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THE REVIVAL AT ELMDALE.

BY LIZZIE FLY.

THERE was a buzz of excitement in the usually quiet streets of Elmdale, as people on foot and people in carriages were passing to and fro with as much rapidity as the occasion would admit, all at length centering at one common point—the old brow church, which for many long years had not looked so bright and cheery.

That was a great revival—the greatest within the memory of the oldest church-member in Elmdale. Four-days meeting included two Sabbaths at least. Protracted meetings followed each other in such rapid succession, that one was hardly brought to a close before another was in full operation. Prayer-meetings, class-meetings, inquiry-meetings, and confession-meetings were the order of the day, and we might say of the night too. One after another was added to the anxious seats till all the body pews were appropriated, and the pulpit looked like a city post-office, from the notes of supplication and thanksgiving with which it was besieged. Devout Christians thanked God, sang praises, and thought of a truth the kingdom was at hand. Indolent and indifferent church members, shocked at their former coldness and apathy, were filled with a new and holy zeal, and labored with an energy which surprised even themselves. Young sinners were awakened to a sense of their danger, and old ones to the terrible doom that awaited them, unless a speedy repentance averted it.

What wonder that the submissive, yielding spirit of sweet Lucy Alton should readily come under such a powerful influence, and be among the first of the youthful converts. Her parents had ever been devout Christians of the same sombre cast as the old church, and the pastor, ever since her remembrance, had been a tall, white haired old man; afflicted with bronchitis, rarely illuminating his gloomy face with a smile even in his weekly round of calls, and each succeeding Sabbath that gloom seemed to have settled a shade deeper. In his dull monotone he described a very uncomfortable hell, prepared for the wicked, and a heaven, which from its monotony was but little more attractive for the righteous. Such a course was not calculated to arouse the younger members of the flock from the state of indifference into which they had fallen, hence the church at Elmdale was considered in a very unflourishing condition. Not from any neglect of duty on the part of its worthy minister, but the hard-heartedness of the people. In fact, Lucy was almost convinced of her cousin Albert's theory,—that it was all a piece of serious nonsense, and she had frequently yielded to his persuasions to remain at home on the Sabbath, while he came over to read to her; but it was evident that Albert liked best to talk with Miss Lucy, from the manner in which his book would slip from his hand, as his arm stole softly around her waist; and it was to surprise them seated thus, that Mary Parsons crept out of church at the commencement of the closing prayer to conceal herself among the vines that shaded the parlor window. Now Mary Parsons was a friendless orphan to whom Mr. and Mrs. Alton had been so charitably disposed as to give her a home in their family, which kindness she repaid by every annoyance that her ill temper could invent.

For several successive Sabbaths Lucy had been absent from church, when it was announced that a nephew of parson Wilkins was coming to relieve his uncle of his arduous duties for a few weeks, and ere the expected Sabbath came round, the venerable pastor was accompanied in his weekly calls by young William Smith, on whom the young ladies of Elmdale used up every word in the whole list of adjectives expressive of any agreeable quality, all in the superlative degree.

Lucy prevailed on Albert to accompany her to hear Mr. Smith, whose eloquence gave a more modern aspect to heaven, which must be beautiful if he were there; and made hell a far less desirable place of abode. The effect was perfectly salutary upon both young and old, who were never weary of listening to him, and amid this excitement, priests and laymen flocked in from adjacent places until it became such a scene of praise as was never before known in Elmdale. Albert Sinclair seemed almost the only one whose attention was not given to divine and holy things, and in vain did Lucy strive to use her influence, which in

all other matters was perfectly effectual.—When she depicted to him the deplorable condition of the heathen, he advised her not to be looking so far as Birmah; but try and reclaim the heathen of her own household, at the same time casting a meaning glance at Mary Parsons, who was at that moment depositing a quantity of gunpowder in Mr. Alton's pipe. This was a severe test to Lucy's Christianity, but she quietly removed the powder when Mary was absent, and set about the work which Albert had indicated, unmindful of the contempt which accompanied the suggestion; but trials of which she had little dreamed were yet before her. Knowing that Mary possessed a fine voice, Lucy commenced to teach her the popular hymns; but no sooner would the former become familiar with the tune than she would substitute some ridiculous parody on the words. Prayer she actually scorned at first,—but occasionally she would be induced to kneel with Lucy when a good opportunity offered to pinch the cat in so doing, or make some noise which would set the old house dog barking furiously.

Lucy might not have been quite so persevering in her efforts had she not been aided and encouraged by Mr. Smith whenever he stopped with them, and that he frequently did. Deeply engrossed as she was in the holy cause, Lucy had little time to devote to Master Albert, who had as resolutely determined not to go to church, as had she to be the most punctual attendant, consequently they met not often.

The work of regeneration in Elmdale was in its full tide of progress, when to the great consternation of a large portion of the community the village inn was decked out in gaudy pictures of men and women performing muscular feats, which it were utterly impossible for human limbs to do; announcing the coming of a grand circus in just one week from date. Outraged piety was put to the rack to devise measures to avert this fearful onslaught upon the good work so well commenced. Efforts were made to detain it at the next village, which finally succeeded, yet that was too near to prevent many from beholding the ungodly sight. Mary Parsons was particularly delighted with the prospect of hearing the music, and seeing what she termed, not altogether inappropriately, "some tall dancing;" and she declared she would walk the entire five miles without her breakfast rather than miss of such a splendid entertainment.

Mr. Alton shook his head gravely as he heard this announcement, and his good wife sighed heavily, but Lucy, possessed of a more active spirit, began to devise plans to check the thoughtless girl in her wild project. She had a blue scarf which Mary had always admired, and she also knew that the wayward girl would be influenced by nothing short of some material acquisition, therefore she offered her the much coveted article, to remain at home from the circus, and Mary acceded to the proposal, as readily as she would have accepted the company of the sprightliest beau of the village. In high glee Mary stood before the glass fluttering the light gossamer over her shoulders when Lucy returned to the parlor to tell Mr. Smith of her success. He seemed much gratified as indeed he always did at what interested her.

"Are you aware," said he, "of the extent of this good work you are doing?"

"I am not aware," said she, "that much good has arisen from aught that I have done thus far, but if I can keep Mary from that circus I shall certainly feel that I have gained one point."

"And not the first, dear Lucy," pursued Mr. Smith, "for although the subject of your labors seems little profited thereby, I have gained strength from beholding your ardor, and I am sometimes selfish enough to indulge a thought of the good I might some day accomplish, aided and sustained by your interest and affection."

"Indeed, Mr. Smith, you flatter me by such an acknowledgment," returned Lucy, "and it is such a result as I have never amid all my toiling dared hope for. I shall feel myself doubly successful."

"But, Lucy," resumed Mr. Smith, "if you could ever consent to link your fate with mine, that delightful event must be farther in the future, much farther than I could wish, and I fancy, that my successful ministrations depend in no small degree upon my freedom to act impartially toward each member of my flock in such a manner that no act of mine may be chargeable to my dearest friends. Deem me not hypocritical, and if you cannot be happy in a love which works all silently for a season, tell me so at once, and I will strive to banish all vain regrets."

"I must confess to you, sir," replied Lucy, "that your interest has become very dear to me, and I trust that my heart would rejoice none the less in your success, that I could not for awhile share your laurels."

Mr. Smith's tone was almost severe as he said, "Speak not of laurels, Lucy, as though I wrought for fame, or wealth even; for I might at this time—forgetful of all higher duties, treat myself to the immeasurable joy of calling you wife. Still I feel that this small parish needs my services, and should I publicly acknowledge an intended connection with you, all that spirit of envy, which the upright lives of your family may have provoked among a certain class, would at once be vented upon me; and thus many a beclouded soul deeply enveloped in the mists of prejudice, would resolutely shut their eyes to the true light, and live on uncheered by the gospel sun. I shall be none the less sensible of your aid, however, for the quiet, unobtrusive manner in which you work, and shall as often as practicable seek opportunity to assure you of my unabated love and interest; and now shall I go to my room to dream of some far off happy day, when Lucy Alton is my bride?"

Lucy's reply was very low; yet it reached the ears of Mary Parsons, who, crouching beneath the window, had been an attentive listener to their conversation.

True to her general character she had, on the following morning, the circumstances all arranged in coarse doggerel, something as follows:—

"One evening fair a young man came,
And William Smith they call his name,
To court Miss Lucy he was bent,
Though few could find out his intent;
But ere he went to seek his bed
She'd promised him she'd surely wed."

These words she sang to the tune of "Come saints and drop a silent tear," in tones worthy of better composition, while she released an occupant of the mouse-trap so near Lucy that he took refuge in her sleeve, so much to her annoyance that the poor girl was constrained to seek her room in tears; whether from the fright at a mouse or the rough exposure of her heart-secret, we leave sensible young ladies to judge.

Toward evening the distant rumbling of carriages gave token that the circus was passing throughout the outskirts of the town to its place of destination, and to counteract the effect a prayer-meeting was held at the old brown church. Lucy's eyes were red and swollen and she pleaded a head-ache as her excuse for remaining at home, while Mary, as if repenting the evil she had done, volunteered to attend in her stead, and asked leave to go after services to spend the night with Harriet Green—a girl of her acquaintance in a neighboring family. Her request was readily granted, and Lucy gave sundry little finishing touches to her dress, and had the satisfaction of seeing her walk off quite soberly toward the church. She had gone but a short distance when she was joined by Harriet whom she began to urge to accompany her to the circus, but Harriet being somewhat conscientious and not wholly insensible to the great work of reform then in progress, began to urge the higher claims of duty. But Mary was better pleased with the distant rattling of carriages than her friend's moralizing, and when they came to a cross-road leading to the village she cut short Harriet's most touching and eloquent appeal to her conscience by saying that she had determined to see their teams at least, and if she didn't get back at sunrise she should probably remain to witness the performances of the day. Evidently relieved by this avowal of her intentions she tripped off at a light pace, and was soon lost to view in the thick shrubbery. The moon shone full and clear as Mary came bounding down the foot path into the village road, singing her sweetest strains to drive away remorse and cheer her lonely walk; and the fine tones of her voice together with her sprightly manner drew the attention of a band of performers just then passing in a large carriage, and one of their number ventured to ask her to ride with them and favor them with a song, which she needed no second bidding to do.—Ere they had reached the village inn she had related with considerable tact the circumstance of her coming to witness their feats, and they had promised to present her to their manager, and if she was pleased with the arrangement, relieve her of her hum-drum life in a country farmhouse. This was too much pleasure for Mary Parsons to believe, that she should ever be paid for singing, and prance and tumble for the edification of the crowd; but before she retired to rest she was fully assured that she

should have her fill of such pleasure as soon as she could learn the mysteries of the profession.

Mr. Alton remarked Mary's absence at the breakfast table, and inquired the cause, to which Mrs. Alton replied that she had not returned from spending the night with Harriet Green. They continued their meal in silence, each moment expecting Mary to announce herself by some misdemeanor, as was usually her custom; the extent of the mischief being in proportion to the length of her absence. But their meal was finished quietly, and Mrs. Alton began to cast her eyes anxiously up the road whenever her work took her near the window, and soon she left her work to stand and gaze steadily up the street, through which carriages began to pass in rapid succession.—Lucy did not like to be the first to suspect Mary of any serious misconduct, therefore she said nothing of what was fast amounting to a settled conviction in her mind; neither did Mrs. Alton care to draw hasty conclusions, hence the morning was passed rather silently, while a look of anxiety and annoyance seemed to deepen on each face. As Mrs. Alton was preparing dinner she requested Lucy to go for Mary, a commission which she was very ready to execute, but she had not passed out of the yard when she saw Harriet Green coming rapidly down the road, her mind evidently laden with some exciting news. It had been Lucy's custom to check Harriet when descending too freely upon the conduct of others, but at this time she gave her a look of encouragement, upon which Harriet launched forth into the most extravagant expressions of disapproval for Mary's conduct, interlarding her account with what she told her, until Lucy was obliged to stop her and inquire what Mary's crowning fault had been.

"Dear me," she resumed, "then you haven't heard of it yet, and I have been hurrying all the morning to get things along so I could come over and tell you, for I was afraid you would think I hadn't gone against it as I might."

"But what was it?" asked Lucy with marked curiosity.

"Then, I forgot you didn't know," Harriet went on, "but I suppose it hasn't got noised about much, and Mary didn't want me to tell, but I told her, if she didn't get back by sunrise, I should keep nothing back which I was called upon to say; so when I got dinner well under way, I told Mrs. Wells I was coming over to speak to Mr. Alton's folks about Mary, and she didn't seem so much opposed to it as she generally is to my telling things when I'm called upon."

"Where is Mary?" asked Lucy impatiently. Harriet saw that she could not enlarge much upon the subject and she replied,—"Well, thank fortune, she is where I wouldn't be, she has gone to that awful circus."

Mrs. Alton and Lucy exchanged glances which said "I thought as much," and requested Harriet to relate in as brief a manner as possible the time and circumstances of her going, guarding their own lips with scrupulous care lest any comments from them should be added to the gossip which they felt sure would ensue; but Harriet assured the people whom she met on her way home that "if she could judge anything from looks, Mary Parsons had lost her place."

Mr. Alton felt the grief incident to a devout Christian's learning that a member of his own household has gone astray, and resolved in his mind to give her some advice on her return. At an early hour in the afternoon the performances closed, as they knew by the returning carriages, and with renewed anxiety did they look for Mary; but the day and the night went by and she came not.

Lucy knew that Albert Sinclair had attended the circus, and to him did she apply to know if he had seen Mary.

"What," said he, "has your young proselyte left you thus? Really I do not think she was at the circus, for the ranks of the spectators were comparatively thin, and Mary would certainly have made herself noticeable."

Mr. Alton harnessed his horse and went to the next village, asking in vain for the lost girl. The people of the hotel had seen a girl of similar appearance wearing a blue scarf, in the company of the actors; but her dress in other respects did not correspond with the description. Inquiries were made in different directions, and a brief advertisement issued in the village paper, but all to no purpose, and when Mary Parsons's mysterious exit had ceased to be the nine-days wonder of Elmdale, it passed from the memory of most of the inhabitants, to be recalled only at long inter-

vals by a few like Harriet Green. In the family of Mr. Alton her name was seldom spoken, and at length as seldom remembered by all save Lucy. With a feeling of bitterness succeeded the disappointment of her efforts to improve and reclaim the erring girl, and the failure of her purpose seemed to shake her confidence in human nature. Were such to be the result of all her labors, she had little hope of ever becoming a very profitable assistant for Mr. Smith, which it was her highest aim to be.

Still the revival went on in Elmdale, and so might we say did Mr. Smith, until half the people of the village would have attached themselves to his triumphal car to draw him like some conquering hero through their streets; and Lucy Alton would have shrunk from bearing a part only from a sense of her own unworthiness.

She received his formal greeting in public, and saw him turn to others with more cordiality without a pang, feeling sure of his deeper and more abiding affection for herself. But at length she fancied the frequency and fervor of his assurances of love for her began to decrease, and others began to usurp the place she would fain have filled—greatly to her distress. She must be the one at fault, and she would watch herself more closely, and apply herself anew to the work in which one of her greatest efforts had failed. Albert Sinclair called occasionally, always receiving the same kind welcome from Lucy, but starting up impatiently when she broached the subject of religion, saying—"I'll call some other time to talk of that."

Weeks and months passed on, and poor Lucy's heart was well nigh breaking. She felt that indescribable loneliness which one can only feel whose bosom holds some weighty grief it never can confide. Mr. Alton saw his darling growing thin and white, and her mother's eye grew moist as she watched the fading bloom on her cheek. Lucy could not tell Mr. Smith that she observed his coldness, and indeed he gave her no opportunity to do so, but carefully avoided any private interviews; and report said that he was engaged to Miss Watson, the wealthiest and most popular lady of the village.

Albert averred that Lucy was suffering from the effects of great mental excitement, and assured them that nothing would restore her like change of scene, and proposed that himself should take her on a visit to some relatives in an adjoining State. She felt a galling weight of misery upon her soul, and fain would break the spell that bound her to her wretched fate; and half unconsciously she prepared to go. The first frosts of autumn were just tinting the bright foliage of the forest with beautiful decay as they passed from Elmdale along the high road, skirted with pleasant wood-lands and pretty villages; and Lucy began to feel some of her old cheerfulness as she listened to Albert's lively conversation. Two weeks passed rapidly away visiting and traveling, and the moon-light trembled on the trees and river when they entered the precincts of Elmdale again. Mr. Alton and his good wife welcomed their child with anxious joy, and assured Albert that to him belonged the credit of her improvement. Then followed numerous questions concerning the friends they had visited, and the evening was well nigh spent when they again referred to the change Lucy's journey had wrought in her, and Albert chimed in—"Now uncle, since Lucy improves so much under my care, what say you to my taking her on a longer tour next time—say the journey of life?" Lucy gave a little nervous start and said, "O, Albert, I thought you had given that up for the present at least."

