oddest grimaces. No allusion was made to my remark during the remainder of the ride, and I must say I was not a little wounded by the perfect indifference manifested by John upon the subject of my departure.

"There's Amy Anthem," should John, as we passed a cottage, at the gate of which stood a blooming young girl. And as John spoke, he drew up with a sudden jerk, threw the reins to me, and was soon in carnest conversation with Amy. Now, Amy was a great favorite of mine, and it was no secret that she was a great favorite of John's also; but I should have preferred that he should have taken another time to have shown his partiality, especially as, by their motions, I knew they were talking about me. So I leaned back in the carriage, feeling very uncomfortable, and imagining their whole conversation.

"I suppose he is telling her that I am thirtyfive to-day, and of course she will answer, with her prettiest smile, 'Poor old maid; I pity her !'"

"Good-by, Amy. Now don't forget to be ready at the exact minute," was John's final speech, as we drove away.

John had several other calls to make, the object of which I could not discover. There were several mysterious conferences held with elderly spectacled ladies, and middle aged ladies, and young ladies, all of whom nodded kindly to me, but all of whom I suspected of saying, to each other "She's thirty-five today, poor thing !" How I wished we were at home, and home we reached at length, only to be met at the door by Harry, who had spent the time profitably by composing an epitaph upon our probable fate, which, standing at the foot of the stairs, he shouted out to me word by word.

How long I sat in the solitude of my own room, I know not. Weary of the present, I had gone back into the days of the past-days that could never return. When I awoke to actual life it was dark, and the room felt dark and chilling. There was an unusual clatter of voices and sound of feet below, and hurrying from one room to another. I passed down the dark staircase and opened the parlor door, and then started back at the flood of light and the sight that burst upon me. The parlors were most brilliantly lighted, and full of company-my particular friends-many of whom I had thought far distant; the friends of the family were all there. What a complete change from the dark, chilly room above, and the society of my own somewhat sombre thoughts, to these cozy, comfortable parlors and this pleasant company, every one of whom had something agreeable or complimentary to say to me, as, with John beside me to keep me in countenance, I received the friends who crowded about me. What a change, too, had come over the family. All the restraint which had so vexed me during the day, was gone .----My uncle and aunt were ten times kinder to me than usual, if such a thing could be possible. My cousins, too, were completely transformed into polite and agreeable people. And as Harry presented me with a magnificent bouquet, he whispered :----"Let that atone in part for my saucy speeches to-day, Cousin Emily."

ror. The bright weapon, so near his curly head, must have frightened my little favorite, for he made a very perceptible movement, which greatly amused the spectators, but destroyed the effect of the picture. Then followed a representation of Evangeline, with a sweet, sad face, sitting by the "nameless grave;" Ruth among her sheaves of wheat, besides various groups which looked remarkably well. Little Red Riding-Hood, which character was represented by blooming Amy Anthem, in a charming red cloak, was another attractive feature.

But the tableau which most engaged my attention was the last of all, where David was represented as mourning over the dead Absalom. Harry, as Absalom, lay in the very semblance of death, every feature in perfect repose. There was a hush among the spectators, for perfect stillness was such a novelty in connection with our wild, roguish Harry, that this seemed real, too real. Over the bier bowed David in all the majesty of woe. The face of the actor was hidden from my sight; but the bowed form, the attitude alone, proclaimed the depth of human suffering. Never before, to my knowledge, had I seen the person who represented David, nor did he seem known to the company, for when the curtain fell every one asked of his neighbor the question, "Who acted David ?" None knew.

A little later in the evening I managed to find Harry, who looked now as little like the dead Absalom as it was possible to look, and endeavored to extract from him some information in regard to the stranger; for, strange to say, that was the subject upon which my thoughts oftenest dwelt. But Harry pretended perfect ignorance.

"How should I know who it was, when my eyes were closed the whole time? I tell you what, it isn't an easy thing to act Absalom."

"But you certainly know who was leaning over you, Harry."

"I know ! I think not. I had as much as I could do to keep perfectly still."

I saw that there was nothing to be extracted from Harry, so I attacked John upon the subject. But my question remained unanswered, for John was again seized with one of those fearful fits of coughing that had engaged my sympathy in the morning.

"Now that I have recovered, Emily," said John, when it pleased him to stop coughing, "just come with me into the dining-room, from this crowd. I've something there to show you."

travelers have such wonderful stories to relate. that one cannot even think of anything else. Philip, indeed, had been a wanderer many years, and those years had been so full of marvellous adventures, and it was so necessary that he should tell them to somebody, that it happened, I hardly know how, that I was obliged to give him a great many conferences in the library. And these adventures had from one thing led to another, and finally, in the most unromantic manner possible, (for what romance could be expected of such el-'derly people ?) it was proposed that we should give out another invitation to our friends, and that we should become actors in that very imposing tableau, called marriage. We did as we proposed, and so I became Mrs. Philip Allen.

And here John was seized with his old fit of coughing, which was speedily cured, however, by the sight of Amy Anthem.

As for myself, I need only to say that I look back with the most pleasant recollections to the day when I was thirty five, and I assure you that that wasn't a great while ago.

DET We are pleased to give place to the following from the BANNER OF LIGHT. The little acquaintance we have with the gentleman named, allows us to most cheerfully endorse what is said of him.--[ED. ECLECTIC.

Lewis B. Monroe.

We are pleased to learn that this gentleman-who sometime since retired from his connection with the Spiritual Press-does not design to withdraw from the sphere of his relations and duties as a public teacher of our beautiful faith and philosophy. He has only left the Editor's sanctum for the lecture room, where he is sure to become distinguished, unless we greatly over-estimate the intelligence and refinement of our numerous public assemblies. As Mr. Monroe's fine but severe sense of propriety will not permit him to advertise his own peculiar claims to public attention (it is only on this subject that he hesitates to speak the truth), his real merits may possibly be overlooked by those who are accustomed to estimate every man by his own verbal pretensions, or otherwise by the questionable standard that each individual is pleased to set up for himself. But among those who know Mr. Monroe as we have known him, his quiet disposition and unobtrusive manners will not enable him to escape the recognition of those gifts and acquirements which qualify him for a wider field of usefulness than he has hitherto occupied. Nor will such appreciative minds suspect us of using the language of unmeaning compliment, or of bestowing praise without discrimination, when we testify that he possesses a rare combination of intellectual, moral, and personal faculties, attributes, and qualities, developed by study and harmonized by careful and conscientious discipline. Mr. Monroe has for some years been a teacher of Music and Elocution. As an instructor he has at least been moderately successful.-Indeed, one could scarcely fail in such a prinlic capacity, who combines dignity and grace of person and manners, with the rare endowment of a deep-toned, musical, and skillfully modulated voice. A number of our most popular speakers have been the pupils of Mr. Monroe, and they doubtless owe the graces of speech and action, which render their public efforts both pleasing and effective, to the important suggestions and judicious training they have received at his hands. If the pupils thus hold the multitudes by the magnetic spell of their eloquence, and win golden opinions from the Press, it only remains for their preceptor to realize the success that is rendered inevitable by the adaptation of the person to the place and the duty. We trust we shall not be suspected of fostering a too fastidious taste if we suggest, in this connection, that there are several other lecturers on Spiritualism and its kindred themes, who are not at all felicitous in their use of the English language, and who very much need such a comme of instruction as Mr. Monroe could give them and an anti-Those who may require Mr. Monroe's services as a Spiritual lecturer or otherwise, should address him at Boston.

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my sudden entrance there was an abrupt pause, and some embarrassment expressed by the younger members of the family.

"Another advantage in being an old maid," thought I to myself; "she's sure to stumble into places where she isn't wanted."

As I seated myself in my accustomed place at the table, there was an exclamation from John:

"Good gracious, Emily! have you turned Quaker? What in the world is the meaning of that drab dress?"

"It means that I am thirty-five to-day; so be reverent, if you please," said I, shaking my finger at him.

"In half-mourning for her hopes, I suppose," muttered Harry, with a most malicious expression of face.

At this point I jotted down a memorandum in my mind—to give Harry a lecture upon respect, before the day was through.

"I do believe Cousin Emily has made a mistake," shouted my pet Frank, at this moment, shaking his curls all over his head. "I know she is forty instead of thirty-five to-day, and I'll prove it by the family Bible, after breakfast. Oh, Cousin Emily! to think that 'you, of all others, should cheat in your age! I shall never believe in you after this."

"Hold your tongue, boys," interrupted my uncle. "If you don't behave yourselves, you shall take no part in, you know what." And here my uncle nodded mysteriously.

As I left the table that morning, I felt sure that I hated the boys most decidedly, and I came to the conclusion that they were the most ungrateful set that' ever lived. Even Frank, by whose sick-bed I had spent some years of my life, who had often declared that he loved me better than anything else on earth, even he had wounded me by a foolish jest.

"Please, Emily, don't come down to dinner in drab," said John, as he handed me to the door in an unusually gallant style.

"And, Cousin Emily, mother says you are not to enter the kitchen to-day," whispered little Annie, with a most bewitching smile.

"So they want to get rid of me," thought | away. I know that he w I, bitterly. "And what can have come over can't be dispensed with."

Emily," said John, as he took a critical survey of my dress through his eye-glass.

At dinner-time there were the same mysterious nods and glances that I had noticed at breakfast, and everybody seemed unusually excited. In the afternoon John prepared to drive me out in his new buggy, to see the country in its October dress.

"More likely to make acquaintance with Mother Earth," retorted I; "for really, John, you are so excited, you will not be able to manage that spirited horse of yours."

But John protested that he was never calmer in his life, and, as a proof of his placidity, performed some of the most ridiculous maneuvers, without, however, convincing me at all. "Better go, Cousin Emily," said Harry, "it may be your last chance. I don't expect you'll as much as look at me after to-day."

In my heart of hearts, I determined both to look at the gentleman and to talk to him in a way that he should not soon forget. But this matter was put off till another day, for there stood John waiting impatiently for me. Now, as I really had no fear whatever of John's driving, I decided to go, little guessing the vexations I should undergo before I reached home.

"Now," thought I, as I seated myself in the buggy, "now I'll find out the meaning of all this mystery. It will be impossible for John to keep the secret from me."

"Has anything unusual happened to-day, John ?" I commenced.

"Anything unusual happened to-day?" repeated John. "Why, yes, I think there has." "What?" demanded I, impatiently.

"What i " uchnanced i, inpationery." "Why, you are thirty-five to-day, are you not, Emily?" returned John, with a very demure face; " and quite young and handsome, too, for ' thirty-five.'"

Now, I was both amused and provoked at the absurdity of this speech. To tell the truth, I had by this time become a little tired of hearing "thirty-five."

"No matter," thought I, "he will at least be moved when he hears that I am going away. I know that he will say cousin Emily can't be dispensed with." I thought at that moment I could have forgiven him much greater offenses.

"Now," said John, "we are to have a series of *tableaux*, all in your honor, Emily. You are not expected to take part in them, otherwise than by staring at them most intently, for I assure you they will be something remarkable."

I laughed, promised to stare at them most intently, and seated myself with such of the company as were not actors. In our rather old-fashioned mansion, the library connected with the parlors by means of folding doors, and these being now pushed aside, disclosed the theatre of performances. The changes which the library had undergone, account also for the hammering sounds I had heard in the morning.

The first *tableau* was rather a failure. It represented John in a very picturesque dress, and with a drawn weapon, standing over Frank, who crouched upon the ground in ter-

And something indeed there was; for there stood my good old uncle, with a beautiful gold watch in his hand, which he presented to me with a few simple but affecting words. Then followed my aunt with a gift, at once clegant and appropriate. And then, in their turn, each of the boys. Before the presentation of his gift, which was an elegant rosewood writing-desk, John attempted to make a little speech, but broke down in the midst of it, to the great amusement of all, for John was very seldom embarrassed. Ah ! how little justice I had done them all that morning. I had accused them of not caring for me, of wishing me out of the house; and here had the whole family united in honoring my birthday and remembering my tastes. How much had I, old maid as I was, and thirty-five years old, to be thankful for! How like a stab did every one of these kindnesses seem, when I thought of my morning soliloquy. As these ideas passed through my mind, I raised my eyes and encountered those of Annie, who, childlike, had been fluttering about from one room to another, and was now watching me.

"Now, cousin Emily, if you will come into the library I will show you my present."

The library had been entirely deserted by our guests, and as Annie and I approached it from the dining room, I saw only one solitary figure, that of the stranger, sitting with his face turned from the light. I was about to withdraw, but Annie urged me gently forward, and just then the stranger turned with an eager look, and, for the first time for twelve years, I stood face to face with Philip Allen. There was no mistaking those features, which. once seen, could never be forgotten, and there was no mistaking the eager, impetuous haste with which Philip rushed forward to greet me. He was not changed, and that thought brought such exceeding joy, that I forgot that I was thirty-five and no longer young and handsome.

Strange to say, this idea never occurred to me during the remainder of the evening, which seemed unaccountably short, neither the next day, nor the next day atfer. But, as Harry remarked next morning at breakfast,

[Frent the Home Journal.] AN MOUR WITH HALLBOK.

HALLECK, the charming poet and genial gentleman, is in town. He resides at Guilford, Connecticut, where, surrounded by affectionate relatives' and friends, and in the midst of readable books, he passes the greater part of his days, and enjoys life in a quiet, unostentatious manner. He is, however, too much of a cosmopolitan to be contented longer than three months at a time with dwelling in that ancient town, without paying a brief visit to his former haunts. Hence it is that, at least four times a year, the poet, shaking the dust of Guilford off his feet, takes his departure for New York, where, after his arrival, he may usually be found at Bixby's Hotel, by his many friends, who never fail to pay him the respect which his increasing years as well as his genius merit his receiving.

As a poet Halleck is second to none, and as a conversationist I have never met his equal. His mind is richly stored with anecdotes and reminiscences, biographical and historical in character, which he so deftly interweaves with incidents and events of the present, that his conversation may be likened to a rare and harmonious piece of mosaic.

Halleck came to town at this time partly for the purpose of attending the commemoration of Irving's birthday, at the Academy of Music, but which, after all, he failed to do .---His dislike to "crowds," and, possibly, the thought that he would be made a lion of and compelled to sit upon the stage, doubtless were the reasons that kept him away. Few men so distinguished as Halleck are as retiring and unprotending.

It was my good fortune, in company with two artists, Gignoux and Gifford, to meet the poet at dinner one day last week. Halleck has a liking for French dishes-his taste in this particular having been formed during his residence in Paris some years since. Now, among the many places in this city where a Parisian dinner can be obtained, Curet's, in Broadway, just below Ninth-street, may be cited. Here, at the hour of six P. M., an excellent table d'hote is set, to which flock scores of French, Spanish, Italian, and German gentlemen, together with a sprinkling of Americans. The bill of fare consists of the usual courses-soup, fish, game, meats, salads, pastry, and dessert-including, for each guest, a bottle of light wine, for all of which the moderate sum of four francs is asked. I shall charge Monsieur Curet nothing for this advertisement of his establishment, and I simply speak of it because it was there that as "My Friends and I" were waiting for the hour of dinner to arrive, Halleck came in, intent on the same errand, and joined our party.

I have eaten of many costlier dinners than this, and in the company, too, of those whose names are distinguished in literature and art, but I never passed a more agreeable hour, or rose from the table better satisfied with my meal, than on this occasion. Of course the lively talk of the author of "Fanny" had much to do with it. Many and brilliant were the stories, and witty and humorous the anecdotes he told. His conversation, moreover, contained much that was instructive and interesting.

treat for the Insane in Hartford, for the support of the insane poor. The validity of the will was sustained.

The following items we clip from the Home Gem. They may not prove uninteresting to the little folks:

Spiritual Communications.

MARTHA MORGAN; appears about twelve or thirteen years of age; she is dressed in white, with a blue sash tied in front in two bows with long strings. The dress is short; short sleeves. Her face is round; she looks healthy; brown hair, hazel eyes, long, dark eye-lashes. She savs:

. "So I used to dress sometimes. Yes, I like here, but I would rather have staid longer with mother and friends."

She has a bouquet of flowers in her hand. Another child about three years of age:

"I am happy; I like here; I play." She has a doll in her hand. The Teacher asks her if this is home? She replies, "Yes, HOME !" She has dark hair, dark eyes, full cheeks, rather high cheek bones, so that her eyes have a somewhat sunken appearance, being so far back.

WALTER FARMINGTON.-About fourteen or fifteen; tall; frontal portion of the brain predominates; large reflective organs; seems to have been inclined to over-study:

"I like here exceedingly well. I study what I love. Our studies take us into different parts; we often come back to learn. I was going to say that this is better than earth life."

The Teacher says, "Yes, if we RIPEN ON earth-not otherwise; the fruit should not be plucked before the time; there are advantages and disadvantages derived from going to the spirit world young."