"Well," said Mr. Alton, "I suppose it is proper that young people should marry and be given in marriage. Our worthy pastor has set us an example during your absence by marrying Miss Watson. You and Lucy ought to understand yourselves and each other, and whatever is for the true happiness of my child is also pleasing to me."

Lucy was very weary and must retire. She knew that Albert required some response from her, and she placed her hand in his as she sat beside him on the sofa, but she returned his warm pressure with the nervous grasp of one who seeks to steady himself by some firm object. With dizzy brain she sought her pillow, and felt how vain, how empty a thing was life, and how false seemed all its fairest scenes.

The residence of the village pastor was no longer the low brown cottage enshrouded in wood-bine and wild roses, but the large, white house opposite the church was purchased and furnished as only the daughter of Dea. Watson could furnish; and each Sabbath crowds

of visitors were invited to spend the intermission in their elegant parlors. Mrs. Smith was eminently proud of his fine establishment and stately wife, and Mrs. Smith was no less proud of her popular and talented husband. As his church increased and flourished, his heaven grew broader and more delightful, and his hell deeper, narrower and more dismal.

Lucy was still very punctual at church, but the words of the preacher fell on her ear like sinful mockery, and while she beheld his cruel deceit, she almost felt a disgust for the very creed. Such feelings were encouraged and strengthened by Albert until the fear of making herself the subject of village gossip was her only inducement to attend divine service, and she listened with very loathing to professions which she knew to be so vain and hollow. But people tire of long continued excitement, and such was the final result of the revival at Elmdale, and one after another found it more comfortable or convenient to remain at home till the congregation could all be conveniently seated and there was an occasional vacant seat for a stranger.

As soon as it became at all respectable to be absent from church, Lucy yielded to the entreaties of Albert to remain at home with him.

Albert Sinclair was a young man of irreproachable character so far as his general conduct, morality, and kindness of heart were concerned, but all these good qualities were blunted and dimmed by a skeptical disregard for all religious rites and ceremonies, in short, everything of a divine nature. His was indeed an evil influence for Lucy to come under at such a time, and she yielded herself with scarce a struggle to its baneful effects. It was a matter so long anticipated by the people generally, that it caused no great excitement in Elmdale when Lucy Alton became Mrs. Sinclair. Some one did remark that it seemed more respectable to be married by a minister, but the justice of the village had officiated, and there was no remedy for it.

Albert never ceased to parade before her the misdeeds of the church members, and, indeed, the state of apathy into which they were gradually declining was quite shocking. So neglectful were they of their pastor's demands, upon them, that he was scarcely able to collect enough from his society to meet the incidental expenses of his family. This indifference determined Mr. Smith to emigrate to the far west, for which purpose the large white house, with all its furniture, was sold, and as much as possible collected of his church.

It was not thought proper for Mrs. Smith to accompany her husband; he at least, would not consent to her joining him until he had located. Accordingly she, with her two children, was received at the old homestead of Dea. Watson, while Mr. Smith bade his family and the remnant of his scattered flock farewell, and, with the proceeds of his own labors and his wife's entire property, left for parts unknown.

Week after week, and month after month, did his unhappy wife watch for some tidings from him, and at length, when hope, weary with watching, had ceased to expect, she spoke of him as dead, which opinion was generally received. Albert Sinclair and a few others dissented, and Lucy, from her better knowledge of him, could not dispute them. Whether his wife had any suspicion of his infidelity remained ever a mystery, but long years after her troubled heart grew still, a gentleman came to rusticate in the village, whom many suspected was none other than the former pastor of Elmdale; and when such suspicions began to be noised abroad he very suddenly left.

How few there are who can turn the disappointments and seeming ills of life to good account, and make the heart truly wiser and better. Life, to Mrs. Sinclair, was growing irksome, and she longed for that endless sleep of which her husband talked. Death had deprived her of her first born child—her darling daughter, and beyond the cloud of her misfortune, she saw no light of blest reunion shining. When the mother's heart was again stirred by the advent of a little son, in her short-sighted joy she expected the place of the lost one to be filled, but that sacred temple of the heart holds no apartment where two guests may dwell, and each new comer bears the key to his own chamber. There are chambers ever sacred to the dead, and if we will, the gentle spirit may abide therein so long as hope and resignation dwell there too; but doubt and discontent soon dispel the beloved presence, and the deserted halls resound only to our hopeless wail for the lost. Vain dreams for Mrs. Sinclair to look for the renewal of blighted hopes, when it was but the dawning of a new life, and that dimmed by the shadow of the sad past and the uncertain future. With tearful eyes did she gaze on the cherub at her breast, his baby beauty and his winsome ways were but precursors of his early doom. Yet as he grew older and stronger, in her earnest desire to promote his good she almost longed to teach his prattling tongue to lip the holy words—"Our Father." Alas! for the seeds of doubt sown by the hand of the skeptic, overrunning those divine aspirations with a cool, calculating theory, which, after all, has no foundation.

Thus did her life become one scene of con-

lict, struggling with the convincing arguments of her husband, corroborated by her own experience, and a mother's love, which sent her heart still blindly groping after its God. Could the finger of infancy point the father's heart as directly upward as it does that of the mother, how few would doubt their divine origin. Yet what shall shield a woman from the influence of her husband? Sure not the mute teachings of helpless infancy. With stoical reasoning did Mrs. Sinclair blot out the sacred truths graven upon the tablets of her heart without transmitting one item to her son, nor thanked God for prolonging his days to cheer her lonely widowhood. Yes, Lucy Sinclair was a widow. When Edward was fourteen years old, his father calmly closed his eyes in death, to sleep, as he believed, an endless, dreamless sleep, leaving his wife and child without expressing a hope of ever meeting them again. Edward was devotedly attached to his father, and he was almost inconsolable at his loss, while his mother seemed rather vindictive in the bitterness of her grief.

When all the sweet waters of affection that well up in a warm, loving heart, are thrown back upon their native fountain, what a biting acid do they become, embittering the source of all our joys.

In Edward Mrs. Sinclair saw only the foreshadowing of her crowning grief. Those innate feelings of reverence so essential to woman, which, under other circumstances, would have been bestowed upon Deity, were all lavished upon her family, poor perishable gods of clay. The events of an hour might leave her childless and alone, and what were all her broad acres, her brimming coffers, and life, even, when all beside was lost, lost! She dared not show him those little motherly attentions which her affection dictated, and the slightest caress from him was like a barbed arrow to her heart. The educational facilities of Elmdale were rather limited, and Mrs. Sinclair resolved to give her son the benefit of those great advantages offered at New Haven, to prosecute his studies, and also to place him beyond the baneful influence of her own unhappy temperament. Relieved of all restraint, she yielded herself entirely to a brooding melancholy, utterly secluding herself from the society of her neighbors and friends. Occasionally Edward came to spend vacation with his mother, but their interviews were mostly upon matters of business, and the tomb-like appearance of his home seemed to chill him. He once said to her, "Mother, don't you think you would be happier with some companion here—say some young girl, who would light up these sombre rooms with the sunshine of a youthful, happy heart? It will be sometime ere I can make a permanent stay here, and I fancy this solitude is injurious to you, dear mother."

"Why," said she, "would you add to my misery by placing before me the picture of what I have been, and here entomb a youthful, happy heart, to behold in me what she may yet become? And you, Edward, never think to make a permanent stay here. The very atmosphere of this house is rank poison to joy and gladness. The shrubs and flowers e'en wither in its shadow, and the sunbeams grow pale and sickly as they enter its precincts."

"I have sometimes felt the same," replied Edward, "but I think I know a human sunbeam who could come in here and bring with her, her own pure atmosphere of gentleness and love."

"Oh, Edward," she said, "you are coming to some revelation which I had hoped mine ears might never hear, and your tongue might never utter? Do you know how dangerous a thing it is to love? Do you know there is naught of man but this perishable frame and the name he leaves to those who come after? All that I have is at your command. I have sought the best institutions of learning that you might prepare your mind for stations of honor. All the hopes I have dared cherish for my declining age have been centered in you, and do you embark all in one frail venture of love? I had hoped that when the season of a matrimonial alliance arrived, with a due regard for your interest you would enter upon its duties and responsibilities with all decorum, and not come urging, as I fancy, some weak dependent upon me, long before you are prepared to care for her yourself. But I did not intend to be harsh—go on and tell me about her."

"You have spoken rightly in calling her a dependent," said he, "for such she is in a family where I visit, although I should never have learned it from any one save herself. Her invalid mother was a recipient of their bounty before her, and now she is more like a sister in the family than a teacher of the younger children. Her sweet voice first attracted me, and her manner and disposition I soon found to be as sweet as her voice. I have seldom heard of God and the Savior from the pulpit of any denomination. I have heard you and my father speak with contempt of a delusion under which you once labored, called religion. I have seen a book, called the Bible, and heard you and my father pronounce it a fabulous work, and one unworthy a place in your home, therefore I had a limited idea of Deity and Christianity until I heard those beautiful things described by Helen Brandon."

"Can you form an opinion of that which can never be manifested to your senses, from the idle dreams of a young girl's fancy?"

"Mother, it is no idle dream. Oh, could you witness the boundless confidence of that sweet girl in Him, whom we so indefinitely comprehend, because to Him we are yet in our earliest infancy, you could but feel that all our lives and surroundings are the invention and execution of some wonderfully wise and infinite power."

"And you would call that power wise and just which has made me to live amid the wreck and ruin of nearly every object that made life desirable?"

"Imagine, for a moment, dear mother, that you have forgotten, or never knew the love of your husband and daughter. Would you rather that those sacred fountains were never stirred, or that the waves of oblivion filled them now, than have the past embellished as it is with pleasing memories of the loved and loving? And yet, the best of all, could you believe that in some fairer, better land you might meet them again, freed from the ills and uncertainties of mortality?"

"Hush these vague speculations and tampering tales of immortality. Have I not seen them years ago confined in their narrow coffins and buried deep 'neath the sods of the graveyard, and what power, and wherefore should it restore my nursing babe to my milkless breast, and my vigorous, athletic husband to his aged and decrepit bride?"

"If that portion which you saw encased in the narrow coffin, was all that you loved, then as well might the monument that stands over them claim your tenderest affection. But, admitting your loss to be the companionship of their minds, why not as easily conceive of Deity from viewing the world and its inhabitants, as a mind from the words and acts of an individual? And, still further, can you not imagine your child already grown beyond the needs of helpless infancy by the kind guardianship of gentle spirits, and your husband still accumulating an experience which shall render him a fit companion for your riper years? Such are Helen's bright hopes of reunion with her mother."

"Oh, my son, would that I had lain you in the church-yard, by your father and sister, ere you had come to open thus afresh the wounds in my heart, and seek to force upon my chosen solitude a penniless girl, who has bewitched you with fairy tales and fables."

The deep crimson which glowed on Edward's cheek, bespoke his wounded pride, as he replied, "She will probably never come here to trouble you in your chosen solitude." And so saying, he left the room.

On the following morning he took his departure, as he resolved, at the close of their conversation, to be absent a whole year, but his mother's wan and haggard look smote a tender chord in his heart, and he said, as he bade her good-by, "I shall see you again soon, dear mother."

She murmured something incoherently as she re-entered her gloomy apartments, and the stage-coach whirled rapidly away, bearing with it the sole object of all her love and solicitude.

Edward had scarcely resumed his studies, when he received a letter from an old servant of the household, summoning him to the presence of his sick and insane mother. The evening before his departure he spent with Helen, to whom he communicated the object of his speedy return.

"Let me accompany you," said she, "my services are no longer of any account to these dear people, and I have of late very much desired some new sphere of usefulness."

"You sure would not incur all the gossip of Elmdale," he replied, "to become the attendant of a maniac?"

"A fig for the gossip of Elmdale. You have told me that your mother's house is a perfect seclusion, so what will they have to do with us?"

"Helen, you cannot think how deeply it pains me to refuse such aid and consolation as you would be to me in this great trial, but I have spoken to my mother of you, and she seems in no wise kindly disposed toward you; and I am sure you would not bestow your services where they would be ungratefully received."

"I am sure, Edward, I could take the best care of her, and in her insanity she need not know who I am. Then, as to gratitude, what matters that to me? Cast thy bread upon the waters."

"I shall not attempt further to discourage a step which would be so eminently gratifying to me," said he, "but since the circumstances will admit of no delay on my part, I can hardly expect to find you in readiness to start with me in the morning."

"But, Edward, I shall be prepared to join you as early as may be necessary," she replied; and bidding him good-night she left the room to make the proper arrangements.

Arrived at Elmdale the evening of the second day, Helen did not visit the room of Mrs. Sinclair until the next morning, when, attired in a neat, plain, morning gown, she entered with some medicines which were to be administered, and offered them to the invalid as though she had long been accustomed to perform that service. At first, Mrs. Sinclair regarded her with a look of surprise, but at length, as if recollecting herself she said, "I am glad you have come, Mary, I have been waiting a long time."

Helen made some slight apology for her tardiness, and proceeded, almost imperceptibly, to arrange the room for the best comfort and convenience of its occupant, who watched her movements with evident satisfaction, saying, when Helen had completed the last finishing touch in the bestowal of her pillows, "Now sit by me and sing a little, Mary. You seem so gentle and quiet this morning that I really begin to hope for much happiness with you. I will commence the tune for you," and she began singing a popular anthem of the revival days:—

"Saw ye my Savior! Saw ye my Savior!
Saw ye my Savior, the Lord!
O, he died on Calvary,
To atone for you and me,
And to purchase our pardon with blood."
[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

Song.

BY G. L. BURNSIDE.

Fly to the arms of night,
O, doves of the wintry world;
For the beacon is gleaming white,
Where the waves in wrath are curled.
Fly to the arms of night,
O, doves of the waiting world;
For the wintry waves are bright,
Where their foam in wrath is hurled.
On the sea-beat shore of dreams,
Where the wide-winged albatross
Is flying amid the gleams
Of the sun that shines across.
The rocks where the foam is drowned
In the depths of the rifted sea.
O fly to the arms of night,
Ye doves that wait for me.

For I have no place for prayer;
And the waves are beating high;
Will ye not come and share
The life that is lingering nigh?

Will ye not come and lift
The burden of fate from me?
For the gleam of the opening rift
In the sky is fair and free.

And the wonderful land of dreams
Is opening wide and high,
O come in the parting gleams
Of the wintry sea and sky.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

We cannot Force Spirit any more than Matter.

The sea is not always full. By degrees the waves come in, and at a certain point we say, it is full tide; so with an impression to write, or to diverse other things. We know when we are at a white heat. Then and then only do we work without labor. We almost fly over difficulties, mountains level as one track, and crooked places are made straight. Impediment is a word unknown to us. We ignore it. Everything succumbs to our will.—We spring to our end, for the way in clear before us. What we had dreaded loses all its terrors. We are more than a match for them. Our thoughts travel with electric speed. We take up, digest and appropriate ideas, things and people, passing each to our own account primarily, and making it subserve a general end in our process of assimilation. Without this tide of inspiration no orator ever swayed the multitude, no poet ever penned words destined to live when he had soared among creations too marvellous for mortal ken; no musician had ever composed symphonies which waft us to spheres above our own. Its touch is seen in the commonest affairs of life. It enters into every tool and implement of public and private use. "How easy you do it," is only solved by our nature. He only is wise who learns to take advantage of these precious moments, and turn them into pearls and diamonds of use. They cut their way through sea, land and air. Now an ocean telegraph appears and has a locomotion, and anon we talk or converse in currents. What so subtle as this influence—yet what so real? It is the spark which kindles the conflagration, the magnet which draws all forces to itself—the propelling power which sets myriads of wheels and human agencies at work. "I have it" solves the riddle to many a dilemma. Yes—the force is born in us which had been slumbering in embryo. We have new, fresh life, and cannot cork it in old bottles. It is not a stagnant stream, it is full of foam and sparkles, and whenever it leaps it shows its creamy crest.

Oh! these are live moments. We do not vegetate while in this state. We make our circle, but like the whirlwind we gather up every thing in our wake. We draw in and quicker than thought we make that our own which crosses our path. We are stronger than we dare imagine—we go beyond ourselves.—We are a king supreme among subjects—a giant among dwarfs—a central sun among feeble moons. We scorch from our intensity—our touch is like red hot iron, yet so hot that its action is to smother, not destroy. These are hours which come to all in some degree.—They are only varied by intensity in different persons, the substance is the same. "How well she sung." "I could not believe it you." "It was above myself"—reveal to the keen observer that all these had walked with the spirit erect. All know this, but cannot comprehend its wondrous workings. They cannot realize that they should have a foretaste of that which transforms some into astonishing creations. "Only I. I am nothing"—this delectable fluid never entered my sluggish intellect. Sister, brother, it is even so. Dew

falls on all the grass, trees, flowers—all drink thereof. The sun pours down his fiery rays without distinction of class. Learn doubting children that the all Father revivifies you all from this never ending fountain. He replenishes from everlasting to everlasting. As you really use He will pour in. Take the bounty and be grateful, giving Him the thanks. If you are tools in His hand, work with hearty good will and try to accomplish what He designs. Desire and faithfulness create ability. God gives to his beloved—when and how we cannot tell. Suffice it to say when His hand is in ours, we say an angel has touched us.—Let us woo, win, and not abuse; then more and more will be vouchsafed to us, and morning twilight shall give place to resplendent day.

The Lady and the Robber.

A REMARKABLE STORY.

In a large, lonely house, situated in the south of England, there once lived a lady and her two maid servants. They were far away from all human habitations, but they seemed to have felt no fear, but to have dwelt there peacefully and happily. It was the lady's custom to go round the house with her maids every evening, to see that all the windows and doors were properly secured. One night she had accompanied them as usual, and ascertained that all was safe. They left her in the passage close to her room, and then went to their own, which was quite at the other side of the house. As the lady opened the door, she distinctly saw a man underneath her bed. What could she do? Her servants were far away, and could not hear her if she screamed for help, and even if they had come to her assistance, these three weak women were no match for a desperate house-breaker. How, then, did she act? She trusted in God.—Quietly she closed the door, and locked it on the inside, which she was always in the habit of doing. She then leisurely brushed her hair, and putting on her dressing gown, she took her Bible and sat down to read. She read aloud, and chose a chapter that had peculiar reference to God's watchfulness over us, and constant care of us by night and day. When it was finished, she knelt and prayed at great length, still uttering her words aloud, especially commending herself and servants to God's protection, and dwelling upon their utter helplessness, and dependence upon him to preserve them from all dangers. At last she rose from her knees, put out her candle, and laid down in bed; but she did not sleep. After a few minutes had elapsed, she was conscious that the man was standing by her bedside. He begged of her not to be alarmed—"I came here to rob you, but after the words you have read, and the prayers you have uttered, no power on earth could induce me to hurt you, or to touch a thing in your house. But you must remain perfectly quiet, and not attempt to interfere with me. I shall now give my signal to my companions, which they will understand, and then we will go away and you may sleep in peace, for I give you my solemn word that no one shall harm you, and not the smallest thing belonging to you shall be disturbed." He then went to the window, opened it, and whistled softly. Returning to the lady's side (who had not spoken or moved), he said, "Now I am going. Your prayer has been heard, and no disaster will befall you." He left the room, and soon all was quiet, and the lady fell asleep, still upheld by that calm and beautiful faith and trust. When the morning dawned and she awoke, we may feel sure she poured out her thanksgiving and praises to Him who had "defended" her "under his wings" and "kept" her "safe under his feathers," so that she was not "afraid of any terror by night." The man was true to his word, and not a thing in the house had been taken. Oh, shall we not hope that his heart was changed from that day forth, that he forsook his evil courses, and cried to that Saviour, "who came to seek and to save that which is lost," and even on the cross did not reject the penitent thief? From this story let us learn to put our whole trust and confidence in God.—This lady's courage was indeed wonderful; but "the Lord was her defence upon her right hand," and "with him all things are possible."—*London Packet.*

We have received an extract from a letter fully corroborating the anecdote of "the Lady and the Robber" in our October number, and adding some facts that enhance the wonder and mercy of her escape. We quote the words of the letter: "In the first place the robber told her if she had given the slightest alarm or token of resistance, he had fully determined to murder her; so that it was God's good guidance that told her to follow the course she took. Then before he went away, he said: 'I never heard such words before, I must have the book you read out of,' and carried off her Bible, willingly enough given, you may be sure. This happened many years ago, and only comparatively recently did the lady hear any more of him. She was attending a religious meeting in Yorkshire, where, after several noted clergy and others had spoken, a man arose stating that he was employed as one of the book-hawkers of the Society, and told the story of the midnight adventure, as a testimony of the wonderful power of the word of God. He concluded with, 'I was that man.' The lady rose from her seat in the hall, and said quietly, 'It is all quite true; I was the lady,' and sat down again.—*London Packet.*

Correspondence.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

A DAY IN A RAILROAD CAR.

The morning was cold and dusty, and we came forth from the sleeping car, little refreshed by our disturbed slumbers; and drawing our shaker more closely over our (not the cleanest) face, settled ourselves with the perverse resolution not to speak to any one for the day; and few of our sex, we think, would have kept such a resolution more strictly under the same circumstances. First came a deaf old man with a charming young girl—his grand-daughter—just out of her short dresses, and as bright and merry as a cricket. It was hard work to converse with her deaf old grand-father amid the din and clatter of that lightning train, and she evidently desired a more appreciative auditor than he could possibly be. She looked at us, but we didn't see her, and it was perfectly delightful to witness how she went about entertaining herself. Like some busy little housewife, she began the work of making things comfortable, turning over the seat in front, placing her basket and extra shawl thereon, hanging up the old gentleman's overcoat, brushing his hair and dusting his shoulders, then taking off her own hat, adjusting her hair, and straightening out her apparel generally. She then took up a paper, but we could see that it contained little more than advertisements and a few political items, and we began to pity her, thinking that her resources were at an end. Not so, however, for she handed the paper over to her grandfather, and commenced singing as sweetly, and apparently as unconscious of her surroundings, as a wild bird in his native forest. She had not ceased her song when a returned Californian—a merry young fellow too—travelling with his mother, came bounding into the car with as much familiarity as if it had been his mother's sitting room, and all the passengers his own brothers and sisters. He was not content with being happy himself, but insisted that everybody should share his own buoyant spirits. Having seated his mother with as much courtesy as he would have shown a ball-room belle, he proceeded to make the acquaintance of the various passengers in various ways, but all with such a natural grace that none could take offence. Our resolution compelled us to decline his civilities, and he passed on to the deaf, old gentleman and his granddaughter, with whom he soon became deeply engrossed in conversation, to the evident annoyance of another young lady—dressed in blue—whose acquaintance he had so briefly made, and as she was travelling alone, seated her with his mother. Said lady's eyes wandered often and anxiously towards the pre-occupied group, and it was some time before she could effect a plan to withdraw the young man's attention from his new-found companions. At length the appearance of a real or pretended spider afforded the desired opportunity, and a shriek above that of the engine or the rattle of the train, filled the entire car with the greatest consternation, and of course drew the gallant Californian to the rescue; but we fancied the lady in blue failed of her purpose, for no sooner had he seen her, quietly seated, and the general alarm abated, than he returned to the young girl and her grandfather: and the trio after indulging a hearty laugh—possibly at the blue lady's expense—earnestly resumed their conversation. She looked sadder still when it came about that the deaf, old man and his granddaughter, with the Californian and his mother, were all going down the Hudson together, and she must finish her journey alone, as far as their companionship was concerned. But we admired her judgment when, after their departure, she spoke so highly of the young man, saying that she formed her opinion of his character from the attention which he had shown his mother.

The day was far spent, and we had been as silent as the import of our resolution implied, when another young girl, with a very sweet face, brown curls, and brown eyes to match, sitting alone and silent like myself, began to look anxiously around, and inquired if any one in the car was going to Boston.

One and another spoke, and told the station at which they would stop, but no one who had heard her inquiry was going into Boston. We looked at her again, and our better feelings overcame, and we said we were intending to stop in that city. Then she made such a modest request to take a seat near us, that we might be together at the depot, that our heart grew warmer, and we turned over the seat in front, and bade her occupy that. If Harry should be there, she said, it would be all right; but in case he should make any mistake about the train in which she was to come, she would not know where to go. With a look that said *we understand these things*, we told her she could go to our hotel, and drop him a note in the post office. Then it came out how Harry had gone west some two years before, where she had first made his acquaintance, but the climate had produced its usual effect of fever and ague, and she had parted with him some six months before, with many misgivings about ever seeing him again. He had, however, come to Boston, and was so far improved in

health as to go into business, and proposed going after her, but she dared not trust him in that infectious climate again, and had journeyed all that long distance by herself rather than endanger Harry's health. Her confidence was very pleasant, it seemed so purely natural, and a great relief withal, for she had come all the way from Dubuque to Worcester without telling anybody that she and Harry were to be married. Fortunately, Harry was at the depot; but the scene of meeting—as novel writers say, is better imagined than described; and we left the happy pair, feeling that we had a sort of personal interest in their future happiness, and mentally repeating the old adage that a bad resolution is better broken than kept.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

A VOICE TO THE REFORMER.

BY L. P.

Let the children of this generation rejoice, that their life's pilgrimage falls in this age of advancement and progress, when the light of truth, much sought for, and ever most welcome, seems to shine upon us, bringing joy and delight with its gladness rays of hope and cheer. Glad am I, to live in this age, when the inspired voice of the reformer penetrates to the remotest corner of the continent, and rouses the dullest ear from its lethargic state, to inquire in astonishment, "Can it be true?" Even if the reformer's many well directed efforts should apparently fail to reach the desired end, which is, to convince man and woman to lead a life more true to themselves and to their God,—to scatter knowledge and recognition of the misery and unhappiness which inevitably follow the violator of God's immutable laws,—yes, even if they should fail to accomplish this much desired end, and no more effected, than to cause the inner voice of Humanity to cry out in anxiety—(which is ever prone to accompany doubt)—"What is Truth?" Then one great step has been taken towards the fulfillment of our daily prayer—"Thy Kingdom come."

There are only few, who remain entirely untouched by the first roseate rays of the glorious vivifying sun, which is slowly but surely rising to the horizon of the soul of man, and which is to be the daybreak of a new and divine dispensation, that will most surely carry us so irresistibly on the ocean tide of our present era nearer and nearer towards the Divine Fountain, from whence we received our existence. But the number of those is not small, who deeply and fully recognize the deep significance of the time they live in, heralded in, as it is, by Spiritualism and the voice of practical reform.

Many there are who feel themselves electrified by the essence of the Divine Spirit, which, as in the times of Apostles, is now more manifest than it has been for centuries past, and fills us with ecstasy, yes, gives us the power to perform what heretofore seemed miraculous and superhuman.

Many there are in this present generation, who experience and feel the truth and the reality of being born again. A new impetus incites them to vigorous labor, different motives guide their actions, new affections spring up in the hearts of those who had ever before believed themselves fulfilling the highest commands of duty, when expending their richest treasures of love on the family altar alone.

With joy do we hail the many indications and symptoms which denote the approach of the time, when the word "love" will no longer be misused or degraded, but when its divine essence shall be felt more deeply and yet more generally and far reaching than ever. As a practical reality the name of "Human Family," has only been a mockery. For how many are there among us, who conscientiously say with Jesus, "All those who do the will of my Father in Heaven, are my mother, brother and sister."

But the time is nigh upon us, when we shall not only love and exert ourselves even more for our own family than we did before, but at the same time, shall not simply know of and express a brotherly love for our fellow men, but shall feel and act as members of one Holy Family, united in the bonds of undying love, baptized in the heavenly spirit by the head of that family, the Father!

Let us therefore not be sad or discouraged at the lamentable mistakes of many, who misunderstand the love teachings of the spirit of the times. Let us not be frightened at the chaotic consequences, which, to the external eye, seem to threaten the sky of our domestic happiness, and which we know must—for a time at least—surely follow the eruption of the family homestead, to throw its glowing lava as far about him as he can reach, whilst the spiritual eye perceives the fire of love, burning upon the family altar, burn only the brighter from the air and wind, which rushes in to fan the flames.

But there is a danger, which though more real and more disastrous in its consequence is apprehended but by few, of those especially, who in every respect are most open, for the reception of truth, and of those who feel themselves arising with the powerful tide of Progress, and observe with deepfelt joy, the working of the Divine Spirit.

We seem filled with love for every one, we

try to carry truth and conviction to our neighbors and friends, longing for the companionship of those who are similarly impressed, and are animated by the same spirit as ourselves, and alas! only too often forget, that we must look to our children for the practical realization of our glowing anticipations and presentiment of the immediate future.

In order that we may undisturbedly enjoy the gratification of conversing with our friends upon the most sacred and elevating subjects, which thrill and glow in the aspiring heart of man, must we send our children from our presence, though, as I have witnessed, they may have reached their thirteenth or fourteenth year?

There must be something radically wrong in us, if we educate our children thus, as to have their presence cause annoyance to ourselves and our friends, and their ill manners disturb the harmony of our circle.

No one will doubt but that our system of educating children is only in its infancy, and the call is very urgent and loud for some of our reformers, who feel themselves equal to the task, and inspired with the love which filled Jesus of Nazareth, that they may direct their steps and labor of love to the field of education, and that they may advise parents to early familiarize their children with lofty truths, and admonish them to spiritualize their most innocent actions and most trivial plays.

We ought by no means to cease from our love labor towards adults, but we must remember and ever bear in mind, that every time we do so, at the expense and to the neglect of children, just so often do we sow tares in the field, which will tend to suffocate the good seed, from which we had hoped to reap fruits of eternal life and glory to mankind.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

Unseen.

A curtain o'er the great unseen
Is drawn by God's own hand,
And Death's deep river rolls between
Our souls, and that fair land.
But year by year, and day by day,
Those waters roll more near,
And on their bosom bear away
The treasures we hold dear.

Bear them away in faith and hope,
With higher, nobler aims,
Where thought and mind can have free scope,
Where God pure worship claims;
Where neither greed, nor gold bears sway,
Nor earthly pomp and power;
Where self seems less day after day,
God greater, hour by hour.

But oh! they love their earth-friends still,
And if we will not doubt,
Their pure and holy presence, will
Encompass us about.
And earnest words of peace and cheer,
Reproof, or counsel kind,
Will come to any listening ear,
To any seeking mind.

And there dwells one I long to greet,
Tho' all unknown while here,
But for a reason pure and sweet,
Now grown to me most dear.
And it will be a glad surprise,
If in that country fair,
Her loving voice, her tender eyes
Shall bid me welcome there.

Oh! when I view this joyful rest
With faith's unclouded eye,
Earth's little pleasures lose their zest,
And Heaven seems very nigh.
But toil must come before repose,
And strife with self and sin
Must last until this life shall close,
And that blest life begin.

Tioga Co., Pa. VIRGINIA.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

Can We Shape Our Own Destiny?

—Is a question propounded by every human being whose mind is capable of reflection, and the answer to each one must be the same.—Yes and no. So far as we are free to act, we can and do direct our ends. When our limit ceases, God's rule continues, and we are the subjects of his will. In certain states, we feel that we cannot accomplish particular things. I cannot be on our lips—I will is in our hearts, and upon this basis, we rise, and force our passage. The victory is ours.—Again, we lay our plans, and propose to do so much at a given period. We do our best to reach the goal, but a Power back of us says no, and we are led along in channels marked out for us—sometimes straight, but often very circuitous. To us the way is dark. We have no guide-boards directing to certain ports.—We are mere instruments to do the bidding of forces above us. Our duty is to follow our leaders, and rebel not. There is no chance in this, and some day, we shall see that we have attained a higher point than we could have compassed in any other way. Our external faculties are often beclouded, that the inner life may unfold more perfectly. Who would mourn at the loss of sight if he knew that visions such as Milton saw were to be his portion? Who would bewail the closing of the ear to sounds if strains like Beethoven's could vibrate in his brain? We cannot gauge each other's lot; one half is hidden from external sight. We do not see the compensations which underlie and broaden our paths. To the beggar in rags, there may come visions such as kings could never see. Stripped of all earthly wealth, to a mere Lazzaroni, perhaps, a singing girl or dancing boy, there may be revealed spiritual truths such as the most cultivated never acquire, and if so, by dint of

severe labor. Even science has its temptations, and often shuts out what is welcomed by the ignorant and appreciated by the "common people." The scientific man must prove every thing mathematically, and so loses sight of many facts revealed through intuition. He assumes too much, and is deceived by his presumption. The unlettered man sees extraordinary phenomena, and realizing his own inferiority accepts them as revelations, as above his comprehension, but none the less as facts. He is not blinded by false theories. He is in a natural receptive state. Like a child, he is untrammelled, and the entrance to his mind is not hedged round by a thousand prejudices. All new truths find their first, firm hearers in the uneducated or those who, having been kept from fixed rules, are a law unto themselves. They are pliable and hungry for the bread which nourishes. They might not be able to tell all its special properties, but having eaten and being filled, they are satisfied, and acknowledge it. Position, reputation, and shrines do not weigh with them. Consequences are alike indifferent. What they see they believe, and espouse all that seems true. After a time the experienced and noted begin to look into mooted questions, and when they are convinced, their information helps them forward, and they have a reason for that which is in them. They can then advance what the untutored only swallowed. They can digest, and so give a healthy tone. Both are needed; one to give the impulse, and the other to analyze and compare. Truthfulness is necessary all round, and each should be faithful to the highest in him.—What we search out should make us grateful and humble. What is sought out for us should fill us with holy joy, and stimulate to increased watchfulness. We should crush a proud spirit, and reverently hold out our hands to receive the incoming of the Spirit.—The time and the age are with us, and we need fear neither gibbet nor cross. The public mind is alive, and ready to accept even crude beginnings—eager for light, and willing to take a taper till a larger lamp shall shine.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

MEDIUMS.