The boy smiles, and "supposes he only thought of the advantages."

Question --- What are the advantages and disadvantages?

Advantages .--- Escape from the drudgery, sorrow, vexation, and circumstances that warp the natural wants and desires of the soul.

Disadvantages .--- Earth is the natural. Seeds should ripen before being planted in another soil. Earth and its possibilities of knowledge are the ALPHABETS of all future knowledge .----Without these, it is like school education without practical activity and practical life. Yet by far the majority of earth's children (men and women included) come here with scarcely the rudiments of education.

[From the Spiritual Clarion.] The True Martyr.

False martys are continually seeking to exalt themselves, while they are complaining of others. They are always troubling people with stories about the great trials, afflictions and labors they are enduring in behalf of humanity. They profess to be willing to live unappreciated and misunderstood, yet all for the gratification of self. The true martyr is scarcely conscious of it, nor does he seek to know it. Noble souls never whine, complain, or find fault with the world's treatment. They feel they have a work to do, and bravely, unflinchingly press forward. Let the world keep clear of their track. One of our authors says, "A martyr is he who bravely meets terrors and tortures imposed by many and strong enemics, rather than relinquish or disavow a cherished conviction; one who, with a moral enthusiasm transcending the instinct of selfpreservation and every selfish motive, fearlessly embraces death in its most terrific form, in order to bear faithful witness to the sovereignty of some divine principle." Were the many who find themselves miserable from no particular cause but a general discontent, to analyze their own feelings, thoughts, and motives, they would find most of their unhappy hours owing to a morbid selfishness, petted and fostered until it has become the bane of their existence. "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Would we be happy, we must strive to make others so, in forgetfulness of ourselves. The generous, noble and devoted who are ever striving to give, without seeking aught in return, are those who are most truly happy. They are loved and honored and sought after most, who are so purely and bountifully devoted to humanity as never to ask for their own happiness, but seek first the good of their fellow-beings. Around such unselfish souls cluster peace, joy, and bliss. "Ennui, Misery, despair come to the misers of the heart and those selfish people who are always demanding to be loved." If we would be loved we must prove ourselves worthy in every particular, not only in thought and feeling, but in action ; and to be worthy we must become forgetful of self, and even willing to lay down our lives, were such a sacrifice required to test our sincerity. Yet true devotion to our friends or humanity may never require us to do aught in injury of our better natures. To sacrifice our divine self-hood, would be to fight against God. We may never tamely submit to having our hearts and lives crushed out by the blinded desires of others. Nor should we ever allow our own selfish desires for mere gratification to override the feelings or convictions of others. Or teacher, society, church or denomination, on | if in our deeds, we are meekly seeking to add

as nothing in that future life where all are seen and known as they are. All outward displays shall soon pass, O, not for a few years here, but for eternity should we live and labor! On the broad brow of eternity is written every thought, look, and deed. We are not ordained as judges or high priests over others, but over our own souls, and help-mates for each other. Time is too precious for us to lose a moment in false criticism or harsh complainings. The law impressing all progressive mind is, O man, O woman, know thyself. A pure, upright example will effect more good than a lifetime of teachings and complainings. Attend to the growth of your own soul, remembering that the great and the good are seldom appreciated in their day. But their heroic deeds and noble traits shine out beyond their generation. However humble our spheres may be, we may prove a blessing to some, and our names live in holy memory.

We preach human brotherhood. Do we practice it? Are we not demanding much while we are deserving little? What would we have? Would it benefit either ourselves or any other mortal? Many are flying into the heavens after the ideal and the spiritual, while they are neglecting the material, the real, the practical. Others are fixing their gaze on the earthly, forgetting the angels smiling above. Many are growing coldly critical and intellectual, forgetting there are hearts and souls deeper and diviner than mere intellects. The sweetest of all is that holy charity which rejoices with those who rejoice, and weeps with those who weep. Joy and sorrow, each have their mission. O, for wisdom to teach us what, how, and when to do that which shall tend to the good of all. None may despair. Hope bends her pinions with blessings for all. Earth shall raise her songs and hallelujahs. But each has battles to fight, firm resolves to make, noble deeds to be done, and glorious triumphs to win; then, peace on earth, and good will to men. M. J. K.

JOTTINGS.

BY CHARLES ROBBINS, M. D.

" Trahit quod cunque potest et addit acervo." No. 2.

The declaration to our first parents, that they should gather "bread by the sweat of their brow," has been regarded as a punishment. but it is a blessed ordinance yielding her fruit every day, instead of "every month." Something to do, some person to love, with Hope beckoning us on, will make happiness. Happiness or misery is a state of the mind, not dependant on position or place.

The industrious and diligent are the pure, and consequently the happy of society. The indolent and the luxurious are the debased. corrupt, unhappy,-

- "Oh say not that Jehovah
- Bade us labor as a doom!
- No, it is his richest mercy, And will scatter half life's gloom !
- Then let us still be doing
- Whate'er we find to do-
- With an earnest, willing spirit,
- And a strong hand free and true."

The being and perfections of God, His wisdom and intelligence, His love and beneficence, underlie whatever is true and grand in the. decorated arch over our head; all in the architectural beauty of the mountain and the valley, that imparts motion to water and gives current and temperature to the air. Every step is rich with his beauty, and man is invited to walk with Him in the garden. Thus he is invested with faculties to contemplate his own glorious surrounding, dignifying him with power, to make his own world and people it with beings like ourselves, here and for all future time.

The following is a literal copy of a billet sent by the clerk of a parish in Warwickshire, to a neighboring friend of the same calling .- Eng. Magazine.

Deer John-Wul you bury my wife and I'll bury yourn ony other day when you want me, I shall be very happy ony time I ham deer John yourn to be oblget.

William Turner.

The Bible Christian Spiritualist, can from his innermost soul, say,-A new world opened before me-morning, with her smiles, uttered her voice-at noon, "the Lord made bright clouds."-the descending sun, in the rich magnificence of his crimson, lifted up his kindled beams upon the horizon, while the stars looked congratulatory upon me. I was happy .-Bright prospects opened to me.

[For the Spiritual Eclectic.] Good Cheer. TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

τ. Thro' night to light; and tho' to mortal eyes Creation's face a pall of horror wear; Good cheer, good cheer! the gloom of midnight flies Then shall a sunrise follow, mild and fair.

Thro' storm to calm; and tho' his thunder-car The rumbling tempest drive thro' earth and sky, Good cheer, good cheer !--- the elemental war Tells that a blessed healing hour is nigh!

111.

Thro' frost to Spring; and tho' the biting blast Of Eurus stiffen Nature's juicy veins, Good cheer, good cheer! when Winter's wrath is past Soft murmuring Spring breathes sweetly o'er the

IV.

Thro' strife to peace; and tho' with bristling front A thousand frightful deaths encompass thee. Good cheer, good cheer! brave thou the battle's

brunt, For the peace march and song of victory.

v.

plains.

Thro' sweat to sleep; and tho' the sultry noon With heavy, drooping wing oppress thee now, Good cheer, good cheer! the cool of evening soon Shall lull to sweet repose thy weary brow.

VI. Thro' wee to joy; and the' at morn theu weep, And tho' the midnight find thee weeping still, Good cheer, good cheer! the shepherd loves his sheep, Resign thee to the watchful Father's will.

VII.

Thro' cross to crown; and tho' thy spirit's life Trials untold assail, with giant strength, Good cheer, good cheer! soon ends the bitter strife, And thou shalt reign in peace with Christ at length

VIII. Thro' death to life; and thro' this vale of tears, And thro' this thistle-field of life ascend To the great supper in that world, whose years

Of bliss, unfading, cloudless, know no End. LEOLETT.

Mt. Thaumal, April, 1860. ---

The Thief of Time.

There's a little mischief-making Elfin, who is ever nigh, Thwarting every undertaking, And his name is By-and-by. What we ought to do this minute, "Will be better done," he'll cry "If to-morrow we begin it "---

"Put it off," says By-and-by. Those who heed his treach'rous Will his faithless guidance rue: What we always put off doing, Clearly we shall never do: We shall reach what we endeavor If on now we more rely; But unto the realms of NEVER Leads the pit of BY-AND-BY.

mark as to what poets are :--- "Great poets are often proverbially ignorant of life. What they know has come by observation of themselves; they have found within them one highly delicate and sensitive specimen of human nature, on which the laws of emotion are written in large characters, such as can be read off without much study. Other knowledge of mankind, such as comes to men of the world by outward experience, is not indisnensable to them as poets; but to the novelist such knowledge is all in all; he has to describe outward things, not the inward man; actions and events, not feelings; and it will not do for him to be numbered among those who, as Madame Roland said of Brissot, know man but not men." * * "Poetry, when it is really such, is truth; and fiction also, if it is good for anything, is truth: but they are different truths. The truth of poetry is to paint the human soul truly: the truth of fiction is to give a true picture of life. The two kinds of knowledge are different, and come by different ways, come mostly to different persons." * * * " Poetry and eloquence are both alike the expression or utterance of feeling. But if we may be oxcused the antithesis, we should say that eloquence is heard, poetry is overheard. Eloquence supposes an audience; the peculiarity of poetry appears to us to lie in the poet's utter unconsciousness of a listener. Poetry is feeling confessing itself to itself, in moments of solitude, and embodying itself in symbols which are the nearest possible representations of the feeling in the exact shape in which it exists in the poet's mind. Eloquence is feeling pouring itself out to other minds, courting their sympathy, or endeavoring to influence their belief or move them to passion or to action."

After a page or two of very philosophic generalizing, Mr. Mill thus comes to the point as to what poetry is :---" All poetry is of the nature of soliloguy. It may be said that poetry which is printed on hot-pressed paper and sold at a book-seller's shop, is a soliloquy in full dress and on the stage. It is so; but there is nothing absurd in the idea of such a mode of soliloquizing. What we have said to ourselves, we may tell to others afterward; what we have said or done in solitude, we may voluntarily reproduce when we know that other eyes are upon us. But no trace of consciousness that any eyes are upon us must be visible in the work itself. The actor knows that there is an audience present; but if he acts as though he knew it, he acts ill. A poet may write poetry not only with the intention of printing it, but for the express purpose of being paid for it; that it should be poetry, boing written under such influences, is less probable; not, however, impossible; but no otherwise possible than if he can succeed in excluding from his work every vestige of such lookings-forth into the outward and every-day world, and can express his emotions exactly as he has felt them in solitude, or as he is conscious that he should feel them though they were to remain forever unuttered, or (at the lowest) as he knows that others feel them in similar circumstances of solitude. But when he turns round and addresses himself to another person; when the act of utterance is not itself the end, but a means to an end, viz. by

I chanced to mention to him that his song of "The Winds of March are Humming," which recently appeared in the Home Journal, had been copied and published by the press extensively throughout the country. "Ah !" said he, "my good friend, General Morris, has said he would print that song every spring as long as he lives, and I really believe he will do it."

The poet further told me he had never put this song on paper with a pen. "It was an impromptu," he said, "written one evening on a bit of paper, with a lead pencil, for a lady of this city"-naming her-" whose second season had gone by without an offer of marriage. Sometime afterward," he continued, "I found Morris had published it, which, of course, was kind in him." "Its merit," I said, "made it popular immediately, I suppose ?"

"No, no," he replied, "it possesses a certain musical jingle, pleasing to the ear, to which it is indebted for all the popularity it happens to have."

As being the history of this song, the above is interesting, and I wish I were at liberty to repeat more of the conversation between the poet and those who sat beside him, as it could not fail to greatly interest all American readers. Halleck is one of the most genial and kind-hearted of men, and ever has a kind word of encouragement for the young aspirant to literary honors. Of him, better than of any other poet, perhaps, may be said, nearly in his own words :----

> "None know him but to love him, None name him but to praise." BARRY GRAY.

AN ECCENTRIC WILL,-A curious case has just been decided after a long trial in the Superior Court at Norwich, Ct. The will of Stiles Park, disposing of property to the amount of \$34,000, contained a provision that none of the money should be applied in any manner whatever, directly or indirectly, to the support or for the benefit of any religious condition of reverting the property to the Re- | to our own glory before the world, they count | pire.

But I will conclude with the remarks of the poet Wordsworth :---

Nature never did betray The heart that loved her: 'tis her privilege. Through all the years of this our life, to lead From joy to joy; for she can so inform The mind that is within us, so impress With quietness and beauty, and so feed With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues, Rash judgments, nor the speers of selfish men Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb Our cheerful faith that all which we behold Is full of blessings.

God, the sanctifier of human woes. Since my little daughter has put on immortality, new fountains of joy have opened before me-new fields of beauty greet my vision-new songs of delight fall upon my car-new spirit manifestations are vouchsafedme. I am living with the dear ones that have gone before, while laboring here diligently with my hands for the necessities of the day. As the sands of life are wasting, I am gaining the celestial mountain; flashes of light from her illuminated peaks fall upon me. In conclusion I would say :----

Few are the clouds that shade my path, I feel no wind that's rude, My march so flecked with Heaven's pure light,

Sweet flowers here lighten up my soul, And lend a rich perfume.

Man, by virtue of his nature and creation, has a destiny, the fulfilment of which is his highest good, toward which his faculties as-

Who Loves Novels-Who Poetry? These are two pretty large instalments of the "reading public," as shown by the enormously extensive market for stories and poems-and, as it is always interesting to us. (us Public) to hear ourselves philosophized about, let us copy a passage or two from a fine article in the last number of "The Crayon." It is by John Stuart Mill, and is entitled "Thoughts on Poetry and its Varieties." He says: "Passing now from childhood, and from the childhood of society, to the grownup and unchildlike age-the minds and hearts of greatest depth and elevation are commonly those which take greatest delight in poetry; the shallowest and emptiest, on the contrary, are, at all events, not those least addicted to novel-reading. This accords, too, with all analogous experience of human nature. The sort of persons who not merely in books, but in their lives, we find perpetually engaged in hunting for excitement from without, are invariably those who do not possess, either in the vigor of their intellectual powers, or in the depth of their sensibilities, that which would enable them to find ample excitement nearer home. The most idle and frivolous persons take a natural delight in fictitious narrative; the excitement it affords is of the kind which comes from without. Such persons are rarely lovers of poetry, though they may fancy themselves so, because they and via Suez and the Red Sea, on to India .-relish novels in verse. But poetry, which is the delineation of the deeper and more secret workings of human emotion, is interesting only to those to whom it recalls what they have felt, or whose imagination it stirs up to conceive what they could feel, or what they might have been able to feel, had their outward circumstances been different."

the feelings he himself expresses, to work upon the feelings, or upon the belief, or the will of another-when the expression of his emotions or of his thoughts, is tinged also by that purpose, by that desire of making an impression upon another mind, then it ceases to be poetry, and becomes eloquence.

"Poetry, accordingly, is the natural fruit of solitude and meditation; eloqueuce, of intercourse with the world. The persons who have most feeling of their own, if intellectual culture has given them a language in which to express it, have the highest faculty of poetry; those who best understand the feelings of others, are the most eloquent. The persons and the nations who commonly excel in poetry are those whose character and tastes render them least dependent upon the applause, or sympathy, or concurrence of the world in general. Those to whom that applause, that sympathy, that concurrence are most necessary, generally excel most in eloquence. And hence, perhaps, the French, who are the least poetical of all great and intellectual nations are among the most eloquent ; the French, also, being the most sociable, the vainest, and the least self-dependent."

The English government have finally determined upon a step of immense strategetic im portance. It is proposed to lay a cable in two equal portions, one from Gibraltar to a point off Cape Finisterre, and the other from Finisterre to Plymouth or to some place on the southwest coast of Ireland. Should this line be successful, its submersion will be followed by an extension of the system of direct telegraphic communication to Malta, Alexandria, The Gibraltar cable will, it is expected, be ready for laying in September next.

Apropos of children, it was a beautiful saving of Richter's, that "The smallest are near est God." "Not so near," remarked a malicious old bachelor, "but that one often wish-es them nearer." The old celibate deserves He then makes a nicely discriminating re- his destiny. That's punishment enough.

It brightens solitude. Truly a land of smiles to me, Of gaiety and bloom, -

THE SPIRITUAL ECLECTIC.

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Correspondence.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

KE We present the following to our readers, this week, more to show how Spiritualism is misunderstood, than for any sound reasoning which it contains. The expression "bogus fact," reminds us of a white black bird; and another novel idea, that at some time, not very far distant (at the present rate of progress), the inhabitants of the spirit-land will require condensers, working something after the manner of the old fashioned cheese-press, to work up a large number of spirits into a compact body, so that they will require less room. To the mind which originated the following, we would say, don't embrace Spiritualism until you can understand it more fully.