They, like other professions, have the good and the evil, the reliable and those unworthy of confidence, in their ranks. I purpose to give the pretensions of those in Boston and vicinity, that are worthy of note or trust, from time to time, as far as they come to my knowledge, leaving the other class to themselves.—Perhaps give an uncommenced list.

Mrs. CLOUGH, Charlestown, has high claims as a medium. I have had a great variety of tests through her powers. The different poets, Mrs. Hemans, Burns, Hood, with the peculiarities of each, manifest themselves according to the inquirer's surrounding. In her normal state she has not the least pretension to poetic powers. In some future number I will give specimens of the poetry and her interesting tests. She often improvises in her lectures. I have never yet met her superior as a test medium as proof of powers out of herself.

Mrs. CLAPP is spoken of very highly as a test medium. I have heard her speak and improvise poetry well. Both Mrs. Clough and Mrs. Clapp are intelligent, and are esteemed as good and worthy. I intend to see and present tests from Mrs. Clapp and others.

Mrs. HYDE, Oak St., Boston, is young in mediumship, not fully developed, but gave me some very good tests. An Indian girl appeared, said "there are two chiefs in Boston that dislike you, who would take your scalp if they dared. One was a sandy haired chief, who smiled on all as if he loved them, but he thought wicked. You feel smart and do not care for these chiefs, do not think them great chiefs, nor good chiefs; they are all filled with squaw Uigion!"

Mrs. BATES.—The next day I called at the "Bethesda Institute," and had a sitting with Mrs. Bates. She repeated what had been told me in Oak street. Gave the name of my guardian-spirit—spoke of my short earthly acquaintance with her, gave the middle name of my little daughter and an accurate description of her, and a succinct history of my life, yet was a stranger to me. The result was highly satisfactory to me, and with the others I commend her to public favor.

A year since, I called at a millinery establishment in Boston. A lady called in soon, who was a medium. She remarked to a lady that there were numbers around me, and poets. She was offered an introduction to me and was introduced, and having remarked to the lady that she saw "Tom Moore" near me, I said, I will introduce you to Mr. Moore.—With a smile, she replied, I am "Tom Moore," yet have no objection to know myself, a thing I did not know while on earth. She made her face look like Moore's, and uttered some Irish sentences. I then spoke of other poets, and she would make up a face that looked like the one spoken of. Her eyes were open, and I was astonished at a lady acting thus. Soon she came out of the trance, and inquired if she had been talking. The lady of the establishment asked me for some test. I could not, after this lady had left, give one. Soon I was impressed to write this strange medium lady a verse of poetry, and gave the name, which I left at this shop for her. The lady here knew not of her calling again, but

in an hour she came there and said, I wish for that poetry written by the Dr. from my old friend, giving the name. She said, "the spirits have told me of the fact, and I am come up for it." Nothing was said about writing, or ever seeing her again, or my possessing medium powers.

Changes in medium powers I frequently have. Spirits now come, utter prose and poetry slowly enough for me to write; directing me how and where to use them. When they thus talk I never see them, but am conscious of the individual speaking. C. R.

To the Editor of the Eclectic:

1st. Do not Spirits go to make up our moral and intellectual characters, and are we not thus wise or unwise, ignorant or learned?

2d. Have you any evidence that cultivated or pure minds who have passed away, ever make the ignorant their organs?

3d. If we admit the fact, would it do them any more good than does sunshine in aiding the vision of bats?

4th. Must there not be a moral or intellectual relation between the medium and the spirit speaking? and is not this one of the great laws of communication?

White lies and folly go to make up nine-tenths of the communications imparted by our public mediums, in medical prescriptions and otherwise for which the dollar is paid, when they get "James! John! Ann! Mary!"—there are private mediums, of cultivated minds and morals, where you get nine-tenths truth.

I acknowledge the fact that—

An angel on a certain day,
Spoke through an ass, upon the way;

But remark that—

It follows not, though this is true,
That all who bray have angels too.

We are called to different positions; are made of finer or coarser mould—differing in glory, and this diversity is necessary to perfection. It is so in the atmosphere, in mechanics, this is the case in communications of spirits, and in the grand law of motion, of progress. This levelling principle is not from God, reason abhors it, Spiritualism is defaced by its annunciation.

It is not so much what we profess as what we practice. The tongue lies, but the life tells the truth. If we love God, we love His law—we sow to the Spirit, and we reap life everlasting. It springs up in the soul; its flowers are beneficence, its fragrance peace—visions of beauty that mock all expression—flashes of glorious light brighten the solitary moments. Angels of light and love meet you and commune with your heart in the performance of every duty, and your path will continue to "shine brighter and brighter to the perfect day." C. R.

Charlestown.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

Mediumistic Jottings.

"Seek and ye shall find," is a great Spiritualistic truth. Go with honesty of purpose, and to a medium whose moral and intellectual stand-points are nearly related to your own, and you will have little difficulty in getting the truth. That is the result of my observation.

We are to bear in mind that we call around us such influences as we live for. Mischievous, deceptive people are caught in nets of their own making.

A rum-soaker comes into Boston for the first time, yet he will, instinctively as it were, take a bee line for the grog shop. The sensualist, the profane, the lazy loafer, turns up without mistake among his true fellows; all from the great law that "Birds of a feather flock together." The doctrine of low, wicked, or undeveloped spirits troubling the pure needs confirmation. The impure would no more seek the pure than bats seek the light.

Honesty is the best policy. Vice never makes strong. We wish not the strength that mere numbers impart. If Spiritualism were winnowed from her loafers, and the impure that profane her name, it would be strong.

PERFECTION.—A friend called on Michael Angelo, who was finishing a statue; some time afterwards he called again; the sculptor was still at his work; his friend looking at the figure, exclaimed, You have been idle since I saw you last. By no means, replied the sculptor, I have retouched this part and polished that; I have softened this feature, and brought out this muscle; I have given more expression to this lip, and more energy to this limb. Well, well, said his friend, but all these are trifles. It may be so, replied Angelo, but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle.—Lacon.

A BRIGHT little girl of five years was recently standing by the window, busily examining a hair which she had just pulled from her head. "What are you doing, my daughter?" asked her mother, whose curiosity was excited by her eager gaze. "I'm looking for the number, mamma," said the child; "the Bible says that the hairs of our head are numbered, and I want to see what the number is on this."

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HINTS TOWARDS A NEW CHRISTOLOGY.

No. 1.

We intend that the course of the ECLECTIC shall be, in a broad and liberal sense, thoroughly constructive, as well as radical. As a matter of necessity, and of higher wisdom on the part of Spirits, Spiritualism has been mainly, thus far, a process of moral disintegration. Still, through all this uprooting of established conceptions, one great fact has been planted on a firm basis—the fact of Spiritual intercourse. This is the rock on which we build; and we now feel, with many others, that the constructive process should be gradually inaugurated. In contributing as we may be able, to this new phase of Spiritualism, we mean to be strictly eclectic, catholic, and yet, as much as possible, systematic. That is, regarding the great fact of Spirit-intercourse as the introduction of a new and important element into human history, an element which, while it must modify all other elements, and exert a formative influence upon them, is to form also the nucleus of a higher, broader theory of things, we shall aim to be theoretic somewhat, as well as eclectic, constructive, as well as radical, realizing that no system can have permanence, stability, which is wholly radical.

One of the great and earnest demands of the age is, a new Christology; a new theory, philosophy, or, if we please, science of Christ, or the God-Man. Whether from its inherent inconsistency and error, or from the want of a due comprehension and appreciation of it, the inability to occupy the philosophic and Christian stand-point of those old worthies who elaborated it, we will not here assume;—but the old theory of Christ, centering in the symbolic phrases—"The God-Man"—"Very God and very man," etc., etc., has been quite generally rejected by the modern liberal Christian sects.

But a new philosophy has sprung up within the last three-quarters of a century, which, originating principally in Germany, has diffused itself into the conceptions of many of the best minds of the age. This philosophy aims at the reconciliation of mind and matter, God and the universe, Deity and humanity; or rather, perhaps, at the logical perception of their vital and organic unity. It announces a Divinity in Man, a Divinity in Nature, and even in all things. Occupying the stand-point of this system, it is seen that the prospect opens for the discovery of a sublime philosophical, as well as Christian *At-one-ment*,—in other words, a science of the God-man, or Christ-principle; a comprehensive, satisfactory Christology. Deriving our suggestions, in part at least, from the sources thus indicated, it is proposed to throw out a few hints toward a systematic, liberal theory of the "Christ of ages." We are especially impelled to this, from a consciousness which many Spiritualists share with us, that, if it is to be regarded as a fixed, literal fact, Spiritualism must exhibit all important subjects in a novel and higher phase,—particularly all topics arising from or pertaining to, the relations subsisting between the Spiritual and material. Spiritualism, when it has become thoroughly systematized, must inevitably take all such topics out of their past and present speculative, or dogmatic phase, and reduce them to the positive, scientific method of investigation. It must inevitably throw much light upon the organic relations of Deity to man; upon the subject of the Divine-humanity, or Christ-principle.—Already, in fact, do Spiritualists begin to realize this truth, and to experience intuitions of more light on this important theme.

Christology may be said to have its broad, fundamental basis in the so-called doctrine of a *God in Human History*. Contrary to all previous speculative systems, the modern German philosophy, dating from the close of Kant's career, and culminating, perhaps, in Hegel's system, distinctly recognises a *Divinity in the History of Nature, and in the History of Man*,—this indwelling divine energy, or process, giving a vital and organic unity to both. Nature is not a mere aggregation of parts, but a vital organism, a living, breathing whole. Her developments are not a bare succession of phenomena, but a connected, unitary history, prompted—consisting, in fact—in the self-evolution of the Deity. So the events of human history are not chaotic, heterogeneous, lawless, but manifestations of the life of God, the universal Spiritual, who dwelleth and striveth in vast Humanity.

But more familiarly stated, and so far as it relates to man, the doctrine already referred to, supposes two great vital forces operating in the life of all rational, finite beings,—viz: a Divine element and a human element. It is through the conspiring, harmonic—we may say *dynamic*—operations of these two forces inherent in man's history, that all the issues

of his life, and even his ultimate destiny, are wrought out.

According to this idea, there is a species of supernaturalism constantly present in the affairs of mankind. There exists a *permanent incarnation*, as it were, of the Divinity in Humanity, which finds its culmination, its complete expression in the great Representative Man of the race; and who is thus "the Christ of the Ages"—or the God-man in a pre-eminent sense. It should be observed, also, that this divine element in history, sustains a constantly *positive* relation to the human. It is the formative agent, to which all human actions and events are but material, and from which they receive their generalizing principle, or principle of order and established law, as well as vital connection and unity, as a living whole. It was the seeming absence of this divine and organizing principle in human history which the noble Boethius lamented in that dying echo of ancient philosophy, the "Consolations."

"In really noble verse," says Maurice, "he invokes the Framer of this Globe to tell him how it is that sun, and moon, and stars, obey the external laws which he has given them; the lesser lights quietly yielding to the greater, the sister orb increasing or diminishing her horn according to a fixed ordinance, and palling her fires before her brother's brightness, * * * but that he who governs all things with a fixed purpose, leaves the acts of man to the mercy of slippery fortune, which crushes the innocent with the punishment that is due to the guilty, which enthrones perverse manners on high, and enables the wicked to trample on the necks of the just."

"Look down," he concludes, "on this miserable earth, whosever thou art that holdest together the bands of nature. We that are not the worst part of thy great work, are tossed about by every wind and wave of fortune. Mighty Ruler, control these waves, and make the earth firm with that law by which thou rulest the heavens."

AN OVERSIGHT.

MR. EDITOR:—In attributing a "lie" to the editors of the Boston Post and the Portland Advertiser, you have fallen into an error which I fear those charitable gentlemen will find it hard to forgive. They have sins enough to answer for, without being wrongly accused, and I hasten to exonerate them from this charge. You must have overlooked my article on Mr. Harris, published in No. 2 of the ECLECTIC, in which I *did* use the language quoted by them. I meant what I there said, and I am quite willing to take the responsibility of it.

But while you were wrong in words, you were right in spirit; for I had no such meaning as has been attributed to my language.

The Advertiser seems to have jumped to the conclusion, that by "promiscuous circles," I must have had reference to the "naked circles," said to have been held in Boston some two years since, for the basest purposes; and hence construes my language into a "frank confession" of the truth of what I then denied. The Advertiser is entirely mistaken. I did and do still deny the existence of any such circles, or the "vile performances" reported to have transpired at them. Neither the Springfield Republican, which originated the slander, nor the Boston Courier, nor the New York Tribune, nor any other paper that assisted in circulating that fiction, has ever attempted to sustain it by one particle of proof. Those journals, therefore, still rest under the responsibility of a base and wanton calumny. Is the Advertiser ambitious to figure in the same category?

By "promiscuous circles" I meant meetings for spirit-manifestation or communication which were open and accessible to all who chose to come. These, at one time, were very common throughout the country. They have been attended often by the best and most respected people of the community. But it has been found, in many localities, that persons of impure and sinister intentions, as well as honest and pure-minded seekers for truth, would intrude themselves into these meetings. Sometimes determined skeptics, triflers, and tricksters, would foist themselves in, with the intention of making disturbance if possible.—All these classes bring with them, by the law of spiritual association, (whether aware of it or not), spirits of like dispositions with themselves.

It has been found, by general experience, as I judge, that the blending of such promiscuous atmospheres is not only unfavorable to spirit-manifestations of a satisfactory or elevated character, but has a deteriorating tendency upon both the health and the morals, especially of very susceptible persons. Sensitive mediums have been made, as I have reason to believe, either by the strong wills of magnetizers in the body, or of tricking spirits out of the body, (it matters not which), to utter words, and to participate in acts of deception, either consciously or unconsciously, which they have deplored with tears of contrition in their better moments. Statements of still more deplorable results have often reached my ears from different parts of the country, of the truth of which I have no personal knowledge, but which, judging from the

known weakness of human nature, have seemed probable enough.

I have never denied the existence of such immoralities when any reasonable evidence of their occurrence has been produced. I have never claimed that investigators of Spiritualism did not possess like passions with other men. On the contrary, I have been accustomed to utter warnings against these very dangers, ever since I became aware of them. But when specific charges have been made which were without a shadow of foundation, and wholesale slanders uttered which I knew to be false, I have not hesitated to repel them as they deserved.

I have no squeamishness in regard to acknowledging such melancholy facts, when they are facts. The "good of the cause," about which many good people are needlessly sensitive, does not, in my judgment, require the hiding or ignoring of these incidental perversions of Spiritualism—but rather their exposure and rebuke, always with kindness and charity. In fact, Spiritualism is not in the least responsible for them; they grow out of the constitution of human nature itself, which Spiritualism does not make, nor can it unmake,—though it may help to modify and control. It reveals the subtle laws, exposes the occult susceptibilities of the human constitution—discloses men and women to themselves—and thus guards against dangers otherwise unsuspected. As they become truly spiritual, all unregulated play of the passions will be overcome. The "moral disorders" of which I spoke, come not from Spiritualism, but from those who are really sensualists and un-spiritual, whatever garb they may assume.

And such disorders are not incident alone to circles for spirit-manifestation. Abundant experience in almost every community, has proved that sewing-circles, praying-circles, revival meetings, and other popular "means of grace" where men and women are brought into intimate relations under the influence of strong excitement, often develop the same disorderly tendencies. I should run little risk in engaging to cite even double the number of flagrant cases transpiring among clergymen, members of and attendants upon popular churches, that has been alleged among investigators of Spiritualism. When will men cease to throw stones from their petty sectarian glass houses, and treat such matters in the light of a broad and rational philosophy?