MR EDITOR :--- I have read and heard a great deal about Spiritualism; though I have not seen any facts, and I declare I do not believe it to be a truth of truths, but a truth of errors. I look upon it as such because the Bible and true philosophy expose it as such. Of course the Bible is out of date with the believers in Spiritualism; or, as they say, it was good in its time, and the present new revelation is only a continuation of the Bible, but true philosophy they also claim as their only science to explain their new revelation as a theory, which it seems to me, they cannot carry out, for reasons which I will state hereafter. Besides this, they claim that they have manifestations of facts to support their theories. I do not deny that they have any such manifestations, but I will say they are bogus in character. Feel, not hard if I make use of such expressions, but such are my honest convictions. I mean to say, if a theory is true, or can be proved true by logical philosophy, then facts will put the seal on ; but if a theory is false, you will honestly grant me my assertion, that facts are bogus, however real they seem to appear.

Now Spiritualists, in general, do hold that there is a general progression throughout all the universe in its various branches, from the lowest and smallest particles, up to the highest celestial beings, even God himself is subject to that progression as they teach; and all this progression is regulated and carried on by infallible laws, which cannot be resisted, but which have, and will, combine in different times and ages, and cause to make a combination of different particles and elements to produce new effects, and to bring a new order of things into existence, which is always of a higher nature than before, and so it will go end. And this progression, it is claimed, goes on physically, morally, and spiritually, and as much as I can make out of their writings and teachings, that all lower orders of the universe will progress until it produces a physical man, and this physical man has the germ of a soul or spirit, which they say is immortal, and this soul or spirit does progress morally and spiritually before and after it lays down its physical body.

Now, this foregoing statement includes the creed, and what Spiritualists really teach and the unaccountable hosts of systems of worlds

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.] Right Round and Round.

SOLOMON tells us that "the thing that hath been, it is that which shall be ; and that which is done is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun." According to this the place from whence a thing came, thither will it return again ; or, in other language, everything is revolving round and round in a circle. We are not inclined to disagree with the wise man of the East, although he has failed to give us the law which causes all things to revolve, describing a circle. Many writers, both modern and ancient, have attempted to solve the problem which Solomon overlooked. And it has been supposed by such that the heavenly bodies exercise a peculiar influence over all the events in this sublunary world. Says Synesius de Providentia: "The visible heavens which revolve in a circle are the cause of the events in the sublunary world." In Orphica is the following passage:

- "Ye stars celestial! children of black night, Wheeling, enthroned sublime, in circling orbs, Effulgent, genitors of all events, Who Fate obey, and who all fates dispose,
- Their lot appointing unto mortal men, All hail!

Macrobius, a Latin writer, who died A. D. 415, seems to be of the same opinion, for he says: "The end, therefore, of the mundane year is, when all the planets and all of the fixed stars have returned from a certain place to the same place." Plato, Frimicius, and others, believed and taught the same doctrine .---Proclus, it is said, watched the lunar appearances, and fasted according to their presentation.

By referring to the above Pythagoric and Platonic philosophers, we can no longer doubt why things earthly iterate. 'Tis all owing to the influence of the heavenly bodies. Coming events cast their shadows before, and by reading the stars, we may determine what is in store for our little world. According to Plato we have periods of fertility and sterility-not only in relation to men, but animals and verctables. Solomon, whom we noticed at the commencement of this article, was aware of the same great truth-he believed that everything revolved in a circle ; that what is, had been; and that there could be nothing new.

Since the decline of heathenism-a religion which contained more truth than often meets the vulgar ear-hot-headed America, as well as the rest of the world, seems to have lost sight of the great truth involved above, viz., that future events may be foretold. Such being the fact, of what vast benefit will it be to us? If we can read the future from the on throughout the ages of all eternity, without | past, as it is quite evident we can, and can determine the present position of the carth in its "mundane year," whether the Spring, Summer, or Winter, then most surely can we foresee coming events. If we knew that next week we were to go to Washington, would we not be looking after our baggage? Does not the farmer in winter, reading the "to come," from the past, make ready for Spring? He knows that the heavenly bodies, with the position of his own sphere, will bring about seed time and harvest, and he prepares accordingly. So with the merchant who builds his do believe, that this our globe, as well as all wharves above the level of the ocean. Reading the influence of the sun and moon, knowing that at times the water is high, and then low, he builds his wharves to meet the incoming and outgoing of the waters. But the influence of the sun and moon is but a very small portion of the great host of heavenly bodies. We should learn to know the power which each exerts, which all exert, and which groups will exert. When this comes to be one of the sciences taught in our common schools, when men read their future lives in the heavens, when statesmen can see war and pestilence in the distance, can know of the calamities which will eventually befall the nation, then we can be better prepared to ward off the blow, and perhaps, at last, overcome the evil with good. Can we doubt the reality of the repetition of terrestrial events? CHARLES FLORIDA.

channel, and with their superior wisdom instruct you to overcome all. Let the Spiritualists respond to the call. Humanity must be redeemed. Let all add their mite to sustain the circulation of the Spiritual Eclectic. Priesthood, in harmony with corrupt laws, ever ready to fasten the shackles of bigotry and superstition on its fellow mortals, is now trembling, knowing that its doom is sealed. Their idol has been weighed and found wanting. To war with them, never sheath the sword until they are conquered to the truth.

Please continue to send me this messenger of light, while I remain ever yours in the Your brother. cause of truth. CH. HARBUCK.

> [Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.] Vesper Bells.

Ring around, ve bells, For the evening air is calm; And the lake is shining still In the sunset splendor. Out, out to the summer sky Fling your iucense, flowers and bells. Out, out in the summer air' Let the warblers warble free. Out in the world of wonder The winds are wandering free.

Whither are ye bound? Whither the incense and the summer air? Whither are the birds warbling their wonder Out in the wandering air? To God, to glory; We all know it. Not a device is sent to him That is not acceptable-does not come To him as incense. Welcome all. We have it among us. God of war Will be pleased with burnt offerings. God of grace will accept through Christ. God of infidelity without him. Welcome, welcome, summer air, To the chiming of the bells.

Wing a wonderful melody To the air, to the earth; for the day has dawned, And the night of darkness is not sent But to contrast it-make it brighter.

Why should we mourn for evil? Is it not good? Did it not bring us light? For the day is bright,

And could not have been day but for the night.

We have concluded to let the following verses portion of a long poem in a like vein, "slide," although we are afraid that it will make our modest Brother Davis blush. We would, however, suggest to the adulatory poet, that some others have thrown a little light upon the same topics, whose elucidation he principally ascribed to Bro. D .- [ED. ECLECTIC.

Andrew Jackson Davis.

BY SYLVANUS O'SULLIVAN. Who knows much more than we can tell,-Without book, learning, knows it well-And proves there never was a Hell? ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

Who proves that, God, supremely blest, Draws all men to His loving breast, In Heavenly joy, and peace, and rest? A. J. DAVIS.

Who shows us, clearly, what we arc-Immortal, and divinely fair, With nought around us to compare?-

A. J. DAVIS. Who shows that, what's so oft call'd "death," Is nothing but a second birth :--

We're born into and out of earth? A. J. DAVIS.

Who proves, what some "glad tidings " call,

hence they are willing to have, for a season, the anathemas of those whose craft is in danger with the cries of the old fogies of superstition, blasphemy, heresy, &c., and, also, the curled lip of contempt and indifference, in many instances, is softened down and awakened to candid and earnest inquiry.

But I must reserve an instance of willful stubbornness, intended for this number, in a clergyman, until some other time, as this is already of sufficient length. Maine.

0. W. G. [Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

Drops and Draughts, Fresh from the Fount of Truth.

To superior minds, the most sublime of so cial satisfactions, is, without question, the assurance of undying friendship.

That men fail to recognize and to acknowledge and respect the Divine in human nature, is the reason why they lose the conception of the Heaven which this world's animate and scenic beauty compels them to ascribe to the Divine design.

Envy, though it implies some degree of proximity, generally takes the place of a desire to gain those qualities which render another its object.

One never regrets having been generous and respectful.

The human heart is like a stringed instrument. The quality of its music depends more upon the genius and skill of the performer, than upon the quality of the instrument itself.

Time naturally invests great names with virtue and glory, as great mountains in the distance wear the hues of heaven.

As what is transparent is not reflective, and what is reflective is not transparent, so axioms provoke inquiry, and problems provoke

> From tyrant king and custom free, Man's reason, gifted truth to see,

In Nature's favor. LEOLETT.

Mt. Thaumal, Ms.

Kind Words!

Kind words and loving smiles! how like the refreshing dew upon drooping flowerets come they, gurgling musically up from the loving hearts, and rippling like sun-rays over the dear faces of those we love. What words can express their value? And when the wearied spirits flag, and the mental vision becomes darkened, how cheering their brightness to the appreciative heart. How calmly do their rays divine remove the misty veil, and disclose the shining gems reflected from nature's crown of purity.

The deepest gratitude of our hearts goes up to the kind Dispenser of such blessings, and an earnest appeal for its and their continuance. LON W.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

Modern Application of the Proverbs. Proverbs, 9th ch. 1st vrs. "Wisdom hat

impatiently wonder at the tardy progress of their development. The least feeling of impatience should teach them the need of discipline, and that they are not yet prepared for higher unfoldings. They need delays, trials to test and strengthen them, lest they become "exalted above measure." So with laborers," who are already in the field. Sordid ambition is frequently checked, and pride wounded.-They wonder why the world is not convinced and converted at once. And many devoted believers partake of the same feeling, and at times seem nearly discouraged. But let patience possess their souls, and perseverance mark their prayers and purposes. No aspirations rise, no word falls, no deed is done, no step is taken in vain. Angel watchers are over the field of humanity watering the seeds thou art sowing in tears. Faint not. The harvest time shall come. "Learn to labor and to—*wait.*"

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.] Spiritual Communication.

The following was received from the spirit of Mrs. Ruth Tuttle, formerly of Pownal, Maine.

Beloved home, oft do I visit those happy climes I inhabited in the earthly form. Although you are bereaved of my bodily presence, I am still with you in spirit form, caressing and cheering you in your earthly careers. Those little ones I cherish with delight, and they twine around my affections with a firmer adherence since my change into the spirit form. My visions are more bright than when in the natural form. Dear husband, wipe away those briny tears. Mourn not the absence of my body, I am with you as ever, though you may not see me; I can caress those brows with my spirit hands. Guide those little ones in paths of virtue and truth, is my spiritual request .---O, that you could realize my happy condition in spirit life, you would not wish me to return. Could you but ascend to those happy portals of spirit view, those celestial abodes-untraveled by mortals, you would not fear to dieyea, not to die but live again. Little did you think, while you were collected together at my funeral, listening to those spiritual words from the lips of the beloved sister who attended my funeral, that I was by her side, listening with spirit ears, looking at my body, praising the great I Am for a deliverance from the mortal form. Then rejoice, dear husband, children, and friends, at my happy change. Although my neighbors were not satisfied in your not choosing some one to suit their views to attend my funeral, yet be assured I am. I was present and heard their talk. I did not follow my body, but still was in your midst at the scenes you witnessed after returning from the grave. They were unpleasant, yet it was for your gain. Truth must have its rebuffs, those fires it must withstand, for being firmly established it will not be overthrown. Visit. those objectors oft in a spirit of love. Though Mrs. B. may stop your speech, she cannot stop the ebb of spirit power from working within. Conscience will check that opposing influence in which she is wrongly developed. The prescriptions that were given by my own spirit controllers, and through my own organism, were to me satisfactorily attended to by you, though falsely represented by my pretended friends.

thoughts. " Decides when Doctors disagree"

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

in the whole universe are workshops, not only of other numberless worlds yet to be brought into existence, but of innumerable beings, or immortal souls or spirits. This looks very plausible at first sight; and it would be a very sublime philosophy, if it was truth; and here I will state my reasons why I cannot believe such a philosophy to be true. Now, if this our globe, and any other globe or world of the universe, are workshops, and are to people their respective globes or worlds, then each one could only produce so many inhabitants to people and fill their own globe or world, and when that is done their mission must be accomplished. They cannot produce more to let go for another world, that would interfere with the laws of other globes, physically, morally, and spiritually-that is, they would not leave their bodies here and go as spirits to another globe. And where will all the spirits of these innumerable worlds go, if they lay down their physical bodies ? It will not do to say that they will have their home in the sphere of spirits. Then, if all the spirits which are brought into existence on every globe in the universe, throughout all the ages of eternity, must take their abode in the spiritual sphere of their own globe, they would finally be so crowded together that they, at some time, would have no more space for their own existence; or they would be so pressed together, that millions of millions must be blended into one; and again, when these, made up of these millions of millions, have so multiplied again into millions of millions and blended into one, and so on, would not such beings be sublime ?

Such is logical reasoning ; and I have other branches of this philosophy, which I could analyze in the same way, but space fails me and so I must conclude. If you think it worthy, give this a place in your paper, and add your notes or corrections to it. We are all willing to learn, I hope. I am a German, therefore please correct grammar. Yours,

PHILLIP Priel.

Shelby, Orleans Co., N. Y., April 15, 1860.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.] BALTIMORE, April 14th, 1860.

BROTHER :--- With joy I hail the resurrection of the Spiritual Age. In a brighter form it has appeared again, to gladden the hearts of its readers. My prayer has not been in vain : once more I behold the expounder of the principles so dear to every friend of progress at its accustomed place. The literary works written in this State do not satisfy the wants of my hungry spirit. Orthodoxy in its most hideous form, seems to defile their pages .-Wherever I seek flowers I find but thistles. A dark spirit, clothed in musty garments, stares at me whenever I gaze over the productions of these narrow-minded D. D.'s. I am no longer in the ranks of the sectarians, having prayed through purgatory. With joy I hail the intelligence from on high. My brothers, you have faithfully performed your promise. I feel the sweet assurance that success shall crown your labor in behalf of humanity. Hold on with firm hands to the helm; keep a sharp look out; there are many hidden rocks below the dancing waves. The heavens may appear cloudy.

Many are the dangers by which you are surrounded. Your aims being pure and

Are not "glad tidings," after all, If millions into Hell must fall?

A. J. DAVIS.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.] To the Spiritual Eclectic.

And here, the gaping creed-press notwithstanding, comes the Eclectic, arisen from the fading shadow of the Spiritual Age ; improved in size, in appearance, in many ways, and in name, perhaps, because Eclectic gives so much latitude for its sphere of labor. It has ever been a word of delightful sound and signification to me. Welcome, Eclectic ! then, after this night and a day of the Age's slumber.-Hope you will not take so long a nap while there are so many longing to receive your budget of well arranged instructions, suggestions, and encouragements to those who are striving to find "the better way," unless there are others to fill your place the while.

I had begun to meditate upon supplying, by some means, the place of the sleeping Age, when, without any notice, along came the first number, brim full, of the Eclectic, and at once, before I could tell why, I liked its "shining, morning face." Come, then, bearing thy messages of love, truth, friendship, liberty, and freedom, to all who will receive thy proffers of them. Yet some of thy articles, that were evidently intended for the Age, had not "got the hang of the school-house" exactly, as the school-boy said, but this will soon be "all right." So here's a thrice welcome, and may our acquaintance be for our mutual, as well as others' good.

While you were in the metamorphic state, the leaven that had already been cast upon the waters, that is, into the minds of men, was still leavening the community in this vivinity, Sandy River, as well as elsewhere causing the spirit within to leap forth among some in high social standing, and denying that history, tradition, or the creeds of priestcraft do contain the whole of the workings of the immortal with mankind-the Alpha and Omega-the Beginning and End of all develop-

builded her house, she has hewn out her seven pillars." Viz: Benevolence, Truth, Faith, Hope, Humility, Courage and Meekness .--Make those thine own, and thy house is built upon a rock, where it can brave the fiercest storm.

13th ch. 24th vrs. " He that spareth his rod, hateth his son : but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes." Like as gold is purified by fire, so our souls must battle with sorrow and disappointment ; our hearts must be acquainted with sadness, ere we can know true joy.

17th ch. 21st vrs. "He that begetteth a fool, doeth it to his sorrow, and the father of a fool hath no joy." Thus is the infant's countenance the mirror of the mother's soul .---Blame thyself for the natural depravity in thine offspring. But see to thyself, reform and be a better man, and thou shalt have a child, which will be a blessing to his parents and to the world. L. P.

[From the Spiritual Clarion.]

Need of Patience and Perseverance among Mediums, Believers, Laborers and Inquirers. Skeptics and inquirers often grow disheartened because they are unable to receive all they seek without delay. But they should remember that all spiritual manifestations and communications depend on certain laws and conditions, and truth is gradual in its unfoldings. Many persons need the discipline of patience and perseverance before they are prepared to receive the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism. "Seek and ye shall find," is the law. Every step taken in the course of investigation, every hour spent in reading, hearing, meditating, conversing, and sitting, becomes necessary in disciplining and unfolding the spiritual nature, preparatory to the reception of spiritual influences. As our own souls are moulded in the image of the Divine, and the spiritual universe is infinite, it is a work not only of all time but of eternity itself, for us to become harmoniously unfolded in full verdict of acquittal, and served the woman communion with celestial worlds. Mediums, just beginning to receive some manifestations, noble, the angels shall guide you in the right | ments of good, as yet written or known, and | and anxious to unfold the loftiest gifts, often | turned a verdict of not guilty.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

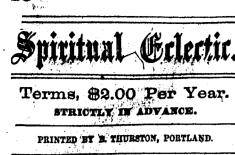
" Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."-(Jesus Christ.)

" By man came sin, and by sin came death, in that all have sinned and come short of the glory of God. Little children being incapable of conversion from sin, not having been convicted thereof, are in a state of total depravity."-(Creeds of men.)

QUERY :---What is the state of society in the kingdom of heaven?

A HUSBAND'S DEFENCE.-One Mr. Kitchen was brought before a court in Philadelphia by Mrs. K., for assault and battery. She could not swear that he ever struck her, but he indulged in whisky and failed to support his family. The husband said he believed lawyers were humbugs, and he would plead his own case. He informed the jury that, having failed to prove that he ever laid an angry hand upon his wife, he couldn't possibly be convicted of an assault upon her. As to the other charges he pleaded justification. "Mrs. Kitchen, gentlemen of the jury," said Mr. Kitchen, "is a member of a church; Mrs. Kitchen forsakes her kitchen, and spends half her time in the lecture-room. While my breeches are running to seed, and the children going about with ill-kept noses and dilapidated extremities, Mrs. Kitchen is indulging in confab with a lot of old ladies about the shocking nudity of the South Sea islanders. While willing to provide for her, gentlemen of the jury, I ain't willing to feed all the brethren of the church, nor to give Bohea parties to twenty people twice a week, neither. If I've got tight on the strength of such provocation, gentlemen of the jury, it ain't a bit more than the best of you would have done if placed in my circumstances; and if you was me, and I was, you-knowing the case as I do-I'd render a right." The jury seemed to be impressed with the force of Mr. Kitchen's argument, and re-

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SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1860.

PROFESSOR SPENCE ON SOULS.

The above-named gentleman has written a very discouraging essay in a recent number of the Banner of Light, respecting the human soul, which he makes out, or attempts to, to be a very scarce article. His views are quite original, and, if we are to attach much weight to them, startling. He takes the ground, in opposition to the old and new spiritual philosophers, that the body exists before the soul. and as a place wherein the latter is to be born and matured. The spiritual philosophers have been wont to believe and teach that the body is the outgrowth of the soul-its crude efficy indeed. They say that the "soul fashions a tabernacle to suit itself." The Professor, it seems, gives us an entirely reversed view of the matter, and tells us that the body gives birth and growth to the soul, and fits it for an immortal existence. And the Professor tells us, too, in effect, that children, "young men and maidens," have no souls -- that it takes, probably, seventy years to mature that precious entity to the enduring point. He tells us that " Nature makes vast preparations for that favorite of hers, the soul - seventy years to build up a structure which may possibly (the italics are ours) walk by her side, immaculate, and defy the everlasting ages."-By the word "possibly" being used by the Professor, it is by no manner of means a sure thing with him that even the seventy years' soul will stand the test of immortality. "Nature's harvest on earth," the erudite Professor tells, "is souls, not wheat, nor corn, nor horses, nor temples, nor oats nor literature, nor sciences, nor philosophies, nor religions," but the "formation of souls." We are sorry to say, if the Professor's theory be true, that Nature don't do so great a business in the manufactory of souls as her "vast preparations" to that end would seem to warrant.----Statistics make out the average term of mortal years to be far below the number which the Professor's theory demands for the building of an immortal soul. What myriads therefore perish !--- and what a great waste dear old economical (so we have always been accustomed to believe) Mother Nature makes of it!

Jesus Christ, and the spirits, (so we have been taught, and so we have believed), have told us that of such (meaning little children) is the kingdom of heaven. But the Professor tells us that there are no little children in the immortal kingdom — no young and sportive life — but it is made up of tough and gnarled spirits, which can only withstand the severe immortal test. Spiritual testimony in relation to the existence of children-spirits in the spirit-world, and even in relation to spirits of persons who lived on the earth forty years or more; goes for nothing with Professor Spence.

We haven't tried to meet and refute these new views of this writer. We have thought it hardly worth our while, as they seem too absurd to require refutation. Socrates was, and as Goethe was, and as all spiritual men are in their great labors.

Spiritualists are quite satisfied with the *Courier's* version of the story, and do not see as it conflicts at all with their views of spirit interposition. We hope the *Courier* will furnish more such "experiences." Verily, God makes, oft-times, the wrath of man to praise him, and what is superfluous he will restrain. The *Courier* will yet be obliged to admit of the fact of spirit-interposition with the affairs of mortals. We have some singular instances of this kind to relate in respect to our own affairs, and which will be presented in due season.

T. L. HARRIS, AGAIN.

His Denunciations and Demonology. In a recent article, the report that Mr. Harris had "abandoned Spiritualism" was shown, by quotations from his own language, to be grossly unfair and false. It was also stated that the authorized copy of his London discourse contained no such sweeping denunciations of American Spiritualists and Spiritualism as had been affirmed in the dishonest report circulated in this country; on the contrary, its expressions were complimentary to inquirers in general.

Since that article was written, the April number of the London Spiritual Magazine has come to hand, in which we find an editorial notice of the same discourse. (This Magazine, by the way, is the successor to the British Spiritual Telegraph; it is very ably conducted, and is every way a credit to the cause it advocates.) From this we learn that Mr. Harris, while affirming in the strongest terms his conviction of the reality of Spirit-communion, both heavenly and infernal, did, in the delivery of the discourse referred to, use language in reference to the mass of Spiritualists in America which was justly open to exception, on the score of unmeasured and indiscriminate denunciation.

This does not surprise us in the least, since Mr. H. has been accustomed for years in this country to indulge in similar denunciations of those who have not received his peculiar opinions. Such extravagances of language we have supposed to be partly incident to his peculiar organization. Extremely sensitive by nature, his aversions as well as his attractions are strong and intense; and his words, especially in moments of excitement, are apt to correspond. But since his "sober second thought" has revoked or greatly modified these expressions, and refused to perpetuate them in his published discourse, we can afford to let them pass as hasty and unconsidered words.

The same article in the Magazine criticises with some sharpness Mr. Harris's "doctrine of devils." His extravagant views of the liability to demoniac infestation in mediumship are attributed in part to organic defects in his own constitution-the want of proper balance between the rational, the affectional, and imaginative powers in himself. Though the medium of a high inspiration, yet this inspiration must take form from the organism of the instrument or channel employed-which is undoubtedly the law of all inspired utterance in all ages of the world. We quote a few passages, as illustrative of this law so little inderstood "His poetry and his emotions are so exucriticism. We can account for many things in Mr. Harris's preaching and writings—for the intensely vivid coloring with which he sets forth his perceptions of truth—in no other way so rationally. But it does not follow that there is no basis of truth in his views, or that the "demons" against whose influence he so vigorously warns, and the "hell" which he so vividly portrays, have only an imaginary or fictitious existence.

The imagination is not, as some people seem to suppose, merely an illusive faculty, whose only action is to deceive. It has its laws, and works only in accordance with law. Its office is to image or body forth to the mind's eye impressions, sensations, emotions, etc., produced by outward or inward realities. It cannot create out of nothing, nor can it reflect an image where there is no reality to cause a reflection, any more than can the mirror in your chamber. It may distort or magnify, or diminish, or discolor, but there must be a reality of some sort, or there can be no image. It is for us to discover what this reality is, when freed from all distortions.

Now what does Mr. Harris mean by a "demon," or " devil "? If we understand him, it is a human being in whom self-love or selfishness has either a predominating power or an entire sway ;---in whom the love of right, goodness, purity, etc., is not supreme and allcontrolling. All must see that, if the essence of Deity is a pure, out-gushing, universal love, then that self-love which seeks personal gratification at the expense of right, purity, and the public good, is the eternal opposite and antagonist of Deity. If the one is divine, the other is devilish. If those who are actuated by the first are godlike, then those in whom the last predominate are demonic. There is no escaping this. It is a distinction which exists in the nature of things.

Now, few will deny that, while there are persons who in this life grow more and more unselfish and godlike, there are those who grow more and more intensely selfish and demonic. It is but fair to presume that this process may continue in the future life, at least for a time—perhaps through one cycle of being. If so, then there must be demons and devils in the spirit-world, of various degrees of potency, subtlety and depravity, correresponding to their mental capacities and the extent to which the divine monitions have been stifled within them.

Moreover, if the exercise of a pure and unselfish love constitutes "heaven" in the soul, whether in this life or that which is to come, (and every soul that has ever experienced any thing of this love knows that it is so,) then the exercise of self-love constitutes "hell."-Envy, jealousy, anger, hatred, avarice, discontent, rivalry, love of domination, of fame, of sensual pleasure, etc., etc.,-all of which are manifestations of self-love-are the very elements of hell, whether in this world or the next. But persons who are in the exercise of these selfish loves often do not mistrust that they are in hell. Indeed, nothing is more common than for such to suppose themselves in heaven all the while !---and perhaps selfish enjoyment is the highest heaven they have conceived of. Nevertheless, to those who have experienced the divine joys of angelic, self-abnegating love, all such enjoyments are

baleful influence upon our wretched planet; but the length of this article compels us to desist. <u>A. E. N.</u>

The Voices of the Town.

With the earliest morning they come, ere the first gray peep of dawn has looked over the face of the deep; and midnight is often waning into morn again before the Babel is hushed.— The milk-man on his early round, over the stone paved streets, wakens the dreaming house-maid from her protracted slumbers; and the fish-man winding his horn, lags far behind the rushing venders of bread, meat, and vegetables. The shrick of the engine and the clattering cars are accompanied by ringing bells, while far out over the deep, boom the guns of the departing or returning steamer.

Soon the sidewalks resound to the tramp of gangs of workmen going to their daily toil, and the man of capital and business, with a lighter tread but far more anxious face, hurries to his counting room. Groups of school children with whoop and shout answer back the deep tones of the bell which calls them to their daily tasks. How different their mirth from that of vagrant children, who know no school but the great highways, and with the rich, sweet glow of infancy still visible on their cherub lips, they learn to lisp an oath before their mother's name. We know they have been invited to better things, but shall they be permitted to choose the downward path? Shall not some one go out and compel them to come in unto the feast? Oh, when shall poverty, ignorance, and vice-triple sisters of infamy-cease to hold their courts in our midst, forming that deep guttural bass to the voices of the town?

Thus in the early part of the day, only the mere grub-worms, as it were, make their appearance, but as the day grows warm and beautiful, the men of leisure and the women offashion,—butterflies of society, some one has called them—come forth, making merry music on the walks with the click of their tiny heels and the rustle of their garments.

As the declining day deepens into twilight, the tired laborer, released from the clang of machinerv and the heated workshop, or the more healthful yet scarcely less laborious outof-door jobs, with weary step but bounding heart, hies him home to the loved and loving there, while those, who have no such tie to draw them within the charmed circle of domestic life, lounge and gossip at the corners of the streets, or in bar-rooms and saloons. The wealthy man of business, whose day has been spent in the busy, dusty counting-room, is beguiled of his burden of care by the happy voices of home mingled in sweet melody, which like the gas-light sends its cheering glow to the poor wayfarer on the dim, cold street.-Carriages, laden with thoughtless pleasureseekers, are hurrying to some place of revelry, where no regret for the past, no apprehension for the future disturbs the blissful intoxication of the present. More solid minds seek their refreshment and recreation in the reading or lecture rooms, whose still small voices work wonders in the town,-not louder, but higher, deeper and far above the iron horse and the booming gun.

As the evening advances, the song of the debauchee is heard from dilapidated buildings and noisome cellars, while, the wandering organist grinds his interlude at the corners of the streets. At length the myriad sounds and clamor subsides into the one measured tramp of the watchman, and when the last faint echo dies away in silence, it is as if some psalm of life were hushed. The many jarring voices of the town, that grate so harshly on our ears, make not one discord in the great hymn of nature, for God hath created all things and all his works do praise Him.

force. It is in vain that we "reformers" and " friends of justice " labor for the good of our fellow men, black or white, if at the same time we are full of festering spite and bitter intolerance toward those who presume not to look at the great questions of the day in the same light that we happen to. This measuring others by our peculiar standard, which may be far from truly orthodox, and which, at the same time, may be but an "abstraction," and denouncing them because they do not come up, or perhaps down to it, is far enough from giving the least indication that we are the "friends of justice," or the friends of any thing else that is manly and right. To all such belligerent individuals, if they should include ourselves, we say, "Physicians, heal yourselves"-" take the beams out of your own eyes," and doubtless you will see more clearly to reform others. Set in your lives, your good Christian manners, an example of true freedom-freedom from unneighborly bitterness-freedom from disturbing anger, and others, seeing your good works (not sayage talk), will be led, in their lives, to glorify God, and assist in redeeming the fallen.

We do not make these remarks with especial reference to our correspondent. We have not the honor of knowing him, and therefore will not judge him any farther than our strictures will apply to his case. His remarks are doubtless aimed at Bro. Newton's article, "What's in a Name!" which appeared in our first number. But we hardly see, if our conjecture is right, what there was in that article that called for Bro. Simonds' onslaught upon us editors. We must, notwithstanding, claim the right to "ignore" what seem to us altogether impracticable things. We shall not allow Bro. S. to judge for us in the premises.

Stop that Lie.

The editor of the Spiritual Eclectic, speaking of promiscuous spiritual circles, says that they "have been generally discontinued, and not seldom in consequence of the breaking out of moral disorders of the most flagrant character."—Boston Post.

Didn't say any such thing, nor can we find the words in our columns. We have a faint recollection of seeing something of the kind in the Springfield Republican, a paper very well and fair in some things, but not to be implicitly trusted when it speaks of Spiritualism.— The Post, that time, as it frequently does, "barked up the wrong tree." The Portland Advertiser repeats the lie with an additional one or two of its own manufacture. Hear it:

"The Spiritual Age, which died out in Boston, has been resurrected in Portland, Me., under the name of Spiritual Eclectic. An article from the former Boston editor, speaking of promiscuous spiritual circles, says that they 'have been very generally discontinued, and not seldom in consequence of the breaking out of moral disorders of the most flagrant character.' This is the first frank confession that the exposure of the vile performances at some of these circles was justified by the facts. The Age used to deny them with great indignation."

In the first place, Mr. Advertiser, the Spiritual Age didn't die out. It was only suspended for a few weeks in order to give the present manager time to enlarge and improve it. The name was adopted, which it now bears, because it better accords with the character he intends it shall sustain. It is to be a truly spiritual paper, and the exponent of a true and broad Spiritualism. It means not to bear false witness against its neighbors, nor to take especial pains to gather up all the floating scandal that unscrupulous and unprincipled people delight to originate against those whom they choose to dislike. In the second place, "the former Boston editor" used no such language as the Advertiser attributes to him. So the "frank confession" goes for nothing. As to the "vile performances " the Advertiser alludes to, they are all in its own eye. In forming its judgment of the moral effects of Spiritualism, that paper has only to take a look around among its own near neighbors who profess that faith. If their conduct is uncommonly bad-if "vile nerformances " are common with them in their "circles," then let that paper expose them without the least reserve. This is the right course for it to take in the premises, and not to reiterate the lies of the Boston Post, or any other unprincipled newspaper.

A good many persons, who have fondly cherished the belief that they are "living souls," by right of *divine* creation, will not feel flattered by the Professor's conclusions, and they may be moved to reply to him as a celebrated painter did to a ranting infidel who had been laboring to prove to him that he had no soul,—"I do not know whether you have one or not, but by G—, sir, I have got a soul!"

There seems to be a great propensity in some minds to indulge in theorizing, just as there is a disposition on the part of legislators to make superfluous laws. Both classes of men must do *something* to distinguish themselves. And the more foolish and singular the theories they spin out—and the more impracticable the laws they enact, the better are the sought-for ends answered.

Professor Agassiz and the Fish Story.

The Boston Courier, loth to let the Spiritualists have the benefit of Prof. Agassiz's thricerepeated dream in relation to the exact configuration of a fossil fish's head, and by reason of which he procured, or made, a correct drawing of the same, has presented what it calls a correct statement of the affair. We do not perceive that Professor Agassiz's own account of the remarkable transaction much lessens its marvelous character. If he made the drawing himself, it was hardly done voluntarily .--His own account says that, " half dreaming and half waking, in complete darkness, he traced those characters on paper. In the morning he was much surprised to see features in his sketch which he thought at first impossible to be found on the fossil: especially the bone of the head. He went to the Jardin des Plants. and after working several hours with hammer and chisel, succeeded in discovering the parts of the head which had not been seen in the fossil before, and which were exactly like his own sketch."