A. E. N.

THE BOSTON INVESTIGATOR.

Neighbor Seaver of the Investigator, in accusing us of making misstatements, has himself fallen into an error in saying that the ECLECTIC was started "by the former proprietor of the Spiritual Age, which had to give up the ghost like a number of other similar publications." Allow us to say, neighbor, that the Spiritual Age did not "give up the ghost," and that the Eclectic is not published by the "former proprietor" of the AGE. The AGE substantially exists in the Eclectic. The suspension of that paper was but brief, and determined upon simply that the managers of the Eclectic might dispose of other business they had in hand so that they could be entirely free to give their undivided attention to their new charge. Don't be meddlesome and prophetic about matters that do not particularly concern you! In this your prophecy in relation to our speedy downfall, no doubt "the wish is father to the thought." We have quite a confident hope that our paper will attain to a good old "Age," notwithstanding the dubious chuckles of our infidel neighbor. The Investigator man should bear in mind, that if a good many Spiritual papers have died out, they have been succeeded by other papers of a similar character; so the number of this class of journals still holds good.

Mr. Seaver avers that the infidel ranks are not thinning out. We think he must be mistaken on this point, but we cannot stop to bandy words with him in a matter of this kind. It is enough for us to know that very many persons who were formerly infidels of the Investigator school have become happy Spiritualists. We give them much joy of their deliverance.

Mr. Seaver brags about the permanence of his paper. It reminds us of a grim light house erected amid a waste of waters, and which throws out a few lurid gleams of uncertain light, that mariners may shun the dangerous rock on which it is built. It claims to be an "Investigator." What are the results of its investigations? Why, that man is a "degraded mass of animated dust," or a piece of "organized dirt." The venerable paper has more of immortality than its readers. The latter are the shadows, and their paper the substance.

It seems we were misinformed in relation to the identity of "Bro. Seaver." He was not the man who was pointed out to us, in Bromfield Hall, as "Horace Seaver of the Investigator," and we have, therefore, to forego our hope in relation to his conversion. He is joined to his meagre idols, and we will let him alone.

The Investigator speaks of our "fanciful literature." Of course, many things which we deem beautiful and true, but which, perhaps, we awkwardly express, our barren neighbor looks upon as "fanciful." Atheism is a cruel

tyrant, and "crushes out" all of the higher and freer attributes of man. It repudiates fancy, imagination, faith, hope, spirituality, and woefully restricts both the understanding and reason,—of which latter faculty it claims to be pre-eminently the patron. Humanity would starve on the literature of Atheism. It is true, some of the poets have been infidels.—Byron was one, but he avers that his infidelity was of a *desponding*, rather than of a *scoffing* character. Shelley, too, was a sort of atheist in his earlier years, but was more so on account of the corruptions of the so-called Church than from the full convictions of his reason.

One word in relation to the continuance of our paper. We can say with Mr. Seaver,—whose paper, after all, is not very liberally supported,—"we shall be able to keep on with our paper if all of our subscribers will only remain with us and be prompt in their payments," which we have little doubt they will.

Spiritual Dedication in Somerville, Mass.

The name of Tufts is permanently associated with the liberal and progressive institutions of Somerville, one of the most delightful of the suburbs of Boston. Tufts College, on Walnut Hill, received its name from Charles Tufts, Esq., through whose munificence it was established a few years since. This institution, under the protection and patronage of the Universalist denomination, is rapidly rising in public favor; and its late Commencement sent forth a promising class of graduates to labor for the dissemination of liberal Christianity.

The Universalist Church, a neat and commodious structure, recently completed on Cross street, owes its existence in a large measure to the same liberal hands.

The latest act of philanthropy to be recorded under the same name is the presentation by Mrs. Tufts of a chapel for the use of the Spiritualists of Somerville. The building is located on Tufts street, and has been fitted up in a neat and comfortable manner, making it everything that could be desired for the present accommodation of the progressive minds of this town and the immediate vicinity.

The building was formally dedicated to the purposes for which it was designed on Wednesday evening, April 25th. The chapel was filled to overflowing on this occasion, by an intelligent audience, including many of the first citizens of the place. Judge Ladd of East Cambridge presided during the exercises. An original hymn was sung, followed by an address through Mr. Samuel Grover, entranced. The sentiments advanced through the medium were broad and comprehensive. No set form or creed for worship was advocated; but all earnest seekers after truth were invited to avail themselves of the advantages here afforded them; and the whole human family was recognized as a brotherhood, children of the common Father.

This address was listened to with strict attention to the close, and was followed with another original hymn, written by the speaker of the evening. Mr. Lewis B. Monroe was next introduced to the audience, and made some remarks appropriate to the occasion.—He alluded to the fact that "Spiritualism" meant very different things to different minds, and he was well aware, he said, that to a portion of the community it was associated with low ideas. But he reminded his hearers that every moral and religious reform had sprung from what the popular sects had deemed low and despicable sources. Christianity itself had its birth-place in a manger; its founder was the son of a carpenter, and its apostles obscure Jewish fishermen. The speaker through whom they had just been addressed was a humble mechanic, laying claim to no educational attainments, professing sincerity and only that, leaving his hearers to judge of the rest for themselves.

Mr. Monroe commented on the neat appearance of the chapel, simple, chaste, and unostentatious in style, as symbolic of what our lives should be. "Ye are the temples of the living God." These bodies and souls of ours are the temples in which the spirit of God deigns to dwell, and we should take care that they be fit abiding places for the Divine.

The services were quiet and impressive, and left a favorable impression on the large audience, many of whom were present for the first time at a Spiritual meeting.

We understand that regular meetings will be held in this chapel on Sunday afternoons. Mr. Grover will occupy the desk.

We Take It Back.

What we said about the supposed lies of the Boston Post and Portland Advertiser, we retract, as in duty bound. We desire to set a good example for all newspapers to follow, that of making due confession and apology when they fall into mistakes. It seems Mr. Newton did say what we said he did not, but which remarks he this week duly qualifies. We strangely enough overlooked that portion of his article. We knew we had read it somewhere, and felt nearly sure it was in the Springfield Republican. We are "willing to be forgiven" for our offence against the papers in question. We haven't much doubt, however, that our charge will be soon applicable enough, for lying about Spiritualists is a "besetting sin" with many newspapers.

[Compiled for the Spiritual Eclectic.] Scraps of Biography from the Lives of Great Authors.

DAVID HUME.

David Hume was born in 1711;—died in 1776. His first publication was a "Treatise of Human Nature," which appeared in 1738. According to his own account it "fell dead-born from the press." In 1743 he published a volume of "Essays," which was better received. Hume's philosophical works were the subject of much controversy in his day. They display great acuteness, but leave no convictions. As a thinker on questions which we now class under the head of political economy, he was before his age, and far in advance of his prejudices. Every one is familiar with Hume's "History of England,"—a work which, in spite of manifold defects, has a charm which few historians have been able to command.

BACON.

Francis Bacon is one of the most prominent names in English literature. His "Essays" are in the hands of many persons; his "Novum Organum" is talked of by more. He is execrated as the corrupt judge and faithless friend; he is venerated under the name of the father of the inductive philosophy. His foibles, as well as his merits, have been perhaps equally exaggerated. This is not the place to enter upon the disputed passages of his political career; nor to inquire how much he borrowed from the ancient philosophy, which he is supposed to have overturned. That he was a man, in many respects, of the very highest order of intellect, no one can doubt; that he was "the wisest, greatest, meanest of mankind," may be safely disputed. It is sufficient here to mention that he was the younger son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Keeper of the Great Seal—was born in 1561, and died in 1626.—Those who desire to become acquainted with the writings of Bacon, especially with his philosophical works, cannot do better than study them in the masterly Analysis by Mr. Craik, published in "Knight's Weekly Volume."

COLERIDGE.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was born on the 20th of October, 1772, at Saint Mary Ottery, Devonshire, of which parish his father was the vicar. His early education was in that noble institution, Christ's Hospital; and having there attained the scholastic rank of Grecian, he secured an exhibition to Jesus College, Cambridge, in 1791. But he quitted the University without taking a degree, having adopted the democratic opinions of the day in all their extreme results. This boyish enthusiasm eventually subsided into calmer feelings. He gave himself up to what is one of the first duties of man—the formation of his own mind. His character was essentially contemplative. He wanted the energy necessary for a popular writer; and thus people came to fancy that he was an idle dreamer. What he has left behind him will live and fructify, when the flashy contributions to the literature of the day of four-fifths of his contemporaries shall have utterly perished. There is no man of our times who has incidentally, as well as directly, contributed more to produce that revolution in opinion, which has led us from the hard and barren paths of misallied utility, to expatiate in the boundless luxuriance of those regions of thought which belong to the spiritual part of our nature, and have something in them higher than a money value. Since Mr Coleridge's death in 1834, some of his works have been collected and re-published in a neat form and at a moderate price. These publications were chiefly superintended by his accomplished nephew, Mr. Henry Nelson Coleridge, whose early death was a public loss.

CANNING.

George Canning belongs to our country's history. He was born in 1770, and died in 1827.

HAZLITT.

William Hazlitt, one of the most voluminous writers of our times, was born in 1778; he died in 1830. His father was a Unitarian minister, and he was educated for his father's profession. But he had a determined predilection for the fine arts, and devoted himself for several years to the studies of a painter.—There is little doubt that he would have attained considerable excellence in this walk, had his fastidiousness allowed him to have been satisfied with his growing mastery over the difficulties of art. He, however, became a writer, and for a quarter of a century he devoted himself to an unremitting course of literary exertion. His political feelings were strong and almost passionate. He became, therefore, an object of unceasing attack, and no man was pursued with more virulence by the party writers who supported the government of the day. His reputation is now established as a vigorous thinker, and an eloquent critic, who, in an age of imitation, dared to be original.

ADDISON.

Joseph Addison was born on the 1st of May, 1672, at Milston, Wilts, of which parish his father was rector. His early education was

at the Charter-house, from which celebrated school he proceeded to Oxford, and obtained a scholarship of Magdalen College. In 1694, he published his first English poem. Men of letters at that period were sought out for public employments. Addison filled several official appointments for which he seems to have been peculiarly unfitted. With his contemporaries his fame was that of a poet. With us, *Cato* is forgotten; the *Spectator* and *Guardian* are the best monuments of Addison's genius. He died in 1719.

Cowley is a pretty village about two miles from Oxford; and here some one lived in the days of the Tudors, who was famous enough to have his name linked with the pretty dance-tune that has once again become fashionable. But he had a higher honor. The popularity of the dance in the days of Queen Anne gave a name to the most famous character in "The Spectator," and ever afterwards the dance itself gathered an accession of dignity even in its name; and plain Roger of Cowley became *Sir Roger de Coverley*. Some of the most delightful papers of Addison, in which Steele occasionally assisted, are devoted to the fictitious character of Sir Roger. Few people now read "The Spectator" as a whole. One or two of the more celebrated essays, such as "The Vision of Mirza," find their place in books of extract. The delicate humor of the delineation of Sir Roger de Coverley is always referred to as the highest effort of Addison's peculiar genius; but not many will take the pains to select these sixteen or seventeen papers from the six hundred and thirty which form the entire work. These papers have a completeness about them which show how thoroughly they were written upon a settled plan. Steele appears to have first conceived the character in the second number of "The Spectator;" but Addison very soon took it out of his friend's hands, who was scarcely able to carry on the portraiture with that refinement which belonged to Addison's conception of the character. Addison, it is said, killed Sir Roger in the fear that another would spoil him.

As a representation of manners a century and a half ago, the picture of Sir Roger de Coverley has a remarkable value. The good knight is thoroughly English; and in him we see a beautiful specimen of the old-fashioned gentleman, with a high soul of honor, real benevolence, acute sense, mixed up with the eccentricities which belong to a nation of humorists. The readers of "The Spectator" are fast diminishing. No one now gives "his days and nights to the volumes of Addison;" but his gentle, graceful humor has never been excelled, and nowhere is it more conspicuous than in the papers of which Sir Roger de Coverley is the hero.

[Reported for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

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

The Spiritual audience of Portland were again favored with lectures from Mrs. J. W. Currier, of Lowell, on the afternoon and evening of Sunday, April 29. Her afternoon discourse was upon the subject of Mediumship.

Mediumship dates back to the creation.—Histories of all nations give accounts of individuals who received mysterious communications from the unseen, and every nation has a stock of legendary lore obtained through this same source. Childhood's hours have been entertained or terrified by the grandam's ghost stories, which excited fancy has exaggerated, but all these superstitions give evidence of Mediumship, whether bearing the name of magician, apostle, or sorcerer. Accounts from the time of Moses to the present age prove its existence, although the ignorance of the earlier period made that portion of the chain obscure, yet investigation proves that no link is wanting.

Physiologists have studied and accurately described every part of the human frame, yet they have utterly failed to discover the interior senses, precisely corresponding to the exterior. Man's external senses serve to educate the spirit, but are limited to his earthly sojourn, the spirit having a finer organization fitted to its spiritual sphere. St. Paul said "first the natural senses, then the spiritual,"—and his was no idle form of speech.—Every being has a two-fold nature, and the spiritual senses are in embryo in the material, containing the germ of all its future developments, and like the chrysalis will the earth-clogged spirit burst from its tenement of clay, to unfold and expand in the illimitable splendors of its future home. Mediums are those whose senses are brought into an early action and association, which is after all a dim vision compared with that which dawns upon the disenthralled spirit. While in the material organism man's occasional glimpses are no more to be compared to his future views, than the dim twilight to the splendor of noonday. Mediumship is a natural out-growth of the internal elements, as natural as the unfolding of the leaf in spring. Some are more susceptible than others, but all possess these glorious powers, though they may not be developed in this state of existence. The methods of gaining control of the medium are as various almost as the mediums themselves, but essentially similar to mesmerism. By a subtle

agency, we place ourselves in communication with the medium's mind by what is commonly termed "the will power," and those skeptics who, doubting, exclaim, "it is nothing but mesmerism," unwittingly stumble upon the very fact. We act upon the brain like a musician upon an instrument, and if the instrument be finely tuned, and the performer a skillful one, the music will be very sweet; and on the other hand, if the instrument be an ordinary one and the performer unpracticed, the tones will be harsh and discordant.

Earthly causes go far to advance or retard the effectual operation upon the medium.—Electric currents and the minds of the audience have great weight in the matter. It would be well for all speakers to face their hearers from the north, giving better facilities for the spirits to act through the medium.—The medium's mind should be free from care, and all that tends to excite. All feelings of antagonism should slumber, for *mind is mind everywhere*. If order and harmony are essential in public assemblies, how much more so in the home circle in order to receive clear and lucid messages from the dear ones in spirit life, and circles should learn that much depends on this quiet influence. Spirits do not all possess the same power to manifest themselves, few having great mesmeric power whether in the flesh or spirit. Some can easily give quick and natural tests while others equally anxious might fail altogether. Every individual has his own peculiar sphere or atmosphere varying in brightness with different individuals.

The more brilliant this atmosphere the more easily can the disembodied spirit come in communication with the mind of the person. Spirits are not infallible, and we have, like those in the flesh, yet much to learn.—We are often grieved to witness the deep sorrow manifested by spirits who fail to make themselves recognized. They need encouragement which it is in your power to give, and when you have a larger stock of knowledge than they, do not hesitate to impart to them. Skeptics, beware of denouncing Spiritualism as false because the disembodied fail to give the desired assurances of their presence, for you know not the difficulties under which they labor. Wrap not yourselves in a cloak of your own boasted wisdom, but be patient and you shall yet have a foretaste of the glories yet in store for you. (*Distinct raps*).—Discard not the truth in humble guise. Those raps may be the appeals of a waiting mother—a lost child seeking intercourse with some friend present.

Exteriors are but the symbols of higher things; then bow not to the idols of the past, for the revelations of the future are for you. We love the past for the record of its heroes, its sages, and its martyrs, but why live in its dusty archives, clinging to its errors?

EVENING LECTURE.