It is quite evident from the above that the Professor was assisted by his "demon" as

berant, his imaginative powers are so devel oped, that the cerebral organs have not been able to keep pace with them."... "There is nothing in his public preaching more apparent, than that from the delicate sensitiveness of hi mediumship he is peculiarly open to impressions of a distressing kind, which he attributes, rightly or wrongly, to demonic agency and frequently, far too frequently, the chord or the discord of these devils from Pandemo nium is struck; when, as if entranced by the subject so vividly presented to his mind, he leaves his sermon and his hearers, and rushes with unthinking impetuosity through all the broad avenues of the hells. On these occasions his peculiar sensibilities run riot with his reason. He sees only a universe of hell, peopled with devils of almost divine subtlety, and ruled by a mystic devil, who is the culmination of all that is great in intellect, aud in governmental science, in developing his myrmidons for infernal uses. In the zealous pursuit of this idea, any ordinary notion of helldom does not come up to his necessities, but he must needs build up a system of deviltry more than human, and bring to his aid the demonic services of a lost planetary sphere a world-planet revolving round us in all the mazes of a recondite hell. We lose sight of our God, of our Father, of our Redeemer, and of all His holy angels and ministering spirits -of His providence and fostering care and protection, as if there was no existence for them, but all was handed over to this master devil. We hear of demonic mesmeric processes, of the damnable results which must flow from hearing a few raps on a table, and from attending seances, of the wicked tendencies and inspiration of Spiritual literature and teachings, of 999 out of 1000 mediums being lost souls, and other such foolish fantasies .-There is only one man who can save; there is only one man through whose mediumship truth can come-and that man is Mr. Harris In all his changes he only has been always right, and he must always be the founder of a new and true church, outside of which there is no salvation. Now, here, indeed, it is time for us to use our reason, and not to be led by his fantasies, as if they were unchangeable truths..... To us he is a warning, as well as a prophet, for we see in him how the weak nesses of a great man may be blown into, as into a bladder, till they push aside the noble portions of his mind, and distort his utteran-

Undoubtedly there is much of truth in this

gross, infernal, devilish.

Hence we are obliged to conclude, (much as we might wish it were otherwise,) that there are both "devils" and "hell" in the universe—in this world as well as in the next; and though Mr. Harris's sensitive and intense poetic temperament may lead him to portray them in language that seems extravagant to our duller apprehensions, we will not run to the opposite extravagance of ignoring and denying their existence.

And more than this,--it is a law of all life to propagate itself. Every being diffuses around himself an aroma or atmosphere, unconsciously, which, unless repelled, affects all other beings, and tends to bring them into the same state with himself. And, too, like attracts like. If, then, the activity of any selfish love in us attracts to us invisible beings in whom the same love is predominant, they shed upon us necessarily an influence which tends to stimulate our selfish desires, and thus to retard the development of the divine life within us. Besides, it is natural for all beings, who are at all satisfied with their condition, to seek to bring others into the same .--And those who are most confirmed in selflove are likely to have the most self-complacency, and a strong desire to bring recruits to their side. This implies no special malignity, nor does it indicate any real benevolence .--Hence demonic spirits and bad men must, from the very nature of their being and the laws of impartation, throw an influence more or less depraving over all persons who are in any degree open to it-just as surely as angelic spirits and good men shed a benign and saving power upon all who will receive it. So we find that the startling warnings of

Mr. Harris against promiscuous and frivolous intercourse with spirits are not without foundation. We incline, however, to treat the subject in the light of a calm and rational philosophy, rather than to declaim and dogmatize with the authority of a prophet.

We had intended to notice, also, the criticisms of our transatlantic brother on Mr. Harris's theory of a "lost world" shedding its

BOSTON, April 8th, 1860. MR. EDITOR :---Occasionally there are certain phrases and expressions made use of by our Spiritual editors which seem, at least, to partake of the same Pharisaic nature which has been prevalent so long in the bodies from which the friends of justice have progressed .---When the *rum* and the *slave* interest are attacked, they turn and exclaim to the friends of virtue, "Look at home," "Reform yourself," &c. Every body knows that such expressions from such sources are not only empty abstractions, but mere attempts to cover their own nakedness and moral laziness by a cloud of words, and that may convey falsehood. We need not go into a long dissertation concerning how much is conveyed by such a remark as "Reform yourself," but there certainly can be no class of men who need a practical application of that' saying more than those writers for the press who deliberately ignore such a vital matter in our humanitary duties as the redemption from slavery of the four millions of Americans now in the South. It is right for us to say to the mere cold-blooded abstractionist, whether he be an editor or priest, "Reform yourself," for can there be any better evidence of corruption of heart than that of a man who is indifferent to such a matter as I have referred to? GEO. W. SIMONDS.

Notwithstanding our friend's repugnance to the injunctions, "Look at home," "Reform yourself," and we will add, "Physician, heal thyself,"—they still retain their binding

Is it Orthodox ?

We clip the following story of spirit-manifestation from the *Congregationalist*, where it appears without exception. If negro spirits can manifest themselves in dreams, why not others?

"Not long since a party of fugitive slaves passed through Western New York on their way to Canada. The leader of the party gave in substance the following narration:

"'I had,' he said, 'a sister who, because she repulsed the brutal advances of the overseer, was whipped so severely that she sickened and died in consequence. It maddened me, and I resolved to be revenged by inciting an insurrection, and with my fellow slaves find liberty in a free land, or else in the grave. I opened the subject to one and another of the hands, and gradually they joined me in the project. We met at midnight and laid our plans. We were all but ready to strike the blow, when, one night in my sleep, I saw my side, and (told me not to do it. I thought it nothing but a dream; but the next night she came again, begging me not to do it, and the

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next, and the next. I went to my companions and told them about it, and we resolved to escape instead.

"There was a lonely grave yard where we used to meet. On the night agreed upon, we assembled amid the graves. Each one cut a rash in his arm; and as the blood flowed, we caught it in a tin dipper, and all drank of it. We called upon God to hear our vows, that we would stand by each other in our attempt to escape, and prayed to Him to guide us, to be with us; and then we passed out of the yard and took our journey Northward. God led us, and here we are !'"

EDITORIAL ITEMS.

ET The subject of the Great Eastern is again before the public, but the accounts conflict as to what point she will first anchor on the United States' coast. The people of Portland will, of course, feel disappointed if she fails to make her debut in their harbor, as first talked of. She is expected to leave England the first of June to accompany the Prince of Wales to Canada.

The papers are everywhere teeming with the result of the prize fight between Heenan and Sayers, as reported by a spirit medium of Vermont. Heenan is the victorshe says-and proposes to fight a Mr. Morrissey in two weeks. Our only regret is, that such a spirit of brutality is permitted to inhabit the human form.

La A fanatical correspondent gets quite angry with us, because we declined publishing one of his letters in a former number, and seems to feel the utmost contempt for our taste - or, rather, want of taste - and very emphatically adds, that "the sooner such papers sink into the hell of oblivion, the better." Just as much obliged for his good opinion and kind wishes, but we hope to survive a little longer, notwithstanding. Wouldn't a little of the famous Pain Killer be a relief to his wounded dignity?

INSANITY OF M. JULLIEN .--- The Paris correspondent of the Boston Traveller relates the following sad anecdote of Jullien's insanity: " One day he entered his house armed with a large knife. ' Come here,' said he to his adopted child, a girl about eighteen years old am going to let you hear the angels sing.' He was going to cut her throat. She had presence of mind enough to reply: 'Willingly; but, before I go, let me hear you play on the flageolet, that I may compare your music with theirs.' Jullien thought the idea excellent, and went to get his flageolet,-while he was gone the child called the servants, the unhappy madman was secured and carried to a private mad-house, where he died a few days afterwards."

A SINGULAR PHENOMENON-BLACK RAIN.-A singular phenomenon occurred at Syracuse, N. Y., on Friday afternoon, At about four o'clock, a dark cloud arose in the northwest. presenting the appearance of an approaching thunder shower. As the clouds passed over, a slight shower, the appearance of the drops resembling faint ink, was quietly dispensed; giving to all white objects the appearance of having been spattered with small drops of black ink. The people in the streets were surprised to find their faces and hands, and even shirt bosoms and collars, spotted over with this singularly colored rain.—Exchange.

Such a rain would have proved quite a godsend to the printers a little farther west, judging from the miserably pale type we get from some parts of Kentucky-and they would have profited by it too, for they are a people

deed, the very existence of Christ, would by way of experiment conform their lives to its moral teachings by dealing justly, walking humbly, loving mercy, and cultivating a spirit of brotherly love, it would be of no great importance to them whether Jesus of Nazareth ever walked in human form through the streets of Jerusalem, healing the sick and casting out devils, dying a shameful death upon the cross, and after three days' confinement in a tomb, rose again. They would soon feel those devils of doubt removed, and in less than three days their souls would be raised into such realms of bliss as they have never before known.

We clip the following from the Christian Mirror. The argument for Immortality is new, as well as very cogent :----

IMMORTALITY .--- Ask any physiologist or anatomist, and he will tell you that he can discover no reason why man should not be immortal, except this, that we do not find that he is so; and if it should so happen that man became immortal, we could not discover any sensible difference in the economy of our bodies from what we observe to exist at pres-

Let us suppose that a clock were invented that not only told the hours, but also regularly wound itself up. Let us suppose that it had a little bottle of oil with which it lubricated its pinions, and produced a constant sup-ply of that oil from some chemical change which it produced upon the air. Such a clock would be an everlasting clock, were it not that its wheels would wear out by friction, con-stant, however small. But, if in addition to all else, it were capable of renovating all its parts, so that, as each wheel began to wear it would be replaced by another perfectly new, we should have an exact representation of the powers of our body. We are able to wind up our energies by daily supplies of food and nightly rest-we are also able to lubricate the entire system by the hallowed resting of the Sabbath day-and to complete the perfection of our physical constitution, the circulating blood is continually depositing new matter in our bones and flesh, and removing the exhaust-ed matter when it is no longer capable of carrying on the animal economy. What more do we need for immortality? Not only is this economy for our system sufficient to maintain our bodies, in the earlier periods of our life it is able even to *increase* their quantities and *repair* their injuries. Yhe wonder is, not that we should ever have been immortal-the wonder is that we should be mortal now-for it may be safely affirmed that there is not a single action of the system which would be necessary to secure immortality, but what has been found by naturalists to be not only possible, but already in existence in some portion or another of nature's economy.-The Stars and The Angles.

The Spiritual Eclectic.

The Spiritual Eclectic, a continuation of the Spiritual Age, is down on the Herald of Progress.

We marveled greatly at this phenomenon. Perhaps it is attributable to the fact that before we knew that the Eclectic was started, " bought and partially perused " our jourthey nal. Now we will gladly exchange with this representative of "light and brisk journalism -the kind that the many-eyed, busy public requires "-and we hope it will give us ample occasion to " dolf our facial gravity."

The Eclectic scolds awfully, cruelly, upon several points. First: Our style of writing is too "Stately." We confess it, but it is all because we are called upon to make so many State-ments.

Second : Our style is too "Stilled." Exactly so, dear Eclectic. Like the rest of the boys we used to practice *stilt*-walking over *muddy* places Third: Our style is too "Elephantine."-True again, but it is owing to the fixed habit of carrying a Trunk whenever we travel !---Herald of Progress.

PAPERS WHICH WE LIKE.

THE HOME JOURNAL is one of the best, all things considered, papers in these States .---Each number is as fresh as a daisy ; and it has the rare knack of hitting the reading public " between wind and water;" that is, it is eminently readable without being "sensational," and quite intellectual without being heavy reading.

Persons of medium and advanced intelligence are alike interested in it. When we see men or women reading the Home Journal, we are sure that they are persons of culture. There is scarcely even a sentence in the Journal that a reader can afford to lose. The selected matter is generally of the most choice character. Persons who would avail themselves of the best appliances for literary culture, would do well to subscribe for the Home Journal. It will be remembered that it is edited by two men of extensive literary reputation, Gen. G. P. Morris, the great song writer, and N. P. Willis, the poet, and brilliant letterwriter. It is to us a very valuable exchange.

THE PORTLAND TRANSCRIPT is a good literary paper-some think the best in New England—published in a very literary city. It is a good newspaper as well as literary. It has recently contained articles from leading members of the Portland literati ; among others some very racy ones from John Neal's pen.-His book notices are very refreshing to one who likes to read a directly and sincerely expressed opinion of a new book. Mr. Neal's style is colloquial, blunt, nimble, unique, picturesque, bold, saltatory, eminently racy and original.

Mr. Elwell, the editor, is a natural journalist, and has gradually worked this paper into extensive public favor. It commenced its twenty-fourth volume the seventh of the present month. It begins a very interesting story by C. P. Ilsley.

LOUISVILLE JOURNAL is rather remarkable for its short, biting, stinging wit. In reading it for a number of weeks, one would suppose, from its profusion in this matter, that it would exhaust itself. But it does not, but goes sparkling on, from week to week, uttering, in a very spontaneous manner, the most pungent and pointed things. Like Hamlet's Yorick, Mr. Prentice is a "fellow of infinite jest." As grave a person as we are, we are always, on taking up the Journal, first attracted to the jokes. Prentice is the wittiest man this side of the great " Herring Pond."

Mr. J. H. Williams, who lectured before the Portland Spiritual Association in Mechanics' Hallon Sunday, April 22d, report of which is given below, resides in Skowhegan, Somerset County, Maine, where, cripple though he is, he has long been known as a remarkably industrious, hard-working man, getting his own living by the work of his hands and the ingenuity of his mental capacities under a state of physical disabilities which would have caused most men to become a charge to their friends; but his native energies have overcome all obstacles, and he is now comparatively independent of the world, having accumulated a fair share of this world's goods by constant and laborious application to his business, that of daguerrian artist. Mr. Williams now owns in the pretty village of Skowhegan a handsome brick block of two stores, in the second story of which he has his own rooms, where he is daily taking pictures second to none so far as mechanical execution and fidelity to lifelike expression are concerned. In the third story he has had finished a neat and commodious hall, in which the Spiritualists of the place hold regular meetings every Sabbath. Mr. Williams, being a trance-medium, speaks to them regularly two or three times each Sabbath, without compensation for his own services, only charging them for use of hall sufficient to pay inter-

great fear, and the members feel that upon them rests the vast responsibility of sustaining Christianity by observing certain formal rites. Truth is a principle inherent in nature, and made manifest through man.

God's truth and love existed before they received the name of Christianity, and all those pure principles were seen before the advent of Christ; but were collected and embodied in him, and are still being developed in the present age. Through this God-given principle of Christianity are to be wrought out all the glorious attributes of God himself; and will ultimate in that great unity when " all shall be of one heart and one mind," When man recognizes his brother in every human being, creed shall not separate them, and it is this same principle of brotherly love which is to revolutionize the world.

Book Notices.

A New Book.—By reference to an advertisement in this week's paper, it will be seen that that enterprising firm, THAYER & EL-DRIDGE, Boston, are this week to publish a poem from that singular genius, WALT. WHIT-MAN, the author of "Bardic Symbols," which appeared in the Atlantic Monthly for April. It will doubtless sell extensively, and create quite an excitement in literary circles. We await the appearance of the poem with a good deal of interest. We shall notice the poem carefully, and may yet become a Whitmanite,

We have received, through A. Robinson, of this city, (Portland,) a little book entitled, "Our Farm of Four Acres, and the Money we made by It." It is an English work, and, judging from a cursory glance through it, a very instructive one. If it is anything like Miss Martineau's account of her farming two acres, (we think it was,) and the results thereof, we shall have a good feast in reading it : and will present some of the choice facts detailed, to our readers. For sale by A. Williams & Co., in Boston, and by A. Robinson, Exchange street, Portland.

At the same time we received a large-sized pamphlet, entitled "The Orchard House; or, Culture of Fruit Trees in Pots under Glass," containing plans and estimates for construction, details of management and culture, and a list of fruits best adapted, to the purpose. To the fruit-grower, this little book would doubtless furnish many valuable hints. For sale in Boston and Portland as abovenamed. These works are published by C. M. Caxton, Baker and Company, 25 Park-row, New York

Blackwood for April.

The contents of this magazine for this month are not so varied as they sometimes are. It gives us rather an over dose of politics, which is accounted for from the fact that the political movements of Europe are now of a marked character. It has, however, a respectable bill of literary fare. It presents an interesting paper upon Lady Hamilton, Lord Nelson's old flame, and a woman who figured conspicuously in English society. The story of "Norman Sinclair" is continued, and it has a pretty plain-spoken article on Mrs. Browning's "Poems before Congress," wherein she eulogizes, very highly, the Emperor of France. Maga could not approve of that in . an Englishman. There is, indeed, a good deal of fustian in the verses, which justifies the low estimate that the reviewer places upon it .--The leading article of this number is on "Wellington's Career," and an interesting one it is. For terms of Blackwood and the Reviews, see advertisement, in another column.

Special Plotices.

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The articles bearing the titles, "Of Little I will make Much," and "Who shall lift the Veil ?" which appeared in our last week's paper, were original and not copied, as represented. On the back of the parcels sent to us, was written "Copied," and hence our mistake. The dear friend who wrote them, and to whom they do great credit, will pardon the mistake. The last articles sent in were too late for this week's issue.

Dr. P. B. Randolph.

This gentleman has returned to Boston, and is now ready to receive calls from those who may desire his services as a lecturer. For the present address him at 14 Bromfield Street, Boston.

Where's the Herald of Light? We have not yet received the May number. We have mailed the Eclectic to its address. If it does not wish to exchange, so be it.

Mrs. J. W. CURRIER of Lowell, Mass., trance speaker, will address the Spiritual Association of Portland, at Mechanics' Hall, on the afternoon and evening of Sunday, April 29th.

HARMONIAL INSTITUTE, No. 99 Court St., Boston, Devoted to Phrenology, Physiology, Sychology, Electricity, Spiritualism, Marriage, Temperance, Health, Anti-Slavery, and the Rights of Woman, will be dedicated on Tuesday evening next, May 1st. All friends of Spiritualism and Reforms are respectfully invited to attend.

PROF. NOYES WHEELER.

THE SPIRITUAL REFORMER .- A nice little sheet, entitled the Spiritual Reformer, has found its way to our table this morning, containing, among other items of interest, a very flattering notice of the Eclectic. Were we less gratified with the compliments they pay us. we should be none the less in love with their beautiful little paper; and would bid it God speed in its lofty mission.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR MAY .---- This number of the Atlantic has been spoken very highly of by the Press. It has reached us at too late an hour to be read with that attention which a work like this richly deserves. We shall therefore defer a full notice of it till our next number. We observe it has a pretty thorough article on instinct, a pregnant topic, if handled with ability, which must characterize this article.

Miss Harriet Prescott has a story in it which she names "Circumstance," which is a feast of horrors, but which, however, is characterized by great power of imagination and language. 'Tis a singular " Circumstance " to proceed from the mind of a young woman.-But many people are "fearfully and wonderfully made." This writer is one of them.

There is, too, an article on Hawthorne, which we shall read with more than common interest. We have given our views in full of that author in Wecceding numbers of this paper.

A STRIKING CONTRAST.-By the annual report

where dishes are always right side up when it rains porridge.

A sad event happened in Albion, N. Y., last week. A widow woman residing there lost her boy, a child of three years .-Her neighbors turned yout in large numbers, and sought for him (during a day and two nights; on the second day, he was found dead in a ditch, within half a mile of his home .---He had clearly died of starvation, after having vainly endeavored to escape from the pit into which he had fallen.

EDITORIAL.-Rev. J. W. Hanson, for a number of years the editor of the Augusta (Me.) Banner, has retired from the post. He is succeeded in the editorialship of the Banner, by Rev. II. C. Leonard, who is to be assisted by Rev. C. R. Moor and Rev. A. R. Ballou.

A patent has just been granted to J. V. Dinsmore of Auburn, Me., for improvement in metallic heels for boots and shoes.

All success to friend Dinsmore's invention if it tends to make the boot more durable .-We have expended any amount of precious metal on our heels and toes, too, as for that matter, and would be glad to be getting some of it back. Nothing like having the understanding well protected.

ARGUMENTS FOR THE BIBLE .--- There are four grand arguments for the truth of the Bible. The first is the miracles on record; the second the prophecies; the third the goodness of the doctrine; and the fourth the moral character of the penmen. The miracles flow from divine power; the prophecies from divine goodness; and the moral character of the penmen from divine purity. Thus Christianity is built upon these four immovable pillars-the power, the understanding, the goodness, the purity of God.' The Bible must be one of these things; either the invention of good men, or good angels; or bad men, or bad angels; or a revelation from God. But it could not be an intervention of good men or angels, for they neither would nor could make a book telling lies, at the same time saying, "Thus saith the Lord," when they knew it all to be their invention. It could not be the invention of wicked men or devils, for they could not make a book which commands all duty, and which forbids all sin. The conclusion will be irresistible-the Bible must be given by divine inspiration .--- Bishop Simpson.

If those people, who doubt the authenticity of the Scriptures and the divine origin, in-

Our article had the effect to make Bro. Davis more than ordinarily pun-gent if not funny. That's glory enough for one trial. He smiles a bit, it is true, but mingles too much of the sarcastic with his pleasantry to make it genuine.

CHARLESTOWN, April 22.

Brother Currier of Lawrence gave us an interesting lecture to a full house, from these words - "Make unto yourselves, therefore, friends of the mammon of unrightcousness, so that when ye fail they may receive you into everlasting habitations." The doctrine of practical kindness was enforced, and the spirit of charity. That revelation was dear to the heart of all true Spiritualists. It was a record of intercourse from the beginning between God and his children. Each age was marked by progress, and our churches had, of late, caught much of the genius of Spiritualism .--He improvised some fine poetry. He lectures next Sabbath.

They have taken measures to have the lectures reported and published in pamphlet every week, to greet us the succeeding Sabbath. It is highly creditable, yet it costs much, and perhaps will do well.

Another week I will send you, for our brethren, some tests and improvising among us, and we wish to hear from other sections. Let some one in each town make it their business to post the Eclectic every week, until they can look about and make other arrangements.

C. R.

We find the following pretty sentiment given through a spiritual medium some years since:

"We must never stop. Progression is infinite. Every day and every hour we must be born into newer and higher spiritual life to be true children of God. To pause is to wither and decay. To-day I would be dead to all the sins of yesterday ; to-morrow I wash my hands from all the impurities of to-day, and so on, forever."

est on cost of construction. The Spiritualists of his county owe much to him for the very active part he has taken to diffuse a knowledge of one of the most sublime revealments of modern times, that of proximity to and communication with the angel world.

[Reported for the Spiritual Eclectic.] Mr. Joel Williams at Mechanics' Hall, Portland.

On the afternoon and evening of Sunday, April 22d, Mr. Joel Williams of Skowhegan, Maine, lectured in the trance state before the Spiritual Association of Portland at Mechanics' Hall. We make a few brief extracts from his remarks, of the afternoon, on the subject of " Christianity."

While in the normal state he took occasion to deny the accusation which is often brought against Spiritualists-that they discard the Bible. He for one, would retain it for the many important historical facts which it contains, but more as a record of some divine manifestations, and a basis upon which to found his arguments in favor of Spiritualism. Here the spirit took control of his faculties, and he went on to say that great houses and lofty temples are, at the present day, the monuments of Christianity; while outward forms and ceremonies are its symbols. When any innovations are made upon those forms

The Spiritual Clarion.

This live little paper has given us a very fair notice, for which we are duly grateful.-Bro. Clarke's vision is not exactly cleared in relation to us yet, and therefore we must wait for the full dawning of his faith with all due patience. He thinks we have embarked in a hazardous enterprise," unless we are "gentlemen of (elegant?) leisure with abundant means." Well, we will let you into our secret in regard to this matter. We are not gentlemen of leisure, but have to work quite hard. Do you object to the statement, "Published by an Association of Gentlemen "? If so, we will, perhaps, alter it, and say "by an association of men "-leaving off the gentle. Certainly, you will find us brotherly. We are glad you approve of the plainness and directness of our criticisms. We should deal squarely with one another, express our thoughts freely, which need never abate our brotherly love one iota.

ESCAPE OF A FEMALE CAPTIVE FROM INDI-ANS.-The St. Louis Republican brings intelligence of the arrival of Mrs. John Page at Tuscon, on the 1st inst. She was taken by the Apaches about the middle of March, and carried off by them. The next day her friends were discovered at a distance in close pursuit, and she refusing to proceed further with her captors, several of them pierced her with lances and left her for dead. Her friends were at too great a distance to note particularly what had taken place, and gave up the pursuit. She revived, and supported life by eating roots which she dug, while she dragged herself along and ceremonies, the church is seized with to the pinery, from which she was abducted.

of the Massachusetts General Hospital in this city, and the McLean Asylum in Somerville, we notice that the whole number of patients admitted to both during the past year was 1371, and that the expenses were \$98,789. The number admitted during the same period at the Boston Indian Medical Institute in Bromfield street, was 1629, at an expense of only about \$42,000. These figures show that the number of patients admitted at the Indian Medical Institute was nearly one-fifth larger than the number admitted at the Hospital and the McLean Asylum counted together; and yet they were treated at less than one-half the expense. These facts, and the contrast hero presented, are the strongest arguments that can be produced in favor of the "Institute," and cannot fail to attract the attention of all interested in such matters. Had we space to enter into the different modes of treatment, and the relative number cured, the contrast would be still more striking. It is well known that many diseases, especially those of Cancer, have been treated successfully at this Institution, after they had, without benefit, visited the Hospitals in New York as well as in New England. We have recently examined their records, and conversed with many of their patients, and know whereof we affirm. The same privilege is extended to all who wish to investigate the merits of this important subject. Those of our readers who cannot visit the Institute personally, can obtain the facts, and all necessary information free, by addressing R. Greene, M. D., 86 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass.-Boston Atlas and Bee.

THE DICTIONARIES - PROF. STOWE. - Prof. Stowe of Andover, says of the new dictionaries as follows :--

"I have looked over, with some care, the last issues of both Webster's and Worcester's Dictionvries. Without any disparagement of Dr. Worcester as an able, laborious and successful lexicographer, I must say that this examination has confirmed my former impression of the superiority of Webster on almost every point for which a dictionary is usually consulted. Webster's Dictionray, as now published, I think, has decidedly the advantage over . Worcester's in the analytic clearness, the accuracy and neatness of its definitions, in the nice philosophical discrimination of synonyms, and in the graphic significance and beauty of the pictorial illustrations. It seems to me that all these qualities are clearly obvious even to the most hasty examination. In the orthography of the comparatively few words in regard to which they differ, I generally prefer Webster, as he follows more closely the analogies of the language, anticipating usage, which is every day gaining ground, rather than adhering to that which is passing away. In copiousness of vocabulary they appear to me to be nearly equal; at least no one can now pretend that the vocabulary of Worcester is more select and pure than that of Webster."--Sp. Rev.

SPIRITUAL ECLECTIC. THE

Thinkers' Department.

Miracles-Their Use.

In the infancy of the world, signs and wonders were requisite in order to startle and break down that superstition, idolatrous in itself and the source of all idolatry, which, tempts the natural man to seek the true cause and origin of public calamities in outward circumstances, persons, and incidents : in agents therefore that were themselves but surges of the same tide, passive conductors of the one invisible influence, under which the whole total host of billows, in the whole line of successive impulse, swell and roll shoreward; there, finally each in its turn, to strike, roar, and be dissipated.

But with each miracle worked there was truth revealed, which was thenceforward to act as its substitute. And if we think the Bible less applicable to us on account of the miracles, we degrade ourselves into mere slaves of sense and fancy, which are indeed the appointed medium between earth and heaven, but for that very cause stand in a desirable relation to spiritual truth then only, when, as a mere and passive medium, they yield a free passage to its light. It was only to overthrow the usurpation exercised in and through the senses, that the senses were miraculously appealed to .---REASON AND RELIGION ARE THEIR OWN EVI-DENCE. The natural sun in this respect is a symbol of the spiritual. Ere he is fully arisen, and while his glories are still under veil, he calls up the breeze to chase away the usurping vapors of the night season, and thus converts the air itself into the minister of its own purification, not surely in proof or elucidation of the light from heaven, but to prevent its interception.-Statesman's Manual.

Speculative Philosophy all-important, whough the Property of the Few.

I have known men, who, with significant words and the pitying contempt of smiles, have denied all influence to the corruptions of moral and political philosophy, and with much solemnity have proceeded to solve the riddle of the French revolution with ANECDOTES !---Yet it would not be difficult, by an unbroken chain of historic facts, to demonstrate that the most important changes in the commercial relations of the world had their origin in the closets or lonely walks of uninterested theorists; that the mighty epochs of commerce, that have changed the face of empires; nay, the most important of those discoveries and improvements in the mechanic arts, which have numerically increased our population, beyond what the wisest statesmen of Elizabeth's reign deemed possible, and again doubled this population virtually; the most important, I say, of those inventions that in their results

------" best uphold War by her two main nerves, iron and gold;"

had their origin not in the cabinets of statesmen, or in the practical insight of men of triumph, but in the closets of uninterested theorists, in the visions of recluse genius. To the immense majority of men, even in civilized countries, speculative philosophy has ever been a must ever remain, a terra incognita. Yet it is not the less true, that in all the epoch-forming revolutions of the Christian world, the revolutions of religion and with them the civil, social, and domestic habits of the nations concerned, have coincided with the rise and fall of metaphysical systems. So few are the minds that really govern the machine of society, and so incomparably more numerous and more important are the indirect consequences of things than their foreseen and direct effects. It is with nations as with individuals. In tranquil moods and peaceable times we are quite practical. Facts only and cool common sense are then in fashion. But let the winds of passion swell, and straightway men begin to generalize; to connect by remotest analogies; to express the most universal positions of reason in the most glowing figures of fancy; in short, to feel particular truths and mere facts, as poor, cold, narrow, and incommensurate with their feelings. The Apostle of the Gentiles quoted from a Greek comic poet. Let it not then be condemned as unseasonable and out of place, if we remind you that in the intuitive knowledge of this truth, and with his wonted fidelity to nature, our own great poet has placed the greater number of his profoundest maxims and general truths, both political and moral, not in the mouths of men at ease, but of men under the influence of passion, when the mighty thoughts overmaster and become the tyrants of the mind that has brought them forth. In his Lear, Othello, Macbeth, Hamlet, principles of deepest insight and widest interest fly off like sparks from the glowing anvil. Statesman's Manual.

neighborhood, or whether the dancers have performed well or ill. But we discuss what more nearly concerns us, and which it is an evil not to know: whether men are made happy by wealth or virtue? In what consists the nature of good? And what is to be our ultimate aim ?---Horace.

Systems not to be judged by their Abuses.

The sun may draw up moisture from the river, the morass, and the ocean, to be given back in genial showers to the garden, the pasture and the cornfield; but it may likewise force upward the moisture from the fields of industry to drop it on the stagnant pool, the saturated swamp, or the unprofitable sandwaste. The corruptions of a system can be duly appreciated by those only who have contemplated a system in that ideal state of perfection exhibited by the reason; the nearest possible approximation to which, under existing circumstances, it is the business of the prudential understanding to realize. Those, on the other hand, who commence the examination of a system by identifying it with its abuses or imperfections, degrade their understanding into the pander of their passions, and are sure to prescribe remedies worse than the disease.—Statesman's Manual.

Dictation and Inspiration.

There may be dictation without inspiration, and inspiration without dictation; they have been and continue to be grievously confounded. Balaam and his ass were the passive organs of dictation; but no one, I suppose, will venture to call either of these worthies inspired. It is my profound conviction that St. John and St. Paul were divinely inspired; but I totally disbelieve the dictation of any one word, sentence, or argument throughout their writings. Observe, there was revelation. All religion is revealed; revealed religion is, in my judgment, a mere pleonasm. Revelations of facts were undoubtedly made to the prophets-revelations of doctrines were as undoubtedly made to John and Paul; but is it not a mere matter of our very senses that John and Paul each dealt with those revelations, expounded them, insisted on them, just exactly according to his natural strength of intellect, habit of reasoning, moral, and even physical temperament? We receive the books ascribed to John and Paul as their books on the judgment of men for whom no miraculous judgment is pretended, nay, whom, in their admission and rejection of other books, we believed to have erred. Shall we give less credence to John and Paul themselves? Surely, the heart and soul of every Christian give him sufficient assurance that, in all things that concern him as a man, the words that he reads are spirit and truth, and could only proceed from him who made both heart and soul. Understand the matter so, and all difficulty vanishes. You read without fear, lest your faith meet with some shock from a passage here and there, which you cannot reconcile with the immediate dictation of the Holy Spirit of God, without an absurd violence offered to the text. You read the Bible as the best of all books, but still as a book, and make use of all means and appli ances which learning and skill, under the blessing of God, can afford towards rightly apprehending the general sense of it-not solicitous to find out doctrine in mere epistolary familiarity, or facts in clear ad hominem et pro tempore allusions to national traditions.-Table Talk.

not expect anything very deep from Erasmus. The only fit commentator on Paul was Luther -not by any means such a gentleman as the Apostle, but almost as great a genius."-Coleridge.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.] " My Angel.