Subject—*The Nature of Revivals.*

Disease attacks man in various forms; sometimes its symptoms are violent and raging, at others it slowly gnaws upon the vital elements of life, but of all things religious revivals are the worst epidemics. They are utterly demoralizing, being founded on the low instincts of society, degrading and perverting its higher and better capabilities. Physically, the imagination is often the source of fearful maladies. During the reign of Charles II., a terrible plague made its appearance, which nearly depopulated the country, and had the sun withdrawn its light, Byron's dream of darkness would have been fulfilled. And to celebrate the scene of horror, the frolicsome Earl and his dissolute companions held a grand masquerade called "the dance of death"—a sight as disgusting as it was appalling. Two or three years since a moral distemper swept over this land, marking its track with devastation and ruin, making maniacs who besought God to come down personally to deliver them from the devil; and the clergy called it a GLORIOUS REVIVAL. Converts were drawn from all grades and classes of society. Business men got religion in the same formal manner as they attended to the counting room duties—the velveted aristocracy got religion because it was fashionable, and weak-minded girls were frightened into hysterics with the fear of hell. One fearless man dared to speak a word of disapproval concerning these movements, and deep and bitter were the invectives which pious lips poured on his devoted head, and one devout brother prayed the Almighty to bore his jaw, that he might never more have power to blaspheme the church. Those who did not utterly lose their senses, thought they had met with a mighty change. These thrilling scenes of religious excitement are attributable to magnetic sympathy flowing from positive minds, and the successful revivalists throw off an immense electric force which cannot fail to effect the susceptible. The preacher, or rather operator, is a powerful magnet, making most touching appeals to the emotions of his subjects, displaying the wrath of an angry God, and man a creature born in iniquity without a single claim on divine love and mercy, trembling on the very brink of a terrible precipice which hangs over the lake of unquenchable fire.—Soon a sob betokens that some one begins to feel the flames. Hitherto he has wrought up

on fear alone, but now he changes his theme to the story of the tragic scenes of Calvary, till the whole panorama of that fearful event seems painted on the air before the eyes of the excited audience. Next the fearful earthquake by which the veil of the temple was rent and the graves gave up their pale dead in ghastly forms and mouldy shrouds. Here the Lord of the universe with cries of agony gave up the ghost. The contagion is at work. Behold JERUSALEM coming in the clouds with hosts of angels, and Gabriel's trumpet calls forth the dead from earth and ocean to hear their several dooms. A few on the right hand go into eternal glory, and myriads on the left obey the irrevocable sentence—"Depart, ye accursed, into everlasting torment." The speaker proceeds to delineate that region where "their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched," and his excited auditors behold themselves and their dearest friends writhing in those torments where no aid can reach them, and the smoke of their torments ascends as a sweet incense to the throne of the Almighty to appease his awful wrath, and to add to their tortures, they behold their loved ones in glory, looking down upon them with contempt. These flames may gnaw upon their vitals forever, with no power to consume, and if they dare inquire how long this must be endured, a hollow voice re-echoes, eternity—eternity.

The secret thoughts of men have an influence to mould the lives of others. This is as true of utter strangers as of those in daily contact, and future inquiries will reveal the existence of an active principle pervading all humanity. The speaker in the revival is positive to his audience, and from sympathy this affair becomes a contagion, and the church ascribes this to the Holy Ghost, while an infidel, with the same psychological powers, playing the part of the revival preacher, might effect the same. Christian ministers have been known to trifle with the dearest interests of the human soul in this way, although we would not lay this charge upon them all, for the most of them we love and respect, and they are not accountable at all times for these effects, being ignorant of the source of their power, yet mesmerism is the great, active force of revivalism. The question here arises,—what are the legitimate effects of revivals? One would say whatever tends to excite devotion must be good. But would you call that religion which is born of fear? If so, let us go back to the days of the inquisition.—No, no—let terror and doubt flee before the broader, purer religion which is intended to emancipate and raise the fearful and downtrodden.

EDITORIAL ITEMS.

We would most respectfully thank the Portland Horticultural Society for the complimentary tickets left at our office, and only regret our inability to witness the beautiful display at Lancaster Hall. We learn that the hall was filled with visitors, both in the afternoon and evening, all expressing themselves highly pleased with the handsome display of plants and flowers.

We'd like to know if spectacles are not look-in-glasses?—*Louisville Journal*.

It is with the utmost pleasure that we are enabled to inform you they are look-through-glasses.

The pursuit of knowledge is thought to be a very elevating business, but, then, it can't be denied that those who follow it with the greatest assiduity are getting *lore* down all the time.

Mrs. Swishelm says that the popularity of her paper is due to the fact that "people are always expecting she will say something she ought not to."—*Exchange*.

We admire her sincerity, but feel bound to inquire, why women cannot acquire a little notoriety without making themselves ridiculous? That there are cases in which they do, we do not pretend to deny, but they are the exception and not the rule. Most women who attempt to distinguish themselves outside of the domestic circle, feel bound to cultivate some wonderful peculiarity as a mark of independence, and that peculiarity often becomes an unsightly protuberance upon an otherwise beautiful character. Because great people have indulged disagreeable habits, we are not to suppose that those unpleasant characteristics constituted their greatness. We see no reason why a woman may not, if she would try, be a woman sweet and lovely at the desk, in the school-room, or even the chair editorial, as well as at the fireside of her lord and master.

The verb "to love" is the one young girls are most prone to conjugate; afterward they discover that, though the first, it is by no means the only one that implies to be, to do, or to suffer.—Will some one try the experiment of removing the "to," and see how many girls can *decline* it?

"Spiritual Eclectic, not temporal." Such is the address of one of our Exchanges—the Holyoke Mirror—and such is our intention, brother Pratt, to minister to the higher necessities of mankind. We are glad you appreciate our effort, and most heartily thank you for your kind expression of the same.

A TIME FOR ALL THINGS.—The time to leave is when a young lady asks you how the walking is.—*Exchange*.

When that question is put to us, we always understand it as an intimation that she wants to take a walk with us, and offer our arm at once.—*Prentice*.

We have all heard of asking for bread and receiving a stone, but a gentleman may be considered as still worse treated, when he asks for a lady's hand, and receives her father's foot.—*Exchange*.

Such treatment only falls to the lot of those who cannot take a hint without a kick.

The Portland Transcript has the following:

"The Bridgton Reporter brags about a *singing mouse* to be seen and heard in that village. Bro. Knight better club together with Bro. True and his owl, and get up a travelling show! They couldn't fail to prove a great attraction—the four of them!"

Well, Bro. Elwell, we should take the hint and give a concert (quartette) and ask you to write a criticism, only we hardly see the need of it, since the world has already had the benefit of the fable of "The Ass and the Nightingale."—*Bridgton Reporter*.

Friend Knight knows that he might do well in this show business, only he is afraid the audience would be puzzled to know which is the mouse.

Alexander Hamilton once said to an intimate friend: "Men give me some credit for genius. All the genius that I have lies just in this: When I have a subject in hand I study it profoundly—day and night it is before me—I explore it in all its bearings—my mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort which I make is what the people are pleased to call the fruit of genius. It is fruit of labor and thought."

The Rev. Thomas Whittemore, editor of the Trumpet and Universalist Magazine, boasts of having once worked on the shoe bench,—a distinction which no other Universalist editor in the United States ever attained.—*Exchange*.

He may also solace himself with the reflection that he has ministered more to the understanding of his patrons than most of his fraternity are capable of doing.

Faith.

BY LIZZIE FLY.

The white sails flatter on the bay—

The good ships come and go,

There is no pitying ear to stay,

And hear my tale of woe;

So to the winds I make my moan,

And sit and watch my dead alone.

The lamb I sheltered yester eve,

From shepherd's care astray,

Heeds not the cause for which I grieve,

But seems to sport and play.

O, Thou, who made my baby dead,

Would not this lamb have done instead?

Not to the empty winds alone—

A calm, clear voice replied—

Hast thou, poor watcher, told thy moan,

For I was by thy side.

Our good ship glides adown the bay,

But something told me I must stay.

Thy heart is doubtful of its God—

Thy fears do hide his face;

Oh, learn to kiss his chastening rod

With meek and trusting grace.

When faith impelled good Abraham's hand,

A lamb supplied the full demand.

CHARLESTOWN, April 29th.

Bro. Currier's subject was the doctrine of *necessity*, which denied the doctrine of evil—that all right philosophy, and the doctrine of annihilation, with which a leading, wide-spread spiritualistic paper teems, and is rampant upon. He refuted those errors in a very acceptable manner. At the close, Mrs. Clough was entranced and improvised very finely.

C. R.

WHEN WILL THERE BE AN END OF MARVELS?—From a western correspondent, we learn that there is a man by the name of Newton, in Cincinnati, Ohio, who transcends all other healing mediums, in power. He denies the possession of all medium powers, but claims to receive the power direct from God, through which he cures any and all diseases in from half an hour to an hour's time. There can be no doubt of extraordinary manifestations, yet we wait for a further instalment—for the smoke to clear away. There ever is a high coloring given to new things, to the wonderful, over which the wise and judicious pause before handing it out as unmixed truth.

REMARKABLE ESCAPE.—The Daily Union the other day, stated that its compositors were congratulating themselves that there were no printers in the State Prison. Some who read what they set up will undoubtedly be as much surprised at this fact as they are.—*Bangor Times*.

We are not in the habit of publishing our own puffs, but the following, from the Eastern Times, has just caught our eye, and is so peculiar in its character that we feel bound to give our readers the benefit of Bro. Gilman's opinion. We wonder how it will sound to Bro. G., when he learns that the world is round?

The Spiritual Eclectic—Bro. Lamson's paper—in many respects is a very interesting sheet. We peruse its columns with sincere pleasure, until we come to the spiritualistic communications and other nonsense which give it its peculiar character, when,—perhaps owing to our excessive wickedness,—we think of the man in the Asylum who talked perfectly rational, and the examining physician was about to discharge him as a sane man, when, happening to ask him his name, he assumed the most regal and imposing attitude, and with seriousness in every line of his countenance, answered gravely, "Name! My name is the Great Jehovah!"

Special Notices.

The subscription of about 146 of our old subscribers expired with the last number of this paper. We hope, and confidently expect, they will renew their subscriptions. If they do so promptly, we will present them a paper that will do their eyes and hearts good. Send in your money, brethren, and we will continue to visit you with constantly improving aspect.

We would call particular attention to the series of articles entitled "Hints toward a new Christology," the first of which appears as our leader in this week's paper.—They will afford a tolerable indication of the course this paper is to pursue.

Miss Emma Harding will lecture before the Portland Spiritual Association next Sabbath afternoon and evening, in Mechanics' Hall, at 3 and 7 1-2 o'clock.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Some number of articles from the able pen of our Charlestown correspondent, and others, arrived too late for insertion this week. We respectfully decline the article signed Romio, and forwarded from Louisville, Ky., and would wish it distinctly understood that the Eclectic is not a political paper, nor can political discussions be carried on through its columns.

LEWIS B. MONROE lectures in Cambridgeport May 13th; in Hopedale and Milford, May 23d; in Foxboro May 30th. For subsequent appointments he may be addressed at 14 Bromfield St., Boston.

Early Impressions are Lasting.

We find it difficult to divest ourselves of those visions which our childish imagination gathered from time to time, grouping and blending them at length in one grand picture of the Eternal City with its twelve gates of pearl and streets of gold; and a throne of glory in the midst whereon sat the everlasting father, God, surrounded by angels of light and glory to do him homage forever and ever.—Thus far the panorama was perfectly splendid, but its further charm for us was marred by the business-like appearance of the books containing the records, and one most important of all in which the names of the righteous were written had a most formidable aspect in our mind, it being a matter of so much doubt whose names were registered therein. This would be easily determined, however, by him who rode forth on the pale horse; and those bearing not the seal of God in the forehead were to be slain and cast into the bottomless pit. The angels about the throne were beautifully clad and did nothing but praise God night and day, indeed there was no night, but one eternal day of praise and glory to God.—About all this there seemed a sort of pageant in which we never expected to participate, and indeed we are not sure that we desired to, it was not in exact keeping with our taste, however terrible the thought of being cast into the bottomless pit. We could have no assurance that our name was written in that sealed book, in fact it seemed most probable that the great man who had charge of it would never condescend to humble individuals, and only the names of pious ministers and deacons ever found a place between its sacred lids. The only alternative seemed to cling to life as long as possible, and take our chance for the result. Then there was a method introduced by which we might enlist the sympathies of the Son of God, and get him to intercede for us with his Father and possibly secure us a situation in the great metropolis. While awaiting the result of his intercession we were to continue in prayer and great tribulation, calling ourselves by all sorts of vile epithets, which we should feel it a great insult to hear associated with our name by any other person; but when the Son returned with the assurance that we were accepted, we had no more care about the matter—still without this assurance perdition was inevitable—mankind being stamped with damnation at birth. Another class invested the righteous God who sat upon the throne with a spirit of universal love, which gave all free access to his presence, making them children of his loving care, and rightful heirs to a share of his magnificent surroundings, and others with still more exalted conceptions of his divine appointments, not content with the narrow limits prescribed by the great high walls and measured by the Angel with his golden reed, have peopled the adjoining country with the same healthy, happy spirits, honored subjects of the great King, so that a free commerce is established between that once exclusive home of the most high God and the illimitable heaven of all human beings, and His love and mercy alike pervade its nearest and remotest bounds. There is no spot where He may not be found, and the pure in heart do always see his face.

We began by saying that we cannot divest ourselves of those early impressions of the Eternal City, and here we would add, nor do we wish to do so, but rather cherish them as the first faint and imperfect glimpses of that which shall be ultimately revealed to us in all its fullness—the glorious kingdom of heaven.

Thinkers' Department.

Love to find the true in dreams,
And in play the serious;
Each thing, while it single seems,
Many and mysterious.—Goethe.

Wouldst thou truly study Nature?
Seek the whole in every feature;
Naught's within, and naught's without:
For whatever's in will out.
Haste thou, then, to learn in season
Her plain-published mystic reason.
—Goethe.

God.

God is the absolute unity of the real and ideal, of being and thought. This, however, is the essential idea of Spirit; and so God, in actualizing his potentiality, determines himself in Spirit. For Spirit is not merely thought, nor is it merely being, but the absolute unity of the two. It is analogous to art. All the ideas in the world are not art. All the existence is not. Art is the idea embodied in a form which perfectly expresses it.—So Spirit is the complete identity of thought and being.

God, in thus determining himself as Spirit, determines himself to a process of development. For this distinction in himself, of ideal and real, is essentially an unfolding art, the unfolding of all contained in the absolute Spirit. This, however, in its nearer idea, is the idea of Nature. So that God, as Spirit, determines himself as Nature. For Nature is not something made. It is from *nasci*, and is distinguished from derivatives of *facere*, in that it is a development from within outward, and not something created by means of outward force brought to bear upon it. Nor does it include the idea of materiality. The divine Nature is a biblical idea. The Nature of God is his instrument of revelation.

But God, in that he determines himself as object, at the same time determines himself as subject; for the one involves the other.—Thought and determination demand a thinker and a determiner. This thinking is self-consciousness, which, in its perfected form, is reason. The determining is self-activity, which, in its perfect form, is freedom. So that God, in objectifying himself, determines himself, under the form of absolute Nature, to absolute reason and freedom. The self-consciousness and self-activity, in this their absolute form, constitute absolute PERSONALITY; and only in personality does the divine Nature become truly organism, because here, first, the particular characteristics are all blended into one bearing the characteristics. While then, personality is, as it were, the completing of the divine Nature, it is as well a new, peculiar form of existence. For that alone is true personality which receives all, that else were separate and particular, into itself as the form of itself, and not merely as a determination or characteristic joined to it. It is thus a new self-contained form of being. This distinction between nature and personality is seen in man; who, though the last link in the chain of nature, is yet distinct from it; belonging no more to the sphere of material nature, but existing a self-contained being in another sphere. But personality does not wholly absorb nature, or remove it. The two mutually demand each other. The divine Nature has true existence when it results in divine personality. But it lies also in the idea of divine Personality, to have the divine nature as its cause. Both must have real existence, or neither can exist. God as absolute Spirit, must have both: he must be *en kai pan*. (One and all.) As, in nature, the content of God's being was realized, so, in personality, we have its perfected form. The relation of the two is that of mutual action and reaction, and hence we have the LIVING GOD. The universe of nature and personality constitute God a Person. Personality is the idea of which person is the realization, but it is realized in and through nature; just as, in art, the thought is realized only in and through the material, the union of both being what, alone, neither one could be, viz: art. As Person, then, God is the Revealed God.—Here, then, must end the development of the idea of God, for here is the idea completed. In the revealed God we have the many and one conjoined, the general and the particular organically united; and, with this, the content of the God-thought of the pious consciousness is exhausted. It is only necessary to remember that the process of development here described is an absolute process, to keep clear of the erroneous and dangerous thought that God is not, always from eternity, the complete "I AM." In the absolute process, time is necessarily excluded; there can be no such thing as succession of time, in the Absolute Being. The succession is only logical; only, we represent it to our minds as temporal, because we cannot rid ourselves of this mode of conception. But the absolute process is wholly beyond the sphere of time, and is not to be confounded with temporal affairs.—From *Roth's Ethics*, as translated in the *Bibliotheca Sacra* for April.