BY LIZZIE FLY.

I sit to-day on the sounding shore, And think of the days that have gone before; While memory's deep gives up her dead, Of fond hopes perished, of bright dreams fied; Of joys that sported on life's glad waves, And are garnered like pearls in memory's caves

While the crested waves with silvery feet, Embrace the shores and again retreat, And their flowing robes of cerulean hue Have caught their dyes from heaven's own blue, And the gems that sparkle upon each crown Are snatched from the sun-light gleaming down.

The waves of life, as they ripple by, Flow under the same broad, azure sky, And the same bright sun that gems the billow. May weave a crown for every pillow; And gentle winds, from eternity's shore, Are curling the waters forever more.

Oh, why do we veil the limpid soul With clouds of terror-a blackened scroll, Excluding the light-the cheering ray-Of the Heaven we deem so far away?

What sombre hues our souls reflect-What glorious truths we oft reject,-Hugging our robes of doubt and sin. 'Till we smother the beautiful light within.

To memory's hall we shuddering come, And open the gates of a skeleton's tomb. I have done the same; but here to day, While I've watched waves in the sunlight play; I have banished a skeleton, gaunt and thin, And treasured an angel bright within.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.] CORPOREAL PUNISHMENT.

through the columns of your valuable journal to make a few remarks upon the very important subject of corporeal punishment, as it is inflicted upon children, not only in school, by their teachers, but at home, by their parents?

This planet, Earth, upon which we dwell, as it performs its daily revolutions and its yearly rounds, causing days, months, years, centuries, and epochs of time to exist, and then return to the past eternity-causing myriads of human beings to inhabit for a short time its surface, and then pass off the stage of action. leaving their places occupied by others-is governed by an unbroken and eternal chain of cause and effect. In other words, the Creator of all things governs this world of mind and matter, by immutable and . unchanging laws, called by man, Nature's laws, but which, indeed, are the laws of God. It is highly important then, that we should, in order to understand our subject, and the good or bad effect which corporeal punishment has upon the child and upon society, understand and trace the chain of cause and effect, from infancy to manhood, and from the effect which the cause produces form our opinions, whether corporeal punishment is wise and good, or whether it is erroneous and unwise.

First, then, let us behold the sleeping infant, as it sleeps passively in its mother's arms, in all the goodness, beauty, and grandeur, with which Deity, through the laws of nature, has created it, and ushered it into this world of life, activity, and thought. We behold it with all the organs formed, yet undeveloped, which constitute it an individual being, capable of improvement, capable of progression, capable of acting, thinking, and reasoning, either wise-1y or unwisely, for his own happiness or unhappiness, as the organs of his formation or mind become developed. We behold him now incapable of action, undeveloped in mind, in morals, and character; but created with an organism which must, from its very nature, drink in those elements from surrounding circumstances, and its education, which are to form and develop its mind, its morals, and its character. Hark ! what cry of an infant is that which strikes unharmoniously upon the ear? Ah ! it is the good and innocent child we have just before seen, sleeping so quietly in its mother's arms, but now receiving its first lesson of instruction from its cruel and ignorant parents. Cruel, because they are ignorant; ignorant, because they reflect not upon the nature of their child; because they understand not the nature of their child, neither do they understand their own natures. Hear the blows, as they fall upon its tender and delicate form .--Hear its sobs and moans, as the harmonies of nature are destroyed, and its little soul of love is dried up, and its opposite organs, hate, anger, malice, and revenge, are open to catch and drink into the very nature of its being those elements of discord which the cruel and erroneous scene presents to its infantile vision. This, then, is the first lesson; not the first lesson of love. Oh, not For love is the most prominent and leading organ of its nature, and ever would be were it not crushed and almost destroyed by an erroneous training and education. But it is the first lesson of anger, the first lesson of hate, of malice, and revenge It is the first time the prominent and beautiful principle of love, which is developing that noble organ, is crushed out and darkened and the doors of its opposite organs thrown country seats or families of strangers in a ment is clear and explanatory; but you can- open, and it drinks into its very soul those op-

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posite principles of love, anger, hate, malice, revenge, and all those kindred principles, which, in after years, become so conspicuous in the character of the individual. And the oftener such scenes are repeated, the more highly developed do those opposite organs to love and goodness become, and the less developed the most noble attributes of the human soul. Frequently do we see these scenes enacted, until the noble and loving nature of the child becomes changed from love to hate, and you often hear him repeating, "The time will come when I shall be free from the restraints of my parents, and I can then do as I please." Again, we see the lip curl, the brow contract, the principle of anger and revenge take possession of the mind, as the spirit and principle of love becomes crushed and darkened by corporeal punishment inflicted in the school-room. Follow that child from the school-room, and how often do we hear him repeating, not only by his looks and actions, but by words, the feelings of his soul; feelings developed and brought into existence by past and present training; feelings that often find expression in the following language :---" The teacher has whipped me, he has mastered me, but he has not subdued me. He has mastered me by his superior physical strength, and the power given him over me by my parents. But I shall some day be a man myself, and if ever I think myself strong enough, I will thrash him until I am satisfied, for his punishing me." I am sorry to say that such is a truth, and it is known by almost every one, to be not an unfrequent occurrence. But this is not all; let us follow him a little further. The organ of love once crushed and darkened, ceases to develop, whilst those opposite organs, anger, hate, and revenge, are ever open to receive nourishment for their development, the elements of which gather thicker and faster around the youth, and indeed seem to be borne to him upon every passing breeze. Soon he arrives at manhood, the restraints of his parents and teachers he no longer feels. He launches forth upon life's tempestuous ocean, like thousands of his fellow comrades, in past and present times, with the noblest principles of his soul crushed, and his mind darkened by erroneous education and training. He loves not good because it is good; his only restraint from vice is the fear of law, governments, and powers, superior to his own. Following him a little further, we find him frequently indulging in various scenes of vice, hoping to escape the punishment of the laws, but finally disappointed, arrested in his career of vice and crime, and brought to what the world calls justice, the prisoner's cell, there to drag out a miserable existence, or perhaps, end his short and unfortunate career upon the gallows.

This is no idle sketch of a fictitious imagination. It is a tangible and stubborn fact as you all know, by referring to the prisons in every State in the American Union, and in every government throughout the civilized world.

Ye parents of the nineteenth century, I beseech you to pause and reflect, before you give your child the first lesson of anger, of hate, and revenge. Study truly: deeply, and sincerely, the nature of your child and your own nature. Reflect upon and study truly and sincerely the great and unbroken chain of cause and effect, which binds atom to atom, mind to mind, and mind to the education which has developed the mind, planet to planet, system to system, and all created things to their great and glorious centre, the Creator. I repeat it, learn wisdom from Nature's laws before you raise your hand to inflict the wound ; before you inflict the pang, that will stifle the aspirations of love in the heart of your child, and open the doors of its nature to receive its opposite element, which must bring misery and wretchedness upon your offspring, and upon society. Learn from the wisdom of Nature's laws to govern your child by love instead of fear. Teach your child to do good because it is good, and shun evil because it is evil. Study his nature, and draw forth by thy wisdom, goodness, and love, the fine and affectionate feelings and sympathy of the soul. And seek to develop those noble attributes of his being, which the Deity has placed within his organism, love, affection, gratitude, reason, truth, and all those other principles which constitute a truly noble and exalted being. Ye teachers of the nineteenth century, you too, should learn wisdom from Nature's laws, before you undertake the management, development, and formation of the young and tender mind. You, too, should study their natures, and seek to draw forth, cultivate, and develop their highest and most noble attributes. Not by the fear of the lash, but by the power of sympathy and love. 'Strike the point of thy wisdom and love deep into the organs of thy scholar's sympathy, ambition, and reason. Then, by the sword of truth and logical reasoning, cut off any erroneous sprouts which have taken root on such sacred ground. Apply freely the pruning-hook of affection and gentleness, and lop every branch which hath not its root in the soil of virtue and goodness. Teach them that to learn their lessons is a pleasure and not a task, then will they commence to climb the hill of science, not because they are afraid of the lash, but because their minds are filled with the pleasing anticipations of the pleasure they will enjoy when they shall stand

high, and still higher, on the temple of fame. Then we should see the youth of our land starting in life with knowledge, truth, virtue, and love for their landmark. They could then launch their noble and well-constructed bark upon life's tempestuous ocean, with the pleasing assurance that they will not end their existence in this world in the prisoner's cell nor upon the gallows tree. Such, indeed, must and will, be the training and education of the children of the rising generation, before that, long expected and much wished for day of . millennial purity will, by its glorious purity and presence, alleviate and enlighten the dark and benighted world. B. E. L.

Elliotville, N. Y., Feb. 20, 1860.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.] True Freedom.

Ye talk of freedom, and war and fight for freedom !--- a noble cause in which to battle, a glo-rious principle to unfold and inaugurate into your systems of government. But in your cagerness to establish the one idea, forget not its numberless branches; while struggling for the emancipation of slavery at the South, forget not the thousand in bondage at the North; while calculating the sufferings of humanity in other lands, overlook not the bitter wrongs that rise like hideous phantoms to torment the brethren of thy nativity. The chains that bind are others than those that fetter the body. The mind is too often subject to the bondage not only of ignorance, but of bigotry and superstition; and until the principles of freedom extend to the defending of free thought, free speech, and free action, all efforts toward the liberating of humanity from physical bondage are but fruitless endeavors for the accomplishment of impossibilities.

So long as the mind is bound to recognize that which the theories of others may disclose, so long must the man remain a fettered subject, incapable of deciding as to the rights or powers of himself or brother, or of judging correctly of the proper or probable remedy for his emancipation.

Freedom ! True freedom ! Triumphant throughout all nature shalt thou reign, and in the wide scope there given shall man yet behold, beneath the gentle breezes of love and the fair skies of wisdom, how vain are the many efforts of the present toward true freedom, save to give by their knowledge, a correct idea of their great error. LON W.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

MR. EDITOR :--- In your notice of my communication concerning Coleridge and Moses, you say, you would remind me that Coleridge was a very learned man. Granted-but do learned men agree with respect to modes of faith, the practice of medicine, the tenets in party politics, and many other things too numerous to mention? Surely not ! Learned men and great men, as they are called, differ with respect to this and that, and each has his followers to back him. And another thing to be taken into account, is, the educational prejudices which are common to many. Then again, others have great interests at stake; and fashion and popularity are mixed up i what they advocate, and thousands have not moral courage enough to identify themselves with an unpopular sect or party, and many more are willing to advocate any cause, providing that they can make it profitable; and the words of Hudibras will apply to such :

Млу 5, 1860.

Multiscience (or a variety and quantity of acquired knowledge) does not teach intelligence. But the SIBYL with wild, enthusiastic mouth shrilling forth unmirthful, inornate, and unperfumed truths, reaches to a thousand years with her voice through the power of God.-Heracclitus.

What the learned Romans talked about.

Conversation arises not concerning the

So little did the early bishops and preachers think their Christian faith wrapped up in, or solely to be learned from, the New Testament,---indeed, can it be said that there was such a collection for three hundred years ?that I remember a letter from _____* to a friend of his, a bishop in the east, in which he most evidently speaks of the Christian Scriptures as of works of which the bishop knew little or nothing.-Ib.

* I have lost the name which Mr. Coleridge men-tioned.-Ed. Table Talk.

" HARMONY .--- All harmony is founded on a relation to rest-or relative rest. Take a metallic plate, and strew sand on it; sound a harmonic chord over the sand, and the grains will whirl about in circles, and other geometrical figures, all, as it were, depending on some point of sand relatively at rest. Sound a discord, and every grain will whisk about without any order at all, in no figures, and with no points of rest.

The clerisy of a nation, that is, its learned men, whether poets, or scholars, are these points of relative rest. There could be no order, no harmony of the whole, without them."

"BLACK is the negation of color in its greatest energy. Without lustre, it indicates or représents vacuity, as, for instance, in the dark mouth of a cavern; add lustre, and it will represent the highest degree of solidity, as in a polished ebony box."

" In finite forms there is no real or absolute identity. God alone is identity. In the former, the prothesis is a bastard prothesis, a quasi in identity only."

".ERASMUS'S paraphrase of the New Testa-

"What makes all doctrines plain and clear? About two hundred pounds a year. And that which was proved true before, Prove false again? Two hundred more."

Many, who are called learned men, say that Spiritualism is of the devil; and others, possessing likewise a good share of erudition, have no faith in this personal diabolis so much talked about. The learned Swedenborg, Priestly, Blaney, Clarke, and a host of other Divines, have conflicting opinions respecting the teachings of the scriptures. I am inclined to think that the learned opinions of Laeritus, Ezra, Spinosa, and Philo Judæus and others should not be set aside without reason. But the old adage is,---"who shall decide when doctors disagree ?" I answer, that an intelligent public should weigh the evidence and render a verdict accordingly, and if, as Pope says, "A little learning is a dangerous thing," then the less intelligent jury should be very circumspect about their decision, so that no exceptions can be taken and the case carried up to a higher court. But if much learning tends to make people mad, as a certain functionary thought concerning St. Paul, then the learned advocates in a particular case or theory, if they are inclined to insanity, they are in a greater dilemma so far as the truth is the question at issue than those who are called to sit in judgment upon the suit.

Job says, chap. 32, verse 9, "Great men are, not always wise ; neither do the aged understand judgment." And possibly Job knew it by experience, as many had before his time, and since that period. Another scripture text reads,-""He that is first in his own cause seemeth just, but his neighbor cometh and searcheth him." This is as it should be, and all should heed the motto that you have adopted for your paper, "Prove all things, and hold fast that which is good."

D. D. MARINER.

MAY 5, 1860.

THE SPIRITUAL ECLECTIC.

NAPOLEON'S POVERTY IN YOUTH. - Mr. Thiers, in his history of the Consulates, relates some very, strange and previously, unknown particulars of the early life and penury of Napoleon Bonaparte. It appears that after he had obtained a subaltern's commission in the French service, and after he had done the State good service, by his skill and daring at Toulon, he lived for some time in Paris, in obscure lodgings, and in such extreme poverty that he was often without the means of paying ten sous (five pence) for his dinner, and frequently went without any meal at all.

He was under the necessity of borrowing small sums, and even worn-out clothes, from his acquaintances. He and his brother Louis, afterwards King of Holland, had at one time only one coat between them, so the brothers could only go out alternately, time and time about.

At this crisis the chief benefactor of the future emperor, "at whose name the world grew pale," was the actor Talma, who often gave him food and money.

Napoleon's face, afterwards so famed for its classical mould, was during this period of starvation, sharp and angular in its lineaments.-His hungry, meagre fare brought on an unpleasant and highly cutaneous disease, of a type so virulent and malignant that it took all the skill and assiduity of his accomplished physician, Corvisart, to expel it after a duration of ten years.

The squalid beggar then-the splendid emperor afterward-the threadbare habiliments -the imperial mantle-the hovel and the palace-the meagre food and the gorgeous banquet-the friendship of a poor actor-the homage and terror of the world-an exile and a prisoner-such are the ups and downs of this changeful life-such are the lights and shadows of the great and mighty.

The question as to what constitutes a common drunkard was again decided by Judge Lord, in the Superior Court, at Boston. Evidence was given showing that Mary Richardson had been drunk several times, but the court ordered a verdict of acquittal because it was not shown that she was "commonly drunk." This was in accordance with a recent decision of the Supreme Court.

A beantiful but silly girl, of 16 to 18 years, daughter of a widow of Rockport, Ill., advertised for a husband in the paper for the romance of the thing, and was caught and seduced by a Pike's Peak gambler named William Moore. She started in company with him for Pike's Peak, and has since been found murdered on the way, at Ottumwa, Iowa.

Miss Kate Fox, the original spirit rapper, publishes a card in the New York Times against free loveism, which she says is rampant in New York, and an association of free-lovers is flourishing there undisturbed and unrebuked. She says that it is important that all spiritualists who love and revere "pure religion and undefiled," and who conform their lives to the morality taught in the Bible, should mark broadly the difference between themselves and a set of people whose principles they loathe and abhor, and whose practices they condemn; whom they regard as a nuisance in the com munity, and the veritable "spawn of hell."

HEIGHT OF THE HUMAN SPECIES .- Mr. Silverman has been pursning certain investigations from which he arrives at a conclusion that the average height of the human race has remained unchanged since the Chaldean epoch, four thousand years ago.

THE JAPANESE AS FIREMEN.-They have an odd way of checking fires in Japan. At a great fire recently at Nagasaki, by which 🕯 about \$300,000 worth of property was destroyed, the manner of the Japanese in extinguishing the flames looked to an American correspondent a little singular. He says:

"The Governor and suite were present, and also any quantity of Japanese, with wooden engines, with a single action, throwing water by jerks about thirty feet. Also a number of Japanese with huge fans placed on the adjoining houses, and fanning the fire to keep it away. The fire dresses of the officials, of which there were some thousands on the ground, were of the utmost magnificence, and the whole scene of the flames, and the brilliant and splendid clothing of the Japanese, formed a picture that must be witnessed to be appreciated."

TA young man of Nantucket, becoming engaged recently, was desirous of presenting his intended with a ring appropriately inscribed, but being at a loss what to have engraved on it, called upon his father for advice. "Well," said the old man, "put on, 'when this you see, remember me."" The young lady was much surprised, a few days after, at receiving a beautiful ring with this inscription, "when this you see, remember father."

WHERE DO SEABIRDS SLAKE THEIR THIRST? -The question is often asked, where do seabirds obtain fresh water to slake their thirst? but we have never seen it satisfactorily answered till a few days ago. An old skipper, with whom we were conversing on the subject, said that he had frequently seen these birds at sea, far from any land that could furnish them water, hovering around and under a storm cloud, clattering like ducks on a hot day at a pond, and drinking in the drops of rain as they fell. They will smell a rain squall a hundred miles or even further off, and scud for it with almost inconceivable swiftness .---How long seabirds can exist without water is only a matter of conjecture, probably their powers of enduring thirst are increased by habit, and possibly they go without for many days, if not for several weeks.-California Spirit of the Times.

GROWTH OF A NEW FINGER .--- The Lockhaven, Pa., Watchman, records a very remarkable phenomenon. Some months ago Mr. Johnson, of that place, had the middle finger of his right arm amputated close to the lower joining the hand. The wound soon healed over, and almost immediately a new finger commenced growing from the stump of the old one, and six months from the time the finger was amputated, Mr. Johnson had a new and full grown one in its place, with the exception of the nail, which is just commencing to shoot out.-Belvidere Standard.

How IT WAS FOUND OUT .--- Mr. What-youcall-him, of our place, says his wife told him that she had been informed that Mr. Stick-inthe-mud's wife's cousin had heard how that Mrs. Tattle guessed she saw Somebody go into Mr. Doubtem's house, when nobody could have been there but Mrs. Doubtem! We hardly credit this report, but feel it our duty to circulate it.-Horicon Argus.

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Discerning child (who has heard some remarks made by papa)-"" Are you our new nurse ?"

Nurse-" Yes, dear !"

Child-"Well then, I'm one of those boys who can only be managed with kindness-so you had better get some sponge cakes and oranges at once !"---Punch.

A man named William Ross, in Covington, Ky., has lost his newly married wife by a curious legal process. She was his step daughter, and as the laws of Kentucky forbid marriage between those thus related, they went over to Ohio and were married. The friends of the girl sued out a writ of habeas corpus to take her from her husband, and the judge decided that as they were residents of Kentucky, a marriage out of the State to evade its laws was null and void, and the young wife was remanded to the custody of her guardian, she not being of age according to Kentucky law, where girls do not attain their majority till they are twenty-one.

USEFUL INFORMATION.' Burning fluid explosions are not generally caused by contact of the flames with the fluid itself, but with the gas that is always escaping from the fluid, when open to the air. People not knowing this, think they may safely fill lighted lamps if they do not allow the flame to touch the fluid itself; but the invisible gas rises, touches the flame, the lamp explodes, and the consequences are sad, perhaps fatal. Never bring a lighted lamp within a foot at the very nearest, of open fluid.

A Yankee editor says, "We don't mind recording the deaths of people without being paid for our trouble, though that is not fair; but panegyrics on the dead must be paid for. We positively cannot afford to send people to heaven for nothing." Our sentiments exactly.-Chester County Times.

We think if you let them alone they will go on their own expense.

A hungry man, upon receiving an invitation to dinner, complimented his host upon having a chair-at-table disposition.

We are glad that somebody has had the independence to express their opinion of Mrs. Doubtem, for we have always had our thoughts about her.

It is stated by the London papers that the Great Eastern is to be got ready for sea by the latter end of May, to accompany the Prince of Wales on his visit to Canada. £20,-000, it appears, will be expended in completing the ship, but this will not include new decks, the old ones being left in their present discreditable state, which, says the Liverpool Courier, must be a very gratifying thought to the passenger, as he will have the water trickling into his berth. Mr. Thomas Bold has been appointed general manager, and it is anticipated that' Captain Vinehall, Superintendent of the Mediterranean Steam Navigation Company, will be appointed to the command of the vessel.-Post.

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tion for the past twelve years, and under th of the present Physician during the who which is a longer period than any similar in has been conducted by the same individua country.

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THE SPIRITUAL ECLECTIC.

MAY 5, 1860.

Claus and Vorridge.

SETROCKETS AMONG PIGEONS .- A few days since, while the wild pigeons were flying in immense numbers over the city,---says the Cleveland Plaindealer,---Mr. George N. Baker, the proprietor of the pyrotechnic establishment, at the corner of Perry and Superior streets, thought he would see what effect the fireworks would have upon the pigeons, and upon trial discovered a new field for sporting gentlemen to humor their fancy. Just as a large flock approached, he sent hissing through their midst a half a dozen heavy rockets, producing a wild and irresistible consternation. At once the vast flock would change its course, dividing in all directions, and in many instances great numbers would come to the ground and alight; others would reverse their course, while the greater number would come down within a few yards of the ground, wandering about in wild confusion. One heavy rocket, bursting just beneath a large flock, and shooting out its hundred flery, hissing serpents, had the effect to send the whole brood flying upward until it was lost to the sight. In many instances large numbers, driving in wild confusion to the earth, were captured by boys in the neighborhood.

A Harrisburg (Pa.) paper has intelligence of the death of Mrs. P. Weeden, the last survivor of the Wyoming massacre. Mrs. Weeden was twelve years old at the time, and she retained a vivid recollection of the massacre until her death. She was a prisoner with her sister in the fort where every male was put to death by the tomahawk. The sisters left the valley with their father and mother, and traveled with a flag of truce through the tl en dense forest, till within forty miles of the Connecticut river.

A BAD MEMORY .- Tim McGowan, a gallant fellow, lost his life in the Mexican war. He had lost his arm when a boy by having the limb crushed under a wheel of a jaunting car in the "ould country." His surviving brother, Dennis, never ceased boasting of Tim's exploits. In a Moyamensing bar-room, the other evening, Dennis began on 'the old theme of the Mexican war, dwelling with particular emphasis on the heroic deeds of his deceased relative. "Och, murder, but you ought to have seen Tim at Rye sack-a-dollar pole me, (meaning Reseca de la Palma.) He caught two Mexican blackguards by the cuffs of their necks, and kilt them both as dead as a herring by knocking their heads together." " How could that be when your brother had but one arm ?" "Bless your sowl," answered Dennis, "one arm had he? That's sure enough for ye; but then you see Tim forgot all about that when he got in a fight."-New York Men-

A BIBLE IN A ROBBERS' CAVE .--- A robbers' cave has been discovered near Waloga, Ill .-It is nine feet long, seven wide, and five feet high. In it were benches and a book-case filled with valuable books, among them a quarto Bible. Any number of burglars' tools were there, and also a pair of boots, singular in their construction, the soles being on wrong end foremost - the heels being where the toes should be! They were undoubtedly placed so in order to baffle those who might wish to track the wearer. There were stolen articles in the cave to the value of \$200, some of which were recognized as having been stolen some months since.-Boston Courier. "CAN THE ETHIOPIAN CHANGE HIS SKIN ?" -The Enfala (Alabama) Spirit states that there is an old negro pilot on one of the Chattahoochee river steamers, whose skin is changing from a jet black to the fairest white. His neck and arms as far down as his fingers are of a smooth, soft, delicate whiteness, that would rival that of the tenderest, purest Circassian. His lips are of a soft, ruddy hue, and his face and body show the same radical, wonderful change.

Most persons are particularly spiteful against those foibles in others which they themselves have. They remind us of a monkey scratching and grinning at the mimic monkey in the glass.

VERY EVIDENT .--- A discerning friend of ours told us, a short time back, that in his opinion "there was nothing like humbug in this world." This may, or may not be the case. One thing, however, is pretty certain; if there is nothing like it, there is, at any rate, a great deal of the original article itself.

YANKEE IMAGINATION .--- A Yankee traveller, describing a doughnut of unusually large proportions, which he purchased in Buffalo, says: "It was one of those stupendous achievements in art which are only attempted in the vicinity of great works of nature like Niagara Falls."

A Beautiful Story.

The Green Bay (Wis.) Advocate has a talented and accomplished lady correspondent, who signs herself "Long-a-Coming." If she is as beautiful as some of her brilliant productions, we think she can bear the palm. Here is one of her last effusions, done in rhyme, and a pretty thing it is. It is entitled

THE MOCCASSIN FLOWER.

"'Twas just one hundred years ago, down on the Little Suamico, a maiden, on the yellow sands, was tearing with her pretty hands, her long and glossy raven hair. It was a civilized despair; for though she knew not Ovid's Art of Love,' she had a human heart that loved with more than art; 'twas life-all that defines that one word wife, was gone and blotted from the world; the stars and moon to darkness hurled. Life ran, as ever wid'ning river, to seas where darkness hung forever. Flow on, thou careless Suamico, by golden sands forever flow! The honey-suckle blooming wild leans down-the little Indian child kneels down to kiss thy wave, beside the Indian warrior's grave, and there the bride walks with her lover, under the same summer's leafy cover; under boughs of verdant trees that murmur in the evening breeze, nor flowers of one hundred years can equal now that maiden's tears that fell a century ago, and sanctified the Suamico.

'But why should maidens thus despair?' she said, and smoothed her raven hair. 'I'll follow in the pathless wind, and this dark river leave behind. Better die in love's endeavor than sink in hopelessness forever.'

The red stars gleam, the whippoorwill answers the owl, under the hill. The snakes are coiled in tangled swales ; the woods seem full of human wails, and fiends fit for a madman's head, and ghostly forms, from which he fled; and on the lake the lonely loon floats by the lilies, where the moon casts shadows from the tall, dark trees, while softer footed than the breeze, she steals on in the hunter's track. She is gone-the night is black; she when east the morn turns grey, sinks on the hillside far away. And there, beside the bubbling spring, where over-hanging grapevines swing, she sees the young birds in the nest, hide their heads in the mother's breast. Ah, birds have mates, each has a home, but love-lorn maids are doomed to roam. But, PROTO LEAF, when morn pours its golden flood, she finds trace of fresh-shed blood-a broken arrow from its quiver, for whom she wept beside the river. Love lent her wings, away she flew through noon-day heat, till evening dew, an all the night, till morn again. Alas, for ston hearted man! Love follows them with bleed ing feet, through pathless woods, and in th street-forgives what cannot be forgiven, and goes to plead man's cause in heaven. Her mocassins are gone; the maid sink down where sun and shadow braid a carpet in the noon-day hours; and crimson drop are on the flowers, and tears are in the violet eyes, and in the scented air the sighs, the las faint gusts, the fitful breath of life has blow. her on to death. In happy hunting ground above, she found eternity of love. And now where'er the maiden trod, the moccassin peep through the sod. And Indians say that onc they grew 'as large as maiden's shoe,' and they, by Indian maids were worn, when othe moccasins were torn. Flow on, thou ceaseles Suamico, by golden sands forever flow. Tak these flowers that I fling; I would your mu muring waters bore some sorrows from this fragrant shore, that those who mourn upo thy sands, for hearts grown cold in strange lands, might see the rainbow in the skymight see the ark of hope float by, might ha it in their deep distress, and on it float happiness."

informed by a supernatural power that the moment he was reproved, or received a "good jawing," from the owner of the stolen and digested duck, his feathers would instantly drop off. It so happened that his neighbor was a funny fellow, and only laughed at him when he saw him, and at last the duck fancier way compelled to confess his theft and the depilaatory recipe, when his neighbor soon relieved him from his embarrassment by bestowing upon him a serious admonition.

It is fortunate for many in this age and country that ill gotten gains do not cause the possessor to feather out like the Chinese duck thief. Our promenades, our theatres, our churches, even, would present a curious spectacle, were such the result of misappropriation and cheating of all sorts. We should see some curious flocks of birds in places not generally suspected of being the haunts of such feathered bipeds. We should see and "hear ducks" among men who walk proudly and dress in purple and fine linen.

What sort of feathers, we wonder, would sprout upon the backs of the proprietors of those model lodging houses in New York, where people are burnt to death in scores, on account of the crowding of the hives and the narrow means of escape?

How would some of the speculators in the necessaries of life look in the plumage that would sprout, as they walked in the market place 7

Who would envy the position of the "cock of the walk" among the note shavers on State Street, with his "plumes so brightly shin ing?"

What flocks of ducks would be found in those who are feathering their nests by dishonest practices in almost every street and walk of life from the "skin gamblers" to the skinners of the poor in the shape of landlords and oppressors of the unfortunate! How feathery, yea, downy, would the quacks of all descriptions appear under the Chinese dispensation!

Well may the misers, the defrauders by light weight, and short measure, and "extended" liquors; the swindlers of every stripe in our favored country rejoice that they can cover their dishonest carcasses in fine broadcloth instead of being compelled to wear the badge of infamy imposed by the heathen Buddah upon the poor idolator who stole a single duck, thanking Heaven that they live in a Christian country where sin plated with gold excites the admiration of the community, and wards off the lance of justice, as a duck's feathers do the showers of rain that fall upon the just and the unjust.

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-tf

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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 ttreament by the above process on moderate terms. IF Patients desiring board should give notice in advance, that suitable arrangements may be made before their arrival.

Those sending locks of hair to indicate their diseases, should enclose \$1 for the examination, with a letter stamp to prepay their postage. Also, state leading symptoms, age and sex. Office hours from 9 to 12 A. M. and from 2 to 5 P. M.

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with two manuals or banks of Keys, the lowest set running an octave higher than the other, and may be used separately, and thus get in one case two distinct instruments; or by the use of the coupler, the two banks of keys may be played at the same time by the use of the front set only. This connected with the Sub-Bass, will produce the effect of a large organ, and is sufficiently heavy to fill a house that seats from 1000 to 1500 persons. THE ORGAN MELODEON is designed for par-

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tire and perfect satisfaction. Music Teachers, Leaders of Choirs, and others in

Annonncements.

[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 ELLA E. GIBSON will lecture during the month of May next, in St. Louis, Mo. Those in the west and north west, who wish her services, after May, will please address her at St. Louis, care of James H. Blood, Post Office Box 3391.

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

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

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

MISS R. R. AMEDY, 32 Allen street, Boston, Tranco 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 .--IF She will also attend funerals.

Mrs. A. P. THOMPSON may be addressed at Lowell till further notice. Will speak in the surrounding towns on the Sabbath if desired.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN, Trance Speaking Medium, will receive calls to lecture. Address at this office. MISS A. W. SPRAGUE will speak at Davenport, Iowa, 1st Sunday in Jan., at Cincinnati, 2d and 3d Sundays, at Terre Haute, Ind., 4th and 5th Sundays, and at Chicago through February.

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

N. S. GREENLEAF is ready to answer calls to lecture on the Sabbath. Address, Lowell, Mass.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mrs. A. W. DELAFOLIE, Trance and Test Medium. Examinations and Prescriptions given in an accurate form. Rooms, No. 6 La Grange Place.

LEXINGTON MONUMENT. --- We learn that the appeal of the Lexington Monument Association has been responded to by the Shawmut Club in this city by a donation of twenty-five dollars. This shows that the people are awake to the subject, and that an appeal to the patriotism of the public will never be made in vain. Let others follow the example. We like small gifts, because it connects a larger number of the people with public enterprises. -Boston Courier.

A SAD. CASE .- Sarah Alderson, a servant girl with Mrs. Dale of Newport, below Stockton-on-Tees, returned a few weeks since from a Methedist revival meeting, in a fearful state of mind. Her very features were affected.

She said he had been converted. Her companions and the had been so frightened by the influence of the service that they had to be accompanied home. The preacher had said something about the girl taking care of herself or the devil would get her. Her friends had no control over her. She became delirious, and was sent home. She escaped from them during the night, and was found next morning in the cow-byre, holding two of the cows by the tail, singing hymns and songs, and shouting and praying. All means to restore her rationality failed. She was sent to Newport, raving mad.

Feathers.

The Chinese have a story which runs in th wise :—A man who was very poor, stole from his neighbor, who was very rich, a duck, and after having cooked the aquatic fowl, he at it, and went to bed very happy-for China men like to get the better of their neighbor and are very fond of ducks. Soon after th thief became recumbent and somnolent, l was awakened by a remarkable itching a over his body and limbs, which unusual irr tation caused him to pass a wretched nigh When daylight came he found that duc feathers had sprouted all over him, completely covering his epidermis with plumage. It is related, furthermore, that the poor man was in despair at his transformation, when he was

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