Philosophy of Nature.

1. Creation is the Divine Being phenomenalized to himself, by the aid of his own mind.

2. The Deity thus distinguishes Creation from himself, yet as himself, and in himself.
3. Creation, therefore, has no existence, taken on its own ground—no absolute, or self-subsistence; it exists only as the Divine Being phenomenalized to himself.
4. This is the absolute reconciliation of Theism and Pantheism:—
5. In other words, Creation is God, yet God phenomenalized to himself, and thus distinguished from himself.
6. From these principles flow all the doctrines embraced in the Philosophy of Nature.—Rev. O. D. Miller.

Salutation of a Spirit.

Hail on the castle's ancient walls,
The warrior's shade appears;
Who to the bark that's passing calls,
And thus its passage cheers.
Behold! these shadows once were strong;
This heart was firm and bold;
'Mid war and glory, feast and song,
My earthly years were told.
Restless through half of life I ran,
In half have sought for ease.
What then? Thou bark, that sails! with man,
Haste, haste to cleave the seas!
—Goethe.

The Godlike.

There can none but Man
Perform the Impossible.
He understandeth,
Chooseth, and judgeth;
He can impart to the
Moment duration.

He alone may
The Good reward,
The Guilty punish,
Mend and deliver;
All the wayward, anomalous
Bind in the Useful.

And the Immortals—
Them we reverence,
As if they were men, and
Did, on a grand scale,
What the best man in little
Does, or fain would do.

Let noble man
Be helpful and good!
Ever creating
The Right and Useful,—
Type of those loftier
Beings of whom the heart whispers.
—Goethe.

The following was Goethe's creed, and we will also make it our own.—[Ed. ECLECTIC.]

"Open world, and generous living,
Long full years of honest striving,
Much inquiring, much new grounding,
Ne'er concluding, often sounding,
Reverence for what is oldest, truest,
Friendly welcome for the newest,
Cheerful, and purpose pure;—
So—our onward way is sure.

"If thou art anything, keep still;
In silence all will work out well:
For one may place him where he will,
The real man will always tell."

Epigrams—From Goethe.

THE CHILD IN THE CRADLE.

"Happy suckling! To thee an infinite Space in this cradle.
Grow to a man, and then narrow the universe seems."

THEOPHANIA.

"Show me a fortunate man, and the gods I forget in a moment;
But before me they stand, when I a sufferer see."

THE UNCHANGEABLE.

"Passing for naught, Time hastens away. He seeks the enduring.
Be but true, and thou castest chains overlasting on him."

THE LEARNED FLODDER.

"Never tastes he the fruit of the tree which he toilfully reareth;
Only Taste can enjoy that which the learned ones plant."

TWO WAYS OF WORKING.

"Go and do good, and thou helpest Humanity's heavenly plant to grow;
Or create Beauty, and strew heavenly seeds through the world."

PROBLEM.

"Be no one like another, but each resemble the Highest!
How is that to be done? Each be complete in himself."

THE THREE AGES OF NATURE.

"Life she received at first from Fable; the Schools unsouled her;
Life and creation a new Reason is giving her back."

TO THE ASTRONOMER.

"Talk not to me so much of your stars and your nebulous systems;
Is, then, Nature so great, that ye may have something to count?
Vast is your subject, no doubt; in Space there's nothing sublime;
But, friends, the Sublime hath not its being in Space."

SCIENCE.

"She is the high, the heavenly goddess to me, to another
But the convenient cow, that keeps him in butter and cheese."

KANT AND HIS COMMENTATORS.

"How a single rich man supports an army of beggars!
When an emperor builds, draymen have plenty to do."

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

A REVERY.

Life. We look abroad, and in the wide and inconceivably extensive Universe, life animate and inanimate is everywhere seen and felt. We see! we behold! and yet how little we understand of the numberless laws of nature acting upon and governing this vital principle of all being; how little comprehend of the divinely ordered workings of cause and effect; and how imperfectly realize the height, depth, and breadth of that powerful and victorious element of its composition,—bestowed only on the diviner portion of God's creation.—Reason.

We are; we exist. But *how* and *why* are queries that continually arise to all contemplative and investigating minds, and cannot be silenced by aught save an arrival at satisfactory conclusions; but how these are to be gained, still comes up to the questioner. How, but by a careful investigation of the sources and origin of the elements that minister to their continuance?

That science may reach those heights of knowledge, the advancement of the present from the past clearly proves. Man knows not his own vast powers of thought and action. He realizes not how inconceivably grand may be the effects of his earnest and persevering efforts. Neither does he look in the proper or probable channel for these germs of his being; that grow out of darkness into the light from the soil of his own heart's richness.

Various and frequent are the opportunities that greet him, which might prove the inconsistency of his continual graspings for fading tangibilities; opportunities, which, if rightly improved would do much toward opening those glorious windows of his soul's reason, through which streams of living light forever flow to nourish and revive the drooping flowers of nature, and minister to those needs and necessities of his being, that unsupplied lie a heavy incubus upon his mind, oppressing him to the vilest of cultivating the weeds of earthly passions and appetites, for want of something better. Man talks of the duties of life, and thinks he reasons upon the practicability and importance of their uses and abuses, of their reasonableness and incorrectness, and while he speaks, knows not what he says. For the basis upon which his ideas are founded is frail and unnatural; the source of his logic foul with the darkness of ignorance and bigoted superstition.

Life's duties! Ay, they are many, and important as numerous; and with this thought comes the mighty question of the wherefore of the error of man's teachings relative to them. To many perhaps this would remain an unanswerable query, while to some it would become an easy solution. Would more were known of its origin, that the onward car of progression might be stayed less often in its glorious course. That any mind can know the duties of itself or another mind, and not understand in some considerable measure the principles of its foundation; the object of its action and the end to which it was created or came into existence; seems to us extremely ludicrous, to say the least. Then how all important that *Life* become with man a study; a theme in which his most powerful arguing may be charitably enlisted; a subject occupying the foremost seat in the silent chambers of his mind's ruminating, an object the understanding of which would be sufficient reward for years of patient endeavor.

Yet I fear few are the really earnest seekers for God's unchanging truth, gathered from his granary of nature, upon every atom of which, from the loftiest elevation upon the earth's surface, to the tiniest flower that drinks in the dew-drops of heaven's refreshing, is written "Wisdom both hidden and revealed."

Man has been so long the victim of error's revelations, so long impressed with that great and mysterious idea of so powerful and mysterious a God, who works the purposes of his avenging nature without any reference to, and entirely aside from any of the laws which he has made, to govern each the other, throughout all of his creations; so long cherished his religious sentiments as something entirely apart from aught else of his being, that the windows, through which any ray of revelation might glow to lighten up the darkened chambers of his intellect, are so closely veiled by their misty folds, as to exclude all of that glorious divinity so apparent in every minute particle of nature, so evident in every emotion that characterizes the true man. And yet some have said "the natural heart of man is at enmity against God." Preposterous man! Look and say if the lower orders of God's creating are at enmity against Him: If in aught thou art so unfortunate as to discover such conflicting variance, then we will freely without any further arguing, admit the probability of the above mentioned absurdity. Otherwise we must make use of that talent, that God-given faculty of our being, Reason, and for God's sake deny such blasphemous assertions.

That the heart of humanity often wanders from the pure path of right by its own wilful obstinacy, we do not attempt to deny, and that it also strays quite frequently through ignorance, in the way where thorns too often pierce its wandering feet, we do assert as our

belief; and that the result of these wanderings, with other too numerous-to-be mentioned evils, veils his darkened vision with still deeper darkness, causing him sometimes to cry out against his own erring heart, seems possible and even probable.

And now the thought, what leads man's mind far, far away from the happy path of Peace? What has made him subject to temptation? Did he give directions for his own mechanism, for his own strength of mind and purpose? Most certainly not. Is he then responsible for the circumstances of his birth?—the effects of which will cling to him not only through this life but beyond it—and the surroundings of his infancy and childhood, where the cultivation and nourishment of the tender bud is in connection with its formation to determine the future character of the flower—are these subject to his control? And when all these numberless agencies have acted to produce a being too weak to battle successfully in the ranks of life, and he is thus led in by and forbidden paths; what is it that oftentimes causes him to recede and hide himself, as it were within himself, and to cry out in agony "Unclean, UNCLEAN"? What but the natural heart God has so kindly given us; and which aided and directed by Wisdom's holy tones will lead us onward and upward to the glorious beyond, where *Life* with its principles known and felt, will be lived sweetly, nobly and harmoniously. Where no forbidden paths are, for Love and Wisdom teaches all, and evil cannot be, for Peace and Right go hand in hand, and the bright shores of their gentle murmurings forever re-echo their sweet-toned Victory.

Bright, glad home that awaits earth's toiling, weary ones. Where the heart's vain longings here are realized to a great extent; where congenial minds and hearts are no longer doomed to remain so far apart and waste their great wealth of love and affection upon the seeming air, though spirit friends are ever near to listen to such lonely breathings, and whisper if possible of the bright hope that should help to make such hours grow bright with sweet and holy thoughts of the time when space will no longer intervene between loved ones, and where the sweet perfume of bright-eyed flowers from banks of silver streams, and gardens of ever-blooming beauty will fill the air with fragrance for love's breath to drink in with its sweet draught of pure and spotless affection; where no dark cloud hangs pall-like over our dearest hopes, as if to crush out all the light of life, and make our very existence a weariness; for there the skies are ever clear and glorious, and the bright hopes there cherished die not with the breath that bids them live, nor yet ever, for of immortal birth! Here they, and perish not, for He has said it. Why allow "earth's light afflictions which are but for a moment" to weigh heavily upon thy heart and bow thy drooping spirits down? Has He not said they "shall work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory"? Glorious promise, full of light in the darkest hour, of hope in moments of the most dread uncertainty.

The dark clouds that sometimes seem to enwrap all things in their gloomy embrace, mar not the sweet blue of heaven nor dim the bright stars' lustre. So should thy high hopes, thy pure affections, thy nature's noblest and divine imaginings raise thee above these light afflictions, which appear so impenetrable while wrapped in their forbidding folds, but when once free to soar heavenward on the bright and happy wings of hope and faith, appear as they should, divested of half their darkness; and become to us as they are, stern bidders to duty's path, when gentle admonitions would have failed. Ah, earth's children need more of heaven's pure and gentle teachings, that come by the soul's silent communings with nature and nature's God; teachings that distil as gently in the soul's chalice, as the refreshing dew-drops in the flower's beauteous cup. And where is heaven? Where pure love, bright hope, trusting faith, and a holy and divine foretaste of the light-winged hours of happiness, that fail not to greet each happy heart, there blessed with life immortal, are in one mind combined to make its sister spirit perfect even as "our Father in heaven is perfect."

"Joy unspeakable and full of glory."
Where, oh! where is such? Everywhere! Though we see as through a glass darkly, and term those trials and ills that seem to our natures inharmonious, yet it is not so. Every dispensation from our Father's hand is a blessing; every ordaining an evidence of his kindly interposition in our behalf, given for the elevation and purification of our natures towards his own divine perfections. Naught is a vain bestowal. Look out upon the wide extended face of nature, and say if thou canst that aught is made in vain, perceive if thou canst one inharmonious object. Then look above, and there upon the sweet blue of heaven trace if thou mayst one line of discord. No, thou canst not. Then why deem his laws as cruel or his promises other than blessings toward his children, when all in inanimate nature bespeaks his boundless love. The tuneful choir of nature's songsters cease their songs of praise and thanksgiving never; the forest leaves' sweet whisperings, the gentle murmuring rivulet, and the loved sighings of heaven's gentle zephyrs greet our ever listening ears.

Then why be dumb? Ah! too much is the

heart engrossed in the transitory affairs of earth. Not often enough are its glorious hopes extended to heaven, not often enough its desires raised to that home of peace, where only its longings may be realized, its desires satisfied. Having ears to hear not, eyes to see not, and hearts to feel not, is what was designed never. Why the glorious panorama of nature spread out to the view, if not for the gaze to rest upon and behold in His love, even His who loved All. Why the continual outgushing of melody and of thought, if the ear is to be deaf to its music, and the heart remain untouched, unaffected by its thrilling vibrations?

Joy unspeakable and full of glory. To the pure and noble, to the good only can such joy extend. Only to the purely loving, the nobly acting, is such joy given, and to all must this truth become known; upon every heart must it be traced in lines ineffable, whether in this or another sphere. And not only must it be known, but realized, felt, comprehended, in the fulness of its unfathomable depths. As is the motive power so is the action. Then strive oh! how earnestly that thy motives be pure, noble, and worthy the approval of Him who has said "Blessed are the pure in heart." Then thy acts shall be acts elevated and purely good; and thy life as the flower that bends smilingly its gentle head to the rude winds and storms, to raise it again in renewed loveliness, crowned with beauties unperceived before, when the glorious rays of the sun shall dissipate the darkness and gloom above it, and descend, with smiles to cheer, upon its sweet face, uplifted as if to receive its caresses, and drink the sweet assurance of his approval. And thy new birth, thy passing away from the earth-sphere, ah! not more calmly, more trustingly doth the tiny bird in its downy nest, conceal its head beneath its wing to sleep, than thou to our tender care and loving guidance thyself wilt resign. And when the tie that confines thee is loosed, more lightly than the light-winged zephyrs, and more swiftly shalt thou soar away to the sweet consummation of all thy glorious hopes.

Then be pure as He is pure, and good as He is good.
Miss L. WATTS.

The Dream.

I once heard a minister who stated that he preached a number of years in a certain place without any visible benefit to any one. Finally, he concluded it was not right for him to preach, and, in consequence, thought he would give it up. But, while musing on the subject, he fell asleep and dreamed. "I dreamed," he said, "that I was to work for a certain man for so much, and my business was splitting open a very large rock with a very small hammer, pounding upon the middle of it in order to split it open. I worked a long time to no effect, and at length I became discouraged and began to complain, when my employer came. Said he:—

"Why do you complain? Have you not fared well while in my employ?"

"Oh, yes."

"Have you not had enough to eat?"

"Yes."

"Have you been neglected in any way?"

"No, sir."

"Then," said he, "keep to work—cease your complaints, and I will take care of the result." He then left me.

"I then thought I applied my little hammer with more energy, and soon the rock burst open with such a force that it awoke me. Then," said he, "I ceased to complain—I seized my little hammer with new vigor—I hammered upon that great rock (sin) with renewed energy, nothing doubting, and soon the rock burst. The Spirit of the Lord rushed in, and the result was a glorious ingathering of souls to the heavenly Shiloh.

"Thus, you see, my brother, that to persevere in well-doing is the sure way to gain the prize."

HENRY MARTIN.—His speeches in the house were not long, but wondrous poignant, pertinent, and witty. He was exceedingly happy in apt instances; he alone had sometimes turned the whole house. Making an invective speech one time against old Sir Harry Vane, when he had done with him he said, *But for young Sir Harry Vane*—and so sat down. Several cried out—"What have you to say to young Sir Harry?" He rises up: *Why, if young Sir Harry lives to be old, he will be old Sir Harry!* and so sat down, and set the whole house a laughing, as he oftentimes did. Oliver Cromwell once in the house called him, jestingly or scoffingly, Sir Henry Martin. H. M. rises and bows: "I thank your majesty, I always thought when you were king that I should be knighted." A godly member made a motion to have all profane and unsanctified persons expelled the house. H. M. stood up and moved that all fools should be put out likewise, and then there would be a thin house. He was wont to sleep much in the house (at least dog-sleep); Alderman Atkins made a motion that such scandalous members as slept and minded not the business of the house should be put out. H. M. starts up—"Mr. Speaker, a motion has been made to turn out the nodders; I desire the nodders may also be turned out."—Aubrey's M. S. S.

Miscellaneous.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.—*Pope.*

A tract distributor calling at the house of a pious lady, who was absent at the time, left a tract and departed. When she returned the children came running with the book, each eager to relate the circumstance by which they came in possession of it; and the eldest began reading some extracts. "Stop, child," said the mother, "until I see what is the subject. I intend you shall be very select in your reading." Taking the book she exclaimed—"O, it is Endless Misery. Go on, child, it is a beautiful theme, and I am sure it must be good."

DESIRE OF KNOWLEDGE.—Dr. Johnson and I (Boswell) took a sculler at the Temple Stairs, and set out for Greenwich. I asked him if he really thought a knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages an essential requisite to a good education. Johnson. "Most certainly, Sir; for those who know them have a very great advantage over those who do not. Nay, Sir, it is wonderful what a difference learning makes upon people even in the common intercourse of life, which does not appear to be much connected with it." "And yet," said I, "people go through the world very well, and carry on the business of life to good advantage, without learning." Johnson. "Why, Sir, that may be true in cases where learning cannot possibly be of any use; for instance, this boy rows us as well without learning as if he could sing the song of Orpheus to the Argonauts, who were the first sailors." He then called to the boy, "What would you give me, my lad, to know about the Argonauts?" "Sir," said the boy, "I would give what I have." Johnson was much pleased with his answer, and we gave him a double fare. Dr. Johnson then turning to me—"Sir," said he, "a desire of knowledge is the natural feeling of mankind; and every human being, whose mind is not debauched, will be willing to give all that he has to get knowledge."—*Boswell's Life of Johnson.*

A MODEL HUSBAND.—Hear what Saxe says of a model husband:—

I saw a model husband in a dream,
Where things are not exactly what they seem;
A moral man, to sceptics be it known;
The wife he loved and cherished was his own;
And for the test—I saw the husband wait
With horse and chaise five minutes at the gate
While Jane put on her things; nor speak one word
Or bitter word, though waiting half an hour
For dinner; and, like patience on a throne,
He didn't swear to find a button gone.

Whatever is against reason, it is pardonable to doubt; it is reasonable to examine. There is no merit, but rather blindness and folly in resting our faith upon names and human authority. Implicit belief without evidence is credulity.

THE AGE BEFORE NEWSPAPERS.—I am so put to it for something to say, that I would make a memorandum of the most improbable lie that could be invented by a viscountess-dowager; as the old Duchess of Rutland does when she is told of some strange casualty. "Lucy, child, step into the next room and set that down."—"Lord, Madam!" says Lady Lucy, "it can't be true!"—"Oh, no matter, child; it will do for news into the country next post."—*Norace Walpole.*

PARLIAMENTARY DISPATCH.—Mr. Popham, when he was Speaker, and the lower house had sat long, and done in effect nothing, coming one day to Queen Elizabeth, she said to him, "Now, Mr. Speaker, what has passed in the lower house?" He answered, "If it please your Majesty, seven weeks."—*Bacon.*

A SPARKLING VANE.—A very curious and elegant vane for spires may be made, by placing in the centre a spiral or twisted spindle. This spindle should be hung on delicate pivots, and the spaces between the spiral flanches nearly covered with small pieces of looking-glass or thin plates of mica. The least breeze will put it in motion, and as the reflectors will assume every possible position, several of them will present the reflection of the sun at every revolution, from whatever point it may be viewed, thus producing a constant and very brilliant sparkling.

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

A LESSON FOR PRETENDERS.—I remember when I was in the Low Countries, and lived with Sir John Ogle at Utrecht, the reply of that valiant gentleman, Colonel Edmunds, to a countryman of his newly come out of Scotland, went current; who desiring entertainment of him, told him—My lord, his father, and such knights and gentlemen, his cousins and kinsmen, were in good health. Quoth Colonel Edmunds, Gentlemen (to his friends by), believe not one word he says; my father is but a poor baker of Edinburgh, and works hard for his living, whom this knave would make a lord, to curry favor with me, and make ye believe I am a great man born.—*Peacham.*

THE DESOLATION OF TYRANNY.—The Khaleefeh, Abd El-Melik, was in the beginning of his reign, an unjust monarch. Being one night, unable to sleep, he called for a person to tell him a story for his amusement. "O Prince of the Faithful," said the man thus bidden, "there was an owl in El-Mosil, and an owl in El-Basrah: and the owl of El-Mosil demanded in marriage, for her son, the daughter of the owl of El-Basrah: but the owl of El-Basrah said, 'I will not unless you give me, as her dowry, a hundred desolate farms.' 'That I cannot do,' said the owl of El-Mosil, 'at present; but if our sovereign (may God, whose name be exalted, preserve him!) live one year, I will give thee what thou desirest.'" This simple fable sufficed to rouse the prince from his apathy, and he thenceforward applied himself to fulfill the duties of his station.—*Lane.*

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Chips and Porridge.

LEAVING HIS OAK.—One day, when Mrs. Partington was out—not in the usual acceptance of the term, but when she was on a visit to some neighbors—the minister called upon her, and, upon her return, Mrs. Partington found a delicate bit of pasteboard upon her table.

"What is that?" said the dame, holding it up and looking at it from various angles, and holding her head back as though she were sighting it by her nose and chin.

"It is a card, I guess," replied Ike, taking hold of it and reading it; "yes, it is one of the minister's cards."

"Oh, you wicked boy," said she, holding up her finger, "how can you assassinate such a thing against so good a man as that he plays cards, though when I came to Boston everybody said I should find placards at the very street corners."

"'Tis his," said Ike, "for here's his name on it."

"Well, well, Heaven be good to us," replied she, "for we are none of us any better than we ought to be, and some do worse than playing cards."

"It is a visiting card," urged Ike, clearing up the mystery as the sun clears up a shower, "and he's left it for you."

"How very kind," said she, smiling, "I wonder what St. Paul did for cards when he went visiting. How he must have suffered for them."

She placed the card between the leaves of her old Bible, and Ike threw his bran new cap at the cat asleep in the shavings-basket.

AMUSING, IS TRUE.—In one of the populous and thriving manufacturing towns near Ash-ton-under-Lyne, one of the volunteer rifle companies recently had a meeting for the purpose of choosing officers. It was known that there were many candidates for the honor, but it was not till the time of election that the exact state of the case was understood. On that occasion a suggestion was made that all the gentlemen desirous of becoming officers should retire during the election, when to the general astonishment, it was found that only three members of the company were left to proceed with the business. The three gentlemen left to do the work, however, did not flinch from their duty, and those who had retired were in good time summoned back to the meeting.—They were informed that the meeting had felt great difficulty about the selection, because the claims of all who had left the room were so conspicuous it seemed invidious to take one in preference to another. Under these circumstances the meeting had adopted the most obvious and satisfactory way of escaping the difficulty by electing themselves to fill the three vacant posts.—*London paper.*

A PUZZLED PHYSICIAN.—Dr. Ferneau of Suffolk County, was called a week or two since, to visit a Canadian bricklayer, living at Cold Spring, and who was suffering from an attack of pleurisy. Dr. F. ordered him to apply a poultice to the part affected, and also left a potion to be taken internally. The suffering Canadian, thinking the outside application more palatable than the powder, reversed the physician's directions, and the next day found himself restored to health. On his rounds the next morning, the worthy physician called to see his bricklayer patient, and was surprised as well as pleased to find him up and at work, and attributing his recovery to the remedies he had prescribed, approached him with a query—

"So ho! you are well already, are you?"

"Oh, yes," replied the patient, beaming on the doctor with an expression of gratitude. "I swallow de poultice and rub all de powder on de rib, and feel mooch bet-tare good!"

The puzzled physician satisfied himself that such was really the case, and then drove off whistling.

A QUICK RETORT.—A late well known member of the Scottish bar, when a youth, was somewhat of a dandy, and somewhat short and sharp in his temper. He was going to pay a visit in the country, and was making a great fuss about the preparing and putting up of his habiliments. His old aunt was much annoyed at all this bustle, and stopped him by the somewhat contemptuous question—

"Whaur's this your gaun, Robby, that ye mak sic a grand ware about your clothes?"

The young man lost his temper, and pettishly replied—

"I'm going to the devil."

"Deed, Robby, then," was the quiet answer, "ye need na be sae nice, he'll take ye just as ye are."

JUST WHAT HE WAS SENT THERE FOR.—A convict about to be sent to prison was told that they would set him to picking oakum. "Let 'em try it, by gosh!" said he, "I'll tear their oakum all to pieces."

The editor of one of the Maine papers says he has had a pair of boots given him, which were so tight that they came very near making him a Universalist, because he received his punishment as he went along.

VOLTAIRE'S definition of a physician is "an unfortunate gentleman who is expected every day to perform a miracle, namely, to reconcile health with intemperance."

More Natural Spelling.

The Aurora Commercial is guilty of the following amusing obituary:

MISTER EDATUR.—Jem bangs, we are sorry tu stait, has deseized. He departed this life last mundy. Jem was generally considered a gud feller. He dide at the age of 23 years old. He went 4th without ary struggle; and such is Life. Tu Da we are as pepper grase—mity smart—tu Morrer we are gut down like a cowmber of the ground. Jem kept a nice store, which his wife now wates on. His vur-chews was numerous to behold. Menny is the things we bot at his growceroy, and we are happy to state to the admirun wurld, that he never cheeted, spesfully in the wate of markrel, which was nice and smelt sweet, and his survivun wife is the same wa. We never new him to put sand in his slugar, tho he had a big sand bar in front of his hous; nur water in his Lickers, tho the ohio River run past his dore. Piece to his remanes!

POETRY.

he di-ed in his bed,
a great big buk he red,
a pray or he loudly sed
then turned over on2 his bed,
and dur ned if he didn't die—dead.

He loves a wife, 8 children, a cow, 4 horses, a growceroy stoar, and other quodreped to mourn his loss—but in the spalen did lan-gwidge ov the poit, his loss is there eternal gane.

PRYVET.—Mr. Nelson and puml: If you will stomp the abuv on2 yure valerable col-yumns, I will be obligated: send me a copy as I doant take your payper only after my nex doar naybor has threw with him.

Yores, ALLUC COLLY.

[NOT A BEAN.—Ef yew stomp the abuv on2 yore entertainment jurnel, which is at yore option, send a copy to J. bangs remained widder, as she only gets my nabors payper tu reod wen Ime dun with it. Yores. till deth du us part.

CUTTING OUT HIS FATHER.—We noticed, a few mornings ago, says the Wheeling Intelligence, the elopement of a young couple from Barnesville, Ohio, who came here to the Met-calle House, and went to West Alexandria in a hurry, and got married. This is only half of the story, and by no means the best half. It seems that the father of the young man, who lives near Barnesville, had been courting his present daughter-in-law for some time, and recently engaged himself to her. Having great confidence in the judgment of his son, he concluded to send him down into the country where the young lady resided, to take a look at her before the solemnization of the marriage contract. The son went down and returning, announced himself highly pleased with the young woman, but counselled a short delay. He wanted time to learn more of his "mother-in-law," and continued to visit her apparently for that purpose. The old man's surprise, when he found that his son had eloped with the girl and victimized his (the son's) confiding parent, may be imagined.

MR. BRYANT, in his eulogy upon Washington Irving, relates the following incident in his life, and which had so marked an influence upon his character:

"It was during this interval (1800 to 1819) that an event took place which had a marked influence on Irving's future life, affected the character of his writings, and now that the death of both parties allows it to be spoken of without reserve, gives a peculiar interest to his personal history. He became attached to a young lady whom he was to have married. She died unwedded, in the flower of her age; there was a sad parting between her and her lover, as the grave was about to separate them on the eve of what should have been her bridal; and Irving ever after, to the close of his life, tenderly cherished her memory. In one of the biographical notices published immediately after Irving's death, an old, well-worn copy of the Bible is spoken of, which was kept lying on the table in his chamber, within reach of his bedside, bearing her name on the title page in a delicate female hand—a relic which we may presume to have been his constant companion. Those who are fond of searching in the biographies of eminent men for the circumstances which determined the bent of their genius, find in this sad event, and the cloud it threw over the hopeful and cheerful period of early manhood, an explanation of the transition from the unbounded playfulness of the History of New York to the serious, tender, and meditative vein of the Sketch Book."

PROFANITY.—Swearing is void of all plea. It is not the native offspring of the soul, not interwoven with the texture of the body, nor any way allied to our frame. For as a great man (Tillotson) expresses it, "though some men pour out oaths as if they were natural, yet no man was ever born of a swearing constitution." But it is a custom, a low and paltry custom, picked up by low and paltry spirits, who have no sense of honor, no regard to decency; but are forced to substitute some rhapsody of nonsense to supply the vacancy of good sense. Hence the silliness of the practice can only be equalled by the silliness of those who adopt it.—*Lamont.*

A Woman's Thoughts on Bonnets.

A lady correspondent of the Springfield Republican writes from New York:

"The bonnet is the frame to the picture.—A pretty face wants the setting to add lustre to its loveliness. A homely one hopes by a happy combination of tints, to soften its ugliness, or to suggest a beauty which it does not possess. The present bonnets look like coal-scuttles, and will hardly succeed in making any one handsomer. In their anxiety to grow large all of a sudden they have burst out behind as well as before. They may be decidedly stylish, but they are not graceful. A high, pointed shelf, protruding over the forehead, and a bag of lace hanging out of the crown, large enough for a work-pocket, it is anything but artistic. Still it is refreshing to see heads crowned with flowers, instead of feathers. To me there was always an incongruity in the thought of robbing poor ostriches and smaller birds of their pretty tails, in order to trick out feminine heads. But flowers are a natural ornament. Doubtless one of the first things which Eve did was to knot flowers in her hair, and to this day flowers and rare imitations of flowers make the most simple and beautiful adorning of her multiplied daughters. The most graceful spring hat worn is the simple straw, (void of the silk or lace crown,) trimmed with budding green, or violet tints, and clusters of spring flowers.

"The women's bonnets are perfectly enormous," writes the observing New York correspondent of the Charleston Mercury. "I rode up in the stage, this morning, with one which could not be put into a half bushel basket without damaging its edges, (I mean the bonnet, not the basket,) and reared its mighty front at least five inches above the pretty, vain little head within. The color of the monstrosity was a flaring red, and three great red roses bloomed awkwardly from its side.—Although earlier than 10 A. M., and therefore far on the weather side of fashionable hours, the dear creature had on her very best and tip-toppest dress—a red silk, with flowers as big as the largest pattern of a parlor carpet; a richly embroidered velvet mantilla, which the fine dust of Broadway was rapidly motting; and a parasol, that looked, for all the world, when it was open, like an overgrown hollyhock. There was only one drawback to the complete gorgeousness of this gay young thing, and that is, I regret to say, a common one, in this age of sham, superficial 'dressing.' The delightful subject of my paragraph wore dirty yellow gloves, with great gashes between the thumbs and fingers. I have no doubt I should have found huge holes in her stockings, had I been treated to a peep of her twinkling little feet."

CHRISTIAN GROWTH.—You have but just commenced the Christian life, but I see in you the germs of all those virtues and graces which you are yet to possess. These small beginnings are to me like faint sounds of music heard in the distance at night. I cannot tell what is playing, only that now and then a waft of melody comes to my ear; but, at length, the sounds grow louder and more distinct, and as one instrument and then another rises above the rest, I hear the clear tongue of the trumpet, the wild, wailing outcry of the spire-lifted clarinet, and the soft whisper of the flute; and, coming nearer, and increasing in volume, I recognize the air; and then, turning the corner of the street, there bursts upon me the swelling tide of Beethoven's harmonies!—*Becher.*

Joseph L. Ball, one of the solid men of Newburg, O., has been arrested for making and passing counterfeit coin. He had a fine house, fine farm, lots of money that wasn't bogus, and was a magistrate, so that, officially, he could free any of his gang in the hands of justice.

TIME.—It is for young men to gather knowledge, old men to use it, and assure yourself that no man gives a fairer account of his time, than he that makes it his daily duty to make himself better.

True cheerfulness makes a man happy in himself, and promotes the happiness of all around him. It is the clear and calm sunshine of a mind illuminated by piety and virtue.

MISFORTUNES are moral bitters, which frequently restore the healthy tone of the mind after it has been cloyed and sickened by the sweets of prosperity.

Kirwan says that a pious Scotchman used to pray, "O Lord, keep me right; for thou knowest if I go wrong, it is hard to turn me."

He only is independent who can maintain himself by his own exertions.

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

ANNOUNCEMENTS—CONTINUED.

Mrs. J. W. CURRIER lectures in Portsmouth, N. H., May 18th and 20th; Milford, N. H., 27th; Portland, Me., June 8th and 10th; Burlington, Vt., 17th; Chicopee, Mass., June 24th and July 1st. She will speak in Oswego, N. Y., and Cincinnati, O., Sundays of October and November, and will probably spend the winter at the West and South. Friends in that direction who desire her to visit them, should make early application. Address, Box 815, Lowell, Mass.

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

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Announcements.

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

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

Miss 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. AMEY will lecture in Chicago and Milwaukee during the months of May and June.—Friends on the route desiring her services on the Sabbath or week evenings, will please address her during the present month, care of D. L. Poole, Oswego, N. Y.; his address generally, 82 Allen street, Boston, Mass.

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

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

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 6th 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.

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

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